

THE
EARLY DIARY OF FRANCES BURNEY
1768—1778.



W. B. M. King

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FRANCES BURNEY

1768—1778.

*WITH A SELECTION FROM HER CORRESPONDENCE, AND
FROM THE JOURNALS OF HER SISTERS SUSAN
AND CHARLOTTE BURNEY.*

EDITED BY

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AUTHOR OF "SYLVESTRA;" EDITOR OF "EVELINA," AND OF "CECILIA,"
BY FRANCES BURNEY.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

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EARLY DIARY OF FRANCES BURNEY.

1775.

[In one respect this, of all these diaries, is the most perfect. Only one name on Mme. D'Arblay's list is missing in the manuscript, the name of Jenny Barsanti. After the letter on Omai, Fanny must have felt secure of her power to please Mr. Crisp. Beyond him, at distant Burford, his sisters sued to share his enjoyment of her letters. Their wish was slowly granted.

As Dr. Burney was partly disabled by rheumatism during this, the year before the publication of the first volume of his "History of Music," she must have plied a busy pen. Besides copying for him, writing her own "private fancies and vagaries," and keeping her journal, (which, even in its mutilated condition, contains more than a hundred large quarto pages), she established herself as Mr. Crisp's "anecdote-monger," by writing him a series of letters of from six to twelve large quarto pages, ten of which letters have been preserved. In these she described scenes while they were still vivid before her eyes, or reported conversations which were almost sounding in her ears. The corresponding accounts in her journal are often *retrospective*, being written as she could snatch time, at some distance from the events. They are perhaps a little more orderly in arrangement of speeches, and incidents than the letters; otherwise they differ very little. Now and then, the letters have details which are omitted in the journal, and *vice versa*; but the difference is not considerable. Here and there, we give such extracts from the letters as are complementary to the narratives of the journal. In the case of the first appearance of Gabrielli, and the Concert for Prince Orloff at Dr. Burney's house in November, it seemed worth while to give a great part of the narrative in the letter, as well as that in the journal.]

I am now going to give myself the delight of recounting an evening with the celebrated Signora Agujari; detta la *Bastardini*, from some misfortune that preceded her birth, but of which none so innocent as herself. The visit had been some time arranged, and we expected her with extreme impa-

tience. D^r. Matty¹ (*sic*) who is a little, formal, affected man, but held in the highest class for learning, handed and presented Signora Agujari. She was accompanied by Signor Colla, an Italian musician, and the Revd. Mr. Penneck. She is of the middle stature, and has the misfortune to be lame; owing perhaps (if there is any truth in the story) to her being mauled when an infant by a pig, in consequence of which she is reported to have a silver side. Her face is handsome, and expressive of all her words. She has the character of being immensely proud. She was, however, all civility here, though her excessive *vanity* was perpetually self-betrayed. Signor Colla, to whom she is reported to be married, is a lively,—I might almost say, *fiery* Italian. She sings no songs but of his composition, and he is her constant attendant. We were not much delighted with Mr. Penneck, who is generally believed to be half a mad-man; though by no means from *flightiness*, which sometimes occasions a mighty agreeable *craziness*, for he is perfectly *sombre*. He is not, however, *insensible*, for he took so violent a passion for a Miss Miller, an actress, that upon suspecting Mr. Colman was his rival, this pious clergyman, who is twice the heightt (*sic*) at least of Mr. Colman, one night, in the streets, knocked him down, when he was quite unprepared for any attack. How ill does a nature so malignant suit with the character and dignity which ought to distinguish a clergyman! * * *

The conversation was chiefly in French. As soon as public places were mentioned, Signora Agujari asked us if we had been to the Pantheon? and lifted up her hands and eyes, when she heard we had not, doubtless concluding us to the

¹ Paul Henry Maty was the only son of Matthew Maty, M.D., a Dutchman of learning, who came to England in 1740. Matthew died Principal Librarian of the British Museum, and Secretary of the Royal Society. Paul was of Trin. Coll. Cambridge, an assistant librarian of the British Museum, and, in his turn, Secretary of the Royal Society. After his father's death in 1776, he joined the Unitarian Congregation of Theophilus Lindsey. In the "Garrick Correspondence," there is a letter endorsed by Garrick as from "The Rev. Mr. Maty, about the new French actress, Mlle. Raucourt, May 20th, 1773." It is from Paris, and chiefly on actors and dramatic authors.

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highest degree barbarous and Gothic, not to have flown on the wings of—*half Guineas*—to see and hear this Wonder of the World. We all were, however, languishing to hear her, though as it was not perfectly convenient to us to offer her fifty guineas for a song, we were somewhat in fear of requesting one. My father *hinted* it to Dr. Maty, Dr. Maty hinted it to Signor Colla; Signor Colla did not *take* the hint of hinting it to the Bastardini. He said that she certainly would sing to *the Doctor Burney*; but that she had a slight sore throat, and would wish to sing to *him* to the greatest advantage. He then launched into most profuse panygyric of my father, of his fame abroad, and of the great happiness he had in being introduced to a so *célèbre homme*.

We were all disappointed; but Signora Agujari promised to make us another visit very soon, when she would bring two of her most favourite airs with her. As soon as she heard the conversation turn upon her singing, she asked my father if he had not heard *la Gabriella*?

"No;" he said, "she was in Sicily, when he visited Italy."

"Ah, Diable!" cried she, "c'est dommage!"

"*Diable*" is a favourite exclamation with her, though in other respects she is not at all masculine.

"Mais vous, Mlle.," said my father, "l'avez-vous entendue?"

"Oh, no!" returned she, and added that they two could never be in the same place together; and Signor Colla said, that two first singers could never meet. "Two suns," said Dr. Maty, in Italian, "are never seen at once."

Thus I find she allows Gabriella to be worthy the title of *rival*; all others are inferiors. We asked her how she liked the new opera? She said she had never been to the Opera-House; she feared taking cold.

Had she heard Rauzini?¹

¹ A line has here been partly effaced which seems to show that Fanny thought Agujari's expression "*joliment*," absurd as applied to "the first opera-singer!" A fragment misplaced at the beginning of this diary, may come in here as its right place cannot be found:—

"Never;" "mais on me dit," added she, "qu'il chante joliment."

My father then asked her how she liked Galluci, the second to herself at the Pantheon. She answered that she had never heard her; for that she always left the room, when she had finished her own song. How conceitedly incurious! But she chuses to make it known, that no singing can please her but her *own*. Signor Colla is of the same opinion for himself; he speaks of her with rapture; he said to my Father, "Ah Monsieur! c'est une (*sic*) prodige!"

Susetta had understood Dr. Maty that Agujari was married to Signor Colla, and having told Hetty and me so, we concluded that she only kept her maiden name as being the most known; which is the practice with most of the Italian singers. However this mistake occasioned a very ridiculous question from Hetty, which was brought in by her pleading want of practice, when she was asked to play the harpsichord; the Bastardini expostulated with her upon the subject, and she answered that she had had other things to mind of late, than her music. "Et qu'est ce que c'est?" demanded Agujari. "Des Enfants," answered Hetty.

"Ah, Diable!" exclaimed she, "Des Enfants! et vous êtes si jeune encore, et combien avez-vous?"

"J'en ai trois."

"Ah, Diable! est il possible? Mais c'est bien extraordinaire."

"Et vous, Madame, avez-vous une (*sic*) enfant?"

She stared, and answered, "Moi! Mlle., je ne suis pas marié, moi!"

My sister was quite confounded. She begged her pardon, and said, "Mais vraiment, Mlle., j'ai toujours cru que ce Monsieur étoit vôtre époux."

"Motezuma is a delightful opera, Rauzini is *only* second to Millico. We met that youth at Mrs. Brookes's last week, and were much pleased with his vivacity and drollery. He afterwards went, as well as ourselves, to the rehearsal of a new comic opera, in which the excellent Lovattini, and Signora Sestini sing. *The Sestini* is excessively pretty, and is a charming singer."

il chante

"Ah, Diable, non! c'est mon maître. Il est maître de¹ la Cour à Parme; nous voyagons (*sic*) ensemble, mais je n'ai pas voulu me marier—pour ma voix."

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My sister repeated her apologies, which she accepted very good-naturedly, and seemed to think the mistake too natural to take offence at it.²

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My sister was asked by the company in general to play; she begged to be excused, being quite out of practice. The Bastardella, turning to me, said, "Est-ce que Madame ne veut pas jouer?"

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"Elle a peur devant vous, Madame," said I.

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She attempted not to make any disqualifying speeches; but rolling her fine languishing eyes, only said, "Ah, Diable! c'est dommage!" However, the rest of the company would not accept of my sister's excuses; and therefore she played a lesson of Bach of Berlin.

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The Bastardini seemed really pleased with it, and was civil in her commendations. Mr. Burney then sat down, and, as usual, raised a general astonishment, though I thought that the Bastardini seemed more pleased with Hetty's playing, which is infinitely expressive and full of taste.

vous êtes

When they went away, she again repeated, "*Je veindrai (sic) absolument,*" and Dr. Maty esquired her to their carriage, adding she would only wait to be quite in voice.

extraordi-

This singer is really a *slave* to her voice; she fears the least breath of air. She is equally apprehensive of any heat. She seems to have a perpetual anxiety lest she should take cold; and I do believe that she neither eats, drinks, sleeps, nor talks, without considering in what manner she may perform those vulgar duties of life, so as to be most beneficial to her voice. However, there are so few who are gifted with

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¹ It should be maître de musique, (*i.e.* band-master), at the Court of Parma.

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² Dr. Burney calls Colla her husband in a volume of his "History of Music," which was published after her death. In the unpublished diary of Susan Burney, we find a jest of Pacchierotti's upon the literal meaning of Colla's name—"my father mentioned Agujari. Pac. called her *Madame Colla*, and then translating her name very comically, '*Mrs. Glue,*' he ask'd me which I preferr'd, Madame le Brun, or Mrs. Glue?"

eminent talents, that it is better to cultivate them, even laboriously, than to let them suffer injury from carelessness or neglect.¹

And now I have said so much of this great *Italian* singer, I will condescend to mention our great *English* singer, Miss Davies.

We had a visit from her, her mother, and sister last week; and we had here to meet her Mr. Twining a Clergyman, who is come to town for a few weeks from his *parsonage* near Colchester. He is a man of learning, very fond of music, and a good performer both on the harpsichord and violin. He commenced a correspondence with my father upon the publication of his German Tour, which they have kept up with great spirit ever since; for Mr. Twining, besides being very deep in musical knowledge, is a man of great humour and drollery.²

Cecelia, ditto (*sic*) l'Inglesina, was very engaging and pleasing; but would not be prevailed upon to sing, to the great disappointment of Mr. Twining; but she said that she *dared* not; for, that a law-suit was not yet decided, and her articles with the Opera-managers tied her down to never singing to any company.³ She invited our family, however, to visit her,

¹ "Lucrezia Agujari was a truly wonderful performer. The lower part of her voice was full, round, of an excellent quality, and its compass, after she quitted its natural register, which it was to be wished she had never done, beyond any one we had then heard Though the pathetic and tender were not what her manner or figure promised, yet she had expressions sometimes that were truly touching, and she would have been as capable of exciting universal pleasure as admiration, if she had been a little less violent in the delivery of her passages, and her looks had been more tempered by female softness and timidity. This great singer died at Parma in 1783."—DR. BURNBY'S *History of Music*.

² The Rev. Thomas Twining, scholar and fellow of Sidney Sussex College, Cambridge, held the living of Fordham for thirty years before he was presented to the rectory of St. Mary's, Colchester, by his old Cambridge acquaintance, Bishop Porteous.

³ In a letter to Mr. Crisp endorsed June 10th, we find: "By-the-way, Miss Davis has gained her case, and the managers will lose near £2000." In the Harris Letters also, we have Mrs. Harris writing to her son (afterwards first Earl of Malmesbury): "June 2, 1775. You see by the papers that Miss Davis has been triumphant over Yates, and got £1500, with costs. I should have been sorry if Miss Davis

and said that at *home* she supposed she might be allowed to *practice*; and therefore if it would be any amusement to us, she should be very happy to do whatever was in her power.

Modesty and unassuming carriage in people of talent and fame, are irresistible. How much do I prefer for acquaintance the well-bred and obliging Miss Davies to the self-sufficient and imperious Bastardini, though I doubt not the superiority of her powers as a singer.¹

* * * * *

My brother James has left us some time. He has an appointment for the Cerberus, and is ordered to America, which I am not at all pleased at, though I thank Heaven there is no prospect of any naval engagement, their business being only to convoy the General Officers. I am sure I shall earnestly pray for peaceable measures. Jem and I correspond, and I am glad to find he is not himself displeased at his designation.

Mr. Bruce, that *Great Lyon*,² has lately become very intimate

had lost it, and now I cannot help being sorry for Yates. He is a civil good-humoured man. All the Italians and fine opera men attended the trial."

¹ "Miss Davies has the honour of being not only the first English-woman who has performed the principal female parts in several great theatres in Italy, but who has ever been thought worthy of singing there at all." . . . She went very young into France with her sister, and after travelling with her to Vienna, they there became acquainted with the celebrated composer Hasse, and Faustina, who had become the wife of Hasse. [There] Miss Davies "seems to have acquired much of that steady and prudent carriage of her voice, as well as recitative and action, for which she has been so justly admired."—DR. BURNBY, *History of Music*.

"NORTHCOTE. 'My neighbour, Mr. Rowe, the bookseller, informed me the other day, that Signora Cecilia Davies frequently came to his shop, and always inquired after me. Did you ever hear of her?' HAZLITT. 'No, never!' NORTHCOTE, (in 1830). 'She must be very old now. Fifty years ago, in the time of Garrick, . . . all England rang with her name. . . . Afterwards she retired to Florence, and was the *Prima Donna* there.'"—NORTHCOTE'S *Conversations with Hazlitt*.

This poor woman was kindly helped by Mdme. D'Arblay in her old age and want.

² Our forefathers seem to have hunted "Lyons" with great ardour for the sport, as witness "Omiah" and Bruce. In 1781 Hannah

with my father, and has favoured him with two delightful original drawings, done by himself, of instruments which he found at the Egyptian Thebes, in his long and difficult and enterprising travels, and also with a long letter concerning them, which is to be printed in the History. These will be great ornaments to the book; and I am happy to think that Mr. Bruce, in having so highly obliged my father, will find by the estimation he is in as a writer, that his own name and assistance will not be disgraced, though it is the first time he has signed it for any publication, with which he has hitherto favoured the world.

[Some Extracts from a letter addressed by Fanny to Mr. Crisp, (endorsed by him "2nd of March"), are given as they add details to the account in the journal.—

I am quite over stocked with materials:—So I think to prevent waste of time in considering I will take people *alphabetically*.

A.

* * * * *

Signora Agujari, detta Bastardini, sent very particular compliments to my father by Dr. Matty, of the Museum, regretting that she had not seen him when she was abroad, and very much desiring to be introduced to his acquaintance. It is somewhat remarkable that this is the second capital female singer who has sent to solicit my father's acquaintance, and both of them by men of learning; for Miss Davies commissioned Dr. Johnson to deliver *her* message of compliments.

* * * * *

She is of middle stature and a little lame. She has a very good complexion, and was *well* not *absurdly*, painted. She

More wrote regretfully to her sister, "Mrs. Garrick and I were invited to a fine assembly at Mrs. Thrale's. There was to be a fine concert, and all the fine people were to be there; but the *chief attraction* was to meet the Bramin, and the two Parsees" . . . "but just as my hair was dressed, came a servant to forbid our coming, for that Mr. Thrale was dead." One of Sheridan's characters asks, "Shall you be at Lady ——'s to-night? I'm told the Bramin is to be there, and the new French philosopher ——"—"No—it will be pleasanter at Lady ——'s conversazione—*The cow with two heads is to be there.*"

has fine expressive languishing eyes, and altogether is a handsome woman, and appears about four or five and twenty. She was accompanied by Signor Colla, who is maitre de musique à la Cour at Parma, and who attends her in her travels, and is, like her, pensioned by the Duke. He is a tall, thin, spirited Italian, full of fire and not wanting in grimace.

Dr. Maty also introduced two more gentlemen, both clergymen, to be of the party. The name of one of them I have forgot; he was a *yea and nay* man not worth remembering; the other was the famous Mr. Penneck, that worthy, and gentle, and pious parson, who knocked down Mr. Colman upon suspecting his having a *penchant* for a Miss Miller, an actress. This man is half a madman; he looks dark and designing and altogether *ill-favoured*.¹

This was our party, and if I could write and spell French and Italian I would give you a sketch of the conversation,

¹ The Rev. Mr. Penneck, B.D., F.R.S., Keeper of the Reading-Room at the British Museum, appears to have had two characters. In one of them he was combative, and, perhaps, pugnacious. This was when he was in a theatre, or concerned with matters theatrical. Horace Walpole, likewise, wrote that "Colman has been half-murdered by a divine out of jealousy." In 1830, Northcote told Hazlitt a droll story of Penneck's having a quarrel in a theatre, with some one of the name of Adair (perhaps George Canning's "Bob Adair, a dull fool"). Adair presented his card to Penneck, saying with great pomposity, "*My name is Adair, Sir.*" Penneck answered, "I hear it, Sir, and am not terrified."—Cumberland, Penneck's early friend, writes of him with great regard, in his own Memoirs, as being "a very amiable and worthy man . . . filling a situation in the British Museum with great respectability and much lamented by his friends, after his death." He corresponded with Goldsmith, and also with that clever, and amusing tool of George Selwyn, Dr. Warner. Fanny may have been set against him partly by his looks, which she describes to Mr. Crisp as being "dark and designing, and all together ill-favoured." He kept up his acquaintance with the "higher powers" at Dr. Burney's; for years later, Susan writes to Fanny of Giardini's Benefit-Concert, "as soon as I could prevail on my mother to leave the amiable Mr. Penneck, and Mr. Molleau, we returned to the Music-Room." We also find him described as "purring after Charlotte, like a huge, black tom-cat;" but these girls were ungrateful, as in 1778, Mr. Penneck was "*breaking his heart*" because Fanny did not make her fortune by "Evelina."

which was lively and entertaining; but as that is out of my power I can only mention two or three circumstances.

Some account of Hetty's mistake as to Agujari's being married is then given, afterwards Fanny writes that.—

Dr. Maty has assured us that she bears an unexceptional character, and that she is therefore visited by his wife and daughters.¹ She has been strongly recommended to him from abroad. Her behaviour was very *proper*, and she displayed none of her airs, though it was not difficult to see that she *could* behave otherwise, for she displayed, perhaps, involuntarily, a consciousness of her greatness by a thousand little speeches and looks.

* * * * *

And so ended this visit. Signor Colla has been here since, and had a long discourse with my father concerning poetry and music, he is a most mighty *reasoner*. But what was most provoking was that he came again yesterday, and the Bastardini with him, and we were all, unfortunately, at the Stranges'. However, I hope we shall see her by appointment soon, as my father has promised Mr. Twining to let him know when she comes, that he may be of the party.]

February 28th.

Yesterday morning my mother, Susan, and self, accompanied by Mr. Twining, went to Sir Joshua Reynolds' to see his pictures. We were very much delighted. The ease and elegance of this painter, as Mr. Twining observed, seem unrivalled among English artists. * * * But what most delighted me was, the beautiful Mrs. Sheridan, who is taken seated at a harp,² a whole figure in character of Saint Cecilia; a denomination she greatly merits. My father is to supply Sir Joshua with some Greek Music, to place before her.³ * * *

¹ Dr. Maty had married a niece of James Burney's Captain Clerke, of the "Discovery," who succeeded Captain Cook in the "Resolution" in 1779.

² "Harpsichord" was first written.

³ We find in Moore's "Life of Sheridan," that "Even the precious portrait of his first wife," [as Saint Cecilia], "by Reynolds, though

We then went to Miss Reid, to see her paintings, which in crayons seem really to nearly reach perfection; their not standing appears to me the only inferiority they have to oil-colours; while they are new, nothing can be so soft, so delicate, so blooming. We went afterwards into the room, where Miss Reid and her lively niece were sitting. As she is very deaf, I believe she did not hear me speak Mr. Twining's name, and she was so intent upon what she was about, that I am sure she never saw him. She is a very clever woman, and in her profession has certainly *very* great merit; but her turn of mind is naturally melancholy. She is absent, full of care, and has a countenance the most haggard and wretched I ever saw; added to which she dresses in a style the most strange and queer that can be conceived, and which is worst of all, is always very dirty. The unhappiness of her mind I have heard attributed to so great and extraordinary an unsteadiness not only of conduct, but of principle, that, in regard to her worldly affairs, she is governed by all who will direct her, and therefore acts with inconsistency and the most uncomfortable want of method; and in her religious opinions she is guided and led alternately by Free-thinkers and by Enthusiasts. Her mind is thus in a state of perpetual agitation and uneasiness. If she was a woman of weak intellect, I should not wonder at her being so unfixed and wavering; but that is by no means the case; she has a very good understanding, and when the *foul fiend* is not tormenting her, she is even droll and entertaining.

We found her trying on a coat¹ she was altering in a fit of housewifery, upon Nelly Beatson, who seemed to think the *favour* was all of *her* granting in permitting her aunt to meddle with her. It was curious to see the ill-managed contrivance of poor Miss Reid, who was so ignorant how to make the

not actually sold during his life, vanished away from his eyes into other hands." Moore adds in a note—"The portrait of Mrs. Sheridan at Knowle, though less ideal than that of Sir Joshua, is . . . perhaps as bearing a closer resemblance to the original, still more beautiful."

¹ It marks a change of fashion in speech, that Madame D'Arblay (as Fanny Burney,) first wrote "*coat*," and many years later added "*petti*" above the line, to explain a word out of use for *women's* dress.

alteration she found necessary, that she was piecing a blue and white tissue with a large patch of black silk! I believe there are few *men* in the world, who would not figure more creditably as mantua-makers. She had on a large dirty wing cap, made of muslin and a half handkerchief tied over it as a hood; a German dress, made of old lute-string excessively faded and colourless, and a *shawl* that *had* been a very fine spotted one, but which was more soiled than if she had been embraced by a chimney-sweeper, flung over her shoulders. She did not stop her employment, or even lift up her head, though she very civilly enquired after our healths, was very glad to *see* us &c.; for her inattention is the effect of absence, not of wilful ill-breeding.

I asked Nelly to show us some of her own drawings. "There they are yonder," said she, in her usual easy manner. "Well! but wo'nt you come yourself, and show them to this Gentleman?" cried I. "No; I can't," said she gravely, "pray how does Charlotte do?" "You little cross patch," cried I, "you *must* come with us,—I won't have you so idle ——" "No, I can't;" answered she very composedly, but come another time, and I will."

Her aunt bid her stand a little way off, that she might see how her coat set. She immediately marched to the door; "Nay, now, Nelly," cried Miss Reid, "I can't see at all." "Pho! what signifies?" returned she, "I shan't try it any more;" and jumped out of it, leaving it on the ground.

As we were going, Miss Reid called me to her, and said she wanted to speak to me, "I have a favour to ask of you," said she, "which is that you will sit to me in an attitude. I burst out in laughter, and told her I was then in haste; but would call soon and talk about it. I cannot imagine what she means; however, if it is to finish any *burlesque* picture, I am much at her service.

Mr. Twining confessed that he was not more, though *differently* entertained by Miss Reid's paintings than by Miss Reid herself; for her knowledge of her profession is not more remarkable than her ignorance of the world. However, it is great pity, that a girl of the parts and understanding of Nelly Beatson should be so miserably educated. Mr. Twining

was excessively agreeable; he assumed no manner of superiority; nor yet,—as is as often the case with people of learning as with persons of rank, affected a certain *put-on* equality;—a condescension (*sic*) which mortifies a thousand times more than insolence itself.¹

Not being much in town, the new *vis-à-vis* were not familiar to him. “That is to me a most disagreeable-looking carriage,” said he, “from want of custom perhaps; for it is true that a chariot or chaises will only hold *two* people, any more than a *vis-à-vis*; but the thing is, that one only *thinks* of two people at sight of a chariot; but there is something in a *vis-à-vis*, which looks as if it meant to *exclude* a third person: it seems spiteful.”²

March 4th.

I had yesterday the honour of drinking tea in company with His *Abyssinian Majesty* Mr. Bruce; for so Mrs. Strange

¹ The Rev. Thomas Twining, (translator of the “Poetics” of Aristotle,) an accomplished and excellent man, was of a family “by hereditary succession, of high worth, which produced scholars and men of elegant tastes; a distinction which does not seem likely to fail.” So wrote Miss Hawkins, a little after 1820. Our own time has seen the publication of two volumes of their delightful family-papers, which are honourable to all concerned in them. Mr. Richard Twining wrote, in 1817, of Dr. Burney, and of his own brother: “They were far from young when they met, and they could ill afford to lose time. They soon became intimate; they soon became friends.” Mr. Thomas Twining, who was “both in theory and practice a good musician,” had himself intended to write a “History of Music,” but when he knew Dr. Burney and *his* plan, he gave up his own, and put his materials and help at Dr. Burney’s disposal. “I like the man, and I like the subject upon which he is engaged,” said he to his brother; who adds, “that Thomas Twining had as much pleasure in giving, as Dr. Burney could possibly have in receiving, assistance.” He was requited by the affection of the Burneys, in whose papers he is never named without words of tenderness.

² The Editor has to thank Mr. Gibbs for the following extracts from the “Treatise on Carriages,” of William Felton, [coachmaker,] London, 1794. 2 vols. 8vo. “*Vis-à-vis*,” a small body, of a coach form, meant only to contain two persons, fronting each other.” “The advantage only, independent of fashion, is the being so confined as to prevent the passengers being tossed about by the jolting of the carriage, and by its being so narrow, they sit warmer than in other carriages.”

calls Mr. Bruce. My mother and I went to Mr. Strange's by appointment, to meet Mr. and Mrs. Turner of Lynn, who are lately become acquainted in that family, and who are in town for the winter; and this Majestic Personage chanced to be there. He has been acquainted intimately with Mrs. Strange all his life, and is very much attached to her and her family.¹ He seldom passes a day without visiting her; but Miss Strange who has told me of many of his singularities, says that he is generally put into a *pet* when they have any company, as his excessive haughtiness prevents his being sociable with them, and makes him think them impertinant (*sic*), if they take the liberty to speak to him. Indeed, she told me he has been really very ill-used from the curiosity, which previous to his provocation, he *did* satisfy, for many people gathered anecdotes and observations from him, and then printed them. This, as he intends to publish his travels himself, was most abominably provoking.² But it is not enough to say, that this put him *upon his guard*, it has really made him shy of being asked how he does? or, what's o'clock? Haughty by nature, his extraordinary travels, and perhaps his long residence among savages have contributed to render him one of the most imperious of men; he is indeed by far the most so, that I ever saw.³ He is more than six foot high, is

¹ In a letter to Mr. Crisp, Fanny says "Mr. Bruce spends almost every evening when in town at her house."

² "However, there is some excuse for his reserve and shyness, because he has been very ill used by those to whom he has laid it aside; as all his accounts have transpired, and been printed, either in the news papers, or magazines. Nay, there is now published in Germany a History of his Travels in 2 vols. octavo!"—From Fanny's letter to Mr. Crisp, "No. 5," of this year.

³ James Bruce of Kinnaird, near Falkirk, was a kinsman of Robert Strange and of Andrew Lumisden. He met the two in Italy in 1762-3. Strange engraved plates for a book by Bruce on Pæstum. The book was never printed, and the plates are lost. Strange found Bruce an Italian draughtsman for his African journey. Bruce was mortified by the general doubt of his exactness in telling his own adventures, but his "swaggering" manners were much against him, as can here be seen plainly. Dr. Johnson said, after meeting him, that Bruce "was not a distinct relater," and that he "did not perceive in him any superiority of understanding." Bruce was so much hurt by being

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extremely well proportioned in shape, and has a handsome and expressive face. If his vanity is half as great as his pride, he would certainly become more courteous, if he knew how much smiles become him, for when he is pleased to soften the severity of his countenance, and to suffer his features to relax into smiling, he is quite another creature. . . . Mr. Bruce, as my father did not accompany us, I doubt not wished himself alone with the Stranges; for he looked so important, that he awed almost into total silence Mr. and Mrs. Turner; who secretly wished the same for themselves. Mr. Turner, who is a very *jocular* man, could not bear to be deprived of his laugh, and yet had not courage sufficient to venture at joking before so terrible a man, who looks as if born to command the world! Besides, he had heard so much of his character before they met, that he was *prepared* to fear him; and Mrs. Turner is too little used to the company of strangers, to be at her ease when in it.

As to my little self, I sat next to Miss Strange, and was comfortable enough in conversing with her, till my mother finding herself little noticed by the Great Man, quitted her seat, and went and placed herself next to Mrs. Turner, saying, "I shall come and sit by you, and leave Mr. Bruce to the young lassies." I do heartily hate these sort of speeches, which *oblige* one to be remarked; nothing can be more provoking. Mr. Bruce, accordingly turning towards me, said, "Well, Miss Burney, I think you can do no less than take the seat your mama has left." I did not half like it; but thought he would suppose *me* afraid of him, if I refused; so, I changed chairs, but made signs to Miss Strange to move next

doubted and ridiculed, and, perhaps, so dilatory, that he did not publish his travels until 1790, when Fanny at last read them. "He was a large man" (says Mr. Cradock, who knew him intimately), "and, in an evening, rather splendidly dressed. He had a most extraordinary complaint which could not well be accounted for; when he attempted to speak, his whole stomach suddenly seemed to heave like an organ-bellows. He did not wish to make any secret about it, but spoke of it as having originated in Abyssinia, but that it since remained (under various advice) much the same in every climate. However, one evening, when he appeared rather agitated, it lasted much longer than usual, and was so violent that it alarmed the company."

to me, and immediately renewed our conversation, lest he should think himself obliged to take further notice of me.

An Advertisement had been put in the papers the evening before, which said that Mr. Bruce was *dying* or *dead*. My father who knew he was well, wafered the paragraph upon a sheet of paper, and sent it to his lodgings. My mother asked him if he had seen it? "I thought," answered he, "it had come from *Brucey*" [for Miss Strange, who was christened *Bruce*, he always calls *Brucey*].¹ "Yes; I saw it and read my death with great composure." Then turning himself to me, he added, "was you not sorry, Miss Burney, to read of my death?"

These immense-sized men speak to little women, as if they were children. I answered, that, as my father had seen him the day before, I was not much *alarmed*. Mr. Turner, then gathering courage, said, "Well, Sir, I think, as times go, it is very well that when they killed you, they said no ill of you."

"I know of no reason they had to do otherwise," answered Mr. Bruce so haughtily, that Mr. Turner, failing in his first

¹ Mary Bruce Strange was named after her grandmother, Mary Bruce of *Kennet*, through whom she was akin to James Bruce of *Kinnaird*, who called her so affectionately "*Brucey*!" This was the daughter of whom Mrs. Strange wrote from Edinburgh in 1750, to her brother in Rome, that she had "taken great care of her education;—whenever she hears the word *Whig* mentioned, she gins" [grins] "and makes faces that would frighten a beau, but when I name the *Prince*, she kisses me and looks at her picture;"—perhaps Mr. Strange's engraving of Charles Edward. In the same letter, undaunted Bella Strange says, "I have taken a very pretty house at the Cross," [of Edinburgh,] "'tis the third story; I design to make more than the rent [out] of my five large windows, at the *Restoration*, tho' 'tis fourteen pounds and a crown." At the Coronation, when the five large windows were to be thronged by hirers eager to see King James the Third, little Mary was to wear "a pretty gum-flower" which her uncle had sent her from Rome. Mary Strange died of rapid decline. "Poor, good Miss Strange," (writes Fanny), "and Dr. Johnson died on the same day." Her family still preserve traditions "of her high gifts, and fine disposition; of her numerous admirers, of whom one undoubtedly was her kinsman Bruce, the great traveller." There is "a charming portrait of her by Ramsay, a graceful, sweet head, with a knot of pink riband fastening the hair."

attempt, never afterwards spoke to him, or indeed hardly opened his mouth.

Soon after, a servant came in with General Melville's compliments, and a desire to know if it was true, that Mr. Bruce was dangerously ill? Mr. Bruce answered drily, "Yes; tell him I am dead."

"Ah! poor soul!" cried Mrs. Strange, "I dare say he has been vexed enough! Honest man! I don't think that man ever wronged or deceived a human being!"

"Don't you, faith!" cried Mr. Bruce; that's saying more than I would! Can you really suppose that he has risen to the rank of General with so little trouble?"

"Oh, you know its only the *women* that are ever deceived; and, for my part I never allowed that the best among you could deceive *me*; for, whenever you say pretty things to me, I make it a rule to believe them to be true!"¹

Bell Strange then carried him his tea. She is about twelve years old, a very good-looking girl. Mr. Bruce, turning to me, said, "Do you know, Miss Burney, that I intend to run away with Bell? We are to go to Scotland together. She won't let me rest till I take her."

"How can you say so, Sir?" cried Bell; "pray, ma'am, don't believe it," colouring, and much fidgetted.

"Why, how now, Bell," returned he, "what! won't you go?"

"No, Sir."²

¹ "O, as to that," cried Mrs. Strange, 'you know, men never deceive *men*,—you have too much *honour* for that!' 'And how as to *women*?' 'Ah! the best among you cannot deceive *me*! for whenever you say pretty things, I always make it a rule to *believe* them; so the prettier the better!' [From a letter to Mr. Crisp, written later in March.]

² Isabella Katharine Strange was then nearer fifteen than twelve, having been born in 1759. By the kindness of her nieces, Mrs. Philip Mure, and Mrs. Edmund Ffoulkes, we are permitted to quote some lines from a volume (charming in all respects), named "Recollections of Bygone Days," which was privately printed in 1883. "Aunt Bell" never married. She lived to ninety, a pattern of the virtues of all time, and of the ceremonious usages of the last century. She was past five-and-forty when her mother died, but had never sat down in her presence unless bidden to do so. She was never seen to handle

"This is the first lady," said Mr. Bruce, "rising, who ever refused me!" Then addressing Mrs. Strange, he asked her if she had heard of Lord Rosemary lately? They then joined in drawing a most odious character of him, especially for avarice; after which Mr. Bruce walking up to me, said, "And yet *this man is my rival!*"

"Really!" cried I, "I am sure I wonder that he should venture" [I meant on account of *his* prodigious figure].

"Oh!" answered he, thinking I meant a compliment, "it's really true, Mrs. Strange, is it not, that he is my rival?"

"Oh, yes! they say so," said she.

"I am surprised that he *dares*," said my mother, "be rival to Mr. Bruce, for I wonder he does not apprehend that his long residence in Egypt made him so well acquainted with magic, that ——"

[As what was written to Mr. Crisp has more details than the corresponding passage in the journal, it is quoted here in preference to that.

"O!" cried he, "I shall not poison him, but I shall bribe his servant to tie a cord across his staircase some night, and as I dare say he never is at the expense of allowing himself a candle to walk up and down, he must necessarily break his neck, and that will be as effectual." As he went out of the room soon after, I asked Miss Strange what all this meant? She told me that it was reported that he was going to marry Lady Anne Lindsey, sister of the beautiful Lady Margaret Fordyce, the banker's wife, and that whether this was true or not, Lord R. certainly paid his addresses to her ladyship."

the engravings of her deceased father without rising reverently, and standing while she touched them. Holding that all her mother's household ways had been well-nigh perfect, she changed her customs as little as might be. She was never heard to utter the vulgar "Missis," but always said "Mistress," or "Madam." She lived beloved and honoured of many, in the midst of her treasures of past time, among which were many Jacobite relics; from portraits, engravings, and medallions, to "the clandestine correspondence of 1745,— letters written on narrow strips of vellum, rolled up inside a quill, and carried about in ladies' powdered curls, in favour of the Prince." "She never" (it is added), "leant back in her chair, and we used to say my mother killed her by inducing her to lie down on the sofa for the first time of her life. She *certainly* died next day."

Those who read the humorous and easy conversation in Mrs. Strange's "parlour" will observe how lightly the fetters of form hung on those who had been reared in them.

Both James Bruce, and Neil, third Earl of Roseberry, were widowers in 1775, but the beautiful, witty, and able Lady Anne Lindsay did not marry either of them. Nor did she marry Richard Atkinson, M.P., of the great firm of Muir and Atkinson, a rising politician, who died in 1785, bequeathing her a "considerable part of his property." She waited until she was turned forty, when she married, in 1793, Andrew, son of Dr. Thomas Barnard, Bishop of Elphin, with whom she went to the Cape of Good Hope, he being Colonial Secretary under Lord Macartney. All know her pathetic poem, "Auld Robin Gray;" and her accomplished kinsman, the late Earl of Crawford, has printed many charming pages of hers in his "Lives of the Lindsays." It was on her younger sister, Lady Margaret, that Sheridan wrote (in 1771) the lines—

"Marked you her eye of heavenly blue?
 Marked you her cheek of rosy hue?
 That eye, in liquid circles moving;
 That cheek, abashed at man's approving;
 The one, Love's arrows darting round,
 The other, blushing at the sound."¹

Bruce was the reverse of "Lord Rosemary" (as Fanny calls him) in his habits, for she tells Mr. Crisp that Mr. Bruce "is now in lodgings in Leicester Fields, at four guineas and a half a week. He keeps his carriage, but hardly ever goes out." In May, 1776, Bruce took a lady of the Dundas family for his second wife, and in June, 1775, "his rival" married, secondly, Mary, only daughter of Sir Francis Vincent, Bart." Yet anyone who was superstitious might well have cried out "*Absit!*" or (as the Germans say) "*Unberufen!*" to avert ill from a speaker foretelling, as it were, his own doom, for in this way (*minus* the rival, the cord, and the bribe) died James Bruce in 1794, falling headlong down the stairs of his own house, and never speaking more.]

He then asked Miss Strange, how she could let her harpsichord be so much out of order? "I went down," said he, "to try it, but, upon my word! it is too bad to be touched. However, while I was at it, in comes Bell, and seats herself quietly behind me; but no sooner did I rise, than away she flew down a flight of stairs quite to the cellar, I suppose; expecting, no doubt, that I should follow. But," added he, drily, "I did not. Well, Bell, what do you *glow'r* at? [I don't know if I spell the word right.] Do you understand Scotch, Miss Burney?"

"I believe I can go so far as that word, Sir."

¹ Some read "wound," but that rhyme is not so good.

"But, *Brucey*, why are you so negligent of your Music? You play, Miss Burney?"

"Very little, Sir."

"Oh, I hope I shall hear you; I am to come to your house some day with Mrs. Strange, and then——"

"When we have the honour of seeing you, Sir," cried I, "I hope you will hear a much better player than me."

"Oh, as to that," answered he, "I would not give a *fig* to hear a *man* play, comparatively."

"Well," said Mrs. Strange, "I knew a young lady who was at a concert for the first time, and she sat and sighed and groaned, and groaned and sighed, and at last she said, 'Well, I can't help it,' and burst into tears."

"There's a woman," cried Mr. Bruce, with some emotion, "who could never make a man unhappy! Her soul must be all harmony!"

We then joined in recommending to Miss Strange to practice; and Mr. Bruce took it into his head to affect to speak to me in a whisper, bending his head, not without difficulty, to a level with mine. What he said I have forgot, though I know it was something of no manner of consequence; but really I saw every body's eyes, struck with his attitude, were fixed upon us in total silence, so that I hardly heard him from the embarrassment I was in.

Except what I have written, almost every word that he said was either addressed *en badinage* to plague Bell, or in diverting himself with Miss Strange's parrot. He seemed determined not to enter into conversation with the company in general, nor to speak upon any but trifling topics. It is pity, that a man who seems to have some generous feelings, that break out by starts, and who certainly is a man of both learning and humour, should be thus run away with by pride and self-conceit.

March 10th.

We had a large party here last Sunday, the first of the kind we have had in this house.

Mr. Bruce, who is very fond of music, had appointed that day to accompany Mrs. Strange hither, in order to hear Mr. Burney play upon our Merlin harpsichord. Mr. Twining also

brought his wife and another lady with the same view. These, with Miss Strange, my sister, and ourselves, formed the party. Mr. Bruce, however, did not appear till very late. Mr. Twining and *his ladies* came before six. He apologised for his unfashionable hour. "But," added he, honestly, "I not only wished for a long evening here, but also to avoid having to enter the room, after your company were assembled under the Abyssinian Giant."

Mrs. and Miss Strange came soon after. We enquired after His Abyssinian Majesty; they said he dined at General Melville's, and was to join them here. We waited tea about an hour; after which, Mr. Burney, followed by Mr. Twining, had gone into the Library where our music was to be, when Mr. Bruce was announced, and entered the room like a monarch, so grand and so pompous.

We soon found that he was disconcerted; he complained to Mrs. Strange, who enquired after the General, that he had invited a set of stupid people to meet him, and he seemed to have left the party in disgust. He took one dish of tea, and then desired to speak to my father, concerning his Letter that is to be printed in the Musical History. My father asked him into his study, which is a very comfortable *snug* room within the library, whence at the same moment Mr. Twining was returning to the Drawing-room. My father introduced him to Mr. Bruce; they exchanged bows, and Mr. Bruce went on. Mr. Twining lifted up his hands and eyes in a droll kind of astonishment, when Mr. Bruce was out of sight, and coming up to us, said in a low voice, "This is the most awful man I ever saw!" and added, "I never felt myself so little before."

"Troth, never mind," cried Mrs. Strange, "if you was six foot high, he would *look over you*, and he can do no more now."

Mr. Twining then sate down; but said he felt in fear of his life; "for, if Mr. Bruce should come in hastily," cried he, "and overlook me, taking this chair to be empty, it will be all over with me! I shall be crushed!"

After some time, finding they did not return, Mr. Twining, impatient to hear Mr. Burney, begged him to go to the harp-

sichord. Accordingly, we all went into the library, and Mr. Burney fired away in a voluntary.¹

Mr. Twining, at once astonished and delighted at his performance, exclaimed, "Is not this better than being tall?" Mr. Twining was really enraptured; Mrs. Strange listened with silent wonder and pleasure; and Mr. Bruce, who joined us, was composed into perfect good humour. He forgot the General, discarded his sternness, and wore upon his face smiles, attention, and satisfaction.

As to Mrs. Twining, she seems a very stupid woman. I marvel that Mr. Twining could choose her! She may, however, have virtues unknown to me;—perhaps, too, she was *rich*.²

The whole party were asked to a family supper, when, to a general surprise, Mr. Bruce himself consented to stay! an honour we by no means expected; however, he was implicitly followed by the rest of the set. Mr. Bruce sat between Mrs. Twining and me. That lady and he did not fatigue themselves with exchanging one single word the whole evening. However, Mr. Bruce was exceeding courteous and in great good humour. He made me seem so very short, as I sat next to him, that had not Mr. Burney, who is still less than myself, been on my other side, I should have felt quite pitiful. But what very much diverted me was, that whenever I turned to Mr. Burney, I found his head leaning behind my chair, to peer at Mr. Bruce, as he would have done at any outlandish animal. Indeed, no eye was off him; though I believe he did not perceive it, as he hardly ever himself looks at any

¹ These additional details are from a letter in March to Mr. Crisp: "Mr. Bruce and my father soon returned, and we had music for above two hours. Mr. Burney played delightfully; and Hetty accompanied him in a very fine duet for the harpsichord and piano forte."

² This too rapid judgment makes no allowance for the feelings of Mrs. Twining among a party all of whom were strangers to her. Her husband had known Dr. Burney from, at least, the spring of 1774. She had been her husband's fellow-pupil in Latin and Greek, under his tutor (who was her father), the Rev. Mr. Smythies, of an old Colchester family which befriended Defoe. Mr. Richard Twining wrote (in 1817) that "her good sense and cheerfulness rendered her an excellent companion for my brother."

body. He seems quite satisfied with thinking of his own consequence.

The conversation during supper turned upon madness, a subject which the Strange's are very full of, as a lady of their intimate acquaintance left their house but on Friday in that terrible disorder. We asked how she happened to be with them? They answered that she had seemed recovered. Mr. Bruce who had seen her, was very inquisitive about her. Mrs. Strange said that the beginning of her wandering that evening was, by coming up to her, and asking her if she could *make faces*?

"I wish," said Mr. Bruce, "she had asked me! I believe I could have satisfied her that way!"

"Oh," said Miss Strange, "she had a great desire to speak to you, Sir; she said that she had much to say to you."

"If," said Mr. Bruce, "without any preface, she had entered the room, and come up to me, making faces; I confess I should have been rather surprised!"

"I am sure," cried I, "I should have made a face without much difficulty! I am amazed at Miss Strange's courage in staying in the room with her!"

"I have been a great deal with her," answered Miss Strange, "and she particularly minds whatever I say."

"But how are you to answer for your life a moment," added Mr. Bruce, "in company with a mad woman? When she seems most quiet, may she not snatch up a pair of scissors or whatever is near, and destroy you? or at least run them into your eyes, and blind or maim you for life?"

"Nay; while I tried to hold her from going into the street," said Mrs. Strange, "she scratched my arm, as you see—"

"Did she fetch blood," cried Mr. Bruce, "if she did you will surely go mad too: you may depend upon that! Nay, I would advise you to go directly to the sea; and be dipped! I assure you I would not be in your situation!"

He said this so drily, that I stared at him, and could not forbear beginning to expostulate, when turning round to me, I saw he was laughing.

"If you are bit by a mad *cat*," continued he "will you not go mad? and how much more by a mad *woman*?"

"But I was *not* bit," answered Mrs. Strange, "I only felt her nail, and where there is no slaver, there is no danger."

"I hope," said my mother, "that her friends will not place her in a private mad-house; there is so much iniquity practised at those places that, in order to keep their captives, they will not let their friends know when they are really recovered."

"Aye, indeed!" cried Mr. Bruce, "why this is very bad encouragement to go mad!"

And now I must have done with this evening, unless I were to write horrid tales of madness; for that horrid subject being started, every body had something terrible to say upon it.

Mr. Twining has since left town.

March 13th.

Inclosed in a letter to myself, I received on Tuesday one for Miss Strange, from my brother, to thank her for a letter she had favoured him with to a relation at Boston. In the afternoon I went with it to Mrs. Strange, and found her and her two daughters at tea, with Mr. Bruce. I told Miss Strange, that I had just received dispatches from Portsmouth, but as her letter was from a gentleman I delivered it before her mother, for fear of consequences.

"From Portsmouth?" said Mr. Bruce, "what, from Collins, *Brucey*?"

"It is from a very honest Tar," answered I.

"Then pray, *Brucey*, let me look at the seal, to see whether he has sent you two pigeons billing? or a bleeding heart? or a dove cooing?"

When he found my brother was the person in question, and that he was going to America, he said he was sorry for it, as there was going to be another South-Sea Expedition, which would have been much more desirable for him. "And," said I, "much more *agreeable* to him; for he wishes it of all things. He says he should now make a much better figure at Otaheite, than when there before, as he learnt the language of Omai in his passage home."

"Ah, weel, honest lad," said Mrs. Strange, "I suppose he would get a wife or something pretty there."

"Perhaps, Oberea," added Mr. Bruce.¹

"Poor Oberea," said I, "he says is dethroned."

"But," said he archly, "if *Mr. Banks* goes, he will re-instate her! But this poor fellow, Omai, has lost all his time; they have taught him nothing; he will only pass for a consummate liar when he returns; for how can he make them believe half the things he will tell them? He can give them no idea of our houses, carriages, or any thing that will appear probable."

"Troth, then," cried Mrs. Strange, "they should give him a set of dolls' things and a baby's house, to show them; he should have every thing in miniature, by way of model; dressed babies, cradles, lying-in women, and a' sort of pratty things."

There is a humorous ingenuity in this, that I really believe would be well worth being tried.

Masquerades being mentioned, a tall *comely* Mrs. Tolfray, whom I have sometimes met at their house, was spoken of. She exhibited herself always, they said, as a Queen. She was once Queen of the Amazons; after that, Mary Queen of Scots; and last of all, *Andromache*.

"I should think she must have appeared in character," cried I, "as Queen of the Amazons."

"I own I should like to have seen her," said Mr. Bruce; "but how was she dressed?"

"Oh," answered Miss Strange, "in *bushkins*, and her hair about her shoulders."

¹ Otaheite was first discovered by Captain Wallis in 1767. Oberea, or Oberce-roah, was then treated by the natives as their queen. She was most generous in her gifts, for she would not barter, and wept bitterly when Wallis (with whom she was smitten) sailed away, in spite of her entreaties that he would remain. When Cook reached the island her authority had waned. He gave her a doll, and she gave a hog in return. Many were the jests upon Banks and Oberea. Even an epistle, after the manner of Ovid, was published, in which she was made to bewail her love and his inconstancy. In 1788 Captain Bligh of the "*Bounty*," who had been with Cook, found her grown old, and so corpulent that it was hard to help her into his ship. She clasped his knees and told him, with much weeping, of her troubles since the death of Cook. She brought with her a favourite cat, bred from one given her by Captain Cook in 1777.

"But there was a peculiar custom," said Mr. Bruce, "among the Amazons, which ought to have been attended to; which was that they cut off the left breast. Now Mrs. Tolfray has both right and left breast so very entire that there is scarce any part of them suffered to be lost, or lessened even, to public view. What dress had she for Andromache?"

"Black velvet and a hoop," answered Miss Strange.

"And who the devil was to know that for Andromache?" cried he. "Does nobody else wear black?"

"She had better have been in a gown of her own spinning," quoth I.

Mrs. Strange enquired of Mr. Bruce, if he was acquainted with Mr. and Mrs. Bodville? the former of whom she gave great encomiums to, saying he was a most ingenious man, and never idle night or day; or scarce spending a moment of his life but in his peculiar branch of studies.

"Then what the devil did he marry for?" demanded Mr. Bruce. "I think his wife is but little obliged to him. Now a man is certainly right to give his day to his studies; but the *evening* should be devoted to society; he should give it to his wife, or his friends, to conversation, or to making love."

"Now, do you know, I adore you for that!" exclaimed Mrs. Strange, "it's just my way of thinking; so be sure it's perfect."¹

¹ Those who wish for more of the racy sayings of Mrs. Strange should read Mr Dennistoun's memoirs of her husband and her brother. Robert Strange (who had been a law-student, and a sailor, but whose true bent was towards art) in the year 1744 fell in love with Isabella Lumisden, granddaughter of a pious and persecuted Scotch Bishop, daughter of William Lumisden, who had refused the oaths, and been "out" in 1715, and sister of his friend, Andrew Lumisden, a young lawyer. In 1745, Isabella promised to marry Strange if he would join the army of Prince Charles, to whom her brother became treasurer. He did so, and plied both his graver, and his sword, in the Prince's service. His earliest known engraving is a likeness of Prince Charles, for sale at a low price among the people. He procured English bank-notes as patterns, and copied them; designing a paper-currency for very small sums, to be used among the soldiers. Just as his plates were ready to be struck off, there was the surprise and the rout at Culloden. All was over in twenty minutes. Lumisden fled, saving the great seal of King James III. Strange was in the Life-Guards.

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We have been to return the visit of Signora Agujari. She was all civility, and has renewed her promise of another and a musical evening. She speaks of it with an undisguised consciousness of the great pleasure she is to give us. If Mr. Bruce is the *proudest man* I ever saw, so is the Bastardella the *vainest woman*. She says she lives quite alone, and that it is *charity* to visit her. She proposed cultivating very much with our family; for she said that she hardly ever saw any body, as she was always *refused* to gentlemen. She certainly

In the flight one of his incomplete plates for notes is supposed to have dropped where it was found about thirty years ago by Loch Laggan. Strange was hid in the Highlands; then in Edinburgh. There some soldiers got a glimpse of him, and chased him into the Lumisden house, where his lady sate singing as she sewed. She raised her wide hoop, Strange slipped under it, and she sang and sewed on steadily while the soldiers searched the house in vain. In 1747 she married him against her father's wishes, and secretly. In 1748, Strange carried the great seal (which, also, had been in hiding,) to Andrew Lumisden at Rouen. Lumisden was attainted, but Strange was accidentally left out of the proclamation. Still, he was grievously hampered, until late in life, by his known Jacobitism. On this account he worked mainly abroad, while she reared her children in London, and sold his engravings without any middle-man. "Marrie for love and live constantly asunder!" she cries. Out of seventeen years of married life, about half only had been passed together.

"No time," (she said,) "can alter my opinions of right and wrong." In her book of Common Prayer, it may be seen that she has effaced "King George" in the state-prayers, and inserted "King James." In 1766, when her brother wrote to inform her of the death of the Chevalier de St. George (her King James) at Rome, she replied, "If my twenty-years'-old acquaintance" (Charles Edward) "is now at your house, on your knees present *my humble duty*, nor blush to think a lady bid you do so. O had I been of a more useful sex! Had my pen been a sword, I had not now been sitting tamely by my fire-side, desiring you to do me a simple office like this!"

This antique loyalty endured the strain, when in the very next year, under circumstances dishonouring himself alone, Charles Edward suddenly dismissed her brother, who had for sixteen years served his father and himself as secretary. Mrs. Strange prayed Mr. Lumisden to bear insults and injuries in silence, and even after King George III. had knighted her husband, she went on paying her duty to the Countess of Albany as to her rightful Queen. Some may care to know that Fanny thought there was much resemblance between Mrs. Strange and Mrs. Byron (Sophia Trevannion, the poet's Cornish grandmother,) in person, manner, wit, and warmth of feeling.

has great merit in this conduct, as besides her talents, she is a fine woman and must be sought all ways in such a public line of life.

* * * * *

March 26th.

Two days after the above-mentioned *rencontre*,¹ early in the morning, the most entertaining of mortals, Mr. Garrick, came. He marched up stairs immediately into the study, where my father was having his hair dressed, surrounded by books and papers innumerable. Charlotte was reading the newspaper, and I was making breakfast. The rest of the family had not quitted their downy pillows.

My father was beginning a laughing sort of apology for his litters, and so forth, but Mr. Garrick interrupted him with —“Aye, now; do be in a little confusion; it will make things comfortable!” He then began to look very gravely at the hair-dresser. He was himself in a most odious scratch wig, which nobody but himself could dare be seen in. He put on a look in the Abel Drugger style of *envy* and sadness, as he examined the hair-dresser's progress; and, when he had done, he turned to him with a dejected face, and said, “Pray, Sir, could you touch up *this* a little?” taking hold of his own frightful scratch.

The man only grinned, and left the room.

He shook hands with me, and told my father he had *almost* run away with me a day or two before. He then enquired after some books which he had lent my father, and how many he had?

“I have ten of the Memoirs of the French Academy,” said my father.

“And what others?” cried Mr. Garrick.

“I don't know; do you, Fanny?”

“Oh, what,” cried Mr. Garrick, archly, “I suppose you don't choose to know of any others; Oh, very well! pray, Sir, make free with me! pray, keep them, if you choose it.”
 “But pray, Doctor, when shall we have the History

¹ What was the nature of “the *rencontre*” has been suppressed by the clipping out of two leaves and by erasures amounting to a page.

out? Do let me know in time, that I may prepare to blow the trumpet of Fame." He then put his stick to his mouth, and in Rarree-show-man's voice, cried, "Here is the only true History, Gentlemen; please to buy, please to buy. Sir; I shall blow it in the very ear of yon scurvy magistrate," [meaning Sir John Hawkins, who is writing the same History].¹

He then ran on with great humour upon twenty subjects; but so much of his drollery belongs to his voice, looks and manner, that *writing* loses it almost all.

My father asked him to breakfast; but he said he was engaged at home with Mr. Boswell and Mr. Twiss. He then

¹ This Garrick might easily have done, as he was a neighbour of Sir John, when in the country. Another of Sir John's Twickenham neighbours, Horace Walpole, is said to have put it into Sir John's head to write a history of Music, at about the same time that Father Martini in Italy, M. de la Borde in France, Mr. Twining and Dr. Burney in England, were, more or less, working with the same design. Sir John Hawkins had been an attorney, an active magistrate in the Wilkes and other riots, for some time chairman of "the Middlesex Justices," and knighted on presenting an address to George III. He had been a friend of the learned Pepusch, (Doctor of Music), and a main supporter of the Academy of Antient music, but he was an amateur, and Dr. Burney a musician skilled in theory and practice; he was little liked in society, while Dr. Burney was highly popular. There was a general preference for Dr. Burney's book, which was playfully expressed by Dr. Calcott in a "Glee for three Voices" which took the prize of the Catch-Club, in 1789, the year in which Dr. Burney's last two volumes were published, It runs thus:—

"Have you Sir John Hawkins' hist'ry?
Some folks think it quite a myst'ry.
Music fill'd his wondrous brain;
How d'ye like him? Is it plain?
Both I've read, and must agree,
That Burney's Hist'ry pleases me.
Sir John Hawkins—Sir John Hawkins,
How d'ye like him? how d'ye like him?
Burney's hist'ry—Burney's hist'ry,
Burney's hist'ry pleases me."

The pun in this catch reminds the editor of a like play upon Dr. Burney's name, which she read long ago, she knows not in what book. Some concert-giver, public or private, offended a gentleman by not inviting him, or not reserving a ticket for him. He said to a friend, in an angry manner, "I will go to Burney's house!" "What? *Burn*

took the latter off, as he did also Dr. Arne,¹ very comically; and afterwards, Dr. Johnson, in a little conversation concerning the borrowing a book of him. "David, will you lend me Petraca?" (*sic*). "Yes, Sir." "David, you sigh." "Sir, you shall have it." Accordingly, the book, finely bound, was sent; but scarce had he received it, when uttering a Latin ejaculation (which Mr. Garrick repeated) in a fit of enthusiasm,—over his head goes poor Petraca,—Russia leather and all!

He soon after started up, and said, he must run. "Not yet," cried I. He turned to me, and in mock heroics cried, "Ah! I will make *your* heart ache! *you* shall sigh."

He then went out of the study, followed by my father, and he took a survey of the books in the library. Charlotte and I soon joined them. He called Charlotte his little Dumpling Queen. "See how she follows me with her blushes! and here comes another with her smiles—(to me) ay, I see how it is! all the house in love with me! Here is one (to Charlotte) whose love is in the *bud*; and here (to me) here it is in *blow*; and now (to my father) I go to one, whose is *full-blown*; *full-blown*, egad!"

He would not be prevailed with to lengthen his visit. We all followed him intuitively down stairs; though he *assured* us he would not pilfer anything! "Here is a certain maid here," said he, "whom I love to speak to, because she is *cross*: Egad! Sir, she does not know the *Great Roscius*; but I frightened her this morning a little. Child, said I, you don't know who you have the happiness to speak to! Do you know

his house?" cried his friend in amazement. These verses have been said to have ruined the sale of Sir John's History, but they merely announce a general opinion thirteen years after that History had been published. They may have been handed about in manuscript, but were, probably, not printed before the death of Sir John Hawkins, in 1789, the year in which the glee took the prize.

¹ Dr. Arne was Dr. Burney's old master (in music) to whom he had been articled. Garrick and Arne had had the usual quarrels between a manager and his authors and composers. Arne once wrote to complain that Garrick had "an irresistible" (he meant *antipathy*, but he wrote) "*apathy*" to him; Garrick replied that *apathy* was no part of his character.

I am one of the first Geniuses of the Age? Why, child, you would *faint away*, if you knew who I am!"

In this sportive manner he continued, till the door was shut. He is sensible that we all doat on him; but I believe it is the same thing wherever he goes, except where he has had a personal quarrel, which, I am sorry to hear, is frequently the case with those who have been his best friends. He promised he would often call in the same sort of way, *to plague us*; we assured him we would freely forgive him if he did. In truth, I desire no better entertainment than his company affords.

April 3rd.

A few days since Mrs. Strange called with a very civil message from the *King of Abyssinia*, importing that he had had so much pleasure from the harpsichord duet he had heard here, that he could not forbear speaking of it in high terms to a friend of his, Mr. Nesbit, a very musical man, whose curiosity he had so much raised to hear it, that Mr. Bruce promised him to endeavour to fix a day with my father for his coming hither.

Accordingly, last week we had another Music Meeting. Our party consisted of Mr. Bruce, Mrs. and Miss Strange, Mr. Nesbit, who is a young man infinitely *fade*, Mr. and Miss Bagnall, Dr. Russel, a physician who is but lately returned from Aleppo, where he met with Mr. Bruce, and Mr. Solly, another great traveller who was acquainted with Mr. Bruce at Grand Cairo and Alexandria; he had likewise met with my father at almost every great town in Italy. He is a lively man, full of chat, and foreign *shrugs* and gestures.

Dr. Russel is, I believe, very clever; but he is so near-sighted, that he *peers* in every body's face a minute or two before he knows them, and indeed *after* too; for he never casts his eyes upon the fire, ground, or any thing inanimate. He is so fond of the *human face divine*, that he looks at nothing else. Susette and I could hardly keep our countenances from observing his perpetual stare from face to face.¹

¹ Dr. Patrick Russel, physician to the English factory at Aleppo, had been medical instructor to Bruce, who had studied surgery when.

Mr. Bruce was quite *the thing*; he addressed himself with great gallantry to us all alternately, first going up to my mother, who was talking to Mrs. Strange.—“Madam, I was looking for you, to pay my respects to you.” Soon after he came to my sister—“Mrs. Burney, I hope your finger is better? Miss Strange told me you had hurt it.”

“Mrs. Burney’s fingers,” cried Dr. Russel, “ought to be exempt from pain.”

“Oh!” returned Mr. Bruce, “I have prayed to Apollo for her.”

“I don’t doubt, Sir,” said Hetty, “your influence with Apollo!”

“Madam,” answered he, “I *ought* to have some; for I have made myself a slave to him all my life.” Then, turning to me, “Miss Burney, I hope *you* intend to *begin* the Concert to-night? Yes, you must indeed; for perhaps you may not like so well to play after *these folks*,” pointing to Mr. Burney and my sister.¹

When he found he could make nothing of me, he addressed himself to Susey, and told her that she must not refuse to play; for that he had *dreamt* some very great misfortune would happen to him, if she did. After this, he and Mr. Nesbit got together, and sat whispering for some time; and I have since heard from Miss Strange, that the delicate Mr. Nesbit was acquainting Mr. Bruce with an appointment, which a *certain Lady of Quality* had made with him for the evening,

Consul-General at Algiers, under the surgeon to the Consulate. He had also attended him in a severe attack of ague. Fanny met him at a dinner at Mrs. Ord’s in 1791, and wrote “Dr. Russel, whose odd comic humour my dear Susan is acquainted with, contributed by its vein and freedom to the general good humour and conviviality of the table.” Dr. Patrick was brother to Dr. Alexander Russel, who preceded him as physician to the factory at Aleppo. Dr. A. Russel wrote an “Account of Aleppo,” which was re-published, (with large additions), by Dr. Patrick in 1794; Dr. Patrick also brought out a “Treatise on the Plague,” and “An account of Indian serpents collected on the coast of Coromandel,” 1796.

¹ In a letter to Mr. Crisp, Fanny adds a detail; Mr. Bruce “always speaks to me with an encouraging smile, as if I were about eleven years old.”

at the Opera the night before! What a thorough coxcomb! even his friend Mr. Bruce held his communication in so ridiculous a light, that he afterwards told Mrs. Strange of it laughingly.

Mr. Bagnall was far the most elegant man in the room. Indeed, he must be so almost every where. His daughter is rather improved, and somewhat less reserved and shy than formerly.

Mr. Bruce told us that Dr. Russel was a performer on the violin: "A very fine one too," added he; "though we used rather to disgrace his talents at Aleppo by making him play English Country-Dances." The Doctor then mentioned a Concert, at which he had been, in Aleppo I think, which lasted three days, and which was frequent upon occasion of marriages. "Three days!" exclaimed Mr. Bruce, "why matrimony is more formidable *there* than *here*!"

The Duet—Mr. Burney's and my sister's playing, were much admired, and the evening passed very agreeably.

* * * * *

Once again I have seen my old friend Mrs. Pringle. We met her by accident. I felt so much ashamed from having so long dropt her acquaintance, as if I had done her an injury. I put my handkerchief up to my mouth and walked quietly on. She saw me—looked earnestly, and presently recollected me—"Miss Fanny Burney?—God bless me! I hardly knew you! What an age since I have seen you!" I asked after her health, and her family. She said, in her hearty manner, shaking hands with me, "Well, I am vastly glad to see you, and how does your sister do? has she any family? Well, she was as fine a girl as ever I saw, and I was like a fond parent, for I thought she could not do well enough in the world. And how is little Charlotte?" "O, she is *great* Charlotte now," cried I. She talked on, and—"well, do pray come and see me, and bring Charlotte, I shall be vastly glad to see you, I assure you. . . ."

* * * * *

[From Dr. and Miss BURNey to Mr. CRISP.]

[As this is the only letter that has been found from Dr. Burney to
II.

Mr. Crisp, it is thought well to give it, with some portions of Fanny's letter, omitting what is a mere repetition of her Journal. Some fragments of this letter are also used as notes to the Journal.]

[By Dr. Burney].

March.

Here Fanny desires me to write the Prologue to I know not what she is going to give you—and with my paw too!—not one straight finger have I on my right hand!¹ However, I want just to give you some signs of life after so long an absence and silence. I have a million of things to say to you about myself and others, but such a hurried shattered worn-out post-horse as I am at present crawls not on the earth. Yet even leisure to attend to bodily health cannot exempt poor mortals from pain! for you, poor soul, I hear are laid up. I would it were [summer] and I'd come and con ailments with you. I know not what effect it would have on your gout, but it would certainly comfort my bowels to chat and philosophize with you. It seems a long life since I saw you, and I have to tell you of my poor book—at a dead stop now, page 352. But what think you of the King of Abyssinia, who has at length indulged me with two charming drawings of instruments! My dear Daddy,—an Abyssinian lyre now in common use and the Theban Harp, most beautiful indeed, though drawn from a painting in Diospolis at least 3000 years old. A letter of description, too, which I have leave to print. God bless you!²

[The letter is continued by Fanny.]

I was a little shocked to find, soon after I sent you my

¹ Dr. Burney's writing shows the rheumatic state of his fingers.

² This letter extends to above ten pages of Dr. Burney's book. The lyre and harp are engraved as illustrations. Walpole sneered that Bruce was himself "the Abyssinian Liar." Others denied that he had ever been in the sepulchres of Thebes, and said that he had drawn the harp in England, from imagination, or at any rate, not drawn it on the spot, but from memory. In 1823, however, Captains Irby and Mangles say that "In the small chamber where Bruce copied the harp he gave to Mr. Burney for his "History of Music," [they] "saw that traveller's name scratched over the very harp. . . . He is erroneous in the number of strings which he has given to it. The instrument itself is not unlike the original."

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last letter, that Hetty had written to you upon the same subject, the Bastardini, just before. I am afraid between us you must be quite tired of this poor *Silver side*. You have doubtless heard the story of the pig's eating half her side, and of its being repaired by a silver kind of machine. You may be sure that she has not escaped the witticisms of our wags upon this score: it is too fair a subject for ridicule to have been suffered to pass untouched. Mr. Bromfield has given her the name of Argentini: Mr. Foote has advised her (or threatened to advise her) to go to the Stamp Office to have her *side entered*, lest she should be prosecuted for secreting silver contrary to law; and my Lord Sandwich has made a catch, in Italian, and in dialogue between her and the Pig, beginning *Caro Mio Porco*—the Pig answers by a grunt, and it ends by his exclaiming *Ah che bel mangiare!* Lord S. has shewn it to my father, but he says he will not have it set till she has gone to Italy.

Let me tell you that my father's excellent correspondent, Mr. Twining, has been in town for a month. He is just gone, which we are all sorry for. He has not only as much humour as learning, but also as much good nature as either. We saw him almost every day, and as he could not be much with my father, whose engagements are now at their height, why he even took the house as he found it, and came to the Little when he could not get the Great. You are sure he was not less our favourite for that: indeed it reminded us of him who is (out of this house) our greatest favourite, and who took the same kind of pot-luck company in those days when he was not so shy of London as at present.

[Dr. Burney finishes his letter.]

Thanks for Theocritus, I must throw it in the cauldron till an opportunity offers of seeing the passage. My dissertation has been long closed, otherwise it would have done nicely in the section upon ancient Harmony. But a time will come perhaps when I may resume the subject of dispute concerning the question whether the Greeks and Rome knew *Counterpoint*, or *Music in Parts*. I am got now to the Olympic and Pythian Games, whose music [will] perhaps furnish some biographical

amusement, at least, to my readers, whom I must endeavour to *divert* when I have not the least chance of *instructing* them. My first vol. will necessarily consist more of the History of Poets and Musicians than of Music; for till frequent specimens can be given how is it possible to reason upon the kind of music that was in use and admired at any distant period of time? "What can we reason but from what we know?"—"answer me that and unyoke." My paw akes already, so, once more, God bless you! Best remembrance to Mad^m Ham, and the Cap.¹

* * * * *

[This postscript is by Fanny.]

Now if you don't thank me some how or other, for getting you this, I'll say you are a very bad man; as haughty as Mr. Bruce, as vain as the Bastardini, and as much an actor as Garrick!

[Mr. CRISP to Miss BURNEY.]

Ches. Mar. 27.

Dear Fanny

With a right hand half lame, and a left wholly in flame, two painful useless knees, and a neck that I can't move about, I take a pen to thank you for your account of the Sovereign of Abyssinnia, and the other Dramatis Personæ of your letter. My only way of showing my approbation in my present condition is to cry out,—more, more!—I am delighted with Foote's scheme of entering the Bastardini's ribs at the stamp office—I think it an excellent hit. The name of Argentini has not much merit or fancy in it, but the catch is a happy thought, in duet, and if well carried thro', must be clever; and in true character for such a jolly, clever d—g as Lord S——. His name puts me in mind of poor Jem;—whom I long to hear of—is he not aboard the Cerberus, and is not the Cerberus ordered to America? Have there not been some removals and advancements lately among the officers of that ship? What a cruel thing it is, that that r[ogue] your father should be reduc'd to a level with crook-finger'd

¹ Here about eight lines of Dr. Burney's postscript have been erased.

Jack! I wish he had the same facility of picking people's pockets; and if he did not exercise his talents among the great (who are to the full as great pick-pockets as either of them) let him be hang'd for a fool. I long as much, or more than he can do for us to spend some time together; as I am more hungry by far than he can be, who has a thousand various dainties to feed upon, continually in his way. I don't at all love your King Bruce, but give him some credit for distinguishing the aforesaid Rogue from the herd; I wish he would minutely publish his travels, and then I should not care if I never saw his Man-Mountain-ship—is there any talk that he intends it? I am prepared to love very much your Mr. Twining—by the discription of him he should be one after my own heart. More, More! the horse-leach hath two daughters, saying *Give, Give!* these are the very words of King Solomon; and I am their eldest son. . . .

My love to your Mammy. My sister¹ has again wrote about the Journal,² and does not care to be refus'd; so do, prythee send it her.

Adieu, I am in pain all over.

Your affectionate Daddy

S. C.

[Miss BURNLEY to Mr. CRISP, endorsed by him "April 14."]

You enquire so much after Jem that I am tempted to send you one of his letters to me, in which he gives a good and satisfactory account of his captain and fellow lieutenant. He corresponds with me with tolerable regularity. Where he at present is I am not certain, but I fancy still at Portsmouth. It is true that there have been many removals among the officers of his ship, in so much that only the First Lieutenant remains the same as when Jem went on board. The Cerberus is ordered to carry the three General officers, viz., General Burgoigne,³ General Cleveland, and another to America,

¹ Mrs. Gast.

² Fanny's Teignmouth Journal.

³ Sir John Burgoyne, who was more successful as a dramatist than in war.

but we have no certain information at present when they will sail. Jem in his last letter tells me that he is quite in the dark about it himself. There is much talk of an intended South Sea expedition: now you must [know] that there is nothing that Jem so earnestly desires as to be of the party; and my father has made great interest at the Admiralty to procure him that pleasure; and as it is not to be undertaken till Capt. Cooke's return, it is just possible that Jem may be returned himself in time from America. This intended expedition is to be *the last*: they are to carry Omai back, and to give him *a month for liking*, at the end of which, if he does not again relish his old home, or finds himself not well treated, he is to have it in his power to return hither again.

We made a visit yesterday morning to Miss Davies. She told us her law-suit was not yet decided, for the managers did every thing in their power to delay and procrastinate. Her mother; Miss *Dumpty* her sister (for so Lady Edgcumbe calls her, because she is short, crooked, and *squat*), and herself drank tea with us while Mr. Twining was in town, and we invited him to meet them. As he had never heard her sing we were in hopes of being able to procure him that gratification, which he very much wished for. My father made an attack by saying he wished she would try the power of music upon his rheumatism, which had withstood every thing hitherto; but the *medicinal* power of a song from her he dared believe would prove very efficacious. Miss Davies looked down, and was silent for a minute, upon which my father repeated his request. She then, in a hesitating voice, said—"I should be very ready to—but you know, Sir, how I am situated." Nobody spoke; every body looked disappointed; and she proceeded to explain herself by saying that her *articles* were so strict that she dared not infringe them, but if my father and *us females* would give her our *companies* at her house, she would try to *tire* us; for she supposed that she might at least be allowed to *practice* a little at home. Poor Mr. Twining looked very blank. I was sorry she did not include him in the invitation. . . . Mr. Twining was, however, much pleased with her, and agreed that she was

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a sensible, well bred, and engaging girl. She lives with her mother and sister with great reputation and honour. . . .

I believe I told you in my last of another party we were to have with the King of Abyssinia. I heartily wished you had been here, for the evening proved very agreeable. I will give you our party. The first who came was Mr. Solly. He is a brother of a merchant in the city, and a great traveller. He met my father at four several places in Italy, all accidentally, namely, at Bologna, Florence, Rome, and Naples. Since that time he has been wandering to many more remote places. But what occasioned his being invited for this evening is that he had met with Mr. Bruce at Alexandria and Grand Cairo. He is a very *chatty* man—good tempered and lively. He has a *little* of the affectation of a travelled gentleman, and is very full of prate. He and my father “*fought all their battles o’er again*” in a very sprightly conversation which lasted till the arrival of Mr. and Miss Bagnall.

Mr. Bagnall is a man of large fortune. His manners are infinitely elegant; he is all attention and politeness. He is an elderly man, but still very handsome, and his face is a very bad index if he is not an amiable, sensible, and benevolent man. . . . His daughter is about twenty. She is tall and well made, with a fair complexion; but otherwise is rather plain, having very bad features. She is sensible and reserved, yet by no means seems worthy of such a father as she has to boast of, for her manners are unformed and rather uncouth.

Mr. Burney and Hetty arrived next; and after them Mr. and Miss Strange. And then came Mr. Bruce and his friend Mr. Nesbitt.

Mr. Bruce was in the most perfect good humour—all civility and pleasantry, and *his* smiles diffused a general cheerfulness which every one partook of. As to Mr. Nesbitt he is a young Scotchman of distinction: he is conceited, self-sufficient, and *puppyish*. He spoke very little, except to Mr. Bruce, and to him always in a whisper. He is heir to a monstrous fortune, which is lucky for him, as it will be the only thing which will recommend him. Mr. Bruce himself holds him very cheap, and I cannot imagine why he introduced him here. That you may not think me *severe* I will tell you a little circum-

stance that will, with *you*, I am sure, justify my opinion. I was talking to Miss Strange t'other day about this coxcomb, and observing how politely he amused himself with *whispering* to Mr. Bruce. "Shall I tell you," said she, "what he whispered about? He was telling Mr. Bruce of a certain lady of quality he had seen at the Opera the night before, who was so well pleased with him that she appointed him to wait on her the next evening at 9 o'clock, and therefore, he said, he must shorten his visit at your house." What think you of this? She added that Mr. Bruce gave so little weight to his intelligence, that he scrupled not to doubt of every particular, which he told to Mrs. Strange with no little laughter.

But I have not yet mentioned all our party. The rear was brought up by Dr. Russel, a learned and travelled physician, who was acquainted with Mr. Bruce at Aleppo, where he resided some years. He appears to be a droll, clever, and rather original character. He is so fond of the *human face divine* that he looks at no other object, for his eyes are never for a moment fixed upon the ground or upon anything inanimate, but always upon the *phiz* of some one of the company.

[From Mr. CRISP to Miss F. BURNEY.]

Chesington, April 18th.

Dear Fannikin

Tho' fingers are crippley and left arm lame, I shall not spare them to tell you, you are at last (after a hard fight with you) a tolerable (not *very tolerable*, observe) good Girl. You make such a rout about my sisters seeing what you are pleased to call "*your trifling stuff*," &c. &c. &c., that I could beat you. I thought you had more taste, but no; 'tis not want of taste; 'tis a way young girls have got by habit, and, as it were, mechanically, of making *mille facons*, without a shadow of reason. You cannot but know *that trifling, that negligence, that even incorrectness*, now and then in familiar epistolary writing, is the very soul of genius and ease; and that if your letters were to be fine-labour'd compositions that smelt of the *lamp*, I had as lieve they travelled elsewhere. So no more of that, Fanny, and thou lov'st me. Dash away, whatever comes

uppermost; and believe me you'll succeed better, than by leaning on your elbow, and studying what to say.

One thing more, and I have done: Rest assured, that the unconnected rattle you tax yourself with, is exactly the same sort of thing, as that "*nonsense*" which we are told is "*Eloquence in Love*."

Now for Jem's letter, which I am much pleas'd with. What I am so much pleas'd with, above the rest, is to observe that caution and guardedness in his descriptions and accounts, that indicate a maturity of judgment, that is more frequently to be wish'd than found in a warm, bold buck of his time of life and profession. This uncommon and valuable quality at so early a period, promises and seems almost to insure future success.

I am so far from being tir'd with your long letters, as you call them, that I only wish them a quire apiece, and all that stuff about reading them at my leisure, and the impossibility of getting through them at once, &c. &c. &c., is of a piece with "the ringing of the Bellman;" "being come to the bottom of your page," and the rest of those usual sprightly conclusions, which if you'll take my opinion, are rather too much hackneyed for my Fanny's use.¹

You young devil, you! you know in your conscience, I devour greedily your journalizing letters, and you once promised they should be *weekly* journals, tho' now you fight off, both in your declarations and your practice.—I desire you would reform both. Take my word for't, Miss Davis will lose her law-suit. I am glad to find the Abyssinian King mends upon your hands. Pray are not the Strange's going to live abroad? Write me more about your Daddy. Will he come here at Whitsuntide?

* * * * *

[Miss BURNey to Mr. CRISP, Monday, April, 1775, endorsed by Mr. CRISP "April 24."]

I thought you would like Jem's letter, but pray, Sir, does

¹ "But I hear the ringing of the postman's bell," was then a very common way of bringing a letter to an end.

it follow that you must keep it? If you return it in your next, I will reward you with a short, but characteristic letter I had from Mr. Hutton lately. That worthy, good, half-mad man calls here pretty often. There is something in his flightiness which speaks so much goodness of heart, and so much ignorance,—or *contempt* (I know not which) of the world, that his conversation is quite singular.

Jem left England last Tuesday. Added to the ship's company were three Generals, three Aid de Camps, two gentlemen passengers, and six or seven servants. The Government allows Capt. Chad £400 to maintain them. Their stay is quite uncertain. Jem prays for his return in time to go to the South Seas. He says that if they have fine weather they shall have a jovial voyage—but if bad—God help them, and all these useless hands! I expect they will fling the poor land officers overboard if there should be a storm.

As to his Majesty of Abyssinia, I have only had the honour of seeing him for two or three minutes since my last letter, which was on occasion of setting Miss Bell Strange down after she had been with my mother and me to the School Ball in Queen Square. He was extremely *out of sorts*, because there was some company in the room (Dr. Smith and a lady) who did not please him. How Dr. Smith offended him I know not,¹ but as to the lady Miss Strange told me that she had *too much tongue*, and had fatigued his Majesty.

Last night Andrew Strange drank tea here. He is the second son, and now at Oxford. He is a very pretty young man. He told us that he had been in the morning with a party who had the honour of seeing Mr. Bruce's collection of curiosities. He spoke of them very highly, particularly of the drawings, which he declares are delightful. He said it was to be the last morning of exhibiting them, as he only wishes them to be sufficiently seen to make their fame induce the Government to be at the expense of publication. He sends them all to-day privately to Dr. Hunter's Museum; "But," said Andrew, "he intends the world to think they

¹ This was, most likely, Dr. Carmichael Smith, the physician and intimate friend of the Strange family.

are gone to Scotland, that he may not be solicited to shew them any more." He added that the morning had proved very agreeable, not only because the collection was extremely curious, but also, he said, "Because his Majesty was less relentless than usual."¹

I am sorry to tell you that the advertisement you have seen about the Stranges is true; the whole family are going abroad—they say for two years, but I fear for life. . . . I shall extremely regret *all* of them, though most particularly Mrs. Strange, who has more goodness and wit than I ever before saw united in one woman. All the family merit regard and esteem. . . . The reason of Mr. Strange's quitting England is a *disgust* he has taken at being excluded from being a member of the Royal Academy. You know his principles, and therefore will not wonder either at the exclusion or the disgust.²

¹ This was the second of "the three fine boys," of whom their mother wrote to their uncle, Mr. Lumisden (after the death of the Chevalier de St. George in 1766)—"They'll be recruits when I am gone; I hope they'll all have Roman spirits in them—I'll instruct them that their lives are not their own when Rome demands them. Although I wish to see you, yet I do not wish it at the expense of any breach of duty. Remember you are Cato's son. . . . I would rather *meet you at Philipy*, than that you should take any step which might create a future pain." All "three fine boys," in divers vocations, served well their country and King George—notably, Sir Thomas Andrew Strange, successively Chief-Justice of Nova Scotia, and of Madras, author of a work on the "Elements of Hindu Law," which has passed through four editions. It is remarkable that his portrait was painted by three successive Presidents of the Royal Academy by the wish and at the cost of those who admired and esteemed him. By West for the Court-House at Halifax, N.S.; by Lawrence, for the Banqueting-Hall at Madras; by Shee, for the great hall of Christchurch-College, Oxford, of which he was a member. He died at St. Leonard's in 1841, aged eighty-five. Four of his children survive, who connect the present year with 1719, and 1721, in which years, their grandmother Isabella Lumisden, and their grandfather, Sir Robert Strange, were born.

² It does not appear that, after 1745, Mr. Strange ever manifested his principles in such a way as to justify the "boycotting" which he suffered. In 1765, he had the diploma of five foreign Academies of Art, while he was purposely shut out of the brand-new English Academy by a special rule against the admission of engravers. In

My father's History goes on very slowly indeed at present. The town is very full. He teaches from nine to nine almost every day, and has scarce time to write a page a week. Nobody besides himself could write a word so circumstanced. His health and hand are, I hope, rather better, however, very little, for never surely was an attack more obstinate.

I have been just interrupted by a visit from Dr. King, which as it proved short, and very ridiculous, I cannot forbear relating. I think you know him—if you do—you must remember how prosing, affected, and *very fine* he is. But this morning he took it into his head to be quite flighty. Mama was out—Sue and I at home. After the first common speeches, he enquired of me for *his snuff*. (You must know he, a long time since, gave me some snuff in charge for him, as he likes a *pinch* now and then, though he does not regularly take it. This snuff I have always unfortunately mislaid, or lost, and been frequently upbraided, I had therefore promised to put it in a box for him—but after he went I had thought no more of it.) *Shamming* a little confusion, I confessed I knew not where it was. He reproached me with

this there was a special meanness, as they admitted the engraver, Bartolozzi, pretending that they took him as a *painter*. Strange might have said, "*anch' io son' pittore*," as his exquisite coloured drawings of the pictures which he meant to engrave, testify. He had been thwarted, even in Italy, by Bartolozzi and Dalton, who were travelling for George III. It was of political importance that King George should be more humoured than King James. Strange had gained permission from the Papal authorities to copy certain fine pictures before Bartolozzi and Dalton even arrived, but King George's agents were given the precedence in copying those very pictures; and finding his engravings forestalled, Strange copied not what he would, but what he could. In the end, it was King George who had to yield. Strange was sued to engrave Ramsay's portrait of the king. This he refused to do on account of the paltry sum offered him as payment. Long afterwards, he engraved what is called "The Apotheosis of Prince Alfred and Octavius," (the two youngest sons of George III.) who died in infancy. He was knighted by George III. in 1787. To many a household of the eighteenth century, Sir Robert Strange, by his engravings, first brought the love of good pictures. "Sir Robert," (wrote J. T. Smith, keeper of the Prints and Drawings in the British Museum) . . . may be considered by far the first Historical engraver this or any country ever produced."

and depended upon me, but I
 but deprecate me to take any more
 than to seldom, and I think
 remember from time to time, I
 was he then? God forbid I
 and "I forgot your snuff, but
 solemnly. "I find I was so
 There is no good design
 have undertaken the thing
 have had it—said I, "I don't
 —I picked you out of all
 I intended most from—" "I
 I intended I, "the reason why
 now I put it off to another
 to-night—I was told
 I thought you would like
 some time." "No, no," he
 "I don't like it." Then starting
 I don't know, but that he would
 He then went up to St.
 remark on me, said—"Come,
 I have this great snuff
 though I believe he expected
 I showed him very quickly
 some strange picture, that
 I don't know—be turned
 to me and my hand, just
 I don't know—I expect
 I showed him, I remember
 showed him so all, he
 and he is a great fool
 I don't know what
 my name—The
 he said the love
 he is a great man

great gravity, said he had depended upon *me*, but found he had *mistaken his man*—but desired me to take no more trouble about it. “You come so seldom,” cried I, “that it is too much for me to remember from time to time.” “What?” cried he, “you forget me then?” God forbid I should *not*! thought I, but only *said* “I forget your *snuff*, Sir.” “Very well,” answered he, solemnly. “I find I was mistaken! I had pitched upon *you*! There is my good friend Mrs. Burney would most cheerfully have undertaken the charge—there is Susette *wished* to have had it—and Bessy almost quarrelled with me about it—but I picked *you* out of the herd, as the one whom I expected most from——” “O! I have just recollected,” exclaimed I, “the reason why I did not buy a box—you must know I put it off in order to chuse it at the Fièra¹ in Mascherata, to-night—I was determined it should be elegant—and I thought you would like it the better for the place it came from.” “No, no,” said he, “don’t take any more trouble about it.” Then starting up he declared he could stay no longer, but that he would not take any further notice of *me*! He then went up to Susette, and, casting a look of reproach at me, said—“Come, I’ll shake hands with Susette.” I bore this *great stroke* with all imaginable patience, though I believe he expected I should have wept at least—and I suffered him very quietly to go to the door—which he had no sooner reached, than—unable, I suppose, to act with so much cruelty—he turned hastily back, and hurrying back to me, took my hand, patted my cheek, and genteely called me a *little hussey*.—I again wished him good-morning. He then renewed his reproaches—and said, if *any other* person had used him so ill, he should not have minded it—but—cried he, in a raised voice, and suddenly flinging himself into a theatrical attitude—“But *there*—where I had treasured up my heart!—*There*—where—O fye! fye! fye!”—He then opened the door—and half shutting it again, repeated in an *emphatic* manner—“Excellent wretch!—perdi-

¹ This was probably something like the sales of things “useful and ornamental,” by stall-holders in “fancied dresses,” which have lately been in fashion.

tion catch my soul——” He did not wait to finish his rhapsody, but jumped out of the house, suddenly, on seeing John, the man, coming into the parlour.

I think I never told you that Mr. Hutton—curious after every thing and body—had a most anxious desire to be introduced to Mr. Bruce—whose *enterprise* he regards with a kind of veneration, and *reveres* the man who has made travels so extraordinary and dangerous. Accordingly he begged my father to speak of him to Mr. Bruce. My father, who loves the character of this original man, complied with his request, and spoke of him in terms so advantageous to the Abyssinian King that he graciously condescended to admit him. He was very civil also to him, which I think is somewhat to his honour, considering that Mr. Hutton’s appearance is by no means in his favour, as he wears an old wig and shabby clothes. But he is a good being: and I think you would, all together, oddities and all, like him.

Adieu, my dearest Sir. I will write again next Monday, according to your desire—provided I hear of or from you between this and then. I do assure you I could not wade through so much writing were it not for the reward of seeing your hand in return.

My love and compts., and so forth,
I am ever, my dear Daddy,
Your obliged and affectionate

F. BURNEY.

Monday, April.

May 8th.

This month is called a *tender* one. It has proved so to me—but not in me. I have not breathed one sigh,—felt one sensation,—or uttered one folly the more for the softness of the season. However I have met with a youth whose heart, if he is to be credited, has been less guarded—indeed it has yielded itself so suddenly, that had it been in any other month—I should not have known how to have accounted for so easy a conquest.

The first day of this month I drank tea and spent the

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Mr. Barlow is r
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evening at Mr. Burney's, at the request of my sister, to meet a very stupid family, which she told me it would be charity to herself to give my time to. This family consisted of Mrs. O'Connor and her daughter, by a first marriage, Miss Dickenson, who, poor creature, has the misfortune to be deaf and dumb. They are very old acquaintances of my grandmother Burney, to oblige whom my sister invited them. My grandmother and two aunts therefore were of the party:—as was also Mr. Barlow, a young man who has lived and boarded with Mrs. O'Connor for about two years.

Mr. Barlow is rather short, but handsome. He is a very well bred, . . . good-tempered and sensible young man . . . And he is highly spoken of both for disposition and morals. He has read more than he has conversed, and seems to know but little of the world; his language therefore is stiff and uncommon, and seems laboured, if not affected—he has a great desire to please, but no elegance of manners; neither, though he may be very worthy, is he at all agreeable.

Unfortunately, however, he happened to be prodigiously civil to me, and though I have met with much more gallantry occasionally, yet I could not but observe a *seriousness* of attention much more expressive than complimenting.

As my sister knew not well how to *wile away the time*, I proposed, after supper, a round of cross questions. This was agreed to. Mr. Barlow, who sat next to me, took near half an hour to settle upon what he should ask me, and at last his question was—What I thought most necessary in Love? I answered—*Constancy*. I hope for his own sake he will not remember this answer long, though he readily subscribed to it at the time.

The coach came for me about eleven. I rose to go. He earnestly entreated me to stay one or two minutes. I did not, however, think such compliance at all requisite, and therefore only offered to set my grandmother down in my way. The party then broke up. Mrs. O'Connor began an urgent invitation to all present to return the visit the next week. Mr. Barlow, who followed me, repeated it very pressingly, to *me*, hoping I would make one. I promised that I would.

When we had all taken leave of our host and hostess, my grandmother, according to custom, gave me a kiss and her blessing. I would fain have eluded my aunts, as nothing can be so disagreeable as kissing before young men; however, they chose it should go round; and after them Mrs. O'Connor also saluted me, as did her daughter, desiring to be better acquainted with me. This disagreeable ceremony over, Mr. Barlow came up to me, and making an apology, which, not suspecting his intention, I did not understand,—he gave me a most ardent salute! I have seldom been more surprised. I had no idea of his taking such a freedom. However, I have told my good friends that for the future I will not chuse to lead, or have led, so contagious an example. I wonder *so modest a man* could dare be so bold.

He came down stairs with us and waited at the door, I believe, till the coach was out of sight.

Four days after this meeting, my mother and Mrs. Young happened to be in the parlour when I received a letter which, from the strong resemblance of the handwriting in the direction to that of Mr. Crisp, I immediately opened and thought came from Chesington; but what was my surprise to see "Madam," at the beginning, and at the conclusion,—“Your sincere admirer and very humble ser^t Thos. Barlow.”

I read it three or four times before I could credit my eyes. An acquaintance so short, and a procedure so hasty astonished me. It is a most tender epistle, and contains a passionate declaration of attachment, hinting at hopes of a return, and so forth.

[From Mr. BARLOW to Miss BURNEY.]¹

Mad^m, — Uninterrupted happiness we are told is of a short duration, and is quickly succeeded by Anxiety, which moral Axiom I really experienc'd on the Conclusion of May day at Mr. Charles Burney's, as the singular Pleasure of your

¹ This letter, which Fanny did not copy because it was “so high-flown,” was found among her papers.

Company was so soon Eclips'd by the rapidity of ever-flying Time; but the felicity, tho' short, was too great to keep within the limits of one Breast, I must therefore intreat your Pardon for the Liberty I take, in attempting to reiterate the satisfaction I then felt, and paying a Tythe of Justice to the amiable Lady from whom it proceeded, permit me then Mad^m, with the greatest sincerity, to assure you, that the feelings of that Evening were the most refined I ever enjoy'd, and discovered such a latent Spring of Happiness from the Company of the Fair, which I had positively before then been a Stranger to; I had 'til then thought, all Ladys might be flatter'd, but I now experience the contrary, and am assur'd, Language cannot possibly depict the soft Emotions of a mind captivated by so much Merit; and have now a Contest between my arduous Pen, stimulated by so pleasing and so just a subject, on the one side, and a dread of being accused of Adulation on the other; however, endeavouring at Justice, and taking Truth (in her plainest Attire) for my Guide, I will venture to declare, that the Affability, Sweetness, and Sensibility, which shone in your every Action, lead me irresistably to Love and Admire the Mistress of them, and I should account it the road to the highest Felicity, if my *sincerity* might in any degree meet your Approbation; as I am persuaded *that is the first Principle*, which can be offer'd as a foundation for the least hope of a Lady's regard; and I must beg leave to observe, I greatly admire that Quality which yourself so justly declar'd, was most necessary in Love, I mean CONSTANCY, from which I woud presume to infer, that we are naturally led from Admiration, to Imitation and Practice; All which in being permitted to declare to you—would constitute my particular happiness, as far as Expression could be prevail'd on to figure the Ideas of the Mind; meanwhile I woud particularly Request, you would condescend to favour me with a Line, in which I hope to hear you are well, and that you will honour us with your Company with good Mrs. Burney and Family some day next week, which that Lady is to fix; in which request I trust we shall not be deny'd, as 'twill not be possible to admit separating so particularly desirable a part of the Company, and as I am per-

sueded we are honoured with your Assent to the Engagement:

I am D^r Miss Fanny's

Most sincere Admirer and very hble Ser^t.

THOS. BARLOW.

I took not a moment to deliberate.—I felt that my heart was totally insensible—and I felt that I could never consent to unite myself to a man who I did not *very* highly value.

However, as I do not consider myself as an independant member of society, and as I knew I could depend upon my father's kindness, I thought it incumbent upon me to act with his concurrence, I therefore, at night, before I sent an answer shewed him the letter. He asked me a great many questions. I assured him that forming a connection without attachment —(and that I was totally indifferent to the youth in question) was what I could never think of. My father was all indulgence and goodness. He at first proposed that I should write him word that our acquaintance had been too short to authorise so high an opinion as he expressed for me; but I objected to that as seeming to infer that a *longer* acquaintance might be acceptable: he therefore concluded upon the whole that I should send no answer at all.

I was not very easy at this determination, as it seemed to treat Mr. Barlow with a degree of contempt which his partiality to me by no means merited from myself; and I apprehended it to be possible for him to put, perhaps, *another* and more favourable interpretation upon my silence. I shewed Hetty the letter next day. She most vehemently took the young man's part; urged me to think differently, and above all advised me to certainly write an answer, and to be of their party, according to my promise, when they went to Mrs. O'Connor's.

I told her I would speak to my father again in regard to writing an answer, which I wished much to do, but could not now without his consent; but as to the party I could not make one, as it would be a kind of tacit approbation assent of his further attentions.

I went afterwards to call on my grandmother; my sister

followed me, and directly told her and my aunts of the affair. They all of them became most zealous advocates for Mr. Barlow. They spoke most highly of the character they had heard of him, and my aunt Anne humourously bid me beware of her and Beckey's fate!

I assured them I was not intimidated, and that I had rather a thousand times die an old maid than be married, except from affection.

When I came home I wrote the following answer which I proposed sending, with my father's leave.

Miss Burney presents her compliments to Mr. Barlow. She is much obliged for, though greatly surprised at the good opinion with which on so short an acquaintance he is pleased to honour her. She wishes Mr. Barlow all happiness, but must beg leave to recommend to him to transfer to some person better known to him a partiality which she so little merits.

My father, however, did not approve of my writing, I could not imagine why; but have since heard from my sister that he was unwilling I should give a No without some further knowledge of the young man.

Further knowledge will little avail in connections of this sort; the *heart* ought to be heard, and mine will never speak a word I am sure, for any one I do not truly enough honour to cheerfully, in all things serious, obey. How hard must be the duty of a wife practised without high esteem! [And] I am too spoilt by such men as my father and Mr. Crisp to content myself with a character merely inoffensive. I should expire of fatigue with him.

My sister was not contented with giving her own advice; she wrote about the affair to Mr. Crisp, representing in the strongest light the utility of my listening to Mr. Barlow, He has written me such a letter! Heaven knows how I shall answer it. Every body is against me but my beloved father. . . . They all of them are kindly interested in my welfare; but they know not so well as myself what may make me happy or miserable. To unite myself for life to a man who is not

infinitely dear to me is what I can never, never consent to, unless, indeed, I was strongly urged by my father. I thank God most gratefully he has not interfered.

They tell me they do not desire me to *marry*, [but] not to give up the *power* of it without seeing [more] of the proposer; but this reasoning I cannot [give] in to,—it is foreign to all my notions. How [can] I see more of Mr. Barlow without encouraging him to believe I am willing to think of him? I detest all trifling. If ever I marry, my consent shall be prompt and unaffected.

[FROM MR. CRISP TO MISS FANNY BURNEY].

[May 8.]

So much of the future good or ill of your life seems now depending, Fanny, that I cannot dispense with myself from giving you (without being called upon) my whole sentiments on a subject, which I dare say you already guess at. Hetty (as she told you she would) has disclosed the affair to me. The character she gives of the young man is in these words: "A young man, whose circumstances I have heard, are easy; but am not thoroughly inform'd of them; but he bears an extraordinary character for a young man now a-days,—I have it from some who have known him long, that he is remarkably even-temper'd, sedate, and sensible; he is twenty-four years of age; is greatly esteem'd for qualities rarely found at his age—temperance and industry;—well educated, understands books and words, better than the world, which gives him something of a stiffness and formality, which discovers him unus'd to company, but which might wear off."

.....
Is all this true, Fanny?—If it is, is such a man so very determinately to be rejected, because from the overflowings of an innocent honest mind (I won't call it *ignorant*, but) *untainted with the world* (instead of a thousand pitiful airs and disguises, mixt perhaps with treachery and design) he with trembling and diffidence ventures to write, what he is unable to declare in person; and, forsooth, to raise your indignation to the highest pitch, is so indelicate, as to hint that his in-

tentions aim at *Matrimony!* If you don't put me in mind of Molière's *Precieuses Ridicules*. Read it, you young devil, and blush! 'tis scene the fourth, and instead of *Gorgibus* and *Madelon*, read *Crispin* and *Fanchon*; and the dialogue will run thus:

Fanchon.

La belle galanterie que la sienne! quoi, débiter d'abord par la (sic) mariage!

Crispin.

Et par où veux-tu donc qu'il débute? par la (sic) concubinage? n'est-ce pas un procédé, dont vous avez sujet de vous louer, aussi bien que moi? est-il rien de plus obligéant que cela? et ce lien sacré, où il aspire, n'est-il pas un témoignage de l'honnêteté de ses intentions?

Fanchon.

Ah mon père! ce que vous dites là est du dernier bourgeois. Cela me fait honte de vous ouïr parler de la sorte, et vous devriez un peu vous faire apprendre le bel air des choses.

How does this happen? Were there Fanchons in Molière's days, or are there Madelons now? But, seriously, Fanny, all the ill-founded objections you make, to me appear strong and invincible marks of a violent and sincere passion. What you take it into your head to be displeas'd with, as too great a liberty, I mean, his presuming to write to you, and in so tender and respectful and submissive a strain, if you knew the world, and that villanous Yahoo called Man, as well as I do, you would see in a very different light,—in its true light,—fearfulness, a high opinion of you, a consciousness (an unjust one I will call it) of his own inferiority; and at last, as he thinks the happiness of his life is at stake, summoning up a trembling resolution of disclosing in writing the situation of his mind, which he has not the courage to do to your face: and do you call or think this,—can you judge so ill, as to look on this, as an undue or impertinent liberty?—Ah! Fanny, such a disposition promises a thousand-fold more happiness, more solid, lasting, home-felt happiness, than all the seducing exterior airs, graces, accomplishments, and addresses of an artful [worldly

man.]¹ Such a man, as this young Barlow if ever you are so lucky and so well-advis'd, as to be united to him, will improve upon you every hour. You will discover in him graces and charms which kindness will bring to light, that at present you have no idea of;—I mean, if his character is truly given by Hetty. That is the grand object of enquiry, as likewise his circumstances; this last, as the great sheet-anchor, upon which we are to depend in our voyage through life, ought most minutely to be scrutiniz'd. Is he of any profession, or only of an independent fortune? if either, or both, sufficient to promise a comfortable income. You may live to the age of your grandmother, and not meet with so valuable an offer. Shakespear says :

There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which taken at the height leads on to Fortune;
But being neglected, &c.

I forgot how it goes on, but the sense is (what you may guess), that the opportunity is never to be recover'd; the tide is lost, and you are left in shallows, fast a-ground, and struggling in vain for the remainder of your life to get on,—doom'd to pass it in obscurity and regret. Look round you, Fan; look at your aunts! *Fanny Burney* won't always be what she is now! Mrs. Hamilton once had an offer of £3000 a-year, or near it; a parcel of young giggling girls laugh'd her out of it. The man forsooth, was not quite smart enough, though otherwise estimable. Oh, Fan, this is not a marrying age, without a handsome Fortune! . . . Suppose you to lose your father,—take in all chances. Consider the situation of an unprotected, unprovided woman! Excuse my being so earnest with you. Assure yourself it proceeds from my regard, and from (let me say it though it savors of vanity) a deep knowledge of the world. Observe how far I go; I don't urge you, hand over head, to have this man at all events; but, for God's sake and your own sake, give him and yourself fair play. Don't decide so positively against it. If you do, you

¹ These words have been substituted in the manuscript for some stronger expression used by Mr. Crisp; perhaps "rake." "Income," also, is not Mr. Crisp's word.

are ridiculous to a high degree. If you don't answer his letter, don't avoid seeing him. At all events, I charge you on my blessing to attend Hetty in her visit to the O'Connors, according to your promise, and which you can't get off without positive rudeness. This binds you to nothing; it leaves an opening for future consideration and enquiry, and is barely decent. I have wrote so much on this subject, (which is now next my heart) that I cannot frame myself to any thing else for this bout. So, adieu! you have the best wishes of your affectionate Daddy,

S. C.

Chesington, May 8.

Sunday, May 15th.

The visit to Mrs. O'Connor was made yesterday. I commissioned my aunts—though they would hardly hear me—to say that I was prevented from waiting on her by a bad cold. How the message was taken, and what passed I know not; but this morning, while we were all at breakfast, except my father who was in the study, John came into the parlour and said that a gentleman enquired for me.

I guessed who it was—and was inexpressibly confused. mama stared but desired he might walk in. The door opened, and Mr. Barlow appeared. He had dressed himself elegantly, but could hardly speak. He bowed two or three times—I coloured like scarlet, and I believe he was the only person in the room who did not see it.

“Mrs. O'Connor—he called—my cold—he understood—he was very sorry”—

He could not get on. My voice too failed me terribly—for his silence at his first entrance made me fear he was going to reproach me for not answering his letter. I told him my cold had been too bad to allow me to go out—but I was so terribly frightened lest my mother should say—“*What cold? I did not know you had one!*”—that I had great difficulty to get out the words; and he himself took notice that my voice spoke how bad my cold was, though in fact I have no cold at all, but grew *husky* from embarrassment. My mother then asked him to sit down, and Susey, very good naturedly entered into conversation with him to our mutual relief—

particularly to his, as he seemed so confounded he scarce knew where he was. I sat upon thorns from the fear that he would desire to speak to me alone. I looked another way, and hardly opened my mouth. In about half an hour he rose to go. . . . Whether he was induced to make this visit from expecting he might speak to me, or whether in order to see if I had any cold or not, I cannot tell; but it proved cruelly distressing to him, and confusing to me.

Had I sent an answer, this would not have happened; but it is now too late. I am very sorry to find this young man seems so serious;—however, an attachment so precipitately formed, so totally discouraged, and so placed—cannot be difficult to cure.

May.

We have had a charming Concert; I am very glad that, after their long cessation, these entertainments are revived amongst us.

The party consisted of the Baron Deiden, the Danish Ambassador and the Baronness his lady, who is a sweet woman, young, pretty, accomplished, and graceful. She is reckoned one of the best lady harpsichord players in Europe. Miss Phipps, whom I have mentioned before. Sir James Lake,¹ who, as heretofore, was sensible, cold, and reserved. Lady Lake,² who as heretofore was all politeness and sweetness. Miss Lake, sister of Sir James, who is a very obliging and sweet-tempered, oldish maid;³ and Sir Thomas Clarges, a young baronet, who

¹ Sir James Winter Lake (son of Sir Sitwell Lake, Governor of the Hudson's Bay Company), and himself a director of "The Million Bank," had "one of the most extensive and choice collections of English portraits in the kingdom."

² Henrietta Maria, daughter of the first Baron Mulgrave, afterwards married to Charles, eleventh Viscount Dillon, was the "amiable and zealous" friend who, gathering from her brother, Captain Phipps, that Dr. Burney had been elected a fellow of the Royal Society without a single black-ball, made it known to him by directing a letter to "Dr. Burney, F.R.S., Queen's Square," before the President, or the friend who had nominated him, had time to forward the news.

³ In her letter to Mr. Crisp upon this concert, Fanny says playfully of Miss Lake, that she is a "very agreeable old maid, I respect and admire,—and wish to imitate her."

was formerly so desperately enamoured of Miss Linley, now Mrs. Sheridan, that his friends made a point of his going abroad *to recover himself*: he is now just returned from Italy, and I hope cured. He still retains all the school-boy English *mauvaise honte*; scarce speaks but to make an answer, and is as shy as if his last residence had been at Eaton instead of Paris.¹ Mr. Harris, author of the three Treatises on Music, Poetry, and Happiness, of Philosophical Arrangements, Hermes, and several other tracts. He is at the same time learned and polite, intelligent and humble.² Mrs. Harris, his wife, is in nothing extraordinary.³ Miss Louisa Harris, his second

¹ Sir Thomas Clarges afterwards married a lady who was beloved by Dr. Burney as resembling his Susan (who was her dear friend) in person, voice, and musical taste and skill; Lady Clarges afterwards, unfortunately, resembled Susan in her delicacy of health and premature death.

² In the letter Mr. Harris is said to be "a charming old man,—well-bred even to humility, gentle in his manners, communicative and agreeable in his conversation."

³ Here we raise the pen of protest. This was indeed a hasty judgment, made from the surface. It is heightened in the letter to Mr. Crisp, describing this same evening—"Mrs. Harris—a *so, so, sort of woman*" What! was our witty Mrs. Harris to be made out to be like that gown in which she went to the birthday in 1774—"a *decent, plain silk,—no colour—*"? Read her, reader. Mortimer Collins made us read her. We quote from his article on "Mrs. Harris": "Mrs. Harris was a person who made her mark in the world. . . . She was a constant correspondent of her son," [the first Lord Malmesbury] "whether he was studying at Oxford or the Hague, or doing diplomacy at Madrid, or Berlin, or St. Petersburg; and her letters are charming for their vivacity, and for the graphic style in which they narrate the events of the day. . . . I wonder if any rising politician of the present day has a mother who can send him such delightful epistles—I greatly doubt it." Mortimer ends by saying that *now* "nobody can chronicle the gossip of the day with so playful a pen as Mrs. Harris." She was Elizabeth, daughter, and in the end heiress, of John Clarke, M.P., of Sandford, in Somersetshire,—a woman of fashion and *esprit*, but not wholly like the family whom she thus wittily describes: "They have a good house in Park Place, and are people of *this world*." Her letters to her son begin on his going to Oxford in June, 1763, and end in October, 1780, when he represented Great Britain at St. Petersburg. They are *not* to be found in the Diplomatic Correspondence of the first Lord Malmesbury, but in another collection, that of the Letters of his Family and Friends.

daughter, is a modest, reserved, and sensible girl. She is a singing-scholar of Sacchini's, and has obtained some fame as a lady-singer.¹ Mrs. Ord,² a very *musical* lady and agreeable woman. Miss Ord, a fine girl, but very insipid. Mr. Earl, a very musical gentleman. Mrs. Anguish, a *keen, sharp, clever* woman. Miss Harrison, daughter of the unfortunate Commodore,³ a haughty and uninteresting sort of girl. Mr. Merlin, the very ingenious mechanic. He is very diverting also in conversation. There is a singular simplicity in his manners. He speaks his opinion upon all subjects and about all persons with the most undisguised freedom. He does not, though a foreigner, want *words*; but he *arranges* and *pronounces* them very comically. He is humbly grateful for all civilities that are shown him; but is warmly and honestly resentful for the least slight.⁴

Mr. Jones, a Welsh harper, a silly young man, was also present. We had a great deal of conversation in parties, before the Concert began. I had the satisfaction to sit next to Mr. Harris, who is very cheerful and communicative, and his conversation was instructive and agreeable.⁵ Mr. Jones, the

¹ Fanny says in the letter, "Miss Louisa Harris has a bad figure, and is not handsome."

² Mrs. Ord, Fanny's firm friend in after years, was daughter of an eminent surgeon surnamed Dillingham, or Dellingham; and was, then, a wealthy widow.

³ Called "the unfortunate" because, after distinguished service in the East and West Indies, he was stricken with palsy from over-work of mind and body, and lived in a helpless state for twenty years.

⁴ Merlin was a clever but absurd man, a mechanician, always trying new inventions. In her letter Fanny says, "he pronounces English very comically, for though he is never at a loss for a word, he almost always puts the *emphasis* on the wrong syllable."

⁵ James Harris, of Salisbury, was nephew to that Earl of Shaftesbury who wrote "The Characteristics." He was First Lord of the Admiralty in 1762; a Lord of the Treasury afterwards. Dr. Johnson said that he was "a sound, solid scholar," but "a prig, and a bad prig," and "a coxcomb," who "did not understand his own system" in his own book, called "Hermes, an inquiry concerning universal grammar." We here see him in his pleasant, social aspect. Dr. Burney ranks him as a writer on music, in virtue of his three "Treatises on Art, Music, and History," 1774. When Mr. Harris took his seat in the House of Commons, Charles Townsend said to his next neighbour,—"Who is

harper, began the Concert. He has a fine instrument of Merlin's construction; he plays with great neatness and delicacy; but as *expression* must have meaning, he does not abound in that commodity. After him, at the request of the Baronness Deiden, Mr. Burney went to the harpsichord. He played with his usual successful velocity and his usual applause. When he had received the compliments of the nobility and gentry, my father begged the Baronness to take his place; but she would not at first hear of it. She said in French, which she almost always speaks, that it was quite out of the question; and that it would be like a figurante's dancing after Heinel.¹ However, Miss Phipps joined so warmly in my father's request, that she was at length prevailed with. The character she has acquired of being the first of lady harpsichord players, as far as I have heard or can judge, is well merited. She has a great deal of execution and fire, and plays with much meaning. She is, besides, extremely modest and unconscious. She declared she had never been so much frightened before in her life.² When she had played a Lesson of Schobert's, my father asked her for another German composition, which he had heard her play at Lord Mulgrave's. She was going very obligingly to comply, when the Baron Deiden, looking at my sister, said, "Mais après, ma chère." "Eh bien!" cried Miss Phipps, "après Mrs. Burney."

this man?"—"Who? why Harris that wrote one book about Grammar, and another about Virtue."—"What does he come here for? He will find neither Grammar nor Virtue here."

¹ Horace Walpole to Lord Strafford, August 25, 1771: "There is a finer dancer" [than Mlle. Guimard] "whom Mr. Hobart is to transport to London; a Mlle. Heinel or Ingle, a Fleming. She is tall, perfectly made, very handsome, and has a set of attitudes copied from the classics; she moves as gracefully slow as Pygmalion's statue when it was coming to life." She filled a before-deserted Opera House. The manager, Mr. Hobart, paid her six hundred pounds for the season, and the Maccaroni Club "complimented her with a *regale* of six hundred more."

² According to Horace Walpole, the Baron and Baroness Deiden were not *personæ grates* at the Court of St. James; being sent to England after the imprisonment of George III.'s sister, Caroline Matilda, Queen of Denmark. They were moved to the Papal Court, where Miss Berry met them a little later.

The Baroness then rose, and gracefully gave her place to my sister, who, to avoid emulation, with great propriety chose to play a slow movement of Echard's, because the Baroness had been playing music of execution. She could not, however, have chosen any thing, by which she could have given more pleasure; for it is a lesson which is almost unequalled for taste, elegance, and delicacy, and she played it with so much feeling and expression, that the whole company listened with delighted attention. She afterwards played a very difficult lesson of my father's; but she was so much flurried, that she neither did that nor herself justice.

After this, we had a song from Miss Louisa Harris. She has little or no voice; but sings with great taste and in a high style. She was accompanied by her father,¹ and sang some recitative and an air of Sacchini's, which were never printed; but we remembered having heard him sing them: the music is beautiful. She said she had rather have sung at a theatre than before *such an audience!* She afterwards sung a most charming Rondeau of Rauzzini's, from Piramo and Thisbé: *Fuggiam dove sicura.*²

Then followed the *great Feast* of the night, which was Müthel's Duet for two harpsichords by Mr. Burney and my sister. They played delightfully. It is impossible for admiration to exceed what the company in general expressed. The Lakes in particular declared they had never *heard Music* before. The charming Baroness spoke her approbation in the highest terms. Mr. Harris, and, indeed, every body, appeared enchanted.

The Concert finished by another song from Miss Louisa Harris, for they all agreed that no *instrumental* music could be attended to, after such a duet; and therefore the Baroness would not consent to play again.

They all went away soon after.

¹ Mr. Harris is (in a diary of Susan Burney) said, by Pacchierotti, to have "accompanied" him, to his "great surprise, on the violin *da maestro.*"

² In Mr. Lysons's "History of the Meeting of the Three Choirs" (1812), it is said that the "*Piramo e Tisbe*" of Venanzio Rauzzini was the *only entire opera* ever introduced at these meetings. This was at Hereford in 1777, when Rauzzini was the principal singer.

June 6th.

I must go back a fortnight or more.

Soon after their visit to Mrs. O'Connor's, my grandmother, aunts, Mr. Burney and my sister dined here. As my aunt Beckey is remarkably good tempered, I fixed upon her to make a few enquiries of what passed at Hoxton, where Mrs. O'Connor lives; for I was desirous to know whether *my cold* was believed, and whether they had forbore, as I had earnestly entreated that they would, to betray their knowledge of Mr. Barlow's secret; for it is certainly incumbent upon every female who refuses a man to keep from the world his unsuccessful choice, which she must always regard as a grateful compliment to her, whether she likes or detests him—unless she is very rich.

She told me that they seemed to *believe* my tale; but that, to use her own words—"When poor Mr. Barlow came to hand us out of the coach—he said nothing—but when he saw you was not there, he looked *ready to drop!*" She assured me that they had all very carefully guarded my secret, and that he had not said anything of his intended call here.

She asked me to tea the next day— . . . accordingly I went, and ran up stairs, as usual, without ceremony,—but when I opened the door, the first object that met my eyes was Mr. Barlow seated with my grandmother, aunts, and Mrs. Powel, a niece of Mrs. O'Connor. I was quite disconcerted, for I could not help fearing that my aunt Beckey, who has a much better temper than understanding, had acquainted him of my intended visit; the more so as, though he seemed much pleased, he did not appear at all *surprised* at my entrance.

He made a thousand anxious enquiries about my health. My answers were short and cold, and I turned as much from him as I could with decency; for I dreaded his attributing my silence to his letter to a wrong cause, and therefore thought myself obliged to manifest my disapprobation of his assiduity by my behaviour. Not however to be affected, or impertinent, my reserve by degrees wore off, and I endeavoured to behave as if I had never received his letter. I had the conversation, it is true, pretty much to myself, for though I soon grew easy

and unconcerned, he by no means followed my example. He took an opportunity of delivering an invitation to my grandmother to make Mrs. O'Connor another visit soon. He pressed it earnestly, and said that as the *last* visit had by no means answered all *Mrs. O'Connor's* hopes *she* could not rest till favoured with another. He then *entreated* and *conjured* me not to have a *cold* then. I made very little answer, and was not sorry that he thought *my cold* in my own power. . . .

A week passed after this, without my hearing or seeing any more of Mr. B., and I hoped that he had resigned his pretensions. But on Saturday morning, while we were at breakfast, I had a letter brought me in a hand which I immediately knew to be his. As it by no means is so *high flown* as his first I will copy it.

Mad^m—I have somewhere seen that powerful Deity, Cupid, and the invincible Mars, habited in a similar manner; and each have in their train several of the same disposition'd Attendants: the propriety of which Thought I own pleas'd me, for when drawn from the allegory, it is acknowledg'd, both Love and War are comparative in several particulars; they each require CONSTANCY, and the hope of Success stimulate each to Perseverance; and as the one is warm'd and encourag'd by the desire of Glory; so the other is much more powerfully fir'd and transported by the Charms of the Fair Sex: I have been told that Artifice and Deception are connected to both, but those Qualitys I shou'd determine to discard, and substitute in their Place an open Frankness, and undisguis'd Truth and Honour; and for Diligence, Assiduity, Care, and Attention, which are essential to both, and which some place in the Catalogue of the Labours of Love, I should have them happily converted to Pleasures, in the honour of devoting them to Miss Fanny Burney; if the Destinys auspiciously avert a disagreeable sequel, for as the bravest General may miscarry; so the most sincere Lover may lose the wish'd-for Prize; to prevent which I shou'd continue to invoke my guardian Genius, that she may ever inspire me with such Principles and Actions as may enable me to reach the summit of my Ambition, in approving myself not unworthy the Esteem

of your amiable self, and not unworthy—but stop, oh *ardurous Pen*, and *presume not* ('til in the front you can place PERMISSION to hope) ascending such sublime heights.

It has given me great Uneasiness that the excessive hurry of Business has so long prevented me the honour of waiting on you, and enquiring after your Welfare, which I earnestly wish to hear, but I determine, with your leave, e'er long to do myself that Pleasure, as methinks Time moves very slowly in granting me an Opportunity to declare, in some small degree (for I could not reach what I should call otherwise) how much I am, with the greatest Respect imaginable,

D^r Miss Fanny

Y^r most devoted & most obed^t Serv^t.

THOS. BARLOW.

Hoxton.

Notwithstanding I was at once sorry and provoked [at] perceiving how sanguine this youth chose to be I was not absolutely concerned at receiving this [2nd] letter, because I regarded it as a fortunate opportunity of putting an unalterable conclusion to the whole affair. However, I thought it my duty to speak to my father before I sent an answer, never doubting his immediate concurrence.

My mother, Susette, and I went to the Opera that evening; it was therefore too late when I returned to send a letter to Hoxton—but I went up stairs into the study, and told my father I had received another epistle from Mr. Barlow, which I could only attribute to my not answering, as I had wished, his first. I added that I proposed, with his leave, to write to Mr. Barlow the next morning.

My father looked grave, asked me for the letter, put it in his pocket unread, and wished me good night.

I was seized with a kind of *pannic*. I trembled at the idea of his espousing, however mildly, the cause of this young man. I passed a restless night, and in the morning dared not write without his permission, which I was now half afraid to ask.

About 2 o'clock, while I was dawdling in the study, and waiting for an opportunity to speak, John came in and said—

"A gentleman is below, who asks for Miss Burney: Mr. Barlow." I think I was never more distressed in my life—to have taken pains to avoid a private conversation so highly disagreeable to me, and at last to be forced into it at so unfavourable a juncture, for I had now *two* letters from him, both unanswered, and consequently open to his conjectures. I exclaimed—"O, Sir! how provoking! what shall I do?"

My father looked uneasy and perplexed: he said something about not being hasty, which I did not desire him to explain. Terrified lest he should hint at the advantage of an early establishment—like Mr. Crisp—quick from the study—but slow enough afterwards—I went down stairs. I saw my mother pass from the front into the back parlour; which did not add to the *graciousness* of my reception of poor Mr. Barlow, who I found alone in the front parlour. I was not sorry that none of the family were there, as I now began to seriously dread any protraction of this affair.

He came up to me with an air of *tenderness* and satisfaction, began some anxious enquiries about my health; but I interrupted him with saying—"I fancy, Sir, you have not received a letter I—I——"

I stopt, for I could not say which I had *sent*!

"A letter?—No, Ma'am!"

"You will have it, then, to-morrow, Sir."

We were both silent for a minute or two, when he said—"In consequence I presume, Ma'am, of the one I——"

"Yes, Sir," cried I.

"And pray—Ma'am—Miss Burney!—may I—beg to ask the contents?—that is—the—the——" He could not go on.

"Sir—I—it was only—it was merely—in short, you will see it to-morrow."

"But if you would favour me with the contents now, I could perhaps answer it at once?"

"Sir, it requires no answer!"

A second silence ensued. I was really distressed myself to see *his* distress, which was very apparent. After some time he stammered out something of *hoping*, and *beseeching*—which, gathering more firmness, I answered—"I am much obliged to you, Sir, for the too good opinion you are pleased

to have of me—but I should be very sorry you should lose any more time upon my account—as I have no thoughts of changing my situation and abode.”

He seemed to be quite overset: having, however, so freely explained myself, I then asked him to sit down, and began to talk of the weather. When he had a little recovered himself, he drew a chair close to me and began making most ardent professions of respect and regard, and so forth. I interrupted him as soon as I could, and begged him to rest satisfied with my answer.

“*Satisfied?*” repeated he, “my dear Ma’am—is that possible?”

“Perhaps, Sir,” said I, “I ought to make some apologies for not answering your first letter—but really I was so much surprised—upon so short an acquaintance.”

He then began making excuses for having written; but as to *short acquaintance*, he owned it was a reason for *me*—but for *him*—fifty years could not have more convinced him of my, &c., &c.

“You have taken a sudden, and far too partial idea of me,” answered I. “If you look round among your older acquaintance, I doubt not but you will very soon be able to make a better choice.”

He shook his head: “I have seen Madam, a great many ladies, it is true—but never——”

“You do me much honour,” cried I, “but I must desire you would take no further trouble about me—for I have not at present the slightest thoughts of ever leaving this house.”

“*At present?*” repeated he, eagerly. “No, I would not expect it—I would not wish to precipitate—but in future——”

“Neither now or ever, Sir,” returned I, “have I any view of any change.”

“But surely, surely this can never be! so severe a resolution—you cannot mean it—it would be wronging all the world!”

“I am extremely sorry, Sir, that you have not received my answer, because it might have saved you this trouble.”

He looked very much mortified, and said in a dejected

voice—"If there is anything in me—in my connexions—or in my situation in life, which you wholly think unworthy of you—and beneath you—or if my character, or disposition meet with your disapprobation—I will immediately forgo all—I will not—I would not——"

"No, indeed, Sir," cried I, "I have neither seen or heard of anything of you that was to your disadvantage—and I have no doubts of your worthiness—"

He thanked me, and seemed reassured; and renewed his solicitations in the most urgent manner. He repeatedly begged my permission to acquaint my family of the state of his affairs, and to abide by their decision; but I would not let him say two words following upon that subject. I told him that my answer was a final one, and begged him to take it as such.

He remonstrated very earnestly. "This is the severest decision! Surely you must allow that the *social state* is what we were all meant for?—that we were created for one another?—that to form such a resolution is contrary to the design of our being?"—

"All this may be true," said I, "I have nothing to say in contradiction to it—but you know there are many odd characters in the world—and I am one of them."

"O no, no, no,—that can never be! but is it possible that you can have so bad an opinion of the Married State? It seems to me the *only* state for happiness!"

"Well, Sir, you are attracted to the married life—I am to the single—therefore *every man in his humour—do you follow your opinion—and let me follow mine.*"

"But, surely—is not this *singular?*"

"I give you leave, Sir," cried I, laughing, "to think me singular—odd—queer—nay, even whimsical, if you please."

"But, my *dear* Miss Burney, only——"

"I entreat you, Sir, to take my answer—you really pain me by being so urgent."

"That would not I do for the world!—I only beg you to suffer me—perhaps in future——"

"No, indeed, I shall never change—I do assure you you will find me very obstinate!"

He began to lament his own destiny. I grew extremely tired of so often saying the same thing; but I could not absolutely turn him out of the house; and, indeed, he seemed so dejected and unhappy, that I made it my study to soften my refusal as much as I could without leaving room for future expectations.

About this time my mother came in. We both rose. I was horridly provoked at my situation.

"I am only come in for a letter," cried she, "pray don't let me disturb you." And away she went.

This could not but be encouraging to him, for she was no sooner gone than he began again the same story, and seemed determined not to give up his cause. He hoped, at least, that I would allow him to enquire after my health?

"I must beg you, Sir, to send me no more letters."

He seemed much hurt, and looked down in silence.

"You had better, Sir, think of me no more, if you study your own happiness——"

"I *do* study my own happiness—more than I have ever [had] any probability of doing before!"

"You have made an unfortunate choice, Sir, but you will find it easier to forget it than you imagine. You have only to suppose that I was not at Mr. Burney's on May Day—and it was a mere chance my being there—and then you will be——"

"But, if I *could*,—could I also forget seeing you at old Mrs. Burney's?—and if I did—can I forget that I see you now?"

"O yes! In three months' time you may forget you ever saw me. You will not find it so difficult as you suppose."

"You have heard, Ma'am, of an old man being ground young? Perhaps you believe *that*? But you will not [de]ny me leave to sometimes see you?"

"My father, Sir, is seldom, hardly ever, indeed, at home."

"I have never seen the Doctor—but I hope he would not refuse me the permission to enquire after your health? I have no wish without his consent."

"Though I acknowledge myself to be *singular* I would not have you think me either affected or *trifling*,—and there-

fore I must assure you I am *fixed* in the answer I have given you—*unalterably* fixed.”

His entreaties grew now extremely distressing to me. He besought me to take more time, and said it should be the study of his life to make me happy. “Allow me, my *dear* Miss Burney, only to hope that my future conduct——”

“I shall always think myself obliged, nay, honoured by your good opinion—and you are entitled to my best wishes for your health and happiness—but, indeed, the less we meet the better.”

“What—what can I do?” cried he very sorrowfully.

“Why—go and *ponder* upon this affair for about half an hour. Then say—what an odd, queer, strange creature she is—and then—think of something else.”

“O no, no!—you cannot suppose all that? I shall think of nothing else;—*your* refusal is more pleasing than any other lady’s acceptance——”

He said this very simply, but too seriously for me to laugh at. Just then, Susette came in—but did not stay two minutes. It would have been shocking to be thus left purposely as if with a declared lover, but [then] I was not sorry to have an opportunity of preventing future doubts and expectations.

I rose and walked to the window thinking it high time to end a conversation already much too long; and then he again began to entreat me not to be so *very severe*. I told him that I was *sure* I should never alter the answer I made at first; that I was very happy at home; and not at all inclined to try my fate elsewhere. I then desired my compliments to Mrs. O’Connor and Miss Dickenson, and made a *reverence* by way of leave taking.

“I am extremely sorry to detain you so long, Ma’am,” said he, in a melancholy voice. I made no answer. He then walked about the room; and then again besought my leave to ask [me] how I did some other time. I absolutely, though civilly refused it, and told him frankly that, fixed as I was [it] was better that we should not meet.

He then took his leave:—returned back;—took leave;—and returned again. I now made a more formal reverence of the head, at the same time expressing my good wishes for his.

welfare, in a sort of way that implied I expected never to see him again. He would fain have taken a more *tender* leave of me,—but I repulsed him with great surprise and displeasure. I did not, however, as he was so terribly sorrowful refuse him my hand, which he had made sundry attempts to take in the course of conversation. But when I withdrew it, as I did presently, I rang the bell to prevent his again returning from the door.

Though I was really sorry for the unfortunate and misplaced attachment which this young man professes for me, yet I could almost have *jumped* for joy when he was gone, to think that the affair was thus finally over.

Indeed I think it hardly possible for a woman to be in a more irksome situation than when rejecting a worthy man, who is all humility, respect, and submission, and who throws himself and his fortune at her feet.

I had no opportunity of speaking to my father all that day. In the evening Mr. Burney and Hetty came. Hetty told me that the day before Mrs. O'Connor had called on her, and acquainted her that Mr. Barlow had owned his attachment to me, and requested to know, first, whether I had any pre-engagement, and, secondly, whether I had ever expressed any *antipathy* to him. She answered both these in the negative; and then Mrs. O'Connor, in Mr. B.'s name, entreated her to be his advocate; which she readily promised.

After his conversation with me, he called on her himself. She says he was all dejection and sadness. He expressed the greatest *respect* for me; feared I thought him wanting in it; apologised for his early declaration, which, he said, resulted from his sincerity and his having no experience either in the arts or the ways of men.

My father sent for Hetty up stairs and made a thousand enquiries concerning Mr. Barlow.

The next day, a day, the remembrance of which will be never erased from my memory,—my father first spoke to me *in favour* of Mr. Barlow, and desired me not to be *peremptory* in the answer I had still to write, though it was to appear written previously.

I scarce made any answer; I was terrified to death. I

felt the utter impossibility of resisting not merely my father's *persuasion*, but even his *advice*. I felt too, that I had no argumentative objections to make to Mr. Barlow, his character—disposition—situation—I know nothing against; but, Oh! I felt he was no companion for my heart! I wept like an infant, when alone; eat (*sic*) nothing; seemed as if already married, and passed the whole day in more misery than, merely on my own account, I ever passed in my life, except when a child, upon the loss of my own beloved mother, and ever revered and most dear grandmother!

After supper I went into the study, while my dear father was alone, to wish him good night; which I did as cheerfully as I could, though pretty evidently in dreadful uneasiness. When I had got to the door, he called me back, and asked some questions concerning a new Court-mourning, kindly saying he would assist Susette and me in our fitting-out, which he accordingly did, and affectionately embraced me, saying, "I wish I could do more for thee, Fanny!" "Oh, Sir;" cried I, "I wish for nothing! only let me live with you." "My life!" cried he, kissing me kindly, "Thou shalt live with me for ever, if thee wilt! Thou canst not think I meant to get rid of thee?"

"I could not Sir; I could not!" cried I; "I could not outlive such a thought!" and, as I kissed him—Oh! how gratefully and thankfully! with what a relief to my heart! I saw his eyes full of tears! a mark of his tenderness which I shall never forget! "God knows," continued he, "I wish not to part with my girls!—only, don't be too hasty!"

Thus relieved, restored to future hopes, I went to bed, light, happy, and thankful, as if escaped from destruction.

I had, however, written my letter before my father spoke, and as I had expressly told Mr. Barlow it contained a refusal, I thought it would be even ridiculous to alter it. This is the copy:—

Sir,

I am much concerned to find that my silence to the first letter with which you honoured me has not had the effect it

was meant to produce, of preventing your giving yourself any further trouble upon my account.

The good opinion you are pleased to express of me, however extraordinary upon so short an acquaintance, certainly claims my acknowledgments; but as I have no intention of changing my present situation, I can only assure you of my good wishes for your health and happiness, and request and desire that you will bestow no further thoughts, time, or trouble upon,

Sir,

Your most humble servant,

F. BURNEY.

St. Martin's Street,
Leicester Fields.

From that day to this my father, I thank Heaven, has never again mentioned Mr. Barlow.

* * * * *

June 9th.

I called at my sister's lately, and was very sorry to hear that Mr. Barlow, who has been again to visit her, expressed himself to be as strongly as ever attached to me, and requested of her to suffer him to meet me some day at her house, by letting him know when I was with her. She told him I should be very angry with her. He promised to appear [so] much surprised, that I should never know the meeting was not accidental, and she was at length prevailed upon to promise him her assistance. However, reflecting upon it afterwards, she repented, and therefore told me of what had passed. I assured her I was extremely glad she had saved me so disagreeable a task as a second refusal would have been—for as *his* motives are obvious so my resolution is unalterable.

I commissioned her, when she saw him to tell him that she found by my conversation I was so *determined* that she thought it was only exposing both of us to uneasiness to promote a meeting.

I wish this young man well. I believe him to be worthy, but am sorry he will not be answered.

* * * * *

Friday, June [10th].

On Wednesday morning, while my mother and I were in the study with Miss Lidderdale, of Lynn, the servant came to tell me that a gentleman was in the parlour waiting for me. "Did not he send up his name?" cried mama. "No ma'am." "Do you know who he is?" No, Ma'am."

I supposed it was Mr. Barlow, and heartily wished I had been out. I went down stairs perforce, and found him alone. He bowed. I curtsied. He seemed at a loss what to say,—and as I determined not to ask him to sit down, or to say anything that might encourage him either to stay or to repeat his visit, I was silent also. At length he stammered out—"I hope, ma'am, you are well?"

"Very well, I thank you," was my laconic reply.

Another silence; and then—"Your cold?—I hope ma'am—I hope you have quite——"

"O, it is quite gone," cried I; "I am perfectly well."

"I am very happy to hear it—I could not, Ma'am, I could not deny myself the satisfaction of enquiring after your health.—"

"I am sorry, Sir," answered I very gravely, that you should have taken the trouble to call."

"Does it give you—I hope, Ma'am, it does not give you—any *uneasiness*?"

I made no answer, but went towards the window. There I saw Dick and Miss Fydell, a lady who was coming to see Miss Lidderdale, advancing to the door. I was rejoiced at so speedy an opportunity of ending the *tete-à-tete*, and flew myself to the door to meet them. I then began to talk to Miss Fydell, all the time standing myself, that I might not be obliged to ask Mr. Barlow to be seated.

He seemed a good deal agitated. I was truly [qu]ite sorry to be so rude to him—but what can be done when a man will not take an answer? I would, with all my heart, have been civil and sociable with him in a *friendly* manner, from gratitude for the real regard he seems to have for me—but I have heard, from Mr. Crisp, too much of mankind to believe he would not draw *inferences*, and entertain *expectations* from such *friendliness* that might greatly distress and embarrass [me]. Besides, ever since my *father* spoke

[for] him, I have quite dreaded the continuation of his addresses.

His situation was too uneasy to be long supported, and after enquiring about the family, he took his leave, with a look so mortified and unhappy that I felt shocked at myself for what, in fact, I could not help. However, when he had mournfully shut the parlour door, and I heard the street door open, I re-opened the parlour door and called out that I wished him a good walk. He started back, and seemed going to return, but I immediately came into the parlour, yet not before I could see by his change of countenance that he was pleased with this little mark of civility.

I hope, however, that this visit will be his last. I think he will never have the courage to make another. I have not mentioned it to my father. Indeed I dare not renew a subject which has caused me so much uneasiness and fright. Sorry as I am for Mr. B., who is a worthy young man, I cannot involve myself in a life of discomfort for his satisfaction.

I have had the great pleasure of a letter from my dear Mr. Crisp, in answer to my pleas against marrying *heart-whole*, in which he most kindly gives up the cause, and allows of my reasoning and opinion.

What my mother thinks of the affair I know not, but the other day, when Hetty and Mr. Burney were here, she suddenly, in a *laughing way*, turned to me and said—"O, but—Fanny—was you, cruel, or kind, the other morning? Upon my word, it is time to enquire!—a gentleman *whose visits are admitted!*"——

I only laughed, not caring to be serious so publicly; but, really, it was a very provoking *turn* to give to Mr. B.'s calls, and will make me doubly desirous that they should not be renewed.

I forgot to mention that one evening, about a fortnight since, as we were all walking in the Park, we met Mrs. Pringle again. I introduced to her her *young old* friend, Charlotte, and they were naturally glad to see each other. She was extremely cordial in her invitations to all of us, and I much wish it was in my power to accept them.

We also saw poor Miss L., whose face immediately shewed

that she recollected my eldest sister and me; however we walked on wishing to avoid speaking to her: but when we were at Spring Garden gate, she just touched my shoulder as she came *suddenly* behind us, and said—"Miss Burney!—how do you do?" I answered her rather coldly, and Hetty turned from her abruptly. I was afterwards very sorry that I did not speak with more kindness to her, for Susette says that she looked greatly disappointed. It is, however, impossible, and improper to keep up acquaintance with a female who has lost her character, however sincerely she may be an object of pity. What way this unfortunate girl is in at present I know not, but Miss Strange believes her to be as culpable as ever. She was with a very decent looking party, and was dressed without shew or frippery, and looked very handsome. Much is to be said in excuse of a poor credulous young creature whose person is attractive while her mind is unformed. Should she quit her way of life before she grows more abandoned, I shall have great pleasure in shewing her any civility in my circumscribed power, for the remembrance of her innocence when I first knew her. Miss Strange has heard the story of her *marriage* all contradicted.

[MISS BURNEY TO MR. CRISP.]

[May 16th.]

And so it is all over with me!—and I am to be given up—to forfeit your blessing—to lose your good opinion—to be doomed to regret and the horrors—*because*—I have not a mind to be married.—Forgive me, dearest Mr. Crisp—forgive me—but indeed I cannot act from *worldly motives*—You know and have long known and laughed at my notions and character: continue still to *laugh* at me—but pray don't make *me* cry—for your last letter really made me unhappy.¹ I am grieved that you can so earnestly espouse the cause of a person you never saw. I heartily wish him well—*he is*, I believe, a worthy young man, but I have long accustomed myself to the idea of being an old maid, and the title has lost all its terrors

¹ This letter is missing.

in my ears. I feel no repugnance to the expectation of being ranked among the number.

As to the visit to Hoxton, my dear Daddy, *how* could I make it without leaving Mr. Barlow to infer heaven knows what? By what he says in his letter, it is evident he would have taken it to himself: he is hasty, and I dreaded being somehow or other entangled. I have no dislike to him. The whole party were strongly his friends, and upon the whole I thought it necessary to keep away. I would not for the world be thought to *trifle* with any man. I could not have made that visit without giving him reason to draw conclusions very disagreeable to me. Don't imagine by what I say that I have made a *vow* for a single life—No: but on the other hand I have no *objection* to it, and have all my life determined never to marry without having the very highest value and esteem for the man who should be my lord. Were I ever so well disposed to follow your advice and see more of this youth, I am convinced he would not let me; he is so extremely precipitate. I *must* either determine for, or against him, or, at least, enter into such conditions as I should feel myself bound to abide by. Besides,—I AM QUITE FIXED.

If you ask my objections, I must frankly own they are such as perhaps will only satisfy myself, for I have none to make to his character, disposition, or person;—they are all good;—*but* he is not used to company, or the world; his language is stiff, studied, and even affected. In short, he does not *hit my fancy*.

“I do not like you, Dr. Fell,
The reason why I cannot tell.
But I don't like you, Dr. Fell.”

Hetty and the party went on Saturday to Hoxton. I desired them to say I was not well. How the day passed, I know not. They have all quarrelled with me about this affair, and I don't care to go to one or other of them until they forget it. But while we were at breakfast, yesterday morning, John came in and said a gentleman desired to speak to me. Mr. Barlow came in—to enquire after my health!—*You* would have laughed had you been present—I was so much frightened, lest my

mother should blab my [not having been ill?] and lest he should desire to speak to me,—that I quite lost my voice, in so much that he himself afterwards took notice how bad my cold was, though in fact I have none at all! while on the other hand, he was so terribly confused that he made three several bows before he could get out a word. My mother, Bessy, and Charlotte all stared with amazement, wondering who he was, and what his visit meant, as to Susey, she could not keep her countenance at first, though soon after she very good naturedly entered into conversation with Mr. Barlow to our mutual relief. I am very uneasy at not having answered his letter. I should be equally grieved to have him take my silence either for *contempt*, or for *compliance*; but my father, to whom I shewed it, desired me not to answer it—*why* I cannot imagine. If *he* sided against me, I could not resist the stream, for Susey is firmly Mr. Barlow's friend, but, I thank heaven *he* does not interfere. He is all indulgence, and to quit *his* roof requires inducements which I am sure I shall never have. I never, never can love any human being as I love him. Once more, I entreat your forgiveness, and that you will write me word you forgive me.

Don't be uneasy about my welfare, my dear Daddy, I dare say I shall do very well, I cannot persuade myself to *snap* at a settlement, and I do assure you this young man would not suffer me to deliberate long. . . . In short, I long since settled to either attach myself with my whole heart, or to have the courage to lead apes. I have now, and I shall ever have, the most grateful sense of your kindness, and of the interest you take in my concerns. I heartily wish I *could* act by your advice, and that I could return an attachment, which strange as it appears to me, I so little deserve. After all, if I live to be of some comfort, (as I flatter myself I am,) to my father, I can have no motive to wish to sign myself other than his and your,

Ever obliged, affectionate,
and devoted,

FRANCES BURNEY, to
the end of the chapter,
Amen.

As to his circumstances, I have made no enquiries, for I honestly confess they would have but little influence with me, one way, or another.

[It is difficult to fix the date of the letter to Mr. Crisp describing Dr. Burney's first concert of this year. In fact, it has puzzled Mme. D'Arblay herself, who has (in her old age) successively inserted three or four tentative dates; all of which are wrong. It seems to have been written after the account of the 'Deiden' concert in her journal. Mr. Crisp has endorsed it "May" only. It begins thus: "I was extremely happy at the receipt of your last letter,¹ because you assure me you are not angry with me, though believe me, I cannot with unconcern read your cautions and prognostics: I am *not triumphant*, but I am not *desponding*; and I must again repeat what I have so often had the *hardiess*e to say, that I have no idea why the single life may not be happy. LIBERTY is not without its value—with women as well as with men, though it may not have *equal* recommendations for both, and I hope never (without a prospect brighter to myself), to lose mine; and have no such prospect in view. Had I ever hesitated about Mr. Barlow, your advice, my dear Sir, would have turned the balance on his side; but I never did or could. So now to other matters." More than four pages are then given to the music of Mr. and Mrs. Burney, the Baroness Deiden, and the rest. These pages, (with some amplifications), are printed in the "Memoirs of Dr. Burney." Fanny then ends with a request for advice. She has refused one invitation to the house of Mrs. O'Connor; shall she accept another? Shall she go to Hoxton with the set purpose of discouraging Mr. Barlow? Shall she "force myself to say (as Lord Ogleby expresses it) *shocking* things to him? . . . or avoid him totally, and hope the affair will drop as it is? I don't care to say any more to my father about it. I certainly ought not to keep Mr. Barlow in *suspense*, if it is *possible* he can think himself so. Pray instruct me, only remembering that *I am fixed*.—Adieu, my dear Sir, I am now and ever, most faithfully and truly yours. FRANCES BURNEY."]²

[MISS BURNEY TO MR. CRISP.]

[Probably written on the 1st of June.]

My dear Sir,

My father cannot see you before Sunday, when he proposes to be with you as soon as he can.³ Whether *alone*,

¹ This letter is not extant.

² Fanny has *thrice* underlined her name.

³ This letter has a post-mark of June 2; and is endorsed by Mr. Crisp as having been received on that day.

or with anyone else, or whether your anecdote-monger will accompany him, as yet none but the *great gods can tell!* If I do not see you, I must take this opportunity of entreating and conjuring you not to use your influence with my father for Mr. Barlow, in case he should mention that personage to you. I have not time to tell you *all about it*, but a great deal has passed since I wrote last, and I have suffered the most cruel and terrifying uneasiness. I am *now* again at peace, and hope to continue so. Should my father happen to speak to you of what *I* have said, (as it is well known that I write very openly to you) I entreat you to assure him that I have expressed the greatest aversion to forming a connection with Mr. B. I have not dared to speak so much to *the purpose* myself,—for I have been, and I am, determined at all events not to oppose *his* will and advice; but I know he wishes only for my happiness, and I am sensible that I should be wretched for ever if induced to marry where I have no manner of affection, or regard. . . O Mr. Crisp, it is dreadful to me to think of my uniting, my destiny,—spending my time,—devoting my life,—to one whose face I never desire to see again! Had I with equal bluntness expressed myself to my father, I am certain he would not ever think of Mr. Barlow more,—but his interference was so unexpected—It silenced, confounded, and frightened me. I see you did not care to send me your advice, which however, would be too late, as Mr. Barlow is no *dreaming lover*. I hope all is over. I don't think my mother will be able to be with you, as Miss Lidderdale of Lynn is expected here,—but this is unsettled.

Adieu, my dear Daddy,

I am ever most truly yours,

FRANCES BURNEY.

[Fanny signs the letters about Mr. Barlow with Frances Burney "*writ large*," and twice or thrice underlined, to show that it would, at least, never be changed to "Barlow." In knowing her own mind at once upon marriage, no woman surpassed Fanny; and if Mr. Crisp had read Mr. Barlow's letter, he must have said, with Mr. Bennet to his daughter Elizabeth (had "Pride and Prejudice" then been written), "I know your disposition. . . . Your lively talents would place you" (if not in "the greatest danger," in "misery,") "in an unequal

marriage. My child, let me not have the grief of seeing *you* unable to respect your partner in life." Mr. Crisp and Dr. Burney were, according to the opinion of their time, *over-indulgent* to a young lady's mere fancy—or even whim. Lady Bertram (in "Mansfield Park") lays down the proper view, when she says to *her* niece (on Mr. Crawford's proposing marriage), "You must be aware, Fanny, that it is *every young woman's* duty to accept such a very eligible offer as this." In fact, the name of no one of note in the last century who thought that daughters should have a free choice in marriage occurs to the editor, except that of Dr. Johnson. Mr. Crisp had, it is seen, thought it not expedient to answer Fanny's foregoing letter, and Dr. Burney did not go to Chesington until Mr. Barlow had wholly ceased to trouble.]

[MISS BURNAY TO MR. CRISP.]

[This extract from a letter which Mr. Crisp has endorsed "June 10," gives Fanny's first impressions on hearing Agujari.]

At length,—we have heard Agujari! We wished for you!—I cannot tell you how *much* we wished for you!—The great singers of former years, whom I have heard you so emphatically describe seem to have all their talents revived in this wonderful singer!—I could compare her to nothing I ever heard,—but only to what *you* have heard, your Carestino,¹—Farinelli—Senesino—alone are worthy to be ranked with the Bastardini.—Such a powerful voice!—so astonishing a compass,—reaching from C. in the middle of the harpsichord to *two* notes above the harpsichord!—Every tone so clear, so full, so charming!—Then her *shake*—so *plump*—so true, so open! It is as strong and distinct as Mr. Burney's upon the harpsichord. Besides its great *power*, her voice is all sweetness, and when she pleases, all softness and delicacy. She sings in the highest style of taste and with an *expression* so pathetic, that it is impossible to hear it unmoved. She executes the greatest difficulties that are possible to be given to her, with all the ease and facility that I could say "my dear Daddy!"

She came before 7, and stayed till 12, and was singing almost all the time! She permitted us to encore almost every song. She sung in twenty different styles. The *greatest* was

¹ Carestini.

son regina and *son amante*, from Didone. Good Heaven! what a song! and how sung! Then she gave us two or three *Cantables*, sung divinely, then she chaunted some church-music, in a style so nobly simple, and unadorned, that it stole into one's very soul! Then she gave us a *bravura*, with difficulties which seemed only possible for an *instrument* in the hands of a great master; then she spoke some recitative, so nobly! In short, whether she most astonished, or most delighted us, I cannot say, but she is really a *sublime* singer! We had not a soul beyond our own family, which was her particular desire. She gave us some hope of coming once more before she quits England. If she does, and if we know of it in time, could you resist coming to town for one night? Papa could introduce you to her as one who desired to be admitted, because your health would not permit you to hear her at the Pantheon. Indeed, it would *greatly* answer to you. Besides her musical talents, she has really a great deal of []¹ and would entertain you by her conversation. She has great ideas of action, and grew so animated in singing an *arria parlante* from Didone that she acted it throughout with great spirit and feeling. I could not help regretting to her that she should sing at the *Pantheon*, when she was so much formed for the *Theatre*. She made faces, and shrugs, in the Italian way, and said—“*Oui—comme une statue!—comme une petite écolière*”—and then she took up a book to take herself off when singing at the Pantheon. We all hoped that, after the Gabriella was gone, she would return to England, and to the Opera House. She said that if ever she did, it should be through the means of *Dr. Burney*,—into whose hands she would put her engagements, and to *no one else!* She professes great contempt for the managers.—By the way, Miss Davis has gained her cause, and the managers will lose near £2,000. . . . Adieu my dear Daddy. My father cannot yet fix his day for dear Chesington—I wish I could fix *mine!* My love to Kitty, and respects to Mrs. H.

¹ Here some short word, such as “mirth” or “sport” has been effaced, and “originality” tried instead of it, then changed to “singularity,” but this was perhaps done by another hand.

June 11th.

And now for the singer of singers! [Agujari.] She came, with *Signor Maestro Colla*, to tea. She frightened us a little at first, by complaining of a cold. Mr. Burney, as usual, played first; and after that, Signora Agujari rose to sing! We all rose too,—we seemed all Ear. Had a *pin* fallen, I suppose we should have taken it at least for a *thunder-clap*. All was hushed and rapt attention. Signor Colla accompanied her. She began by singing what she called a *little Minuet* of his composition. Her cold was not affected—for her voice was really not quite clear. However, she acquitted herself charmingly, and *little*, as she called this Minuet, it contained difficulties, which I firmly believe no other singer in the world could have executed. She was so obliging as to sing it twice, and the second time was much better than the first. But her great talents and our great astonishment were reserved for her *second* song, which was taken from Metastasio's opera of *Didone*, set by Colla: *Non hai ragione, ingrato!*

As this is what she called an *Arria (sic) parlante*,¹ she was desirous that we should all understand the words, before we heard the music; and in a voice softly melodious, she repeated the song through, before she sang it, and then translated its sense into French. It is nobly set. She began with a fullness and power of voice, that astonished us beyond all our possible expectations. She then lowered it to the most expressive softness; in short, she was *sublime*: I can use no other word, without degrading her.

This and another great song from the same opera, *Son*

¹ These technical expressions refer to the rigid old rules of the opera when it was first brought into England. Not only were "the unities of time and place" strictly observed, but the singers were not to exceed the number of three men and three women, whose voices were defined, and whose songs were arranged by unalterable law. There were (says Mr. Rockstro), "five unvarying classes, each distinguished by some well-defined peculiarity of style, though not of general design. . . . First, the *aria cantabile*, a quiet and pathetic slow movement. . . . 4th, the *aria parlante*, of a freer, fuller and more declamatory character than the *aria di portamento* (2nd), or the *aria di mezzo carattere*, (3rd). 5th, the *aria di bravura*, a dashing allegro, . . . adapted to exhibit the executive powers of the performer."

Regina, e son amante, she sung in a style, to which my ears have been hitherto strangers.¹ She unites to her astonishing and incomparable powers of execution and luxuriant facility and compass of voice, an expression still *more delicate*,—and I had almost said, equally *feeling*, with that of my darling Millico. But, though her merit is superiour to *any* singer's I ever before heard, I do confess I can never have pleasure superiour, if equal, from hearing any music in this *nether world*, to what I have, to the most exquisite degree, felt from hearing Millico. His *sensibility* in singing seemed more unaffectedly genuine and *touchant* than any other human being's I ever heard.

Agujari, however, has vocal talents, that almost surpass *belief* to those who have not heard her. Her voice reaches from the middle of the harpsichord to two notes above it, yet it is never husky when low, or shrill when high. She grew so animated, while she was singing that she acted throughout the two songs of *Didone*, and with great spirit and meaning. She began *Son Regina*, with a dignity I scarce had an idea of, and then proceeded to *e son amante*, in a tone of voice so sweetly pathetic, so softly clear, that it almost melted us to tears to hear it; then when she grew more animated,—never was expression more impassioned.

I could not forbear regretting to her, that she should perform in a place where her talents were half obscured, as she seemed so much formed to grace a Theatre, from her excellent ideas of action. She *made faces* at the name of The Pantheon, and took herself off when standing there—" *Comme une statue!—comme une petite Ecolière!* "

To display her various powers to my father, she sung in all styles, the Bravura, the *Arria (sic) parlante*, the Cantabile, Church-Music, Recitative, and Rondeau, though she laughed at herself in the latter, saying, "*Ah! je hais ces misères là; ils me font guignon!*"²

* * * * *

¹ "Son Regina, e sono Amante," see sc. 5, act vi. of *Didone Abbandonata*, Metastasio's first "dramma" set to music by Sarra, and first represented at Naples during the Carnival of 1724.

² Mrs. Harris to her son at Berlin: "Piccadilly, March 21, 1775.—Yesterday . . . in the evening, Gertrude, Miss Kitty Knatchbull,

I called lately upon my grandmother and found her at cards with my aunts and Mrs. O'Connor, who I saw looked rather gravely upon me. I enquired after Miss Dickenson, and sat and chatted about a quarter of an hour, and then I said I must be gone, for Miss Cooke, from Chesington, and Mrs. and Miss Simmons were to drink tea with us. Just as I rose, and was taking leave, Mrs. O'Connor called out—"No! Stop a moment!—" I stood, suspended,—and in a solemn kind of manner she addressed herself to my grandmother, and said—"Would you think this lady to be one of the greatest cheats that ever was born?"

They all stared, and she went on. "Who, to look in her face, and see so much good nature would believe her to have *none*?—to be actually *cruel*? Here has she sat this half hour—and never once had the common civility to ask how my poor Mr. Barlow does, whose heart she has been breaking! *Fie!—fie!*"

I was much surprised at this attack,—and made no immediate answer, hardly knowing whether she meant it seriously. . . . My aunts looked rather displeas'd, and my grandmother said—"I'll assure you, I began to wonder what you *meant* by calling *my* grand-daughter a cheat."

"O yes!" cried Mrs. O'Connor, "I expected to make you

and I . . . went to the Pantheon with Miss Wyndham. Nothing worth going there for but the Agujari. She is a most surprising singer, and in my opinion a pleasing one; she goes two notes higher in her voice than the notes of the harpsichord. The *ton* is to say 'she is more surprising than pleasing;' but I do not subscribe to that, for she has a very good method." The pig-story is then given, with this addition, that "she screamed so violently . . . that it is imagined she broke something in her throat, which has caused her voice to be so very high and clear. . . . This woman always fills the Pantheon with a great mixture of company. The best company goes off soon after the concert is over. We stayed an hour longer, and then it is beyond all things deplorable." In her "Memoirs of Dr. Burney," Mme. Arblay adds, that Agujari "left England with great contempt for the land of *rondeaux*; and never desired to visit it again . . . she died before her high and unexampled talents had expanded their truly wonderful supremacy." In his "History of Music," Dr. Burney speculates as to whether Sappho had not a voice of the same pitch as that of Agujari.

all angry!—I thought as much!—but I could not contain. Poor Mr. Barlow! how will he wish *he* had happened to have been here, when I tell him. But you need not, I shall say, for she never once asked how you did!”

“If Mr. Barlow would have been *the better* for any enquiry,” said I, “I should certainly——”

“O—if you meant *nothing else*,” cried she, “it may be as well as it is! but you *will*—you *will* say *yes* yet?—”

“Let us hope,” said my aunt Anne, very judiciously, “that they may *both* do better.”

“Ay—well—I don’t know—I can’t say—all I know is that poor Mr. Barlow is almost dying with grief—you—you—*naughty* thing! you have broke his heart!”

“O,” cried I, endeavouring to laugh it off, “I dare say he will *survive*.”

“O!—very well, Ma’am,—very well—pray *exult*—it is always the way with you young ladies——”

I determined to make no more answer, as I was quite affronted at this speech. *Exult!* I would not for the world! But how affected would it sound in me to *pity* a man for my own *cruelty*, as she calls it!

“He is a good and most worthy young man,” continued she, “and I have the greatest regard for him—however—perhaps—before twice seven years’ time—you may *repent*.”

How excessively impertinent! I was quite silent, and so were my grandmother and aunt Anne; but my poor aunt Beckey simply added to Mrs. O’Connor’s prediction by saying—“Ay—when you are *like us!*”

Perhaps Mrs. O’Connor thought she had gone too far, for she afterwards seemed to endeavour to *soften* her attack by saying a great deal of the *good nature* of my *looks*;—and wishing—though with an air of doubt—that I might be *happier*.

As to my enquiring after Mr. Barlow, I felt too *conscious* to mention his name, and had I *looked* so, and spoke of him at the same time, I am certain she would have put a wrong construction upon it. Besides, Mr. Barlow, I believe, would *catch at a shadow*, and if he heard I merely asked after his health, he would be anxious I doubt not, to answer me himself, and I should be extremely uneasy to have, or to give, any

further trouble about this affair. Ah! will anyone *I* can love—ever thus love *me*?—Singleness, therefore, be mine—with peace of mind and liberty. My father and Mr. Crisp spoil me for every other male creature.

* * * * *

[Between the last paragraph on Mr. Barlow and this letter from Fanny to Mr. Crisp, at least twenty pages have been cut out of this diary and are missing. We say that they are *missing* because over thirty pages of the Barlow narration have also been cut out, but lie loose within the cover of the diary. It is believed that much of what is missing related to the last illness of Dr. Burney's mother. The following letter has lost the last of its four quarto leaves, and with that, Mr. Crisp's customary endorsement of the day on which it reached him. Mme. D'Arblay, feeling after a date, has headed it in later days "30 Octr. '75."]

[MISS BURNLEY TO MR. CRISP.]

It is so long since I wrote to you that I suppose you conclude we are all gone a fortune-hunting in some other planet, however, though I cannot totally exculpate myself from the charge of negligence, yet a great part of the time during which I have been silent has been employed in a manner that would have given you no pleasure to have heard of,—for my poor grandmother Burney, after a long, painful, lingering illness, in the course of which we all contributed our mites towards assisting as nurses, has breathed her last. I shall not dwell upon this melancholy subject, as I know your peculiar aversion to *the Horrors*—but shall proceed to write upon those topics which you have yourself made choice of.

Now first as to that R[ogue] my F[ather]. He was at Buxton near three weeks, and bathed 15 times. He went afterwards to sea bathing at Clay in Norfolk. He has been returned home about a fortnight, and I thank God is in good health at present, though his hand is still *obstinately bent*. The History has been this very day, for the first time since its long cessation, put into the press. It is now *rough* written to the end of the first volume, Preface and Dedication inclusive. When it is actually *published* we intend to keep the carnival.

As to the Gabriellé, she has taken a house in Golden-square, and has had a brass plate put on the door, with *Mrs.* Gabrielle on it. She and Rauzzini seem admirably suited for

each other, for let her live ever so much *en princesse*, he will always keep her in countenance by living *en prince*. He has had his drawing room painted after the manner of the card rooms at the Pantheon, with pink and green and finely ornamented. The first opera is to be next Saturday, when, if you do not come to town I shall think and conclude that you are lost to all the St. Cecelian (*sic*) powers of attraction. Indeed if neither Agujari or Gabrielli have charms to allure you to the Opera or Pantheon, one may imagine that you are become as indifferent to music as to dancing or horse-racing. The opera is to be Metastasio's *Didone*, which is the very opera that Agujari sung to us twelve songs from, composed by her Maestro Sig^r. Colla. It is to be a *half* pasticcio, but all the recitatives by Sacchini, as well as a cantabile for Rauzzini, and *all the part* of la Gabrielli. This I very much rejoice at, as I had rather hear her first in music of his composition, than of any other Maestro whose works I am unacquainted with. I am extremely glad, also, that the squalling Galli is dismissed, and Savoi once more taken as Second man. A sister of Gabrielli is to be Second woman, and I hear she is very pretty, but no further has yet transpired. The rehearsals are begun and the managers are very busy. My father, at the earnest invitation of Mr. and Mrs. Yates and Mrs. Brooke, dined at their house last week, with the following delicious party—Rauzzini, Sacchini, the sister, and the Gabrielli herself! He tells us that she is still very pretty, and extremely elegant; and very well bred, and has the air and manner of a woman of rank. She did not sing, neither did any presume to ask her; but she has invited my father to her house, and desired to cultivate his acquaintance. There's for you! He intends, notwithstanding the value of his time, to shortly avail himself of this graciousness. Nothing could ever exceed the expectations of people of all ranks and all ways of thinking concerning this so celebrated singer. For my part, should anything unfortunately prevent my hearing her first performance, I shall regard it ever after as a very great misfortune.

Now for family. All well. Bessy is to go to Paris as soon as Mrs. Strange returns from Scotland. Dick is at school at Harrow. Little Sally is come home, and is one of the most

innocent, artless, *queer* little things you ever saw, and altogether she is a very sweet, and very engaging child.¹ Jem we hear nothing of yet; but when he comes it will be no fault of mine if I do not obey your kind commands, and accompany him to Chesington. Neither will it be any *fault* of his, for I know he will both go himself and make me, if it is in his power.

I have had the honour lately of a sort of correspondence with Mrs. Brooke, opera manager, and authoress of 'Lady Julia Mandeville,' &c., &c., and she has been not a little civil upon the occasion, though she only wrote queries concerning my father's absence, return, and so forth, when he was at Buxton. Pray, if you are at any time, when not well, or not busy, disposed for some *light summer reading*, send for *The Correspondents*, which you will find to be a *queer* series of letters between a young widow and an old *half* philosopher: Mrs Brooke (who is very honourably mentioned by both of them) assures us that they are genuine letters of the late Lord and present young Lady Lyttelton, his son's wife. How they got to the press seems so unaccountable, that it makes one doubt their authenticity whether one will or no.²

My good friend and correspondent, Mr. Hutton, called here last week in good health and spirits, and was as droll,

¹ Dr. Burney's only daughter by his second marriage, Sarah Harriet, who, in her turn, published several novels, which had some success. H. Crabb Robinson met her in Rome in 1829, and gives some account of her in his "Diary and Reminiscences." She was a favourite with him and his friends in Rome.

² George, first Lord Lyttelton (1709-1773,) so well known in the last century as a politician, and an author of prose and verse, had an only son Thomas, who married a young and very rich widow, "Apphia, relict of Joseph Peach, Governor of Calcutta." Mr. Gibbs kindly informs the Editor that "there are two or three editions of 'The Correspondents' in the British Museum; the first being dated 1775"; but that the book is "catalogued as an anonymous work, whose authorship remains unknown." In December, 1775, Mrs. Boscawen wrote "that ever 'The Correspondents' was hinted to be Lord Lyttelton's, is a wicked bookseller's trick to make it sell." Some years afterwards Fanny met "the lady of the late young Lord Lyttelton," (the wicked, or mad lord,) at the house of Mr. Pepys, among "many *beauvais esprits*," and was gratified to meet her, but adds that the book which had made her "very celebrated, . . . proves to be a very impertinent forgery."

and affectionate, and odd, as ever. My father read to him his Dedication to the Queen, which mightily pleased him, for he almost adores her Majesty.

In regard to Mr. Barlow, I have not seen him for many months; but I *hear* of him very often, from a certain Mrs. O'Connor, who was an old friend and favourite of my poor grandmother, and continues to be so of my aunts. It was by her means that he became acquainted with our family. This gentlewoman and I never meet without her most officiously telling me tales of his goodness, worth, and so forth, and expatiating on my *cruelty*, and my *own loss*, and his *broken heart*, and such sort of stuff. I have, however, sent her a message by my aunt Anne, desiring her to forbear these attacks, and letting her know in as civil words as possible, that I was too much determined for them to answer any possible purpose. She has thought fit to make an apology, and I hope she will desist in future. My father, thank heaven, has not once mentioned his name since the *tragic tragedy* which I gave you a hint of.¹

As to any *other* person—my dear Mr. Crisp your wishes for me are very kind, but I am a queer sort of character, and, without *particular inducements*, cannot bear the thought of uniting myself for life with one who must have full power to make me miserable, and perhaps none to make me happy,—for it is such a chance!—and, as the constable says, there are gifts which God gives and do not fall to the lot of every one.²

¹ Mr. Barlow returns no more to St. Martin's Street. One cannot help thinking what elaborate letters his "ardurous pen" might have contributed to "Evelina." There is something didactic in the name. "Sandford and Merton" had a wise and instructive Mr. Barlow for their tutor. Did he, three years later, read "Evelina"? If so, was his pain renewed? But man is apt to console himself for rejection by choosing another lady with better taste and judgment, and since we began our notes on this journal, we have seen in a London paper the death of a Thomas Barlow of *Hoaton*, who may (it pleases us to fancy) have been a descendant of this Thomas of 1775.

² This is rather a reference to, than a quotation from, the inimitable Dogberry—"To be a well-favoured man is the gift of fortune; but to write and read comes by nature." Again, in disparaging his neighbour Verges, Dogberry says, "All men are not alike; alas! good neighbour! *Leon*. Indeed, neighbour, he comes too short of you. *Dogberry*. Gifts, that God gives!"

But though I am difficult and saucy, as you call me, in regard to giving *another* the sole power of settling my fate, yet I am by no means difficult to be pleased and happy *as I am*, on the contrary I neither want spirits nor *pliability* of temper to enjoy all the *good* that I can meet with: and as to the *bad*, though I am sometimes tempted to think I can never in *one* point have *more*, yet *upon the whole* perhaps I shall never have *less*; and the more sensible I am of the comforts I actually possess the more careful it makes me of foregoing them.

[MISS BURNEY TO MR. CRISP.]

St. Martin's Street,

Monday [endorsed by Mr. Crisp, "Nov^r 1775].

The best apology I can make for the indolence you accuse me of, is by shewing more alacrity in future. Don't you allow of that reparation? As to my correspondence with the Huttons, the Brooks, or so forth, it was only occasional, and neither did, or could, or can interfere with one which gives me a thousand times more real satisfaction and pleasure. Besides, compared to what I write to *you*, all my other letters are mere *notes*. So *you* are angry with Gabrielli for making Signor Onofrio ill? What would you have been had you gone last Tuesday to the Opera House after seeing *Didone* advertised in all the papers and then been told there was no opera? Every one of our family but my mother went. The crowd was prodigious. They gave us hand-bills on which were written—“*There can be no opera this evening on account of the indisposition of the two Capital Serious Singers.*” People were in horrid passions. Some said it was scandalous; others that it was a shame; others called for the managers; one gentleman blustered furiously, vowing he had come twenty miles since dinner on purpose to hear Signora Gabriella. Poor Yates, the manager, was obliged to stand at the door from 5 till past 7 o'clock to appease the rage of the disappointed public; though every person he sent away caused him a pang, as he could not but say—“There goes three shillings!—there five!—there half-a-guinea!” Yet if he had not been there the house would have been probably pulled down.

We all came home horribly out of humour, and as to Hetty she determined from that moment not to like her, and prayed most devoutly that she might be hissed whenever she should honour England with the sound of her voice. After this we heard that she refused to let herself be heard even by the subscribers to the opera, and would not sing at any rehearsals, except at her own house. The next news was that all the *band* complained, that when they assembled to accompany her, she would only give them recitative.

My father called on the managers to know the reason why the opera was deferred on such short notice. They *doubted* much whether Gabrielli was really ill, but told him that she had declared she could not sing. When they represented the fury of an English audience upon such sort of disappointments, she told them, very easily, that if that was the case she would dress herself and make her appearance,—that the opera might be performed,—but that, for herself, she would make a curtsie, and *point to her throat* to excuse her singing. You may be sure they knew too well the genius of our nation to trust the safety of their theatre to such a trial of the forbearance of an audience, so big with expectation. Therefore the opera was put off to Saturday. The managers added that she addressed them in the mildest terms and with the most *obliging softness*, prefacing her refusal with—“*Mais, Madame, écoutez !—je donnerai très volontiers deux operas la semaine prochaine—;*” but the deuce a bit has she kept her word.¹ Mr. Bromfield, the surgeon, called here last week, and said *he had heard her in a trio, and that though she did not exert herself, he never heard such singing before!* He was so proud of it that he could talk of nothing else, and he owned that he had not thought of anything but her ever since he heard her. He had had a note from her and he showed me her hand-writing, which was indeed a miserable scrawl, and her own name signed by her own hand. As to my father, he met with no opportunity of hearing her till Saturday night at the theatre. She requires more attendance and courting than he has time to give.

Now for Saturday. My mother partly from fear of the

¹ The managers were Mrs. Brooke and Mrs. Yates

crowd and, partly from indifference to music, would not go. My father went in the pit. Mr. Burney, Hetty, Susey, Charles, Charlotte, Bessy Allen and me, all sat in the front row of the first gallery There was a prodigious house, such a one as *November* can scarce ever have seen before, unless indeed it was formerly more the fashion to come to town before Christmas than it is at present.

Well, Sir, expectations being raised so very high—can you wonder they were not answered? In the first scene, Rauzzini and Sistini entered with the *sister*, Franscesca Gabrielli; they prepared us for the approach of the *blazing Star*, who appeared in the second. Nothing could be more noble than her entrance. She took a *sweep* from the full length of the stage, amidst peals of applause, which seemed as if they would shake the foundation of the theatre. She walked with great majesty. Her person is rather short but charmingly proportioned. Her face is rather plump, but very pretty, and her air is all dignity. Though the applause was so violent she never deigned to make the slightest acknowledgement till she had finished her career, and marched from the farthest extremity of the stage, which was open to the end, quite up to the orchestra, when, finding the applause drowned the music, not a note of which could be heard she made an *Italian curtsie*, alias a *bow*.¹ They continued to clap, however, and made her make *two more bows*, whether she would or not, before they were silent enough to listen to her voice. Expectation was kept on the rack long after her appearance, because she did not sing till after every other performer had had an air and then came *Son Regina*, and *Sono Amante*.

And now I know not what to write. Opinions vary so much that I would to heaven you would come and hear and judge for yourself. In the case of *Agujari*, I spoke boldly of her talents because there was but one mind among us; at present I think I must speak separately of every one's sentiments, and leave you to suppose what you can.

This *first* song was the *only* one of any consequence that

¹ The "Italian Curtsie" (much abridged of its graceful slowness of bend) has supplanted the old English curtsey, except at Court.

she sang, all the rest being mere *bits*. The trio and the duets were really charming. The difficulties in the *Son Regina* were all in the *Davis* style, in so much that one would think Miss Davis had been Gabrielli's pupil.

To tell you I was not disappointed is impossible. You must already have perceived that *your Tribunal* has pronounced well, for AGUJARI is still alone and unrivalled!

Mr. Burney said that he was prodigiously *let down*; that she was not within ten degrees of Agujari. *Hetty*, because she was not an Agujari, would allow her *nothing*; declared that she would not quit her *room* to hear her; that she did not care whether she went to another opera the whole season. [But *Hetty's* warm admiration has been so won by Agujari that she looks upon Gabrielli as a sort of usurper, in coming upon a throne that ought to be sacred to its first Queen. You know her honest vivacity, and love her for it. Indeed, who does not?] *Susy* was rather more pleased with her. For my part I was overborne by the torrent; but though I by no means could compare her with Agujari, I thought the *tone* of her voice was extremely sweet, that she sung in a masterly manner, acted judiciously and gracefully, and was only second to Agujari. My father, who has at once more *indulgence* and more judgement than any of us, came home in much better humour with her than his saucy children. He pronounces her, *upon the whole, taking perfections and imperfections together, a very capital singer.*

Disappointed as we were, there is no possibility, as yet, of knowing whether she *would* not, or *could* not do more, for she was most *impertinently* easy, visibly took no pains, and never in the least exerted herself. All that can excuse her, is that she had really a bad cold, coughed often, and was even *hoarse* at times.

She has very *little* voice though sweetly toned and *polished*. She never gave us one shake, nor an *idea* of one, though I have heard that she has a very fine one. What could possibly put her out of humour, if in reality she did not want the *power* but the *will* to do greater things? Nothing could be more flattering than her reception, and she had the most striking applause the whole night.

She is the universal subject of conversation, and no two people think alike of her. In the gallery every one seemed to think that she gave herself airs, and *would* not sing. In the pit, near my father, every lady was *delighted* with her. So you see you must come and hear her yourself. Others aver that she was in a terrible fright, and lost her steadiness and powers from fear. Indeed, she actually told Mr. Bromfield that she was sure she should be terrified to death. Upon the whole there is no knowing what to say. So I will say no more, but change the subject, and come to yesterday, to give you an account of a *little concert* we had, at which *assisted* a most superb party of company. It was occasioned by the desire of Dr. King to have Prince Orloff, of Russia, hear Mr. Burney and my sister in a duet before he left England.

Prince Orloff is the identical man who was the reigning favourite with the Empress of Russia at the time the Czar was murdered. He is said to have seized the Emperor, but he is *known* to have immediately succeeded to the *good will* of the Czarina. This Prince was sent to negotiate peace at Constantinople some little time since; but, in his absence, he was unfortunately supplanted in the favour of the Empress, by some other *Adonis*, and though loaded with honours, preferment, and all sorts of orders, he chose to *travel* a little while, when, upon his return to Russia, he found that the Empress had received another friend into her good graces. He is now therefore in England, where he lives in great splendour, is perpetually at Court, and has had entertainments made for him by all the Ministers of State, &c. Dr. King had him, when in Russia, for his patron, and now proposed his coming here yesterday.¹ We had no performers but Mr. Burney and

¹ Alexis Orloff was as bad a man as he was a good "Lyon." There is no reason why he should not have been "a favourite" of Catherine II., but in this respect London Society seems to have confused him with his brother Gregory, Catherine's minister, who also had permission to wear her picture at his button-hole. Alexis was the reputed murderer of Peter III., of whom Mérimée remarks that to strangle him was the only thing that could be done with him. Alexis rose in the army and navy after the murder. He was admiral of the Russian fleet which destroyed the Turkish fleet at Tschémé in July, 1770, he was thence called "Tschesmenskoi" in honour of the victory, but

Hetty, but a good deal of company. I will introduce them to you as they entered, and hope to make my peace with you in relation to indolence by being as minute as I can.

Rat, tat, tat! Enter the Dean of Winchester. The Dean is a man of drollery, good humour, and *sociality*; but he is very *severe* at times in his characters of men, though perfectly free from any narrowness or contraction. He disdains *submitting* to the great or *Lording it* over the little, and was equally at his ease with Prince Orloff—or

Hetty)
Miss Sukey } Burney.
Fanny)

Dr. Burney. Was you at the Opera last night Mr. Dean?

Dean of W. No, Sir. I made an *attempt*, but I hate a crowd—as much as the *ladies* love it. I beg pardon! (Bowling to us).

Mama then entered into a defensive argument, which lasted till another—Tat, Tat, at the door. Enter Dr. King.

He was as *fade* and as *imposing*, and as consequential, and as insipid as usual. He told us that the Prince was to dine with Lord Buckingham and a multitude of others, and begged the concert might not wait for him, as he was obliged to go in for a few minutes to Lady Harrington's before he came, it being her *Rout Day*.

Tat, tat, tat, tat, tat, two!—Enter Lady Edgecumbe. We were all introduced to her, and were honoured with a most gracious reception. She began a very animated conversation

Carlyle (in his "Frederick the Great") says that that feat was performed by three Britons in the Russian service, Captains Elphinstone and Greig, and Lieutenant Dugdale, who with "their single fire-ship surprised the Turkish fleet, and so blew some twenty-four ships and eight hundred men to gasses and black cinders." Carlyle calls Alexis "*scarred* Orloff the brother of *Lover* Orloff;" "a visionary admiral, and an extremely bad seaman and man." Soon after this victory (or surprise), Orloff committed the atrocious crime of kidnapping a girl who was thought to have some claim to the Russian throne. He went through a form of marriage with her, got her on board his ship, and took her as a prisoner to perish in Russia. He is (after such distinguished services) said to have attempted to rival his brother with the Empress. Gregory sent him on his travels, and we see here how he comported himself.

with my father, and was all condescension, *repartee* (and yet) good humour.

Dr. Burney. Your Ladyship was doubtless at the Opera last night?

Lady Edge. O Yes! But I have not *heard* the Gabrielli!—that is all I can say, I have not *heard* her! I wont allow that I have!

Dr. B. Your Ladyship expected a greater and more powerful voice?

Lady Edge. Why no; not much. But the *shadow* tells me what the *substance* must be. However, I have not yet *heard* her. She had really a terrible cold.

Dr. B. It is most fair not to judge of her yet.

Lady Edge. She cannot have acquired the fame of the first singer in the world for nothing. But for me—I have heard Monticelli—I have heard Mingotti—and I have heard Manzoli!—and I shall never hear them again!

Dr. King (*pushing himself forward*). But I humbly submit to your Ladyship, whether Gabrielli has yet done herself justice? (N.B.—He knows nor cares a fig for music.)

Lady Edge. Certainly not. But Dr. Burney, I *have* also heard Agujari—and I shall never hear HER again!

Hetty, Fanny, Susette. O, Agujari!

Dr. B. Your Ladyship wins all their hearts by naming Agujari. But I hope you *will* hear her again.

Lady Edge. Do pray, Dr. Burney, speak about her to Mrs. Yates. Let her know that Agujari *wishes* to sing at the theatre.

Dr. B. Their present engagements with the Gabrielli must be first over; and then I hope we shall bring Agujari back again.

Lady Edge. O! then I shall be quite crazy!

Dean of W. But, Lady Edgecumbe, may not Gabrielli have great powers, and yet not voice sufficient to fill a theatre?

Lady Edge. O, Mr. Dean, our theatre is nothing to what she has been used to abroad. Agujari would greatly fill the Theatre—indeed she could fill the Pantheon. By *Gabrielli*, *Rauzzini* seemed to have a great voice; by *Agujari* he appeared a child.

Tat, tat, tat.—Enter Mr. Charles Boone. Salutations over—

Dr. B. You were at the Opera last night?

Mr. Boone. No, my cold was too bad. But I am told by Mr. Cooper, an excellent judge, that he heard enough to pronounce her the greatest singer in the world.

Tat, tat, tat, tat.—Enter Mr. and Mrs. Brudenal.¹ Mr. Brudenal is second brother to the Duke of Montague. His lady was the Hon. Miss Legge, a great lady singer, and scholar of Mingotti. She is a soft, obliging, pretty sort of woman.

The introduction over, the *Question of the Night* was repeated—How do you like Gabrielli?

Mrs. Brudenal. O, Lady Edgumbe and I are exactly of one mind; we both agree that she has not sung yet.

Tat, tat, tat.—Enter Mr. Chamier. Mr. Chamier, who is the most gallant of men, immediately seated himself by Susette and me, and began a most lively and agreeable conversation; and from this time the company being large divided into parties. But I am resolved you shall hear *every body's* opinion of Gabrielli.

Mr. Chamier. Well, ladies, I hope you were entertained at the Opera? I had the happiness of sitting next Dr. Burney.

Susy. I believe I saw you.

Mr. Chamier. I was very sorry I could not see you. I looked for you.

Fanny. O, we were at an humble distance!—in the gallery.

Susy. I rather think we were at an *exalted* distance.

Mr. Chamier. I heard where you were, for though I had not the pleasure of seeing you, I enquired of the Doctor where you were. Was not the Gabrielli charming?

Susy. O, y—e—s.

Fanny. I never *expected* so much in my life—I was really in an agitation—I could not listen to the overture—I could hardly *breathe* till I had heard her.

¹ This name has all through been spelt Brudenal, though the *a* is often altered to *e*.

Mr. Chamier. Well, I am sure she did not disappoint you!—

Fanny. I must confess my expectations were too high raised to be answered.

Mr. Chamier. O, she was not in voice; you must regard this as a mere *échantillon*.

Hetty. A very feeble and bad one! (N.B.—Between her teeth.)

Mr. Chamier. I was kept at the theatre a full hour after the last dance before I could get to a chair, for the crowd. However we got into a party in the Coffee Room, and settled the *affairs of the opera*.

Fanny. Then I am sure there could be no dearth of conversation, for the opinions of every one concerning Gabrielli are so various.

Mr. Chamier. O, I beg your pardon! I find it is the *ton* to be dissatisfied—“*O'est peu de chose,*” was echoed and re-echoed *partout!*

Tat, tat, tat.—Enter M. le Baron de Demidoff. He is a Russian nobleman who travels with the Prince. He is very musical, and subscribed to my father's History of Music before he left Russia. He brought news that the Prince was detained at Lady Harrington's rout, but would be with us as soon as possible.

Lady Edgcumbe was engaged at the same place, but said she would defer her visit to the last moment. My father, accompanied by her Ladyship, then went into the library, and Mr. Burney seated himself at the harpsichord. We all followed. He was very much admired; but I can tell you nothing new upon that subject.

Tat, tat, tat.—Enter Mr. Harris of Salisbury. He is a most charming old man, and I like him amazingly. Lady Edgcumbe arose and went to meet him, saying he was an old and particular friend of hers and she rejoiced to meet him. When he had paid her his compliments, he very civilly renewed acquaintance with us. I told him we were all afraid he would be tired of so much of *one thing*, for that there was nothing for him again but the Duet. “That is the very reason I come,” answered he, “because I was never so much entertained as when I heard it before, and wish to renew the same pleasure.”

Mr. Burney and Hetty then played a duet on the harpsichord and piano forte of Mr. Burney's composition, for they kept Müthel till his Highness arrived. Lady Edgcombe expressed herself in terms of the most lively pleasure, and was so animated and interested during the performance, that, added to her adoring Agujari, I quite adored *her*. Indeed she was the *life* of the company, for she was so *chatty*, spirited, and easy, that she dispelled all sort of ceremony, distance, or *fussation*.

Tat, tat, tat.—Enter Lord Bruce. He is younger brother to Mr. Brudenal, but an uncle who took very much to him, settled his estate and barony upon him. He *looks* a tall raw-boned Scotchman, but he *is* a most polite and agreeable man. He said he had been very unfortunate in losing a full hour, from a mistake of his servants, who drove him to St. Martin's Lane, where he had been danced up and down from top to bottom, and at last was in such a passion at their stupidity in not finding the house that he jumped out of his carriage, *swore* an oath or two, and began enquiring himself till he was directed right.

Mrs. Brudenal was now so obliging as to sing. She gave us a little *pastoral cantabile*, of very elegant, sweet music, from Rauzzini's Piramo and Thisbé, with which you were much pleased at Chesington. She has a fine voice, and sings, my father says, in the style of the *good old school*. She has a very pretty shake, and sings very *chastly*, not with vile graces and trills. But she was dreadfully frightened, which caused her to sing out of tune at times, though happily not always.

When she had done, I turned about and said to Mr. Chamier—"What pretty music!" He made no answer, but gave me *such a look*, expressive of satire and drollery, that unable to keep my countenance I was forced precipitately to retreat into the drawing room. He soon after came there himself. I expostulated with him upon his cruelty in driving me out of the room. He was pleased to say he was sure *I thought what he looked*. I told him, which is truth, that he was very *difficult* and *severe*. "A singer who sings out of tune," cried he, "is not to be borne!" "She was extremely frightened," answered I, "and that ought to be allowed for."

"But," cried he, "those who wont open their mouths (N.B. Mrs. Brudenal sings with hers almost shut) ought to be *dumb*; and those who cannot sing *in tune*, I could excuse from singing *at all*." "O!" cried I, "how many voices would you silence at this rate! and how few lady singers would you leave!" "No matter," returned he, "a candle that does not give a *good* light ought to have an extinguisher put on it."

More music now called us back into the library. Mr. Chamier was very curious to know if *that* was not the room which *Sir Isaac* used to study in? and which my father used for that purpose? "No, no," said I, "*this* is quite *superb* to the *study*; you never saw such a scene of confusion as *that* is!" "It's quite a *dungeon* is it? well that's all as it should be. But you have *Sir Isaac's Observatory*, have not you?" I remember that he once before asked me, very seriously, if I did not think my father's *real motive* for coming into this house was that it had been *Sir Isaac's*. Mrs. Brudenal now began another song. I told Mr. Chamier that I should take care not to look at *him* when it was over. He promised he would not say a word; but I mixed in with the *crowd*, and would not trust myself near him.

I forgot to tell you that *Mr. Harris* is among those who admire the *Gabrielli* above all singers. . . .

I have filled my three sheets before my time, but if you wish for the remnant of this evening you have but to say so. . . .

Write soon if you desire to have the Prince [Orloff] introduced to you. I can't possibly, without you send his Highness a card first; or, as I am your *Sir Clement Cotterel*,¹ why if you send one to *me*, I will endeavour to manage an interview. Pray tell me your health is better.

Yours [ever and] ever and ever
F. B.

Gabriella so fills up this letter that I must beg you to excuse any answer to your letter till I write again when I will tell you about the [Tours?], &c.

¹ The Cotterels are said to have been Masters of the Ceremonies from the reign of Charles II. While Fanny was writing this, Sir

Nov^r. 16th.

The celebrated singer, La Gabrielli, made her first appearance upon the Opera stage last Saturday. She had frequently disappointed the public by deferring the opera, after it was promised; but she had only heightened expectation by this coquetry; and the crowd to see and hear her, was prodigious. Tho' I have been tiring myself with writing so long an account of her to Mr. Crisp, that my journal must be contented with a very short one.

The Opera was [the] *Didone* of Metastasio; the very same that *la Bastardella* sung so many songs from, though new-set. The entrance of the Gabrielli was noble. The stage was open to the bottom, and she appeared at the most distant part, and marched forward quite close to the orchestra, amidst the most violent acclamation of applause. She has a pretty figure, rather short, but charmingly proportioned; her face is also very pretty. She still looks very young, is rather *plump* and is perfectly graceful. She walks extremely well, and has great dignity in her air. Her voice is feeble, but sweetly toned. She has great powers of execution; but—she is no *Agujari*! ¹

Our party were all disappointed: myself the *least*, and yet very much. Mr. Burney and Hetty even *dislike* her. Susette

Charles Cotterel Dormer, Knt., with a salary of £300 a year was assisted by Stephen Cotterel, Esq., with *6s. 8d.* a day, and had, for his marshal, a Stephen, who was probably the same, with £100 a year.

¹ Dr. Burney informs us that the most memorable musical event of 1775 was the arrival of the celebrated Caterina Gabrielli, called early in life *La Cuochetina*, being the daughter of a cardinal's cook at Rome. He describes her as being of low stature, but of such grace and dignity of gestures and deportment as to occupy the whole attention of the spectators when she "filled the stage." He adds that she was the most intelligent and best-bred "*virtuosa*" with whom he ever conversed, speaking like a well-educated woman, who had seen the world, not only on music, but on other subjects. "In youth, her beauty and caprice had occasioned an universal delirium among her young countrymen, and there were still remains of both sufficiently powerful, while she was in England, to render credible their former influence." She was living at Bologna when Dr. Burney thus wrote of her in 1789. Mr. Sharp tells us that she had £900 for singing at Naples in the season of 1764 and the same in 1765.

is rather more moderate; and my father whose candour and indulgence equal his judgement, was much better satisfied with her than any of his saucy children.¹

As an actress, her motions are elegant and judicious; but she seems to want spirit and animation. The whole town seems divided in opinion about her; some think her the finest singer we have ever had; others prefer not only the Agujari, but Miss Davis and . . . Some say that her cold disabled her from exerting her powers, others, that her sister (a villainous singer), being hissed, put her so much out of humour, that she *would* not sing; while others say that she is *passée*, and has lost entirely those powers, by which she has hitherto fascinated all who have heard her. What is the real truth, nothing but a future hearing can show. For my part, I was so sanguine, that nothing less than an Agujari could have contented me.

The day after, Sunday, we had a very great party of company, concerning which, as they were very agreeable, I shall be very *loquacious*, for I think that term may be not ill applied to *writing, at times, as well as speech.*

[MR. CRISP TO MISS BURNEY.]

Ches. Nov^r. 19.

DEAR FANNY,

That I wish for the remnant of your evening concert, is saying nothing. You have learn'd from that R[ogue] your father (by so long serving as amanuensis, I suppose) to make your descriptions alive,—send the remainder, therefore, without a moment's delay;—while breathing, and warm. I am now convinc'd I had entertain'd a true and clear idea of Mrs. Gabriel; and form'd a just estimate of the comparative merits of her and Bastardini; for which I claim nothing to myself, but readily give it all to your faithful portraits of both. The pen, as well as the pencil, sometimes exhibits pictures with such strong marks of nature, that one instantly pronounces

¹ "Candour" is here used in its earlier English sense of mildness, or gentleness in judging and expressing your judgement; but see on page 102 what Mr. Crisp says of Dr. Burney's "candour" on this occasion.

them like, without having seen the originals. I can, not only excuse, but applaud Hetty, for her outrageous preference of Agujari, and I love Charles for being *prodigiously let down*.

As for that Rogue your father, I could lick him for his affected coolness and moderation [some strong words are here erased] if it were not for one consideration, which it must be own'd, has, and ought to have, some weight with him—I mean, the rank he holds in the musical world; which, not unreasonably, may check him from giving the sanction of his opinion in disfavour of so trumpeted a character; now present in England; and in contradiction to great and powerful Numbers, Numbers!—to whom without a grain of talents or feeling, some demon has whisper'd Numbers have a taste!¹

But . . . to tell one gravely that Gabriel has a *very weak voice*,—or a *weak voice*,—*but very sweet* and polish'd, &c. &c. !—and then compare her, or prefer to the Bastard, who, besides sweetness and taste, has all the powers of thunder and lightning in her, who can mark at pleasure every passage with what degree of strength and softness, light and shade, she pleases; who can strike you speechless with majesty, or melt you with tenderness in the change of a moment!—I would recommend to such worthy judges, the sing-song and prettiness of Waller and Cowley, in preference to the sublimity of Milton and Homer. I shall set my mark upon your Harris's, Bromfeilds, &c. &c. with regard to music, however. Adieu, I am far from well. Write directly. All here whom you love, return it sincerely. Mine to the aforesaid rogue, and all the creatures. Adieu, your loving daddy,

S. C.

Nov. 21.

My father had a little Concert in honour of Prince Orloff, of Russia, at the request of Dr. King, to whom he was patron during his chaplainship in Petersburg.

This Prince is, by some, supposed to be the very man, who seized the late Czar; but however that may have been, he was certainly the man, who was honoured with the Czarina's

¹ "Some demon whispered, 'Visto, have a taste.'"—POPE.

most unbounded favour, loaded with marks of distinction, and known as the chief influencer of her conduct, and favourite of her heart. He went lately on an Embassy to Constantinople, about the Peace with the Turks; and on his return found that the Empress had suffered some other to supplant him in her good graces; and this has induced him to travel, and occasioned his visit to England. Many Russians of distinction are in his suite, and they were all invited here. But I shall introduce all who came in the same order of time and precedence that they introduced themselves. And first, therefore,—

Enter the Dean of Winchester. He is very clever and agreeable; but I fancy somewhat too much inclined to severity in his judgements, and that from a tendency to *satire*, not from *bigotry* or *contraction*, for he is perfectly liberal-minded, unaffected, and free from parade or littleness.¹

Dr. Burney. Was you at the Opera last night, Mr. Dean?

Dean of Winchester. No, Sir; I made an attempt, but soon retreated; for I hate a crowd,—as much as the *ladies* love it,—I beg pardon! (bowing to *we fair Sex*).

Dr. Burney. The Gabrielli is a very fine singer; but she has not voice enough for the people of this country; she will never please *John*.

Hetty (pulling his sleeve). Nay, Sir—now don't call *me* John!

¹ Dr. Newton Ogle, Archdeacon of Surrey, 1761, Prebendary of Durham, 1768, Dean of Winchester, 1769, was son of Nathaniel Ogle, M.D., of Kirkley, Northumberland, who had been physician to Marlborough's army. The Editor has well known those who well knew the genial, humorous Dean of Winchester; very musical was he, and if not a poet, *poetical*. Some graceful and touching Latin verses, addressed by him to the little river of his boyhood, the Blyth, in Northumberland, were much handed about in manuscript at the end of the last century. They were "written in 1763, after a long absence from Kirkley, his patrimonial seat, and estate." They were translated by the poet Bowles, and by Hodgson the historian of Northumberland, who also printed the original verses in his history of Northumberland (vol. ii. pt. ii.). They were reprinted by the late Dr. Raine, in his life of Hodgson. They give a pathetic utterance to the difference between youth and age by the same stream. In conversation he sometimes affected a tone of republicanism, and he wished for the abolition of pluralities in the church, "but not in *my time*," said he; "*not in my time*."

Enter Dr. King. The Doctor was quite *the thing* to-night, and figured amazingly ; but he was, as usual *fade*, imposing, and insipid.

Enter Lady Edgecumbe. We had all the honour to be introduced to her, and to meet a most gracious reception. She seems to me a very clever, lively, quick, discerning woman, and was totally free from airs and superiority.

Dr. Burney. Your Ladyship was doubtless at the Opera last night ?

Lady Edgecumbe. Oh, yes ! but I have not heard the Gabrielli ! no ; I will not allow that I have *heard* her yet.

Dr. Burney. Your Ladyship expected a more powerful voice ?

Lady Edgecumbe. Why no ; not that ; the *shadow* tells me what the *substance* must be. She cannot have acquired this great name throughout Europe for *nothing* ; but I repeat, I have not yet *heard* her ; so I will not judge. She had certainly a bad cold.

Dean of Winchester. But, Lady Edgecumbe, may not Gabrielli have great powers, and yet too weak a voice for a great Theatre ?

Lady Edgecumbe. Our Theatre, Mr. Dean, is of no size compared to those she has been accustomed to abroad. Agujari would have greatly filled the Theatre. Indeed, *she* could fill the *Pantheon*.

Hetty, Fanny, Sukey. Oh, Agujari !

Dr. Burney. Your La'ship wins all their hearts by speaking of Agujari. She is *adored* here.

Lady Edgecumbe. O ! she is divine ! only mark the difference, Dr. Burney ; by the Gabrielli, Rauzzini seems to have a most powerful voice ; by the Agujari, he seemed a *child*.

Dr. King (*pushing himself forward*). But, with submission, I humbly beg leave to ask your Ladyship, if Gabrielli has yet done herself justice ?

Lady Edgecumbe. Certainly not. But, Dr. Burney, *I* have heard Monticelli ; *I* have heard Manzoli ; and *I* have heard Mingotti ; and I shall never hear them again !—*And*,—*I* have heard the Agujari ; and I shall never hear *her* again !

Dr. Burney. O, but I hope you *will* hear her again ; I hope we shall, some time or other, see her on the Opera-stage.

Lady Edgcumbe. I know that she herself *wished* it. Do pray, Dr. Burney, speak to Mrs. Yates about her. Let her know that it is her own desire to be heard at the Theatre.

Dr. Burney. The engagements with Gabrielli must first be over; and after that I have no doubt but Agujari will succeed her.

Lady Edgcumbe. O, then I shall be quite crazy!

Hetty, Fanny, Susette. O, I hope she will!

Dean of Winchester. But why may we not have Agujari here *now*, and so hear them together?

Dr. Burney. Oh, that would be impossible; the rivalry would be too strong; they would be Cesar (*sic*) and Pompey.¹

Lady Edgcumbe. *Pompey the Little*, then, I am sure, would Gabrielli be!

Enter The Honble. Mr. & Mrs. Brudenel.

Mr. Brudenel is second brother to The Duke of Montague. His Lady was Miss Legge, sister of Lord Dartmouth. Mr. Brudenel has a tall and *imposante* figure; he is a good deal in the present *ton*, which is not *Macaronyism*; but consists of a certain freedom of manners, and a dry, short, abrupt method of speech, by no means *to me* agreeable.² Mrs. Brudenel is a very obliging and pretty sort of woman, and a female dilettante of great fame and reputation in the Beau Monde as a singer. The *Question of the night* was immediately asked, of, *How did you like Gabrielli?*

Mrs. Brudenel. Oh, Lady Edgcumbe and I are exactly of the same opinion; we agree that we have not *heard* her yet.

¹ "Pompey the Little" is the name of a popular story by Mr. Coventry, to be found with the "Vicar of Wakefield" in Mrs. Barbauld's "British Novelists," vol. xxiii. 1810.

² Mr. Brudenell's love of music is the subject of some jests in the once famous "Political Eclogues"—

"Brudenell dies enamoured of a voice;"—

perhaps that of this "pretty sort of woman," Anne, daughter of the first Lord Dartmouth. . . . He sang himself; for it is written in these Eclogues—

"To us shall Brudenell sing his choicest airs."

The title of "His Honour" is (we think) some jest which stuck to him. See note, p. 109, *post*.

Lady Edgcumbe. The ceremony of her quitting the house, after the Opera is over, is extremely curious: First, goes a man in a livery, to clear the way; then follows the sister; then, the Gabrielli herself; then a page to hold her train; and lastly, another man, who carries her *muff*, in which is her little lap-dog.

Mr. Brudenel. But where is *Lord March* all this time?

Lady Edgcumbe. Oh—he, you know, is Lord of the Bed-Chamber!

Enter Mr. Boone. (I omit all *compliments*, and so forth, as things of course.)

Mr. Boone. I broke my sword in coming up stairs. Indeed, I wonder I did not break my neck.

Dr. Burney. I am afraid that speaks ill for my stairs! Yet I assure you they were constructed by *Sir Isaac Newton*, not by me.

Mr. Boone. Indeed? why, was this *Sir Isaac's* house?

Dr. Burney. Yes; really.

Mr. Boone. But I hope *he* did not leave you this fine ceiling? (N.B. The ceiling is prodigiously painted and ornamented.)

Dr. Burney. Nay, Sir; I hope you don't suspect *me* of being such a coxcomb; for I swear *I* did not do it!¹

Enter Mr. Chamier. This Mr. Chamier is an extremely agreeable man, and the very *pink* of gallantry. He immediately seated himself by Susy and me, and indeed, was the whole evening constantly engaged with one or other of us.

¹ Charles Boone, of Barkinhall, Suffolk, M.P., was a man of fashion whom Dr. Burney had met early in life at Mr. Greville's. He and his wife are sometimes named in the Correspondence of George Selwyn. Garrick has some lines in which his name occurs—

“E'en Boon, who ne'er inclines to satire,
With modest sense, and much good-nature
Could not but say there was some blame,
And sweet Eliza” (Mrs. Boone) “blush'd the same”

The “blame” was that Garrick was (or said he was) about to write an answer in prose to some lines from Anstey, and some of his friends, with more or less warmth, urged that it was not seemly to return prose for verse.

He is a *married* man, and an intimate friend of my father's, therefore we were by no means *shy* of him.¹

Mr. Chamier. I hope, ladies, you were entertained at the Opera last night? Gabrielli is charming; I had the happiness of sitting next Dr. Burney.

Susette. I believe I saw you, Sir, in the pit.

Mr. Chamier. I was very sorry I could not see *you*; I *looked* for you.

Fanny. Oh, we were at an humble distance—in the gallery.

Susette. I think we were, rather, at an *exalted* distance.

Mr. Chamier. I heard where you were; for though I had not the pleasure of seeing you, I did not fail to enquire where you were. But you liked Gabrielli?

Fanny. I never *expected* so much in my life! I was really quite *agitated*—I could not listen to a note of the overture—

Mr. Chamier. Well! I am sure she answered to you?

Fanny. Why, I own *my* expectations were too high raised.

Mr. Chamier. But she had a cold; you must consider this as a mere *échantillon*.

Hetty. A very weak and feeble one—(between her teeth).

Mr. Chamier. The crowd was so great, that I was detained a full hour, after the last dance, in the Coffee-Room, where we settled the *affairs of the Opera*.

Fanny. Then I am sure there could be no dearth of conversation; for there are so many different opinions concerning Gabrielli,——

Mr. Chamier. Oh, no; there is scarce a division; it is not at all the *ton* to like her: *c'est peu de chose!* (with a Macaronny shrug).

Enter Mr. Harris. This charming old man made us all happy by his company. Lady Edgcumbe rose to meet him, with a

¹ Anthony Chamier was descended from a Huguenot family, which took refuge in England towards the end of the 17th century. There was more than one divine among these Chamiers. Anthony, who had been a stock-broker, left business early in life. He was a well-educated man; and a good Spanish scholar, which was then uncommon. He is to be found with Dr. Johnson in Boswell's pages, and was member for Tamworth, Deputy-Secretary at War, and Under-Secretary of State to Lord Weymouth, and to Lord Hillsborough.

respect due to his age and character, declaring herself very glad at seeing an old friend. We soon found that he was a *Gabrielli man*: indeed no two persons seem to think exactly the same of that singer. When he came to speak to us, I told him that we were afraid he would be tired of hearing the same thing again, as my father had failed in his wishes and endeavours of varying the entertainment by some singers, because every performer he applied to, happened to be either ill or engaged. "That is the very reason," said he, "that I wished to come again, because I was so much pleased with the duet, when I first heard it, that I desire nothing so much as a repetition of the same pleasure."

Enter M. Le Baron de Demidoff. This Russian nobleman brought excuses from Prince Orloff for his *late* appearance, which was owing to his being obliged to *show himself* at Lady Harrington's rout; but His Highness desired the music might not be deferred on his account. My father, therefore, led the way into the library, followed by Lady Edgecumbe &c.; and Mr. Burney sat down to the harpsichord. After his *solo*, my sister took the *piano forte*; and they played a new Duet, of Mr. Burney's composition; for *Müthel* was kept till the arrival of the Prince. The music was very deservedly much admired, and the effect of the two instruments together met with the greatest admiration and applause. As to Lady Edgecumbe, she was quite in raptures. Being herself a performer of reputation in the *lady world*, she was able to feel and to judge the merit of the performers and performance at once.¹

Enter Lord Bruce. He is *younger* brother of the Duke of Montague and Mr. Brudenel. How the titles came to be managed so awkwardly in this family, is no affair of mine;

¹ Emma, daughter of Dr. John Gilbert, Archbishop of York, and wife the first Earl of Mount Edgecumbe, was (Dr. Burney says) his "oldest and most partial musical friend, and . . . at the head of lady-musicians." She was (like himself) "always of the Italian school," [of music,] "and spoke both Italian and French well and fluently. She played with great force and precision all the best modern compositions of the times; and in so high and spirited a style that no other lady, or hardly professor, in England, durst attempt them."

therefore, I shall not trouble myself with explanations *là-dessus*.¹

Lord Bruce is a very polite and agreeable man; though of no *prévenant* face; he is tall, thin, and plain. He repined much at having lost a full hour by mistake of his servants, who drove him to Saint Martin's Lane, which he was danced up and down till, in a great passion, he jumped out of the carriage, gave them *an oath or two*, and looked and enquired for the house himself, till he was directed right.

When the Duet was over, Mrs. Brudenel was prevailed upon to sing. She was a scholar of La Signora Mingotti, and, my father told her, reminded him of the *good old school* of singing. She has a fine voice, and has great merit, for a *lady singer*; but she was extremely frightened, was not by any means steadily in tune, and sung with her mouth shut, which has never a good effect. When she had done, I turned about to Mr. Chamier, and said, "What pretty music!" for she had chosen a very sweet song of Rauzzini's. He made me no answer; but gave me such a look expressive of an arch-disapprobation, that, unable to keep my countenance, and dreading *losing* it, I walked suddenly into the next room. He soon after followed, and I then expostulated with him upon his cruelty in driving me out of the room. He told me he was sure I *thought* what he *looked*. "Those," he added, "who will not sing with an *open* mouth, had better keep it *quite* shut; and those who do not sing in tune, had better not sing at all."

"Oh," cried I, "how many lady singers would such laws silence!"

"No matter," cried he, "when a candle does not give a *good* light, I would always put an extinguisher upon it."

A second song from Mrs. Brudenel called us back into the library. I told Mr. Chamier I was determined I would not look at *him* when it was over. He promised he would not

¹ Mr. Brudenell was next brother of the fourth Earl of Cardigan, who received the title of Duke of Montagu on his wife's account; and the fourth brother, Thomas, succeeded an uncle, first as Baron Bruce, afterwards as Earl of Ailesbury.

say a word ; but I did not chose to trust him, and so mixed in with another set.

Enter His Highness Prince Orloff. This prince is of a prodigious stature, something resembling Mr. Bruce. He is handsome, tall, fat, upright, and *magnifique*. His dress was superb ; besides a Blue Ribbon, he had a Star of Diamonds of the most dazzling lustre ; a shoulder-knot of the same brilliancy, and a picture of the Empress was hung upon his neck, which was set round with three rows of diamonds of the first magnitude and beauty. His air and address were gracious and condescending ; and he seemed to have a very agreeable share of drollery in his composition. He was attended by a Russian nobleman, whose name I have forgot, and by General Baur, a Hessian. . . . His introduction to my father, in which Dr. King figured, passed in the dining-room ; after which he came into the library. Lord Bruce immediately rose and made way for him. The Prince who knew him, called out, " Ah ! Milord me fuyez ! " (*sic*). Mr. Brudenel who had also the honour of being known to him, made a profound reverence bow, and was removing from his seat, to offer it to *Son Altesse*, but the Prince would by no means be induced to accept it. He retreated ;—insisted on Mr. Brudenel's keeping his place ; or declared he would himself retire, and to strengthen his determination, he added with a laugh,—“ Non, non, Monsieur ; je ne veux pas ; je suis *opiniâtre*, moi, comme Messieurs les Anglois, ainsi je ne veux pas ! ” Mr. Brudenel therefore re-seated himself, and Prince Orloff placed himself on the corner of a form which was vacant.

I said in a low voice to Mr. Chamier, that I *hated* such monstrous tall men. Mr. Chamier, with a very arch look, said, “ He has not been so unhappy, as to meet with such objections *every* where ! ” I knew he meant the Empress ; but not *choosing* to understand him, I only added, according, indeed, to all my meaning, that they made *me*, and such as *me*, look so very insignificantly pigmy.¹

¹ On the 14th of November, 1775. Horace Walpole wrote to Mann : “ Orloff the great, or rather the Big is here ; and as proud of his infamous

Mr. Chamier's gallantry could by no means neglect such an opportunity for civil speeches; indeed his own size is so little superior to mine, that probably he might *think* what he said upon that subject. He asked me if I remembered the French proverb? He then repeated one, which I don't exactly recollect, but which was very *galant pour les petites femmes*.

Mr. C. was extremely curious to know which was the room that *Sir Isaac* used to study in, and asked me whether it was not our library? I assured him, with great truth, that our library was quite *magnificent* to *Sir Isaac's* studying-room, which was, as we are informed, the same my father makes use of, and which is within the library, and a *mere lumber-room*. There was no possibility of showing it to him then, otherwise I am sure he would have been highly diverted at sight of so much *learned confusion*.

While we were engaged in this *light chit-chat*, my mother came up to me and said—"So Fanny, I see you have got Mr. Chamier into a corner!" for he happened to be in a *snug recess* behind a book-case. "No, Madam," cried Mr. Chamier, "it is *I* who have sought out a corner near where Miss Burney inhabited." However, I don't at all admire these sort of jokes, and therefore I moved off.

Müthel's Duet was then played. It was, as usual, heard with great applause. Every body had some remark to make upon the *couple* who played it. Lord Bruce, pointing to them, said to Prince Orloff, "Monseigneur, c'est mari et femme!"

"Ma foi!" cried His Highness, "s'ils sont aussi *d'accord*¹ en toutes autres choses qu'en la Musique, il faut qu'ils soient bien heureux!"¹ He then went up to my sister, and made

diamonds as the Duchess of Kingston herself. He dances gigantic dances, and makes gigantic love; but not conquests. Orloff talks an infinite deal of nonsense; but parts are not necessary to a royal favourite, or to an assassin." In December of the same year, Mrs. Boscawen met Orloff at the house of the Portuguese Envoy, and described his height as "*Patagonian*, his diamonds *Mogulian*, their quantity immense indeed."

¹ Orloff's word seems to have been "*heureux*," which was long afterwards changed to "*d'accord*."

her many compliments, expressing at the same time his surprise, that two people of talents so similar, should happen to be united. . . .

The Russian nobleman who came with the Prince, and who had a most *triste*, foreign countenance, clapping his snuff-box with great vehemence, after the Duet, exclaimed, "*Dis is so pretty as ever I heard in my life.*"

Mr. Boone said to me, who was his neighbour, "See what can be done by a man and his wife, who live in *harmony* together!"

Mr. Harris also observed what *harmony* reigned between them.

Lady Edgecumbe, in her animated way, declared she was set *a-madding*; vowed she would willingly practise *night and day* to be able to perform in such a manner, and said she had rather hear such a Duet than twenty Operas.

"Your father," said the Dean of Winchester, to me, "has been so obliging as to make my two girls attempt something of this sort; but, if they succeed in a few years, they will be never the better for it, because they will be separated; at least they hope so! whereas *husband* and *wife* cannot give too much time and trouble to show off each other to advantage."

Enter General Bawr. He was the last who came; indeed many were gone, before he appeared. He is a Hessian by birth, but commanded as second in power, during the war with the Turks by the Russians, being *Lieutenant-General au service de sa S. M. l'Imperatrice de Russie*. He has displayed so much courage, firmness, and intrepidity in the several engagements where he commanded, that Mr. Harris who told us of many anecdotes in his favour, said, "I assure you he is *a man to be looked at.*" He has a stern aspect and an air of bravery; but is polite, and seems very fond of music. He regretted much having missed the Duets; and, if the evening had not been too far advanced, Mr. Burney would have repeated them.

Lady Edgecumbe who was now introduced to Prince Orloff, whom she had not met with before, entered into an absolute flirtation with him. She invited his Highness, in terms of the most extreme civility, to honour her with a visit, saying she had but a *little* house, but a *great* ambition. To

be sure it was very presuming in her to suppose that any one she met at *Dr. Burney's*, should condescend to visit *Lord Edgcumbe!*

The Gabrielli was again mentioned. The Russians all declared that she had not yet sung near so well as when in their country. General Bawr protested that, had he shut his eyes, he should not, by her singing, *have known La Gabrielli.*

Mrs. Brudenel, even after her cloak was on, and she was retiring, was so obliging, at my earnest request, as to return and sing another song, which served to vary the entertainment for the Prince. She sung much better than at first, and I was very glad that her good-nature proved its own reward.

Prince Orloff enquired of Dr. King very particularly who we all were. The Doctor (who told us afterwards) to save trouble, told His Highness, that all who were in black, were Dr. Burney's daughters. At which the Prince exclaimed, he should have thought it impossible, for that my father did not look above thirty years of age.

Mr. Harris in a whisper said to me that he wished some of *the ladies* would express a desire of seeing the Empress's picture; "for," continued he, "*I*, you know, as a *man*, cannot, though I much wish it, for my old eyes cannot see it at this distance."¹

I immediately applied to Dr. King, who whispered to M. de Demidoff, who hinted to the General, who boldly made the request to the Prince, in the name of *the ladies.*

The Prince instantly, and with the utmost good-humour, asked the General to untie the picture from his neck, and had it handed about. He was very facetious upon the occasion, and declared that, if they wished *the ladies* might *strip him entirely!*

¹ Mr. Harris, Sen., M.P., to Mr. James Harris, November 14, 1775:—"Sunday. I was at a small but agreeable concert at your friend Dr. Burney's. Lord Bruce, Lady Edgcumb, Mr. and Mrs. Brudenell, and many fine people were there, amongst others General Baur and Count Orloff, this last the most decorated with diamonds I ever beheld. He had the Empress's picture in diamonds, but I think yours of the King of Spain far more magnificent." Thus Mr. Harris had a reason for asking to see the picture. He wished to compare Orloff's diamonds with those of his son, the future Lord Malmesbury.

Mr. Pogenpohl's gallantry was far more polished. I was amazed, at this near view, at the size of the diamonds, which are set round the picture; one of them, I really believe, was as big as a nutmeg.

They stayed and chatted some time after the music was over, and were extremely lively and agreeable.

The Dean of Winchester and Dr. King supped with us. My father told them that if there was any crime in having *music on a Sunday* he hoped for *absolution* from them. The Dean said he thought music was a very excellent thing *any and every day*; and Dr. King said—"Have we not music at church?"

"Ay," answered my father, "and much worse music than, I hope, you have heard here!"

* * * * *

[Here two leaves have been torn from the diary. The gap may be stopped by comparing the journal with the letter to Mr. Crisp, of the 14th of December. A small part of what is missing is also supplied in the "Memoirs of Dr. Burney," pages 64-5, vol. ii., where M. de Guignes is said "to have left an amusing laugh behind him from the pomposity of his exit; for not finding, upon quitting the music-room, with an abrupt *French leave*, half-a-dozen of our lackeys waiting to receive his orders; half-a-dozen of those gentlemen not being positively at hand; he indignantly and impatiently called out aloud: '*Mes gens! où sont mes gens? Qui sont-ils donc devenu? (sic) Mes gens! Je dis. Mes gens!*'" To this incident Fanny refers also in a letter to her father of the 25th of April, 1802, when, narrating a visit to the Opera Buffa in Paris, with a party formed on her account, by the Princesse d'Hénin, of some few of the old French nobles, she adds that, "M. Malhoüet failing [to come], M. de Guignes, formerly ambassador in England, took his place, you remember *him*, my dear *padre*, at one of your concerts, and *ses gens*. Do you think I could help recollecting his haste?" The name of this gay and gallant ambassador had been (wrongly, perhaps) connected by scandal with that of the handsome Lady Craven, who is better known as the Margravine of Anspach. She wrote two of the *vainest* volumes (in every sense of the word), in an attempt to prove that she was the most attractive, clever, accomplished, amiable, and innocent woman ever born, and afflicted with as unkind a set of relations as ever were. The Margravine describes De Guignes as being "the best flute-player she ever heard," and adds that his "taste in music was exquisite." He had been sent to Berlin as ambassador to another flute-player, Frederick II., to whom he is credited with giving a hint that his playing of the flute was bad

enough to drive *him* out of the room. This was in well-merited repartee to an impertinent speech of Frederick's. That King said to him, "What does the King of France do when he wishes to get rid of de Guignes?" The Count replied, "The King, my master, unfortunately, does not play upon the flute." De Guignes was a typical French noble of the time before the taking of the Bastille. Though he had not a *sous*, he would not be employed by any government after the revolution. Madame de Boufflers, and others among his old friends, lodged and maintained him.

After the break, we find Rauzzini speaking.]

—"Ah! je suis au désespoir qui je ne puis pas." "Je le suis, moi!" cried I, "de ne vous pas entendre." Sukey joined us, and we went on with a sort of *half petition*. He assured us that he himself suffered most; that nothing made him so unhappy as to be where there was a harpsichord, and musical people, and not to be employed. But he promised that he would come again some other time. *When?* we asked. "O!" cried he, "*quand M. Borni voudra, et lors, je chanterai toute la soirée.*"

He said he had dined at Gabrielli's. "Comment se porte-elle?" cried Lady Edgumbe.

"Fort bien, Madame."

"Fort bien? Je suis bien fâchée, donc!"

"Comment, donc?" cried Rauzzini, surprised.

She explained herself by saying she was sorry she could be well, and not *sing* better.

Lord Edgumbe, who is by no means at his ease in French, but who seems to love any thing ridiculous, took great pains to tell Rauzzini of the *train* that attended Gabrielli as she left the Opera House. After relating the ceremony,—when he came to speak of the servants carrying the *train*, and *un autre pour le petit chien*,—Rauzzini cried, "et un autre pour le perroquet, et un autre pour le singe."

"But," returned Lord Edgumbe, addressing himself to Lord Ashburnham, "only think, My Lord! her lap-dog was carried in a muff, by a servant, instead of being carried in a *Gentleman's hat*! Now, was not that enough to put any woman out of humour?"

Lord Barrington made up to Rauzzini, and hinted his desire of hearing him in a little air. He explained to him

that he *dared* not sing, as he had suffered so much from straining his voice the preceding evening at the Opera House ; he always exerted himself to the utmost of his power, " moi, je respecte le publique milord." When he was going he turned to me and said he would not disturb my father who was then engaged, but would leave with me his best compliments to him. We pressed him to stay, but he said he should go immediately to bed, to nurse his cold.

When all the company was gone, but the Lords Sandwich and Barrington, and the Baron and Baroness Deiden, Lord Sandwich expressed a very great desire to hear the Baroness perform. My sister seconded the request. " Oh yes," cried she smiling, " it will be very pretty indeed, after all this fine music, for me to sit down and play a little minuet ! "

" I could wish, Dr. Burney," said Lord Sandwich, " that it were possible to prevail, by any means, with Madame Deiden, who I have heard is the finest lady-player in Europe."

" I beg, I beg, my Lord ! " cried the Baroness, waving her hand. Lord Barrington, who is intimate with her, went up to her, and offering to take the waving hand, beg'd to lead her to the harpsichord, and was very urgent.

" Oh fie, my Lord," cried she, " so ill-natured ! *I should not think was you !* Besides, you have so often heard me."

" Madame Deiden," answered he, " I wish you to play precisely because my Lord Sandwich has *not* heard you—and because *I have.*"

The Baron then came forward, and said to her, she had better play something, than give so much trouble. She rose immediately, but said with a half-smile, "*Now this looks just as if I was like to be so much pressed !*"

She played an Overture of Abel's and a minuet of Schobert. They were both slow and full of taste ; she played them delightfully with so much expression and *soul*, that she did *herself* great credit, and gave *us* great pleasure. Indeed, she is a very charming player.

Thanks and compliments over, the two Lords soon departed ; but the Baron and Baroness stayed above half an hour longer, and made Mr. Burney play a long lesson of Schobert's.

When they took leave, the Baronness returned my father thanks in the prettiest manner in the world, for having *remembered her*, and for *giving her so agreeable an evening*.

[MISS BURNEY TO MR. CRISP.]

Tuesday Evening [Dec. 6th].

Dear Dada, I have this moment received your letter, and being most conveniently alone, the family being at the Symptons, I obey your commands of writing immediately. You speak of Agujari just as she deserves to be spoke of, with enthusiasm; nay, you express yourself with such a *justness* and *feeling* at once, that, as I read, for an instant, you cheated my ears into an imaginary attention to her, and my *mind's ear* at least, was once more pleased, charmed, soothed, astonished and enraptured as when I actually heard her. Why, why did not you grant yourself the delight of *really* feeling her incomparable excellence? I can't imagine how you, who never heard her, can contrive to describe her more to the life than any one who *has*! But I impute it to the remembrance of those great singers of former times whose great talents must have borne so near an affinity to hers. Indeed from the moment that I heard her, I was struck with ideas exactly similar to those which your accounts of Carestine, Farinelli, &c., had given me. However, I frankly own, I have no notion of being *unjust* to all other peoples merit, because Agujari united in her single self *every thing*. I regarded her as a prodigy (which M. Colla called her), and therefore by no means shut my ears or my heart from receiving pleasure from those who are *not* super-natural. Nevertheless, though not against her, I can never dispute that I was most abominably disappointed in Gabrielli, who is, notwithstanding, a singer of very uncommon merit.

I have received your last letter my dear Daddy. You have really half-shocked—and at the same time half flattered me. I had begun to write the moment I received your first letter, but was interrupted, and have had no opportunity since; for at this cold season, when there is no writing in a *fireless* room,

it is by no means easy to find times for letter writing, where three or four sheets are to be filled. I will not now, however, rest till I have answered all my promise and your desire.

So now back to our first concert. I must trace back the circumstances in my memory to the best of my power. I left off before the arrival of the Prince:—so now—Enter his Highness, attended by a Russian nobleman and followed by General Bawr.

The Prince is another Mr. Bruce, being immensely tall and stout in proportion. He is a handsome and magnificent figure. His dress was very superb. Besides a blue Garter he had a star of diamonds of prodigious brilliancy; he had likewise a *shoulder knot* of the same *precious jewels*, and a picture of the Empress hung from his neck, which was set round with diamonds of such magnitude and lustre that, when near the candle, they were too dazzling for the eye. His jewels, Dr. King says, are valued at above £100,000. He was extremely gracious and polite, and appeared to be *addicted to pleasantry*. He speaks very little English but knows French perfectly. He was received by my father in the drawing room. The library, where the music was, was so crowded, he only shewed himself at the door, where he bowed to Mr. Chamier, who had met with him elsewhere.

I felt myself so dwarfish by his *high* Highness, that I could not forbear whispering Mr. Chamier—"How I hate those enormous tall men!" "He has been less unfortunate," answered he, archly, "elsewhere! that objection has not been made to him by *all* ladies." I knew he meant the Empress, but by no means desired a conversation on the subject, and told him that I only *hated* them because they made me, and such as me, look so very insignificant. You may be sure his gallantry would by no means subscribe to this speech, which was followed by the usual style of *small talk*.

Lord Bruce rose and bowed very respectfully to the Prince, and quitting his seat to make way for him went to the further end of the room. "Ah!" cried Prince Orloff "milord me fuit!" Mr. Brudenal then offered his seat to his Highness, but he would not accept it, and declared that if he disturbed any body he would immediately retire:—he desired him there-

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fore to immediately re-seat himself, and when Mr. Brudinal demurred, he said, with a laugh, (in answer to Mr. B.'s pressing him to take his seat) "Non, non, Monsieur, je ne le *veux* pas, *absolument*, je suis *opiniâtre*, moi! je ne le *veux* pas! Je suis un peu comme Messieurs les Anglois!" He gained his point, and the Prince at last *squatted* himself on the corner of a form, just by Susette, who, as he seemed to shut her in, he called his *petite prisonnière*. Mr. Chamier, in a whisper, said—"I wish Dr. Burney would have had *Omiah* here, instead of Prince Orloff!"

The grand duet of Müthel was then played. Added to the applause given to the music, everybody had something to say upon the singularity of the performers being man and wife. Mr. Boone said to me—"See what a man and his wife can do together, when they live in *harmony*!" "O, Dr. Burney," cried Lady Edgcombe, "you have set me a *madding*. I shall never bear any other music!" Lord Bruce, turning to Prince Orloff, told him the performers were *mari et femme*. The Prince seemed surprised, and walking up to Hetty made her many compliments, and expressed his wonder that two such performers should chance to be united; and added—"Mais, qu'a produit tant d'*Harmonie*?" "Rien, Monseigneur," answered Hetty, laughing, "*que trois enfans*." She vows she was *irresistably* led to make this queer answer at the moment, but was sorry afterwards, for the Prince laughed immoderately; and went immediately to Lord Bruce, and repeated *ce que Madame avoit dit*, with many droll comments and observations, such as that such an *harmonious* secret should be communicated to the foreign academies; that it was of consequence to natural philosophy, &c., &c. Mr. Harris said he rejoiced, in *these degenerate days*, to see such *Harmony* in married people. "Your father," said the Dean of Winchester, to me "has been so obliging as to make *my* girls undertake something of this sort; but it will never do for *sisters*. A man and his wife cannot take too much pains to shine *together*; but as to my girls, even if they succeed, they will, in a few years, be parted—at least they hope so!" Mr. Chamier joined warmly in the chorus of praise. He got himself into a little *snug recess* behind a book-case, and as he

and I were engaged in a very *witty confabulation*, my mother came up to us, and said—"So, Fanny, I see you have got Mr. Chamier into a corner!" You must know, I don't at all like these sort of jokes, which are by no means the *ton*, so I walked away. But Mr. Chamier answered—"No, ma'am, it is *I* that seek out a corner near where the lady inhabits."

General Bawr is a Hessian by birth, though now *Lieutenant Général à sa S. M. L'Imperatrice de Russia*. He wears two stars; he was in England formerly with the Hessian troops, and at Winchester, as the Dean informed us. Mr. Harris told us that he was *a man to be looked at!* for that he had commanded during the Turkish war, with so much courage conduct and success, that his valour and spirit could not be too much admired. He is tall and rather thin, of a stern and martial aspect; but very well bred, and very fond of music. He speaks pretty good English, but came in so late that he missed both duets, which he much regretted.

The Baron de Demidoff was likewise extremely delighted with the music. He is very thin and long-nosed, and has a most *triste* and meager (*sic*) countenance. When the duet was over he clapped his hand on his snuff-box with great vehemence, and called out with energy, in broken English—"Dis is so pretty as ever I heard in my life!"

Lady Edgecumbe was introduced to Prince Orloff, whom she had never met with before. She entered into a *flirtation* with him, and was so courteous, and made so many reverences, that the Dean of Winchester (who is very satirical) observed afterwards that his *diamonds* and his *Highness* together had quite penetrated her ladyship. She invited him with great earnestness and great humility, to honour her with a visit, saying that though she had but a *small house*, she had a *great ambition*. Indeed it must be owned that it was great presumption in Lady Edgecumbe to invite any person she met with at *Dr. Burney's!* Ha, ha!

The conversation turned again upon Gabriella. The Prince said she had by no means sung so well as in Russia. General Bawr declared that if he had shut his eyes, he should not have *known* the Gabriella!

I forget whether I told you of Gabrielli's *train* as she quits

the Opera House of a Saturday night? Take it now, however, as Lady Edgecumbe told it. "First goes a running footman; then the sister; then the Gabrielli; then a page to hold up her train; then a footman; and then a man out of livery with her lap dog in her muff!"

"But," cried Mr. Brudenal, very drily, "where is *Lord March* all this time?"

"O," answered Lady Edgecumbe, "he, you know, is *Lord of the Bedchamber*."

Lady Edgecumbe being obliged to *shew herself* at Lady Harrington's *retired* soon after the last duet. Mrs. Brudenal was going with her, but as she looked very soft and good natured, I ventured to ask her to favour us with another song, and though her cloak was on she was so obliging as to return. She sung much better than at first, and, for all Mr. Chamier, is a very good lady singer, and such a one as is not very frequently heard.

When the room was a good deal *thinned* Mr. Harris told me he wished some of *the ladies* would express a desire of seeing the *Empress's picture* nearer. "I, you know," said he, "as a *man* cannot, but my old eyes can't see it at a distance." I went up to Dr. King and made the request to him. He hesitated some time, but afterwards *hinted* the demand to General Bawr, who boldly made it to the Prince. His Highness laughed, and with great good humour, desired the General to untie the picture from his neck, and present it to us; and he was very facetious upon the occasion, desiring to know if we wanted any thing else? and saying that if they pleased, *the ladies* might *strip him entirely!* Not very elegant, methinks, his pleasantry! When we got it there was hardly any looking at the Empress for the glare of the diamonds. Their size is almost incredible. One of them, I am sure, was as big as a *nut-meg* at least. When we were all satisfied it was returned, and the Prince, who most graciously made a bow to, and received a curtsie from, every one who looked at it.

Well—and now, my dear Daddy, I think I have told you enough of this evening, which was indeed a most agreeable one, and replete with *matter*. Now as to the last concert,

which you desire an account of, I have not so much to say; but take it as it was.

It was *given* in honour of his Excellency the Count de Guignes, at the request of Lady Edgcumbe, who talked so much to him of the *Duet*, that he expressed a great desire to hear it.¹ I think I will introduce the company, which was very select, in the same way as before, viz., as they introduced themselves to us.

And, first, Enter the Earl of Ashburnham. He is just made Groom of the Stole and First Lord of the Bedchamber, and has a gold key hanging from his pocket. He is a thin, genteel man, perfectly well-bred, attentive, and elegant in his manners.

Next, Enter Lord and Lady Edgcumbe. Lord Edgcumbe is short and *squabby*; he is droll and facetious, and never easy but when joking. Lady Edgcumbe expressed herself in the most civil terms of thanks for my father's making this party at her desire.—“I am particularly obliged to you, Dr. Burney, for giving your time to my friends,” &c.

Enter *his Honour*, Mr. Brudenal. Enough of him before.

Enter Signor Rauzzini. Every eye brightened at his entrance. He looked like an angel. Nothing can be more beautiful than this youth. He has the complexion of our Dick,—the very finest white and red I ever saw: his eyes are the sweetest in the world, at once soft and spirited: all his features are animated and *charming*. I am extremely pleased to find that he gains ground with the public daily. His friends encrease every opera night; the more they hear the more they like him, especially as at his first appearance he had the disadvantage of a terrible cold. Mr. Burney and Hetty are grown of late quite enraptured with him.

“Avez vous une Assemblée chez vous tous les Dimanches?” cried he, to my father. “Je viendrai une autre fois quand je pourrai chanter.” Only think how we were *let down!* “*Une autre fois!*” cried Hetty; “Une autre

¹ This name is found also as de Guisnes and de Guines.

fois!" echoed Susette; "Une autre fois!" still more pathetically echoed your humble servant.

Mr. Brudenal soon after took Rauzzini aside to concert measures relative to his benefit. After which Lord Edgumbe hurried in a droll manner up to Rauzzini to tell him of Gabriella's ceremony on leaving the Opera House—though to be sure he must know most of that matter himself. Lord Edgumbe speaks but indifferent French and referred every now and then to Lord Ashburnham in English. When he had told the whole parade, and came to "après cela, un valet, et puis, un autre avec le petit chien," Rauzzini called out—"Et puis, un autre pour un *singe*, et un autre pour un perroquet!" "But," added Lord Edgumbe, to Lord Ashburnham, "last night, the dog was carried—only think how horrid!—by a woman in a handkerchief, instead of a *gentleman* in his hat! Now, my Lord, was not that enough to put any singer out of humour?" Rauzzini said he had dined with Gabrielli. "Comment se porte-t-elle?" cried Lady Edgumbe. "Fort bien, Madame," answered he. "Fort bien?—je suis bien fachée!" "Comment donc?" cried he with some surprise. She answered that she was sorry Gabrielli should be well and not *sing* better.¹

¹ This fashionable singer had been heard by Dr. Burney at Munich, in August, 1770. "The first singer in the serious opera here, is Signor Rauzzini, a young Roman performer, of singular merit, who has been six years in the service of this Court; he is . . . a charming singer, a pleasing figure, and a good actor." At Brighton, in 1779, Fanny met a very comic person, who appears in her published diaries as Mr. B——y. This Mr. Blakeney made light of Garrick, and "such poor beings," as "actors and musicians," whom he classed with "*barbers and dentists*." On hearing Mrs. Thrale and Fanny, "*fair females*, as he always calls us . . . speaking of Agujari; . . . constrained himself from flying out as long as he was able; but upon our mentioning her having fifty pounds a song, he suddenly, in a great rage, called out—'Catgut and rosin!—Ma'am, 'tis scandalous!' . . . 'Oh, fie! fie! I have not patience to hear of such folly; common sense, common sense is against it. Why now, there was one of these fellows at Bath last season, a Mr. Rozzini,—I vow I longed to cane him every day! Such a work made with him! All the *fair females* sighing for him! enough to make a man sick!'" We feel with Mr. Blakeney when we learn that the musical Miss Louisa Harris corresponded

Enter His Excellency, Count de Guignes. The Count, when he first came from France, was esteemed to be a remarkably handsome man; but he is now grown so monstrous fat, and looks so sleek, that he is by no means an *Adonis* to He looks very *soft*, in the most extensive meaning of the word, c'est à dire in temper, person, and head. Remember, I speak only of his *looks*. However, he was very civil, though silent and reserved.

Enter the Baron and Baroness de Deiden, the Danish ambassador and his lady. The Baroness is one of the sweetest creatures in this lower world, if she is not one of the most deceitful we liked her extremely at a former concert which she honoured with her presence, but we liked her now a thousand times more. Her face is beautifully expressive of sense and sensibility. Her manners are truly elegant. She is mild, obliging, accomplished and modest. Her figure is equal to her face, being tall and well made.

The Baron is sensible and polite; and, what most pleased me, he seems extremely well satisfied of the merit and charms of his sweet wife. They both speak English.

The Baron made his compliments to my father with great civility, and the Baroness said—"How good it was in you, Sir, to remember us! We are very much *oblige* to you indeed!" Then going up to my sister she said—"I have heard *no music* since I was here last!" "For me, Mrs. Burney," added Lady Edgcombe, "I think I have *shewn* how much I was pleased by my eagerness to hear you again so soon."

Mr. Burney then went into the library and seated himself at the harpsichord. Every body followed.

with Rauzzini, slighted a proper lover for him in a manner blamed at the time, and if she changed from Rauzzini, it was only to "make a work" about Pacchierotti. In Lysons's book on the "Meeting of the Three Choirs," Rauzzini is described as being "a beautiful, animated, young man, with a sweet, clear, and flexible voice, more than two octaves in compass." About the time when the "*fair females*" made themselves still more absurd about Pacchierotti, Rauzzini withdrew from the opera, and settled at Bath, where he taught music, and with La Motte, a famous violin-player, revived, with greater brilliance, concerts such as had been given by Linley and his family.

Enter Lord Viscount Barrington. To look at this nobleman, you would swear he was a tradesman, and by no means superior to stand behind a counter. He has by no means *the air noble*, nor would you dream that he almost lives at Court, and has a private conference with the king every other day. But I suppose he has "that within that passeth shew"! . . .

This evening's party was closed by the entrance of the Earl of Sandwich, of famous name and character.

I thought of *Jemmy Twitcher* immediately. He is a tall, stout man, and looks as weather-proof as any sailor in the navy. He has great good-humour and joviality marked in his countenance. He went up to mama, and said to her, "I have heard of your son, Madam; and expect him home daily."¹

¹ Lord Sandwich is said to have been an active and zealous First Lord of the Admiralty, but he had played a vile trick on his boon companion, Jack Wilkes, who "had written a parody on Pope's 'Essay on Man,' entitled the 'Essay on Woman,' and had appended to it notes, in ridicule of Warburton's famous Commentary. This composition was extremely profligate, . . . but . . . to do Wilkes justice, he had not given . . . his ribaldry to the world. He had merely printed at a private press a very small number of copies, which he meant to present to some of his boon companions, whose morals were in no more danger of being corrupted by a loose book than a negro of being tanned by a warm sun. A tool of the government, by giving a bribe to the printer, procured a copy of this trash, and placed it in the hands of the ministers. . . . On the first day of the session of Parliament, the book, thus disgracefully obtained, was laid on the table of the Lords by the Earl of Sandwich, whom the Duke of Bedford's interest had made Secretary of State. The unfortunate author had not the slightest suspicion that his licentious poem had ever been seen, except by his printer, and by a few of his dissipated companions, till it was produced in full Parliament. . . . The conduct of Sandwich . . . excited universal disgust. His own vices were notorious; and, only a fortnight before he laid the 'Essay on Woman' before the House of Lords, he had been drinking and singing loose catches with Wilkes at one of the most dissolute clubs in London. Shortly after the meeting of Parliament, the 'Beggars' Opera' was acted at Covent Garden Theatre. When Macheath uttered the words 'that *Jemmy Twitcher* should peach, I own surprised me,'—pit, boxes, and galleries burst into a roar which seemed likely to bring the roof down."—MACAULAY. Lord Sandwich fell into the hands of the poets Gray, who abhorred his bad morals,

The Duets went off with their usual eclat, Lady Edgcombe vowing she would rather hear them than twenty operas. The Baron and Baroness were unaffectedly delighted. The Ambassador was *gently* pleased. Lord Edgcombe, who had a bad cold, almost choaked himself with stifling a cough, nevertheless his wife scolded him about it, and said—"What do you come here for, my Lord, *coughing?*"

Rauzzini was attacked by my father to vary the entertainment by a Rondeau de sa façon. He *supplicated*, with up-lifted hands, to be excused, declaring most solemnly that he had, having a dreadful cold, been obliged, the preceding evening, to exert himself so as to *force* his voice, in consequence of which his throat was actually quite *raw* and *sore*. He protested that he should have the greatest pleasure in singing to a select party of musical people, if he was able, and added that he *came* merely to show his willingness, though he ought to have been in bed. In short he did not absolutely *refuse*, but with so much earnestness and seeming regret begged my father not to press him that he neither could teize him, or yet, though very sorry, be at all offended at his declining to sing. Lord Barrington made up to him after this,

and Mason, who detested his politics. They caught up the nickname, and preserved it in verse. Gray's lines—

"When sly Jemmy Twitcher had smugged up his face
With a lick of court white-wash, and pious grimace"—

allude to the homage of hypocrisy which Lord Sandwich paid to virtue. "I never knew so cautious a man," said a Bishop. Mr. Cradock, who in his Memoirs makes the best of him that he can, tells us that "no man was more careful not to offend *public decorum*." This, his love of fun and of music, his hospitable bent, and his tincture of learning, account for such men as Dr. Burney, Mr. Cradock, Owen Cambridge, and Dr. Solander frequenting his dinners at the Admiralty, where they met "admirals, sea-captains, naturalists, and philosophers." He gave concerts, plays, and oratorios. The dreadful tragedy of Miss Ray in 1779 put an end to even "*public decorum*" in his case, and he afterwards lived in retirement. Fate still pursues Lord Sandwich, for, on looking out his name in "Woodward and Cates," we find him following his great-grandfather Edward, the Lord High Admiral (Mr. Pepys' Earl of Sandwich), as "Sandwich, John Montagu, 4th Earl of (*Jemmy Twitcher*)."

and hinted his wish to hear him thus in private. He made the same apology, and complained of the managers for obliging him to sing whether well or ill, which occasioned his being obliged either to disgrace himself, or *force* his voice, to his great detriment, “car, pour moi, milord, je respecte le publique et l’on ne m’a pas accordé le tems de me remettre, ainsi de jour en jour au lieu de me guerir *j’empire*.” Lady Edgcombe was then applied to to play, but she absolutely refused, and declared the Baroness to be *la première Dame pour la Musique*. The Baroness was therefore solicited; but in vain. Her invincible modesty made her regard herself as a meer *Miss player* by Mr. Burney and my sister.

I longed irresistably to speak with Rauzzini, and so when I saw him *stealing* from the library back to the drawing room, I gathered courage to say—“Eh, vous ne chanterez pas, Monsieur?” He turned to me with the prettiest air imaginable, and cried—“Ah! je suis au désespoir! mais je ne puis pas!—”

Susette joined us and we had a very agreeable trio of about a quarter of an hour, in which he told us that nothing made him so miserable as *refusing*; that to be where there was a harpsichord, and musical people, and to be idle, made him quite unhappy. He protested that he would come some other time with the greatest pleasure. “Mais *quand?*” cried Susette. “Quand M. Borni voudra,” answered he, “et alors, je chanterai toute la soirée.” He said that he must retire, and immediately go to bed; that he would not disturb my father, but left his best compliments for him with me. And so he went, leaving every body monstrously disappointed, and nobody displeased. . . .

My father is in want of the Phil. Tran., and of Mr. Twiss. By the way, that gentleman called here last week, but saw nobody. He is just returned from Ireland, where, he told my father, he went to be dipt in the *Shannon*, to take from him his too great *mauvaise honte!*

Have I made my peace with you or not?

After all, you write such *scraps* in return for my volumes, that I own it sometimes discourages and mortifies me, to think

that so many pages of writing cannot afford any matter for comment or observation.

My love to Kitty, and believe me most affectionately and faithfully yours

F. BURNEY.

[MR. CRISP TO MISS BURNEY.]

Ches. Dec. 14. 1775.

Dear Fanny,

Don't imagine, that, because my letters are (from necessity, and poverty of matter) shorter than yours, I am therefore insensible, that the advantage is all on my side; and that intrinsically a dozen of one sort would not weigh against one of the other,—and in real value too, as well as size. But pray remember, that when my Lord condescends to visit the humble curate in his tatter'd cottage, he does not expect a dinner like his own; but contents himself with the parson's ale, and mutton and turnips, and this too, rather at short allowance, and all¹ with a real or feigned smile upon his countenance. Do you imitate my Lord, for your two last letters are such rich ones, and have made such a weighty ballance against me, that you must either accept eighteen pence in the pound, or take out a statute of bankruptcy against me. You have produc'd such an illustrious assembly of Princes, and generals, and lords, and ladies, and wits, and pictures, and diamonds, and shoulder-knots, that I feel myself shrink into nothing at the idea of them,—nay, you yourself that made one among them, seem to be a little dazzled at their glare.—You appear likewise to be somewhat touch'd with the charms of the beautiful Rauzzini, and perhaps 'tis well for you, he did not add the magic of his voice to . . . It was impossible for me to be present, at this scene of glory. Your representation of it comes the nearest to the reality, and puts one in mind of one of those delicious dreams, that give one in sleep what is not to be attained waking. *One particular* in your letter gave me a *particular pleasure*, I mean Lord Sandwich's intelligence

¹ Here there seems to have been some equivalent to *swallowed*, or *gulped*, which has been crossed out.

that Jem is shortly expected; you remember, I hope, that you and he are to come to Ches. before he sets off for his sweet-hearts on t'other side of the globe.—'Tis true Chesington is not in its glory at this time o' year, but if a good fire, hearty welcome, sound wine, and backgammon, can in some measure atone for dirty and vile roads, come along. There are two horses in the stable; and when the sun deigns to peep out, Jem and I can take an airing. Pray lay all this to heart, and make something off it.

Yours ever,

S. C.

December 12th.

Bessy Allen is gone to Paris for the purpose of completing her education and refining her manners.

She is gone under the care of Mrs. Strange, who will I am sure be a mother to her, and who has more good qualities joined to great talents, than almost any woman I know. Mr. Lumisden,¹ her worthy brother, is gone with them, as is Miss Strange, with whom I parted with regret; for, though far from a shining character, she is a very estimable one, and had improved much on acquaintance.² Mr. Strange and Bell, the

¹ Andrew Lumisden "carried the sinews of war" for Charles Edward's army in 1745; afterwards, he served the Stewart princes as secretary for eighteen years. In 1770, he, with two other Scotch gentlemen, was suddenly dismissed by Charles Edward, under circumstances more creditable to them than to their prince. In 1773, Lumisden ascertained that he would not be brought to trial if he abstained from Jacobite intrigues on his return to Britain. He had turned his mind to the antiquities of Rome, on which he published a book. He ended his days in peace in his own country, and saw, without displeasure, his brother-in-law, Strange, receive knighthood from King George.

² Of Mary Bruce Strange Mr. Dennistoun writes: "She, alone of her father's family, inherited somewhat of his gifts." Mr. Strange gave her good drawing-masters in London. In 1764, at fifteen, she tried at least to win the drawing-prize of the Society of Arts. At seventeen her father took her to Paris for further instruction. "Not until after her death, in 1784, did her family know that she had written much in prose and verse." Many years later, her sister Bell, who lived to a great age, wrote, "To know her was to love and admire her, and many admirers and offers she had."

second daughter, went to Paris some months before. The whole party dined with us the day before their departure, and set off in excellent spirits. We have had the satisfaction of hearing they all arrived safe at Paris.

We miss Bessy very much; but still rejoice that she is gone; for we hope much from the improvement of two years' residence in Paris, and she was unformed and backward to an uncommon degree.

Before they went, the whole Strange family recommended very strongly to our acquaintance the two Miss Paynes, daughters of Mr. Payne, the bookseller at the Mouse Gate, saying they were *pretty* and *motherless*, and it would be benevolent to attend to them. . . . The eldest is very pretty, and about eighteen years of age; she is modest, gentle, and obliging. The younger has I believe a deeper understanding; but is neither so handsome nor so pleasing as her sister.¹ . . .

[Two letters from Miss Strange, when living in Paris, to Fanny in London, have been preserved. One speaks of Mr. Hutton, who was in France, and of his foolish attempt to negotiate peace with Dr. Franklin, praising of Hutton's good intentions, but doubting that Franklin's head was better than his *heart*. Another asks Fanny to look for a parcel, containing "a purchase" of "*uncustomed goods*," which *may have been left* at Dr. Burney's house. If Fanny cannot send it by a gentleman to whom Miss Strange has enclosed a note, then will she ask any other gentleman going to Paris, "to put it in his pocket." People thought little of evading the customs' duties. Lady Hales, the widow of a member for Dover, (Jane Austen's Lady Hales, and Fanny's great admirer,) thought it a pleasing and suitable way of showing her delight in "Evelina," to send Fanny a smuggled chintz gown-piece, which she had bought at Deal among other contraband goods.]

¹ This was an important introduction, as it led to the marriage of "Jas. Burney, Esq., Capt. R.N., and son of Dr. Burney, to Miss Sally Payne, d. of Mr. Thomas Payne, bookseller," on the 6th of September, 1785. (We may fairly guess that "Sally" was the prettier Miss Payne.) Then Sarah, daughter of Captain Burney, married back among the Paynes, espousing John Payne, of that firm which her father's friend, Charles Lamb, *would call* "*Pain and Fuss*" [Payne and Foss]. Mr. Payne's shop, "at the gate of the lower Mews, opening into Castle Street, Leicester Fields," was the great resort, about one o'clock every day, of men of letters. It was so small, being "an elbow-shed, rather than a shop, lighted by a sky-light," that Mr. Payne found the literary

December 14th.

To our great surprise, who should enter late in the evening, but Omiah. How he found out the house, I cannot tell, as it is a twelve month since he was here before. But he now walks everywhere quite alone, and has lodgings in Warwick Street, where he lives by himself. The King allows him a pension. He has learnt a great deal of English since his last visit, and can with the assistance of signs and action, make himself tolerably well understood. He pronounces English quite different from other foreigners, and sometimes unintelligibly. However, he has really made a great proficiency, considering the disadvantages he labours under, which render his studying the language so much more difficult to him than to other strangers, for he knows nothing of *letters*, and there are so very few persons who are acquainted with his language that it must have been extremely difficult to have instructed him at all.

He is lively and intelligent, and seems so open and frank-hearted, that he looks every one in the face as his friend and well-wisher. Indeed, *to me* he seems to have shown no small share of real greatness of mind, in having thus thrown himself into the power of a nation of strangers, and placing such entire confidence in their honour and benevolence. As we

folk very much in his way. Among them were Tyrwhitt, editor of Chaucer; Dr. Percy, of the "Reliques;" Bennet Langton, Dr. Heberden, Mr. Cracherode, Sir John Hawkins, George Steevens, and many more. He had a good house hard by, with "windows barricaded with books." Another Payne, Henry, a brother of Dr. Johnson's publisher, opened a very handsome shop, almost opposite Marlborough House, in the hope of drawing off some of these loungers, but found to his grief that the force of habit still took them daily to "the dark and encumbered shop." Mr. Payne's son, and his partner, Mr. Foss, left "the Meuse Gate" for Pall Mall. A brother of Mr. Foss (Edward, a solicitor) was the author of the "Lives of the Judges," in nine volumes, and of other works. He was educated by Dr. Charles Burney, the younger, who was, by marriage, his uncle; Dr. Charles Burney and Edward Foss, the elder, solicitor, having married sisters, who were daughters of Dr. Rose of Chiswick, an eminent schoolmaster, and editor of "The Monthly Review." We have seen both Mr. Payne and one of his sons, called "honest Tom Payne," for distinction from the notorious Tom Paine.

are totally unacquainted with his country, connections, and affairs, our conversation was necessarily very much confined; indeed, it wholly consisted in questions of what he had seen here, which he answered, when he understood, very *entertainingly*. Making words, now and then, in familiar writing, is unavoidable, and saves the trouble of *thinking*, which, as Mr. Addison observes, we females are not much addicted to.

He began immediately to talk of my brother.

"Lord Sandwich write one, two, three" (counting on his fingers) "*monts* ago,—Mr. Burney—come home."

"He will be very happy," cried I, "to see *you*."

He bowed and said, "Mr. Burney very *dood* man!"

We asked if he had seen the King lately?

"Yes; King George *bid* me,—'Omy, you go home.' Oh, very *dood* man, King George!"

He then, with our assisting him, made us understand that he was extremely rejoiced at the thoughts of seeing again his native land; but at the same time that he should much regret leaving his friends in England.

"Lord Sandwich," he added, "*bid* me, 'Mr. Omy, you two ships,—you go home.'—I say (making a fine bow) 'Very much *oblige*, my Lord.'"

We asked if he had been to the Opera?

He immediately began a *squeak*, by way of *imitation*, which was very ridiculous; however, he told us he thought the music was very *fine*, which, when he *first* heard it, he thought *detestable*.

We then enquired how he liked the Theatres; but could not make him understand us; though, with a most astonishing politeness, he always endeavoured, by his bows and smiles, to save us the trouble of knowing that he was not able to comprehend whatever we said.

When we spoke of riding on horseback, an idea entered his head, which much diverted him, and which he endeavoured to explain, of riding double, which I suppose he has seen upon the roads.

"First goes man, so! (making a motion of whipping a horse) then *here* (pointing behind him) *here* goes woman!"
Ha! ha! ha!"

Miss Lidderdale, of Lynn, who was with us, and in a riding-habit, told him that *she* was prepared to go on horseback. He made her a very civil bow, and said, "Oh you, you *dood* woman, you *no man*; dirty woman, beggar woman ride so;—not you."¹

We mentioned Dick to him, who is now at Harrow School, as we told him. He recollected him, and enquired after him. When we said he was gone to school, he cried, "O! to learn his book? so!" putting his two hands up to his eyes, in imitation of holding a book. He then attempted to describe to us a school, to which he had been taken to see the *humours*.

"Boys here,—boys there,—boys all over! One boy come up,—do so!" (again imitating reading) "*not well*;—*man* not like; man do so!" Then he showed us how the master had hit the boy a violent blow with the book on his shoulder.

Miss Lidderdale asked him, if he had seen Lady Townshend lately?

"Very pretty woman, Lady Townshend!" cried he; "I drink tea with Lady Townshend in one, two, *tree* days: Lord Townshend my friend, Lady Townshend my friend. Very pretty woman, Lady Townshend! Very pretty woman, Mrs. Crewe! Very pretty woman, Mrs. Bouverie! Very pretty woman, Lady Craven!"

We all approved his taste; and he told us that, when any of his acquaintances wished to see him, "they write, and *bid* me, Mr. Omy, you come,—dinner, tea, or supper, then I go."

My father, who fortunately came in during his visit, asked him very much to favour us with a song of his own country, which he had heard him sing at Hinchinbrooke. He seemed to be quite ashamed; but we all joined and made the request so earnestly, that he could not refuse us. But he was either so modest, that he blushed for his own performance, or his

¹ Miss Lidderdale of Lynn, who is now and then named in these papers, was, perhaps, a daughter, certainly some relation of Dr. Lidderdale, a Scotch physician, who settled at Lynn in the earlier half of the last century, married a daughter of a still earlier Scotch physician (Dr. Hepburn) who had migrated to Lynn, and became Sir Robert Walpole's favourite doctor when Sir Robert was ill at Houghton.

residence here had made him so conscious of the *barbarity* of the South Sea Islands' music, that he could hardly prevail with himself to comply with our request; and when he did, he began two or three times, before he could acquire voice or firmness to go on.

Nothing can be more *curious* or less *pleasing* than his singing voice; he seems to have none; and *tune* or *air* hardly seem to be aimed at; so queer, wild, strange a *rumbling of sounds* never did I before hear; and very contentedly can I go to the grave, if I never do again. His *song* is the only thing that is *savage* belonging to him.

The *story* that the words told, was laughable enough, for he took great pains to explain to us *the English* of the song. It appeared to be a sort of *trio* between an old woman, a young woman, and a young man. The two latter are entertaining each other with praises of their merits and protestations of their passions, when the old woman enters, and endeavours to *faire l'aimable* to the youth; but, as she cannot boast of her *charms*, she is very earnest in displaying her *dress*, and making him observe and admire her taste and fancy. Omiah, who stood up to *act* the scene, was extremely droll and diverting by the grimaces, *minanderies*, and affectation he assumed for this character, examining and regarding himself and his dress with the most conceited self-complacency. The youth then avows his passion for the nymph; the old woman sends her away, and, to use Omiah's own words, coming forward to offer *herself*, says, "Come! *marry me!*" The young man starts as if he had seen a viper, then makes her a bow, begs to be excused, and runs off.

Though the singing of Omy is so barbarous, his actions, the expression he gives to each character, are so original and so diverting, that they did not fail to afford us very great entertainment of the *risible* kind.

* * * * *

December 30th.

My brother James, to our great joy and satisfaction, is returned home safe from America, which he has left in most terrible disorder. He is extremely well in health and spirits;

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but has undergone great hardships, which he has, however, gained both credit and friends by. He has a brave soul, and disdains all self-applause and egotism; nevertheless he has so honourably increased his friends and gained reputation, that it is not in the power of his forbearance or modesty to conceal it. He is now in very good time for his favourite voyage to the South Seas, which we believe will take place in February.

His friend, Omiah, whom he is to convoy home, called here again last week, in company with Dr. Andrews, a gentleman who speaks his language very well; which we had reason to regret, as it rendered Omiah far less entertaining than on his former visit, when he was obliged, despite of difficulties, to explain himself as well as he could, having no assistant; but now, this Dr. Andrews being ready as an interpreter, he gave himself very little trouble to speak English. Now, that James is returned, I doubt not his visits will be repeated.¹

[A mutilated letter from Mr. Crisp to Fanny belongs to the last days of the year 1775.]

¹ This poor fellow's head was quite turned by notice from great people. He sailed with Cook, loaded with presents of all sorts, down to a box of toys, plates, mugs, pots and kettles. The toys pleased the savages; the kitchen-ware was soon changed for hatchets and iron tools, as being the more useful. He found his level; having no rank in the island, he was of no account except with the lowest of the natives, who drew from him valuable gifts. He gave Cook some trouble by his folly. It seems that he had expected while in England that this hunting him as a lion would lead to Cook's replacing him in some property in the island of Ulitea, of which he had been dispossessed by conquest. Cook left him in Huaheine, where he was the only rich man in the island, advising him to propitiate the chiefs by presents, and threatening them that he would return if Omai was wronged. Cook and Clerke, to whom Omai had given two or three dinners, sailed on the 2nd of November, 1777, sending Omai off in a boat, weeping all the way to the shore. About a fortnight afterwards they had a message from him to say that he was unmolested so far; then he disappears, dying about thirty months after the departure of Cook. Vancouver, who sailed round the world (1790-5), inquired into the death of Omai, and reported his belief that it was natural, from a disease peculiar to those islands, adding that he turned out very vain and silly when he got back among his fellow-savages.

[MR. CRISP TO MISS BURNEY.]

" *There's no more faith in thee than in a stewed prune ; no more truth in thee than in a drawn fox ; and for womanhood, Maid Marian may be the deputy's wife of the ward to thee.*"¹ Besides you never could be better spared by that R[ogue] your father than now ; as all his first vol. is gone to the press, and what remains to be done lies between him and the printers, for surely my little friend Suzette can at *any time*, much more at such a pinch, make out a list of subscribers as well as yourself. My love to her, and beg her to undertake it.—Look ye, Fanny, at this time of year all our comforts must lye within doors ; for you know how surrounded we are with clay and mud without—therefore at all events you must come (and no excuse to be admitted) to keep us alive, and in spirits.—What can Jem do with a parcel of old Fograms, without some other help to keep up the ball ?—If any objection is made to this my proposal by the superiors of the house, on pretence that you cannot be spared, produce this letter, and tell that R[ogue] y^r father, and that honest woman, your mother, my friend, Goody Bramble, that I make it my request ; and make a point of it besides in * * * * * as for Jem, give my love to him, and tell him I want to secure him before-hand ; that when he comes to be an Admiral, (which I am as sure he will be—and I am a devil of a prophet—as that I now have a pen in my hand,) and struts about, and gives himself lordly airs, I may tell him, times are much alter'd since I gave him such a thorough licking-bout at back gammon.

Adieu, y^r affectionate Daddy, S. C.

Dame Ham and Kate long to see you both.

[These fragments put together, form the lower half of the last leaf of a letter. Ten lines are made illegible by pen-strokes, not, we think, those of Fanny—as a note of hers remains below the effacement, " This prophecy was fulfilled, very happily, though very late."

In the "Navy List" for 1814, James Burney is described as a retired captain, with the rank of rear-admiral.]

¹ First Part of King Henry IV., act iii. sc. 3.

1776.

[LETTERS, ETC.]

[An entry in Madame D'Arblay's own "Notes of Persons and Things in each volume, 1768-1779," gives the reason why no journal for this year is extant. "1776, 9th." [diary.] "The whole of what was written of this year was upon family matters or anecdotes, and I have destroyed it in totality." On the sheet of paper which encloses the few letters of this year she has also written "a letter or two preserved from and to Mr. Crisp in 1776." [1.] "Mr. Bruce and Masquerades." [2.] "Mrs. Ord, with Dr. Russel, Mr. (since Sir W. W.) *Pepys*, Mrs. Smith, Mr. Burroughs, Duchess of Devonshire in the Park, and Omai." [3.] "Agujari and Colla, Mr., Miss, and Keene Fitzgerald, Mr. Devaynes, the Ords, Mr. and Mrs. Nollekens, Miss B——. The Correspondence of this year was chiefly on family subjects, and I have destroyed it. F. d'A." Of this list, the first letter is missing, nor has any letter from Mr. Crisp been found except a half-sheet, marked as No. 4 of his letters of this year, more than half of which is scored with ink so as to be illegible; but one is in the wrapper which is not on the list, namely, the first sheet of a letter of her own (July, 1776) to Mr. Crisp, of which we give some extracts. In this year Fanny's letters are often sealed with an impression of a well-engraved female head. It has a classical look, but is called by Mrs. Rishton "your Madonna seal." We may suppose that Fanny's obduracy to Mr. Barlow had been discussed all through the family, as we find Mrs. Rishton writing that "Jem" (who was staying at Stanhoe) and she herself had laughed at the sight of a letter from Fanny with that seal, "te-hee'd heartily, and made some apt and witty remarks, but as I immediately scribbled them down in my common-place-book, to be published with my miscellaneous and fugitives after my departure, I hope you'll excuse my giving them here."]

[Some Extracts from a letter from MISS BURNLEY to MR. CRISP, endorsed by him "Ap. 5, 1776."]

My dear Daddy,

I long to hear if you have got, and how you like the books. I would have sent Montaigne, but was afraid the parcel would have been too heavy to be safe only packed in paper, so they must wait till the next opportunity.

Our visit to Mrs. Ord proved very agreeable. The party was small, but *select*; consisting of Dr. Russel, who I have mentioned at one of our Concerts;¹ Mr. Pepys, a man who, to the most fashionable air, dress, and address, adds great shrewdness, and drollery;² Mr. Burrows, a clergyman who is a *wit*, in a peculiar style, chusing to aim all his fire at *the Ton*, in which he sometimes succeeds very well;³ Mr. Wright, a stupid man, but one who was so obliging as to be generally silent; his wife, who did not make him blush by her superiority; Miss Wright, who is rather pretty, and very sensible and agreeable; Mr. Ord, the *eldest hope* of the family, who is an exceeding handsome youth, and seems good natured and all that; Dr. Mrs. and F. and S. Burney.

O but, I should have first mentioned Mrs. Smith, who you may perhaps formerly have known, as she was an intimate friend of Mrs. Greville's. She is very little, ugly, and terribly deformed; but she is quick, clever, and entertaining.

Mrs. Ord herself is almost the best mistress of a family I ever saw; she is so easy, so chearfully polite, that it is not possible for a guest in her house to feel the least restraint. She banishes all ceremony and formality, and made us all draw our chairs about a table, which she kept in the middle

¹ Dr. Patrick Russel, from Aleppo, whom we met with Bruce in 1775. He wrote an account of Aleppo.

² Afterwards Sir William Weller Pepys, brother of Sir Lucas Pepys, M.D. Sir William was called by Dr. Burney, Mrs. Thrale's "Master in Chancery," to distinguish him from "*My Master*," the name given by Mrs. Thrale to her husband, which had been caught up by Dr. Johnson, and all the intimate friends of "*My Mastor*" and "*My Mistress*." Sir William (said Horace Walpole, in pleasantry or malice) had "a nose longer than himself." He gave, as well as frequented, Blue-Stocking parties.

³ The Rev. Dr. Burrows, rector of St. Clement Dances in the Strand, and of Hadley, or Hadleigh, "on the other side of Enfield Chace," had, according to Hannah More, "a peculiar vein of wit, a truly original way of thinking, a singular talent in education, and an uncommon felicity as an earnest and awakening preacher." Bozzy, with Dr. Johnson, heard his sermon on Good Friday, 1779, and gives some account of it. He was friendly with Mrs. Boscawen, Mrs. Delany, Mrs. Chapone, and others of the fashionable, but serious, "Blues."

of the room, and called the best friend to sociable conversation.¹

We stayed till near eleven o'clock, and had neither cards, music or dancing. It was a true *Conversatione*. Every body went away well satisfied, and returning thanks to Mrs. Ord for having been admitted to the party. My attention was given too generally and indiscriminately to all sides, to enable me to write you any of the conversation, which I would otherwise do.

Mr. Bruce had a bad cold, and was not there. When we took leave, my father told Mrs. Ord that it gave him great pleasure to say, that he knew *two or three houses* even in these times, where company could be entertained and got together merely by conversation, unassisted by cards, etc.

"Such parties as Mrs. Ord collects," said Mrs. Smith, "cannot fail in regard to entertainment." "And yet" answered Mr. Pepys, "I have known meetings where equal pleasure has been proposed and expected, and where the *ingredients* have been equally good, and yet the *pudding* has proved very bad."

"True," returned my father, "for if the *ingredients* are not *well mixed*, their *separate* goodness does not signify; for if one is a little too sour, and another a little too sweet, or too bitter, they counteract each other: But Mrs. Ord is an excellent cook, and takes care not to put clashing materials into one mess."

Mr. Burney, Hetty and I took a walk in the Park on Sunday morning, where among others, we saw the young and handsome Duchess of Devonshire, walking in such an undressed and slatternly manner, as, in former times, Mrs. Rishton might have done in Chesington Garden. Two of her curls came quite unpinned, and fell lank on one of her

¹ Mrs. Ord was a woman of social distinction, who did not quite belong to the "*Bas bleus*," but visited, and received them, and had the art of mixing them skilfully with those of other sets, without incurring the ready sneer of Horace Walpole at "Mrs. Montagu and her *Mænades*," "Mrs. Vesey and her *Babels* or *Chaos*," and the scientific "*Saturnalia*" of Sir Joseph Banks. Fanny has written on this letter "F. B.'s first visit to Mrs. Ord."

shoulders; one shoe was down at heel, the trimming of her jacket and coat was in some places unsown; her cap was awry; and her cloak which was rusty and powdered, was flung half on and half off. Had she not had a servant in a superb livery behind her, she would certainly have been affronted. Every creature turned back to stare at her. Indeed I think her very handsome, and she has a look of innocence and artlessness that made me quite sorry she should be so foolishly negligent of her person. She had hold of the Duke's arm, who is the very reverse of herself, for he is ugly, tidy, and grave. He looks like a very mean shopkeeper's journeyman.¹

Omai, who was in the Park, called here this morning, and says that he went to her Grace, and asked her why she let her hair go in that manner?—Ha, Ha, Ha!—Don't you laugh at her having a lesson of attention from an Otaheitan?

My dearest Sir,

Your ever affect^d F. B.

[MISS BURNBY TO MR. CRISP.]

July — 76.

Now really, my dear Daddy, this is prodigiously curious!—Was it *me* or *you* who should first shew *signs of life*? Does

¹ Perhaps Gainsborough and Reynolds made Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire, a *beauty*. Wraxall says that "her hair was not without a tinge of red; and her face, though pleasing, yet had it not been illuminated by her mind, might have been considered as an ordinary countenance. Descended in the fourth degree lineally from Sarah Jennings, the wife of John Churchill, Duke of Marlborough, she resembled the portraits of that celebrated woman." Of William, Duke of Devonshire, whom she married willingly, at seventeen, her own distant relation, Mrs. Delany, says: "She was so *peculiarly* happy as to think his Grace *very agreeable*. The Duke's intimate friends say that he has sense, and does not want merit,—to be sure the jewel has not been *well-polished*: had he fallen under the tuition of the late Lord Chesterfield, he might have possessed *les Graces*, but, at present, only that of his Dukedom belongs to him." Wraxall confirms his having sense, and even learning, although "constitutional apathy formed his distinguishing characteristic." For Fanny's opinion of this Duchess when she met her in 1791, see the fifth volume of her later diary.

the traveller, or the fixed resident expect reasonably the first letter? Besides, till you issue your orders, and give me a few hints, I don't know what to write about, further than a *bill of health*—which take as follows:—

My father is *charmingly*. My mother still very weak, but acknowledges herself to be better. She is now at Lynn. As to the destination of the family for the rest of the summer, I am even yet in the dark, and cannot give you any intelligence.

But the great Man of Men is your friend James, who is now, in *fact* and in *power*, Captain of his ship, though, alas! not in *honour* or *profit*. The case is, Captain Clarke has obtained permission to stay some time longer in town, to settle his affairs, and in the hope of profiting by some Act—that I don't very well understand—concerning debtors. He has surrendered himself, and is now actually in the King's Bench.¹

¹ Captain Cook embarked on the 12th of July, 1776. After Cook was slain by the natives of Owhyhee on the 14th of December, 1778, James Burney was transferred to Cook's ship, the "Discovery," as first lieutenant. On his return, in 1780, we find Fanny writing: "Mr. Thrale, I believe, is gone this day to the 'Discovery,' to see Jim on board. Dr. Johnson also intends visiting him in his ship. And he has an invitation to Streatham, whither he means to accompany me when I go next." We also find Dr. Johnson wondering at "the gentle and humane manners" of James Burney, after he had "lived so long among sailors and savages." In 1803, Captain Burney began to publish his "Chronological History of Discoveries in the South Sea," in five volumes, 4to, 1803-1817. On the 18th of November, 1803, Southey wrote to his friend Rickman, "I am manufacturing a piece of Paternoster Row goods, value three guineas, out of Captain Burney's book; and not very easy work, it being always more difficult to dilate praise than censure." Southey and Captain Burney had a common friend in Mr. Rickman, the Secretary to the Speaker of the House of Commons. In June, 1804, Southey tells Coleridge of a dinner at Mr. Sotheby's where he met some "lions," among whom was Dr. Charles Burney, the younger, who, "after a long silence, broke out into a discourse upon the properties of the conjunction *Quam*. Except his *quammical* knowledge, which is as profound as you will imagine, he knows nothing but bibliography, or the science of title-pages, impresses, and dates. It was a relief to leave him, and find his brother, the Captain, at Rickman's, smoking after supper, and letting out puffs at one corner of his mouth, and puns at the other." In 1808, Southey writes that "the new Review" ("The Quarterly"), "is to appear in April. Among the persons who are calculated upon to write in it there

An order has been sent from *the Admiralty* to our Lieutenant to carry the ship himself to Plymouth. And further of his affairs I know not myself, nor whether he is yet sailed nor any thing about him. We have never seen his sweet face since the last day that I saw yours; and that glorious confusion to which you was a witness, was, I presume, meant by way of a tender farewell of the house. He was stopt in the Portland Road, by contrary winds, and took that opportunity of writing to my father. In his letter, though he *clumps* compliments, &c., to *all*, the only person he mentions by name is yourself.

Oh dear,—oh dear,—oh dear! I was unfortunately interrupted after writing the above, which I began the moment I received your letter;—and after that, I had an inflammation in my eyes, which has almost incapacitated me from using them, and indeed they are still so weak, that any exertion of them gives me a good deal of pain. But indeed, I am now quite *ashamed* to write at all;—and had I any reasonable hope of seeing you, I would defer my apologies and my pleadings till that time,—but things seem so ordered, that I believe I shall not be allowed that happiness for a long time, and therefore, after some very serious *confabs* between me and my conscience, have taken courage, and resolved to try to make my peace with my dear, and I fear much-displeased Daddy. O that I could devise any means or ways or methods by which to atone for my dilitariness! Will you accept from me *two* letters every week 'till I have made up for the lost time? I know I must not expect any answer as yet—and therefore I will promise *myself* your compliance with this condition, which to me is not a very pleasant one, as I must own letter-writing gives me no manner of diversion, save merely as the means of procuring returns.

My mother came from Lynn and Stanhoe last Saturday, so well, *aparently*, that no *common* eye could discern she had been ill. However, she did not give up her Bristol scheme, and

are Frere, G. Ellis, Heber, Coplestone the Oxford Poetry Professor, Miss Baillie, Sharon Turner, and Captain Burney." Poor Captain Clerke died on this voyage; this led to Lieutenant Burney's promotion to be first lieutenant of the chief ship, the "Resolution."

this very afternoon, she and my father set off for that place—and with them went Charlotte, who is to accompany my mother to Wales, where she proposes spending near two months. That dear little girl went so much *à contre cœur*, that I was quite sorry and concerned for her. I believe she would willingly and literally have parted with a little finger to have been left behind with me. . . . My *father* is of the party, [he] leaves them at Bristol. I should myself have gone, but for the difficulty of placing Charlotte and Sally anywhere properly. And so I am now quite alone,—at large and at liberty!—Hetty and Susy remain at Worcester till September. I have nobody but little Sally for a companion. But I have no dread of *ennui*, nor fear of idleness or listlessness. I am going (as soon as I have finished this letter) to study *Italian*, which I can do alone at least as easily as I did French. However, I believe I shall be rather *more* engaged, than less; for since my intended situation has been known, I have received more invitations &c., than I ever did before, and in particular, my good old friend, Mr. Hutton, no sooner heard of my summer destination, than he made me a most earnest invite to visit his wife;—which he never before did to any of the family. The Miss Paynes, who are really sweet girls, and very great favourites with me,—will almost live with me, for they are so willing to come here, that they want nothing but asking to be with me for ever, and they serve admirably to keep up my spirits, and excite all sorts of nonsensical sport and jollity. Indeed, but for them, I believe I should be apt to confine¹

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[A portion of a letter from MR. CRISP to MISS BURNBY.]²

[Sept. 1776.]

My dear Fanny,

. . . . What? *Do you believe I have drop't your correspondence?* and ask, *what you have done?*—in answer to this strange query this is my reply, and that in the sincerity of

¹ The rest of the letter is missing.

² The greater part of this letter defaced by pen-strokes.

my heart—there are not above two or three people in the world that I love so well as *Fanny Burney*—better *none*—whose correspondence I would prefer, not one—My sister *Gast*, is pretty much of the same way of thinking; for she has known her a long while, tho' seen her so lately.—. . . I have liv'd long enough in the world, to see the futility of professions; and the instability of characters, humours, and what are called friendships:—in a course of years the commerce of that world commonly renverses all these things topsy turvy; if that change should happen in *Fanny Burney*, it is not likely at my time of life, I should live to see it, so I am glad to catch the present moment, and enjoy it, while it lasts. . . . Adieu, my dear *Fanny*. Your affectionate Daddy,

S. C.

Gast and *Ham* and *Kate* send their love.

[These fragments of a letter from *Mr. Crisp* to *Fanny* were apparently written in November, 1776.]

Really concerned when you tell . . . colds and cuppings, and still continuing unwell; and yet he must go out, instead of nursing at home—this money hunting is a cursed thing.—I know too well how it must be with him, by myself—for if I was starving I could not turn out for bread, nor, in my present state of health, shift my quarters, and lye out [of] my bed, 'tho the house were in danger of falling. 'Tis true he is not a quarter so bad as I am; but still he must feel what 'tis to be forced out of doors to attend and humour people he does not

Thank you, my dear *Fanny*, for your conversation piece at *Sir James Lake's*.¹ If specimens of this kind had been preserved of the different *Tons* that have succeeded one another for twenty centuries last past, how interesting would they have been! infinitely more so, than antique statues, bas-reliefs, and intaglio's. To compare the vanities and puppyisms of the Greek and Roman, and Gothic, and Moorish, and Ecclesiastic reigning fine gentlemen of the day with one another, and the present age must be a high entertainment, to a mind that has

¹ This has not been found.

a turn for a mixture of contemplation and satire; and to do you justice, Fanny, you paint well; therefore send me more, and more.

* * * * *

[A portion of a letter from Miss BURNey to Mr. CRISP, endorsed by him 2 Dec^r. 1776.]¹

* * * * *

The party consisted of Signora Agujari,—invited without the least *thought* of her singing, and merely as an *auditor* herself. She looked charmingly, though horribly ill dressed, in old *court mourning*, by way of being quite in the fashion.

Signor Colla, and his *triste* sister, stupid as a post, and tired to death, for she neither speaks French or English, and was condemned merely to look and be looked at all the evening.

Mrs. Ord, a very charming woman, of whom I have spoken more than once.² Her daughter, of whom ditto. Mr. Ord, a near relation, a most agreeable, well bred, lively young man, who is just returned from his travels, and talked French and Italian delightfully. He is an enthusiast in music, and seemed to enjoy Agujari with a rapture little short of what *we* felt ourselves.

Mr. Fitzgerald, a hard featured, tall, hard voiced and hard mannered Irishman: fond of music, but fonder of *discussing* than of *listening*,—as are many other people who shall be *nameless*. Miss Fitzgerald, his daughter, as droll a sort of piece of goods (to use your expression) as one might wish to know. She is good natured and sprightly, but so unlike other Misses of the present time that she is really diverting, for she speaks her mind as freely and readily before a room

¹ The first page of this letter has been made illegible.

² Few were kinder to Fanny than was Mrs. Ord, who became her "chaperou," when one was needed, after "Evelina" had caused her to be invited to balls and parties for her *very own sake*; who conducted her to Windsor, to begin her court-service; and, when she was worn out by illness, took her on a pleasant journey of three months through the south-west of England to restore her health.

full of company, as if with only a single friend. She laughs louder than a man, pokes her head vehemently, dresses shockingly, and has a carriage the most *ungain* that ever was seen. Keene Fitzgerald, is half a coxcomb and half a man of sense; now humble and diffident; now satisfied and conceited; and so much for him. Mr. Nollekens, who is a jolly, fat, lisping, laughing, underbred, good humoured man as lives: his merit seems pretty much confined to his profession, and his language is as vulgar as his works are elegant.¹ Mrs. Nollekens, his wife, a civil, obliging, gentle sort of woman; rather too complaisant.²

¹ In due time, Nollekens "chopped out heads" (as Dr. Johnson said) of Dr. Burney, Dr. Charles Burney, and Captain James Burney. We give, as an illustration of this sculptor's character, a story told by Lieut.-Colonel Phillips (Dr. Burney's son-in-law) to J. T. Smith, keeper of the prints and drawings in the British Museum. Nollekens "dropped in" at Dr. Burney's while Piozzi and Signora Corri were singing a "*duettino*," accompanied by Domenica (the lady's husband) on the violin. There was applause; while it was lessening, "Nolly" called out, "Dr. Burney! I don't like that kind of music. I heard a good deal of it in Italy, but I like the Scotch and English music better." Dr. Burney, stepping forward, said, "Suppose a person to say, 'Well, I have been to Rome, saw the Apollo, and many fine works, but for all that, give me a good barber's block!'" "Ay, *that* would be talking *like a fool!*" rejoined the sculptor. "Mrs. Nollekens was a daughter of Saunders Welch," who was beloved by Henry Fielding, and by Dr. Johnson. Fielding, whom he succeeded as police-magistrate, called him "my friend, Mr. Welch, whom I never think or speak of but with love and esteem," and Dr. Johnson wrote of him as "one of my best and dearest friends." Mrs. Nollekens, now and then, checked her "little Nolly" (as she called him) by reference to Dr. Burney. She "wished from her heart that Dr. Burney would come in just now!" when "Nolly" (as he yearly did on May-day) "kept time with his feet to the strumming to which the milk-maids danced with their garlands before his parlour-window." See for both of them J. T. Smith's very entertaining "Life of Nollekens."

² Mrs. Nollekens was a very lovely woman, but her share of brains seems to have been bestowed upon her able, but rather odd, sister (Dr. Johnson's "Miss Nancy"), who knew seven languages, and travelled upon the Continent in man's clothes, with her hair in a bag, and a sword by her side, for her greater convenience and independence. Mary Welch (Mrs. Nollekens) was painted by Angelica Kauffman as Innocence, with a dove. Smith makes out that Dr. Johnson had had "serious thoughts" of marrying Mary Welch, but

Governor Devaynes,¹ and Mrs. Dudley Long:² with these two, as I had no conversation, I can say nothing.

Miss B.—*something*, a sister-in-law of Mr. Hayes of the Pantheon: a young lady quite *à la mode*,—every part of her dress, the very pink and extreme of the fashion;—her [head] erect and stiff as any statue;—her voice low, and delicate, and mincing;—her hair³ higher than twelve wigs stuck one on the other;—her waist taper and pinched, evidently;—her eyes cast languishingly from one object to another, and her conversation very much *the thing*. What was most pleasant, this fashionable lady came in with Miss Fitzgerald, who is so

this rests on the authority of Mr. Nollekens, who said the doctor, when "*joked about*" Mrs. Nollekens, observed, "Yes, I think Mary would have been mine, if little Joe had not stepped in." This sounds like one of those jocosities of Dr. Johnson, which were too often taken in earnest.

¹ Bateson gives William Devaynes, Esq., as M.P. for Liverpool, 1775-80, and adds that he was "a Director of the East India Company." This was perhaps the "Governor" of the text, who may also be identical with Mr. Devaynes, the chairman of the East India Directors ("a man who knows his own interest as well as most men, and looks as well after it"), mentioned in 1793 in a letter from Richard Twining to his brother Thomas. There was also a Mr. John Devaynes, apothecary to the King's household, whom Dr. Burney met among Dr. Johnson's friends.

² This was the son of Charles Long, of Longville, Jamaica, and Hurts Hall, Saxmundham, and of Mary, heiress of Dudley North, Esq., of Glenham Hall, Suffolk, nephew of Francis, First Lord Keeper Guildford. Dudley Long was M.P. in several parliaments. He assumed the name of North in lieu of Long in 1789. As it brings Sir W. W. Pepys in with Mr. Long, we quote one of Dr. Johnson's rebukes to Mrs. Thrale, as recorded by Boswell. "Mrs. Thrale gave high praise to Mr. Dudley Long (now North). JOHNSON: 'Nay, my dear lady, don't talk so. Mr. Long's character is very *short*. It is nothing. He fills a chair. He is a man of genteel appearance, and that is all. I know nobody who blasts by praise as you do: for whenever there is exaggerated praise, everybody is set against a character. They are provoked to attack it. Now there is Pepys; you praised that man with such disproportion, that I was incited to lessen him, perhaps more than he deserves. *His blood is upon your head*. By the same principle, your malice defeats itself; for your censure is too violent.'"

³ The word "*head*" was first written, but changed to "*hair*" in after days, when ladies had ceased to have powdered "*têtes*," reared high upon wire and cushions.

exactly her opposite that they could never be looked at without having the difference remarked. Mr. Merlin, Mr. Burney, and my sister.

O how we all wished for our Daddy when the Divine Agujari said she would sing! She was all good humour and sweetness. She sang—O, Sir!—what words can I use?—Could I write what she deserves, you *would* come to hear her, let what would be the consequence. O, Mr. Crisp, she would heal all your complaints,—her voice would restore you to health and spirits,—I think it is almost greater than ever,—and then, when softened, so sweet, so mellow, so affecting! She has every thing!—every requisite to accomplish a singer, in every style and manner!—the sublime and the beautiful equally at command! I tremble not lest she should not answer to you, for she cannot, cannot fail! She astonishes and she affects at pleasure—O that you could come and hear her! Is it impossible? I die to have you enjoy the greatest luxury the world can offer;—such to me—such, I am sure, to you, would be the singing of Agujari! Adieu, dear Sir, my love to Mrs. Hamilton and Kitty.

Ever most truly yours, F. B.

1777.

[On the wrapper of this year's letters, are the words—

“Parts of Letters to and from Mr. Crisp and F. B. in 1777.”

“First sight of Dr. Johnson, Mrs. and Miss Thrale, and Mr. Seward.
N.B.—This is the only letter of my own I have preserved of this year
. . . . for reasons given in the preceding.”

The letters destroyed in 1776 were “on family subjects.” On another wrapper, which has once been used for these letters of 1777, a letter is mentioned, concerning “Dr. Johnson and Sir Philip Jennings Clerke.” No such letter has been found. We believe that, by mistake, some account of a warm political dispute at Streatham, in 1779, between Dr. Johnson and Sir P. J. Clerke, was once *misplaced* in this cover, that the error was detected, and the paper put into its proper place. It is to be found in the diaries already printed. It will be observed on reference to them that Sir Philip is described as if Fanny saw him for the first time in 1779. Pages are probably missing at either end of the visits to Gloucester, and to Westwood Park. After that, the names of Sir John Pechell, Mr. Pechell, Miss Pechell, Miss Chambers and Miss Betty [Chambers], Miss Jones, and Dr. Johnson of Worcester occur in Madame D'Arblay's notes, but all concerning them is lost.

1777 was the year when the copying of the rough draft of “Evelina” had made such progress, that the book is, for the first time, obscurely hinted at in the letter to Susan of the 15th of March, and distinctly written of in the pages called the prelude to the Worcester Journal. These detached introductory pages are (with exceptions enclosed in brackets) in the handwriting of Fanny after her apprenticeship as copyist to her father; that is, in clear, easy, and rather large characters, distinct from the small running scrawl of her earliest diaries, and the less distinct and blacker writing of her old age. “The prelude” may have been written as an introduction to the Barborne Journal, when that was given back to her, after being handed about by Susan and Mr. Crisp to those who were to be trusted, as the Teignmouth Journal had been before it; or, it may have been added when her letters to Susan were returned to her.

The words and passages in brackets are much later.]

[From MISS BURNEY TO MISS S. BURNEY].¹

[Chesington.]

Your letter, my dear Susy, was a most acceptable regale to me; but I wish you would remember my so often repeated request and entreaty, to give me *two* for one, which I could plainly prove would be but justice and equity, according to the situations we are in; but that I will not affront your judgment by supposing you require my assistance for discovering what is so obvious. I *think* you can't much wonder that Miss C. is not fond of her morning's amusement at our house. Upon my word, I am ashamed to *think* of it. I don't know which was worst the raspberry or the coffee; but nothing of the refreshment kind seems palatable in Saint Martin's. Pray, when you see her next, make my best compliments to her. I die to hear the Vauxhall Mad Song; I have an idea of it, that makes me almost mad, that I missed it. However, to recover my senses, I must think of that pretty couplet, which you know, of old, is always a consolation to me, namely,

“What is wishing?—wishing will not do;
We cannot have a cake,—and eat it too!”

A wise maxim, Miss Susan, and altogether as new and instructive as it is wise; and moreover and above, expressed with no small poignancy of wit. The turn at the end is truly epigrammatic, and makes my mouth water. I can easily believe Rauzzini has behaved in the same way he looks, *i.e.* like an Angel, since *you* say so; but I long to know the particulars of a conduct sufficiently seraphic to have made you usher him to his place among the Cherubim and Seraphim. You say you have much *more* to say, *had you paper*;—surely never before had any one the meanness to avow so stingy an excuse! However, if you can't afford to *buy*, why, *beg!* or, if you are too modest for that, why, *steal*; for stealing can never impeach your modesty; and that, you know, is a female's first recommendation, since the very action itself, far from discover-

¹ This letter has a London post-mark of March 15.

ing any boldness, manifests an internal diffidence of being welcome to what is taken.

Now, as I hope I have cleared up this point to your satisfaction and to the utter extinction of all vulgar prejudices, I entreat that I may never again hear so shabby an apology.

We pass our time here very serenely, and distant as you may think us from the great world, I sometimes find myself in the midst of it, though nobody suspects the brilliancy of the company I occasionally keep.¹ We walk, talk, write, read, eat, drink, thrum, and sleep. These are our recreations, which for your better conception I will somewhat enlarge upon.

Imprimis;—*We walk*: The brightness of the sun invites us abroad; the tranquillity of the scene promises all the pleasures of philosophic contemplation, which, “*ever studious of rural amusement,*” I eagerly pursue. Mais, hélas! scarce have I wandered over half a meadow, ere *the bleak winds whistle round my head*; off flies my faithless hat; my perfidious cloak endeavours to follow,—even though it clings with well-acted fondness to my neck; my apron, my gown, all my habiliments, with rebellious emotion, wage a civil war with the *Mother country*! though there is not an individual among them, but has been indebted to me for the very existence, by which they so treacherously betray me! My shoes too, though they cannot, like the rest, brave me to my teeth, are equally false and worthless; for, far from aiding me by springing forward, with the generous zeal they owe me for having rescued them from the dark and dusty warehouse in which they were pent,—they fail me in the very moment I require their assistance, sink me in bogs, pop me into the mud, and attaching themselves rather to the mire than to the feet which guide them, threaten me perpetually with desertion; and I shall not be much surprised, if some day when I least think of it, they should give me the slip, and settle themselves by the way.

Secondly;—*We talk*. That you can do yourself; so I shall not enter into a minute discussion of this point.

¹ That of my Lords Orville and Merton, Sir Clement Willoughby, Lady Louisa Larpent, Lady Howard, &c.

Thirdly;—*We write*; that is thus: Mr. Crisp writes to Miss Simmons; Mrs. Hamilton to the butcher; and Miss Cooke, a list of clothes for the washerwoman; and as to *me*,—do you know I write to *you* every evening, while the family play at cards? The folks here often marvel at your ingratitude in sending me so few returns in kind.

Fourthly;—*We read*: Mr. Crisp pores over Crit. Reviews and Sir John Hawkens (*sic*);¹ Mrs. Hamilton, the tradesmen's bills; Miss Cook, her own Pocket-book or *Ladies' Memorandum*; and I am studying against I return to town, *Le Diable Boiteux*, which contains no few moral sentences, proper for those who dwell in a great Metropolis.

Fifthly; *We eat*: There is something in this part of our daily occupation, too singular and uncommon to be passed over, without some particular notice and observation. Our method is as follows: we have certain substances of various sorts, consisting chiefly of beasts, birds and vegetables, which being first roasted, boiled, or baked (N.B. We shall not eat raw flesh till Mr. Bruce publishes his Travels), are put upon dishes either of pewter, earthen-ware, or china; and then being cut into small divisions, every plate receives a part. After this, with the aid of a knife and fork, the divisions are made still smaller; they are then (care being taken not to maim the mouth by the above offensive weapons) put between the lips, where by the aid of the teeth the divisions are made yet more delicate, till, diminishing almost insensibly, they are then swallowed.

I must continue my account of our Lives in my next.

* * * * *

¹ The "General History of the Science and Practice of Music," in five volumes, quarto, by Sir John Hawkins, was published in the same year (1776) as Dr. Burney's first volume of the "General History of Music." We find in Boswell's "Journal of a Tour to the Hebrides," August 20, 1773: "Both Sir John Hawkins's and Dr. Burney's 'History of Music' had then been advertised. I asked if this was not unlucky: would they not hurt one another? JOHNSON: 'No, sir. They will do good to one another. Some will buy the one, some the other, and compare them; and so a talk is made about a thing, and the books are sold.'"

[From Miss BURNey to MR. CRISP].

[27th and] 28th March.

My dear Daddy,

* * * * *

My dear father seemed well pleased at my returning to my time; and that is no small consolation and pleasure to me. So now, to our Thursday morning party.¹

Mrs. and Miss Thrale, Miss Owen, and Mr. Seward came long before *Lexiphanes*.² Mrs. Thrale is a very pretty woman still; she is extremely lively and chatty; has no supercilious or pedantic airs, and is really gay and agreeable. Her daughter is about twelve years old, [stiff and proud,] I believe, [or else shy and reserved: I don't yet know which].³ Miss Owen, who is a relation, is good-humoured and *sensible enough*; she is a sort of butt, and, as such, a general favourite; for those sort of characters are prodigiously useful in drawing out the wit and pleasantry of others. Mr. Seward is a very polite, agreeable young man.⁴

¹ "Thursday morning" appears to have been the 20th of March, as Dr. Johnson wrote thus to Mrs. Thrale on the 19th: "Did you stay all night at Sir Joshua's? and keep Miss [Thrale] up again? Miss Owen had a sight—all the Burke's—the Harris's—Miss Reynolds—what has she to see more? and Mrs. Horneck, and Miss. You are all young, and gay, and easy; but I have miserable nights, and know not how to make them better; but I shift pretty well a-days, and so have at you all at Dr. Burney's to-morrow."

² "Lexiphanes" was a name given to Dr. Johnson by more people than "an obscure fellow, called Campbell, a Scotch purser of a man-of-war; who, as well for the malignancy of his heart, as his terrific countenance, was called 'horrible Campbell.' This fellow had abilities for writing, and in a small volume, called 'Lexiphanes' (1767), endeavoured to turn many passages in 'The Rambler' and interpretations in the dictionary, into ridicule. He also censured Akenside, hoping one or both would answer him, but neither did." Fanny, however, most likely alluded to what Boswell calls "a sportive sally of ridicule on Johnson," by her very old friend George Colman (the elder), who in his "Prose on Several Occasions," has a letter from Lexiphanes, containing proposals for a glossary or vocabulary of the vulgar tongue, intended as a supplement to a larger dictionary.

³ The words in brackets are late additions, in place of other words, which have been expunged.

⁴ William Seward (1747-1799) was the only son of the rich Mr.

My sister Burney was invited to meet and play to them. The conversation was supported with a good deal of vivacity (N.B. my father being at home) for about half an hour, and then Hetty and *Susette*,¹ for the first time *in public*, played a duet; and in the midst of this performance Dr. Johnson was announced. He is, indeed, very ill-favoured; is tall and stout; but stoops terribly; he is almost bent double. His mouth is almost [constantly opening and shutting],² as if he was chewing. He has a strange method of frequently twirling his fingers, and twisting his hands. His body is in continual agitation, *see-sawing* up and down; his feet are never a moment quiet; and, in short, his whole person is in *perpetual motion*. His dress, too, considering the times, and that he had meant to put on his *best becomes*, being engaged to dine in a large company, was as much out of the common road as his figure; he had a large wig, snuff-colour coat, and gold buttons, but no ruffles to his [shirt], doughty fists, and black worsted stockings.³ He is shockingly near-sighted, and did

Seward, of the firm of Calvert and Seward, the brewers of more beer than any firm in London, according to a list of 1759-60. They head this list with 74,734 barrels of beer, brewed in the year. After them come Whitbread, Trueman, and then "Thrail," brewing then only 32,740 barrels. According to Mrs. Thrale, this "polite and agreeable young man," who was of the "Charter-House, and Oxford," "displeased and grieved his father by his preference of literature to riches;" but (she adds) "his head was not quite right." Mr. Thrale was, perhaps, not much "grieved and disappointed" when the heir of a rival turned out a literary trifler, and became (as Dr. Johnson wrote) "a great favourite at Streatham." Mr. Seward wrote papers in magazines, and kept a common-place book, which he published under the names of "Anecdotes," &c., 5 vols., 1795-7; "Biographiana," 2 vols., 1799. He is often met in Fanny's Diaries, 1778-84, and, now and then, in Boswell's "Johnson."

¹ It was *Susan's* first time of *playing in public* with Hetty, who almost always played at Dr. Burney's concerts.

² Added in lieu of other words.

³ It is not easy to make sense of this passage, as two lines have been effaced, and "doughty fists, and black worsted stockings" are of later writing. We have a strong suspicion that "doughty fists" was originally "dirty fists." See Charlotte's fragment, No. 2. As all relating to Dr. Johnson is of interest, even to the "rusty black stockings," the historical suit of brown, and "the brown tradesman's wig," in which Dr. Routh (who almost lived a century) remembered, in

not, till she held out her hand to him, even know Mrs. Thrale. He *poked his nose* over the keys of the harpsichord, till the duet

1849, seeing Johnson on his last visit to Oxford in 1784, we subjoin the opinions of Fuseli who knew him, and Reynolds, who knew him far better (indeed for thirty years), upon his (so-called) convulsive movements. Painters, used to scan faces and figures, may be considered to be "experts." "Johnson," said Fuseli, "had to a physiognomist a good face, but he was singular in all his movements; he was not so uncouth in appearance and manners as has been represented by some; he sat at table in a large bushy wig and brown coat, and behaved decently enough." Sir Joshua Reynolds told Boswell, after the publication of Boswell's "Journal of a Tour to the Hebrides," in which he described Johnson's convulsive movements, that "Dr. Johnson's extraordinary gestures were only habits, in which he indulged himself at certain times. When in company where he was not free, or when engaged earnestly in conversation, he never gave way to such habits, which proves that they were not involuntary." Again, Sir Joshua wrote: "Every person who knew him must have observed that, when he was left out of the conversation, whether from his deafness, or from any other cause, but a few minutes without speaking or listening, he fell into a reverie accompanied with strange antic gestures; but this he never did when his mind was engaged by the conversation." [These were] "unfortunately called by" [Sir John Hawkins?] "as well as by others, *convulsions*, which imply involuntary contortions; whereas, when a word was addressed to him, his attention was recovered." Dr. Johnson himself may also be cited, as he told a very young girl, a niece of Christopher Smart, who asked him why he made such strange gestures? "From *bad habit*. Do *you*, my dear, take care to guard against bad habits." As it is interesting to add to this first description of Dr. Johnson what Fanny wrote on meeting him under the roof of Mr. Thrale in 1778, we copy a passage, omitted in "The Diary of Mme. D'Arblay," which would be in its right place on page 63 of the first volume. Speaking of Dr. Johnson's infirmities and convulsive movements, Fanny writes: "The sight of them can never excite ridicule, or, indeed, any other than melancholy reflections upon the imperfections of Human Nature; for this man, who is the acknowledged Head of Literature in this kingdom, and who has the most extensive knowledge, the clearest understanding, and the greatest abilities of any living author, has a face the most ugly, a person the most awkward, and manners the most singular that ever were, or ever can be seen. But all that is unfortunate in his exterior, is so greatly compensated for in his *interior*, that I can only, like Desdemona to Othello, 'See his visage in his mind.' His conversation is so replete with instruction and entertainment, his wit is so ready, and his language at once so original and comprehensive, that I hardly know any satisfaction I can receive equal to listening to him."

was finished, and then my father introduced Hetty to him as an old acquaintance, and he cordially kissed her! When she was a little girl, he had made her a present of "*The Idler*."

His attention, however, was not to be diverted five minutes from the books, as we were in the library; he pored over them, shelf by shelf, almost touching the backs of them with his eye-lashes, as he read their titles. At last, having fixed upon one, he began, without further ceremony, to read to himself, all the time standing at a distance from the company. We were all very much provoked, as we perfectly languished to hear him talk; but it seems he is the most silent creature, when not particularly drawn out, in the world.¹

My sister then played another duet with my father; but Dr. Johnson was so deep in the *Encyclopédie* that, as he is very deaf, I question if he even knew what was going forward. When this was over, Mrs. Thrale, in a laughing manner, said, "Pray, Dr. Burney, can you tell me what that song was and whose, which Savoi sung last night at Bach's Concert, and which you did not hear?" My father confessed himself by no means so good a diviner, not having had time to consult the stars, though in the house of Sir Isaac Newton. However, wishing to draw Dr. Johnson into some conversation, he told him the question. The Doctor, seeing his drift, good-naturedly put away his book, and said very drolly, "And pray, Sir, *who is Bach?* is he a piper?" Many exclamations of surprise you will believe followed this question. "Why you have read his name often in the papers," said Mrs. Thrale; and then she gave him some account of his Concert, and the number of fine performances she had heard at it.

"Pray," said he, gravely, "Madam, what is the expence?"

"Oh!" answered she, "much trouble and solicitation to get a Subscriber's Ticket;—or else, half a Guinea."

"Trouble and solicitation," said he, "I will have nothing to do with; but I would be willing to give eighteen pence."

¹ "Johnson once observed to me, 'Tom Tyers described me the best: "Sir (said he), you are like a ghost: you never speak until you are spoken to."'—BOSWELL.

Ha! ha!¹

Chocolate being then brought, we adjourned to the drawing-room.² And here, Dr. Johnson being taken from the books, entered freely and most cleverly into conversation; though it is remarkable he never speaks at all, but when spoken to; nor does he ever *start*, though he so admirably *supports*, any subject.

The whole party was engaged to dine at Mrs. Montague's. Dr. Johnson said he had received the most flattering note he had ever read, or that any body else had ever read, by way of invitation. "Well! so have I too," cried Mrs. Thrale; "so if a note from Mrs. Montague is to to be boasted of, I beg mine may not be forgot."

"Your note," cried Dr. Johnson, "can bear no comparison with *mine*; I am at the head of the *Philosophers*, she says."

"And I," cried Mrs. Thrale, "*have all the Muses in my train!*"

"A fair battle," said my father. "Come, compliment for compliment, and see who will hold out longest."

"Oh! I am afraid for Mrs. Thrale," cried Mr. Seward; "for I know Mrs. Montague exerts all her forces, when she attacks Dr. Johnson."

"Oh, yes!" said Mrs. Thrale, "she has often, I know, flattered *him*, till he has been ready to faint."

"Well, ladies," said my father, "you must get him between you to-day, and see which can lay on the paint thickest, Mrs. Thrale or Mrs. Montague."

¹ The Bach here mentioned was J. C. Bach, called *English* Bach, one of the sons of J. S. Bach; b. Leipzig, 1735; came to London, 1762; d. there, 1782. He was K. F. Abel's partner in the famous concerts given in London, 1764-82.

² This word appears to have been changed into "drawing-"; from "dining-room." Fanny does not seem to have said "drawing-room" until she went to Court, as she writes in her Windsor diary, "the '*drawing-room*,' as they call it *here*." Mrs. Delany, in 1755, speaks of her "*dining-room*, *vulgarly* so called." The old words were "*parlour*" for any sitting-room; "*eating-*" or "*dining-parlour*," and *chamber* or *bed-chamber*, for rooms distinct from those of *reception*.

"I had rather," cried the Doctor, drily, "go to Bach's Concert!"

After this, they talked of Mr. Garrick and his late exhibition before the King, to whom and to the Queen and Royal Family he read *Lethe in character, c'est à dire*, in different voices, and theatrically.¹ Mr. Seward gave us an account of a Fable, which Mr. Garrick had written, by way of prologue or Introduction, upon the occasion. In this he says, that a black-bird, grown old and feeble, droops his wings &c. &c., and gives up singing; but being called upon by the eagle, his voice recovers its powers, his spirits revive, he sets age at defiance, and sings better than ever. The application is obvious.

"There is not," said Dr. Johnson, "much of the spirit of *fabulosity* in this Fable; for the *call* of an eagle never yet had much tendency to restore the voice of a *black-bird*! 'Tis true that the fabulists frequently make the *wolves* converse with the *lambs*; but, when the conversation is over, the *lambs* are sure to be eaten! And so the *eagle* may entertain the *black-bird*; but the entertainment always ends in a feast for the *eagle*."

"They say," cried Mrs. Thrale, "that Garrick was extremely hurt at the coolness of the King's applause, and did not find his reception such as he expected."

"He has been so long accustomed," said Mr. Seward, "to the thundering approbation of the Theatre, that a mere '*Very well*,' must necessarily and naturally disappoint him."

"Sir," said Dr. Johnson, "he should not, in a Royal apartment, expect the hallowing and clamour of the One Shilling Gallery. The King, I doubt not, gave him as much applause, as was rationally his due; and, indeed, great and uncommon as is the merit of Mr. Garrick, no man will be bold enough to assert he has not had his just proportion both of fame and profit. He has long reigned the unequalled favourite of the public; and therefore nobody will mourn his hard fate, if the King and the Royal Family were not trans-

¹ A farce of Garrick's own writing, in which he had been used to act more than one part.

ported into rapture, upon hearing him read *Lethe*. Yet Mr. Garrick will complain to his friends, and his friends will lament the King's want of feeling and taste;—and then Mr. Garrick will kindly *excuse* the King. He will say that His Majesty might be thinking of something else; that the affairs of America might occur to him; or some subject of more importance than *Lethe*; but, though he will say this himself, he will not forgive his friends, if they do not contradict him!"

But, now that I have written this satire, it is but just both to Mr. Garrick and to Dr. Johnson, to tell you what he said of him afterwards, when he discriminated his character with equal candour¹ and humour.

"Garrick," said he, "is accused of vanity; but few men would have borne such unremitting prosperity with greater, if with equal moderation. He is accused, too, of avarice; but, were he not, he would be accused of just the contrary; for he now lives rather as a *prince* than an actor; but the frugality he practised, when he first appeared in the world, and which, even then was perhaps beyond his necessity, has marked his character ever since; and now, though his table, his equipage, and manner of living, are all the most expensive, and equal to those of a nobleman, yet the original stain still blots his name! Though, had he not fixed upon himself the charge of avarice, he would long since have been reproached with luxury and with living beyond his station in magnificence and splendour."

Another time he said of him, "Garrick never enters a room, but he regards himself as the object of general attention, from whom the entertainment of the company is expected; and true

¹ In his Dictionary, Dr. Johnson himself explains "Candour" as "sweetness of temper, kindness." In "The Rambler," No. 93 (1751), he writes, "Criticism has so often given occasion to the envious and ill-natured of gratifying their malignity, that some have thought it necessary to recommend the virtue of candour without restriction, and to preclude all future liberty of censure." In 1770, Burke called candour "a sickly habit, to which virtues were not to be sacrificed," which was in Dr. Johnson's own manner of thinking.

it is, that he seldom disappoints them; for he has infinite humour, a very just proportion of wit, and more convivial pleasantry, than almost any other man. But then *off*, as well as *on* the Stage, he is always an Actor; for he thinks it so incumbent upon him to be sportive, that his gaiety becomes mechanical from being habitual, and he can exert his spirits at all times alike, without consulting his real disposition to hilarity."

Friday.

I am very sorry that I cannot possibly finish this account, for I am *bothered* to death—my uncle is just come, cousins James and Becky are with him and all are bent on my returning with them. . .

A thousand thanks for yours which I have just received.

Your kindness is more grateful to me than I can express,—I am monstrous glad you missed me. . .

Adieu, my dearest Sir,—a thousand loves and compliments to Mrs. H. and Kitty, and believe me with all affection and gratitude

Yours ever

FRANCES BURNEY.

I am now writing with a Steel Pen,¹ which Mr. Cutler, a very agreeable man, has just sent me, with a note, and these lines—

"À ma chere plume

Va, petite plume,—va servir Ma'm'selle Burney,—

Puisse tu surpasser la Volantè (*sic*) de Gurney!"

[MR. CRISP TO MISS BURNEY.]

Ches. March 27, 1777.

My dear Fanny,

You can't imagine how we miss'd you as soon as you were gone—There was a Void, which still continues, and will not easily be fill'd up.—

¹ "Gurney's Flying Pen," one of the advertised pens of the day.

* * * * *

Well, you are gone, so that matter is ended.—So now write a long account, a journal of yourself, and all your proceedings, what you are all doing at St. Martin's, all about your lordly uncle, and your . . . Worcester journey—A most minute, and particular account of your Sunday night's concert, &c. &c.—&c.—In short, Fanny, in this eternal scene of inaction, call'd Chesington, in return for your lively, entertaining intelligence; your anecdotes, descriptions, accounts of people and things, you must expect nothing else, but a demand for more. You know this place, and its inhabitants; consequently the solid truth of what I say; so that I own, you can have no real motive for such a commerce of letters where the ballance of trade is all on my side, except this one consideration—I mean, a firm persuasion, that I most sincerely, nay ardently, interest myself in whatever concerns a Fannikin—What then, it may be said? This goodwill, and these good wishes, are barren.—I can't help it—The soil is poor, and you can have no more.

I have now began to get on horseback, and shall try what air and exercise in this fine weather will do for me, in regard to sleep and digestion. I have likewise began a new course of medicines, from which, indeed, I do not expect much, as I know of none that are a cure for age, and the infirmities attending it—If I can obtain a palliation of uneasiness, some intervals of relief, my expectations and pretensions go no farther. Love to your folks. Kate and Ham, I am convinc'd, have a fine regard for a Fannikin, and now, and at all times, desire she may be assur'd of it—

God bless you, my creature,

Yours affectionately

S. C.

[MR. CRISP TO MISS BURNEY.]

[2nd April, 1777.]

[Some of Mr. Crisp's old-world words have been effaced at the beginning of this letter.]

D'ye think to come off so? . . . 'tis true your letter was an excellent one; full of excellent portraits, as like, and as

strongly painted as Sir J. Reynolds's—What then?—the Concert, the Concert, you young ——! Monday night's concert, Piozzi, Rauzzini, your Gentilities, and your Tranquillities, as Shakespear says! This I expect; and as circumstantially described, and as highly finished, as the Johnson's, Thrale's, Garrick's, Montagues, &c. By the way, how wonderfully well, in half a dozen masterly touches, has Johnson made a striking likeness of Garrick! It half reconciles me to his heavy Dictionary. I am now convinced (putting together your account of him and what I had heard before) that his real *forte* is *Conversation*. His quickness, his originality, his oddities, his singularities, (which so well become him and perhaps would nobody else) must make him a model of [an] entertaining companion. Well, Fanny, since I can't come to London, and personally partake of the turtle feast; you saved, and collected me a part of it, so well selected, so well clos'd up, and packed with such care, that it has all the full relish, and the high flavour of the *Callipash*, and the *Callipee*. This being the case, d'ye think my modesty will restrain me from crying more, more? No, Fanny, I know too well, when I am got into good quarters—Besides Sunday night, send me word all about your Worcester journey and your Worcester people—how d'ye like Becky?—has your Lordly uncle yet given his consent that his son Edward shall be allow'd to make a figure in the world, and do honour to himself, family, and country? . . . Send me a journal of every thing relating to you and yours—did you deliver my message to Hetty and Charles? how do they do? go on? &c., &c., &c.—I would write you more if I had any thing to say. . . . Adieu.

Ever our affectionate Daddy. S. C.
My love to all your folks.

[THE AUTHOR'S "PRELUDE TO THE WORCESTER JOURNAL."]

Oh Yes!

Be it known to all whom it may concern, c'est à dire, in the first place,—Nobody;—in the second place, the same person;—and in the third place, *Ditto*,—That Frances

Burney, Spinster, of the Parish of Saint Martin's in the Fields, . . . did keep no Journal this unhappy year, till she wrote from Worcester to her Sister Susan of the same parish, and likewise a spinster. There are who may live to mourn this. For my part, I shall not here enumerate all the particular misfortunes which this gap in literature may occasion, though I feel that they will be of a nature most serious and melancholy; but I shall merely scrawl down such matters of moment as will be requisite to mention, in order to make the Worcester Journal, which is a delicious morsel of learning and profound reasoning, intelligible to the three persons mentioned above.

When with infinite toil and labour, I had transcribed [in a feigned hand] the second Volume [of my new Essay],¹ I sent it by my brother Charles to Mr. Lowndes. The fear of discovery, or of suspicion in the house, made the copying extremely laborious to me; for in the day time, I could only take odd moments, so that I was obliged to sit up the greatest part of many nights, in order to get it ready. And, after all this *fagging*, Mr. Lowndes sent me word, that he approved of the book; but could not think of printing it, till it was finished; that it would be a great disadvantage to it, and that he would wait my time, and hoped to see it again, as soon as it was completed.

Now, this man, knowing nothing of my situation, supposed, in all probability, that I could seat myself quietly at my bureau, and write on with all expedition and ease, till the work was finished. But so different was the case, that I had hardly time to write half a page in a day; and neither my health nor inclination would allow me to continue my *nocturnal* scribbling for so long a time, as to write first, and then copy, a whole volume. I was therefore obliged to give the attempt and affair entirely over for the present.

In March I made a long and happy visit to my ever-dear and ever-kind Mr. Crisp. There is no place where I more really *enjoy myself* than at Chesington. All the household are kind, hospitable, and partial to me; there is no sort of restraint;

¹ "Evelina; or the History of a Young Lady's Entrance into the World."

every body is disengaged, and at liberty to pursue their own inclinations; and my Daddy Crisp, who is the soul of the place, is at once so flatteringly affectionate to *me*, and so, infinitely, so beyond comparison clever in *himself*, that were I to be otherwise than happy in his company, I must either be wholly without feeling or utterly destitute of understanding.

From this loved spot I was suddenly hurried by intelligence, that my uncle was coming to town.¹ And the fear that he would be displeased at finding that I made a visit to Chesington nearly at the time I was invited to Barborne, made me not dare out-stay the intelligence of his intended journey. He brought with him his son James and his daughter Beckey.

James is a very manly, good-natured, unaffected, good-hearted young man. He has by no means the power of entertainment that his brother Richard possesses; but he is so well-disposed and so sweet-tempered that it is hardly fair and possible to find fault with him.

Beckey is rather pretty in her face, and perfectly elegant in her person. She is extremely lively, gay as the morning of May, and wild as the wind of March. Her temper is very sweet; her heart affectionate, and her head mighty well laden with natural stores of good understanding and sense. Like Betsy, she laughs *rather more than reason*; but she is so young and so good-humoured that, though she may sometimes appear foolishly giddy, it is not possible to entertain an idea of censuring her. She is, upon the whole, a most sweet girl, and one that I loved much at first sight, and yet more afterwards.²

My uncle's professed intention in his journey, was to carry

¹ Richard, elder brother of Dr. Burney; "your lordly Uncle," as Mr. Crisp calls him in the letter of the 27th of March, in a slight tone of pique at his carrying Fanny from Chesington, "from this eternal scene of dull inaction, called Chesington;" leaving "a void, which still continues, and will not be easily fill'd up." The fact was that Mr. Crisp was just recovering from a fit of the gout, and grudged his "Fannikin" to her uncle with the less scruple, as he knew that she stood in rather needless awe of Richard Burney, the elder, and was not at all inclined to go to Worcester with him. "God bless you my creature!" cries Mr. Crisp, in ending. It was a serious matter to refuse a visit to Uncle Richard; but Richard, even in 1777, seems to have valued Fanny more than she thought.

² Miss Rebecca Burney, of Worcester, married a Mr. Sandford.

me back to Barborne; and he would not be denied; nor let my father rest, till he obtained his leave. And so, escorted by my uncle and his son James, I set off for Worcester the beginning of April.

[“EVELINA” BEFORE PUBLICATION.]¹

But, before I made this journey, [while I was taking leave, I was so much penetrated by my father’s kind parting embrace,] that in the fullness of my heart [I could not forbear telling him, that I had sent a manuscript to Mr. Lowndes; earnestly, however, beseeching him never to divulge it, nor to demand a sight of such trash as I could scribble; assuring him that Charles had managed to save me from being at all suspected]. He could not help laughing; but I believe was much surprised at the communication. He desired me to acquaint him from time to time, how *my work* went on, called himself the *Pere confident (sic)*, and kindly promised to guard my secret as cautiously as I could wish. So much to prelude the Worcester Journal.

But, when I told my dear father, I *never* wished or intended, that even he himself should see my essay, he forbore to ask me its name, or make any enquiries. I believe he is not sorry to be saved the giving me the pain of his criticism. He made no sort of objection to my having my own way in total secrecy and silence to all the world. Yet I am easier in not taking the step, without his having this little knowledge of it, as he is contented with hearing I shall never have the courage to let him know its name.

* * * * *

[“WAY TO KEEP HIM.”]

Monday, April 7.

My Susy,

* * * * *

Now for Barborne Lodge.² The morning was ushered in—by a general disturbance. We were all inconceivably busy; we contrived, however, for little Nancy’s sake, to re-

¹ This is the author’s own heading, as is “Way to Keep Him.”

² Barborne lies beyond the chief street of Worcester, the Foregate. There is Barborne Park, &c.

hearse Tom Thumb, and then we bribed her to lie down, and most fortunately she slept for more than three hours, which made her very wakeful all the rest of the day and night.¹

At dinner we did not sit down above three at a time; one was with the hair-dresser, another finishing some dress, another, some scenery; and so on. I was quite amazed to see how my uncle submitted to all this confusion; but he was the first to promote our following our own affairs.

And indeed, I cannot speak too highly of the good-nature of [my cousin] Nancy upon this occasion; for she has given up all her time to general assistance.²

Before five o'Clock, while we were all the midst of our disorder, Mrs. Bund and her daughter arrived. They did not know what they came for, and my uncle and Miss Humphries, who received them, said we were preparing for a droll sort of Concert, which we intended to give them.

Next came Dr. R. Johnston³ and Mr. Russell, and soon after the three Lawson's, and then, Miss Bridget Harris and Miss Knowell.

You can have no idea what a shatter every new comer gave me. I could hardly dress myself,—hardly knew were I was,—hardly could stand. Betsy, too, was very much flurried, and so afraid of being worse, that she forced wine and water and punch down her throat, till she was almost tipsey. Richard and James gave all their thoughts to their own adornment; Tom capered about the house in great joy; little Nancy jumped and laughed; Edward was tolerably composed; but Beckey was in extacy of pleasure. She felt no fright or

¹ Anna Maria Burney, who is sometimes called Marianne, was the eldest child of "Mr. Burney" (Charles of Worcester) and of Hetty. She was, at the utmost, not seven years old when she played "Tom Thumb." Marianne grew up "lovely in mind and person." She followed her Aunt Fanny's example in marrying a Frenchman. Her husband, M. Bourdois, was of the same town as M. D'Arblay (Joigny, in Burgundy), and his early friend. M. Bourdois is said to have been a very pleasant, as well as a very brave man. He was *aide-de-camp* to General Dumourier, and distinguished himself at the battle of Jemappes. Madame Bourdois lived latterly in Bath.

² "Cousin Nancy," in 1779, married Mr. Hawkins, rector of Halstead, in Essex.

³ This name is "Johnson" in Mme. D'Arblay's notes.

palpitation; but laughed, danced, and sung all day long delightfully.

We were now quite ready, when the three Miss Brookes' came, and to my great relief, no Dr. Wall or Capt. Coussmaker.

The Band was now got into order for the Overture, and the company going to be summoned up stairs,—when another chaise arrived, and it proved from Gloucester, with the Doctor [Wall] and the Captain [Coussmaker]. I assure you this frightened me so much, that I most heartily wished myself twenty miles off. I was quite sick, and if I had dared, should have given up the part.

When I came to be painted, my cheeks were already of so high a colour, that I could hardly bear to have any added; but, before I went on, I seemed seized with an ague-fit, and was so extremely cold, that my uncle, upon taking my hand, said he thought he had touched ice or marble.

At length, they all came up stairs: a green curtain was drawn before them, and the Overture was played. Miss H[umphries] did all the honours; for Nancy [senior] was engaged as prompter, and my uncle, one of the band. The Theatre looked extremely well, and was fitted up in a very dramatic manner, with side scenes, and two figures of Tragedy and Comedy at each hand, and a Head of Shakespear in the middle. We had four change of scenes. [The play we acted was, "*The way to keep him.*"]¹

Now, for a Play-Bill—which I think you will own was stupid enough; but we dared not be *jocular* after my uncle's interference.²

As soon as the Overture was played, which you must know was performed in the *passage*; for we had no room for an Orchestra in the Theatre,—Edward and Tom were seated at cards, and the curtain drawn. Tom's part was very soon

¹ A comedy in three acts, by Arthur Murphy, brought out in January, 1760.

² The play-bill, however, is not given in the MS., though there is more than half a page left blank for it. The principal characters in "*The Way to Keep Him*" are—Lovemore; Sir Bashful Constant; Sir Brilliant Fashion; Sideboard, servant to Sir Bashful; Pompey, a black servant; Mrs. Lovemore; the Widow Bellmour; Lady Constant; and Muslin, maid to Mrs. Lovemore.

over, and then Betsy entered. She was much flurried, and yet in very great spirits, and acquitted herself *greatly* beyond my expectations. Edward was, I believe, very little frightened, yet not quite so easy or so excellent as I had imagined he would have been. Indeed his part is extremely unworthy of him, and I fancy he was determined to let it take its chance, without troubling himself with much exertion.¹

Take notice that, from the beginning to the end, no *applause* was given to the play. The company judged that it would be inelegant, and therefore, as they all said, *forebore*; but indeed a little clapping would have been very encouraging, and I heartily wish they had not practised such *self-denial*.

Next came my scene: I was discovered drinking tea. To tell you how *infinitely*, how beyond measure I was terrified at my situation, I really cannot; but my fright was nearly such as I should have suffered, had I made my appearance upon a public Theatre, since Miss Humphries and Captain Coussmaker were the only two of the audience I had ever before seen.

The few words I had to speak, before Muslin came to me, I know not whether I spoke or not, neither does any body else; so you need not enquire of others; for the matter is to this moment unknown. Fortunately for me, all the next scene gave me hardly three words in a speech; for Muslin has it almost to herself. So I had little else to do than to lean on the table, and twirl my thumbs, and sometimes bite my fingers; which, indeed, I once or twice did very severely, without knowing why, or yet being able to help it. I am sure, *without flattery*, I looked like a most egregious fool; for I made no use of the tea-things. I never tasted a drop,—once indeed, I made an attempt, by way of passing the time better, to drink a little; but my hand shook so violently, I was fain to put down the cup instantly in order to save my gown.

By the way I have forgot to mention dresses. Edward had a coat trim'd to have the effect of a rich lace livery. He had a capital bag, long ruffles, and so forth. Tom much the same. Betsy, as Muslin, had a very showy striped pink and white

¹ He played Mr. Lovemore's servant, "Sideboard."

Manchester, pink shoes, red ribbons in abundance, and a short apron. The paint upon her very pale cheeks set her off to the greatest advantage, and I never saw her look nearly so well. *Mrs. Lovemore* wore her green and grey, which I have trimmed with gause, white ribbons, gause apron, cuffs, robins, &c.¹

The next who made his appearance was cousin James. He was most superbly dressed; but, as you saw his clothes at the Music-meeting, I will not describe them. His hair, however, I must not pass unnoticed; for you never saw the most foppish stage-character better dressed in the *Macaroni* style. Indeed, all our hairs were done to the astonishment of all the company.

James, or Sir Brilliant Fashion, entered with an air so immensely conceited and affected, and at the same time so uncommonly bold, that I could scarce stand his *abord*, and throughout the scene that followed, he acted with such a satisfied, nay, *insolent* assurance of success, that I declare, had I been entirely myself and free from fear, he would have wholly disconcerted me: as it was, my flurry hardly admitted of encrease, yet I felt myself glow most violently. I must assure you, notwithstanding my embarrassment, I found he did the part *admirably*; not merely very *much* beyond my expectations, but, I think, as well as it *could* be done. He looked very fashionable, very assured, very affected, very *every way the thing*. Not one part in the piece was better or more properly done; nor did any give more entertainment.

Richard was in a very genteel morning dress.

A short scene next followed between Betsy and me, which I made as little of as any body might desire, indeed I would challenge all my acquaintance around to go through an act more thoroughly to their own dissatisfaction. So, that is saying more than every body can, however.

We were next joined by Richard, whose *non-chalance*, indifference, half vacancy and half absence excellently marked the careless, unfeeling husband which he represented. Between his extreme unconcern and Sir Brilliant's extreme

¹ "Robings" were, generally speaking, trimmings upon the borders of a lady's negligée, or sacque, or *open* gown of any fashion, over a more or less rich skirt, or "coat."

assurance, I had not much trouble in appearing the only languid and discontented person in company.

The act finished by a *solo* of Betsy, which I did not hear; for I ran into a corner, to recover breath against the next act. My uncle was very good-natured, and spoke many comfortable things to me,—which I did by no means expect, as, at first, he seemed not delighted, that Betsy had given me her part. He said I wanted *nothing but exertion*, and charged me to speak louder, and take courage.

“Oh,” cried Edward, “that this had but been Lady Betty Modish!” However, since I was so terribly cowardly, I now rejoice that I had a part so serious and solemn, sad, and sorrowful. Cousin James was prodigiously gallant in comforting me, supporting his *tendresse* yet more strongly off than on the stage. The truth is, he is so very good natured, that the least idea of pity really softens him into down-right tenderness. Richard was entirely occupied in changing his dress for Lord Etheridge.

In the next act the Widow Belmour made her appearance. Beckey’s elegant figure and red face were charmingly set off; for her dress was fashionable and becoming. She had on a lilac negligée, gauze cuffs,¹ trimmed richly with flowers and spangles, spangled shoes, bows of gauze and flowers, and a cap!—*quite the thing*, I assure you!—full of flowers, frivolette, spangles, gauze, and long feathers, immensely high, and her hair delightfully well dressed. She was in great spirits, and not at all frightened. Her entrance, I am sure, must have been striking, and I was surprised the folks could forbear giving her applause. She was [throughout lively, easy and elegant; and her whole appearance was so charming: there was no looking at any thing else.]²

¹ “Cuffs” do not, as now, always mean the trimming round the wrists of long sleeves, which were rarely worn in 1777, but often the trimming round gown-sleeves which came to the elbow. Below the elbow-cuffs fell the ruffles, which *had* been long, triple, and pointed; such were then old-fashioned enough for Madame D’Arblay to mention Ladies Wallingford and Mary Duncan—who wore them when *she* was young—as adhering to the fashion of *their* youth.

² Here about twelve lines have been scored out. The words in brackets have been written later among the defaced lines.

Betsy changed her dress entirely for Mignonet, and did the character very well, though the worse for having another character in the same play, as she saved herself very much for Muslin, which she did admirably.

During my reprieve from business, I thought I had entirely banished my fears, and could assume sufficient courage to go through the rest of my part to the best of my capacity; but far otherwise I found it; for, the moment I entered, I was again gone! Knew not where I stood, nor what I said; a mist was before my eyes, so strong that it almost blinded me, and my voice faltered so cruelly, that had they not all been particularly silent whenever I aimed at speaking, not a word the better would they have been for my presence!

And all this for pleasure! but indeed it was too much,—and I have not yet recovered from the painful sensations I experienced that night,—sensations which will always make my recollection of "*The Way to Keep him*," disagreeable to me. Fortunately for me, my part and my spirits, in this act, had great sympathy; for Mrs. Lovemore is almost unhappy enough for a tragedy heroine; and I assure you, she lost none of her pathos by any giddiness of mine! I gave her melancholy feelings very fair play, and *looked* her misfortunes with as much sadness, as if I really experienced them. In this act, therefore, circumstances were so happily miserable for me, that I believe some of my auditors thought me a much better and more *artificial* actress than I dreamt of being myself; and I had the satisfaction to hear some few *buzzes* of approbation, which did me no harm.

But I would never have engaged in this scheme, had I not have been persuaded that my fright would have ended with the first scene. I had not any idea of being so completely overcome by it. The grand scene between the widow and Lord Etheridge, Richard and Becky acquitted themselves extremely well in. If Richard had a fault, it was being *too easy*,—he would have had more spirit, had he been *rather less at home*. His dress for this part was all elegance. This act concluded with the scene, that I prevailed with Edward and Betsy to add; they did it vastly well, and are both, I believe, well pleased, that they listened to me.

Again, my uncle spoke the most flattering things to encourage me; "Only speak out, Miss Fanny," said he, "and you leave nothing to wish; it is impossible to do the part with greater propriety, or to speak with greater feeling, or more sensibly; every, the most insignificant thing you say, comes home to me." You can't imagine how much this kindness from him cheered me.

In the third act I recovered myself very decently, *compared* to the two first; but indeed, I was very, very far from being easy, or from doing the part according to my own ideas; so that, in short, I am totally, wholly, and entirely dissatisfied with myself in the whole performance. Not once could I command my voice to any steadiness, or look about me otherwise than as a poltroon, either smelling something unsavory, or expecting to be bastinadoed.

In the most capital scene of Mrs. Lovemore with her husband, in the third act, when she is all *air, alertness, pleasure, and enjoyment*, I endeavoured, what I could, to soften off the affectation of her sudden change of disposition, and I gagged the gentleman with as much ease as my very little ease would allow me to assume. Richard was really charming in this scene; so thoroughly negligent, inattentive, and sleepy, that he kept a continual *titter* among the young ladies. But when he was roused from his indifference by Mrs. Lovemore's pretended alteration of temper and conduct,—he *sung small* indeed! When *her* flightiness begun, you can hardly suppose how *little* he looked! how mortified! astonished! and simple! it was admirably in character, and yet he seemed as if he *really could not help it*; and as if her unexpected gaiety quite confounded him. Betsy, Beckey, and James were all of them very lively, and very clever in all they had to do in this act. I am very sorry Edward could not have more justice done to those talents, which I know only want to be called forth.

At the end of all there was a faint something in *imitation* of a clap, but very faint indeed. Yet, though it would much have encouraged us, we have no reason to be mortified at its omission; since they all repeatedly declared they *longed* to clap; but thought it would not be approved; and since, we

have heard from all quarters nothing but praise and compliment. Richard spoke the last speech in a very spirited manner; and he was very delicate and very comfortable to me, in our reconciliation, when Mrs. Belmour says, "Come, kiss and be friends;" and he adds, "it is in your power, Madam, to make a reclaimed libertine of me indeed;" for he excused all the embracing part, and without making any fuss, took my hand, which bowing over (like Sir Charles Grandison) he most respectfully pressed to his lips.

We now all hastened to dress for "Tom Thumb," and the company went into the dining room for some refreshments.¹ Little Nancy was led away by Miss Humphries, who made her take a formal leave of the company, as if going to bed, that they might not expect what followed. The sweet little thing was quite in *mad spirits*, which we kept up by all sorts of good things, both drinking and eating, and flattery; for our only fear was, lest she should grow shame-faced, and refuse to make her entrance.

She flew up to me, "Ay, cousin Fanny, I saw your drinking your tea by yourself, before all the company! did you think they would not see you?"

You must know she always calls me *cousin Fanny*, because she says every body else does; so she's sure I can't really be an *aunt*.

During the whole performance she had not the least idea what we all meant, and wanted several times to join us; especially while I was weeping; "Pray, what does cousin Fanny cry for, aunt Hannah; does she cry really, *I say?*"

But I must now for your better information tell you exactly how the parts in "Tom Thumb" were cast:

Lord Grizzle	} Mr. Edward Burney.
Noodle	
Bailiff	} Mr. Thomas Burney.
Doodle	

¹ Fielding's "Tom Thumb" was first played at the Haymarket Theatre in 1730.

King	} Mr. Richard Burney.
Bailiff's follower	
A fighting man	} Miss Anna Maria Burney.
And Tom Thumb	
Huncamunca	Miss Fanny Burney.
Cleora	Miss Rebecca Burney.
Glumdalca, Queen, Giantess	Mr. James Burney.
And, Queen	Miss Elizabeth Burney. ¹

Noodle and Doodle, who opened the farce, were both dressed very fantastically, in the old English style, and were several minutes practising antics before they spoke. Edward disguised his voice in this part, and made the burlesque doubly ludicrous by giving a foppish *twang* to every period; Tom did Doodle vastly well.²

Then entered the King, which was performed by Richard most admirably, and with a *dignified drollery* that was highly diverting and exceeding clever. Betsy accompanied him. She was extremely *well* in the Queen, both in strutting and pomposity. Their dresses, though made of mere tinsel and all sort of gaudiness, had a charming and most theatrical effect. Their crowns, jewels, trains, &c., were superb.

Next entered—Tom Thumb!

When the King says :

¹ We give some of Fielding's own descriptions of his "*dramatis personæ*" in notes. We do not find in the Burney's play-bill "Mustacha" (the second maid of honour), "in love with Doodle"; nor the ghost of "Gaffer Thumb," father of the hero; nor "Courtiers, Guards, Rebels, Drums, Trumpets, Thunder and Lightning."

² J. T. Smith wrote in 1828: "There are persons now living who recollect seeing the father of the late Mr. Prime, of Witton, wearing a flowing wig, or what is better known in the Burletta of 'Tom Thumb' as a Noodle and a Doodle. At the sale of Mr. Rawle, one of the King's accoutrement-makers, one of the lots was a large black wig, with long flowing curls, which was stated to have been worn by Charles II. This was bought by Suett, the actor, who wore it for many years in 'Tom Thumb,' and other pieces, until it was burnt, when the Birmingham Theatre was destroyed by fire."—LIFE OF NOLLEKENS.

"Noodle and Doodle" } Courtiers in place, and consequently zealous for that party that is uppermost."

“ But see ! our Warrior comes ! The great Tom Thumb ! the little Hero, Giant-killing Boy ! ”—

Then there was an immense *hub a dub*, with drums and trumpets and a clarionet, to proclaim his approach.

The sweet little girl looked as beautiful as an angel ! She had an exceeding pretty and most becoming dress, made of pink persian,¹ trimmed with silver and spangles ; the form of it the same as that of the others, *i.e.* Old English ; her mantle was white ; she had a small truncheon in her hand, and a *Vandyke* hat ; her own sweet hair was left to itself.

When Nancy was to appear, I took her hand to put her on ; but she shrunk back and seemed half afraid ; however, a few promises of grand things, caresses, and flattery gave her courage again, and she then strutted on in a manner that astonished us all. The company, none of them expecting her, were delighted and amazed beyond measure. A general laugh and exclamations of surprise went round. Her first speech—

“ When I’m not thank’d at all, I’m thanked enough ;

I’ve done my duty, and I’ve done no more ”—

she spoke so loud and so articulately and with such courage, that people could scarce credit their senses when they looked at her baby face. I declare,—I could hardly help crying ; I was so much charmed, and at the same time frightened for her. Oh ! how we all wished for Hetty ! It was with difficulty I restrained myself from running on with her ; and my uncle was so agitated, that he began, involuntarily, a most vehement clapping ; a sound to which we had hitherto been strangers ; but the hint was instantly taken, and it was echoed and re-echoed by the audience.

¹ “ Persian ” is a name now in use for a common silk, used for linings. It would seem to have been of better quality in the last century, as it was worn by Fanny at the Masquerade. In 1796, Jane Austen writes to her sister, that *she* is spending all her money “ on white gloves, and pink Persian.” Another name, that of “ *lustring*,” for a glazed or *glacé* silk, was explained by milliners into “ *lute-string*,” until their absurdity became received by others. Mr. Gibbs kindly reminds the editor that Goldsmith’s Chinese buys *lute-string* silk for his own dress in London. See “ Citizen of the World.”

This applause would have entirely disconcerted her, had it been unexpected; but, as we all imagined, she could not fail meeting with it, we had accustomed her to it, at all rehearsals; so that she seemed very sensible of the reason of *the noise*, as she calls it, and highly gratified by it. The meaning and energy with which this sweet child spoke was really wonderful; we had all done our best in giving her instructions, and she had profited with a facility and good sense, that at her age I do indeed believe to be unequalled. When the ice was once broken in regard to applause, it was not suffered to be again cemented; but, while behind the scenes, I could not forbear myself leading a clap to every one of Nancy's speeches. I wish I could give you any idea how sweetly she spoke:

“Whisper, ye winds, that Huncamunca's mine;
Echoes, repeat that Huncamunca's mine!
The dreadful business of the war is o'er,
And beauty, heavenly beauty crowns my toils!”

But it is impossible; nor do I expect anybody not present to do her the justice she deserves. . . .

At the end of the speech, the drums and trumpets again made a racket; and the King, Queen, and Tom Thumb marched off in triumph. I caught the dear little hero in my arms, and almost devoured her.¹

“I wasn't afraid of the people now, cousin Fanny,” cried she, “was I? No, I wasn't; nor I wasn't ashamed, neither; was I?”

We gave her all sorts of good things, to keep up her spirits, and she was so well pleased, that she wanted to go on again immediately.

“Do now, cousin Fanny; let us, you and I, do our scene now; why won't you, *I say?*”

After this, Lord Grizzle made his appearance. And here Edward did shine indeed! He was dressed very richly, though ridiculously, and was in high spirits. Indeed, I must own I think he excelled them all; clever as Richard, his only possible rival, was. He spoke with such solemnity, such tragic

¹ “Tom Thumb the Great, a little hero, with a great soul.”

pomposity and energy, and gave us such fine and striking attitudes, while his face preserved the most inviolable gravity, that to enter into the true spirit of burlesque with greater humour or propriety, would be impossible. Among his numerous talents he has, undoubtedly, real abilities for the stage.¹

But I have neglected to mention the entrance of Glumdalca, from my eagerness to speak of little Nancy. Yet can nothing in the piece be more worthy of mention; for nothing excited greater merriment.

James was dressed in a strait body with long sleeves, made of striped lutestring, lapelled with fur, and ornamented with small bows of green, blue, garnet, and yellow.² The back was shaped with red. His *coat*³ was pompadour, trimmed with white Persian; his shoes were ornamented with tinsel; he had a fan in his hand, a large hoop on, and a cap made of every thing that could be devised, that was gaudy and extravagant. feathers of an immense height, cut in paper,⁴ streamers of ribbons of all colours, and old ear-rings and stone buckles, put in his hair, for jewels. We were obliged to keep the hair-dresser upon his account; for Sir Brilliant's *Tête* would by no means do for The Giantess, no; he had the full covering of a modern barber's block, toupée, chignon, and curls, all put on at once.⁵ The height of his head, cap, and feathers,

¹ "Lord Grizzle, extremely zealous for the liberty of the subject, very choleric in his temper, and in love with Huncamunca."

² "Glumdalca, Queen of the Giants, a captive Queen, beloved by King Arthur, but in love with Tom Thumb."

³ "*Coat*" means his *petticoat*, below the straight-bodied open gown.

⁴ "*Heads*" absurdly high had come into fashion, and were enhanced by the long feathers, brought into vogue by the Duchess of Devonshire. In the spring of 1775 Mrs. Harris wrote to her son: "The Duchess of Devonshire had two plumes sixteen inches long, besides three small ones; this has so far outdone all other plumes, that Mrs. Damer, Lady Harriet Stanhope, etc., looked nothing." Wraxall tells us that some one wishing to have ostrich feathers as long as those of the Duchess, searched London in vain, until an undertaker was induced to sell feathers from a hearse. *Eleven* at a time were worn at Court in one head, and by degrees the hair was raised, on cushions, from ten inches to a yard above the forehead.

⁵ The *toupet* and pinned-on curls (or pinned-up, if they were o

was prodigious; and, to make him still more violent, he had very high-heeled shoes on. His face was very delicately *rouged*; and his eye-brows very finely arched; so that his face was not to be known. You cannot imagine how impossible it was to look at him, thus transformed, without laughing,—unless you recollect our infinite grinning, when we saw aunt Nanny in Dr. Prattle. Indeed, there was nothing but laughter, whenever he was on the stage.

The second act I had myself the honour of opening, attended by Beckey. My dress was a good sort enough of burlesque of tragedy dresses, but so made up as to be quite indescribable, though of no bad effect. Cleora's was of muslin and pink gauze, and really very pretty—rather too pretty for the purpose. The curtain was drawn up, and the love-sick Huncamunca was discovered reclining upon an easy chair, and weeping, Cleora standing humbly by her side.¹

“Give me some music; see that it be sad”—was followed by the *very* sad air of “Two Black-birds sat upon a spray,” in which Beckey was accompanied by the *Passage Band*, and which gave high diversion to the audience and great benefit to *The Princess*, who had time to become quite easy, before she spoke any more.²

natural growth) were nearly alike for men and women, except that the men's stiffened *toupets* could not rival those the ladies piled up with padding. The *chignon* of the ladies was at that time modified by gentlemen into the *queue*, in its raiment of a bag. The Duchess of Devonshire walks in the park with the Duke, and is rebuked by Omai, because two of her curls are unpinned. A little latter we shall find a young lady's curl coming off, and a mischievous boy tying it to a bell. Our favourite coxcomb Dick has a severe illness; Susan tells Fanny of his convalescence, but that he has “*lost both his curls!*—Monstrous provoking!” A few years later, fashion exacted two curls on each side.

¹ “The Princess Huncamunca, daughter of their Majesties King Arthur and Queen Dollalolla, of a sweet, gentle, and amorous disposition, equally in love with Lord Grizzle and Tom Thumb, and desirous to be married to them both.” “Cleora, a maid of honour, in love with Noodle.”

² Cleora's song runs thus:

“Cupid, ease a love-sick maid,
Bring thy quiver to her aid;
With equal ardor wound the swain,
Beauty should never sigh in vain.”

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Indeed, happily for me, my spirits were now entirely restored; the seeing the first act, and being so much interested about Nance, made me quite forget myself, and to my great satisfaction I found myself quite forsaken by the horrors. The extreme absurdity and queerness of my part contributed greatly to reviving me, and I was really in high and happy spirits.

The scene that followed, went off far beyond my expectations. During Beckey's song I put myself into all sorts of affected attitudes of rapturous attention, and had the pleasure to find each of them produced a laugh. She then left me, and I had the honour of a scene with the King, in which I exerted myself, to the utmost of my power, in tragic pomp and greatness; and I believe the folks hardly knew me again; for I could hear sundry expressions of surprise. Indeed, had my extreme terror lasted longer, I should have hated heartily the very thoughts of acting ever after.

The King had not been gone a moment, ere I was visited by Lord Grizzle, who kneeling began,

“Oh! Huncamunca! Huncamunca! Oh!”¹

to which came the most haughty of all my speeches:

“Ha! dost thou know me! Princess that I am!

That thus of me you dare to make your game?”—

and I do assure you it wanted no energy or imperiousness that I could give it; so that my transition to kindness afterwards in *proposing* to be married in the Fleet, was the more laughable and ridiculous. When we had arranged our plan, and he quitted me to buy a licence, my other lover, Tom Thumb, entered. Oh, that you all could have heard her say,—

“Where is my Princess? where my Huncamunca?”—

she spoke it with a *pathos* that was astonishing. The tender Princess easily yields to the eloquence of her little hero, and

¹ “Oh! Sophonisba! Sophonisba! Oh!” is a line in a tragedy by the poet of “The Seasons,” which was thus mocked.

“Oh! Jemmy Thomson! Jemmy Thomson! Oh!” is another well-known parody of the same line.

they are just coming to terms, when the appearance of Glumdalca interrupts them. And this scene occasioned more excess of laughter than any throughout the piece. Glumdalca's first speech,

"I need not ask if you are Huncamunca;
Your brandy nose proclaims——"

caused almost a *roar*, and the scornful airs of the two ladies, while deriding the charms of each other, kept it up as long as we continued together. But had you seen little Nancy standing between James and me, and each of us taking a hand, and courting her favour,—you would have laughed at her amazed looks at each.

I came off, however, victorious, and we left Glumdalca to mourn her slighted love. Little Nancy who stood listening for some time, heard some of them say, that "*this is Tom Thumb's wedding-day.*" "Am I married?" cried she, "cousin Fanny." "Oh! yes." "*Who am I married to, then?*" "Why to me, my love." "Oh! I'm glad it isn't to uncle James then, 'cause he's such an ugly woman with that nose on."

The 3rd act had many alterations, in order to lengthen the part of Cleora. Beckey also . . .

The battle-scene went off extremely well; but Edward, while fighting with the Giantess, had his forehead, and the side of his eye most terribly wounded.

The whole concluded with great spirit, all the performers dying, and all the audience laughing. The curtain was then *drawn*, and we all ran into our Green Room; and here we remained till the company went down stairs.

They had refreshments in the dining room. James changed his dress and went to pay his compliments to his acquaintance. Betsy and Beckey, after some hesitation, followed him, but I begged to be excused as I knew none of the party, and had been pertly stared at enough. I would have persuaded Richard to make one among them, but he said he *looked so ugly* (by means of whiskers, and so forth)¹ that he could not

¹ Not very long ago, a Berkshire farmer's wife said to the editor that she thought the clergyman of her parish "much better-looking *before*

bear to be seen. While we were waiting at the stair's head for the company's retiring, a voice to which I was an utter stranger, and speaking in masquerade manner, called out—"Where's Miss Fanny? Why won't Miss Fanny show herself?" I could not imagine who that was, but supposed Dr. Wall.

[VISIT TO GLOUCESTER.]

[Between April and July, 1777].

* * * * *

We arrived at Gloucester about 5 o'clock. Dr. Wall handed us out of the coach with one shoe all over mud and the other clean, but without any buckle. He welcomed us very cordially, "but how happened it," cried he, "that you did not come by water? I have been almost to Tewksbury to meet you, and walked along the shore till I was covered with mud;—and here I would not wait to dress before I came to you; but there are two or three barges gone up the river to meet you.¹ Captain Coussmaker returned from Bath yesterday, and he should have gone to *escort* you, if you would have fixed your time for coming."

He then went up to his wife and returned with her compliments, and that she was extremely unhappy she could not wait upon us, but had all her hair combed out, and was waiting for the man to dress it, who had disappointed her ever since two o'clock.

He grew those whiskers"; by which she meant moustaches, and a flowing beard; for of *whiskers*, in the modern meaning, he had none at all. This is an instance that the Elizabethan meaning of "*whiskers*" still survives in out of the way places, among old people.

¹ Fanny and her friends were probably expected to reach Gloucester by the "Worcester Wherry," or by one of the barges which landed their passengers three or four times a week at "the Ship, on the quay," at Gloucester. Instead of so doing, they most likely travelled to Gloucester in the Birmingham and Worcester coach, unless they posted. The barges which went up the river to meet Dr. Wall's friends must have been hired for this occasion. Public wherries, trows, and barges, as well as the Birmingham coach, have sunk under the "stress and storm" of the railway between Worcester and Gloucester.

I think I never saw a more queerly droll character than Dr. Wall's. He lives just according to the whim of the moment, he is passionately fond of sports of all sorts and kinds, and would purchase them at any trouble or expence; he says every thing that occurs to him, whether of praise or censure, compliment or ridicule; he means to offend nobody, and never dreams of taking offence himself: and, *withall*, he has the most absurdly odd face, and wears the most ridiculous wig I ever saw.¹

¹ Dr. John Wall (the elder), who was, probably, the father of Fanny's friend, Dr. Wall, of Worcester, was, in his day, a physician in good practice and repute. He wrote a treatise on the Malvern waters. We have seen the treatment of putting patients into sheets soaked in the spring attributed to *him*. It was certainly practised at Malvern in the last century. This treatise, and other works, were re-published some years after his death in 1776, with his life, by his youngest son, Dr. Martin Wall, M.D., who was born in 1746. He settled in Oxford, and in 1784 (on Dr. Johnson's last visit to Oxford) is described by Boswell as being "a learned, ingenious, and pleasing gentleman," who drank tea with Johnson's early friend and host, Dr. Adams (Master of Pembroke College, and Canon of Gloucester), to meet the Doctor, Bozzy, and others.

Dr. John Wall (the elder) was a steward of the Worcester Music Meeting in 1746. He is found attending the beautiful Countess of Coventry (Miss Gunning) in her last illness; but his name rests now on being, in 1751, the chief founder of the still existing china manufactory at Worcester. We find in the book of Mr. Chaffers on "Pottery and Porcelain," that he was "a practical chemist, who, with others, formed the Worcester Porcelain Company, for the manufacture of soft paste." It was promoted by the Cathedral clergy, and "for many years the principal director, *sub rosa*, was Dr. Davies, an apothecary. After the sale of the works in 1772, Jno. Wall, the elder, M.D., was the head of the new company." Early Worcester china sometimes bears the mark of W. for Wall; sometimes a crescent, that being the crest of the Warmstrey family, whose house in Worcester he bought for his china works; and we have heard of "W. W.," which *may* mean "Wall" and "Worcester."

Dr. Wall married a daughter of Mr. Sandys, a lawyer, town clerk of the city of Worcester. Fanny's Dr. Wall was most likely his eldest son, "Jno. Wall, the younger, M.D." Susan met him in Worcester, as Fanny also did. He had a grotesque bent towards music. He was living in a house in Gloucester Cathedral Close, which has since had medical tenants. That is all we have learned of him. He does not seem to have been living in Gloucester when Fanny again went there in 1788; perhaps he soon returned to Worcester, after the

He began immediately to talk of *the play*, and said he could think of nothing else. "I hope, Miss Fanny," said he, "you are now quite recovered from the fright of your first appearance in public; though, upon my word, I should never have found it out if they had not told me of it; it appeared so well in character, that I took it for granted that it belonged to the part."

"It was very fortunate for me," said I, "that I had so serious and melancholy a part; for I should totally have ruined any other."¹

"The character, Ma'am," returned he, "seemed wrote on purpose for you! Captain Coussmaker says he went to see 'The Way to Keep Him' at Bath, but it was so ill done, that after all of you, he could not sit it, so he came out before it was half over."

We had then to explain the reasons of our not coming by water. James, in a whisper, asked me where I thought Richard was? I could not possibly guess. "Why," said he, "he is in the back lane leading to the house, standing in the rain without his great coat, and talking to Mrs. Wall, who is leaning out of the window to answer him, with all her hair about her ears!" Thus, you see, there was no exaggeration—*ver prett: n'est-ce pas*²—of Richard's favour with this fair lady.

Captain Coussmaker came soon after. Lord Berkeley had

death of his father in 1776. The family was of Worcester, connected with the Lechmeres, with whom they were associated in a bank. There was a clergyman of the name, and a Capel Wall, Esq., of Tavistock Street, London, who voted (as a Whig) in that Gloucestershire election, which raised high the heat of party, as is shown in the following pages.

¹ The character was one for a first-rate actress. It was played by Mrs. Siddons.

² "Ver prett," is a quotation from Omai. If we are not mistaken, Dr. Wall's house is in much the same state in 1889, as it was in 1777. It is at the south-west corner of the Gloucester College-Green. The window where Mrs. Wall talked to Dick with her hair about her ears, giving cause for comment, may be seen in what is now euphoniouly called "St. Mary's Street," but which was then "Three Cocks' Lane." The house where Lord Berkeley was then living is on the west side of the Green, and has been used as a mess-room quite lately.

promised to spend the evening at Dr. Wall's, but afterwards sent an excuse, that he was so busy mustering and examining men, that he could not possibly keep his engagement.

Lord Berkeley, you must know, is Colonel of the Militia of Gloucestershire, and makes it his business to keep it upon a footing remarkably respectable. He is so active and vigilant in the direction of the affairs of the corps, that the lowest soldier in the Militia cannot do more actual business. He is a very handsome man, and looks remarkably sensible, penetrating, and serious.¹

Mrs. Wall did not make her appearance till tea was half over; for the Doctor insisted that Nancy should make tea, and not wait for *Mrs. Brilly*, which, or *My Ladyship*, he always calls her. I think *you know* that Mrs. Wall's name is *Briliana!*²

As she is in mourning, her dress did not show to so much advantage as to pay us for waiting so long to see it. And now, if you would have my opinion of Mrs. Wall, from what I saw of her in a visit of three days, take it. I think her very plain, though very smart in dress and appearance; she is clever, but very satirical; she makes it a rule never to look at a woman when she can see a man; she takes it in turn to

¹ Frederick Augustus, fifth Earl of Berkeley, who was unfortunate enough to alter the succession of his ancient family. The Berkeley Peerage case was tried by the House of Lords in 1811.

² The name of Mrs. Wall does not (though it looks as if it did) come from a poem or a play, like *Gloriana*, *Indiana*, *Oriana*, and so forth; but was coined for a daughter of Edward, Viscount Conway, and his wife, a Tracy, of Toddington, in Gloucestershire, who was born at what our forefathers called "The Brill." "The Brill," "Briel," or "Brielle," is a fortified town on the island of Voorne, fourteen miles south of Rotterdam, which was taken by the Dutch from the Spaniards in 1572. It was the starting-point of the Dutch Republic. Lord Conway was its governor when he named his little daughter *Brilliana*. She married Sir Robert Harley, K.B., then head of the historical house of Harley, and became almost as famous during the Civil War as Charlotte de la Trémoille, Countess of Derby. In her husband's absence, she defended his Castle of Brampton in Herefordshire against the Roundheads, compelling them to raise the siege after a seven weeks' struggle. Her name was kept up in kindred families in the West of England, from one of which probably sprung this second "Mrs. S." who affected such a flirtation with Cousin Dick.

be very natural and very affected; she spends infinitely more than half her time at her toilette, to which she is an absolute slave; she is exceedingly fond of laughing and making merry, but rather tiresome in *pointing out that penchant*, not leaving others to *discover*; and, in short, she has three ruling passions, each of them so strong it would be difficult to say which predominates, and these are Dress, Admiration, and *Fun*—simple, honest, unrefined *Fun*. I can believe any thing as to *the present* to Richard from her behaviour and looks: she is forever seeking Richard's eyes, and when they meet, they smile so significantly, and look with such intelligence at each other! But, indeed, Mrs. Wall does not *confine* her smiles to him, any more than *he* does his gallantry to her. Were I Dr. Wall, I should be infinitely miserable to have a wife so apparently addicted to flirting, and seeking objects with whom to coquet from morning to night.

Dr. Wall, though a very indifferent performer, is really very fond of music, and he has so strange and mixed a collection of musical instruments as I never before saw. He brought them all out of a closet in the parlour, which he appropriates to keeping them, one by one; and he drew out some tone, such as it was! from each before he changed, First came a French horn,—then a trumpet,—then a violin,—a bass,—a bassoon,—a Macaroni fiddle,—and, in short, I believe he produced twenty of different kinds. An overture was then attempted,—every body that possibly could, bore a part,—and I really would not wish to hear a much worse performance: and yet this music lasted to supper!

Mr. Coussmaker stayed supper. He is a very pretty sort of young man, but rather too shy and silent, which, though infinitely preferable to forwardness and loquacity, nevertheless may be carried too far, either for the comfort of the owner or pleasure or satisfaction of those with whom he converses.¹

¹ Mary, daughter and heiress of Gervas Hayward, Esq., of Sandwich, in Kent, married, first, George Coussmaker, Esq., of Staple, Kent. Her son, this Captain George Coussmaker, was afterwards "colonel of the foot-guards," and married, in 1790, Catharine, sister of Edward, 18th Baron de Clifford. His daughter, Sophia Coussmaker, and her heirs, afterwards succeeded to the ancient barony of De Clifford. We

We were, however, very jocose; though, unfortunately for me, I had a very sad head-ach, and could not contribute my mite towards the general cause.

After supper Dr. Wall gave about sentimental toasts. We were all mighty stupid at them, and he was obliged to help every body. When my turn came I told him, that not being able to think of a *sentiment* I would give a *good wish*, and then I drank A Fair Day to the Review To-morrow. Dr. Wall pretended to misunderstand me, and gave it out—“Miss Fanny Burney’s Good Wishes, and a Fair Review,—that is to say, added he, *All Miss Fanny Burney’s Wishes*,—for I dare say they are are *all good*.”

When he called upon Mr. Coussmaker, he, too, said he really could not recollect one. “No?” cried Dr. Wall, “what don’t you recollect any thing about *Full pay*?—O ’tis a most excellent sentimental toast!” Nancy, Betsey, and Beckey were all equally at a loss,—I know not what bewitched all our memories, but not a soul could recollect one when called upon. “Well,” cried Dr. Wall, “don’t suppose, gentlemen, that the ladies *have* no sentiments,—the only thing is, they are ashamed to own them,—that’s all.”

Provoking enough,—but he says any thing: for example, looking hard at Betsy, “Pray,” said he, “did ever any body take notice of your eyes?”—“My eyes, Sir?—Why?”—“Because they a’n’t fellows,—one is brown, and one grey,”—and, indeed, it is very true. And when he was helping

find Captain Coussmaker in Miss Berry’s diary for 1783, as meeting her party at several places in Italy, and joining it to visit Pompeii and Vesuvius. His sister, Catherine Coussmaker, was an intimate friend of Susan Burney, as was his mother of the Doctor. Mrs. Coussmaker married, secondly, in 1764, Sir Thomas Pym Hales, Baronet, M.P. at one time for Dover, who died in 1773. She, with Miss Coussmaker and her five (Hales) daughters, lived at Howletts, in Kent, and, at times, in London. It was to her that Dr. Burney read “Evelina,” without telling who wrote it. Through her, Fanny almost touches Jane Austen, who must often have heard of her, and of other Burneys, through the Hales family. In 1796 Jane writes from Kent to her sister, “Lady Hales, with her two youngest daughters, have been to see us.” In the same letter she playfully compares herself with “Camilla,” in Madame D’Arblay’s latest novel.

Edward to some duck, he bid him cut it very small, for he was afraid *his mouth would hardly* hold it. When he called upon Edward for his toast, "Come, Sir," cried he, "what do you gentlemen of the Royal Academy give for sentiments?—a model of Venus?—or what?—You that study from Nature must certainly be very sentimental."¹

The next morning, before we were dressed, Dr. Wall serenaded us with sundry instruments, one after another, upon the stair-case. When we came down to breakfast, Mrs. Wall having slightly enquired how we did, said, "Pray do you know why *Dickey* does not come?" for so she jocosely calls our cousin Richard. All the gentlemen, you must know slept at some inn, as Dr. Wall could only accommodate the females with beds.

Soon after we were seated a party entered who were invited to spend the day, consisting of Miss Holcomb, a most frightful and disagreeable woman, Miss Hayward, an old maid, she is deaf, and should have been *Mrs. Hayward* many years ago, her brother, a fat-headed man, and Miss Wall, sister of the Doctor, who is ugly, but agreeable. Our three youths and Mr. Gale strolled in soon after. Richard seated himself, with his usual ease, at Mrs. Wall's elbow, while she made breakfast; and her company was not the more attended to for his *vicinity*.

We had but just done when the Militia began to be drawn forth upon the College Green, where Dr. Wall lives, and Lord

¹ Edward was among the earliest students of the Royal Academy. Miss Lucy Aikin, who was born in 1781, wrote a dialogue on "Old Times" from her own recollections of the last century. In it "Mrs. Harford" describes to her grand-daughter, "Sophia," the sufferings of young ladies who were called upon by custom to drink to the good health of each one at the dinner-table in *beer*; but she adds, "it was even worse when we came to the wine *after* dinner, or supper. It was *then* not sufficient to drink healths. A young lady would often be obliged, in spite of blushes and entreaties, to give as a toast, either the name of a single gentleman, or a *sentiment*; perhaps such a flat affair as this, 'May the single be married, and the married happy!'" It is clear, however, from the rest of the dialogue, that "Mrs. Harford" speaks of the manners of a class whom Fanny would have thought in great need of her book on "Politeness."

Berkeley, who resides next door but one to the Doctor, appeared before the window. We all flew to put on our hats, and then went in a body to the door, to see the ceremony of preparing the men for marching to the field. Here we were joined by Captain Coussmaker, Captain Snell, Captain Miers, and heaven knows who—for Dr. Wall is acquainted with all the corps,—who are all men of fortune and family. We were also joined by a Mr. Davis, a young man, a neighbour of the Doctor, celebrated for flightiness, freedom, gallantry and rioting. He is handsome and agreeable, though I should like him much better were he less forward; for not content with renewing an intimate acquaintance with Betsy and Beckey, he *began* one with me, upon the same free terms at once! Imagine how that's a mode to my royal favour.

We went to the review in two coaches; in one the same party that travelled to Gloucester, and in the other Miss Holcomb, &c. But Mrs. Wall—stayed at home, lest she should miss a hair-dresser she wanted to *have to herself* against the Ball! Richard, Harry Davis and Mr. Gale walked, for the field of action is but just out of the city.

Our coach was so placed as to give us the best view we could have, from one spot, of the show. James and Edward immediately got out, as did all the men who came in carriages. When *the salute* was to be given to Lord Berkeley, most of the ladies also alighted: so did all our party, myself excepted, and as I was by no means well, and had silk shoes, and the day was cold, and the ground damp, I determined to content myself with what I could see from the coach:¹ and away went all the rest except Edward. Harry Davis also insisted on keeping me company; and he entertained me with an account of the state of affairs in Gloucester; and told me, that though he loved dancing better than any thing under heaven, and would give the world to be of our set, yet he would not go to the Ball to night for fifty guineas, because it was a *Berkeley Ball*,—and he and his family were *Chesters*!²

¹ This must have been upon the low-lying, marshy ground beyond the West Gate of Gloucester, called "the Town Ham."

² This is equal to Whig and Tory. There are those living who remember the fame, if not the person, of a staunch old Tory, of the most

Soon after Dr. Wall paid me a visit, and, assuring me that nobody took cold at a review, advised me, or, rather, *rioted* me, to get out and go and see the Salute; and so, though I was cold and uncomfortable, rather than appear finical and fine-ladyish, I got out and was escorted across the field to the rest of the party, who stood very near Lord Berkeley, the better to see the ceremony.

Harry Davis, looking at my shoes, said I should certainly catch my death if I did not take care (for it had rained all the morning), and then put down his handkerchief for me to stand upon. I was quite ashamed of being made such a fuss with, but he *compelled* me to comply; and every time we moved forwards or backwards, he picked it up, and every time we stood still he put it on the ground, and insisted on my making use of it.

The men were reckoned by all the judges to go through their different manœuvres with great neatness, dexterity, and spirit. But for the firing, which always shakes my whole frame, I should think a review a sight as agreeable as it is undoubtedly grand and striking.

When we returned home we found that Mrs. Wall was still at her toilette!

Mrs. Wall is as cavalier and easy in her *actions* as her husband is in words; for though she had a house full of com-

hospitable bent, known as Tom Davis. He was a solicitor in Gloucester, and almost certainly akin to the gallant Harry. An election petition was pending while Fanny was in Gloucester. William Chester, Esq., had been returned, with Sir William Guise, as a member for the county. Beatson informs us that "the Honble. George Berkeley (only brother of the Earl), and a number of the freeholders, accused the High Sheriff of the county of partiality towards Mr. Chester, and petitioned against his election as being invalid." "The Committee, [of the House of Commons,] after sitting three months, declared Mr. Chester duly elected, and that they saw no cause to impeach the conduct of the High Sheriff." Hence all this warmth of feeling against Captain Berkeley, R.N., who was afterwards seven times returned for the county of Gloucester. It was said that as much as £100,000 was spent upon this contest. Mrs. Delany's correspondence has details of her being asked to canvass an upper servant of the Duke of Portland (who was a Gloucestershire freeholder) for his vote for Chester.

pany, yet, without the least hurry or discomposure, she gave the whole day to the adornment of her person for the night.

As we found we had our time pretty much at our own disposal from the review till dinner, it was proposed to show me the town; and so we all went in a body, attended by Harry Davis, up and down the principal streets. The city is very little worth seeing,—indeed, the Cathedral seems the only building worthy notice; there are very few good houses, and *no* good streets.¹ We then strolled upon the Parade at the College Green. And here we met Dr. Wall, Mr. Coussmaker, and Mr. Hayward, who were going to dine with Lord Berkeley and the Corps, and invited our gentlemen to accompany them. Only James accepted the offer. When we returned home, poor Harry Davis looked *au desespoir*; for though very intimate at Dr. Wall's, he was obliged not to enter the house because the Berkeley party, to which the Dr. belongs, were always popping in and out. When he left us, he said he was afraid he should hang himself before night. But he advised me repeatedly to see the College the next morning, to which he proposed attending us.

Mrs. Wall was still invisible; and when, at last, she appeared, she had only her hair dressed, and very extravagantly, nay, preposterously, and no cap on, or any other appearance of readiness. After slightly begging our pardons, "Tell them," said she, to the man, "to bring in dinner directly,—for it has been waiting for me this hour." Then, turning to Richard, with a smile of ineffable satisfaction, "How came *you* not to dine at the booth" [hall] "with my Lord?"²

¹ Mrs. Delany wrote in 1736 of Gloucester, that "it was a foggy hole, full of impertinent company." She used to visit her mother and sister in St. Mary's Square, close by "the College," as true Gloucester folk call their cathedral. Yet Gloucester must have been much more lively when there was a Dr. Wall, a Mrs. Brilly, and a Harry Davis, with country families clustering about "the College" in the winter months, than since all that has gone by; and Fanny saw many picturesque objects which have since been removed, defaced, or destroyed. Probably the "Adelphi," Portland Place, and the new squares at the West End of London, were the models of what she desired in street-building.

² The Booth-Hall, or "Boothall" (as we find it in a Gloucester Guide of 1792, by "A CITIZEN, and Member of the University of Oxford"),

“Ma’am, I,—I rather thought,—that, as the other gentlemen went——” affectedly stammered Richard.¹

“Upon my word, Sir, we are much obliged to you,—but I am afraid you *rather thought* you was not dressed, hay, Mr. Dickey?—was not that the case?—”

Dinner was then brought in, and Richard did the honours for Dr. Wall, drinking with the ladies, helping them, and so forth.

Mrs. Wall complained bitterly that she was very backward in her dress, and feared she should not have time to be ready: the hair dresser was appointed to be with her again by 4 o’clock. As soon as we could with decency, we all separated to *beautify*.

When the man came, he was seized by so many, one after another, that we almost feared we should have been obliged to give up the ball, it was so very late ere he came near us. The affair became so serious, and the waiting so alarming, lest the minuets should be over, that the party was fain to separate and go off in chairs as soon as they were ready.

was, in early days, a Guildhall, used also as an Exchange of wares by merchants. It was rebuilt in 1606, and made, for a while, a prison for offending burgesses; an assize court for the county and city, afterwards; an assembly and concert-room, besides, being specially fitted up for such purposes in 1757. During the meeting of the Three Choirs in that year, “The Messiah” was performed in it for the first time in Gloucester. In 1763 the whole performances of the Music-Meeting were given in the Booth-Hall. It is described, about the time when Fanny saw it, as being “a very lofty, lath-and-plaster building, full of windows.” Inside, it was “barn-like, and uncomfortable.” It was on the south side of Westgate Street, hard by where now stands the “Shire Hall,” which answers many of the ends of the destroyed Booth-Hall. Close to it was an inn, named after it, “the Booth-Hall.” Perhaps Lord Berkeley and his officers dined in the Hall. Fanny danced there, unless the ball was at the assembly-room of the Bell Inn, made famous by Fielding. We are told that some remains of the hostelry may be seen near the present “Shire Hall” of Gloucester.

¹ In Mr. Daniel Lysons’s “History of the Meeting of the Three Choirs” (1812), Richard Burney is said to have been “a performer of much taste, both on the violin and violoncello.” He is recorded, with his brother Charles Rousseau (our “Mr. Burney”), to have played at the Worcester Music-Meeting in 1770—and probably performed at other meetings of the kind.

Betsy and I were the last in the house; and she went off about two minutes before me. When I went down, in the hall I was met by *Harry Davis*—who handed me into the chair, charging me not to over-fatigue myself at the ball, because he built upon accompanying me to the College next morning, to show me Gloucester city, &c.

The minuets were nearly over. The last was danced by Lord Berkeley and Mrs. Yate. James immediately engaged me for country dances. Dr. Wall was so differently *wigged*, that I really did not know him,—and when he came and said to me, “So, Ma’am, I’m glad to see you here,—why you like coming late to these places?”—I at first took him for a stranger: and he plagued me about it all the rest of the time I remained at Gloucester,—for Mr. Coussmaker informed against me: “so you didn’t know me?”—made every third sentence.

[Adieu, my dear girl,—I must finish this expedition another time.]¹

I think I left off with the Ball at Gloucester?—You make no answer, so I presume silence gives consent.

Eh bien. It was two o’clock in the morning ere we sat down to supper. Mr. Berkeley and Captain Coussmaker were of our party. We were all in prodigious spirits, and *kept it up* till near 5 in the morning.

Mr. Berkeley is a handsome man, and *very well*, but I think him affected, and therefore like him not.² Richard, who came

¹ It must be understood that there are here, and elsewhere, many erasures. These words seem to have been written later, to connect two letters, and to fill the place of two effaced lines in one of them.

² Afterwards, Rear-Admiral Sir George Cranfield Berkeley, G.C.B., some time Lord High Admiral of Portugal. He was the only surviving brother of the fifth Earl of Berkeley. He greatly distinguished himself as captain of the “Marlborough” man-of-war, of seventy-four guns, in Lord Howe’s victory over the French revolutionary fleet off Brest, on “the glorious 1st of June,” 1794. After the “*Impérieux*” and the “*Mutius Scaevola*” had struck their colours to him, a French ship of 120 guns came under the stern of the “Marlborough,” and raked her with a broadside, which totally dismasted her, killed many of her crew, and wounded, among others, Captain Berkeley in the head and leg, so that he was compelled to leave the quarter-dock. Ten

in last (because he waited for a chair), found no room at the table; and so he got behind me, and said he would *wait*. "Not behind *my* chair, however," cried I, "for I can't bear it." "No, no, Dick," cried Dr. Wall, "don't stand behind *her* chair,—go to some *agreeable* lady." Richard, upon my repeating the desire, after fine speechyfyng, walked off, and got a seat behind Mrs. Wall's, and by degrees, and her assistance, wedged himself in between her and Nancy at the top of the table, where he laughed and figured away very jocosely.

Dr. Wall, who sat next me, was mighty facetious: and he *stuffed* me all supper time, saying he had "*given orders I should not be stinted,*" and conjecturing, when I refused anything, that I wanted *something I could neither eat nor drink*.¹ Indeed, he scarce ever spoke to me, but with a quotation from "Tom Thumb," or an allusion to Huncamunca.

After supper, Richard, James, Betsy, and Mrs. Wall sang some catches, indifferently enough upon the whole, though I like the voice of Richard very much on these occasions. Mr. Berkeley sometimes joined the treble part, and Dr. Wall the bass, but so ludicrously as to make me laugh immoderately. Richard gave himself a thousand droll airs, in the *Italian way*, squaring his elbows, making faces, heightening his eyebrows, and acting profusely.

When we were all re-arranged, and Richard again took his

years afterwards a writer in a London newspaper accused Sir George Berkeley of "skulking in the cock-pit during the action." A jury gave Berkeley £1,000 of damages for this libel. His great-grandson is now Earl of Berkeley.

¹ "KING ARTHUR: Daughter, I have observ'd of late some grief
Unusual in your countenance—

. . . . What is the cause?

Say, have you not enough of meat and drink?

We've giv'n strict orders not to have you stinted.

HUNCAMUNCA: Alas! my lord, I value not myself,

That once I eat two fowls, and half a pig;

Small is that praise! but oh! a maid may want

What she can neither eat nor drink—

KING ARTHUR: What's that?

HUNCAMUNCA: O spare my blushes, but I mean a husband—

KING ARTHUR: If that be all, I have provided one."

FIELDING'S *Tom Thumb*, Act ii., Scene iv.

seat next to Mrs. Wall, the Doctor said to me, "Come, now for a little of "Tom Thumb;"—come, Miss Fanny, what part will you speak?—the goose pie and half a pig?—come, you *must* give us something." Upon my remonstrating, or rather, absolutely refusing, "But you *must*," cried he,—“come, do,—else I'll set Dick Burney upon you!" "No, no," cried I,—“*O spare my blushes!*”—and after a little further fussation, and much jocularly, he gave it up, to my great satisfaction, for, had he persisted, and made his request public, I could never have consented, however pained by perpetual *negativism*.

When, at length, we thought it time to retire, Mrs. Wall rang for candles,—but upon opening the parlour door, for all us females to decamp, we all burst into a general laughter at the call for candles, for we found ourselves in *broad day-light!*—We therefore wished all the gentlemen *good morning*, and left them to their wine.

We were so little disposed for sleep, that we considered for some time whether it would be worth while or not to go at all to bed: and we all went into Mrs. Wall's room, where we chatted and laughed, and weighed this important point; which was at length determined by our all agreeing that to change our dresses being absolutely necessary, we might as well condescend to *take a nap* into the bargain. Upon which consideration we bid good night to the morning, and sought to conceal ourselves from the bright glare of the obtruding sun by softly reposing our languid heads and wearied limbs on downy pillows and enervating feather-beds. We ought, perhaps, to blush at acknowledging such depravity and weakness of spirit,—yet had you seen what ghosts we looked,—you must, at least have owned, that, from whatever cause, the effect of a blush could never be more becoming.

The gentlemen parted very soon.

Dr. Wall gave us our usual serenade before we were dressed, and *blew* to us all the Country Dances we had figured in the preceding evening. We were down long before Mrs. Wall, whose toilette is an affair of moment,—though only in *one* sense,—for as to time, 'tis an affair of much longer duration.

As soon as we entered the room, the Doctor, seizing me, forced me to sit close to his chair. He was looking over

Thicknesse's Tour,¹—and and we both went on with it, and made comments which, had the author heard, might have endangered our safety for the rest of his life.

"Pray, Miss Fanny," cried he, "how does the *Yellow* lady do?" "*Yellow lady?*" "Yes,—did'nt you know your sister turned yellow while she was in Worcester?"²

There was never such a man, I believe, *before*, for making strange speeches. He says any and every thing; but he seems so good naturedly disposed to *take* as well as *give*, that one has never any idea of being affronted by him.

Scarcely had Mrs. Wall entered the room ere she said—"But where's *Dickey?*—why doesn't he come to breakfast?" Then, ringing the bell, "Tom, go to the Inn, and tell the gentlemen we wait for them."

An answer was brought that they were already at breakfast at the Inn, but would attend us soon.

We then talked over the ball and review, and both the Doctor and his lady pressed us to stay some time longer, in a very earnest manner,—but our going was absolutely indispensable, as my uncle had charged us by no means to stay longer than the Thursday.

"Lord!—what shall we do, when you are all gone?" cried Dr. Wall—"why, you may as well stay,—Mrs. Humphries can amuse Mr. Burney, you know."

"How dull we shall be!" cried the *affectionate wife*; "I shall be ready to drown myself;—yesterday the review and the ball, and to-night nothing, only the Doctor and I!—do, Dr. Wall, let me go with the ladies just to Gorse Lawn, for a frolic!—"

¹ Philip Thicknesse, Governor of Landguard Fort, an early patronizer of Gainsborough; of whom he wrote an unfriendly Memoir, after the great painter had asserted his independence, won fame, and died. "April 3rd, 1778. JOHNSON: I have been reading Thicknesse's Travels, which I think are entertaining. BOSWELL: What, Sir, a good book? JOHNSON: Yes, Sir, to read once; I do not say that you are to make a study of it, and digest it."

² This was either Hetty, or Susan; each of whom had been staying at Worcester before Fanny. Was it a medical plesantry? or did it turn upon the Gloucester Whig colour being *yellow*?—so that a Burney, who was "*blue*" (*i.e.* Tory) by birth, had turned *yellow* for a while?

The Doctor would not hear of this. "No, Mrs. Brilly,—no, my *Ladyship*,—you'll fatigue yourself to death. Besides, how will you get back?"

"O!—I'll manage that!" However, the subject was waived for the present. As soon as breakfast was over a horse was brought to the door for the Doctor to try. He mounted it immediately, and capered all round the College Green in a very laughable manner, for he made his horse dance in and out by every other tree, *Hay fashion*.¹

We sauntered about the hall and parlour till near one o'clock, expecting in vain our beaux; and Mrs. Wall perpetually exclaiming,—“Lord, what can become of Dickey?—I'm afraid the pretty creature has lost himself!”

Nancy having a visit to make to a Mrs. Barnes, proposed our then going; and Mrs. Wall said she would take the opportunity to call upon a lady who was just quitting Gloucester: “And I hope,” cried she, “that when we return the *sweet dears* will have found their way to the house. I must tell you what a nice trick I served Dickey last Saturday,—ha, ha, ha!—it makes me laugh to think of it! You must know, when he was going to Cheltenham, as usual, on Saturday morning, I took it into my head to try a new horse the Doctor had bought me, and so make a visit to Cheltenham at the same time. Well, Mr. Dickey was to be my 'squire,—so off we set, and lively enough we were, you may be sure.

¹ To “dance the Hay” is, in the dictionary of Dyche and Pardon (1744), to *dance in a ring*. See also Nicholas Bailey, who marks “Hay” as an *old word*. Yet new “figures” (as dancing-masters used to call them) may have been brought in for the Hay, or Hey, in the eighteenth century. Certainly, Dr. Wall dancing Fanny out and in among the chairs, or making “his horse dance in and out by every other tree” in the College Green, was not “living up” to the dictionaries, which commonly make the Hay out to be a “*round dance*” only, from “Haie” (French), (1) “a hedge,” (2) “a fenced enclosure.” Even the dancing of the Hays, in “The Rehearsal,” of the sun, moon, and stars, must have been much more “effective” if the planets bobbed “in and out” at the bidding of the great Mr. Bayes, than if they joined solely in a ring, or round. “*Dancing, in merry mood, the winding hayes,*” is a verse which seems to imply a devious, not a set dance, in a round. We have seen “*the hays*” described as being not unlike *reels*.

Well, we both dined at Mr. Delebere's,¹ and, I saw that Mr. Dickey kept on his boots,—but I did not know that he intended to return with me to Gloucester that evening, for I thought it was all choice, or his custom, and he never said a word to me of having any such design. So after dinner he went to one of his schools; and in the evening I saw nothing of the gentleman, so I set off without him.—Ha, ha!—was it not a nice trick?—poor Dickey was so mad! for he had intended all along to see me home,—but how should I know that?—I can't think why he should not as well tell me so at once." A very nice trick, indeed!—and not at all *by force!*—What folly to talk, nay *boast*, of a *trick*, when she took such pains as to *call at an inn* in order to have Mr. Dickey's company!

We all proceeded, Nancy, Betsy, Beckey, and myself to Mrs. Barnes'; and there we were scarce seated [when] we were followed by Harry Davis, who lives almost next door to her. "Mrs. Barnes," cried he, "I hope you will admit me, for I must come to pay my compliments to the Miss Burneys."

The ball and review, you may be sure, furnished matter sufficient for conversation. Harry Davis asked me [how I] liked the assembly?—"I can tell you," cried he, "who you danced with." "I'm glad of it," answered I, "because it will be rare news to me." "But I am sorry you were so late," returned he,—“why you lost all the minuets.” So this forlorn beau, instead of *hanging* himself, had been inquiring into all the particulars of the ball.

In a short time we were joined by Richard, James, and Edward. Harry Davis then asked me if I would not go to see the College? I was very ready to comply,—so we all took leave of Mrs. Barnes,—a person whose name to have mentioned has occasioned my writing *two* words too much.

We first took a stroll in the College Green, and then Harry Davis ran to procure the keys, and get the doors open for us.

This Cathedral, or College, as they call it, is extremely well worth seeing, for its antiquity. There are many curious old monuments in it, though it by no means abounds with any of

¹ Mr. Delabere's name occurs again during Fanny's *royal visit* to Cheltenham in 1788.

modern elegance: Cuthbert, King of the Saxons, is, I believe, the most ancient; it is a figure cut in stone, and very entire.¹ There is another figure carved in oak and painted, of the Conqueror's eldest son. Edward the Second has also a monument in this Cathedral. There is a good deal of painted glass remaining here, and, in particular, one whole and very large window, which is reckoned extremely curious. We went up, by terrible old steps and a crooked stair-case, to the top of the Tower. . . . The Tower is of very curious Gothic workmanship, and so high, that from the ground it has the appearance of fine *net-work*; though, when we were close to it, we should have thought such netting rather coarse, even had it come from Otaheite. We had a grand *coup d'œil* from the top, taking in the greatest part of the County, with some of Worcestershire. But I have seen many more beautiful views, as I think Gloucestershire a county by no means of the *first* class; at least, the parts round the city are not of beauty incomparable. We had a good deal of diversion, all together, while in the College,—but I have waited too long to recollect particulars.

There is a *Whispering place* here;—Harry Davis stayed at one end, and Richard went to the other. The latter began with—“How cursed mad Harry Davis was last night that he could not go to the ball!” and the other returned—“I am afraid Mrs. Wall is a *turn-coat*, and that George Berkeley has *danced her* to his party.”

We then took another stroll about the town,—and I saw enough of it to die contented if I never should see it again;—and then we paraded upon the College Green till we were obliged to return to dinner, when Harry Davis was fain to go to his own home. Mrs. Wall was not returned, but we found the Doctor playing upon the bassoon, and, as usual, surrounded with the Lord knows how many other instruments. He presently flung them all away—and what do you think for?—why to run after *me*, making me run whether I would or not,

¹ This is a mistake. The cenotaph of Osric, Viceroy of the Hwiccas, who, in 681, was authorised by Ethelred, King of the Mercians, to build the monastery, is probably meant, but it is of the time of the Tudor Kings. Robert, Duke of Normandy, has also a monument,—carved nearly a hundred years after his death.

to pursue me. I'm sure you would never have guessed that ; but the less he found me inclined to this sort of sport the more determined he seemed to pursue it, and we danced round the room, Hayed in and out with the chairs, and *all that*, till it grew so late that he ordered dinner, saying, "Come, good folks, let's take care of ourselves,—*Mrs. Brilly* has certainly run away,—we will have our dinner without further ceremony."

We made some remonstrances, but they had no effect. In truth, I think he really did right, for she certainly *ought* to have been at home sooner. We had just done dinner before she made her appearance. She was extremely surprised to find how late it was, and we were all rather ashamed of our employment, and were forced to tell her that the Doctor had insisted upon our not waiting any longer. "Why, *Mrs. Brilly*," cried he, "we thought you had forgot us,—and so, *my Ladyship*, we sat down to dinner: but they have settled to fling all all the fault upon *me*." "O, to be sure," cried I, "you had nothing in the world to do with it in reality!—however, it may pass that we have only *just begun*,—only we've eat *fast*." "Very well thought of," said he,—"but, *my Ladyship*, what shall I help you to?"

"Why—I don't know," (looking about her), "but I think here seems nothing very nice." What an air! I rejoiced in the Doctor's answer.

"Why, then, *Mrs. Brilly*, why did not you provide us something better?"

"Shall I, Ma'am," cried Richard, "have the honour of helping you?"

This was assented to; and she then began, in a low voice, a conversation with him which lasted till he left us to go to business. I did not hear what passed, as my neighbour, Dr. Wall, employed my attention. But Nancy told me that she acquainted him she had met with George Berkeley, and *could not get away from him*,—and ran on with much stuff to that purpose, as if to *pique* Richard! but he is much too easy for her to succeed in any such attempt,—however *praiseworthy* the endeavour.

When Richard was gone, she grew extremely sociable with the rest of the party, particularly with James; and she was

quite urgent to dissuade us from leaving Gloucester, and when she found us inexorable, she grew mad to accompany us as far as Gorse (*sic*) Lawn.¹ When she pressed her husband to consent, "Mrs. Brilly," said he, "it cannot be,—you will never be ready in time,—you can't possibly get dressed." To this in our own minds I believe we all agreed, for a greater slave to her toilette never existed. She would not however give it up, but in a low voice desired James to *speak for her*. James complied, but in a very slight manner, for he is extremely cavalier with the world in general, and reserves his *politesses* pretty much for his favourites. The Doctor still refused his consent, and Mrs. Wall again exclaimed—"How monstrous dull we shall be! only us two!—how stupid!" Poor, woman! who could deny her pity?—a wife, and the mother of three children, to be left *at home* and with her family!—Unhappy creature;—what an object of compassion would she think our Hetty?

However, I must do her the justice to say that her children never occasioned the least trouble or disturbance, for not once did they appear, nor did we ever hear them mentioned; so that, but for previous information, I should not have had the slightest suspicion that Mrs. Wall was a mother. I am sure it would be superfluous to tell you how infinitely a conduct so tender, so maternal, raised her in my esteem and regard.

Dr. Wall was so drolly troublesome to me during the rest of the time we stayed, that I hardly knew whether to be amused or angry,—and so I was something *between both*;—a very agreeable mixture, you will allow. But he romped most

¹ *Corse* is about six miles N.W. of Gloucester. *Corse Common*, or *Lawn*, was a baiting or halting-place on the road to Worcester. The common (of about 1,400 acres) was enclosed in 1790, but there is plenty of it still, and an inn, where refreshments can be procured by tourists, which is probably the same that we have found in some old memoranda of halting-places upon journeys from Gloucester to Birmingham, &c., although Upton-on-Severn is the next stage in bills for post-chaises. A spot upon *Corse Lawn*, called "Snig's End," was the scene of Feargus O'Connor's experiment of founding a Chartist community. He brought artisans from London, to labour at their trades, each tilling his own ground. It soon came to naught; but the formal cottages may still be seen.

furiously and forcibly, and made so many attempts to be rather too facetious, that I was fain to struggle most furiously to free myself from him; yet there was such a comic queerness in his manner all the time, that, as I *succeeded* in keeping off *caresses*, I could not but be diverted with him. The girls, Betsy and Beckey were upon the *high gig* all the time, for they enjoyed seeing me thus whisked about of all things. When, at last, we took leave, he said he "should often think of Miss Fanny,—there was something so comical in her! he should never forget her while he lived."

We went in a coach and four, in the same manner as before. Harry Davis came to the door as we left the house. I believe he was watching for our coming out. He kept us talking as long as he could, and then—off we went, extremely well pleased and satisfied with our expedition.

* * * * *

July.

My visit to Westwood, which was to have taken place last week, was postponed, *for* reasons and *by* accidents which I shall not trouble you with relating; for all the little in and out circumstances of these sort of affairs have so little interest or importance to recommend them, that it is not one time in a thousand they are worth mentioning. But on Tuesday evening I had a note from Nancy, who was there, to tell me that Sir Herbert Packington would call upon me in his chaise the next morning, if it would be agreeable to me to accompany him to Westwood, to stay a few days, and accordingly, at about one o'clock the Baronet arrived.

As you have the satisfaction of knowing him, I must deny myself the pleasure of describing his person, which otherwise I should think well worth description for its excellent ugliness. He is, however, very good-natured, extremely civil, and uncommonly hospitable.¹

¹ Sir Herbert Perrott Packington, the seventh baronet of the name, by the death of whose son, Sir John, the baronetcy became extinct in 1830. It was revived in 1846 in favour of Mr. Russell (son of Sir Herbert's elder daughter), who became the Sir John Packington remembered as a Conservative minister, and created Lord Hampton.

Our journey proved very *yea* and *nayish*. Beckey longed vastly to accompany us; and I, for my part, extremely longed that she should; but what *argufied* that? We might as well not have longed at all for the good it did us; but Beckey is a sweet open-hearted girl, and totally free from pride. She owns all her wishes with the utmost sincerity, which, by the way, very few people condescend to do; they always choose to be thought to *despise* whatever they cannot attain.

Well! to return to Sir Herbert and my fair self,—why, perhaps you will be glad to hear our conversation; for we had a tête à tête of full two hours long; and in that time much might be said. I have known many a good thing hit upon in a quarter of the time. I can't pretend to give you all the *particulars*; but for the *heads* of the discourse, they were as follow, viz.;—the Weather,—the Hay,—and Dr. Dodd.

Now, you will allow that, to make these three subjects last two hours, must require no small art of expatiating; and I hope you will honour us accordingly.

Now, the reasons why I do not give you further particulars are, as follow: viz.;

Imprimis,—as to the Weather, I have now forgot *clean and clear*, whether it was good or bad.

Secundo,—as to the Hay; it has been so often spoilt, that the subject is melancholy, and I am afraid it should give you the vapours.

Thirdly,—as to Dr. Dodd; the poor man is dead, and I would have his name rest with his ashes.¹

All these circumstances considered, the journey drops;—and you behold me safely arrived at Westwood. Here again my descriptive talents are rendered useless; for you have forestalled a most excellent account. What is to be done

¹ William Dodd, LL.D., Prebendary of Brecon, Chaplain in Ordinary to George III., and “author of a variety of works.” “Poor Dodd was put to death yesterday,” [June 27, 1777] “in opposition to the recommendation of the jury,—the petition of the city of London,—and a subsequent petition signed by three-and-twenty thousand hands. Surely the voice of the publick, when it calls so loudly, and only for mercy, ought to be heard.”—DR. JOHNSON TO BOSWELL, June 28, 1777.

in this affair of urgency? Must that venerable Castle, its antique towers, its formidable turrets, its noble wood, its—

“ windows, that exclude the light,
And passages that lead to nothing,”—

must they all, all pass unnoticed? Why, Susey, I protest to you I have not had so good a subject, since I left you;—and now I might as well have none! Indeed, for the future I must beg leave to visit places, with which you are wholly unacquainted; for here my genius is perpetually curbed, my fancy nipped in the bud; and the whole train of my descriptive powers cast away, like a ship upon a desert island! Very like a ship, indeed,—a marvellous good simile! and, as to the desert island, why, to be sure, Worcester is somewhat inhabited. But what of that?—’tis a marvellous good simile, because the *less* like, the *more* marvellous.

So, you see, I have made it out as clear as the sun at noon-day. But, now I think of it, a string of similes will rather better suit the taste of Mrs. Esther than yours; therefore, I shall set about a flowery epistle to her by the first convenient opportunity this side of Christmas, and, in the meantime, I must descend to plain, vulgar matter of fact, from which I have, I know not *how*,—nor will you easily find *why*, that long digressed.

I was very much pleased with the house and situation at Westwood; with the house, for its antiquity and singularity of style, and with the situation, for its retirement and prospects. Lady Packington received me most graciously, and she showed me the utmost civility and attention during my stay. I think her a rather fine woman of her age, and sensible and notable; but she is *parading* and tolerably uncultivated as to books, and letters, and such little branches of learning.¹ She is also so immoderately fond of her Mansion, that she will scarce suffer any body to pass a *fly*, if it is upon one of the windows or tables, without remarking how well it stands, or how beautiful it looks. But I find she did not become mistress of this great house early in life, which

¹ Elizabeth, daughter of Cæsar Hawkins, Esq., married, first, Herbert Wyldé, Esq., of Ludlow; secondly (in 1759), Sir Herbert Packington.

accounts for that pride of possession, that time and early use might have diminished; but which her late arrival at makes her still feel in all its juvenile force and vivacity.

Miss Packington and Miss Dolly are both good sort of girls; but have nothing extraordinary, and, consequently, I can by no means presume to press your further acquaintance with them.

But the most agreeable circumstance of my visit remains to be told, namely, that Miss W—— was at Westwood the two first days of my residence there. Now, as you know nothing of her but from Richard's imitations, I shall take the liberty to enlarge upon her person, character and behaviour.

She is short, thick-set, fat, clumsy, *clunch*,¹ and heavy. But her face is very handsome; she has pretty blue eyes, and a most brilliant complexion, with a colour the finest than can be seen. She is very good-natured, and is not quite a *natural*, that is, not an absolute idiot; but she is the verriest (*sic*) *booby* I ever knew. She cannot speak, without making some blunder. She is so *bothered* in every speech, that she is eternally contradicting herself; she never says a word, without exciting mirth, yet seldom discovering the *cause*, she always joins in the *effect*, and laughs as simply as she makes others do artfully; and at the same time that her ignorance invites pity, her happiness renders it unnecessary. She was, indeed, the very quintessence of sport during the visit; every body laughs at her with little or no ceremony; but nobody affronts her; she takes all in good part; and, if you do but *tell* her she is not the subject of your mirth, she is thoroughly satisfied, and laughs on herself, without further enquiry. At dinner time she was the general *butt*. Sir Herbert piques himself upon *showing her off*, and makes ridiculous comments upon

¹ "Clunch" is a word which Fanny, most likely, acquired in Norfolk, where it is used as a synonym for a "*clodhopper*." There is also "clunchy," thick or clumsy. The word is not to be found in the dictionaries of Johnson, or of Richardson; "Davis's Glossary" (the editor is kindly informed) gives "Clunch; clumsy, thickset"—quoting two passages from "*Madame D'Arblay's Diary*," vol. iii. 397, iv. 272, and no other authority; but Anstey, the author of the "*New Bath Guide*," who was born in Suffolk, makes his would-be fine lady, in "*An Election Ball*," say, "In Pudding there's something so clumsy and clunch."

every thing she says; Lady Packington sneers, and exposes her to the strongest ridicule; the young ladies titter unmercifully; even Nancy's smiles border upon the full grin;—and, for my part, I laughed most heartily; yet was nobody more merry than herself. I would fain give you a specimen of the conversation that you might laugh too; but, unless I could *paint* her, and show you, at the same time, the extreme vacancy of her countenance, and give you some idea of the *drone* of her voice and of her unmeaning manner,—I could hope for no success at all equal to my wishes, or to the subject.

When dinner was over, Lady Packington took me a long walk, to show me the park, plantations, and various improvements which Sir Herbert has lately made; and they were extremely well worth seeing; at which I rejoiced the more, because I found it extremely necessary to *say* so, and that warmly and repeatedly. No praise was too high, nor could scarce any be sufficient, to gratify her ladyship's extreme greediness upon this subject. She then showed me the spot, upon which there was formerly a chapel belonging to a nunnery; some fragments of ruins are still left, and ancient coins are frequently found when the workmen are digging. The Westwood-House, she told me, was originally a monastery.

My curiosity was a good deal excited to know further more satisfactory particulars of this place, and I asked abundance of questions; for I found her very ready to figure in the information way. To my first enquiry, if she knew when the house was built, she said it was begun in the time of the *Romans, and Saxons*: no difference to be sure, which! But, when I came to more close quarters, she told me they had accounts of it so far back as *Henry the First*. This was a sad falling-off, after naming the Romans; but afterwards she added: "and indeed, I believe we have so late as Richard the First." Very ingenious! was it not? to come *forward* in her dates four reigns, and all the time believe she was going back! From this intelligence, so accurate and satisfactory, I could not but regret that she did not communicate her materials to some able historian. After tea, the rest of the evening was given to music: the performance of the Miss Packingtons

exactly tallied with the expectations your account of them had given me.

At supper, Miss W. was requested to sing; she declined it for some time, saying, "I don't sing at all well; you'll only think I'm a-squalling; for I don't know any thing of the music; so sometimes I'm *in* the tune, and sometimes I'm out of it; but I never know which. And so its the same with my brother; for he sings just as I do; we both squall after a sort; but it isn't very well." We all, however, pressed her very much, and Sir Herbert in particular; "Come, *Lillies and Roses*," (that is the name he gives her) "come, give us *Guardian Angels*; come, tune your pipe; now! quick!"

"Ay; come, Miss W.," cried Lady Packington, "give us a fine Italian air; I suppose, Miss Fanny, you are very fond of Italian Music?"

"Oh, My Lady," cried Miss W., "I really don't know the *music* at all; I'm sure I shall only frighten you."

"Oh! we *know* you don't," returned she; "but never mind; only let us hear your voice."

"Come, *Lillies and Roses*," said Sir Herbert; "don't be too long; begin at once," chucking her under the chin.

"Ay, do! Miss W.," said Miss Packington, "or else you'll make us expect too much."

"Do you know no pretty new song," said her Ladyship.

"No, My Lady, I know hardly any songs;—that is to be sure,—I dare say I know above a hundred; but I don't know the music of 'em."

"Well! any thing,—just what you please," cried Lady Packington; only don't make us wait; for that is not very well worth while."

"Why, then, if you please, My Lady," said she, "I'll sing, 'Before the urchin well could go';¹—only I can't sing it very well; so I tell you that beforehand."

¹ We find this in an old song book, under the name of

"THE FAIR THIEF.

"Before the urchin well could go,
She stole the whiteness of the snow;
And more that whiteness to adorn,
She stole the blushes of the morn," &c.

“Is that, by way of something new, Miss W?”

Regardless of this question, the poor girl began; and never before did I hear anything half so ludicrous. She has not even a natural good voice to excuse her miserable performance; on the contrary, it is a *croak*, a *squeak*, and Nature has been as little her friend as Art has been her assistant.

For some time I sat in an agony, almost killing myself by restraining my laughter; but finding that nobody else took the same trouble, by degrees I began to excuse it myself, and very soon after took the general liberty which example gave me, and laughed without controul or disguise. She could not get on *three words* at a time, on account of the confusion; for she caught the laugh, and stopped to join in it; and then like a noodle, the moment she recovered her own countenance, with the utmost solemnity she again began the song.

Nothing affected her in the manner any other person would have been affected; for the merriment she excited, only served, occasionally to interrupt her; but she never thought of stopping it by ceasing to sing,—the *only* way in her power. Nay; Sir Herbert, though the most desirous to hear her, took such methods to render her ridiculous, as must have most cruelly affronted any other character in the world. He burst out laughing in her face, patted her cheeks, slapped her shoulders, chucked her under the chin, and exclaimed, “*Bravà, Lillies and Roses!*” perpetually. But it was *all one to her*; for, whenever she could conquer her own foolish tittering, she made up a face of stupid composure, and with the utmost indifference began her song again. Sir Herbert determined to spare no pains to expose her, finding how well she took all he had hitherto offered, at length took up a large spoon, and fairly *entered it* down her bosom, where the opening of her handkerchief left a most inviting vacancy. I expected that this stroke would have raised some spirit; but she continued her song with the same gravity, only, and with the utmost deliberation taking the spoon out, and putting it into its place upon the table. The interruptions, however, in spite of her own tranquillity, were so frequent, that, as she always *began again* upon any stop of her own, she could get no further than the two first lines, and the case now appearing desperate

with regard to this song, Sir Herbert desired her to begin another.

"Come, Lillies and Roses, now try 'Guardian Angels.'"¹

"Ay, do, Miss W——," said Lady Packington, "and never mind the girls,—don't stop for their laughing."

"No more I would, my Lady," said she, "only that I can't help it,—for they make me laugh too."

'Guardian Angels' was then begun,—but so long was it in performing that we all retired the moment it was sung: and really I was glad of a little *relaxation* from laughter; though I did not obtain it immediately, for as Miss W—— slept in the next room to ours, she undressed herself in company with us, and she was so entertaining the whole time she stayed, without having the least design or knowledge of being so, that when I went to bed I was quite weak and exhausted.

Thursday morning she came to sit with me, till Lady Packington was ready for breakfast. She then gave me a very circumstantial account of her life and employments, and told me all her affairs with as much openness and unreserve, as if she had known me many years. I will recollect what I can of her relations; and, when you read what she says, you must suppose it spoke in a very *slow and slovenly* voice. . . .

Her father keeps a school at Hartlebury; and our conver-

¹ Mr. Gibbs kindly informs the editor that

"Guardian Angels, now protect me,
Send to me the youth I love," &c., or,
"Send, ah! send the swain I love,"

is a song from the "Golden Pippin," a musical burletta first played at Covent Garden Theatre in 1773, the air of which, the late Mr. Chappell says, is that now adapted to Bishop Heber's Advent-hymn,

"Lo! He comes, in clouds descending," &c.,

an air which Heber probably did not know to be taken from a burlesque operetta. If the newspaper report be correct, Archdeacon Farrar, when preaching on Hymns at the recent service on the "Re-opening" (as they called it) of the organ in Gloucester Cathedral, made the statement that "'Lo! He comes, in clouds descending,' expressed the thoughts of Cennick during the horrors of European war." Cennick was a dissenting preacher and hymn writer, who died eight years before Kane O'Hara's "Golden Pippin" was played at all, and many more before Reginald Heber wrote the Advent-hymn.

sation began by my enquiring, if they did not make *very merry* when Richard was among them?

"Why, yes; he's merry enough sometimes; only he mustn't be so with our young gentlemen: but he makes fun enough with my brother; sometimes they two'll laugh like any thing,—but it's mostly at my expence, but the thing is, I don't much mind 'em, for it's all one to me; for if I were to mind it, they do it as bad again."

"Well! but I hope *you* laugh, too?"

"Yes; I laugh enough, too, sometimes; but then, when I do, my brother says I'm just like a jackass in fits; besides, I mustn't laugh much when my papa's at home, because, if I do, he says, 'Come, let's have no more noise; it's all levity;'—But I talk enough for all that; for Mr. Smith and Mr. Giles say they can hear me at their house; I talk so loud,—and that's as far off as half a mile,—almost, I believe. But I've enough to do sometimes, because of our young gentlemen; for I've no time to myself; I'm always doing some odd job or another; yet you'd think I do nothing,—and no more I do; only papa says I've a mind to make a fuss about it; but I never get up till past nine o'clock. Lady Packington would be finely angry, if she knew it; for she'd say it was all a whim; but I never tell her about it; but I'm as tired as any thing before night."

[The continuation of this conversation (with a break, however) was found pasted down in the MS. It runs:—]

. . . him as I helped first is ready to begin again, and so then I get none at all; for if I was to put myself a bit by, they'd think I took the best; so I only eat a bit of bread and cheese."

"Well, that's very hard upon you: I wonder you don't make them wait a little?"

"Why, there's nothing I love so well as bread and cheese—I prefer it to meat a great deal. Sometimes I'm as dirty as can be,—and I hardly know how, for I do nothing: but one day a gentleman came to our house, he's one of my cousins, so he said to me, very gravely, says he, do pray get me a wash hands bason and a towel."

[Some hint that Miss W. should herself make use of the basin and towel appears to have been given.]

I enquired of her whether she ever danced when Richard was at her father's at Hartlebury?

"Why," said she, "I used sometimes, when a new young gentleman came, and when Richard Burney had no partner to dance with him. . . . I like dancing of all things—only I don't dance at all myself—not *well*, I don't; for I'm always a falling down, and Lady Packington makes such game of me for it you can't think. But I've left off dancing now, for one of our young gentlemen affronted me."

"Affronted you—how was that?"

"Why, his foot kicked me, here, upon the shin,—and you can't think how he hurt me,—so I said then I would never dance with the young gentlemen any more."

I then asked her to sing to me. She immediately complied, and I *squeezed* in my laughter with great decency.

When we came down, Lady Packington took her to task for not being dressed herself, and the poor girl looked so foolish that nobody could refrain smiling, at least. When she was going, as her journey was for the present only to Droitwich, which is but two miles from Westwood, Lady Packington said she would take that opportunity to show me more of the Park, and to give me a drive round the Pool: accordingly I attended her Ladyship in seeing Miss W. to Mrs. Aubery, her aunt. I was very sorry to leave her, for I had by no means the entertainment after her departure; indeed I told her that I was sure we should not be *so merry* when she was gone,—and she seemed extremely pleased at the compliment.

Notwithstanding I laughed so intolerably at Miss W., I continued so well to satisfy her that *she* was not the object of my mirth, that we were exceeding good friends, and she invited me very cordially to make her a visit at Hartlebury; and then "We'll go together to Stourport; but you must let me know when you come, or else, I sha'nt be dressed; for I always go any how at home; you can't think what a figure I am. Now, if you come, without telling me first, I'll tell you how you'll find me: I shall have on a dirty cotton gown, and a

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dirty muslin handkerchief about my neck, and a cloth apron, may be, and quite a close cap; for I never do my hair up, when I'm alone, for I don't much mind our young gentlemen; and I shall have on a red stuff coat; and now I'll lay you any thing you will, that's the way you'll find me."

I ventured not to lay *against* her, because I thought her rather too much in the secret.

While I dressed for dinner, she again gave me her company and conversation; and indeed, there was no person in the house I so much desired to have with me; for she was always *as good as a comedy* to me.

She marvelled very much at the quantity of my hair, and bidding me look at her's, said, "See what a little I have, and my hair's as low as any thing; and for all that, it's all a falsity! only see! One day one of the curls came off, and Master Packington tied it to the bell. I am often angry enough with Master Packington, for he was always doing something or other to me."

The next day, as it rained all the morning, we could not walk out. Therefore, Lady Packington produced some coins she had had very lately dug out by the Nuns' Chapel; and then got Rapin's History of England, and we went to work in viewing the coins of the different reigns, in order to discover the age of those she had found. She is fond of figuring upon these subjects; but yet she showed so much ignorance of History as to render her researches truly ridiculous, for so little did she know of the matter that she always took it for granted that every King of the same name followed in regular succession; and so, when we had examined the coins of Henry the Second, "Now," said she, "we'll come to Henry the Third;" but happening, instead, to meet with Richard the First. With the same correctness she looked for Richard the Second. . . . We then descended: and after breakfast Lady Packington was so civil as to go entirely over the house with me; and it is so large that she was quite fatigued by the time we returned to the parlour.

The weather was unfortunately very indifferent during my stay at Westwood; which prevented my enjoying any benefit from the beautiful Pool which is in the Park, though Sir

Herbert was so obliging as to plan a water-excursion every day; for he was very desirous to show me his barge, and to display all the beauty of his largest pool, which is reckoned the finest in England, being more than two miles long, and proportionably wide. However, the weather never allowed of any such schemes being put in execution.

[Here a couple of leaves of manuscript, snipped by scissors into six shreds, which have been tacked with thread upon a blank leaf of paper, end all we have of Fanny's journal for 1777. Between the words "the beautiful pool," and "is in the park," two lines in Susan's writing occur. They have headed a leaf which Fanny has reversed when she wrote upon it. "I expect," writes Susan, "to have this paper returned me with a little ink, which I shall regard with *interest*,—very shortly—I know you can't get this sort at *Barebones*."¹

After these lively visits in the West of England were finished, Fanny returned to St. Martin's Street, where we may think of her as copying the third volume of "Evelina" for the printing-press, since Mr. Lowndes had refused to publish her novel by instalments. To our after-seeing eyes, these early letters and journals visibly lead on to the publication of "Evelina." The book is latent in the diaries. The "prentice-hand" sketches Mr. Seaton and Dick Burney, Mrs. S. and Mrs. Wall; the "watering-place," and the country boarding-house of the last century, with their variety of visitors; the makers of music, and the men and women of fashion who delighted in it; "the Lyons" of the time, the haughty and touchy King of Abyssinia, the savage Omai, and the criminal Orloff; the coxcombs of literature, Mr. Twiss and Mr. Keate, and its ruffian, Dr. Shebbeare. The passed mistress "draws large" Sir Clement and the Captain, Madame Duval, and the Braughtons, with their inimitable lodger—"the Holborn Beau"—Mr. Smith.

After the abrupt ending of the visit to Westwood, no word of Fanny's writing has come before our eyes until her diary for 1778 suddenly begins with a paragraph which has been omitted by the editor of her later diaries, as have others, which we print in full, as they give a happy ending (befitting a novelist above others) to all that has gone before in these volumes. They, and the letters of the most loving of all sisters, Susan Burney, are, as it were, the *third volume* of a fresh and lively story which widens and deepens towards its joyous close. A lover made happy, it is true, is not to be found therein, but the pride and happiness of a father, and the rapture of the most amiable and affectionate of clever families, make the wedding little missed.]

¹ A family pun on the name of their uncle's house at Barborne.

[SOME PAGES FROM THE DIARY OF FRANCES
BURNEY FOR THE YEAR 1778.]

March is almost over—and not a word have I bestowed upon my Journal!—n'importe,—I shall now whisk on to the present time, mentioning whatever occurs to me promiscuously.

[This¹ year was ushered in by a grand and most important event,—for at the latter end of January, the literary world was favoured with the first publication of the ingenious, learned, and most profound Fanny Burney!—I doubt not but this memorable affair will, in future times, mark the period whence chronologers will date the zenith of the polite arts in this island! This admirable authoress has named her most elaborate performance “EVELINA, OR A YOUNG LADY’S ENTRANCE INTO THE WORLD.” Perhaps this may seem a rather bold attempt and title for a female whose knowledge of the world is very confined, and whose inclinations, as well as situation, incline her to a private and domestic life. All I can urge is, that I have only presumed to trace the accidents and adventures to which a “young woman” is liable. I have not pretended to shew the world what it actually *is*, but what it *appears* to a girl of seventeen:—and so far as that, surely any girl who is *past* seventeen may safely do?

The motto of my excuse shall be taken from Pope’s “Temple of Fame,”—

“In every Work, regard the Writer’s end,
None e’er can compass more than they intend.”]

About the middle of January, my cousin Edward brought

¹ The passages enclosed by brackets have already been printed in the “Diary of Madame D’Arblay.” The *brackets within brackets* indicate her later additions to her diary in these passages; as do also the brackets in those paragraphs which are now printed for the first time.

me a private message from my aunts, that a parcel was come for me, under the name of Grafton.

I had, some little time before, acquainted both my aunts of my frolic: they will, I am sure, be discreet,—indeed, I exacted a vow from them of strict secrecy;—and they love me with such partial kindness, that I have a pleasure in reposing much confidence in them. And the more so, as their connections in life are so very confined, that almost all their concerns centre in our, and my uncle's family.

I immediately conjectured what the parcel was, and found the following letter:—

To MR. GRAFTON:

To be left at the Orange Coffee House.

Mr. Grafton,

Sir,

I take the liberty to send you a novel, which a gentleman your acquaintance, said you would hand to him. I beg with expedition, as 'tis time it should be published, and 'tis requisite he should first revise it, or the reviewers may find a flaw.

I am, Sir,

Your obed^t serv^t,

THOS. LOWNDES.

Fleet Street, Jan. 7, 1778.

My aunts, now, would take no denial to my reading to *them*, in order to make errata; and—to cut the matter short, I was compelled to communicate the affair to my cousin Edward,—and then to obey their commands.

Of course, they were all prodigiously charmed with it. My cousin, now, became my agent, [as deputy to Charles,] with Mr. Lowndes, and, when I had made the errata, carried it to him.

[The book, however, was not published till the latter end of the month. A thousand little [odd] incidents happened about this time, but I am not in a humour to recollect them; however, they were none of them productive of a discovery either to my father or mother.]

My cousins Richard and James past thro' town this Christmas, in their way to Dover, and they spent six weeks in France: on their return, poor Richard was taken extremely ill, and obliged to continue in [town] . . . and be attended by Dr. Jebb. James is gone to Worcester, and Miss Humphries is come hither by way of nurse: he [Richard] is now very much recovered, thank God, and gone to Brumpton for a little change of air, and there he is to continue till he is able to return to Worcester.

March 26th.

I have now to trace some curious anecdotes for about a fortnight past.

My cousin Richard has continued gaining strength and health with a daily rapidity of recovery, that has almost as much astonished as it has delighted us, and that is saying very much, for his truly amiable behaviour during his residence here, has so much encreased the regard I always had for him, that I have never in my life been more heartily rejoiced than upon his restoration to his friends.

On Friday se'night, my mother accompanied my father to Streatham, on a visit to Mrs. Thrale for four or five days. We invited Edward to drink tea with us, and, upon the plan of a *frolic*, we determined upon going to Bell's circulating Library, at which my father subscribes for new books, in order to ask some questions about *Evelina*, however, when we got to the shop, I was ashamed to speak about it, and only enquired for some magazines, at the backs of which I saw it advertised. But Edward, the moment I walked off, asked the shop-man if he had . . . [my little book, I am told, is now at all the circulating libraries.]

I have an exceeding odd sensation, when I consider that it is now in the power of *any* and *every* body to read what I so carefully hoarded even from my best friends, till this last month or two,—and that a work which was so lately lodged, in all privacy in my bureau, may now be seen by every butcher and baker, cobbler and tinker, throughout the three kingdoms, for the small tribute of three pence.

[My aunt Ann and Miss Humphries being settled at this time at Brompton, I was going thither, with Susan to tea] when Charlotte acquainted me that they were then employed in reading *Evelina*—[to the invalid my cousin Richard.] My sister had recommended it to Miss Humphries,—and my aunts and Edward agreed that they would read it, but without mentioning anything of the author!

Edward, therefore, bought, and took it with him to Brompton—

[This intelligence gave me the utmost uneasiness,—I foresaw a thousand dangers of a discovery;—I dreaded the indiscreet warmth of all my confidants,] and I would almost as soon have told the *Morning Post* Editor, as Miss Humphries. [In truth I was quite sick with apprehension and was too uncomfortable to go to Brompton, and my Susan carried my excuses.—

Upon her return I was somewhat tranquillised, for she assured me that there was not the smallest suspicion of the author, and that they had concluded it to be the work of a *man*.] and Miss Humphries, who read it aloud to Richard, said several things in its commendation, and concluded them by exclaiming—“It’s a thousand pities the author should lie concealed!”

[Finding myself more safe than I had apprehended, I ventured to go to Brompton next day.

In my way upstairs I heard Miss Humphries reading, she was in the midst of Mr. Villars’ Letter of consolation upon Sir John Belmont’s rejection of his daughter, and, just as I entered the room, she cried out—“How pretty that is!”—

How much in luck would she have thought herself, had she known *who* heard her!

In a private confabulation which I had with my aunt Anne, she told me a thousand things that had been said in its praise, and assured me they had not for a moment doubted that the work was a *man’s*.]

Comforted and made easy by these assurances, I longed for the diversion of hearing their observations, and therefore (though rather *mal à propos*) after I had been near two hours in the room, I told Miss Humphries that I was afraid I had

interrupted her, and begged she would go on with what she was reading.

"Why," cried she, taking up the book—"We have been prodigiously entertained"—and, very readily, she continued.

[I must own I suffered great difficulty in refraining from laughing upon several occasions,—and several times, when they praised what they read, I was upon the point of saying—"You are very good!"—and so forth, and I could scarce keep myself from making acknowledgements, and bowing my head involuntarily.

However, I got off [*perfectly*] safely.]

MONDAY, Susan and I went to tea at Brompton. We met Miss Humphries coming to town. She told us she had just finished—"Evelina"—and gave us to undersand that she could not get away till she had done it. We heard afterwards, from my aunt, the most flattering praises,—and Richard could talk of nothing else! His encomiums gave me double pleasure, from being wholly unexpected: for I had prepared myself to hear that he held it extremely cheap. And I was yet more satisfied, because I was sure they were sincere, as he convinced me that he had not the most distant idea of suspicion, by finding great fault with Evelina herself for her bashfulness with such a man as Lord Orville.—"A man," continued he—"whose politeness is so extraordinary,—who is so elegant, so refined,—so—so—*unaccountably* polite,—for I can think of no [other] word.—I never read, never heard such language in my life!—and then, just as he is speaking to her, she is *so confused*,—that she [always] runs out of the room!"

I *could* have answered him, that he ought to consider the original character of Evelina,—that she had been brought up in the strictest retirement, that she knew nothing of the world, and only acted from the impulses of Nature; and that her timidity always prevented her from daring to hope that Lord Orville was seriously attached to her. In short, I *could* have bid him read the Preface again, where she is called—"the offspring of Nature, and of Nature in her simplest attire"—but I *feared* that an *unprejudiced* reader should make no weightier objection.

Edward walked home with us; I railed at him violently for

having bought the book, and charged him to consult with me before he again put it into any body's hands: but he told me he hoped that, as it had gone off so well, I should not regret it. Indeed he seems quite delighted at the approbation it has met with. He was extremely desirous that his brother should be made acquainted with the author, telling me that he wished to plead for him, but did not know how.

The next day, my father and mother returned to town. On Thursday morning, we went to a delightful Concert at Mr. Harris's. The sweet Rauzini (*sic*) was there, and sung four Duets with Miss Louisa Harris. He has now left the Opera, where he is succeeded by Roncaglia. I was extremely delighted at meeting with him again, and again hearing him sing. La Motte, Cervetto, . . . played several Quartettos divinely, and the morning afforded me the greatest entertainment.

There was nobody we knew but Lady Hales and Miss Couss-maker, who where as usual very civil.

Friday.

Miss Humphries, Charlotte, Edward and I went to the Oratorio of Judas Maccabeus. Oratorios I don't love, so I shall say nothing of the performance. We were, also, a few nights since, at Giardini's Benefit, and heard a most charming Concert. . . .

Edward talked only of Evelina, and frequently. . . . It seems,—to my utter amazement, Miss Humphries has guessed the author to be *Anstey*, who wrote the Bath Guide!—How improbable—and how extraordinary a supposition. But they have both of them done it so much honour that, but for Richard's anger at Evelina's bashfulness, I never could believe they did not suspect me.

* * * * *

[As there are few better characters in comedy than that of clever Dick Burney, we tell what we have learned of him in a summary of some more of these hitherto unprinted pages from Fanny's diary for 1778. His coxcombry was conscious, nay, intentional; he laughed at himself; he mimicked his own "airs and graces." Then he had such an easy way of *permitting*, rather than leading, ladies like the two whom we have met in these diaries, to show off *their* "airs and graces"

in a game of coquetry, played with scarce an approach to meaning, on their part; with none at all on *his*. In her dreary court-life Fanny was, at times, tormented by M. Guiffardière, "a half-witted French Protestant Minister, who talked oddly about conjugal fidelity,"¹ and affected stormy gallantry towards herself. Once she writes that, "although I believe *his rhodomontading to be quite as innocent as that of our cousin Richard*, there is something in it, at times, too violent for my nerves."

Fanny continued to find Dick "speaking of all the characters" [of her novel] "as if they were acquaintance; and praising different parts perpetually: both he and Miss Humphries seem to have it by heart, for it is always *apropos* to whatever is the subject of discourse." The third volume is never out of Richard's hands. He is on the eve of going home, so Aunt Anne presses Fanny to tell him of her authorship before he leaves London. Fanny refuses; but on hearing her aunt say, in a low voice to Susan, that if Fanny won't, *she* will! begins to think that she had better be the first to tell her own secret, making her own conditions. "I seated myself at a table to finish a letter to Betsy" [Burney], "Susanna took up 'Evelina,'—which is always at hand." Richard said to her, "'I like that book better and better; I have read nothing like it since Fielding's novels.' Susan laughed,—so did I, but I wrote on. He asked, with some surprise, what was the joke? but as he obtained no answer, he continued his favourite topic—'I think I can't read it too often,—for you are to know that I think it very edifying. The two principal characters, Lord Orville and Mr. Villars, are so excellent!—and there is something in the character and manners of Lord Orville so *refined*, and so polite, that I *never saw the like* in any book before: and all his compliments are so *new*—as well as so elegant.'" Fanny hints that she knows who wrote the book. Richard declares that he is "*quite lost*:—such amazing knowledge of characters,—such an acquaintance with *high and low* life,—such universal and extensive knowledge of the world,—I declare, I know not a man breathing who is likely to be the author,—unless it is my uncle" [Dr. Burney]. "No man is capable." Such praise makes it harder for Fanny to tell him, but Richard leaves her no rest. He follows her about the room until she fears Miss Humphries will hear what is the subject of his importunity. At last, he brings a pen and paper, and begs her to *write* the name, promising not to read it until she has left him. "I only wrote on this paper, 'No Man,'—and then folded it up." He is "extremely eager" to see it, but Fanny demands that he shall, first, give a solemn pledge of secrecy. He puts his hand on his heart, and promises, by his honour, to be faithful. "This is not enough, he must *kneel* down, and make a vow that he "will never tell *any* body in the world." "What, not a *sister*?" "No, not a human being." "What, not *Betsy*? O, pray let me tell *her*!" "No, no,—not a soul." Dick's curiosity *must* be satisfied. "'I *must* vow then.' 'Kneel, then!' cried I. He laughed, . . . Miss Humphries

¹ Macaulay.

looked round;" so that mock-heroic detail could not be exacted. He took his vow, Fanny gave him the paper, and ran from him to the window. "He read it with the utmost eagerness,—but still did not seem to comprehend how the affair stood, till he came to the window,—and then, I believe, my countenance cleared up his doubts. His surprise was too great for speech; Susan says he coloured violently,—but I could hardly look at him. Indeed, I believe it utterly impossible for astonishment to be greater than his was at that moment. When he recovered somewhat from it, he came again to me, and taking my hand, said, 'I believe I must now kneel indeed!'—and drawing me to the fire, he actually knelt to me,—but I made him rise almost instantly." Dick, in his amazement and admiration, kneeling to his cousin, in whose journals lay hidden at the very time sketches of his coxcombs, and of the coquetries of Mrs. S. of Bewdley and Mrs. Wall of Gloucester, might have suggested a subject for the pencil of his brother Edward. His "partiality" was known to Fanny to be "so great, that had he ever suspected me, I am sure that he would have offered me nothing short of *adulation*." "As if he had forgot all the flattering speeches he had made about the book, or as if he thought them all *inadequate* to what he *should* have said, he *implored* my forgiveness for what he called his *criticisms*, and seemed ready to kill himself for having made them." Yet, they were but censures of "Evelina's" bashfulness towards "his favourite Lord, whose character he studies every day of his life; with whom he seemed so struck, that we all fancied that he meant to make him his *model*, as far as his situation would allow. Indeed, not only *during* his illness he penetrated us by his patient and most amiable behaviour, but since his recovery, he has more than kept his ground, by having wholly discarded all the foibles that formerly tinged his manners, though they *never*, I believe, affected his heart."

We part with Dick as with the hero of some sparkling little comedy, whose lively "*foibles*" scarce merit any greater chastisement than the loss in illness of his "*two curls*" (then indispensable to a gentleman's *toupet*); and who is reclaimed from following Maccaronis, and members of the "*Savoir-vivre*" Club, by a new type of virtuous elegance, created by his cousin in the character of "Lord Orville."]

LETTERS AND FRAGMENTS OF LETTERS FROM
SUSAN TO FRANCES BURNEY.

[These letters begin when Fanny was sent to Chesington in the beginning of May, 1778, to regain strength after a severe attack of illness, which left her unable to walk more than two or three yards at a time. She has written on their wrapper, "Some fragments, chiefly on Evelina, of the letters of Susanna Elizabeth Burney, to F. B., before her marriage. The Correspondence at large has been committed to the flames, from family reasons, owing to its unbounded openness of Confidence."

On letter No. 1 there is a heading, "Early narratives relating to the first appearance of Evelina, recorded to F. B. by her beloved sister Phillips." In the left corner at the head of the fragment Mme. D'Arblay has written, "On Eliz. B's. suspicion of the author of Evelina." "Cousin Bessy" of Worcester will be remembered as acting with Fanny in "The Way to Keep Him," and in "Tom Thumb."]

[Post-mark May 9, 1778.]

* * * * *

I will transcribe for you Bessy's last letter *on one head*.¹

[Copied from Eliz. Burney by my Susanna.]

"I have just finished reading Evelina—and I believe I should thank you, or some of your family for the great pleasure I have received from it. It is by far the most *bewitching* novel I ever read.—I could not leave it till I came to the conclusion of it;—and now I can't help regretting that I made such short work of it—I wish it was as long again—however I shall not content myself with once reading;—for 'twill bear a second and third, and still delight one I am sure. Indeed, I am quite charm'd with it—'tis so interesting! The

¹ This is but the last leaf of a letter addressed to "Miss Burney, at Mrs. Hambleton's, Chessington, near Kingston, Surrey."]

characters are so well drawn,—so contrasted,—so striking, that I can't help fancying myself perfectly well acquainted with them all.—There is so much elegance in it too! I know not how to say enough of it.—But now, as you are a friend, an *honest friend* too, and I hope will not go to *deceive* me, I'll tell you a conjecture of mine, when I had read about three of the letters, and which has gained through every letter since.—I think I know a person not *one hundred* miles from Leicester Square very capable of writing such a novel—Indeed 'tis so clever and so much in her style, that I cannot persuade myself to think she is not the authoress. Any one else would be proud of putting their name to it—I have but one doubt about it, which is that I never knew her allow any but her most particular and intimate friends to be the better for her uncommon abilities in this way—She is so *divident* (sic) *of her own performances*. However you must tell me, and tell me *truly*, whether I am or am not mistaken—and if I am *not* mistaken you must pay me the compliment of owning that I have some penetration—But don't tell Fanny that I *smoke* her if you think she will be displeased, for I know her to be extremely delicate in these matters—and probably she may not like that any of our family should suspect her tho' she *cannot* or at least has *no reason* to be in the smallest degree afraid of any of us. I have been very snug and quiet ever since I had this notion about Fanny, and shall not mention it, till I have heard from you, and not even then, unless you give me leave.”

She then speaks of other subjects—says Richard continues very well, “but has *lost both his curls!*—Monstrous provoking!”

But my dear love—what shall I say to this *long-headed* girl—It is evident that Richard has dealt very honourably by you, yet such suspicions as hers will not easily be laid asleep—especially as she ventures to declare them, and make so open an attack about them. Let me know when you can without hurry or fatigue what I shall say—the poor girl is distracted to know how you do, which makes me want much to write soon—Shall I take no notice of this passage in her letter?—She assures me that I may write her anything in the world by post if I send my letters off on Mondays—

If you write, I shall expect as yet only two or three lines from you my sweet Fanny at a time—So don't worry yourself by writing more—not this fortnight—I hope in God you mind where you are, and have had no fit of faintness. Remember me *properly* and *particularly* to Mr. Crisp and Kitty—and take great care of yourself—

Adieu I am more than ever yours

S. E. BURNEY.

[SUSAN TO FRANCES BURNEY, AT CHESINGTON.]

[Original account of my dear Father's first Reading Evelina.
F. B.]

[Post-mark June 4, 1778.]

* * * * *

But, my dear Fanny, my father has at last got Evelina!—
. . . Charlotte has written you all the account—I have been monstrously vexed that I was not at home when he first got it—I am sure I should have cried I think had I been present upon his opening the *Ode* [to himself]—for the idea of it never occurs to me without bringing tears into my eyes—However he has never mentioned it to me, tho' it affected him so much at the time—but Yesterday morning when I was alone with him a few minutes while he dress'd—

“Why Susan” said he to me—“I have got Fan's book.”—

“Sir! have you?”

“Yes—but I suppose you must not tell her—Poor Fan's *such* a prude.”

“Oh! I don't know sir, she knows *you* know of it—'tis only *others*.”

“Oh”, said he, quick—“I shall keep it locked up in my Sanctum Sanctorum,” pointing to his bureau—“I would not betray the poor girl for the world—but upon my soul I like it vastly—Do you know I began to read it with Lady Hales and Miss Coussmaker yesterday”

“Lord!” cried I, a little alarm'd, “you did not tell them”

“Tell them, no certainly—I said 'twas a book had been

recommended to me—they'll never know, and they like it *vastly*, but upon my soul there's something in the preface and dedication *vastly strong and well written*—better than I could have expected—and yet I did not think 'twould be *trash* when I began it,—and there are two or three letters of Mr.—the old—”

“ Mr. Villars ? ”

“ Aye, Mr. Villars, which are indeed *extremely* well—really—pathetic.”

“ And how far have you got ? ”

“ Oh!—beyond where Madame French appears—but shan't we have a little too much of her ? ”

“ Nay, that's according to your *taste*—besides you read with fine ladies and”

“ Oh ! they like it of all things—tho' 'tis *pure vulgar* to be sure—but the girl's account of public places is very animated and natural, and not *common*—it really appears to me that Lowndes has had a *devilish good bargain* of it—for the book will *sell*—it has real merit, and the Review alone would sell it.”

“ What the Monthly ? ”

“ Yes—and it's in Kenrick's too.”

Here we were interrupted by Mr. Davis, and I have not since heard any more remarks. As I do, you may depend upon having them, and just in the words they are made to me, as you will believe by what I have already written—Adieu my sweetest girl, I have no room for comments—

Yours ever. S. B.

[SUSAN TO FRANCES BURNEY, AT CHESINGTON.]

* * * * *

[June 1778.]

Yesterday I spent in Brook Street—'twas a *visite de congé*, as they leave town Saturday.—At dinner Lady H[ales] and Miss Coussmaker were set terribly on the titter. Mad^e de Ferre's saying “ Vel, I protest *I never saw noting* so pritty as Miss Burney's choice of cloaths ”—presently she said some-

thing to Mr. Coussmaker ¹ of *when he should be married*, and he laughing about it as a ridiculous thing. Miss C. said to him—"I hope you are not of *Mr. Smith's* opinion however"—

"What opinion is that", said I, "*bonnement?*"

"Oh!—that it is very well to say fine, gallant things to the Ladies but that *marriage is quite out of the question*—and he says this to that sweet, elegant, beautiful girl Evelina, —who is so sick of him, and detests him so much she can scarce bear to be in his company—"

"What, it's in the novel is it?"

"Yes—you haven't read that yet?"

"Why 'tis but two or three days since you mention'd it to me—and I shall get my father to lend it me when you have done with it—"

"That you won't, indeed, my dear" said Lady Hales "for I've bought the book of him—tho' indeed he may perhaps get another."

"Oh! I am sure," said Miss Coussmaker, "he'll never live without it.—He is so fond of it.—Do you know, mama, Lady Radnor says, she'll have it too?"

"Well it will entertain *her* I dare say, but Lizzy,—or Jane I believe it was you,² put me almost out of countenance . . . when Mrs. Hales was here this morning, a formal old maid, you know her" (to me) "who would think it destruction for a girl to read a novel. But Jane suddenly turned to me, while she was here—'Mama,' said she, '*don't* you pity poor Mr. Macartney?'"

"Mr. Macartney—who's that?" cries Mrs. Hales.

"Oh! only a poor man" said I—"I have been hearing a sad story about"—and so luckily she asked me no more questions."

"Oh" said Miss Coussmaker, "Jane is distracted about Mr. Macartney—Poor man—Oh! 'tis so shocking—those Butchers, the Branghtons! Well, I must not tell you the story tho'."

¹ The Captain Coussmaker of Fanny's visits to Worcester and Gloucester. Miss Coussmaker was his sister.

² One of her five daughters, the Misses Hales.

When Mad^e de Ferre left the room after dinner Mr. Coussmaker ask'd Lady Hales who she laugh'd at so at the table with Kitty.¹

"Gracious me!" cried Lady Hales, "Kitty, that book will certainly get us into a scrape!—for I never can hear poor Mad^e de Ferre open her mouth now without its putting me so in mind of that Mad^e Duval, so that I am ready to die with laughing."

"No," said Mr. Coussmaker, "I don't think so—Mad^e de Ferre is very different—Mad^e Duval is described to be very much painted and dressed out—and besides you know she is supposed to be a very fine woman."

"Why that's very true—but her *never noting*, and her blunders in conversation, are so ridiculously like, that they always remind me of each other."²

"But indeed, Susan, you *must* read it—for 'tis very well worth your reading."

"Nay, you may think it must be something above the common things," said Miss Coussmaker, "for Dr. Burney to recommend a novel."

Lady Hales. I declare, the Preface and Address, there, what is it—*Dedication*—to the Reviewers are as fine pieces of writing as ever I heard in my life—and Dr. Burney thinks so too; doesn't he Kitty?

Miss Coussmaker. Yes, indeed—I assure you this writer is a great acquisition.

Lady Hales: Oh! it's a writer of great abilities, whoever he be.

Miss Coussmaker. He says it will *never* be known—but if the book circulates, which I think, considering its merit, it certainly must, I hope he will be tempted to discover himself—or *she* indeed for you're to know I think it's a woman.

Susan. Do you indeed? Why pray?

Miss Coussmaker. Why I don't know—I believe I *dreamt* it first, for I thought it was said so in the preface or dedication—but I have read 'em since and find it is not—but there

¹ Miss Coussmaker.

² Mme. de Ferre appears to have been governess to the daughters of Lady Hales.

is such a remarkable delicacy in all the descriptions and conversations, that I can't think it can be anybody's writing but a woman's—tho' there are very gross vulgar characters introduced.

Lady Hales. Lord, aye—that nasty person, Captain—

Miss Coussmaker. Yet there never is an indelicate word, nor an oath throughout the book—indeed Evelina says after giving an account of a violent quarrel that has pass'd between the Captain and Mad^e Duval—“this conversation had the addition of an oath at every two or three words, but I have not repeated them because I am sure they would be as disagreeable to you to read as to me to write”—which is so delicately avoiding it, you know, without anything unnatural.

Lady Hales. It certainly must be some person very much us'd to high life—the language is quite elegant too, of all Mr. Villars letters particularly—and of Evelina's which he writes from *herself*.

Miss Coussmaker. A great deal of it is conversation—such a variety of Characters 'tis amazing I declare.

Lady Hales. And so wonderfully well sustained they are—so mark'd—indeed there is *great genius* in it.

Lady Hales had a millener to call upon—and walk'd to the shop with Miss Coussmaker and me. One cap which was remarkably showy and full of pink ribbon they said should be sent to poor Mad^e Duval, to make her amends for the loss of her *most becomingest cap*.

“No, a set of curls would be better to lend her” said Miss Coussmaker. And tho' they were eternally saying they would not *forestall* anything of the pleasure I should have in reading the book, I saw they long'd to give me the whole account of poor Mad^e Duval's misfortune, and laugh'd themselves sick at the recollection of it, tho' they declared 'twas very inhuman of the Captain, and tho' they *detested* her they could not help pitying her.

“But as to the Captain” said Miss Coussmaker “as poor Mad^e Duval says, he has *no compassion nor nothing at all*.”

Lady Hales declared they should get Mad^e Duval's expressions so pat she was afraid they would grow into use with them even when they did not intend it—

As we came from the millener's they took notice how dismal London began to look.

"Aye," cried Lady Hales, "Poor Evelina!—No—Lord Orvilles now!"

After tea we went in the Coach to Jones's shop on Holborn Hill—in the way Marianne found out a queer coarse looking man to be *Captain Mirvan*—Miss Coussmaker a much worse to be *Mr. Branghton*—As we went thro' Holborn—

"Only think" cried Miss Coussmaker "of that elegant girl Evelina to lodge in such a place as this—and to be *good neighbours* to such wretches as the Branghtons!"

Then she looked out for Mr. Branghton's silversmith's shop—

"But you know it's on *Snow Hill*," cried Lady Hales.

"Well then, that's it" said Miss Coussmaker as we stopt at Jones's—"and there on the first floor lives Mr. Smith, that odious vulgar creature, who means to be fine and quite the thing—and upstairs is that sweet Evelina, with Miss *Polly* and Miss *Biddy* Branghton—and higher is poor Mr. Macartney."

She then told me of Mr. Smith's complaint of *the young ladies greasing his room*—and of young Branghton's vulgarity—and of poor Evelina's letter to Miss Mirvan in which she exclaims that she should ever have danc'd with Lord Orville! This I imagine was one of the last letters they had read—but as I was to be ignorant of the book I could not ask where they left off—but I fancy the pistol scene with Mr. Macartney and the evening at Vauxhall and Marybone are yet to come.—I'm afraid I shall hear no more particulars—and that they never can get thro' it with my father as they are so soon to leave town—but he has made them promise not to open the book but in his presence, which tormenting as it is Miss Coussmaker says she regrets the less because *Dr. Burney* DOES *read it so well!*

They brought me home with them, and I expect they will call here to morrow.

Adieu my sweet love—[S. B.]

* * * * *

[Continuation of "Evelina"]

"They were got
old women were in
the 3rd vol.

"Oh!" said Mr.
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"Dear" said I
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"Oh, but I be
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"Why is there
"Oh yes, I s
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Lord Orville has
her and Mr. Vill

"Aye indeed!"
"And the par
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have been ready
—and she goes to
Branghtons,—and

"This is only the
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[SUSAN TO FRANCES BURNEY.]

[Continuation of reading "Evelina," while unknown, with Lady Hales.]

* * * * *

¹ They were got on in reading it as far as where the two old women were to run for a wager, which is, you know in the 3rd vol.

"Oh!" said Miss Coussmaker, "*I am more charmed with it than ever! It is the sweetest thing I do declare that ever I read in my life*—there's a Mrs. Selwyn, a monstrous clever woman, that does trim and cut up *some impertinent fools of lords*—oh! I do assure you, 'tis the highest thing I ever read in my life. And Lord Orville is such an amiable, humane, sweet character!"

She then gave me the whole account of the conversation concerning the bett between Lord Merton and Mr. Coverley—the different things proposed by every one present, and the distress occasioned by Mrs. Selwyn's proposal, and that at last the two genius's fix upon two poor old women to run for a wager—but that they could not make them *practice*.

"Dear" said I "the book must be full of ridiculous things, I think—"

"Oh, but I beg your pardon," said she, "for I think the serious part is even preferable to the comic."

"Why is there any serious part?"

"Oh yes, I assure you, Mr. Villars' letters, and poor Evelina's distress of mind on leaving town. She thinks Lord Orville has offended her:—and there is a scene between her and Mr. Villars that is, I do assure you—quite affecting."

"Aye indeed?"

"And the poor girl does get into such eternal scrapes from her innocence of mind and entire inexperience!—that really I have been ready to laugh and to cry for her at the same time—and she goes to Vauxhall, and with those vile creatures the *Branghtons*,—and so after supper what does Miss Bidy pro-

¹ This is only the first leaf of a letter, and half of it has been made illegible.

pose to her but to leave their company, and walk by themselves. So Evelina can't bear the thought of this, but Miss Biddy tells her she supposes *she can't bear to leave the GENTLEMEN*, and this provokes her too much; for there's that odious creature Mr. Smith with them, that away she goes with them—and she does not know anything at all of the place or the dark walks, or anything, and those frightful girls carry her with them, *for a little fun*, into one of the dark alleys—and there they meet with a party of gentlemen, and are so frightened! Poor Evelina runs away but falls into a worse danger, for she meets with that creature Sir Clement Willoughby."

"Sir Clement Willoughby?—Who's he?"

"Oh! the worst man in the world!—instead of rescuing her, he carries her into another dark walk;—but she behaves with great spirit—charmingly, indeed—and makes him afraid of pursuing his scheme, and so he takes her back, and at last she meets her party again. But, dear sweet creature! She is so mortified that he should see her with such wretches as Mad^e Duval and the Branghtons! He that is drawn quite a man of ton and fashion, and that has always seen her in such high life!—But he such an artful creature, I can't bear him."

She beg'd me to write her word my opinion of it—and said we would read it together when I should go to Howlett's.

"But," said I, "'twill be too recent in y^r memory."

"Oh, I should like to read it all over again, for the sake of *the language* immediately—but indeed I believe there is not a circumstance from the beginning to the end of the book that I do not perfectly remember—for we have read it in a most delightful manner—not hurried it over—but stopt to laugh and talk it over between almost every letter."

"Dear, I should have liked to have been with you."

"Oh, and Dr. Burney does read the conversations, and mark the characters so well, 'tis quite delightful. But I dare say he'll have no objection, when he comes to Howletts, to read it again, and then you will have it in perfection, I assure you."

They took leave very affectionately of me, and, by the bye, always enquire and send a thousand loves, comp^{ts} and good wishes to you.

1778]

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[SUSAN TO FRANCES BURNEY, CHESINGTON.]

[Doctor Burney's first reading "Evelina" with Lady Hales and her daughters.]

Tuesday, June 16th.

My dearest Fanny—

* * * * *

My mother was gone on. My dear dad came in in very good spirits and invited me into his study. . . . My father recollected that he had a letter to give me from Miss Coussmaker—written when he took leave of her, Sunday.

"I daresay," said he, "she talks to you in it of the book—We've finished *Evelina*."

"Indeed!—And . . . what are your real sentiments of it?"

"Why—upon my soul I think it the best novel I know, excepting *Fielding's*—and in some respects it is better than his—I have been *excessively* pleased with it—there are perhaps a few things might have been otherwise—Mirvan's trick upon Lovel is I think carried too far—I don't hate that young man enough, ridiculous as he is, to be pleased or diverted at his having his ear torn by a monkey—there's a something disgusting in it."

"But the Captain is reckoned a brute by *everybody*."

"Why that's true, but in this case 'tis a brutality which does not make one laugh—Now Mad^e Duval[s] loss of her curls and all that is very diverting—However, *except this instance* I declare I think the book would *scarce bear an improvement!*—I wish I may die if I do not believe it to be the best novel in the language *Fielding's* excepted—for *Smollett's* are so d—d gross that they are not fit reading for women with all their wit. Mr. Villars' character is admirably supported—and rises upon one in every letter—the language throughout his letters are *as good as anybody need write*—(N.B. Spoken with *emphasis* and spirit)—I declare as good as I would wish to read! and every letter of his seems to me better and better—Lord Orville's character

is just what it ought to be—perfectly benevolent and upright.”

“ And without being *fade*, I think—”

“ Oh, entirely—there’s a *boldness* in it that struck me mightily—He is a man not ashamed of being better than the rest of mankind—indeed I am excessively pleased with him—Evelina is in a new style too—so perfectly natural and innocent—and the scene between her and her father, Sir John Belmont—I protest I think ’tis a scene for a Tragedy—I *blubber’d*.”

“ No—did you Sir?—How the *ladies* must cry—”

“ Oh! I don’t think they’ve recovered it yet—It made them quite ill—’tis indeed wrought up in a most extraordinary manner—I laid the book down—and could not for some time get on with it.”

“ Oh, Miss Coussmaker was distracted about it before—what she will be *now* I can’t tell—but she’ll be wanting me to tell her *my* opinion of it—and I shall scarce know what to say.”

“ Oh, speak out about it as you would of another book—I *have*—and if it was to be discovered I should tell them that I was as much at liberty to admire or criticise as them, for I’m sure I knew as little about it.—However keep snug for poor Fanny’s sake—tho’ I protest that sometime hence I should think there would be no kind of impropriety in its being known—on the contrary it would do her a great deal of credit—For a young woman’s work I look upon it to be really WONDERFUL!”

(His own very words, as I hope to live!)

Well—I had interrupted with frequent jumps, but now could not forbear saying—

“ Lord, sir, I’m so glad to hear you say so—for I’m sure *we* think so!”

“ What you, and Hetty?”

“ Oh—*she’s* been distracted at your not having read it sooner.”

“ Why how could I when she would not tell me the name?—But hasn’t she got something more on the stocks?”

“ Oh, no sir—Her head—her poor head will scarce admit of her writing ev’n a letter now.”

“What still! poor thing!—But how *sly* she has been about this work!”

“Oh lord—*so sly*, and *so cautious* that tho’ I long to mention it to a few people I dare not—I declare I wanted to recommend it to Miss Fitzgerald the other night, she is []¹ it would delight her—but ’twould be as much as my life is worth—”

“Oh, but I want to make *Mrs. Thrale* read it—Lady Hales has bought my Book, and Lady Radnor has got another already, but I must get another set—for I won’t be without it—I’m sure ’twill please *Mrs. Thrale*—and the language is such as *nobody* need be ashamed of.”—

He then sent me up to dress—and thus ended a conversation which has made me inclined to grin and jump about like a fool all day—My sweet Fanny!—you *must* have a little vanity in spite of your talk—for I do protest solemnly to you, that tho’ I’m convinced I have in my hurry forgot many of the flattering things my father said, I have not written one word that he did not speak, and what he said received still additional force by the spirit with which he utter’d it.—I design to make you a present of Miss Couss’s letter when we meet for your nosegay, if you think her praise worth having—’tis all about your work.

Mais Adieu—il fait si tard que je ne puis plus voir. Make my best respects to Mr. Crisp, and my love to Miss Cooke.

I wish I could see thee again my sweetest girl, but don’t wish you any where but where you are—and en attendant
am

for Ever and Aye

Your SUSANNA ELIZ. B——.

[No. 6 of this series is entered on Mme. D’Arblay’s own list as “Sam. *Mislaid*.”—It has not been found.]

¹ Here the seal comes in the way of some words.

[There is no date or address to this letter, which is but a leaf, numbered 19 on the first page.]

[SUSAN TO FRANCES BURNEY, AT CHESINGTON.]

[Dr. Johnson—"Evelina."]

* * * * *

"I have *such* a thing to tell you" said he [my father] "about poor Fan"—

"Dear sir, what?" and I immediately suppos'd he had spoke to Mrs. Thrale.

"Why to night, we were sitting at tea—only Johnson, Mrs. Thrale and me—'Madam' cried Johnson *see saw-ing* on his chair—'Mrs. Chol'mley was talking to me last night of a new novel, which she says has a very uncommon share of merit—*Evelina*—She says she has not been so much entertained this great while as in reading it—and that she shall go all over London in order to discover the author'—

"'Good G—d'¹ cried Mrs. Thrale—why somebody else

¹ It can have escaped no reader familiar with the ways of the last century, that the careless old ejaculations descending from the Middle Ages, and still in common use upon the Continent, are omitted in these diaries, as in those which have already been published, although they are retained in modern editions of "*Evelina*" and "*Cecilia*." They have, in almost every case, been modified, or effaced in the manuscript of the diaries, old and new; in many cases by Mme. D'Arbly herself, in more by her niece, who was the editor of her later diaries. These almost unmeaning expletives seem to have passed unrebuked by Dr. Johnson in the case of Mrs. Thrale, although he would not suffer Boswell to write "by my soul." His ear had become used to them, or she was incorrigible. It is only fair to Fanny and her sisters to say that they used them much less than most young ladies of their time. The editor was told by a lady who lived to nearly a hundred, who was a religious woman, the daughter of pious parents, that travelling in a stage-coach in the West of England, when a girl, about the year 1794, she was asked by a gentleman of benignant aspect, who saw that she knew the neighbourhood, whose was the house that they were then passing. She carelessly answered, "The Lord knows who!" He laid his hand upon her arm, saying, "Friend, thou should'st not take the name of God in vain." She was deeply impressed, and at once gave up an idle way of

mentioned that book to me—Lady Westcote it was I believe—*The modest writer of Evelina*, she talk'd to me of.'

" 'Mrs. Chol'mley says she never met so much modesty with so much *merit* before in any literary performance,' said Johnson.¹

" 'Why,' said I, quite coolly and innocently—'Somebody recommended it to *me* too—I read a little of it, which indeed seem'd to be above the common place works of this kind.'

" 'Well,' said Mrs. Thrale—'I'll get it certainly.' 'It will do' said I, 'for your time of confinement I think.'

" 'You *must* have it Madam,' cried Johnson,—'for Mrs. Chol'mley says she shall keep it on her table the whole summer, that every body that knows her may see it—for she says everybody ought to read it!'—"

A tolerably agreeable conversation this, methinks—It took away my breath, and made me skip about like a mad creature—What effect it may have on you I know not—But I think it will occasion you no less *consternation* than you received from the Monthly Review—

"And how did *you* feel sir?" cried I to my father.

"Feel? Why *I liked it, of all things!*—and I wanted somebody else to introduce the book there too—'Twas just what I wish'd—I am sure Mrs. Thrale will be pleased with it."

speaking, about which she had never thought before. Her monitor was that eminent "Friend," Richard Rathbone, of Liverpool.

These letters have been less carefully corrected by elder hands than most of the others, and a few expressions occur in them which are left as they stand, because they show how people spoke in their haste in 1778, while wholly devoid of evil intention.

¹ Mrs. Cholmondeley was Polly Woffington, younger sister of the better-known "Peg," who, it is said, had her educated in a French convent. She married the honourable Robert Cholmondeley, an Earl's younger son. He left the army, and took orders. Boswell, writing of a dinner at Sir Joshua Reynolds's, on the 25th of April, 1778, tells of her high spirits and "lively sallies" to Dr. Johnson, "with whom she had been long acquainted, and was very easy." In a letter from Fanny to Mrs. Thrale, in 1780, she is described as being "gay, fighty, entertaining, and frisky,"—yet there is a tone of deprecation in this, as well as in the last words of the paragraph, "After all, there is something in her very attractive."

“Why in one respect ’twill stand a fairer chance with her than with Mrs. Cholmley, I think:—*She* liked, I daresay, all the fun and the comic parts of it, but Mrs. Thrale”——

“Aye,” said he interrupting me, “Mrs. Thrale will like the delicacy which is preserved throughout it.”

“Why, indeed, Fanny [would not come to any] discredit if she was known as the Authoress, shy as she is about it.”

“*Discredit!*” repeated my father, “no indeed,—*just the reverse—’twould be a credit to her, and to me, and to you—* there is great goodness of heart and great purity of manners in all that relates to her heroine—and even with the Captain she has in a very nice manner avoided intermingling either oaths or any other thing that a female might not safely read or write”——

[SUSAN TO FRANCES BURNEY, AT CHESINGTON.]

[“Evelina” first read by Mrs. Thrale. Mrs. Thrale’s original opinion while the book was anonymous.]

[Post-mark 7 (?) July.]

* * * * *

¹ When Charlotte and I return’d home the coach was standing at the door, and my father and mother had alighted from it—they expected a great deal of company to day at Mrs. Thrale’s, so they put off their design of spending a few days there till next week. They brought in several books they had carried with them, but added to these, three in a new and not unfamiliar binding to me—“Evelina—*senza dubbio*,” thought I. However no notice was taken of any side, and I accompanied my father and mother into the study—When the latter left the room.

“Your mother has got Evelina home to read,” said my father, laughing.

“So I see,” said I.

“Mrs. Thrale”—shall I go on?—exert your fortitude my dear Fanny on this trying occasion, and call up all your philosophical ideas—however your diffidence has prepared you for a little mortification, which thank heav’n you are likely, not

¹ The first page of this letter is defaced by pen-strokes.

to get over—but to escape—“Mrs. Thrale” said my dear father, his eyes beaming with the pleasure he felt and that he knew I should feel—“likes it VASTLY—is EXTREMELY pleased with it.”

I was not overpower’d with *surprise*, tho’ not greatly *displeas’d* at this account.

“And Miss Thrale,” said he, “said as much of it as ever she says of anything—that it was *very entertaining and well written*—She read it to her mother.”

“And pray, sir, how did the conversation begin about it?”

“Why, when we had sat a little while, Mr. Thrale and Johnson were in town, and only Queeny, your mother and me with Mrs. Thrale; I ask’d her if she had got her books safe?—

“‘Oh! yes,’ said she—and thank’d me for getting ’em her—‘But,’ said she—‘we found the novel very short, for we quite finish’d it in two days—but ’tis *very clever* I assure you—I was a little afraid (from the name I suppose) it had been a mere sentimental business;—but there’s a vast deal of humour and entertainment in it—the second volume is *charming*—there is such a family, silversmiths on Snow Hill, that diverted Queany and me beyond measure!—and there’s a brute of a Captain that plays tricks on a poor creature, Mad^e Duval, that is half French and half English, and the vulgarest of human beings, and their characters are exceedingly well supported, and the scenes between them very comical I assure you—I wish’d it had been longer,’ said she—and then recommended it to your mother to read—and told her that Mrs. Cholmley carried it *everywhere she went*, with her.’

“I think I’ve almost got over your mother’s suspicions about it—I’ve been reading part of it to her as we came home—not the verses—I miss’d them as if I had not observed them—but read the preface and dedication to her, and the two or three first letters—

“‘It begins very well,’ said she, ‘and if there is *humour* in it, it is a very good novel’—but she told me that by something that had pass’d at Chesington, she thought *Fanny and Sukey had written it together*.’

I wish she had divined right!

* * * * *

Mrs. Thrale, he says, has not the most remote suspicion

ev'n that he has *read* the book—is *particularly* pleased with the “. . . ones in the 2nd Volume—and all that relates to the Branghtons”—Miss Thrale and her mother seemed to have it by heart, and *quoted* in the course of the day several of the *Snow Hill phrases*.

“Your mother,” said my father, “was telling Mrs. Thrale she was sure she would be greatly entertain'd by reading Madame Riccoboni's novels—there was so much of human nature in them—¹

“‘Well’ said Mrs. Thrale—‘I don't know how much of human nature there may be in Mad^e Riccoboni, but I am sure there's a great deal of human *life* in this book, and of the manners of the present time. It's writ by somebody that knows the *top* and the *bottom*, the *highest* and *lowest* of mankind—It's very good language, and there's an infinite deal of fun in it’”—

Mais adieu—réjouis toi, ma chère, et desormais ne permetts—

* * * * *

[Here seven lines are crossed out.]

[SUSAN TO FRANCES BURNEY.]

[Dr. Burney's first reading “Evelina” with Mrs. Burney, who knew not the Author.]

Sunday Morn. July 5th.

* * * * *

This Morning between seven and eight I was woke by a noise in the next room—upon listening a minute or two I found it was my father and mother laughing in a most extraordinary manner—presently I heard by the voice of the former that he was reading . . . I had a little suspicion of what it might be, and started up and went to the door to satisfy myself. I presently not only discover'd the book he was reading—but even the page—with the assistance of your *new Evelina*,²

¹ A lady who wrote pleasant stories, and translated Fielding's “Amelia” into French.

² Fanny up to July had no copy of her own book (which had been published at the end of January), except one which Mr. Lowndes sent

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which I made free with on this occasion—they were in the midst of the Ridotto scene—P. 64—and the eclats of Laughter that accompanied it—did my heart good—from my father—. . . .

Every speech of Sir Clement's in this scene diverted my father no less than me, and at the question—"My dear creature—why *where could you be educated?*" he laid the book down to laugh till he cried—and when it was done, said it was an admirable conversation, the poor girl's mistakes extremely natural, and the man of fashion's character *touch'd with delicacy* and written with great humour and spirit.

In the next letter Charlotte join'd me, and we stood till we were cramp'd to death, not daring to move, and almost stifled ourselves with laughing—the next scene was productive of no less mirth than the Ridotto. . . . My father stopt to laugh after every speech of the Captain's—"that's excellent"—"*isn't that good?*"—"there's wit in spite of all his grossness in every word he says"—etc., etc.—the next letter from Mr. Villars he read with a tenderness which drew tears from me. Not a period of it did he pass over unnotic'd—the matter and the language he declared were equally good, and both excellent. . . . P. 88. M. Dubois' profound bow at the Captain's gross speech did not escape observation, and the conversation of Mad^e Duval and Mirvan at Ranelagh almost convuls'd my father with laughing. I wish'd with all my heart you had been with Charlotte and me—for 'tis impossible by letter to convey an idea to you of how *thoroughly* he enjoy'd every line of it—this was the last letter he read—but I believe 'twas near twelve before we breakfasted.

Monday July 6th

This morning my father and mother were again reading in

her that she might make a list of errata; as this was "incomplete, and unbound," she asked Mr. Lowndes for a better copy, but received no answer until she repeated her request, on which he sent, during her absence at Chesington, "a set very elegantly bound." In the end, she obtained ten handsomely-bound copies of her book, which was sold for nine shillings when bound in the ordinary calf-binding.

bed before I woke and so I lost all the Opera and Branghtons, and just got to the *listening* place time enough to hear the latter part of the Pantheon adventure, and Lord Orville's application to the young ladies—p. 189, to hear the opinion of the public places they had seen, the Captain's "*What signifies asking them girls!*" etc., was very well relished, and Lord Merton was not thrown away. P. 195, when Evelina says "Sir Clement seem'd in misery"—My father exclaim'd he was *glad of that*—"tis such a dog, that Sir Clement,—and this Lord seems to be his match."—Poor *Moll's pug nose* occasion'd a new burst of laughter—the admirable (excuse me my dear) observation upon the variety of characters and manners in all ranks of life—198, my father stopt at some minutes.

Mr. Villars' letter 101 he read with the utmost feeling—the dispute on leaving town between the Captain and Mad^e French, and the *English fashion* the former *makes* bold to shew M. Dubois, he enjoy'd in the highest degree—He finish'd the Vol. before he could get up—Mr. Villars' Letter P. 220 had its full weight given it—he said it was as pathetic as anything he had ever read—that it had all the appearance of being writ by a man that had had a *College education*, with a goodness of heart scarce ever to be met with. 222—after the period that ends with "*and feared lest it should be accepted*"—"how delicate," cried he, and presently after he protested that—"Johnson could not have expressed himself better"—but I must stop my pen—for I've just had your letter, and I would not willingly again *take away your breath*—I am delighted at Lowndes' intelligence—Another Edition this year!—Well—I'll never say that merit does not make its own way *no more*. As to your secret, I am afraid it *must* go—and my mother has said prodigious fine things of the book to-day. This morning my father call'd me into his room when he was alone to desire me to write and ask you, *as a favour to him*, leave to let Mrs. *Thrale* know you for the authoress.

"And in that case," said he, "I must likewise *tell your mother*—and I assure you she is greatly pleased with it."

I told him I was sure the idea would make you start.

"Why you may be sure," said he—"if I did not think it

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would do her credit, I should not think of making the request—but if she will give her permission, I will still entreat Mrs. Thrale not to acquaint a soul of it, and I'm certain 'twill do her honour."

He wishes for an answer if possible by return of post as he goes to Streatham the latter end of the week. He has received your sweet letter, and sends you his best love and thanks—yet desired me to write you the above mention'd request.

[SUSAN TO FRANCES BURNEY, AT CHESINGTON.]

[Dr. Burney's first reading "Evelina" with Mrs. Burney.]

To my great disappointment my mother was weary, and they stopt before the Vauxhall scene, on shutting up the book—"Well," said my father, "we shall *begin again at 5!*" and so I believe they did, for tho' my father rose before me, he must have read a great deal, as my mother said something at dinner relating to Mad^e Duval's borrowing Lord Orville's coach—"She hoped, on going out, that *she* should not be caught in the rain," she said, "*for fear she should see no Lord's coach that she knew, to call to.*" I have heard no more read since, for my father had the head ache last night, and this morning rose early.—But he is tolerably to-day.—When my mother was saying something in favour of the book the other morning.

"Oh," said he—"One might be sure there must be *something* in it by Mrs. Cholmondeley's recommending it so strongly—for such women as she and Mrs. Thrale are *afraid* of praising *à tort et à travers*, and if there is not something more than common, as they know they are liable to have their opinions *quoted* they are d—lish shy of speaking favourably."

To me, I believe I have already told you, he said you could not have had a greater compliment than the making these two ladies your friends, as they were d—d *severe* and d—d *knowing*—you must excuse the *energy* of the expression. [Here Mme. D'Arbly has written between the lines,—“It came from my dear father's energy of delight.”]

I don't wonder at your being in a *twitter* at the questions ask'd me *per la dama*¹ the morning after we were at Mrs. Ord's, . . . for Charlotte says I turn'd as pale as ashes, and I felt my voice so unsteady I was frighten'd at speaking—luckily she did not look at me—and I soon assumed a *firmer tone*. You ask me to tell you *honestly* if I am not astonished at the sale of the book—and I will not scruple to tell you I *am*. I *never* doubted its success, provided it was *read*—but its being generally read I confess I scarce hop'd—as you would permit nobody to mention it, and would have suffered the poor babe to die in oblivion had it not been miraculously preserved.—The Monthly Review I think must have been its recommendation to Mrs. *Cholmondeley*—and since it has fallen into her hands, its subsequent good fortune has nothing in it that seems to me wonderful. . . .

[SUSAN TO FRANCES BURNEY, AT CHESINGTON.]

Thursday, July 16th.

At night my father read as usual. I found he was at p. 41, at the conversation concerning the *bett*, Vol 3rd. Lord Orville's proposal he admired as being *characteristic*—his delicate manner of returning the compliments made him by Miss Anville yet more. In the next letter he remark'd *the knowledge of the world the author had* in the inhumanity and impertinence with which Lovel speaks of Evelina. The race between the old women excited a roar of laughter—After the scene in which Mr. Macartney is again introduced and Lord Orville's accusation of Evelina's making an *appointment* with him he left off—intending to begin again *next morning at 5*—but he was up before me—so I heard nothing of it.—Mr. Strange dined with us Fryday—and Mr. *Magellan* came in the evening, but did not stay—Merlin sup'd here and was very diverting. (I think you must introduce him in your next work.) At night my father open'd at P. 125, so I found he must have read two or three hours in the morning. Yet he was up early—Poor Evelina was much pitied for the

¹ The second Mrs. Burney.

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effects of her altered conduct on Lord Orville. Mr. Villars Letter *gouté* as usual by my father—"that man is ALWAYS *right*"—said he, meaning in his advice and judgment of things—the conclusion of his Letter, P. 130, lost nothing of its pathos by the manner in which it was read. The subsequent epistle of Lady Belmont's affected him very much—and me, by the nervous, energetic manner in which he read it, much more than when I read it myself. Indeed I have found this to be the case frequently in listening to my father, tho' it has been impossible for me to hear him always distinctly. He stopt several times in the course of this letter—nor was his handkerchief useless—When it was done—

"This is *monstrously* strong, surely," said he, shutting up the book!

"Very *characteristic*," said my mother.

"Upon my soul," said he—"there seems to me a force in it, that I have scarce ever met with."—

At Mrs. Selwyn's expression in the next letter that a trio of females would be "*nervous to the last degree*" my father laugh'd *violently*. Indeed I can readily believe what he once said to me, that the book rose on him on the 2nd reading—for it is utterly impossible that anybody should ever enjoy it more than he has done in my hearing—

"Excellent," said he, "how well kept up is that woman's character!"

"And indeed *all* of them," said my mother.

"*Wonderfully*,"—cried he.

My father, who is much in love with Lord Orville as to be almost angry that even Mr. Villars should lead Evelina into neglecting him, at the observation she makes P. 137 concerning the suddenness of the alteration in her behaviour being *ill-judged*, cried out—

"Well, I am glad she finds that out however!—tho' as she thought herself obliged to change her conduct it is much more natural that she should *overdo* it than otherwise."

I was delighted at the opportunity of hearing the scene that followed—which is I think the *most* interesting among the many interesting scenes in the book.

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away—the Character he gives of each, but especially that of Mrs. Selwyn, diverted my father excessively—

“How he trims them!—and all in a language of his own—entirely himself—a true, *fashionable, unprincipled Man of the World!*”

“Admirably kept up!” cried he at the last speech he makes P. 141—“there’s a *Galant homme* for you!”—at the appearance of Lord Orville—

“*Another Coup de Theatre,*” cried my father!

What the preceding ones that *he* had mark’d had been I know not. The pistol scene with Mr. Macartney was, I suppose, one—and he frequently had before remark’d how *dramatic* a novel it was. He admired Lord Orville as he deserved in this conversation with Sir Clement.

“*She is not, indeed, like most modern young ladies, to be known in half an hour.*”

“That’s very good! that’s excellent!” said my father. P. 149, when he says—“*we will discuss this point no further,*” etc—“Aye,” cried he—“there the lover breaks out—The friend and the man of honour are conspicuous in the former part of the conversation—but the lover speaks here.”

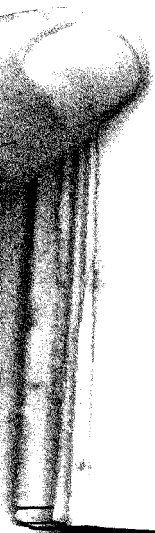
He remark’d that it was at once an *artful* and a *natural* method the author had taken to dispel the suspicions of Lord Orville by Evelina’s calling out to him to free her from Sir Clement.

“The plan is admirably laid,” said he, “and circumstances the least expected succeed each other in the most natural and probable manner.”—

In the following scene between Evelina and Lord Orville, when Mrs. Beaumont enters—

“Oh,” cried my father, in a tone of vexation—“What a critical moment has she chose to make her appearance!—P. 155, when E. says Lord Orville sat next to her—*He would sit next me.*” “That’s excellent—charmingly mark’d,” said he, —“and as he almost exhausted himself in fruitless efforts to entertain me”—“Everything here turns to account,” said he —“nothing is forgotten.”

The sweet scene that follows he read with as much appearance of interest as if it had been perfectly new to him—the



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interruption of—"I can't imagine what Mrs. Selwyn has done with these books!" diverted him beyond measure.

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"This scene," said he, "is delicately wrought—and broke off just as it should be—there's nothing *fade* in it—it is more natural that Evelina should avoid greater minuteness in her own confession than that she should practice it, and at the same time it prevents the scene from bearing a resemblance to any other of the kind."

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Mrs. Selwyn's entrance was announced by my Father with a violent *eclat de rire*—and "*Another Coup de Theatre!*"

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P. 160, at "*you must not a second time reproach me with making an appointment*"—"That's very well—archly put in of Miss Evelina," said my father, laughing, "*deprive her not of the pleasure of her conjectures*"—produced another laugh. Lord Orville's two speeches, 161, were follow'd by the exclamations of—"delicate!"—and "noble!"—her weeping with joy declared to be very natural, and in short almost every time produced an observation and a panegyric—L^d O's manner of entreating permission to accompany E. to town was deservedly admired, and, 164, when the forged letter of Sir Clement came *sur le tapis*.

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"Aye," said my father, "I am glad to have that cleared up—I was sure it could not be Lord Orville's—Tis the only thing I guess'd in the book—but I was afraid 'twould have been forgot"—At p. 166 they stopt, and I lost several interesting scenes—tho' I was early woke by laughing in the next room, and upon whisking to the listening place I found it was at Mrs. Selwyn's—"poor Polly Green" P. 210—L^d Orville's proposal to wait on Mrs. Villars himself my father much admired—and likewise noticed how well laid the plan was in making his declaration to Evelina previous to his knowledge of her rank, etc—At Lady Louisa and Mrs. Beaumont's sudden politeness to her, P. 213, he cried out—

"Admirable!—the world, the world!"

Lord Orville's introduction of her by her real name he said was "*quite right*—but this Character," said he, "seems to me a *model* for a young man—as Villars is for an old one"—his insisting on accompanying her instead of Mrs Selwyn to her father he remark'd was very well judg'd, as well as

natural in him as her lover—the *shortness of the ride* diverted him not a little likewise—But the Scene between her and her father, 218!—*you would have cried had you heard him read it, and stop as he did to cry himself—I declare I could scarce prevent myself from making a noise—his being unable to open Lady Belmont's letter and agonies at reading it—his sudden transitions from tenderness to fury and despair—his returns again to Evelina, he mark'd so well that no one could I am sure have heard him without tears—and his own flow'd plentifully—When he had done he shut up the book for a while and said " 'twas an amazing scene"—*

"I declare," said he (N.B. it passed for the first reading) "I never remember crying so at a Tragedy—*had I not taken pains to check myself—I should have blubber'd—I never read anything higher wrought than it is—I do protest I wish it could be brought on the stage—just as it is, without adding or taking away one word—indeed there is not a word that could be changed without injury—I am not in general very easy to please with regard to language—but I wish I may die if I think this letter could be mended in any respect—I really think it would be almost too much for the stage—yet if it had not been printed, and I knew the author, I think I would advise its being part of a Drama—'Tis pity it has been printed!*"

After these, and some more similar observations, he went on reading—and was charm'd with the new instance of Lord Orville's noble mind, P. 226—

"He is so *consistently* generous and noble!" said he. Sir Clement's letter—he declared was as good as any one in the book—because so proud and so characteristic from such a man in such a situation—"his Character is kept up to the last"—her observations upon it he much admired—and her answer, and rejoiced that she was prevented from *signing her name* to it—" 'twas a *lucky* circumstance," he said—

He laugh'd at her saying the *preparations went on*—

"Amazing!" said he—at the end of this letter he left off, but *prognosticated* that there would be *some fun again*—and that they should have some more laughs after all their blub-bering. I hope my mother thought him *second sighted*—

Since this I heard nothing further—for at two they set off for Streatham—with the 3^d Vol. loose in the chaise with them.

My father and mother returned from Streatham Tuesday—When I was alone with the latter (*sic*) he told me he had put confidence in the *cut*—told my mother on the road—but had no opportunity of speaking alone to Mrs. Thrale till Monday.

He then brought her the books—he said—

“But do you know, Ma’am,” said he, “that I have been reading it myself, upon your recommendation?”

“Well? and is it not a very *pretty* book—and a very *clever* book—and a very *comical* book?”

“Why—it’s *well enough*—but I have something to tell you about it.”

“Well, what?”

“Has Mrs. Cholmley found out the author?”

“No—not that I know of—”

“Because I believe I have—tho’ but *very* lately—”

“Well, pray—let’s hear,” said she eagerly—“*I want to know him of all things.*”

“And so then,” continued my father—but I could get no more *particulars*—“I told her ’twas *our Fanny’s*—”

“And did she know who *our Fanny* was?”

“Oh, yes, immediately—”

“And wasn’t she monstrously surprised?—”

“Why, she expressed less surprise than I expected—perhaps she thought ’twould not have been so *civil*—nor is she aware of the few opportunities Fanny has had of seeing the world and different scenes of life—But she is *mortal fond* of the book, and has got it by heart—and yesterday she read a great deal of it to *Johnson* and Thrale, and whoever came near her.”

“And what did Johnson say?”

“Oh, he *laughed* as much as I did.”

“What part did she read?”

“Oh, some of her favorites, the Branghtons’ dialogues—and the Captain and Mad^e Duval’s—she is vastly pleased at their being pitted against one another—and she has taken vastly to the *verses* at the beginning—she told me that when

she read 'em first, by the tenderness with which they were dictated, she had taken it in her head they were writ to a mother—she said a hundred handsome things—said Fanny had looked round her *with a penetrating eye*, and paid me the comp^t to say she must not wonder at the *language*, as she had been brought up *in so good a school*—Adieu.

[Under the Seal.]

If you don't write to me soon I shall——¹

[SUSAN TO FRANCES BURNEY, AT CHESINGTON.]

["Evelina."]

Thursday Night, July 16th.

* * * * *

Tuesday my father and mother came home. I had no opportunity till evening of speaking to the former alone—and before that was attacked by the latter—(we were "*tôt a tit*")—

"And so, *Evelina!*" said she, and made a full stop.—I said nothing and she continued—"Well I confess," said she—"I did not think it the production of *one*—"

"I am sure, ma'am, you did me an honour I did not deserve if you thought I had a share in it—"

She said civil things to justify her suspicions, and added that the variety of character and situations in it had *indeed* surprised her—

"As to the style and language, that did not at all surprise me—"

By the emphasis she laid on the *me*, I conjectured, and I doubt not reasonably—that Mrs. Thrale had express'd some admiration on this head.—She said no more, nor has she since mention'd it—but I hear she has, or *designs* to write to you about it. My father introduced the subject when we were alone by saying—"I suppose Fanny'll give me leave to tell her secret to Lady Hales—"

I tried to dissuade him—but don't know whether I suc-

¹ This letter appears to have been begun on a Thursday, and finished on the Tuesday or Wednesday following.

ceeded—because I should like to be on the spot when it comes out. I then asked him about Mrs. Thrale and he told me what I wrote you in my last letter—but says she has promised *inviolable secrecy*.

You will be sorry to hear that Rousseau has follow'd Voltaire to the tomb and that a period of a few weeks has terminated the existence of two such great and eminent writers. Mr. Cutler brought us the intelligence—but I was not in the way, and did not hear it from him.

Saturday Morning we spent extremely well at Mr. L—Sir Ashton Lever's, Museum I mean.—Mr. Anson call'd here with Miss Clayton and carried my mother, Charlotte, and myself there. I wish I was a good Natural Historian that I might give you some idea of our entertainment in seeing birds, beasts, shell's, fossils, etc—but I can scarce remember a dozen names of the thousand I heard that were new to me.—The birds of paradise, and the humming birds, were I think among the most beautiful—There are several pelicans—flamingos—peacocks—(one quite white) a penguin. Among the beasts a hippopotamus (sea-horse) of an immense size, an elephant, a tyger from the Tower—a Greenland bear and its cub—a wolf—two or three leopards—an Otaheite dog, a very coarse ugly looking creature—a camelion—a young crocodile—a room full of monkeys—one of which presents the company with an *Italian Song*—another is reading a book—another, the most horrid of all, is put in the attitude of *Venus de Medicis*, and is scarce fit to be look'd at. Lizards, bats, toads, frogs, *scorpions* and other filthy creatures in abundance. There were a great many things from Otaheite—the compleat dress of a Chinese Mandarine, made of blue and brown sattin—of an African Prince—A suit of armour that they say belonged to Oliver Cromwel—the Dress worn in Charles 1st's time—etc—etc—etc—In one of the back rooms we found ourselves within hearing of a delightful Concert—but I dared not stop to listen to it—the ciceroni (*sic*) (Sir Ashton was not in town) told us it was at *Giardini's* house—which overlooks the gardens of Leicester House—He and others were playing quartettos charmingly.

S. E. BURNEY.

[SUSAN TO FRANCES BURNEY, AT CHESINGTON.]

[This is headed by Mme. D'Arblay, "Dr. Johnson upon Evelina, No. 13-1, 1778. Mrs. Thrale to Dr. Burney."]

This is the letter which set Fanny dancing with delight round the mulberry tree in the garden at Chesington, as she lived to tell Sir Walter Scott nearly fifty years afterwards. She writes, in her diary for 1778, "Dr. Johnson's approbation!—it almost crazed me with agreeable surprise—it gave me such a flight of spirits, that I danced a jig to Mr. Crisp, without any preparation, music, or explanation,—to his no small amazement, and diversion."]

At dinner yesterday my father had a letter from that sweet woman, Mrs. Thrale, whom I love better than ever. He said it was a charming one, but mention'd no particulars. A novel of Mad^me Riccoboni's was returned at the same time to my mother. This morning, after having made enquiries about Chesington, which I thought you would all want to hear by the baker to-morrow, I ventured to hint at the above mentioned letter—"I shall have all your heads turned, girls," said he, and at first refused to shew it me, but after a little *coquettry* between us, he gave me Mrs. Thrale's letter and leave to communicate its contents to you "to comfort poor Fan's *Bowels*." I will copy it verbatim.

[MRS. THRALE TO DR. BURNEY.]

Wednesday, 22 [July], 1778.
Streatham.

Dear Sir,

I forgot to give you the novels home in your carriage which . . . ¹ by Mr. Abingdon's.

Evelina certainly excels *them* far enough both in probability of story, elegance of sentiment, and general power over the mind, whether exerted in humour or pathos. Add to this that Riccoboni is a veteran author, and all she ever can be, but I cannot tell what might not be expected from Evelina was she to try her genius at Comedy. So far had I written of my letter when Mr. Johnson ² returned home full of praises

¹ Some words have here been torn out with the seal.

² Throughout these manuscripts, the great Doctor is always addressed and spoken of as "*Mr. Johnson*" by the Thrale family. This confirms

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of the book I had lent him, and protesting there were passages in it which might do honour to Richardson. We talk of it for ever, and he feels ardent after the *denouement*; he could not get rid of the *rogue*, he said! I lent him the second volume, and he is now busy with the other. You must be more a philosopher, and less a father than I wish you, not to be pleased with this letter; and the giving such pleasure yields to nothing but receiving it. Long, my Dear Sir, may you live to enjoy the just praises of your children! and long may they live to deserve and delight such a parent! These are things you would say in verse, but Poetry implies Fiction, and all this is naked truth.

My Compliments to Mrs. Burney, and the kindest wishes to all your flock. When is your visit to Chesington? Remember that, in Mannucci's phrase, I hope to be *Prior*.¹ My Master sends love to Dr. Burney, and I am ever with the truest esteem, dear Sir, your faithful and obedient servant,

H. L. THRALE.

I could make no comments when I had read this letter but by jumping, and laughing, and almost crying. But indeed I had thought before that you had reached the *summit of grandeur* in Mrs. Thrale's, Mrs. Cholmondeley's and my father's warm approbation;—but *Johnson's* raises you so many degrees higher, that you may now *certainly* rest secure on your literary throne, for no one can ever shake it. I will not pray that “the height of Fame to which you are rising may not render you giddy, but that the purity of your mind may form the brightest splendour of your prosperity,”² because such prayer

what Boswell says, “It is remarkable that he never, so far as I know, assumed his title of *Doctor*, but called himself ‘*Mr. Johnson*’; as appears from many of his cards and notes to myself, and I have seen many from him to other persons, in which he uniformly takes that designation.”

¹ Count Manucci of Florence.

² Here Susan quotes “*Evelina*” to its author, changing “bliss” into “fame,” and “thou,” “thee,” and “thy,” into “you” and “your.” Fanny replies, “Dear, dear Dr. Johnson, what a charming man you are! Why cousin Charles could not be more worthy, and affable!”

would imply a doubt, which I have not, nor knowing you as I do, ever can have—

God bless you, my dearest girl! Do send me some of the comments of the *Congress* employed in reading your book. I long for Kitty's as much as anybody's. My love to my sister, Mr. B, &c &c Yours ever & aye. S. E. B.

[SUSAN TO FRANCES BURNEY, AT CHESINGTON.]

[Dr. Johnson on Evelina.]

Indeed my dear girl if my father's wishes and expectations from you had no effect [as to producing something else]¹ I should be very much vexed and disappointed and should even think you made an ill use of the gifts of Dame Nature, to neglect using them as soon as their worth was pointed out to you—for I will do you the justice to say that hitherto nobody has been so insensible to your merit (of which, in Mr. Mattocks phrase, I wish you joy) as yourself—shy as you have ever been of shewing it—Before I went to bed my Father called me into the study to read your letter which diverted him *not a few, but*, as I thought you might wish to have no expectations raised concerning *futurity* I omitted the passages I have cited above and the same to Charlotte—I know your muse to be so bashful that I am terribly afraid of allarming her. My father was much pleased when I came to the end, to find the secret had been kept and seems to enjoy the idea of being himself the discoverer of it to Mr. Crisp—yet perhaps it may be too late and Hetty may have been the Informer.

* * * * *

But my dear Fanny I have something to tell you which I am afraid you wont like, yet, "*as the wig is wet,*" it must be submitted to².

¹ The words between brackets have been added by Mme. D'Arblay.

² This is a family pleasantry, meaning "it can't be helped," "the thing is done." It refers to an incident in Fanny's childhood, which was thus recorded by her father in the year 1808. "There lived next door to me . . . in Poland Street, and in a private house, a capital hair-merchant, who furnished perukes to the judges, and gentlemen of the law. The merchant's female children and mine used to play together

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My father has not the *strictest* notion of your being unknown as authoress of a work so much and so universally admired as *Evelina*—The other day speaking of the Howlett folks¹—I urged that if he would wait only till he and I were there it would be a great deal *more funny*—“Yes,” said he, “and then they will have heard of it by some other means and there will be no civility in telling them.” I was confounded at the term *other means* as I thought the secret pretty much in our family, however I am afraid there may be a little danger now.

My father went to Streatham Saturday morning. . . . Dr. Johnson was just gone to town. Mrs. Thrale told him that the first word he said to her when he returned to Streatham after having read the 1st Vol. of *Evelina* was, “why, Madam, why what a *charming* book you lent me,” and that he eagerly asked for the rest of it, and said other things [in its praises, some of] which she mentioned in her letter—he was particularly pleased with the Snow Hill scenes—but most with those in which Sir Clement is joined to the Branghton party. *Mr. Smith* delighted him—the *vulgar gentility*, he said, was admirably pourtrayed but when Sir Clement appeared he observed there was a *shade of character* which was prodigiously well marked—*Smith*, low as he was, so superiour to the Branghtons, and yet so lost even in his own eyes on the appearance of Sir Clement.

in the little garden behind the house; and, unfortunately, one day, the door of the wig magazine being left open, they each of them put on one of those dignified ornaments of the head, and danced and jumped about in a thousand antics, laughing 'till they screamed at their own ridiculous figures. Unfortunately, in their vagaries, one of the flaxen wigs, said by the proprietor to be worth upwards of ten guineas,—in those days a price enormous,—fell into a tub of water, placed for the shrubs in the little garden, and lost all its gorgon buckle, and was said by the owner to be totally spoilt. He was extremely angry, and chid very severely his own children; when my little daughter, ‘*the old lady,*’ [Fanny,] then ten years of age, advancing towards him, as I was informed, with great gravity and composure, sedately says: ‘What signifies talking so much about an accident? *The wig is wet,* to be sure; and the wig was a good wig, to be sure; but its of no use to speak of it any more; because what’s done can’t be undone.’—*Memoirs of Dr. Burney*, pp. 170-1, vol. ii.

² Lady Hales and her family.

He went to town quite full of the book, but my father did not hear from Mrs. Thrale that she had acquainted him with the writers name, "mais patience!" What's done cannot be undone.

A note, sealed up, was delivered my father as soon as he came in from Streatham, which had been sent from *Dr. Johnson's*, tho' it was not in his hand, at 5 in the afternoon. I will copy it for you.

"Mrs. Williams sends compliments to Dr. Burney, and begs he will intercede with Miss Burney to do her the favour to lend her the reading of *Evelina*—July 25."

We were confounded by this billet, which proved Dr. Johnson's knowledge of the writer, and his having communicated it to Mrs. Williams, yet to have the book recommended by *Dr. Johnson* must make you some amends for his indiscretion—¹

I would not produce your *beauties*, and it appeared that there was not a set in the house;—and so my Father desired William to get a set at Lowndes, (which he intends keeping for himself,) and sent them on with his compliments to Mrs. Williams—William when he came back told us he was obliged to pay 9s. 6d. for it, but added "*them that I have got now are the handsomest of them there books they have given me yet.*" I then found that besides the set my father had, and disposed of to Lady Hales, my mother, before she was told who was the writer, bought a set to send over to Mrs. Strange by Mr. Strange, so your work is on the Continent²—William said they had none of the common 9s. ones bound—I hope you will be ready with

¹ All readers of Boswell know Mrs. Williams, the blind widow lady, whom Dr. Johnson befriended.

² Mr. Dennistoun says that "of Mrs. Strange's own clever epistles from foreign parts, abounding, as they must have done, with quaint remarks, we unfortunately possess none." The state of affairs between England and France forbade remarks, but here is a note saved from the wreck of the rest of Mrs. Strange's letters between 1775 and 1780. It was probably given by Mrs. Burney to her step-daughter, Fanny. The French ambassador left London on the 20th of March, and the

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your emendations for the *second edition*. God bless—and a merry Christmas to you. If you wish any hint to be sent Mrs. Williams to silence her and Dr. Johnson, write to my father about it. Mrs. Thrale has *wrote* to Miss *Stretfield*, who is now at Tunbridge, to desire her to read it *immediately* and if the booksellers there have it not, that she will make them send to London for it. Addio, my dear girl, give my duty to Mr. Crisp, and best love to Kitty. Y^s ever & ever. S. E. B.

[Here end Susan's letters on "Evelina." One of Fanny's, in answer to that which tells of the approbation of Mrs. Cholmondeley, as reported by Dr. Johnson, is headed by herself, in old age, "Rapturous and most innocent happiness during anonymous success." So might well be named those that tell of the happiness of Susan and Charlotte, of Doctor and Mrs. Burney. Out of many letters from Susan to Fanny, we have chosen two which bring us near to Mr. Crisp, with the purpose of showing him just as he was. To explain Susan's letters we give the greater part of one of Mr. Crisp's own. It was written five days after the King of Spain had declared war against England, as the King of France had done about a year before; both taking base advantage of the war going on in America.

French and Spanish ships were parading in the Channel, doing some damage here and there, besides depressing Mr. Crisp, and making Lady Mount Edgecumbe (who was not forgetful of the Armada and the Spanish Admiral's design to seize for himself the pleasant and convenient island and mansion of Mount Edgecumbe) "fall ill with fright," so Pacchierotti's promised visit to Mount Edgecumbe was put off until she recovered.]

French government declared war with England on the 10th of July, 1778.

[MRS. STRANGE TO MRS. BURNEY.]

My dearest Madam,

Much do I miss the benefite of the Courier to bring me Letters of comfort which hearing that my Friends are all well ever was.—When any body leaves this place which have not been a few I write but have no returns. God send peace or at least me nearer my friends—If our letters from India comes from Mr. Drummond to your House I hope you will put them into the post house but Mr. Drummond will most likly do so Himself. However if you are passing that way will you be so kind as bid them do so as when they come to you you may be in the Country—I have been greatly pleas'd amus'd and entertain'd in Reading what you was so kind as send me I'm reading *Evelina* for a second time it will please often going over it the first time I do no more than find out the story so keen am I now I find the Beautys and natural Stroaks—I

[SUSAN BURNEY to "MISS BURNEY,
St. Martin's Street,
Leicester Fields."]

[Chesington, Sunday, Aug. 1, 1779.]

We arrived at Streatham at a very little past eleven. As a *place*, it surpassed all my expectations. The avenue to the house, plantations, &c. are beautiful; worthy of the charming inhabitants. It is a little Paradise, I think. Cattle, poultry, dogs, all running freely about, without annoying each other. Sam¹ opened the chaise-door, and told my father breakfast was not quite over, and I had no sooner got out than Mr. Thrale appeared at a window close to the door,—and, indeed, my dear Fanny, you did not tell me anything about him which I did not find *entirely* just. With regard to his reception of me, it was *particularly* polite.² I followed my father into the library, which was much such a room as I expected;—a most charming one. There sat Mrs. Thrale and Dr. Johnson, the latter finishing his breakfast upon peaches. Mrs. Thrale immediately rose to

have much more pleasure in reading now than ever I had as I go to no public places which I never found so comfortable as on reflection I found the very reading of a play—I will be happy at all times to hear that you are well—Well may you be for be assur'd that as I ever was so will I ever be

My Dearest Madam
Your affec^t friend
and very hum^b ser^t.

ISABELLA STRANGE.

Paris
August 10
1778.

Every body here calls to me to present their compliments to you—
Adieu.

¹ "Sam" was Samuel Greaves, an old servant of Mr. Thrale, after whose death Dr. Johnson instituted "Sam's Club, a little evening meeting thrice a week," at the Essex Head, in Essex Street, for the benefit of Sam, who kept the tavern, and to make up a little to himself for the loss of Streatham.

² Fanny wrote on first seeing Mr. Thrale, in August 1779, "He is a very tall, well-looking man, and very well-bred, but shy and reserved."

meet me very sweetly, and to *welcome me to* Streatham. Dr. Johnson, too, rose. "*How do, dear lady?*" My father told him it was not *his* Miss,—but another of his own bantlings. Dr. Johnson, however, looked at me with great kindness, and not at all in a *discouraging* manner. . . . Dr. Johnson interrupted Mrs. Thrale by telling my father Mrs. Thrale had desired *Mr. Potter* to translate some verses for him, which he, (Dr. J.) had before undertaken to do. "How so?" said my father. "*Why Mr. Potter?*" "Nay, Sir, I don't know. It was Mrs. Thrale's fancy." Mrs. Thrale said she would go and fetch them. As soon as she was gone, Dr. Johnson invited me to take her seat, which was next to him. "Come, come here, my little dear," said he, with great kindness, and took my hand as I sat down, I took then courage to deliver your respects. "Aye.—Why don't she come among us?" said he. I said you were confined by a sick sister, but that you were very sorry to be away. "A rogue!" said he, laughing. "She don't mind *me!*" And then *I up and spoke vast fine* about you, for Dr. Johnson looked so kind, and so good-humour'd I was not afraid of the sound of my voice. Mr. Thrale then came in,—and, by the way, during my whole visit look'd at me with so much *curiosity*, tho' he behaved with the utmost politeness, that I could not help thinking all the time of his having said he *had not had fair play about that Miss Susan*. I am sorry he had heard me puff'd; however, kinder and more flattering attention could not be paid me from *all* quarters than I received. Dr. Johnson insisted upon my eating one of his peaches, and, when I had eat it, took a great deal of pains to persuade me to take another. "No," said Mr. Thrale, "they're good for nothing. Miss Burney must have some better than them." However, I was humble. They did for *me*. Miss Thrale came in: coldly civil as usual,—but was very chatty with me, *for her*, before I went away.

Then came back Mrs. Thrale, with the *verses*, which she had been copying out. I rose, and took a seat next Miss Thrale. However, she made me return to that next Dr. Johnson, that *he might hear what I had to say*." "But, if I have *nothing* to say, Ma'am?" said I—"Oh, never fear," said she, laughing, "I'll warrant you'll find something to talk

about." The verses were then given to my father. After he had read the first stanza, "Why, these are none of Potter's!" said he, "these are *worse* than Potter.¹ They beat him at his own weapons." Dr. Johnson and Mrs. Thrale laugh'd very much, and the verses proved to be the *former's*, and were composed, in a comical humour, the evening before, in derision of Potter. They are admirable, you will see them at Streatham, and perhaps procure a copy, which my father could not do. Dr. Johnson is afraid of having them spread about as some other verses were he wrote in the same way to ridicule poor Dr. Percy; but Mrs. Thrale advised my father to make you attack Dr. Johnson about them, "for she can do what she pleases with him." After a little while my father and Miss Thrale went off after their business, and Mrs. Thrale said she must shew me *the Lions of Streatham*. I followed her after due apologies, and she took me into your room, shewed me your desk; then her own dressing-room, and Miss Streatfield,² Miss Thrale, and Miss Burney over the chimney-piece. "They *are* three pretty Misses, that they are," said she. I then went into her bed-

¹ The Rev. Robert Potter, prebendary of Norwich, translator of Æschylus, Euripides, and Sophocles. Boswell writes in April, 1778: "After wandering about in a kind of pleasing distraction for some time, I got into a corner with Johnson, Garrick, and Harris. GARRICK (to Harris): 'Pray, sir, have you read Potter's Æschylus?' HARRIS: 'Yes; and think it pretty.' GARRICK (to Johnson): 'And what think you, sir, of it?' JOHNSON: 'I thought what I read of it *verbiage*: but upon Mr. Harris's recommendation, I will read a play.' (To Mr. Harris) 'Don't prescribe *two*.'" Dr. Johnson's verses on Potter, have, so far as we know, never been printed. His verses in ridicule of Dr. Percy are probably those given by Boswell:—

" Hermit hoar, in solemn cell,
Wearing out life's evening gray,
Smite thy bosom, sage, and tell,
What is bliss? and which the way?
Thus I spoke, and speaking sigh'd,
Scarce repress'd the starting tear;
When the smiling sage reply'd,
'Come, my lad, and drink some beer.'"

² Miss Streatfield was a very beautiful girl, who often appears in Fanny's later diaries, as a friend of the Thrales.

room, and into the other which is next yours. "You see we live together," said she, "and Streatham is not like Streatham without her. We *do* miss her sadly; that's the truth on't." When we return'd down stairs, [into] a room where my father was *tuning*, "Now," says she, "this is the dining-parlour,—and that's the harpsichord,—but they won't let us stay here, I suppose, so we'll go and walk." She lent me a calash,¹ and we stroll'd about the sweet plantations, and saw the summer-house, and Dick's island, &c. A servant brought her your letter while we were walking. "Aye, *here* it comes at last." She show'd me what you said. "Nobody *need be stifled now*." "A naughty girl! and she won't let one shut a window but by force."

Upon returning into the music-room, Miss Thrale sung "*In te spero*." I was better pleased than I expected to be with hearing her. Her voice is very sweet, and will improve with practice. She has much to *do*, but nothing to *undo*; however, "*Manca l'anima, e l'anima sempre mancarà*." Then I was made to tune up, and sung "*poveri affetti*," because I thought the words would please Mrs. Thrale, and it is an expressive song. Miss Thrale said I sung like *Lady Clarges*. Nothing like it, I think. My father said Mr. Skrine thought our faces alike, but that was a *bad compliment* to me, Mrs. and Miss Thrale found out! Mrs. Thrale compared her daughter's hair and mine together, and said *we* were alike,—a less compliment in *my* eyes than that of bearing a resemblance to *Lady Clarges*. However, from the quarter whence it came, I know

¹ Has any lady who reads this ever worn a calash? The editor has, at least, seen one worn in the precincts of a cathedral to protect a lady's dressed hair, while she stepped on pavement from one prebendal house, to a dinner-party, to another. Inquiry in old country houses will probably cause a calash to be brought from some closet, where it is kept as a curiosity. A calash (it should be *calèche*) is like a model in miniature of the "hood" of an old-fashioned carriage, in fact, of a "*calèche*." It was made of black silk, "drawn" (as the bonnet-makers used to say) upon whale-bone, or wire, folding back, so as to lie almost flat; and when pulled out of its folds, it made a "*poke*" over a lady's face, without flattening her head-gear. It was originally designed to protect the "*very high heads*" of 1778, and some years onwards.

it was meant for a much greater.¹ My father then played over some songs from the *Olimpiade* during which Dr. Johnson came in. He had a book in his hand, and wanted to shew some passage to my father, but seeing him engaged, stopt close to me, who was standing near the piano-forte. He put his arm round me, and smiling very good-humouredly, said "Now you don't expect that I shall ever love you so well as I do your sister?"—"Oh, no, Sir," said I—I have no such hopes—I am not so presumptuous."—"I am glad you are so *modest*," said he, laughing,—and so encouraged by his good-humour, (and he kept *see-sawing* me backwards and forwards in his arms, as if he had taken me for *you*) that I told him I must make an interest with him *through you*. He again said he was glad I was so *modest*, and added—"but I believe *you're* a good little creature—I think one should love *you*, too, *if one did but know you!*" There's for you!—I assure you I shall set this little conversation down among my first honours. It put me in good humour and spirits for the rest of the day. After this Mr. Thrale came in, and some very good conversation went about concerning *Count Manucci*,² Mr. and Mrs. Pepys, and I dont know who besides, in which Miss Thrale and I had some *very lively* discourse. She was to meet *Mr. Baretti* that day, with Mr. and Mrs. Thrale at *Mr. Cater's*, I think, and did not seem much delighted by the idea.

When we were to go, Dr. Johnson comically repeated his "*Dont expect me to love you so well as your sister*," but added, as I left the room, a very good-natured farewell—"Goodbye, *my little love*."—Mr., Mrs. and Miss Thrale came out with us,

¹ Even Dr. Wolcot ("Peter Pindar"), who is rarely found giving praise, writes of a New-Year's-Day Drawing-room at St. James's Palace—

"The lovely Lady Clarges too was there,
To all the Graces, as to Music, born;
Whose notes, so sweetly melting, soothe the ear!
Soft as the robin's to the blush of morn!"

² Count Manucci was a Florentine nobleman, who is named by Dr. Johnson in his notes of his visit to Paris with the Thrales in 1775. The next year Boswell made the Count's acquaintance in London, and afterwards showed him "what civilities he could" in Edinburgh, on Dr. Johnson's account, and on that of Mr. and Mrs. Thrale. Manucci came to Scotland from Ireland. "He seems to be a very amiable man," adds Boswell.

and Mrs Thrale said she was DETERMINED to become a favourite with that Mr. Crisp, and had sent him a pine-apple and some fruit—No disagreeable compliment.—She said if their chaise was but in order she and you might come and pay him a visit while we should be at Chesington—for she *did* long to see him. “And why can’t you go in the coach?” said Mr. Thrale, “You *must* have four horses.” “Why that indeed might be done,” said she. My father seem’d to snap at the proposal, but beg’d she would let us know beforehand, that he might not be *out of the way*. She promised she would, and that, when you came to her again, she would see if it could not be done.—We then mounted our vehicle and left this sweet place, and sweet company; on my side in much better spirits than when we had arrived there;—indeed I shall never recollect this morning without pleasure. . . . We arrived at dear Chesington exactly at three o’clock.” . . . [There they found Mr. Crisp, Mrs. Gast, Mrs. Hamilton, and Kitty Cooke assembled in the parlour.] . . . “Mr. Crisp looks well, makes few complaints, and is in admirable spirits. My father presented him the *fruit-basket*, which put him in such good humour with Mrs. Thrale that he did not shrink back at hearing her design of visiting Chesington; on the contrary, as *you* are to be of the party he seemed to like the thoughts of it marvellous much. I kept back your letter, because I thought two treats too much at one time, and wrote you a hasty scrawl, which I hope the postillion took care to deliver to you. Since this, however, I have given him your epistle, which he took up to his own room to browse upon. . . . SUNDAY. My father had your letter from the parson—I was in such a hurry for it that I persuaded Kitty to walk with me to meet him.—He asked us if we were *going to fetch a walk!* Surely Fielding never drew a more poor creature than this man among his country parsons!—Mr. Crisp went to Church with us in the evening, where we were join’d by Mr. Toriano and his youngest sister. They came here afterwards to tea. He is a simplicity youth; does not deserve the name of *Macartney*; ¹ *she* is as heavy as *lead*. . . . Mr.

¹ See “The Merry Wives of Windsor,” Act iv., Scene 1. Sir Hugh Evans to Mrs. Quickly, “You are a simplicity ‘oman.” Macartney is the name of a character in “Evelina.”

Crisp made her [play] which she did in such a manner as not much to alarm me, who came next, tho' I dont enjoy *mes aises* much in playing to Mr. Crisp. He is very fond of *Tornate*, [*Sirene*] and has made me chaunt it three times to him, and as I don't hate the song myself (tho' 'tis the most difficult I ever attempted, by the way) I am not very sorry he takes to it. He is fond of my father's third Duet of the second set, too,—which we play like anything!

[MR. CRISP TO MISS BURNEY.]

[A portion of a letter dated "Ches—Wednesday, June 21, 1779," is given to show Mr. Crisp's feelings for his country which was then threatened by France and Spain.]

Chùrlotte, and your Favorite, Edward, are now here; the latter goes back to-morrow, and will probably be the bearer of this letter to Town; Master Doctor, I understand, will in two or three days bring down Suzette in his hand; and I shall be made as happy with them both as crazy health, old age, and a dismal prospect of Affairs will admit of—to tell you the truth, this last Object is ever uppermost in my Mind—it infects the very little sleep I do get; and even when my thoughts are otherwise engag'd, the melancholy impression it first occasion'd, remains, without my immediately remembering why I am sad—Oh Fanny, I fear I have liv'd a few years too long!—for I declare I had much rather be under Ground, than stay behind, to see the insolent Bourbon trampling under foot this once happy Island— Faction has undone this Country—for my own part, I have often lean'd to an opinion, and am now fix'd in it, that an arbitrary Government mildly administred (as France is and has been of late years, since Science, Philosophy, and the arts have taken such Root and softned Manners) is upon the whole the most permanent and Eligible of all Forms—at present, the prevailing Fashion in Europe seems to be for the great Powers to join together to swallow up the Lesser, and then divide the Spoil—witness Russia, Prussia, and the Empire sharing Poland among themselves—France and Spain threatening Portugal and Holland unless they will join them to

destroy England—even the Empire abetting them—France and Spain, first by their uniting in their infernal Family Compact, and next by succeeding in their place of separating us from America, now fully feel their own strength, and see their way plainly before them. . . . to weaken England, and annex it to France, &c. . . . Perhaps England may be comfortable as a Province, when the pitiless storm is over—but [here Mr. C. breaks into blank verse of the same quality as that of his “Virginia”]

“ Oh Patriots, Patriots!— Oh, Richmond, Shelburne,
Rockingham, Fox, Barré, Burke, Townshend,
Hartley, Sawbridge, Wilkes, &c., &c., &c. !—
Ha! Dogs!—”

[A PART OF A LETTER FROM SUSAN TO FRANCES BURNEY.]

[Chesington] Wednesday, August 25th [1779].

Heartily glad was I to see him—[her father]—for during his absence we have heard so many dismal pieces of false intelligence, and so many terrible *prognostications* of horrid events, even when these have been discovered not to be true, I have been on tenter-hooks to see him here again—I hope never to be absent from him again when horrid reports prevail of *actual invasions*, &c.—You are, thank Heav’n, happily placed, —I mean *comparison-speaking*, and *things of that sort*. . . .¹

Hetty has recover’d extremely, and had it not been for vile *Public* news we should have spent this last week charmingly,—but two days after she [Hetty] came, a report reach’d us from Kingston that the French and Spaniards were *landed*—Mr. Crisp, who spends his life in perpetual apprehension of terrible national calamities, went to Kingston the next morning, and came back with a countenance calculated to terrify and crush temerity itself. He could eat no dinner—and seem’d struck by such a consternation that the most impenetrable creature must have felt something at

¹ Susan here copies the way of talking of Mr. Rose Fuller, a frequenter of Streatham.

seeing him. Troops of French and Spaniards were landed at Falmouth, whilst the combined Fleets were throwing Bombs into Plymouth. He supposed they would march to London and pass thro' Kingston—Destruction and Desolation would attend their steps—in short everything that could be apprehended he was prepared to expect.—I dreaded the effect of all this upon our dear Hetty. . . . However she does behave charmingly.

* * * * *

This day and the next we spent really very miserably.—Poor Mr. Crisp could neither eat, sleep, nor talk—Sunday, we received intelligence from my father, who was at Mr. Chamier's, which produced a *Revolution* in our minds—for we found that the French had not yet attempted to land, or attack any part of the Kingdom, and that tho' much was to be dreaded, there yet remained something to hope. After tea we took a comfortable walk, which made up for our late calamities.—In this we met a kind of an *adventure*,—which for want of something better I will *recount* to you. Our Party consisted of Mr. Crisp, young Toriano, my sister Hetty, Kitty [Cooke], Charlotte, and your Slave. We had walk'd several fields from the house when we saw at a little distance two or three gypsies—My sister said we should have our fortunes told. “Lend me your ring then,” said I, “and we will exchange characters.” “Pho, Pho,” said Mr Crisp, “don't let us lose our time—it will soon be too late to walk.” At this moment however a gypsey girl with a pipe in her mouth started up from behind a hedge.—She was very young, and very pretty—Mr. Crisp's objections vanish'd *in a pig's wink*. —“Can you tell fortunes?” said he. “That I can,” answer'd our gypsy very quick—and approached us. She told Hetty she would tell her her fortune—for a *twelvepenny* piece, however she took sixpence—and accordingly took her aside and told her a great deal of comical nonsense—another female, who was her mother we found, came up to us at the same time, and insisted upon telling us our fortunes though we all discouraged her as much as possible, and as she was ugly Mr. Crisp said *the girl should tell us what we wish'd to know*.—But the old lady was not to be so put off, and she began with

himself—"Aye," said she, "yonder old gentleman will be a long liver—" "Why that's the best thing you *can* tell me I think," said he, laughing.—"He will be prosperous in his fortunes, tho' *two mankind* wish him ill—and if he'll come here and pay me a twelvepenny piece I'll tell him their names and their places of abode." Such intelligence tempted not Mr. Crisp, who only laugh'd at her—but she went on—"He never did harm to mankind, but he has been wronged himself—and was once cruelly cheated."—"There you're out, my dear," said Mr. Crisp, so drily, we were all ready to die with laughing—and the old gypsey then attack'd Mr. Toriano, and told him of *ladies that were in love with him*, and I know not what besides, to induce him to have his fortune *regularly* told for a 12 *penny piece*—but the poor youth's lips quiver'd and turn'd pale—and when she said "He was a *GAY MAN among the Ladies*," he look'd just as Charlotte and I might have been expected to do had she accused us of having had an intrigue with some man—so shock'd, confounded, abashed, and foolishly resentful.—"If you can tell fortunes no better than that" . . . said he, indignantly. . . but did not pursue his threat. The woman then told poor Kitty "she would *never have any more husbands than she had now*." "I hope you don't expect to be paid for telling me *that*," said she, *colouring*, but *laughing* at the same time. "You've had many suitors," said the woman, "but one gentleman wishes you well yet—You too (*to me*) have had many suitors, and will have many proffers—but you've fixed your heart on one alone"—My sister had now done with the girl in the corner, and Mr. Crisp then admired her at his leisure—'tho her complexion look'd Egyptian her eyes and features were so remarkably beautiful that one could scarce look at her without surprise.—All her features were *elegantly* formed, and her eyes and whole countenance were animated with an expression that was in the highest degree attractive and captivating—her shape and height too seem'd very good—and there was nothing to remind one of coarseness or vulgarity about her—her face was oval—her nose Grecian and beautiful—her mouth small, and her teeth white, regular, lovely—Her eyes *hazle*, brilliant and charming. Indeed I scarce ever saw so hand-

some a creature.—“Upon my word,” said Mr. Crisp, staring at her and laughing, “she’s a good pretty girl, and would be very handsome if she was not so tan’d.” “You bin the first that ever told me so,” said she, but with an archness that did not support the truth of her words. “See what white teeth she has,” said he. “Aye, Sir, *de Blackmoor have white teeth.*” “I dare say her skin is naturally fair too—let’s see your arms.” “*White as a Blackmoor,*” said she laughing and throwing aside her Cloak which hid them—then turning quick to him, “Sir,” said she, “*my mother long’d for charcoal*”—In this comical manner she answer’d all his compliments—but he was so captivated that I thought he never would have quitted the spot where they were. She told Charlotte her fortune and would fain have persuaded me to have heard mine, but I was then grown quite tired of standing, and so were all the rest I believe, unless it was Mr. Crisp, and so I came away without—

[SUSAN TO FRANCES BURNEY.]

[Mrs. Thrale’s Owyhee Court-Dress.]

Friday, January 19, 1781.

* * * * *

Yesterday was the Queen’s birthday, and soon after breakfast a note came here, directed to *Mrs. Burney, or Miss Susan* . . . —’twas from Mrs. Thrale to say that the *Owyhee savage* was *to be seen* at Mrs. Davenant’s, Red Lyon Square, before two, and no longer, adding that if Miss Susan, or the Captain, had any curiosity to view this wondrous sight, Mrs. Thrale would be very happy to see them or *any of the rest of the family*. I accompanied my mother to Red Lion Square, and Mrs. Davenant came for us in Mrs. Thrale’s carriage.¹ We found Mrs. Thrale at her toilette, in high

¹ The Davenants were (as Fanny says) “very lively and agreeable consins of Mrs. Thrale.” Mrs. Davenant, then living in “Red Lyon Square,” was “one of the saucy women of the *ton*.” She was by birth a Cotton, as was Mrs. Thrale’s mother.

beauty and spirits. She received me with even more than her usual sweetness—but seem'd to *long to be wicked*. I wish she may know that secrecy with regard to P[hillips]¹ is at present and is likely to be for some time very necessary for him, and every way desirable to me—for setting all other motives aside, it would be a hateful thing to me to be talked of as engaged for an age before I may change my name, and to be subject to a thousand disagreeable conjectures. After we had been a little while above, we went into the drawing-room while Mrs. Thrale put on her gown—but had not been absent five minutes before your friend *Sam*² came to tell me Mrs. Thrale beg'd me to come upstairs. Well, I ran up in some trepidation—Mrs. Thrale had two maids in the room, and I believe particularised me in this manner more from a desire of shewing me great kindness than from any intention of saying anything to me. However, as she was regretting your not seeing her *in this her glory*, she said, “Aye, but your seeing me is almost the same thing. I think I shall *step in your place* by and bye, I can tell you, for I believe 'tis you chiefly that *stand between Fanny and me*.” I felt foolish, and admired her dress, and then asked if the other ladies might not come up—they were accordingly summon'd, and Mrs. Thrale, immediately on seeing Miss Streatfield, said, “Well, now Susan Burney and I have settled our *secrets* you may come up, for 'tis a very particular thing I must tell you, that Miss Susan Burney and I scarce know one another, and yet are prodigiously intimate”—and after this said something more to make me look silly, and Miss Streatfield said she *was in the dark*. Miss Streatfield looks sadly—and indeed has a terrible cold. Mrs. Thrale's dress is magnificent and not heavy—part of the trimming is composed of *greb* feathers made up in bells for tassels, which are remarkably elegant. . . .³

¹ Susan had recently engaged herself to marry Molesworth Phillips, a comrade of her brother James in Cook's last voyage.

² Samuel Greaves.

³ This court-dress was copied in a Spitalfields' loom from one of Captain Burney's specimens of goods from Owyhee, and “trimmed” (as Mrs. Thrale wrote to Fanny) “with grebeskins and gold to the tune of £65—the trimming only.”

[The following sheet of a letter is of earlier date than four of Susan's "journal letters" which have gone before it, but, in its tender humility, its "*incomparable, partial* sweetness," it appears to be in its fittest place as the end to what is here given from the pen of its charming writer, "the peculiar darling of the whole house of Dr. Burney, as well as of his heart."]¹

[SUSAN TO FRANCES BURNEY, AT CHESINGTON.]

[January, 1779.]

I cannot thank you sufficiently, my dearest Fanny, for your charming paquet, but it is cruel in you to say you expect a *genteel return* for it,—unless I am to understand the epithet in the same light as when it is used in speaking of a lady's shape—for I really believe the *less* my letter contained the more worthy it would be of being called *genteel*. I have not even the description of my disappointment at a ball to give you, or, which would be yet more afflictive, those occasioned by a *hair-dresser*. . . . I have been writing away like a mad creature—or like a creature without sense, which is nearly the same thing, to Miss E. Kirwan, but I find nothing worthy writing to you—*rien ne me vient*—the thing is, I believe, that she gives me credit for a great deal more than I deserve, *et on a toujours le plus d'esprit avec ceux qui nous en croient*: for *esprit* substitute *folie* or any other word which signifies but its shadow, and you will mend the phrase.—Indeed, my dear Fanny, your letters are so excellent that nothing but the extreme longing they excite in me for *more* could make me attempt answering them; especially from this place, where there are no subjects for the dear *narratory* style which helps one out admirably when one is distressed for ideas. But don't now imagine I'm proud—no, my sweet Fanny I am too proud, at least, of having such a sister to suffer at acknowledging her superiority, and I have too high a sense of her merit and her talents to be humbled at it. But the reason that somewhat represses the glee I should otherwise feel in writing to you is that I grudge the time I take

¹ The first of these quotations is from Madame D'Arblay's heading to this letter, the second, from her "Memoirs of Dr. Burney."

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you up in reading such vile trash as I am obliged to send you if I write at all.—I know you love me, . . . and will be *very* glad to see me, as I hope you will do next week,—but to read long, tiresome, uninteresting letters—and not to wish them over;—not to yawn;—not to silently wish the time and paper had been spared which have been expended on them;—do you love me enough for that? . . .

I dont know even how far my friendship to *you* would lead me on such an occasion, because *you* don't know how to write stupid letters; and such as you send me it requires no sisterly affection, no effort of friendship, no exercise of good-humour to render delightfully entertaining and charming.

* * * * *

Your letter is all I could wish. Your account of your visit at Sir Joshua's so compleat that the entertainment it has afforded me has been almost equal to that I should have received in being present at it. I hope to be at home when Mrs. Cholmondeley makes her first appearance at our house. She is a comical woman, and I long to hear her spout Mad^e Duval.¹ But, dear girl, let me have MORE, MORE, MORE. You leave off, as if you did it on purpose, in the style of the *last page* of the *first volume* of a novel,—at the most interesting place possible. Oh, Dr. Johnson! How I do love, honour—reverence you! But you are a dear, good girl and mean to let me have the end of your Streatham visit, as you say you have another paquet began. Do, sweet girl, fill it speedily, let me hear of all your *abundant adventures* and that as soon as possible;—for ere long I trust we shall meet—next Thursday se'nnight is the day at present designed for our journey—but if you will send me a paquet and let me have another frank before that time I will write again *partic'lars*.

I was of your opinion before I heard it *was* yours with regard to the *dear little Burney* in Warley—indeed it was impossible not to think immediately of Dr. Johnson. But how I long to know if Mr. Huddisford is known to him, or if

¹ See pp. 169-179, vol. i., of the "Diary of Madame D'Arblay," for an account of Fanny's first meeting Mrs. Cholmondeley at the house of Sir Joshua Reynolds.

he knew the epithets bestowed on you by this great man from second, or perhaps third-rate, intelligence? Pray let me hear.¹ I have no sort of adventures to write;—or indeed anything else. I only wish I had got a pen which would write larger, that my letter might look more consequential, without becoming tedious.

[The rest of the letter is wanting.]

[After reading Susan's letters, it may be that many will agree with Dr. Johnson, "I think one should love *you, too, if one did but know you.*"

We, who have learned to know this "peculiar darling of the whole house of Dr. Burney, as well as of his heart," confess to placing this slight notice of her *after*, not *before*, her letters, lest we should take from their brightness by telling of her decline and death. Two of her severe illnesses have already been described; one, when on her way to school in Paris, in 1764; another in 1769, when Dr. Armstrong was called to attend her. They were presages of the last.

She was well and happy when, in the beginning of 1781, she married Molesworth, son of John Phillips, Esquire, of Dublin, lieutenant of the party of marines sent with Captain Cook on his last voyage. Phillips saw Cook and four of the marines slaughtered. With the rest who were there, Phillips "swam for his life, helped by a smart fire on the savages from the ships' boats, which were only twenty yards from the shore." He had got into a boat, when he saw one of his men, who was a good swimmer, in danger of being taken by the savages. Although Phillips had been stabbed between the shoulders with a long iron spike, (called a pahcoa,) he leapt into the sea. He was struck by a stone on his head, but brought off the marine by his hair. Courage like this, and comradeship with Jem Burney, with love of music, and some skill in it, won Susan to consent to an engagement until the means of living were inherited from an uncle of Phillips. He was promoted in due time to a lieutenant-colonelcy. After the break of a residence in Boulogne

¹ This refers to Fanny's distress on finding her name brought into a pamphlet by a Mr. Huddisford, called "Warley: a Satire," which was addressed to Sir Joshua Reynolds, as "the first artist in Europe." Fanny's niece, Mrs. Barrett, writes: "Speaking of some aim of Sir Joshua Reynolds, the writer asks, 'Will it gain approbation from dear little Burney?'" The phrase, "dear little Burney," was Dr. Johnson's favourite mode of speaking of Miss Burney. Hence Fanny and Susan surmised that Dr. Johnson's familiar way of speaking had been spread too far abroad. However, Fanny's real vexation was caused by the phrase seeming to imply that Sir Joshua was carrying out what he had said after reading "Evelina," that he was sure he should make love to the author, if ever he met with her.

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for Susan's failing health, the married couple lived chiefly at Mickleham, in great intimacy with the accomplished family of Lock, of Norbury Park. In Mrs. Lock, Fanny, through Susan, gained a more stable friend than Mrs. Thrale; through Susan, also, she learnt to know the Chevalier D'Arblay, who became her husband.

During the Irish Rebellion, while a French force was on Irish soil, Susan's husband felt bound to live on his property for three years. Susan's family were keenly distressed at this necessity. As if it were with a presentiment that her absence would be final, Dr. Burney wrote some lines which sound like an epitaph.

" ON THE DEPARTURE OF MY DAUGHTER SUSAN
TO IRELAND.

" My gentle Susan! who, in early state,
Each pain or care could soothe or mitigate;
And who in adolescence could impart
Delight to every eye and feeling heart;
Whose mind, expanding with increase of years,
Precluded all anxiety and fears
Which parents feel for inexperienced youth
Unguided in the ways of moral truth.

* * * * *

On her kind Nature, genially her friend,
A heart bestowed instruction could not mend;
Intuitive, each virtue she possessed,
And learned their foes to shun and to detest.

" Nor did her intellectual powers require
The usual aid of labour to inspire
Her soul with prudence, wisdom, and a taste
Unerring in refinement; sound and chaste.

" Yet of her merits this the smallest part—
Far more endeared by virtues of the heart,
Which constantly excite her to embrace
Each duty of her state with active grace."

* * * * *

Susan was weak when she went to Ireland, where her health further declined. Before her second year there was over, her doctors could do no more than recommend a trial of her native English air. Her own feeling, as expressed in her own words, was that "to behold her father again, to meet his commiserating eyes, and to be under his roof and in his arms, would make him give her a second life."

With such feelings, Bishop Atterbury's daughter crossed the channel to die in his arms; but less happy than Mrs. Morrice, Susan was too much exhausted ever to reach her father. She lay ill in Dublin, after a slow journey from Belcotton; afterwards, she lay ill for a week at the old sailing and landing place for Irish ships, Parkgate, near Chester,

where she was met by her brother Charles. There she passed gently away on the 6th of January, 1800, a day which, with the 12th of January, (the anniversary of her funeral,) Fanny kept as one of religious seclusion for thirteen years; she gave up this custom at last, in obedience to the wish of her father, who held with Dr. Johnson, that "sorrow was the mere rust of the soul." It is noteworthy that Fanny was taken to Susan on the 6th of January, 1840.

Susan left two sons, Norbury, (so called because he was unexpectedly born while his mother was on a visit at Norbury Park,) and William. Her only daughter, Fanny, for some time kept the house of her grandfather, Dr. Burney, who wrote of her to Madame D'Arblay, with affectionate praise. She married Mr. C. C. Raper. Mrs. Raper was very pretty, but we are told that *her* daughter, Mrs. Minet Kingston, was more like Susan.

A descendant of Charlotte says of this grand-daughter, Mrs. Kingston, that she had more life, and fun, and *esprit*, than any of them, though she was not so clever and well-read as the grand-daughter of Charlotte, nor so brilliant in society as "Sally Payne," the daughter of Admiral Burney.

There exist in the keeping of her kin, "a very pretty miniature of 'sweet Susan,'" and a portrait of her by Edward Burney, a companion picture to his likeness of Fanny. We know nothing of Susan's sons. Colonel Phillips married again, and had other children. We find him in J. T. Smith's "Life of Nollekens," and in Charles Lamb's Letters. Charles Lamb reminds Southey of Phillips, as being among "the little knot of whist-players, that used to assemble weekly for so many years at the Queen's Gate, and called Admiral Burney friend." Lamb calls Phillips "the high-minded associate of Cook; the veteran Colonel, with his lusty heart still sending cartels of defiance to old Time." When Smith wrote, in 1828, Phillips was one of the two survivors of Cook's last expedition. "His venerable age" (says Smith, somewhat quaintly) "is not beyond his politeness." Some of Smith's anecdotes he owed to Phillips, who, he says, "often relates anecdotes of his youth, and the distinguished characters he has known."

We pass from Susan to her youngest sister Charlotte, who could barely walk when her mother died in 1761.

On her father's second marriage, six years afterwards, she was sent to a school in Norfolk. She appears to have been little in London during the years of these early diaries. We find, from one of Mrs. Rishton's letters, that Charlotte was much more with Maria's sister, Bessy (who was nearly of Charlotte's age), under Mrs. Burney's roof at Lynn (during those frequent absences to which Mrs. Burney was bound by duty to her mother, Mrs. Allen, and by other family ties), than with Hetty, Fanny, or Susy, her own sisters. One may see this by a turn of fancy, quite her own, as well as by her way of writing, which is, in part, an exaggeration of the family habit of quoting the odd things said in their hearing, especially by foreigners; in part, a slang of her own, which she wrote *to* herself, *for* herself, never thinking it would be read a hundred years later.

By a grotesque chance, a few of Charlotte's letters to Fanny and Susan, and the mutilated fragments spared by some hand from her diary, are now in a wrapper on which Madame D'Arblay has written "Some brief letters from the truly pious W. Wilberforce to F. D'Arblay—one . . . of 1817, 1818, 1820, 1822, 1823." Charlotte's anecdotes—"Nanny-goats," as she called them—now replace those weightier words!

In a letter from Fanny to Susan, there are a few words of affectionate regret at the impression which Charlotte's manner might make upon strangers. We think that her gaiety, love of fun, innocent self-complacency when praised or even noticed, her manifest and hearty enjoyment of a little flirtation, will win our readers to condone some flippancy and "slang," which was mainly written to herself alone. She had been (it is said) a little neglected, and not a little repressed. Some checking she apparently needed; subdued her spirits could not be for long, as they were of her father's kind. Comparing her accounts of people with Fanny's, we find hers correct, nay exact, in spite of her random style of writing. She sees people in her own way, not in that of Fanny, who was a born and skilled observer of character. Sometimes she sees more, or otherwise, than Fanny did; "the futile fellow" story, with Garrick's mimicry of Dr. Johnson, is better told by Charlotte than by Boswell. Indeed, nothing in any book has given us so strong an impression of Garrick's great powers of pleasing and winning, as these flights of the pen of a girl who was about sixteen when he was sixty. Mrs. Paradise's ball, and the evenings at Mr. Hoole's and at the Dean of Winchester's, are also capital examples of Charlotte's power of bringing a scene before our eyes. Her flirtations we may fancy, from the passages concerning Mr. Vincent Mathias. Of her marriage we copy a family account: "Clement Francis had been secretary to Warren Hastings in India,¹ and while there he read, and was so charmed with 'Evelina,' that he was seized with a desire to make the authoress his wife, and, with that intent, came home from India, and obtained an introduction to Dr. Burney and his family; but the result was that he married the younger sister—Charlotte." Not long after the publication of "Evelina," Mr. Beresford, a gentleman who visited the Thrale family, expressed his intention to see more of Fanny with a view of marrying her. She heard of this, and shunned him. We know not what was the case with Mr. Francis, but the "Gentleman's Magazine" chronicles among the marriages of 1786: "Feb. 11. Clement Francis, Esq., to Miss Charlotte Burney, daughter of Dr. Burney, and younger sister to the celebrated author of 'Cecilia.'" Mr. Francis is found on the official list of medical officers of the East India Company, in the Bombay Presidency, as "Surgeon, September 6, 1778, resigned January 17, 1785." He probably returned to England with Hastings, in 1785. After his marriage he practised as a surgeon at Aylsham in Norfolk, where he died suddenly, towards the end of

¹ As he is not on the Civil List, he was probably a private secretary.

1792, while Fanny (after her release from Windsor) was staying in his house.

Charlotte was left with two daughters and a son. Early in 1798, she married Captain Ralph Broome, of the Bengal Army, author of some political verses named "Letters of Simpkin the Second, Poetic Recorder of all the Proceedings upon the Trial of Warren Hastings, Esq., in Westminster Hall."¹ There was a son of this marriage, who died young.

Charlotte's daughters, Marianne and Charlotte Francis, were (from their own bent) what Charlotte might have called "blue-stockings." In a letter written by Dr. Burney to Fanny, in 1808, he describes the manifold attainments of his grand-daughter, Marianne, but ends with his private expression of feeling that she is "a monster"—of knowledge only, of course. Charlotte Francis (Mrs. Barrett), the editor of the later diaries of her aunt, Madame D'Arblay, is still affectionately and respectfully remembered. "A very little old lady (writes one of her grand-daughters), with bright blue eyes, and soft brown hair, and the neatest, trimmest, little figure imaginable. She never grew *old*, though she lived so long. On Sunday evenings, she always spelt out her Hebrew psalm, and Dr. Greenhill (of Hastings) remarked that she was the only woman he knew who could 'read Hebrew, and make jelly.' Her devoted care of her invalid daughter was most beautiful. All her later life seemed to be spent in nursing first one and then another of her dear ones. She married when she was about sixteen. It was said that she had not the least intention, or wish, to do so, but Mr. Barrett would take no refusal. He was much her senior. She was so simple and humble-minded with all her learning that no one could accuse her of pedantry. Her most laborious work was the catalogue of the Fitzwilliam Museum, but I think she took nearly as much pride in 'Charades, Enigmas, and Riddles, by a Cantab,' which she collected, and published, with a characteristic preface."

The children of Mrs. Barrett were worthy of their descent. Her eldest son, the Reverend Richard Arthur Francis Barrett, Fellow of King's College, Cambridge, and Rector of Stower Provost, Dorsetshire, was the author of "A Synopsis of Criticisms on Passages in the Old Testament," &c. When at college his eyes failed him from overwork. His sister, Julia Charlotte, learned enough of Hebrew to help him to carry on his studies. Her daughter writes "I have seen sheets of her transcribing of Hebrew on blue paper which he could see to read when printed books drove him wild. I think this was a creditable act for a young girl universally admired, extremely pretty, witty, and lively. Later in life, she materially helped her [second] husband with his books." Julia Charlotte Barrett married first, James Thomas, E.I.C.S.; secondly, Dr. Charles Maitland, author of "The Church in the Catacombs," and

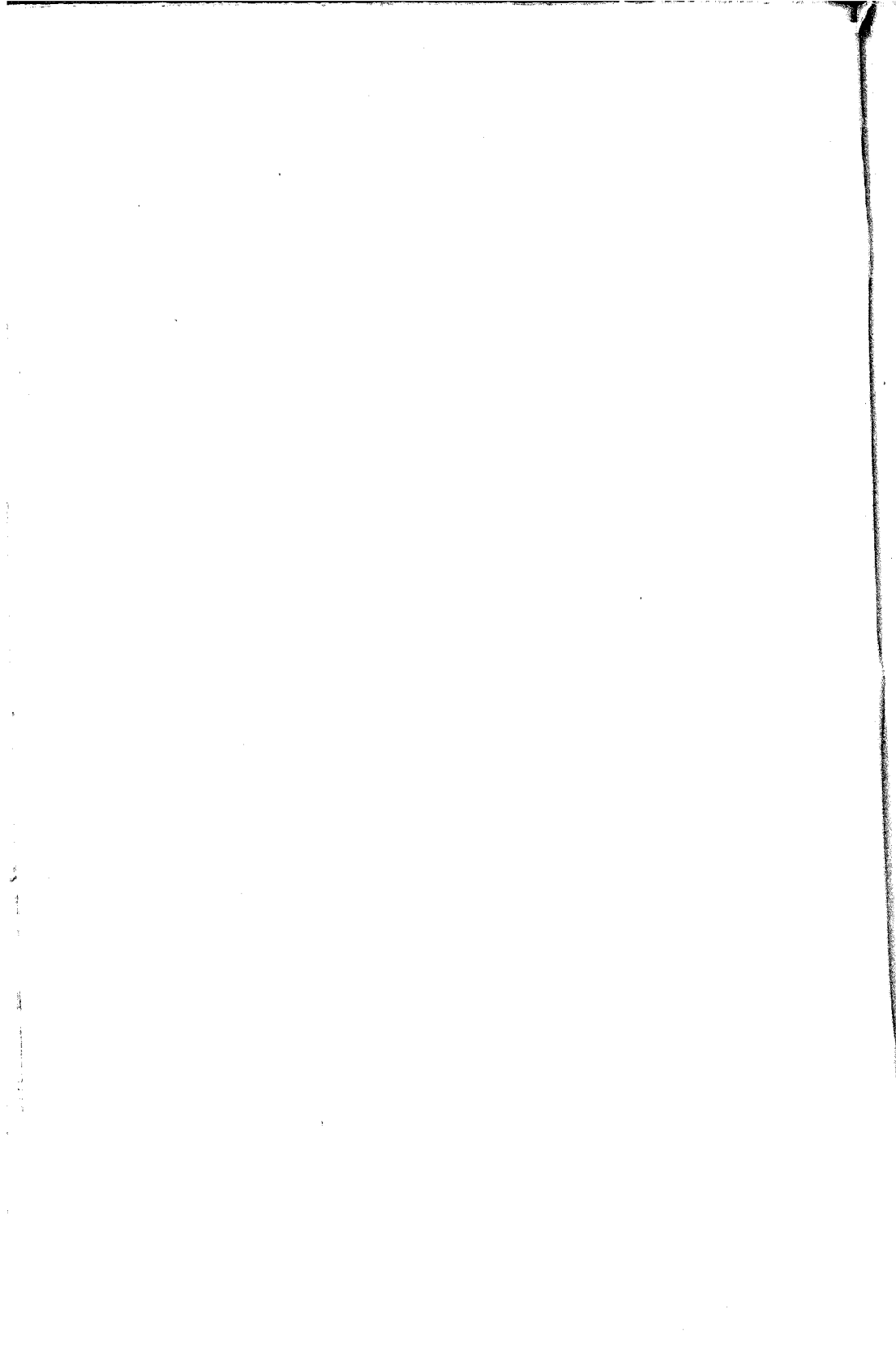
¹ These rhyming letters, which are in imitation of Anstey's "New Bath Guide," were published in the "World" as the trial went on, and republished by Stockdale in 1789.

"The Apostles' School of Prophetic Interpretation." She herself wrote "Letters from Madras, by A Lady," a book which was highly praised at the time of its publication in 1843. It was reprinted by Mr. Murray in his *Home and Colonial Library*, in 1846, with renewed success.

The editor has seen a pocket-book which belonged to Charlotte Ann Burney; it has evidently been a "fairing," from the famous fair of St. Edmund's-Bury. It is bound with soft red leather stamped with a silver pattern. It has never been used but for memoranda such as a young woman might make who had left a brilliant society for a tiny town near the Norfolk coast. There is a list of the "singers and players on musical instruments" whom she had (once upon a time) heard; also, of the authors and celebrities whom she had met; then of the "deaths of friends"; among whom (without a date), there is "*Cousin Richard*." One entry is joyous: "St. Andrew's Day, 1786, my dear Dad was chosen of the Council of the Royal Society, together with Rt. Hon. Ch. Greville, W. Herschall, L.D. (*sic*), astronomer, Nevil Maskelyne, D.D." Lastly comes a short list of "Norfolk Provincialisms." The title-page explains the reason why it belonged to Charlotte;—the frontispiece was designed by her cousin Edward, from a scene in the "Cecilia" of her sister Fanny. Edward has also succeeded in making six ladies, in as many frightful head-dresses, look lovely, notwithstanding fashion.

The title runs thus:—

"The/ Norfolk Ladies/ Memorandum Book/ or/ Fashionable Pocket Repository/ for the year 1787/ Embellished with a/ Beautiful descriptive Plate/ representing an/ interesting scene from Cecilia/ likewise/ Six of the most Fashionable Ladies/Head Dresses/ Designed by Burney and masterly engraved by Walker/ ~~~~~ Bury St. Edmund's:/ Printed and sold by John Rackham/ and may be had of/ All the Booksellers & Stationers in the County of Norfolk/ To be continued annually/ (price one Shilling)."]



SOME LETTERS AND FRAGMENTS OF THE
 JOURNAL OF CHARLOTTE ANN
 BURNEY. 1777—1787.

FRAGMENT I. [1777].

[Garrick after his withdrawal from the Stage.]

. . . . had been *settled* a quarter of an hour, he was looking and *prying* about with his opera glass, to the right and to the left, before and behind him, and every where but over his right shoulder—at last however in the middle of one of Henderson's most interesting speeches, one of the box-keepers luckily made a most comfortably horrid noise with the door—Garrick turnd round, and in turning his head back to its *usual position*, "help me or else I die, on us he cast an eye," most earnestly;—"Ha! what is it you!" and *so saying* he shook hands with us. L—d, how consequential (*sic*) I felt just then! "Well, but you an't alone?" "Oh, no, Sir, we have a lady with us." How friendly, and fatherly, sweet soul! "Well but how have you done this long while; I'm so glad to see you." "And we're so proud to be acknowledged," answered *Susey*. She said right, for *splitt me*¹ if I'd not a hundred times rather be spoken to by Garrick in

¹ Perhaps Charlotte borrowed her audacious "*splitt me*" from Sheridan's "Trip to Scarborough," which was acted at Drury Lane theatre in the February of the year in which this fragment was written. We owe this suggestion to Mr. Gibbs, who adds that "The Trip" is an almost literal reproduction of Vanbrugh's "Relapse,"—some grossness excepted; yet even in the present reprints of it, Lord Koppington indulges in such "choice oaths" as these;—"strike me

public than His majesty, G—d bless him! There was a *Lilliputian dance* by about a dozen children, none more than twelve I'm sure, and he asked me very much to go and join them. "Come shall you and I make *one* among 'em? Come, if you will I will, I only wait for you, we should look as handsome as any of them." "I fancy," rejoind I, "we should look like Patagonians among them." "Oh," says he, "I should be the *fattagonion*." How amazingly ready he is! Perhaps his partner would be better off than she'd be dancing in public with anybody else, as he is always so much observed, that peoples eyes always seemd rivitted to him like so many basilisks, whenever he was on, and on that account his partner would sheer off without a look. But I don't know, neither, whether people could avoid looking at his partner sometimes, and then it should be a perfect dancer indeed to bear looking at in the same hour with Garrick. However, be that as it may, I doubt not but he would have been *tolerably wellcome* to have given them *a surprise*.

At the end of the second act there was a gentleman took the trouble of climbing over two boxes to ask Garrick—"What he thought of the imitation?" "Imitation, Sir?" says Garrick. "Ay, Sir, this imitation of Shylock?"—"O, Sir, I'm no judge." How quick, how sensible, how comical, how Garrick-worthy a way of evading giving a direct answer,

dumb!" "strike me ugly!" and "split my windpipe!" There seems to have been a revival of "strange oaths" about 1775, the year of Sheridan's "Rivals," in which we find Bob Acres stating that "plain damns have had their day"—old profanities had indeed almost lost their meaning by over use. It was felt that swearing must be modified if it could not be done without;—that is, either softened to suit the aspirations of the time for "elegance," or given a turn quaint, fantastic, or startling.

In 1779 we find Susan telling Fanny that "We had a visit from Captain Williamson, (one of Cook's former officers,) he is a good-looking man, and was showily dress'd, in all other respects I think detestable. He swears furiously, a vile custom which heaven be prais'd is now almost wholly abolish'd—in female company at least." In 1780 Susan writes also of "the now exploded words Whig and Tory," yet both the evil custom of swearing and the use of the party-nicknames of Whig and Tory are, to some extent, unabolished, and unexploded, in 1889.

when there certainly cannot be a man in the world a more competent judge than he is! But the question, in a public theatre, to be sure was rather the reverse of well judged, and on that account I didn't pity the man for having such a *cute* answer made him.

He was saying that my father had promised to lend him some journals, and I said Charles was at home and would be vastly happy to wait upon him with the journals. "What, the Cherry Derry of the age, is he in town? ¹—But I don't know whether I can explain the matter more clearly if I come myself." L—d, I thought I must have been *fain* to take one of Mr. Astley's flying leaps into the pit for joy! But I calmd my transport a little by recollecting that two months ago my father met him, and he told him that he had n't tormented him a great while, and would come certainly some morning that week. I intirely depended upon it, and for four mornings was up at 7 o'clock, and at the trouble and fatigue of washing face and hands quite clean, putting on clean linnen, a tidy gown, and smug cap; and after all we were *choused*, for he *nicked* us entirely and never came at all. But, nevertheless, I could not refrain asking sister Susey, in a whisper that he could not help hearing, this simple question,—“whether Mr. Garrick had settled to come next morning?” Upon which he turned to me with one of the gruffest of his lion looks ²—

¹ When Charles Burney (afterwards Dr. Charles No. 2) was a school-boy, Garrick spoke of him as “*Cherry-Nose*”; “so,” (Fanny explains) “Garrick has named poor Charles, on account of his skin being rather of the brightest.” Charles was a stripling when Garrick called him “Cherry Derry,” keeping up the jest by changing the words in “*Hurry Durry*.” A “*Hurry Durry*” person, or “this Hurry Durry age,” are expressions to be found in letters of that last century, which many think did by no means quicken its pace until 1789.

² Miss Hawkins says that, as a child, she was more afraid of Garrick than of Johnson—“Garrick had a frown, and spoke impetuously—Johnson was slow and kind in his way to children.” There is said to have been a resemblance between Garrick and Napoleon Buonaparte. A son of George Garrick, who resembled his Uncle David, was arrested in Wales, during the war with France, owing to his likeness to prints of the Corsican, who was supposed to have landed as a spy! Young Garrick was detained some time, but released with a “safe-conduct” or pass from the Mayor of Tenby.

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"I will." "To-morrow, Sir?" "I'll come to-morrow," answered he in the same tone of voice.

The farce was "Piety in Pattens," most wretchedly written and acted, all that I saw of it, for Susey had n't patience to stay, though she might have paid herself by half an hour longer of his company! He laughed as much as he could have done at the most excellent piece in the world. Indeed, to borrow one of Fanny's expressions, it was "*bad* enough to be *good*."¹

¹ Susan, then in her twenty-second, and Charlotte in her seventeenth year, perhaps loved best "the songs that made them grieve"—the tearful comedies which were mocked in Foote's "Handsome Housemaid, or Piety in Pattens." Yet they ought to have laughed with Garrick. It was far from being his first laugh at this diverting satire, which was first played in 1773. "Cock-a-doodle-doo" (as Foote called Garrick) was himself to have been mimicked in it, but (according to Horace Walpole) "Garrick, by the negotiation of a Secretary of State, has made his peace with Foote, and is to be left out of the puppet-show." Mr. Cradock and Mr. Cumberland were brought into it by name on the first night, when there was a great riot, and benches were torn up; some (like these girls) thinking "the thing stupid"; others (with the injured dramatists, Cradock and Cumberland) holding it to be malicious. It was in this year, 1777, that Dr. Johnson said, with truth, "Foote, Sir, *quatenus* Foote, has powers superior to them all." It is diverting even to read about this piece. The story is of a handsome servant (*acted at Mrs. Yates*), whose master makes her proposals like those of "Mr. B." to Pamela, in Richardson's novel. Thomas, the butler, who honestly loves her, warns her solemnly, that "if she once loses her virtue, she will have no pretensions to chastity." Her master finding her of firm principles, then offers to marry her. She begs that Thomas may be called to hear her answer to so noble an offer. When Thomas appears, she says that she will marry *him*, because he has given her good advice. The squire, not to be surpassed in sentiment, gives his consent to their marriage. "Piety in Pattens" thereupon, "out of gratitude for her master's great condescension, resolves to marry neither of them, but to live single, although she owns to them that she loves them *both*." The piece was played by well-made and well-dressed puppets, with "the usual contrivance for the speeches," and was considerably softened after it had raised a disturbance. Tom Davies writes that "'Piety in Pattens' was a charm as powerful in demolishing that species of comedy which the French term *larmoyante*, as 'The Rehearsal' in banishing the rants and bombast of Dryden and his followers." Goldsmith's "She Stoops to Conquer," which was produced in the same year, 1773, was another attack upon the "Sentimental" Comedy. Mr. Gibbs, in his edition of Goldsmith's Works, has several references to

Mr. George Garrick was there, and Garrick introduced us to him¹ with—"Here's two of my children, two of the Burneys." How kind he is to us all! He was very intent, either upon the *petit pièce* or his own cogitations, so we were obliged to *sail off* without saying anything, to my no small *greggitation*.

Next morning while I was making my father's tea, I heard three knocks at the door (which were the sweetest music I had had my ears tickled with for many a ^{bad}_{good} day) upon which, after knocking down the tea cannister, dropping the tea pot lead into the water, and scalding my fingers, I tumbled up stairs and met him. "Well, why, what did you steal away for? I intended to have seen you safe, but what did you mean by it?" Before I could have given an answer of any sort, Betty, who stood by with the broom in her hand, and whose *cockles* were tickled by his droll attitudes and way of expressing himself, burst out a laughing!—upon which he fairly caned her up a whole flight of stairs, desiring at the same time to know what she laughed for? As soon as he was safely *moord* in the *chaos*² he attacked me again. "Well, but, Piety in pattens, how came you to run away, hay? I

"Piety in Pattens," and the "sentimental comedy" it was designed to satirize. He kindly writes to inform us that "this visit . . . to the play was to the Haymarket. It was upon June 11, 1777, upon the occasion of Miss Barsanti's first appearance at that house, which, no doubt, accounts for the Burneys' visit. 'The Merchant of Venice' was the play. Henderson was Shylock, and Jenny Barsanti Portia. Miss Barsanti did not play in the after-piece, 'Piety in Pattens.'" The next entry in Charlotte's journal is dated the 25th of August, 1777, but if her diary was kept with as little regularity as that of her sister Fanny, the visit to the theatre may well have been upon the 11th of June.

¹ Garrick's favourite brother, whom he made his heir, through George's children.

² To be "safely moor'd in Chaos," is a drolly mixed metaphor. "The capacious table of [Dr. Burney's] small but capacious study, exhibited, in what he called his *Chaos*, the countless, increasing stores of his materials. Multitudinous, or rather, innumerable, blank books, were severally adapted to concentrating some portion of his work," ["The History of Music,"] writes Madame D'Arblay, in 1832—so that, like the great Bishop Thirlwall, Dr. Burney had his 'Chaos,' although not so vast a Chaos, for that of the Bishop spread beyond the limits of tables or shelves.

remember the time when she was not quite so cruel, when I used to tuck her under my arm and run away with her, but now she runs from *me*! But *Piety in patters* blushd at shaking hands with me in public! didn't you? didn't you? then the folks all stared, and we (I admire his saying *we*) looked so handsome! Ay, says they, he's got a young egg by him that he wants to swallow up!—But then my little *Piety* to leave me in the lurch, wasn't well done of you, besides," repeated he, "I intended to have had the pleasure of seeing you safe out.—But 'twas that old gentlewoman's doing I suppose—she thought I was too sweet upon you, didn't she?"

He took off Dr. Johnson most admirably. Indeed I enjoyd it doubly from having been in his company; his *see-saw*, his *pawing*, his very *look*, and his voice! My *cot*! what an astonishing thing it is he [Garrick] has not a good ear for music! He took him off in a speech (that has *stuck in his gizzard* ever since some friendly person was so obliging as to repeat it to him). Indeed, I should much wonder if it did not, for it would have been a severe speech if it had been said upon who it would, much more upon Garrick, indeed I think it must have been exaggerated, or if not, that it was a very severe, ill-natured, unjust thing. "Yes, yes, Davy has some convivial pleasantries in him; but 'tis a futile Fellow." A little while after he took him off in one¹ of his *own convivial pleasantries*. "No Sir; I'm for the musick of the ancients, it has been corrupted so."²

¹ "[Garrick] was always jealous that Johnson spoke lightly of him. I recollect his exhibiting him to me one day, as if saying, 'Davy has some convivial pleasantries about him, but 'tis a futile fellow;' which he uttered perfectly with the air and tone of Johnson."—BOSWELL.

² This does not seem to refer to the "Academy of Ancient Music" (instituted in 1710), with which Sir John Hawkins had much to do; or to "the Ancient Concerts" (established in 1776), which interested Dr. Burney; but to the controversy as to the relative value of ancient and modern poetry, music, &c., &c., which raged from the end of the seventeenth into the first quarter of the eighteenth century. It left behind it two English books, which are still famous: Bentley's "Dissertation on the Epistles of Phalaris" (1695), and Swift's "Battle of the Books" (1705). In 1705, the Abbé de Chateaufort heard a dis-

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He asked my father how he stood his ground at Straighthem,¹ "Oh," says my father, "vastly well; and I can assure you Johnson fights your battles for you." Upon which Garrick insisted upon knowing *who with?* But my father *declared off for that*: "Well, but Burney, I'll never forgive you, if you won't tell me." "Oh, I'm bound in *honour* not to do that," and so he went on, all the way down stairs, and was so very earnest to know, that it required all my father's *rhetoric* to avoid letting him know. "Well, Burney, mind I put you out of my books." "Why, what good will it do you?" "Why, it will be letting me know my friends from my enemies." And when he got out of the door—"Well, Burney, here ends our friendship!" Becket the bookseller came with him, and he walked on a little before Garrick, and he was impudent enough to take him off, to his face, I was going to say, but to do him justice he did it like a gentleman, behind his back.² He enquired after Jemm and "the news earlanders," [New Zealanders]³ and my father said that what we knew of that affair was chiefly from his *Journal*,

cussion on the "Music of the Ancients" at the house of Ninon de l'Enclos, which he re-produced in 1725, in the form of a dialogue between "Théagene and Callimaque." "Léontium" (Ninon) asks a German (Hebenstreil) who is called "Pantaléon" in the dialogue to play upon a musical instrument of his own invention, which he calls a "tympanon." "Callimaque" extols the Music of the Moderns, while "Théagene" invokes the shade of Lycurgus, and cites the punishment inflicted at Sparta upon a certain "Timothée," who had been guilty of adding a new chord to the lyre, thereby humouring the bent of the Greeks to suffer themselves to be enervated by the charms of music. Ninon closes the dispute by saying that the Spartans would not have found tortures enough for her musician who had added more than a hundred chords to the tympanon.

¹ This is one of Charlotte's puns. Dr. Burney's acquaintance with Mr. and Mrs. Thrale, and visits to Streatham, began in 1776, when he was invited to give lessons in music to "Queeny" [Esther] Thrale.

² Charlotte, perhaps, did not know that she was quoting from Wycherley's "Plain Dealer" (1677). 'Plausible' says to 'Manly,'—"If I did say or do an ill thing to any body, it should be behind their backs, out of pure good manners."

³ Was this poor pun Garrick's, or Charlotte's? In a letter to Fanny, then in France, with her husband, dated November 12th, 1808, giving a brief sketch of the then condition of all his family, Dr. Burney tells her that her "sister Charlotte still loves a pun."

for that it was a subject upon which he was very *shy*, and always spoke of it in a whisper, as if it was treason. "Why, what, they didn't eat 'em?" says Garrick. "Yes, but they did." "We are not sure of that," answered Garrick, "perhaps they potted 'em!" And thus ended his visit, sweet soul! He had on his favourite *scratch*, his *mob wig*, as Mr. Twining calls it; —but in spite of it he looked as *abominably* handsome as I think I ever saw him.

Monday August 25th, 1777. St Martin's Street.

My mother is gone to Paris—my father to Mr. Thrale's at Stratham,—Fanny to Chessington—Susey to Howletts—Dick to Hindon—and Jemm to Otahieta—so they they are pretty well dispersed *methinks*, and I am left at home to keep house, unless somebody should run away with me, as Mr. Crisp says.

This morning, while Fanchon and I were at breakfast, a post chaise stopd at the door, and out of it came Mr. Crisp and Mrs. Gast, his sister,—quite unexpected—but not unwelcome. He looks rather thin, every where but his legs, which have been fattend up by the gout, but, nevertheless, has not the sallow, unhealthy look that he had a year ago, and upon the whole, *tout ensemble* looks better than I expected from the accounts I have heard of him lately. Mrs Gast I never saw *before*, but should be sorry if I was certain I should never see her *again*, as she is, as far as I can judge by so short an acquaintance, a very sensible, agreeable, amiable woman.

FRAGMENT II.

[Praise of Mrs. Thrale.—Her first meeting with Piozzi.]

[If Boswell be followed, the date of this fragment is 1778, as in that year he places Dr. Johnson's visit to Winchester in Dr. Burney's company. If we rely upon Madame D'Arblay, it is 1777, as she tells us that this evening party happened "some few months after" that described on pages 153-160 of this volume.

This fragment of Charlotte's diary is written upon a leaf of paper, the upper half of which has been cut off and preserved; the rest is wanting.

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The paper has been cut with little care. We supply the words in brackets by conjecture. The first part shows the growing friendliness between Dr. Burney and the Thrales, which led to Mrs. Burney, and her boy Dick, visiting Streatham. Dick was then "a beautiful boy." Like poor Miss W., he was "all lilies and roses." Mrs. Thrale petted him. Dr. Johnson wrote to Dr. Joseph Warton in his favour, and offered to go with Dr. Burney to place him in Winchester School. The going and coming back together in a post-chaise, shook Drs. Johnson and Burney into still greater regard for each other.¹

The second part describes a visit to St. Martin's Street of the chiefs of the Streatham set. This was arranged by Dr. Burney at the request of Mr. and Mrs. Greville, and their daughter, Mrs. Crewe, that they might meet Dr. Johnson and Mrs. Thrale. It was to have been a brilliant encounter of wits;—it was a disastrous failure. Charlotte's view of what happened (little of it as is left) is worth having, that it may be compared with Fanny's narrative, which is to be found in the second volume of her "Memoirs of Dr. Burney," pages 101 to 114. The evening was noteworthy as being that on which Mrs. Thrale first saw Piozzi, whose gestures she mimicked while standing behind him as he played and sang, in such a manner as to draw upon herself a well-deserved rebuke from Dr. Burney. She took it with good-humour, being indeed, as said Lord Lansdowne—who, when Lord Henry Petty, had "put up for a day," at her house, "Brinbella," in Wales—"good-humoured and lively, but affected," "Piozzi," he added, "was a civil man, with his head full of nothing but music," while Mrs. Thrale, as Fanny wrote, knew "not a flat from a sharp, nor a crochet from a quaver." Mr. Abraham Hayward, as editor of the "Autobiography of Mrs. Piozzi," places "this scene at Dr. Burney's" after the 13th of August, 1781. This is incorrect, as Mme. D'Arblay clearly states that the second visit of Dr. Johnson and Mrs. Thrale to St. Martin's Street was "a few months" after the first; that is, after the 20th of March, 1777. Mrs. Thrale tells us herself in one page of Mr. Hayward's volumes, that "the beginning of her acquaintance with Piozzi was at Brighton, after the '80 riots, August, or so." On another page dated "Brighton, July 1780," there is a more precise statement. She writes: "I have picked up Piozzi here, the great Italian singer. He is amazingly like my father. He shall teach Hester." She found him

¹ Dick is the subject of one of Mrs. Piozzi's "Anecdotes of Dr. Johnson." "We parted at his door one evening when I had teized him many weeks to write a recommendatory letter of a little boy to his schoolmaster; and after he had faithfully promised to do this prodigious feat before we met again—'Do not forget dear Dick, Sir,' said I, as he went out of the coach: he turned back, stood still two minutes on the carriage step—'When I have written my letter for Dick, I may hang myself, mayn't I?'—and turned away in a very ill humour indeed."—P. 194, edit. 1786.

at the time by no means desirous of giving lessons. He told her that he was at Brighton for his health only. Her comments were that "nothing ails him but pride," and that the newspapers say he is earning £1,200 a year. Mr. Thrale died in April, 1781. On the 13th of August, 1781, his widow wrote in her "*Thraliana*": "Piozzi is become a prodigious favourite with me, he is so intelligent a creature, so discerning one can't help wishing for his good opinion, his singing surpasses everybody's for taste, tenderness, and true elegance; his hand on the forte piano too is so soft, so sweet, so delicate, every tone goes to the heart, I think, and fills the mind with emotions one would not be without, though inconvenient enough sometimes." On the 25th of November, 1781, she writes: "I have got my Piozzi again." Mr. Hayward says, in a note on these words, that this "did not *then* imply what it would *now*." He wrote as an advocate, doing the best he could for his client, but he would have found it hard to prove that the words had any other meaning than they bear to-day, nor can there be any doubt that such a marriage would provoke the same comments now as then.]

[It would be] strange indeed if they did n't idolize her,— [Mrs. Thrale] for besides her particular unremitting, delicate almost unparrellel'd attention to my father, upon every occasion she has interisted herself so much in regard to getting little Dick to Winchester School (where he went on Tuesday last) that she has seemed to think of nothing else, and has not only made him a present of a piece of fine holland to set him up in shirts with but has likewise furnished him with an intire set of school books, and she is so far from being conceited and pedantic in respect to her learning, that everybody that is free from *envy, hatred and malice* allows that her learning is the last thing that appears—nor, indeed, to do her justice, does it shew itself unless to her very intimate friends—I fancy she is about thirty tho' she hardly *looks* twenty-eight, for she is blooming and pretty enough to prove that nature has not been a little partial to her in any respect.¹ Dr. Johnson was pleased—

* * * * *

of the weather the gentlemen were so kind and considerate as to divert themselves by making a fire skreen to the whole room

¹ Mrs. Thrale habitually "*rouged*"; nature, however, had been more than "a little partial" to her, for (according to Mr. Abraham Hay-

—Dr. Johnson, made them all *make off*, for when nobody would have imagined he had known the gentlemen were in the room, he said that “if he was not *ashamed* he would keep the fire from the ladies too,”—this reproof (for a *reproof* it certainly was, altho’ given in a very comical dry way) was productive of a scene as *good as a comedy*, for Mr. Suard¹ tumbled on to the sofa directly, Mr. Thrale on to a chair, Mr. Davenant sneaked off the *premises* seemingly in as great a fright and as much confounded as if he had done any bad action, and Mr. *Gruel*,² being left *solus* was obliged to stalk off in spite of his teeth, and it was pretty evidently against the grain. During one of the duets, Piozzi, fatigued I suppose with being encircled with strangers and having nobody to converse with, regaled himself with a short nap.

Dr. Johnson was immensely *smart*, for *him*,—for he had not only a very decent tidy suit of cloathes on, but his hands, face, and linnen were clean, and he treated us with his *worsted wig* which Mr. Thrale made him a present of, because it scarce ever gets out of curl, and he generally diverts himself with laying down just after he has got a fresh wig.³

ward) the Mr. Salusbury, who put her papers into Mr. Hayward’s hands, possessed a china-bowl, with a slip of paper pasted into it, bearing these words: “In this bason was baptized Hester Lynch Salusbury, 16 Jan., 1740-1, O.S., at Bodville, Carmarthenshire.” This Mr. Salusbury’s father copied from the original bit of paper, (probably) of her own writing, which was worn out by time. In those days, and even much later, it was common to baptize infants privately, without much regard for there being “great cause or necessity for it,” as the rubric ordains. The best china bowl in the house (which served as the punch-bowl at supper-time) was used on these occasions.

¹ Seward.

² Mr. “Gruel” is the lofty Greville, this being one of Charlotte’s puns. It is to be observed that Mme. D’Arblay omits the names of Mr. Seward and of Mr. Davenant from her account of this party. She also says that no one of the party “ever asked or wished for its repetition.” This is a mistake, as in the unpublished journal of her sister Susan there is some mention of another meeting between Dr. Johnson and Mr. Greville in the house of Dr. Burney, at which Dr. Russel and Mr. Harris of Salisbury were present.

³ This “worsted wig” is (we think) some slight addition to the wig-history of Dr. Johnson. As for his “linnen” being clean, when speaking to Dr. Burney of the infirmities (of brain) of poor Kit Smart,

FRAGMENT III.

[Charlotte at Chesington.]

[This was probably written in 1778, after the publication of "Evelina," and after Fanny's severe illness, but before she first went to stay with the Thrales.]

Sunday, July the 4th.

Yesterday fortnight my father, the Lady, and self set off in a post *sha* for Chessington, about five o'clock, and arrived there time enough to get a very comfortable dish of tea. We were met at the gate by dear Fanny, who is so surprisingly recovered in her looks that I was doubly rejoiced to see her! We found in the parlour, Mrs. Ham, Moonshine, and *that's trifles*. I was quite an unexpected guest, and Mrs. H. made me a low curtesey, and cried, "How d'ye do, Miss Sukey?" and Kitty Cooke did n't know me. Presently Mr. Crisp came into the garden. He soon espied *me*, and I him, and notwithstanding his *passionate message* that he had sent me respecting the Lady, he gave me a most cordial reception, quite hugged me. "How does *Mrs. Barritti* do?—very ugly, I perceive that!" My father and him next went to looking over the prints in Captain Cookes last voyage,¹ which my father carried down to him, and he pointed to the ugliest *squaw* in the book, which he said "was very like *her*," pointing to *me*.

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LETTER I.

[CHARLOTTE BURNEY TO MISS BURNEY, then at Bath.]

Monday Morn., April 10th [1780].

I hope my dearest Fanny that you are not in dudgeon at my not writing sooner, for I w^d have sent you a *few pleasing*

whom he "did not think ought to be shut up," he added, "another charge was, that Smart did not love clean linen; and *I have no passion for it!*"

¹ This was the account of Cook's second voyage, which was edited by himself. It was published in 1777, in two volumes, quarto.

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FRAGMENT III.

[Charlotte at Chesington.]

[This was probably written in 1778, after the publication of "Evelina," and after Fanny's severe illness, but before she first went to stay with the Thrales.]

Sunday, July the 4th.

Yesterday fortnight my father, the Lady, and self set off in a post *sha* for Chessington, about five o'clock, and arrived there time enough to get a very comfortable dish of tea. We were met at the gate by dear Fanny, who is so surprisingly recovered in her looks that I was doubly rejoiced to see her! We found in the parlour, Mrs. Ham, Moonshine, and *that's trifles*. I was quite an unexpected guest, and Mrs. H. made me a low curtesey, and cried, "How d'ye do, Miss Sukey?" and Kitty Cooke did n't know me. Presently Mr. Crisp came into the garden. He soon espied *me*, and I him, and notwithstanding his *passionate message* that he had sent me respecting the Lady, he gave me a most cordial reception, quite hugged me. "How does *Mrs. Barritti* do?—very ugly, I perceive that!" My father and him next went to looking over the prints in Captain Cookes last voyage,¹ which my father carried down to him, and he pointed to the ugliest *squaw* in the book, which he said "was very like *her*," pointing to *me*.

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LETTER I.

[CHARLOTTE BURNEY TO MISS BURNEY, then at Bath.]

Monday Morn., April 10th [1780].

I hope my dearest Fanny that you are not in dudgeon at my not writing sooner, for I w^d have sent you a *few pleasing*

whom he "did not think ought to be shut up," he added, "another charge was, that Smart did not love clean linen; and *I have no passion for it!*"

¹ This was the account of Cook's second voyage, which was edited by himself. It was published in 1777, in two volumes, quarto.

words e'er now, but that for this fortnight past, I have really been so hard fag'd with *stitchery* in new rigging papa's old *shifets* [as Mrs. *Market* calls em] that I really have n't had time. We trot on much as usual here.

I paid Davies the money you left for him—and apropos to Hair dressing, as our *Finances is extremely low* in general, I think against next Season we had better apply to Mrs. Pitt's Hair dresser, for Dick says when she was drest for the Pantheon that night, she paid him *ninepence* and yet thought it threepence all too dear!

The Masquerade at the Pantheon was *rather thinnish*, owing, as they suppose, to so many people seeing Masks—but there was one person there that I fancy you'll be a little surprised to hear of—a person that I am afraid, (for *his sake*) has rather a tendresse for a Lady of Quality at the other end of the Town; no other than Mr. Edward Burney—Papa gave him his Proprietor's Ticket, and the Dress cost him nothing, but a day's work, for he went as a Native of Otaehitie, so he cooked up a dress out of Jemm's Otaehitie *Merchandize*. I contrived to go to York St. that Night to tea, and saw his Dress, which was a very good one, he went privately to Sir Joshua's and took a sketch of Omiah's dress,—which he copied in his *own* pretty exactly. My Mother's Otaehitie Cloth Domino was *perdigously chinkd*, but it served to wear under the other parts o' the dress—he had an Otahietie Stick in one hand, and a pillow in the other, and with a *Cosmetic* of his own invention and preparation, he wash'd his Mask and his hands so as to make them the colour of Omiah's, and he *tattoo'd* his fingers with blue paint, and flatten'd the Nose of the Mask, so that altogether he was so thoroughly disguised that I believe My Uncle himself wou'd not have known him—he says his dress was very much admired, particularly his mask; which he had painted so well, that one Character came up to *feel* of it, to be certain it was not his *naytural* face—he spoke broken English, except now and then that he touch'd 'em up with a speech in the Otaehitie language, that he had got by heart—he staid 'till five next morning, and it answered to him excessively well, as indeed you may easily suppose, being the first Masquerade that he ever was at—Merlin was there as a

Sick Man in his *Morpheus* } Chair as he calls it. He was a very
Morfus } good mask Edward says, but the newsmongers are not so good
 natured to him, for *they* say that there was a sick man in his
 Chair who made everybody sick of him!

But I have something to tell you about Edward that I think you will not be displeas'd at. He has just finished three stained Drawings in Miniature, Designs for *Evilina*—and most sweet things they are. The Design for the first vol. is the scene at Ranelagh after the Disaster of Madame Duval and Monsieur Du Bois. He has just caught the moment when Madame French is going to dash the candle out of the Captain's hand; he says he was very much puzzled how to give Madame Duval the *beau-reste*,¹ but we think he has succeeded delightfully. But Monsieur Slippery is *my* favourite figure. I do think it is a most incomparable one indeed! so miserably triste! he has taken him shivering by the fire. *Evilina* is introduced in all three, and a most lovely creature he has made of her—but its whimsical enough that there must certainly be a likeness between Edward's *Evilina* and Miss Streatfield, as *seperately* and *apart* (as Sir Anthony Branville says)² Susan and I were both struck with the resemblance. The subject for the 2nd vol. is the part where *Evilina* is sitting in that dejected way, leaning her arm on the table, and Mr. Villars is watching her at the door before she perceives him.—The design for the 3rd vol: is as affecting as that for the 2nd, it is the scene between *Evilina* and her father, when she is kneeling, and he in an agony is turning from her.—I think there can't be a greater proof of Edward's having read and felt every passage in the book than these drawings. My father is so pleas'd with them that he has shewn them to Sir Joshua Reynolds, and ask'd him whether there would be any impropriety in putting them into the Exhibition? Sir

¹ The appearance of some remains of the beauty which she had possessed when young.

² Sir Anthony Branville is a pedantic character in "The Discovery," a comedy by Mrs. Frances Sheridan, the mother of Richard Brinsley Sheridan.

Joshua highly approved of the proposal, and sure enough into the Exhibition they are to go, and Mr. Barry, who is mightily struck with them, has promised of his own accord, to endeavour to procure a good place for them—Sir Joshua was amased that he could do any thing *original* so well, as he had seen nothing but copies before of his doing—he said some very handsome things of them, and was much pleased with a picture (that Edward has introduced into Mr. Villars's parlour;) of Dr. Johnson, as he says he thinks it very natural for so good a man as Mr. Villars, to have a value for Dr. Johnson. But pray my dear Fanny write me word what you think of all this? It is a very *popular* subject, and they are to be inserted in the catalogue "Designs for Evelina."¹ I am vastly glad to tell you, that *Signor Pachierote* is so well recoverd, that he performed his part in Quinto Fabio on Saturday. How do you and the great Mrs. Montague hit it off? vastly well I dare say, tho' I warrant she thinks *our friend a very powerful character*. We were honoured with a visit the other day from the charming Mrs. Sleepe. She brought a letter from Mr. Sleepe to Charles, and as Captain Coussmaker was not here, I did not grudge her the great chair. Poor Mr. Sleepe is vastly well in every respect but *Memory*, but that begins to fail him. *So no more at present from yours* my dear Fanny, with great truth and affection

CHURROTT.

Pray have you had an *interview* with Lord Peterborough?²

Susans (*sic*) has this instant received your letter and says she will answer it very soon.

[As this letter contains the longest passage concerning Edward Burney that has been found among these papers, we append to it some

¹ Fanny writes on Wednesday, April 12, 1780: "I received Charlotte's most agreeable account of Edward's stained drawings from 'Evelina,' and I am much delighted that he means them for the Exhibition, and that we shall thus show off together. His notion of putting a portrait of Dr. Johnson into Mr. Villars's parlour was charming. I shall tell the Doctor of it in my next letter, for he makes me write to him."

² Charlotte means Dr. Hinchliffe, Bishop of Peterborough, who was at Bath that season.

slight notice of a most amiable man, who withdrew early from what may be called the public life of a painter;—the competition which is implied when pictures are exhibited. There is no notice of Edward Francis Burney in the early editions of "Bryan's Dictionary of Painters"; none in the "National Biography," none even in the obituary of "The Gentleman's Magazine." Mr. Redgrave says that he was born at Worcester, in September, 1760, that he went to London to study in 1776, that his drawings from "Evelina" were the first which he exhibited in the rooms of the Royal Academy, to which also he sent portraits and domestic subjects to the number of nineteen between 1780 and 1793; his last being illustrations of "Telemachus." "Devoting himself to book-illustration, he then became popular. His designs were clever and imaginative, made with the pen, and slightly tinted."

Edward's father seems to have demurred about allowing him to follow his bent. When Fanny, on her way to Bath with the Thrales, in 1780, stayed at the Bear Inn, at Devizes, she was struck with the son of her hostess, Mrs. Lawrence, "a most lovely boy of ten years of age, who seems to be not merely the wonder of [his] family, but of the times, for his astonishing skill in drawing. The future Sir Thomas Lawrence, P.R.A., had never had any instruction [in drawing], but on his being taken to town . . . all the painters had been very kind to him, and Sir Joshua Reynolds had pronounced him, (the mother said,) the most promising genius he had ever met with. . . . [He has just such sweet, expressive, soft, intelligent eyes as his *brother wonder*, our Edward, and all his other features are *infinitely* handsome. Methinks I am half sorry. How I wish our Edward had had as early an introduction to those who have power to encourage and assist him!"]¹ This was written on the 7th of April; on the 10th Charlotte wrote the foregoing letter. Edward was a pupil of the Royal Academy, with whose age his own ran almost parallel. Dr. Burney had taken him to Sir Joshua Reynolds, who highly commended his drawings as being "*finely drawn*," adding that he "*did not believe any one in the Academy could do better*;" Reynolds also lent him his own portraits of Dr. Johnson and Burke to copy, and said that Edward ought "by no means to leave London," whereupon Dr. Burney wrote "a very long and charming letter" to his brother, "which *if anything*" (writes Susan) "*can, I think must have weight with him*." It was to entreat him to suffer Edward to remain in London. The kind cousins waited for his answer "*in trembling hope*," but it was all in vain, as Richard recalled his son to Worcester, fixing a day on which he must leave London. Later on, however, we find Edward again in London, following his "propensity to painting," which was "so strong, that I believe" (said Sir Joshua to Dr. Burney) "we must call it *genius*."

¹ The passage between brackets was omitted in the diary of Mme. D'Arblay, which was published in the lifetime of her cousin Edward.

J. T. Smith ranks Edward Burney *after* Blake, Flaxman, Lawrence, and Stothard; but *before* Ryley, Howard, Hilton, Etty, Briggs, and Morton, "all" being (he writes) "faithful and constant delineators of form and muscular action." He painted the portrait of Fanny which was engraved when her later diaries were published in 1843, and another, which is said to be "plainer"; three portraits of Mr. Crisp, and one of his sister, Mrs. Gast, and made the drawings for four full-page engravings in his uncle Dr. Burney's quarto volume on the Handel Commemoration in Westminster Abbey, 1784.¹ His designs for frontispieces and vignettes are very numerous. We have often seen old pocket-books preserved for the sake of his illustrations;—notably, some very pretty little books published for years under the title of "Le Souvenir, or Pocket Tablet." Some of his designs for "The Lady's Pocket Magazine" were reproduced in a volume published in 1799, entitled "The Cabinet of the Arts. A series of Engravings by English Artists, from Stothard, Burney, Harding, Corbould, Van Assen, Potter, Cosway, Paul Sandby, Mather Brown, Catton, &c." Among the &c. are Turner and Isaac Cruikshank. Family tradition ascribes to Edward an affectionate admiration for the ladies of his own family, which descended for three generations. He is said to have drawn Fanny's likeness as seen with his heart's eye, rather than as it "stood confess'd." Next, one of her nieces was the lady of his admiration. She was succeeded in time, in his regard, by her daughter. No greater compliment could be paid to his own family than by finding *in* it, *not out* of it, all that he thought lovely and lovable in woman. Fanny never names him without speaking of his merit and his diffident distrust of it. In 1778, she says, "the kind Mrs. Thrale would give courage even to Edward, if she studied so to do." In a letter to Hetty, written in 1820, she says, "how unfortunate that *he* never married, who is so made for domestic life." Elsewhere she writes of this gentle, and diffident painter, as being "amiable, deserving, and almost faultless." He lived to the great age of Dr. Burney and Fanny, dying at eighty-eight, in Wimpole Street, on the 16th of December, 1848.]

LETTER II.

[CHARLOTTE ANN BURNEY to MISS BURNEY, at Mrs. Hamilton's,
Chessington, Kingston, Surrey.]

Monday [1781].

Dearest Fanni,

Thanks for your comique letter—I would have written per baker, but had not time.

¹ "One of the page-plates to the series of articles on Music in Rees's Cyclopædia is by Edward Burney. This delineates, in something of

I call'd on Mrs. Reynolds last week, and had a curious conversation with her. Upon her enquiring very particularly where *you* were—I said with a friend in Surry. “Oh, then, [said she, with a significant nod] she has shut herself up to write.” In order to cure her of this suspision I said you were upon a visit to a favourite friend of us all, who you would wish to be a good deal with, and therefore would not find time for writing. “Why, who is it she is gone to see? What is the name?” “Mr. Crisp, a very old friend”—“Well, but he’s married I suppose?” “No”—“Bless me! what, then she is gone to a house with only a gentleman in it, and that gentleman a bachelor too!” “Yes, but there are two ladies in the house that he lives with”—answered I—“Oh; two ladies, well—but I suppose one of them is his wife?” “No; but he has known them a great many years—it is an old lady and her niece, that he lives with, and none of their acquaintance think there is any scandal in it I assure you”—“Well but,” cried she, with a wink, “how did they come to live together at first, these ladies and him? I never heard of such a thing! I wonder at it! pray are you *sure* he is really not married privately to one of them?” “O, yes; he is not married to either of them,” answered I. But I had a great mind to have told her that he *was* to quiet her scruples. “Bless me,” cried this oddity, “it seems very odd to me! I don’t understand it.”—Dear Fanny did you ever hear of anything so ridiculous! I said a great deal to her to *un*-scandalize her, but I don’t know whether I did at last.¹

the Rowlandson caricature vein, the ‘Pandean Minstrels in performance at Vauxhall.’ It is dated 1806.” The plates in Dr. Burney’s volume are also remarkable for the character given to numerous figures on a very minute scale.

¹ Mrs. Reynolds, who was a most worthy woman, but singular in her ways, was not to be foiled by Charlotte; she questioned Fanny herself when next she met her. This was on the 28th of December, 1782, at a dinner in the house of Sir Joshua. Fanny writes to Susan, that after dinner she had a whispering conversation with Mrs. Reynolds, “which made me laugh, from her excessive oddness and absurdity. It began about Chesington. She expressed her wonder how I could have passed so much time there. I assured her that with my own will I should pass

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Mazzanti has been setting a song to music; an English song; and *written* by an Englishman; but nobody would *guess* it I believe—as I know you have a *taste* for elegant writing I'll give it you—

“SONG BY THE NYMPHS.

As the sun's refulgent ray
Brightens in the natal day,
So will we our voices raise
To celebrate the Stranger's praise.

“SONG BY THE LADIES.

Accept fair Thames our grateful lay
For this our happy festive day
To you sweet nymphs no less is due
How happy we to join with you.

“NYMPHS AND LADIES.

Sweet chorus come your melody combine
And with the sisters and the cousins join
Trumpets sound, let all be gay
And celebrate Sir Edward's day.”

Pray what is your opinion of these lines? *Here goes in-*

much more time there, as I know no place where I had had more, if so much happiness. ‘Well, bless me!’ cried she, holding up her hands, ‘and all this variety comes from only one man! That's strange indeed, for, by what I can make out, there's nothing but that one Mr. Quip there!’ ‘Mr. *Crisp*,’ said I, ‘is indeed, the only man; but there are also two ladies, very dear friends of mine, who live there constantly.’ ‘What! and they neither of them married Mr.—that same gentleman?’ ‘No, they never married anybody; they are single, and so is he.’ ‘Well, but if he is so mighty agreeable,’ said she, holding up her finger to her nose most significantly, ‘can you tell me how it comes to pass he should never have got a wife all this time?’ There was no answering this but by grinning; but I thought how my dear Kitty [Cooke] would have called her the *old sifter*” (*Diary of Mme. D'Arblay*, vol. ii., p. 219).

sists upon it that there is nothing ridiculous in them, and moralized for half an hour because I laugh'd at them.

* * * * *

Yours in furious haste,

CHARLOTTE ANN BURNEY.

Jem goes to Sheerness to-night.¹

FRAGMENT IV.

[Charlotte with the Hoole's ; at Dr. Percy's ; at the Dean of Winchester's.]

[1781, or 1782.]

* * * * *

heads now, and have the *Grecian Stoop*. On Sunday last I spent the day intirely with my friends the Hoole's, and a very happy, comfortable, social day I had. I went to church with them and heard Dr. Franklin preach. They say he is a preacher that has had a *great run*, but I was not delighted with him. He has a hectoring manner—wants some new teeth, and has a bad voice.² Mrs. Hoole and I walked in the Temple Gardens before dinner, which were *varry dule*. There we met Miss Owen, an acquaintance and crony of Mrs. Williams's, and there we met Miss Hall, a conceited tall young woman.

In the afternoon Mr. Poor called in, on his way to a *state visit*. He thought proper to address his conversation to *me*; and so I got into an argument with him, about Blue ladies. He set off, (and indeed *concluded*) with such insolent speeches

¹ To join his ship, the "Bristol," to which he was appointed in June, 1781, as captain.

² Dr. Thomas Francklin, some time Greek Professor at Cambridge and translator of Sophocles and Lucian, had a chapel in Great Queen Street, in which, in 1749, he married his friend Garrick to the Violetta. It was probably in that chapel Charlotte heard him preach. We find Fanny describing him, in 1779, as "a square old gentleman, well-wigged, formal, grave, and important," who asked her, "Is not your name Evelina, Ma'am?"

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about women, that I could not resist answering him, somehow he always begins upon that topic to *me*. He began with saying that, "He could not bear Mrs. Montague, on account of her *disputing*;" and in other words said, "that a woman ought to read nothing but novels and plays! and talk of nothing but caps." "Well, I never heard so insolent a speech!" exclaimed I. "I sat by a lady at the opera last night," said he, "a very elegant woman that talked to me for above an hour, without ceasing, and I could n't listen to her enough to know a word she said; but I was very much pleased with her; her voice sounded so pretty and soft." "How excessively cheap you do hold ladies, Mr. Poor!" said I. "No, I don't hold ladies cheap; there is no man has a greater predilection for ladies than I have! When I say I don't like *precieuse*,¹ I mean it for a compliment—I do indeed;—*you* are not learned, —are you?—I'm sure *you* are not learned,—are you?" What an insolent *wretch*! He told a story of a lady, a great talker. She had had a visit from a most agreeable man, who was so full of *Bons Mots* that she was quite delighted with him;—and the man was *dumb*!

Thursday, June 24th, Quarter day.

The Percys have been in town and I and my father and Fanny have been and spent an evening with them, where we met Dr. Lort, whose nose I am sure has never grown since he was six years old,—nipped in the bud;—but he's a droll quiz, and I rather like him.² There we met Sir Joshua Reynolds, who did me the favour to speak to me;—and Mrs. *Rena*,³ and Miss Johnson who looked handsomer than I ever saw her. Dr. Percy, I like, I thought he had been but a dry scholar, but I find he is an entertaining companion. Mrs. Percy is a vulgar, fussocking, proud woman; but very civil to us. Miss Percy is among the *very well*.⁴ My father and

¹ Charlotte means "*Précieuses*," like those of Molière.

² Michael Lort, D.D., an eminent collector of books.

³ Mrs. Frances Reynolds, sister of Sir Joshua. The jest is on the name of an opera performer of the time, *La Rena*.

⁴ This was written when Dr. Percy was Dean of Carlisle. Compare it with Fanny's account of the Percys in 1791, when Dr. Percy was

Mother and Jemm and I went one evening last week to the Dean of Winchester's, where we met Mrs. Chapone, who looked less forbidding than usual; but she is deadly ugly to be sure;—such [an] African nose and lips, and such a clunch figure! "*Poor Chappy*, she's so ugly you know!" Mr. Seward says. There was Mr. Hartley there—He was Member of Parliament in Tickell's "*Anticipation*"¹ time. He seems a very agreeable, sensible man; and some other folk.

When we were coming away, the Dean said, "Stop a few minutes, and you shall hear my girls sing a whimsical song." Upon which both the girls exclaimed with the greatest vociferation, the eldest cried, "Papa, I can't, indeed, I cannot sing such stuff, I can't, and I won't!" "Pooh, pooh," answered the Dean, "sing it. Such as it is, I desire you to sing it." "Papa, *I wonder* at you!" cried the youngest; as if she had been talking to a younger brother! Much more of this sort of stuff passed, 'till at last the poor Dean was quite provoked, and stamping his foot, he cried, "I protest then, if you will not sing it you shall never have another master come into the house, and now I've said it!"

It was but reasonable in him to be sure when he pays Piozzi half a guinea a lesson, twice a week, for each of them!

This threat staggered them a little. "But such stuff!" cried the eldest daughter. "Never mind; let it be *what it will*, let's sing it," answered the other. As if it had been the greatest hardship in the world! It was really curious. They then condescended to begin, and a very pretty little old song it was,

"Drink to me only with thine eyes,"

and vastly well, and with a good deal of taste, the youngest

Bishop of Dromore. "The Bishop is perfectly easy and unassuming, very communicative, and though not very entertaining, because too prolix, he is otherwise intelligent and of good commerce. . . . Mrs. Percy is very uncultivated in manners and conversation, but a good creature, and much delighted to talk over the Royal Family, to one of whom she was formerly a nurse. Miss Percy is a natural and very pleasing character."

¹ A lively political piece of verse by Mr. Tickell, Sheridan's brother-in-law.

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has the sweetest voice ;—but they stop'd in the middle of the song.—“Why don't you go on?” cried Dr. Ogle. “Why the rest is, nothing but about *stinks*, answered Miss Ogle.—“Never mind; *if* it was the Black Joke and I desired you to sing it, you ought,” answered the Dean. Upon which they finished the *Lay*.¹ The Dean came and sat down and talked to i, upon which *i, grew I!*—He is to my taste a charming creature, if he was a single man I could find it in my heart to fall in love with him, so comical, so sensible, and sweet-temper'd, *elke* handsome!—Susan thinks he looks at me as thof he liked me. I wish she may be right.—What pity it is he has suffered his daughters to get a head so, *respecting the head* of having their *ane* way! They neither mind him nor Mrs. Ogle any more than a *rush*—or a *Rush light*; *if* they should *light* of sharp husbands it will fall heavy on them!² They

¹ “All attempts to discover the author of this simple and beautiful air have hitherto failed . . . among those who essayed was Dr. Burney.”—CHAPPELL.

That our readers may judge between the Dean and his daughters, we give in full the words of Ben Jonson's song:—

“ TO CELIA.

“Drink to me only with thine eyes,
And I will pledge with mine;
Or leave a kiss but in the cup,
And I'll not ask for wine.
The thirst that from the soul doth rise,
Doth ask a drink divine:
But might I of Jove's nectar sup,
I would not change for thine.
I sent thee late a rosy wreath,
Not so much honouring thee,
As giving it a hope, that there
It could not withered be.
But thou thereon didst only breathe,
And sent'st it back to me:
Since then it grows and smells, I swear,
Not of itself, but thee.”

² One of these mutinous girls, Esther Anne, did, indeed, have it “fall heavy on” her! She became the second wife of Richard Brinsley Sheridan. Her mother, Mrs. Ogle, was a daughter of Dr. Thomas, Bishop of Winchester.

are both very droll, and sensible, and entertaining, but full saucy, as Kitty Cooke would say, to every body—not proud, but saucy, and so extravagant! They spent at one shopping £20 in Gauzes two or three years ago! I think they are very elegant figures both, and both rather pretty; in sight of Mr. Poor, who had the impudence to tell Susan that “He thought no one who was not handsomer than the Miss Ogles ought to come into company!”

I hope we shall get better acquainted with them next winter, for I like them *both*. It is possible that they are *too unaffected*. Merlin has taken to visiting us again, to my delight. If ever I am at all my own mistress, I’ll certainly always have my doors open to Merlin. He said that Sir *Crostopher Wichcourt’s* daughter had *affront* him.¹ But that he knows a Turk who is very civil, and not at all *Barbarative*.

Mem: I have this season seen the Vestris’s dance. They are French, father and son, and dance at the Opera. The father calls himself *Le Dieu de la danse*—and

¹ “That absurd creature Merlin” (the mechanician) occurs in Fanny’s diary for 1781. She writes to Susan, “When Merlin came in” (at Streatham) “I gave Mr. Crutchley a hint of your story about Sir Christopher Whitecote, whom Mr. Crutchley knows, and says he is ‘one of his hunting idiots,’ and therefore he endeavoured to draw [Merlin] into telling the tale, by talking of drinking. Merlin was quiet a long time, but when at last Mr. Crutchley said,—‘In England no man is ever obliged to drink more than he pleases!’ he suddenly called out, and with a most rueful face,—‘Oh, certainly I beg your pardon! there is a person, Sir Christopher Whitecote, which certainly does do it!’ ‘Do what, Mr. Merlin?’ ‘Why, certainly, Sir, he does give, that is, a very great reprimand, to any person that does not drink as much as himself.” If Merlin was absurd, he was full of ability in his own way, or rather *ways*. Merlin was a Frenchman, who came to England about 1760, at the age of five and twenty. He was a maker of mathematical instruments, of watches, of “rose-engines” (*i.e.* turning-lathes); of wheeled-chairs, with his own improvements. Dr. Burney tells us, in his article, “Harpichord,” in Rees’s Cyclopædia: “A *double* harpichord used to have two sets of keys and three strings, two unisons and an octave to each note. Merlin, we believe, was the first who changed the octave stop into a third unison, about the year 1770, which rendered the instrument equally powerful, and less subject to go out of tune.” “Large piano-fortes afterwards received great improvement in the mechanism by Merlin.” John Joseph Merlin died at Paddington in 1803.

[1782]

FRAGMENT V.

[A party at "good Mr. Hoole's."—The great drollery of Mr. Vincent Mathias.—A party at (the widowed) Mrs. Thrale's.—What was paid for the copyright of "Cecilia."]

[These pages, although written in January, 1783, contain incidents of 1782 only.]

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he said, "It must n't be said that I like Mrs. F[itzgerald] better than any woman in the world, for it might be thought that I said it, and that would sound impertinent; besides there are five or six women in the world that I like as well." Let them believe it that may, thought I. I was just going to tell him that he was like Mr. Pepys, but stopt short, when upon asking him if he knew Mr. Pepy's, he answered, "What old Master Pepy's? yes; he's very fond of the women." "No," cried I, "that must n't be said, for he is a married man." "Ay," answered he, "and that is one proof."

Jan^y 14, 1783.

I have long arrears to make up in journalizing, but must begin with the conclusion,

* * * * *

fun.

I by myself I went to the Hooles on Sunday last. There was a set party there. Dr. Warton of Winchester School, a very pleasing man. His brother, Mr. Tom Warton, the greatest clod I every saw, and so vulgar a figure with his clunch wig that I took him for a shoemaker at first. His real name is Colin McClod.¹ Mr. Blunt, senior, rather a favourite of mine; a sensible, shrewd, handsome, gentleman-

¹ Dr. Joseph Warton, head master of Winchester School, and Prebendary of Winchester, editor of Pope's Works, &c. Dr. Thomas Warton, Professor of Poetry, Camden Professor of History, poet-laureate (1788), author of "Poems," a "History of English Poetry," &c.

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like man. His son, Mr. Meadows.¹ Dr. Franklin, Miss Williams, author of *Edwin and Eldrada*, a legendary tale, a pretty girl rather, but so superfinely affected that, tho' I had the honour of being introduced to her, I could n't think of conversing with her.² Mr. Sastres, whom I am always glad to see,³ General Paoli,—Miss Polly Todd, and a set of vulgar drest up men and women whose names I have n't patience to mention, that I fancy went by half after 5 o'clock, for I went at 7, and found the room full. After I had been there about half an hour, Mr. Blunt was announced, and Mrs. Hoole insisted on his sitting by me, and after he had sat, or *sot*, a few 2^{ds}, *casting* my eyes towards the bottom of the room, I there espied to my great satisfaction, young Mathias, who sat there and never said nothing to nobody. I asked Mr. Hoole if it was *he*. He answered in the affirmative, and went and brought him to the top of the room, where I sat in state, to me. Old Blunt, in a blunt way, got up, and made him take his seat by me on the sofa;—where he stuck by me till near the time of my going, and kept me in one continued roar of laughter from his down-sitting to his up-rising. He was so excessive comical that before I had recovered from one laugh, I was shaking with another. Of all the droll people I

¹ This means that Mr. Blunt the younger was a languid man of the *ton*, like Mr. Meadows in Fanny's "Cecilia."

² "Edwin and Eltruda, a legendary tale, by a young Lady," was published in 1782. Helen Maria Williams wrote much in prose and verse. She was among those whom Dr. Johnson met, but Boswell pauses to blame her for over sympathy with French Revolutionists. She went to live in Paris, where her sister married a M. Coquerel. Thus Helen became the aunt of the late well-known Protestant preacher, Athanase Coquerel, the elder—an unorthodox Athanasius. There is curious testimony to Charlotte's correctness of observation in a passage of one of Mary Wollstonecraft's letters from Paris in December, 1794—"Miss Williams has behaved very civilly to me, and I shall visit her frequently, because I *rather* like her, and I meet French company at her house. Her manners are affected, yet the simple goodness of her heart continually breaks through the varnish, so that one would be more inclined, at least, I should, to love; than admire her."

³ "The good Mr. Hoole, and the equally good Mr. Sastres."—FANNY BURNBY. Mr. Sastres was an Italian master. See Boswell's "Johnson."

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have yet met with, he is the drollest of the droll. His puns came so quick one upon another that I can't remember a quarter of it;—but the most comical nonsense I have yet heard I think. He is a young Twining! *et c'est beaucoup dire!*¹ He quoted a thing from "Anticipation" that I had forgot, of two of the speakers that piqued themselves on being always of the same opinion, insomuch that when they walk'd out together they boasted that they had but one idea between them! He asked me if I knew the meaning of the word *Disembogue*? and said he had heard an explanation of it by a man who being ask'd the same question answer'd—"Disembogue?—oh—why, *Disembogue* is, if you was to *Disembogue* me, and I was to *Disembogue* you, that is *Disembogue*." "Oh," cried the enquirer, "*is that it?—very well;*" quite satisfied.² He told me of a gentleman that had a large party at his house, and they were strangers to each other, and when they were all assembled, sat perfectly silent, so he very deliberately walked up to one of the gentlemen in the company, and said, "Please Sir to begin the conversation!" He was excessively comical in his remarks on the footboy that waited with refreshment, and sweetned me a dish of tea and presented it to me with "Miss Burney, nature must be recruited." He would fain have had me *take off my gloves* to drink my tea, quite made a point of it, said I should *spoil* 'em, and quite took me to task about it;—"Miss Burney, for shame; you'll ruin your gloves."—He took me in hand, I had a good mind to say like Madam Duval, "I desire, Sir, you won't come a-ordering me in this manner."

One great bore was that the whole room rose upon the entrance of every fresh person, and he and I agreed how tiresome it was, and one time he absolutely held me down that I might n't stand up! He said that his hair-dresser is very fond of dressing his brother's hair because he has such a

¹ It was the best of compliments for a Burney to liken Mr. Mathias to the beloved Mr. Twining of Colchester, her father's friend, and her own.

² Charlotte originally wrote "*Disgorge*" in the six places where "*Disembogue*" now stands. Her own hand, or that of another, has changed it into "*Disembogue*," to the improvement of the jest.

great quantity, and he assured him that "his brother had, without exception, the thickest head he ever saw!"—He was quite on the watch for fun, for he would n't even suffer me to blow my nose quietly, crying,—“Miss Burney, for shame, in this hot room, I am surprised at you!”—He says he laughs so sometimes, that he loses his strength, and feels as if he was seperated in the middle, quite a wasp's shape!

I'm sure he made me laugh 'till I cried out for mercy. On my saying he would kill me—"No," said he, "I'll only gently wound you." I was much pleased by a *spealco* or two he made, for he said he came there with the hope of meeting me—and, upon my saying there was one thing I *envied* prodigiously, he cried with great quickness, "ay, what can that be? I can't at all imagine, I'm sure."—I meant the having a great command of countenance when any thing ridiculous pass'd. Mr. Hoole came poking up from the bottom of the room to tell him that there was a disputation on the Italian poets, going forward there;¹—but to my great surprise, this had no effect tho' he is a learned clerk in Italian, but he kept his seat and went on with his fun with me!

One thing rather confounded me, for he offered to call here,

¹ Those who know their Boswell as they ought to do, will remember as one of Dr. Johnson's best friends, Mr. Hoole, a translator of Tasso and Ariosto, and author of "Cleonic, a Tragedy." Southey tells us that the first book he "ever possessed beyond the size of Newberry's gilt regiment, more than twenty in number, of sixpenny books, which were given him by Francis Newberry, was Hoole's translation of the 'Gerusalemme Liberata.'" Afterwards he read Hoole's translation of the "Orlando Furioso." "I do not think (Southey wrote in 1823) that any accession of fortune could now give me so much delight as I then derived from that vile version of Hoole's." This was before he attained to reading Spenser's "Faery Queen"; a little later, he "felt the magic of its verse; the contrast between the flat couplets of a rhymester, like Hoole, and the finest of all stanzas, written by one who was a perfect master of his art." There was something so kindly and honest about Mr. Hoole, that he may be forgiven lines for which Pope might have given him a couplet in the Dunciad. When he told Dr. Johnson that he had been born in Moorfields, and received part of his early education in Grub Street, "Sir," said Johnson smiling, "you have had a regular education." Boswell adds, "In reference to himself and Mr. Hoole as brother authours, he often said, 'Let you and I, Sir, go together to Grub Street, and eat a beef-steak together.'"

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and how he will be received by the lady is rather *dubious*. He said *he show'd come by himself*, but I charged him to bring his sister in his hand. About half an hour before I came away, Mr. Blunt senior came and took him off to introduce him to Miss Williams, and then I had scarce any more fun with him. I told him he *ought to write a Farce*, and he said, if he did, he should dedicate it to me. I came away about ten o'clock, and altogether it was an evening such as I have had but few of in my life.

Jan^r 15th.

Proceed my Muse. I have been very great with Mrs. Fitz Gerald lately,—she took me down to their seat at Cookham in Berkshire for a few days, and has taken me frequently with her to the opera, where she has a sweet box in the third row that holds three in front; and I have been twice to the play with her; and dined with her repeatedly. It is an acquaintance after my own heart, Mr. Fitz, her husband, I like vastly: a sensible sweet tempered man, with a good taste for fun. *She* is delightful. She smoaks the Lady charmingly, for she says “she is so fond of talking that she is certain she was one of the principal speakers at the *Belle Assemblée*—She says she is sure she heard her one night.¹ Mr. Poor and the Fit's have cut; which I regret, but poor man nobody likes him that ever I met but Andrew Strange, Bessy Kirwan, and her father, and i! I have a quarrel with him too, tho' he don't know it, and that is for his impertinence in always calling me Charlotte. I am afraid of telling him of it, because it would look prodigiously proud;—but I gave him a hint one night at the Opera, when he said Charlotte. “Mr. Poor is a Quaker,”

¹ “*La Belle Assemblée*” appears to have been a meeting of ladies whom you might hear debate by paying for admission. Susan says in a letter to Fanny, “Dr. Gillies . . . beg'd to escort us to *La Belle Assemblée* to-night. However I shall beg to be excus'd going, as I am not very rich.—But indeed if *I was*, the Opera House w^d benefit by my being so, not *la belle Assemblée*, tho' I am not totally divested of curiosity concerning the latter absurd, and *disgraceful* in my mind, exhibition (*sic*) neither.”

cried I, but my courage fail'd me at the time, and I said it in so low a voice that I don't believe he heard me. I have begun this winter happier than ever I did another—I have had an invitation to Mrs. Thrale's, and my dear father and Fanny and I went. She is now in town in Argyle Street.¹ There was a large party there—Dr. Pepys, and his wife, Lady Rothes,² old Master Pepys and his wife—Mr. Seward, Sastres, Mrs. Ord, the Duke de Sangros, an Italian, an elegant, pretty, young man. Mr. Selwyn, Mr. and Mrs. Davenant with a long &c., and Mrs. Byron.³ I believe I had no particular enemies there for all that knew me look'd glad to see me there. Mrs. Thrale received me sweetly; and Mr. Seward came up to me immediately as he commonly does when I meet him to *do the honours* to me in his odd way;—lugging a chair into the middle of the room for me, and upon my saying I could not sit there by myself, "oh," cried he, "I'll *stand by you*, and amuse you." Miss Thrale was, to my no small astonishment, civil to me, and sat by me the whole evening. She has taken it into her head to be civil to people this winter, I hear. I had not a very entertaining evening, but I would not but have been there, for the *flash* of the thing.

Miss Mathias's father Mr. Vincent Mathias, and her uncle

¹ "Dec. 2nd (1782). This evening Mrs. Thrale had a large party, and invited Charlotte to it, which I was very glad of, as she was much delighted. My father took us both, for I could not go to dinner, and we were very late. Dear Mrs. Thrale received me as usual, as if I was the first person of her company. There was not a creature there with whom I was not acquainted, except the Duca di Sangro, a Neapolitan nobleman, very much in fashion at present among the young ladies *comme il faut*, with two or three of whom he has trifled not very honourably. He is very young and very handsome, and very insinuating in his address and manners."—*The Diary of Mme. D'Arblay*, vol. ii., p. 185.

² Jane Elizabeth Leslie, in her own right Countess of Rothes, married first, George Raymond Evelyn, Esq., secondly, in 1772, Lucas Pepys, M.D., physician to King George III., and physician-general to the army. He was created a baronet in 1784.

³ Mr Selwyn was a wealthy, and somewhat too old, admirer of Fanny; he was rudely discouraged by Mrs. Thrale, who had among other fantastic projects, one of marrying her to Mr. Thrale's nephew, the spendthrift Sir John Lade, or Ladd. Mrs. Byron was the wife of the admiral ("Foul-weather Jack") and the poet's grandmother.

James Mathias, and Mrs. Fitz Gerald's father all died last autumn.¹

Fanny's Cecilia came out last summer, and is as much liked and read I believe as any book ever was. She had £250 for it from Payne and Cadell. Most people say she ought to have had a thousand. It is now going into the third edition, tho' Payne owns that they printed 2000 at the first edition, and Lowndes told me five hundred was the common number for a novel.²

FINIS 1782.

FRAGMENT VI.

[Dick Burney staying with his Bishop.—The Pantheon.—More of Mr. Vincent Mathias.]

[February, 1783?]

The Monday before last, we had an agreeable dinner of it enough. Cozen Dick was there on a visit. Mrs. North says the Bishop has a *tendre* for me. He is a sweet man,—and

¹ Mr. Mathias was "the King's Resident," at the then free city of Hamburg, when Dr. Burney made his German tour. We think this must have been James Mathias, who had a city-house of what Lætitia Hawkins calls "the most liberal substantiality." She and her mother were once taken into it by accident when they drove to the door to take her father home. It is diverting to read her surprise at the supper-room, with "a very tolerable army of decanters, and a set of silver candlesticks of the best taste I ever saw;—and *true war*."

² "What Miss Burney received for the copyright [of "Cecilia"] is not mentioned in the diary; but we have observed several expressions from which we infer that the sum was considerable. That the sale would be great nobody could doubt; and Frances now had shrewd and experienced advisers, who would not suffer her to wrong herself. We have been told that the publishers gave her two thousand pounds, and we have no doubt that they might have given a still larger sum without being losers."—MACAULAY. We had long believed that rumour had greatly magnified the sum given for the copyright of "Cecilia." Here is proof positive that the two thousand copies printed, were turned into two thousand pounds paid.

she a sensible, agreeable, handsome woman.¹ From thence I went with my Father to the Pantheon, or *Panthin*, for it was rather thinnish. There we met Mrs. Montague's nephew and heir, a very elegant man,—who *condescended* to talk a great deal to me;²—and there we saw Dr. Warren's³ two sons, who were playing at cards in the gallery;—and we stopt and spoke to them, and staid till Mr. Charles Warren call'd out—"Dr. Burney, you've made me lose deal." My father says he told him, since, *that he was sorry he had'nt time to come and speak to me any more before we came away*; which I am surprised at, considering I was such a bad partner for him at Mrs. Paradise's ball. From the Pantheon, we went to a rout at Mrs. Thrale's, where I saw Mrs. Montague to my great satisfaction, as I wish to see all celebrated people.

* * * * *

Wednesday, Feb' 5th.

I drank tea at Hetty's on Monday, and met Miss Mathias, and her brother, and a very sweet evening I had;—only too musical. I like some music vastly, but Hetty and Mr. Burney never can have enough. Mr. Burney was out, and from the time tea was over (*i.e.* from half after seven 'till half after ten) she never ceased playing at top of the harpsichord, except to let Miss Mathias sit down to the instrument. Too much of one thing is good for *no* thing, and then Hetty is quite mad with young Mathias and me for talking—Captain Phillips came in to tea. We were talking of near-sighted people at tea, and Mr. Mathias said he was uncommonly near-

¹ Brownlow [North], second son of the third Baron Guildford, was successively Bishop of Lichfield, Worcester, and Winchester. He was half-brother to the minister, Lord North. It was most likely at Worcester that he learnt to know our lively "Cousin Dick," whom we find staying at his London house. Mrs. North was Henrietta Maria, daughter and co-heiress of John Bannister, Esq.

² Mathew Montagu, M.P., who edited the letters of his aunt by marriage, Elizabeth Montagu.

³ A well-known physician, who was one of the four who attended Dr. Johnson in his last illness.

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sighted—There was a plate of muffin on the hearth; "Now," said he, "do you know I could not swear that was a muffin at this distance." He said that a lady that read Livy, ask'd him to give [her] a succinct account of the new opera. We were speaking of the blue stocking Club, and he ask'd me "where the blue stocking manufactory was!" How brimfull of fun he is! He shew'd us a pair of new gloves that he said he had bought of the everlasting glove-maker, who promised him they should last him twenty years; and if he did not like 'em at the end of sixteen years, he would take 'em again.¹

The near-sighted people always draw their chairs very close to other peoples; he did it so palpably that I was forced two or three times to retreat with mine. One time he jerked himself against my hoop, and then, in a voice of alarm, cried out, "for G—'s sake, Miss Charlotte, *what is this?*" I told him it was a hoop, but he would insist upon feeling it, to know, he said, *whether it was not made of wicker!* and then ask'd me, with great gravity, what was the original design of the deception of a hoop?

Sally Payne desired me when I saw him next to ask him for a story he tells of the President of his College; so I did, and told him I heard it was a famous story, but I could n't make him tell it me, he only laugh'd, and said, "What! when I come into a room, I suppose the company cry, '*this is the gentleman that tells the famous story.*'"

There are two odd figures introduced in the comical opera of *Il Convito*, that nobody can understand. They come in without paint, and are dressed in white coats, and with white hats. Mr. Mathias says one of them is meant for *the ghost of an injured baker*.

I have a very large muff made of the skin of a sea-otter that Jomm brought me from King George's Sound, and Mr. Mathias insisted upon it that it was a young New Zealand

¹ Charlotte's friend, Mr. Vincent Mathias, was sub-treasurer to Queen Charlotte. In 1782, his uncle, acting as his deputy, made out the warrant for Fanny's appointment as keeper of the robes. He was Vincent, son of Vincent Mathias, also of Queen Charlotte's Treasury. His brother, Thomas James, was the author of "The Pursuits of Literature."

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FRAGMENT VII.

[A dinner with Mr. Vincent Mathias and his sister.]

Sunday Feb^r the twenty third by owl's light.

[1783?]

Miss Mathias call'd on me on Thursday last and invited me to dinner the next day, which invitation I accepted with rapture. The party was the family, the agreeable Mr. Wharton, Sir George Farmer (?) son to Captain Farmer, (?) that lost his life so gloriously in an engagement at sea, and two other men. I had as delightful a visit as I ever had in my life!—young Mathias and his friend Mr. Wharton were so excessively funny. The former says he knows a bookbinder at Cambridge, that is exactly the character of Hobson.¹ He gave us some of his speeches, and one was, "I'll not be disturbed at my dinner. When I'm about my book I'll not be about my beef, and when I'm about my beef I'll not be about my book. I'll not spoil my *vittals* for no man." This Hobsonian speech he sputter'd out just as if his mouth had been full of beef and pudding at the time. There was such a succession of fun passd between him and Mr. Wharton that one joke drove another out of one's head, and I can now hardly recollect any thing that was said, which is very provoking as there were more good things passd than ever I remember at a sitting before.² He, Mr. Mat: gave an account of a man whose first speech always is, "I hope you're very well, I thank you, 1. 2. 3. 4. 5." This he said was genuine. Mr. Mat: had sent me word by his sister that he intended *doing himself the pleasure of calling* and he

¹ Hobson is a tradesman in Fanny's "Cecilia."

² We suspect Mr. Wharton to have been Richard, son of the poet Gray's friend, Dr. Wharton, M.D., of Old Park, in the county of Durham. If so, he was a barrister, several times Tory member for the city of Durham, and sometime Chairman of Ways and Means, and Joint Secretary of the Treasury.

had at it again on Friday, so I put it upon his coming to see the Observatory, and said to him "But shall you come and see the Observatory?"¹ "I shall come and see you," cried he, "hang the Observatory. I shall enquire for Miss Charlotte Ann, (shall I say Ann, or Anna?) Burney, and if they say she is not at home, I shall not go in." Mr. Mat: and his friend Wharton repeated some lines from one of the old English poets, alternately, a line a piece; which had the most delightfully ridiculous effect—They are well match'd. At the fag end of the evening, when they were all gone, Miss Mathias and her brother both fell upon me to tell them *what I had written*. *Something* they were certain. This they said *bonnement*, but I chose to take it ironically, and said writing was my *fort*. "Ay," cried Mr. Mathias, with a significant look, "There's many a true word spoke in jest. I mean what I say—What have you written?"

"An epigram or two on Miss poll tod" (*sic*).² "That's very possible," cried he, "but I want to know what besides."

We playd with the conversation cards, and to be sure I did n't laugh! I never yet heard. . . .

FRAGMENT VIII.

[Mr. Vincent Mathias "in an abyss of literature."]

[1783?]

* * * * *

perfectly a gentleman, and says she thinks he has a very pleasing voice; which he has. He askd me what I had done with his books that he gave me? I told him that I kept them in my bureau, and he was pleased to say that I did them a great deal of honour, and added that he wishd he could have the ransacking of my bureau. He is always suspecting me of being an authoress. He said that when he was at our house that night he felt himself in "an *abyss of literature*."

* * * * *

¹ Sir Isaac Newton's observatory, in, or upon, Dr. Burney's house.

² See page 246.

delight except in the dear Garrick's. The Lady in her usual spiteful style pretends to forget the names of all my friends, as being unworthy a place in her memory, and calls Miss Mathias nothing but *Miss Thingum*, and him *the little black man*. He said he should *call again*, but I dare say he won't. He has a great aversion to gloves, and is always railing at me for wearing them. He said he supposed I was fond of a line in the Bath Guide.¹

* * * * *

rather in a glow, as they always are with laughing; this Mr. Mathias observd, and said, "I look'd like Thais."—"Why?" said I, "I hope I shall not set any thing on fire." "I won't answer for that," said he—

We had'nt their footman to go with us, and he said "his man was let, or *hindered* from coming." We had no company but them two

then, that's one comfort; he was taking hold of my gloves, and they were crumpled and creesd, as gloves commonly are when on, and I said it was the wrinkles in my flesh, upon which he stroakd my glove down and cried, "Its not proud flesh tho:"—but he did provoke me more than I almost ever was provoked. My gloves, like my neighbours', are commonly a little soild with *moisture* in the fingers, and I left my gloves on my chair when I got up to go nearer the harpsichord, and he seized them, and began examining the fingers' ends—How mad I was!—I was obliged to pursue him all round the room for them, and had quite a battle with him in endeavouring to

¹ "Come, but don't forget the Gloves,
Which, with all the smiling Loves,
Venus caught young Cupid picking
From the tender breast of Chicken;
Little Chicken worthier far
Than the Birds of Juno's car.
Soft as Cytherea's Dove,
Let thy skin my skin improve:
Thou by Night shalt grace my arm,
And by Day shalt teach to charm."

The New Bath Guide. Letter III.: "The Birth of Fashion."

snatch them back again, but he was [deaf] to my entreaties, and all I could do, he would insist—¹

* * * * *

LETTER III.

FROM CHARLOTTE BURNEY TO MRS. PHILLIPS (Susan Burney), at Mrs. Hamilton's, Chesington, near Kingston, Surry.

[Endorsed Jan^y 16th, 1784.]

* * * * *

. . . . I suppose Bessy K[irwan] either has, or will, write you a *succinct* account of Mrs. P's ball on Twelfth Night, so I shall only give a few *nanny goats* of it—It was a very pleasant evening—There were eight couple, and more gentlemen than ladies, which I think was very *proper*, as it made the ladies of more consequence. There were but two good dancers among the gentlemen, Mr. Smith, and Mr. Frieri, a Portuguese, whom you have seen at the K[irwans]. He is a scholar of Le Picq's. They mixed the fans together, and drew for partners with them, the first dance or two, and then changed partners every dance or two. I say *they*, for *I* was destined, some how or other, to dance with Mr. Smith the whole evening, for he askd me to dance with him as soon as I went in, and took it in his head to contrive for me to dance with him every dance.

¹ We find Fanny confirming the judgement of Charlotte, upon Mr. Vincent Mathias. She writes at the end of 1786, "I think I have omitted to mention, in its place, Mr. Mathias. My first official visit from Mr. Gabriel (uncle to our, or rather Charlotte's, Mr. Mathias) I remember telling; but my second quarterly meeting was with the nephew. Greatly to my advantage was the change. He really deserved our Charlotte's good opinion in its fullest possible extent. He stayed with me more than an hour, though he came only for a minute; but so much he found to say, and all so lively and well worth hearing, that I was pleased with his stay, and encouraged him to lengthen it. His first recommendation with me was a secret pleasure in receiving a favourite of our dear Charlotte. . . . If you will not laugh at me too much, I will also acknowledge that I liked Mr. Mathias all the more for observing him as awkward and embarrassed how to present me my salary as I felt myself in receiving it."—*Diary of Mme. D'Arbly*, vol. iii. p. 257.

I don't know how he managed it, but he and Mrs. P. caballed together about it, and so it was.—I didn't much care, for unless I had danced with Mr. Frieri, I had as lieve have danced with him as any of the others. Mr. Planta of the Museum was one of the dancers, and Dick, and some more whom I didn't take the trouble to enquire the names of. Miss Kirwans and Miss Planta, Mrs. Northy, painted like Agujari, in a balloon hat, and Mrs. P. and her two daughters, were all the fair females¹ that danced. But the behaviour of the lady, who had one of her tea cups broke by the all knowing P[lanta?]² was really too ridiculous!—She took a great fancy to dance with Mr. Frieri, who is acquainted with our friends in Newman St.³ and after the two first dances, engaged the eldest of them for his partner. As soon as he had gone down one dance with her, he engaged her for the next, and immediately after, up came Mrs. Teacup and *asked* him to dance the next dance with *her*! He looked rather confused, and said he was *engaged* to Miss Kirwan. “Oh, never mind, replied she, you can go down this one dance with *me*.” He excused himself as politely as he could, but [she] told him she had got another partner for Miss Kirwan, and that he *must* go down that dance with her; so he submitted,—but as soon as it was over, he went and secured Miss Kirwan for the *next*, which he had no sooner done, than Mrs. Teacup flew up to him a second time, with a request that he would go down that *next* dance with her eldest daughter!—He again pleaded a pre-engagement, but all in vain, for she stuck to her request, altho' he repeatedly told her he was engaged!—being a *foreigner*, she thought to impose upon him I suppose, for she said he must go down *that* dance with Miss P. for it was *customary*! so he again submitted to be *led a dance* against his will!—He then secured Miss Kirwan for the next,

¹ This is a quotation from Mr. Blakeney, whom Fanny met when with the Thrales. He spoke of ladies as “the fair females.”

² The Royal Kalendar puts Mr. Joseph Planta, F.R.S., at the head of the Under Librarians of the British Museum. He had also “the care of the MSS. and Medals.”

³ The Misses Kirwan, of whom we know nothing except that Fanny says they were “sweet girls.”

and as soon as that was over, for the next, but he might have spared himself the trouble, for before he began the second, Mrs. P. came up to him again with "Mr. Frieri, who do you dance this dance with?"—"With Miss Kirwan, Ma'am."—"No, but you must dance this pretty dance with me."—"Why, really, Ma'am," replied he in great confusion, "I am engaged to Miss Kirwan; she has promised to dance this dance with me." "Oh, never mind that," answered she with the most noble perseverance, "I have got another partner for Miss Kirwan, and I insist upon your dancing this one dance with me.—I say I insist upon it—I'll never forgive you if you don't!"—So she again carried her point. The partner she gave Miss Kirwan as a substitute for Mr. Frieri who was the best dancer in the room, was a German doctor, a thick, squob, square man of fifty, with a club¹ as thick as my two hands, and two squinney curls, and a broad grin on his face, that set every one a grinning that lookd at him, and so bad a dancer that he only ran about among them all, and took his chance whether he was right or wrong! Poor Miss Kirwan was monstrously provoked, as well she might!—About one o'clock Mr. Friarey (*sic*) was missing. "Now" says Mrs. P. "I'll be crucified if Mr. Frieri hasn't made his escape! Miss P. go down and see if he is in the parlour with Mr. P., and bring him up again." Miss P. would fain have avoided the task, but Mrs. P. said she insisted upon it, so away the poor girl went, and presently returned, followed by Mr. Frieri, who had got on his great coat to go, but that was a trifle, Mrs. P. insisted on his taking another dance, which she did him the favour to make him go down with Mrs. Den, an old harridan—so that the poor man was absolutely persecuted!²

¹ A club of hair.

² This ill-mannered hostess is called "Mrs. P." throughout this letter. We believe her to have been Mrs. Paradise, an American, whose husband was an Anglo-Greek. J. T. Smith tells, among other amusing anecdotes of Mary Moser, the Royal Academician (afterwards Mrs. Lloyd), that "she now and then gave the retort-courteous to Mrs. Paradise (*sic*), a woman she detested, and who once allowed her passion to overpower her good sense, of which in general she had a pretty good share; which overflowing of her gall took place at Mrs. Nollekens's table when

The *lookers on* were General Paoli,¹ to whom I was introduced for the second time, Dr. Blagden, who was too elegant to undergo the fatigue of dancing, the Venetian Resident, and two or three more; to my great joy Mr. Seward was not one, tho' he was invited. We drew Twelfth Cake, but the names were very dull—we got home about two in the morning. I have made a new acquaintance within this fortnight, with a young Counsellor and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Shadwell,—agreeable people—He is one of the most amiable looking men I ever saw, and she is a very pleasing, cultivated woman.² A

Dr. Johnson was present. Mrs. Paradise's figure was so neat and small, that Mrs. Lloyd called her a sylph. 'Better to be so,' rejoined Mrs. P., 'than to be as dull-looking and blind as a mole.' 'Mole as I am,' said Mrs. Lloyd, 'I never added to the weight of Paul Jodrell's phaeton.' 'Fie! fie! my dears,' exclaimed the Doctor, 'no sparring; off with your mufflers, and fight it fairly out!' At this time Miss Welch (who communicated this anecdote to me) frowned at Mrs. Nollekens for suffering her house to be made the seat of discord; and that lady particularly requested Mrs. Paradise, for whom she entertained no high respect, to suspend the altercation, adding that 'such remarks were not altogether lady-like.'

Miss Moser, R.A., had the best wit and temper of the two combatants. She wrote in 1805 to Mrs. West, the wife of the American-born President of the Royal Academy: "I am glad that our old acquaintance, Mrs. Paradise, got safe to America, although she and I used to say uncivil things sometimes to each other, I should have been sorry any harm had happened to her, as she has many worthy qualities; in consideration of which, when she is out of my sight, I like her very well, and can think of her with commiseration."

¹ Pasquale de Paoli ("Corsorum olim supremus Dux et Moderator"), born in Corsica, 1726, died near London in 1807. He was Captain-General of the Corsicans in their revolt, and godfather of Napoleon Buonaparte. In September, 1889, the remains of Paoli were removed from St. Pancras Churchyard to the private chapel of the house in which he was born in Corsica.

² The editor has been favoured with the following note:—

"Lancelot Shadwell, born in 1750, of Lincoln's Inn, barrister-at-law; an eminent conveyancer and real property lawyer. Married in 1776 Elizabeth Sophia Whitmore, sister of William Whitmore, of Apley, Salop. Father of Sir Lancelot Shadwell, late Vice-Chancellor of England. Died 1815. A portrait of Mr. Shadwell, painted about 1780, by Romney, and a miniature, of somewhat earlier date, are in the possession of his great grandson and present representative, C. L. Shadwell, of Oriol College, Oxford."

little [here a word has been torn away with the seal.] I met them at the Hoole's, and dined, drank tea, and supped there last week, and met the delightful Greek Talamas, he and I are great friends.¹ I met him again on Monday last, at the Hoole's, and sat by him dinner and supper, and vastly entertaining he was! There was an immense party between dinner and supper, thirty five people, among them were Romney the painter, to whom I had the pleasure of being introduced, and a very pleasing man he seems to be!² Dr. Kippis,³ Miss Williams the poetess, Captain Romney, Mr. Romney's brother, the Kirwans and Captain Phillips,—“ring the bell for some coals”⁴—my father, Dr. Rose,⁵ Charles, Dick, Mr. G. Blunt, Mr. and Mrs. Shadwell, Count Alfieri,⁶ Miss Howarth's and Mr. Paradise.⁷ I had a good flashey evening, for Talamas

¹ We are told by Miss Hawkins, that “There was to be met in the literary society of London, about the year 1779, at Sir Joseph Banks's, Mr. Hastings', and Mr. Hoole's, and houses of such elegant reception, a native of Jerusalem, of the name of Telamas, whose father had been a dragoman at Constantinople. He himself was an Asiatic of the finest race; and had been sent hither with overland dispatches from Lord Pigot at Madras. . . . In his dress he adopted a style combining the Turkish costume with that of this country. He was a man of thought and reflection; and he had made reading the eight volumes of Buffon's *Natural History* the amusement of a voyage to India.”

² George Romney, 1734-1802.

³ Dr. Kippis was a presbyterian minister, who, as Malone writes in a note on Boswell's “Johnson,” “having given to the publick the first five volumes of a new edition of the *Biographia Britannica*, between the years 1778 and 1793, died in 1795.”

⁴ This seems to be a family pleasantry, but could it be Susan's Captain, or “King Philip” as Charlotte called him?

⁵ Dr. Rose, the reviewer and master of the Chiswick School, had become father-in-law to his assistant, Charles Burney the younger, in June, 1783.

⁶ An Italian poet might well be met at the house of the translator of Tasso and Ariosto; but if this was Vittorio Alfieri, Macaulay's “haughty, ardent, and voluptuous nobleman, who fought with Lord Ligonier in Hyde Park, and robbed the Pretender of his Queen,” it is strange that Charlotte merely gives his name. Still, she was but ten years old in 1771, the year of the scandal and duel. It is known that Alfieri visited England afterwards.

⁷ In a note by Boswell to his “Life of Dr. Johnson,” he states that John Paradise, Esq., is “son of the late Peter Paradise, Esq., his

stood behind my chair talking part of the time, and as soon as he crossed over to speak to Mrs. Shadwell, Captain Romney took his place. Mr. Hoole's brother asked Talamas "What the husbands did in his country when their wives behaved ill." "Why" replied he, "some ladies are very deceitful, and behave so charming to their sweethearts before the marriage, and *do them sweet eyes*, but after the marriage they forget to behave well, but in my country when that is the case the husband send her away, and take another, for if I marry, I want a sweet companion, I marry a wife, I do not marry a devil!" He was speaking of savages and barbarians, and he said that in Constantinople there were a great many *barbars* indeed!

Thursday night. Fanny, to my utter amazement, has just told me that she has not had time to write a word to-day to you about Jemm or anything else. So in case you should not have seen the newspapers, which is all the intelligence we have, I just tell you, my dear girl, that there has been an engagement in Madras Roads, between the French and English fleets just before the news of the peace arrived, and Jemm's ship¹

Britannick Majesty's Consul at Salonica, in Macedonia, by his lady, a native of that country. He studied at Oxford, and has been honoured by that University with the degree of LL.D. He is distinguished not only by his learning and talents, but by an amiable disposition, gentleness of manners, and a very general acquaintance with well-informed and accomplished persons of almost all nations."

Boswell's note is appended to a letter which Dr. Johnson, within two months of his death, wrote to Mr. Paradise, in which Johnson says, "I hope you think better of me than to imagine it possible for me to forget you, whose kindness to me has been too great and too constant not to have made its impression upon a harder breast than mine."

Johnson hopes that "Mr. Paradise's lady, and the young charmers are well."

¹ In 1781 James Burney was appointed Captain of the Bristol (fifty guns). He joined Admiral Sir Edward Hughes in the East Indies, and was in most of the fights with Suffren. The last action of the war was off Cuddalore, on the 20th June, 1783. Jem is said in the "National Biography" to have returned in ill-health, made no application for a ship, and never served again; but he did make a vigorous application for a frigate of thirty-two guns to Lord Chatham, in 1790, when there was a prospect of a war with Spain, and led Fanny to approach the Queen in his favour. But all was in vain, and "Burney of the Bristol" never got another ship.

was in it, but not one man killed in his ship. Love to Captain P. The bellman is waiting.

Yours most affectionately,
C. B.

LETTER IV.

[MRS. FRANCIS TO MISS BURNEY.]

[Charlotte in her wedded state.]

[After 1785.]

The play, and farce were both decently perform'd, enough to give us a good deal of pleasure.¹

Monday, July 14th.

We all went to the play again last Thursday. The New Peerage, and a Harliquin piece. The latter was *as well as could be expected*. The overture was composed, or rather patch'd, borrow'd, stolen and flagrantly *crib'd* by Mr. Rivet, one of the band.—It consisted of a set of old tunes, and ti tum ti of his own between each tune. The most execrable composition I ever had the honour of hearing. At the end of one of the tunes, Benjamin la Trobe gave the signal, tho' it was in the middle of the overture, and set up a violent clap and encore!—The extreme absurd and ludicrous effect that this had, nothing but your having been of the party could *testify*. The performers went blundering on without seeming to heed it. "Keep never heeding."—There was a very² company of a washing week when I can avoid it, for the *maid's* sake. Mr. and Mrs. Browne came yesterday, and stay 'till Saturday.

¹ This is a portion only of a letter.

² These plays must, we think, have been acted at Norwich, Aylsham being then a tiny town about midway on the coach road between Norwich and Cromer; a characteristic little Norfolk town, with no side pavement, but the flints of the road pavement carried up to the house-walls on either side. This is a recollection of some years after 1850, when a wheel came off the Cromer coach close by Aylsham, and a party were detained at a little inn in Aylsham, late in the evening, until another coach came from Norwich. So primitive was the inn, that it provided no sugar-tongs for its guests.

He is a minor-canon of Norwich Cathedral, and one of my prime favourites,—a very superior man indeed,—an excellent companion, and a fine singer.¹ Sir William Jerningham call'd here last week and chatted with La T[robe] and me. Francis was gone to see a sick man. He is a very elegant tonish man.² Sunday last Mr. and Mrs. Garret dined here from London. He is a friend of Bro^s, a tea dealer, getting rich, and says "He shall never let his sons learn dancing, as it would spoil them for tradesmen." Saturday La T[robe] and the rest gave us a ball with twenty couple,—a very merry one. I have seen Mr. Wyndham but once, and then by accident. He was very civil in his bow.

My New coloured linnen gown has been prodigiously admired. You have *seen* it my love. It has a green ground, and medallions.

Sunday, Aug^t 10th. I yesterday received a very clever and kind letter from the eldest La Trobe with my beloved Fanny's direction.³ I shall therefore lose no time in forwarding this. Believe me my dearest girl, your, with the warmest affection,

TATLANTHE.

P.S.—I shall not send you any more *stchoff*' till I hear from you of the receipt of this.⁴

¹ Mr. Browne we suspect to have been the father of a person who wrote, under her real Christian names of "Charlotte Elizabeth," very furious ultra-Protestant pamphlets and volumes. See her autobiography.

² This "very elegant tonish man" was the eldest brother of a "very elegant tonish" poet, Edward Jerningham, who appears in Fanny's Bath diary of 1780. See Appendix V.

³ Boswell speaks of "the learned and venerable Mr. Latrobe," a Moravian minister. He "helped Dr. Burney in German." These two professional musicians were his sons—one was a clarionet player.

⁴ Charlotte here quotes her father's little pleasantries on his German friends' pronunciation of the word "*stchoff*." For instance, on the 20th of July, 1778, Fanny, while at Chesington, had a letter on "Evelina" from Dr. Burney;—"the kindest, sweetest letter in the world," in which he said, "Thy *stchoff* reads better the second time, than the first, and thou hast made thy old father laugh and cry at thy pleasure."

APPENDIX.

I.

[This letter is given to show the taste of the time. It is as good in its way as that curiosity among old guide-books, the catalogue (as it may be called) of the temples, and other decorative objects at Stowe. Horace Walpole wrote, in 1779, to Lady Ossory, "If our trade decays, we have new handicrafts at Turnham Green; I read on a large board, —*Manufacture of Temples.*" He himself was an amateur manufacturer of Gothic cloisters and oratories.]

[MRS. RISHTON TO MISS BURNEY.]

[Sir Richard Colt Hoare's Grounds at Stourhead.]

Froome, April the 13th [1773].

My dear Fanny,

I know not whether I owe you a letter or not but as I think I should be guilty of a great piece of rudeness in sending a frank directed to you, and no letter—so without anything to say or one grain of sense in my noddle I intend filling three sheets (read sides) of paper—so to begin and give a little account of my self—I have been near three weeks at Froome with my Bold Face¹—and have spent my time very agreeably—we have bought a new Whiskey and horse and sold my Julia, and Martin has very often the complaisance to let me drive him, a thing I am remarkably fond of—We went yesterday to see Mr. Hoare's² house and Garden at Storehead [Stourhead], a place I think the best worth seeing of any seat

¹ This is most likely a quotation of what some one had said of her demeanour after her concealed marriage was made known.

² Mr. Hoare, afterwards Sir Richard Colt Hoare, Bart.: wrote the "Ancient History of Wiltshire," and other works. His "Modern History of Wiltshire" was published after his death.

I ever beheld—it has every advantage Art or Nature Can bestow—Imagine to yourself the Most beautiful romantic Country there is in the West of England Commanding the most delightful prospects and where three Hundred Thousand pounds on the most moderate Calculation has been spent in the Improvements—The River *Stora* [Stour] rises in one part of the gardens and is so beautifully Contrived as to come gushing out of an Urn on which Neptune is reclining in his grotto—Which is Composed of the most beautiful Spas (*sic*) and Fossils. There are several Apartments in this grotto, and Such a Cold Bath—with an Invocation to the Nymph of the place. There is a palladion [Palladian] Bridge over a most beautiful piece of Water—a temple of the Sun situated on a very great imminence and so Contrived that the top which is a Window looks like the rays of phoebus and seems to enlighten the Temple—there is a pantheon filled with very Costly Statues of all the heathen gods and goddesses—on pedestals of Siena Marble—many of them Cost £112—there is a temple of Flora—a beautiful Turkish Tent such as Sultans take out when they go to war—a Prodigious fine root-house with Several Cells intended as a hermitage a lamp Always Burning, hour glass, human bones, and several inscriptions, there are hundred others disposed about the gardens which are of such amazing Extent that they are not at all Crowded—there are mighty pretty inscriptions etc—the House is very well worth seeing many very Beautiful things and fine pictures—after dinner we had the most delightful ride on a terrace that surrounds all his Estates—to Alfred's Tower—which is about 3 Miles and &c from the house—this tower is 152 feet high and is seen more than 50 miles off—there is this Inscription on it—on this Spot—King Alfred the Great Erected his Standard against Danish Invaders he formd—laws and raised a Militia he is Justly Calld the Father of his Country as he laid the first basis for English Monarchy and Liberty (It was words to this Effect tho' better Expressd) we mounted this beautiful building which forms three Angles—and three Towers up one of which runs a winding Staircase—and brings you up to a Stupendious height it is all built of New Brick and portland Stone and has not Cost so little as

20,000. After that we drove thro' the most divine Winding Walks to the Convent—which is built exactly in the Monastic Stile—and pictures of Nuns of all the different Orders of France—I never saw anything prettier in my Life but to shew you how little the Owner of these things Enjoys them—the Gardiner told us Mr. Hoare had never been to the Top of Alfred's Tower—or had been to the Convent. I spent a Most happy day.

[To complete this sketch, let us give some extracts from a letter written by Mrs. Boscawen to Mrs. Delany, ten years later, from an inn at Warminster. Mrs. Boscawen describes herself as "having been leading a wayfaring life." She has gone from her daughter the Duchess of Beaufort's seat at Badminton to see Lady Weymouth at Longleat (the very finest place she ever saw in her life); then to call on Dr. Ross, the Bishop of Exeter, at Frome. She spent all yesterday¹ at Mr. Hoare's, and was lucky in a fine day to sit, and tarry, at the different stations. It has many pretty opera-scenes in it, but is not in the style of Longleat. There is an immense high tower built at the extremity of his plantation, called Alfred's Tower, on a very high ground which overlooks the whole country; 256 steps to the top of it. There is a convent in Mr. Hoare's woods which Mrs. Delany would like very well. It has fine painted glass in the windows, and a picture which belonged to one of the Abbots of Glastonbury Abbey, which shuts up with doors, but perhaps, after all, it is only an imitation. To-day she has been, with her daughter, Mrs. Lewson, to see Mr. Beckford's Fonthill, where Mrs. Delany "woud have *been provoked* to see fine prints of Titian's pell mell with drawings of Capali . . . The mixture of good and bad pictures *was hideous*."]]

II.

[An omitted Letter from MR. CRISP TO MISS BURNEX.]²

Chesington, July 18 [1774].

My dear Fan,

* * * * *

I have been very ill, Fanny, since I wrote last—had a Physician—and then it must be bad with me—I thought I

¹ "Y^e 25th Septemb^r, 1783."

² This letter was accidentally left out of its proper place in the first volume.

was going to have a violent fit of illness—. . . . These uncomfortable symptoms are in some measure lessen'd, but still far from well and like other vegetables, I feel myself more and more fix'd to the spot, where I am planted, and take deeper root every hour I live—and that this will be the case, till I gradually wither away for good and all, all my inward feelings assure me, and so ends the subject of self. In this situation, my dear Fanny, assure yourself, one of my principal regales, is the Queen Square Journal, and I heartily wish I could procure it three times a Week, at the same rate, as I do the General Evening Post;—by *the same Rate*, I don't mean the *same price*, viz. 2 pence halfpenny; but with the same ease; in a word, that I could command, and be sure of it regularly, at the stated times, let it cost what it would. But, says Fanny, if you don't answer, I won't write—now there is something of the Jew in that speech; if by Answer, you meant and were contented with, "*Dear Fanny, I am delighted with your letter, and thank you a 1000 times; I wish I had anything to send you in return, but as you know where and how I live, and consequently how impossible that is in my situation, I do beg you to go on, and content yourself with the thought you are doing a good, and kind action, which will ever be acknowledged by y^r affectionate Daddy S. C.*"

I say if such a pepper corn rent as this, would serve for an acknowledgement I should return it regularly by the same post. But you, who are rich in materials, that swarm all round you, make no conscience of screwing up a bankrupt to give you pennyworths for your penny, instead of eighteen pence in the pound.

I will return Mrs. R[ishton's] Journal the first safe opportunity; but as to Fanny's papers, unless I have her positive *angry* commands, my answer is—*I don't care to part with them*—they are a fund of entertainment to me oftner than you think for.—. . . .

Adieu y^{rs} affectionately,

S. C.

III.

LADY HALES AND MISS COUSSMAKER.

A few letters from Lady Hales, and her daughter, Miss Coussmaker, to Susan and Fanny Burney, have been preserved, of which it may divert some people to read an abstract. In the first, which was written to Susan before the authorship of "Evelina" was known, Miss Coussmaker adjures her dearest Susy to read that novel, but hopes that it will not have such an effect on *her*, as it has on herself—"The last volume has almost distracted me. I have never been well since. Some part of the discovery is so tragical, that I declare it worked me as much as the death of Desdemona, or Belvidera. . . . And how mortifying it is to think that so few, nay, I hardly know any, Lord Orvilles, or Evelinas are to be found, and so many Sir Clement Willoughbys." She prefers Evelina and Lord Orville to St. Preux and Julie, though *the latter seem more natural*. She would delight in bringing up her dear little sister, Caroline Hales, in "that same simplicity as Evelina."

In the next, Lady Hales tells Susan "what a sly little thing you was to set me a-reading unaware," but adds she was not surprised when she learnt the *name of the author*, as "there was something in the stile and manner that made me think of your family." She had thought that "Evelina might be a child of the head of your house!" to whom she encloses a "paquet on a family matter, having a high opinion of his judgment, she means to profit by it," but her daughter "Kitty is not to be told of this, as she is young." Susan favours Lady Hales with her "amusing company" at Howletts, her seat in Kent. They drive to Deal, "a sad smuggling town," where Lady Hales¹ buys "run goods," and writes to ask Fanny to "accept a very small part of her purchase," namely, a piece of chintz. Fanny's draught of her "elegant" answer to Lady Hales is preserved. She has tried her pen with the first line of the song, "When first I saw thy face." She has also to answer a letter of compliment from Kitty Coussmaker, and a draught is made, in which Fanny writes thus of "Evelina": "I thought her only admirers would be school-girls, and destined her to no nobler inhabitation than a circulating library." Lady Hales had said to Susan, towards the end of the letter which we have quoted, that her sister Fanny could "bear fame with her usual gentleness and meekness." With meekness and discretion Fanny answers the heartfelt praise of Lady Hales and her daughter; it is only to Susan, and herself, that she indulges in the most natural joy at her own success.

Letters from Lady Hales and Miss Coussmaker on "Cecilia" have also been kept. They are addressed to Susan (then Mrs. Phillips) from Howletts, on the 24th of July, 1782. As they give glimpses of life in Kent, a few details are copied from them. Lady Hales writes

¹ The letter is dated Sept^r 7th, 1778.

that the Archbishop's visiting his diocese adds to her "round of engagements, as Mrs. Cornwallis always accompanies his Grace. Tomorrow, Sir Horace Mann¹ begins *his fêtes* by a great cricket-match between his Grace of Dorset and himself, to which all this part of the world will be assembled. . . . Many out of compliment to Sir Horace, who is never so happy as when he has all the world about him, and, as he gives a very magnificent ball and supper on Friday, it would not be so polite to attend *that*, without paying a compliment to his favourite amusement. . . . Last night, I had a nice quiet little *concertino* in my dressing-room—Lady Bridges, Mrs. and Miss Milles were, with others, of the party. . . . 'Cecilia' sends us into people's houses with our eyes swelled out of our heads with weeping. We take the book into the carriage, and read and weep. . . . During Cecilia's delirium, anyone coming into the room would have been surprised. . . . The children wept and sobbed aloud; my heart was bursting with agony! and we all seemed in despair." Miss Coussmaker encloses a letter in her mother's franked cover. She tells Susan that they all kept their resolution of not reading "Cecilia" apart,—or dipping;—indeed they locked it up! They are longing to dispatch dinner, to finish it that night. They had not felt so much since their wise scheme of reading "Venice Preserved" [aloud]. Does not Susan recollect that? Lady Hales has said that she has "*such a Mrs. Harrell* in her neighbourhood," and Miss Coussmaker thinks Lord Brudenell a little like Mr. Delville, and asks Susan if she "did not immediately find out the strongest likeness for the excellent Dr. Lyster? Sir Richard Jebb would have said word for word the same. I would give something to erase 'upon my honour!' and put in 'faith,' (which is Sir Richard's characteristic expression,) in a speech which Dr. Lyster makes, in the copy Sir Richard will have, to make him know himself;" but she will tell him what she thinks, the next time she sees him.

IV.

[MR. CRISP'S TRAGEDY, "VIRGINIA."]

[A portion of a Letter from Mrs. Gast to Miss Burney.]

My dear and amiable Fannikin,

Your much valued friend, and my beloved brother, in his last illness, said something, which on reflection appears to me as a hint, that he wish'd the scatter'd fragments of his

¹ The nephew, and heir of Horace Walpole's friend, Sir Horace Mann.

Virginia might ultimately fall into your hands. The only compleat and perfect copy of his play, as himself approved, was got into some hands, from whom he never could recover it. The then manager (it was thought from ——¹) would not suffer the too much approved, and greatly admired performance, to be acted as in its pristine state, but insisted on many alterations, greatly against the author's judgement, and inclination, which however he was necessitated to comply with, if he would ever have it brought on the stage. I have neither time nor capacity to select all the beautiful passages that deserve to be kept from the blotted papers that had better be destroy'd. But as I would not omit even in the most trifling instance, doing whatever I thought he wish'd, I send you the whole; which you will please to dispose of as you think proper, selecting what you think worth preserving, and destroying the rest.

* * * * *

Your ever affectionate

SOPHIA GAST.

April 27, 1784.

This was the packet which reached us apparently in the same state as when it was seen by Fanny in 1784. The copy of "Virginia" was (as Mrs. Gast wrote) incomplete. Those scenes in which no changes had been made were wanting. It was a bundle of mere draughts of scenes, some of which had been thrice or four times copied, as corrections came into the mind of Mr. Crisp, or were suggested to him by others. There were memoranda in the manuscript of letters to and from Lord Deerhurst (afterwards sixth Earl of Coventry) upon the tragedy,² and of Garrick's suggestions as to alterations in it. Garrick's hints as to verbal changes were few, and chiefly technical. They referred, not to the quality of the blank verse, but to the means of bringing it into the best condition for the actor to utter with good effect. But there were also traces of a more than verbal alteration. There seemed to have been a change of structure in the first act, if not elsewhere; at any rate, there was a tentative change. Mr. Crisp had shrunk from no

¹ Fanny has concealed this word by scores of her pen. It appears to have been "jealousy."

² Lord Deerhurst wrote to Mr. Crisp, concerning "Virginia," in 1748 and 1749. He did not succeed his father in the earldom of Coventry until 1750. This shows that the play was five or six years, more or less, in hand before it was acted in 1754.

labour; nay, with his own pen, had declared that this alteration of structure could easily be made. There is no sign of anything but gratitude to Garrick in the manuscript, or in the "advertisement" to the printed play.¹ If Mr. Crisp had any sore feelings with regard to Garrick's treatment of his tragedy, they seem to have been after-feelings; perhaps only after-thoughts. With his own pen he has, unconsciously, cleared himself from the reproach of falling out with Garrick because of "Virginia." This is in a letter to Fanny of the year 1779. She had been urged into writing a comedy, which, in the joint judgement of her father and of Mr. Crisp, was a failure. To what she has called the "*severe criticism*" of Mr. Crisp, she replied with a good-humoured meekness of submission which drew from him an affectionate answer, deprecating his own frankness of utterance.

"This sincerity I have smarted for, and severely too, ere now; and yet, happen what will, (where those I love are concern'd) I am determin'd never to part with it. All the world (if you will believe them) profess to expect it, to demand it, to take it kindly, thankfully, &c., &c.; and yet how few are generous enough to take it as it is meant! It is imputed to envy, ill-will, a desire of lowering, and certainly to a total want of taste. Is not this, by vehement importunity, to draw your very entrails from you, and then to give them a stab?—On this topic, I find I have, ere I was aware, grown warm; but I have been a sufferer. My plain dealing (after the most earnest solicitations, professions, and protestations) irrecoverably lost me Garrick. But his soul was little!—Greville, for a while, became my enemy, though, afterwards, through his constitutional inconstancy, he became more attach'd than before; and since that time, thro' absence, whim, and various accidents, all is (I thank Fortune) dwindled to nothing."

Can this be read otherwise than in reference to some disagreement of Mr. Crisp's opinion with that of Garrick, to whom the question was probably personal, since it was pressed upon Mr. Crisp with so much urgency, and its adverse answer resented by an actor whose native susceptibility had been heightened by just applause? The openness, natural to Mr. Crisp's character, led him, when asked an opinion, to say what Garrick could not bear. Others beside Mr. Crisp (even Dr. Burney himself in some degree) had experience of Garrick's mutability, even when they had given no occasion of offence, or of mortification.

"He cast off his friends as a huntsman his pack,
For he knew, when he pleased, he could whistle them back."

¹ Mr. Gibbs kindly tells us that, "In the British Museum, there is a sixpenny pamphlet,—The Story on which the new Tragedy called "Virginia," now in rehearsal at the T. R. Drury Lane, is founded, published by W. Reeve, Fleet Street, 1754, pp. 26." This has no name or initials, "but it must refer to Crisp's play, and so likely enough was written by him." It was so; there was a fragment of it in the packet of MSS.

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This extract seems to show that Garrick's friendship towards Mr. Crisp underwent a change after some conversation unconnected with "Virginia"; years, it may be, after it was acted, and possibly when Mr. Crisp was Garrick's neighbour at Hampton-upon-Thames. It must be borne in mind that Mr. Crisp and Garrick were intimate friends long before the representation of "Virginia" at Drury Lane Theatre; that the play was put into the hands of Garrick when finished; that, "season after season," it was kept back by Garrick, who (justly) thought that it fell short of what was expected from its author; that it was in abeyance while Mr. Crisp lived on the Continent, that is, for some years between 1749-50, and 1754; that Garrick gave way at last to the production of the tragedy in deference only to pressure from such potent friends of Mr. Crisp as Lord and Lady Coventry, supported by the judgement of the great Commoner, Mr. Pitt.

What a life Garrick had among the play-wrights, may be seen in his "Correspondence." There were three "Virginius" at nearly the same time, two of which were acted;—Mr. Crisp's, at Drury Lane, in 1754; another, by John Moucreif, at Covent Garden, in 1755 (under the name of "Appian"), old Mr. Sheridan playing Virginius, and Mrs. Bellamy, Virginia; Mrs. Brooke, the novelist, offered Garrick a third, which he would not even read until the "Virginia" of Mr. Crisp had been not only played, but printed. The "Virginia" of Mrs. Brooke was written before the other two were acted. In 1756 she published her tragedy, seeing that there was no chance of its being played. If Garrick were partial, it was to Mr. Crisp, and his lords and ladies of rank and ton. He even advised the restoration in the printed tragedy of the "beautiful passages" which he had cancelled, for actor's reasons, in the manuscript play. He himself acted Virginius. He wrote and spoke the prologue; he also wrote the epilogue. Could he have done more? To the charge of jealousy he was so used, that he plays with it as a jest, in one of his prologues or epilogues. It would have had more force if Mr. Crisp had written a good comedy.

It is obvious that in 1754 there was no cause of coolness, as Garrick did his very best for the tragedy, and the notes in the manuscript and the tentative changes of plan indicate submission to his judgement even to the extent of laborious effort, deemed to be light by the author.

The next of Mrs. Gast's letters to Fanny is dated from Burford, "June 22nd, 1784," and begins thus:—

"The sight of that dear hand, which has so often given exquisite pleasure to my best beloved on earth, could not fail of awakening keen sensations in a heart so much his, and yours.—I don't apprehend he wish'd the relics I sent you should live in any memory but your own. Your approbation I believe was his aim, and might cause his regret at not recovering the compleat copy. Very long absences, even from our childhood, makes it more than probable I knew less of his mind than his favourite adopted child; with whom he so frequently, with great delight conversed. I cannot suppose that he thought of any

future renown." This letter Fanny did not answer until the 14th of November, 1785, when she wrote, "I am happy to find we thought so exactly alike with respect to my most beloved friend, your honoured and truly incomparable brother. As to his 'Virginia,' I believe, indeed, it was his wish and intention that everything belonging to it should rest in silence and quiet, till they finally sank into oblivion. With me nothing can, that ever belonged to him; but I shall keep all the papers with which you have so kindly entrusted me entirely to myself."

About forty years afterwards, Fanny drew the pages from which Macaulay drew his details concerning Mr. Crisp. "Oblivion" seems now further off than ever, as paraphrases of Macaulay are what we encounter whenever we light upon the name of Samuel Crisp.

As concerns the error, of which Macaulay writes, that on looking for Samuel Crisp "in a copious Dictionary of Dramatic Authors published while he was still alive, he found only that Mr. Henry Crisp, of the Custom House, had written a play called 'Virginia,' acted in 1754," blunders are apt to be made in, errors to creep into, such books; as those who consult them much know well. It was a double mistake, for Henry Crisp, of the Custom House, died in 1747, as his will testifies. The man meant was a reverend Henry Crispe, who, as Samuel Crisp did not put his name to his play, seems to have been taken for its author. Perhaps being called "the reverend author" by Boaden and Arthur Murphy, would have not a little annoyed our Mr. Crisp, who was born when it was the mode to sneer at "parsons." We saw that blunder repeated the other day, in a new volume by a book-maker. The play, of which there are two copies in the British Museum, is said in the catalogue to be by Henry Crisp. There are also two copies in the Bodleian Library, which the editor found in the catalogue as being by Henry Crisp. Probably both catalogues followed the book which Macaulay consulted, namely, the "Biographia Dramatica" of Baker, Reed, and Jones. If we examined the catalogue of the Cambridge University Library, we should probably find in it also, "Virginia, a Tragedy, &c. [by Henry Crisp]." "The Gentleman's Magazine" of 1754, says that the author of the play "is not known." Bell, and Harrison besides, reprinted the play as by "Mr. Crisp"; Nichols has "Henry Crispe, of the Custom House," as author of "Virginia"; but the mistake of Arthur Murphy is the most remarkable, and may, perhaps, be put down to that confusion of memory which led him to believe, thirty years after the time, that he was present when Boswell first met Johnson, in Tom Davies's back-parlour,—for Murphy must often have heard of Mr. Crisp, in Fanny's days at Streatham.

We give the accounts of Murphy, and of Boaden, of the production of the play. Arthur Murphy writes of "Virginia," that "The fable, 'tho it cannot boast of situations to alarm and agitate the heart, is conducted in regular order, and a well-connected train of events. The Rev. Mr. Crisp, who wrote the play, seems to have been a scholar, and a man of taste. . . . Lady Coventry, as Garrick often related, drove

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to his house, and sent in word that she had a moment's business. He went to the side of her carriage—"There, Mr. Garrick," said Lady Coventry, "I put into your hands a play which the best judges tell me will do honour to you and the author." It was not necessary for her to say more . . . Garrick obeyed as if she had been the *tenth Muse*, and prepared the play with the utmost despatch.¹ He, in the character of *Virginus*, *Mossop* in that of *Appius*, and *Mrs. Cibber* in that of *Virginia*, deserved the compliments paid them by the author in his preface. The representation was attended by another advantage. *Mrs. Yates*, at that time *Mrs. Graham*, made her first appearance on the English stage, in the character of *Marcia*, and by her extraordinary beauty, and an early promise of great talent, helped to give attraction to the piece. But the great stroke which crowned it with success, was Garrick's manner of uttering two words,—which were, after all, '*thou traitor*;' to the tool of *Appius*, who claimed *Virginia* as his slave,—but it was his previous demeanour . . . and the working of his countenance, which electrified the whole audience, who gave him a thunder of applause."² Murphy adds that "the subject required a *Shakespeare*, an *Otway*, or perhaps such a genius as *Rowe*."

Next comes the account of *Mr. Boaden*, in his *Memoir* prefixed to the *Garrick Correspondence*.

"The season of 1753-4 saw *Mrs. Cibber* again at *Drury Lane*,³ with her old friend, *Mr. Garrick*; and her substitute in the *Juliet* business, *Miss Bellamy*, returned to *Covent Garden*; *Bellamy*, in fact, had failed miserably in the *Brothers*; and, as a general heroine, was faint and inefficient. Tragedies now were like the regal spectres in *Macbeth*, whose great representative uttered to them unwillingly—

'Come like shadows! so depart.'

Thus it was with the *Boadicea* of *Glover*, and the *Virginia* of *Crisp*, and the *Cræusa* of *Whitehead*.

"The writer of this epitome remembers that *Murphy*, with whom he passed an evening at his old haunt, *Slaughter's Coffee House*, gave the party, after supper, a notion of *Garrick* in the character of *Virginus*, in *Crisp's* tragedy. *Appius* being seated on his tribunal, *Claudius*, the villainous tool of the *Decemvir*, claims *Virginia* as a slave born in his house. During this declaration *Garrick* stood on the opposite side of the stage, with his arms folded, his eyes fixed on the ground, mute and motionless as a statue. By slow degrees, he at length raised his head

¹ This, we have seen, was not the first time that the play had been put into the hands of *Garrick*.

² *Garrick* wrote and spoke the prologue; he also wrote the epilogue, which was spoken by *Mrs. Cibber*. Of *Mrs. Graham* he said—

"Should you indulge our novice yet unseen,
And crown her with your hands a tragic queen."

³ The theatre season was from September to June.

—after a slight pause, during which the spectators could read the struggle within him, in a face that kept no secrets—he turned round slowly, till his eyes rested upon Claudius; then, in the low, smothered voice of anguish, tears gushing as he spoke the words, his broken heart sobbed out, ‘Thou traitor!’ The audience was, for once, electrified without noise; and the applause became abundant and universal. Such things atone for much wearisome length of *blank song*. However, Garrick’s reception of Virginia was secured by the irresistible sweetness of the beautiful Lady Coventry, who patronized the reverend author of the play.”

We are told by Madame D’Arblay that Lord Coventry advised “sundry changes” in, and a “new trial” of, the play upon the stage; that Mr. Crisp proceeded to re-cast his tragedy, but that, when it was complete, Garrick was polite in form, but fixed in mind not to revive it; that Lady Coventry was unable through decline of health to use once more the influence of her beauty and fashion, and it is implied that “Virginia” was (to the disgust of the author) never again represented. It is possible that the sketches of a change of structure in the play which we have mentioned were made at such a time, for such a purpose, although there was nothing in the manuscript to indicate that they were not written in 1748-9; but it is hard to suppose that the ill-health and death of Lady Coventry, who lived up to the year 1760, had anything to do with the revival or non-revival of the play. As a matter of fact, it appears that “Virginia” was revived at Drury Lane, and played at Covent Garden, if it were but for one night only in either case, in the life-time of Mr. Crisp.

Evidence to this effect has been found by Mr. Gibbs, from whose obliging letters we sum the following details, which appear to us conclusive that there were reproductions of “Virginia” of which Fanny had perhaps never heard.

Mr. Gibbs writes: “The cast of the play in the first printed edition, (Mr. Crisp’s own, in 1754) shows Garrick as ‘L. Virginius,’ Mrs. Cibber as ‘Virginia,’ and Mrs. Graham as ‘Marcia,’ but Bell’s British Theatre, (1778) has a portrait of *Mrs. Yates* (formerly Mrs. Graham) as ‘Virginia’; this must, I think, indicate a reproduction of the play. There is additional evidence in the facts that in the title of the reprint of ‘Virginia’ in Harrison’s series of plays (1781) we have the words, ‘as performed at the Theatres Royal, Drury Lane and Covent Garden,’ and as a frontispiece to the same reprint, there is a portrait of Mr. Clarke as ‘L. Virginius.’ Clarke made his first appearance at Covent Garden in 1755 (October 30), and played to about 1786. Mrs. Yates made her first appearance, under the name of Graham, in 1754, in Crisp’s play. In 1767, she went over to Covent Garden, where she played ‘till 1774, then returned to Drury Lane. Again she went over to the rival house in 1780, where she remained till 1785. From these dates and facts I am inclined to draw the conclusion that the supplemental performance, or performances, of Crisp’s play at Covent Garden occurred between 1767 and 1774. They may however have been *benefit performances*, for

one night or a benefit performance of Marcia in the part of Virginia.

Mr. Gibbs no mention “Genest’s History.” The same is record, although I have

The literature page 91, Vol. 10, contains suggestions of Seton, or the April 1774, she had expected he chose to

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one night only. Mrs. Yates may have chosen the part of Virginia for a benefit performance because she made her entry upon the stage as Marcia in that play, and also to show herself in Mrs. Cibber's original part of Virginia. The play, too, might have been chosen for a benefit performance by Clarke, for the sufficient reason that he would in it play *Virginus*, first played by Garrick."

Mr. Gibbs adds that Genest (in his "History of the Stage") makes no mention of Clarke's having played "*Virginus*," but states that "Genest's list is confessedly a selection only of Clarke's characters." The same is the case with Mrs. Yates and "*Virginia*"; "but Genest's record, although the fullest we have, is by no means without omissions, as I have often found before."

V.

"THE DESERTER."

The literary puzzle which occurs in Fanny's diary for 1770 (see page 91, Vol. I.) seems to be settled by the second of the three solutions suggested by Mr. Gibbs turning out to be the right one. Mr. Seton, or Seaton, had (as Fanny writes) called in Poland Street in the April of that year, "on pretence of bringing Hetty a poem which she had expressed a wish to read, [Goldsmith's] '*Deserter*.' I wonder he chose to bring it! How blind to our own failings are we!"

The three suggestions of an answer to the question how Mr. Seton (assuming the poem to be Goldsmith's) could bring Hetty a poem which was not published until the next month of that year, were, first, that Mr. Seton had, somehow or other, procured "an advance copy" of Goldsmith's "*Deserted Village*," which *was* published in May, 1770. Doubt hung over this, as the word "Goldsmith's" had obviously been added to the sentence by Madame D'Arblay in her old age. The second surmise (which seems to be right) was, that there was a "*Deserter*" by some one else, which Fanny, long afterwards, took to have been the poem of Goldsmith. Such a poem Mr. Gibbs has found in the British Museum. He writes to us that Edward Jerningham published in 1770 a quarto pamphlet of eighteen pages, with the title-page of "*The Deserter, a Poem*. London. Printed for J. Robson at the Feathers in New Bond Street, 1770. Price One Shilling." Edward Jerningham, a cadet of the Norfolk Jerninghams, may have been a friend, or even a connexion of Alexander Seton. About four and twenty years later he published a play called "*The Siege of Berwick*," having for its subject the heroism of Sir Alexander Seaton, Governor of Berwick, and his two sons, Alexander and Thomas Seaton. This drama, which was played at Covent Garden theatre in 1793, has been reprinted by Mr. H. E. H. Jerningham, sometime M.P. for Berwick, with a dedication to the Mayor of that town.

Fanny was mistaken in supposing Mr. Jerningham's unfortunate hero to be, like Mr. Seton, a deserter *from* love. He is a soldier who deserts *for* love, and suffers the penalty of death.

VI.

MRS. PAPENDIEK'S REMINISCENCES.

In 1887, two volumes were published bearing the title of "Court and Private Life in the Time of Queen Charlotte: being the Journals of Mrs. Papendiek, Assistant Keeper of the Wardrobe and Reader to her Majesty," &c.

Mrs. Papendiek was a daughter of Frederick Albert, who passed from the service of the Duke of Mecklenberg Strelitz to that of the Duke's sister Charlotte when, in 1761, she became Queen of England. At first Albert's service was unclassed, but, later on, we find him third page of the backstairs to the Queen, and hair-dresser to George III. He rose in the end to be "Principal Barber." His second child, Mrs. Papendiek, was born in England, in January, 1765, sent to school at Streatham in 1773, finally taken from school in 1780, and married in 1783 to Mr. Christopher Papendiek, page to the Princess Royal.¹

These volumes of reminiscences are misnamed *journals*, as they were in no wise written at, or near, the times of which Mrs. Papendiek tells us, but were begun over forty years, and end abruptly about forty-six years, after the last events chronicled in their pages.² Nor was distance

¹ When the Princess Royal married, the Queen made Mr. Papendiek one of her own pages. He was also in her chamber-band, and was, (as the Scotch say), "no blate," having really (according to his wife) had the coolness to "look forward" to the prize of the English musical profession, the Mastership of the Royal Band of Music;—"but the King told him that these public appointments must be held by Englishmen." This was the appointment of which Dr. Burney was twice disappointed. In the first instance, the Lord Chamberlain is said to have broken his promise to give it to him; in the second, another Lord Chamberlain preferred Dr. Parsons, who the King told Fanny was "a poor little musician, who was not fit for it; but Lord Salisbury used your father very ill in that business, and so he did me!" Of this appointment, Mrs. Boscawen wrote in 1786, "they have given Dr. Burney the name of 'The Hare with many Friends.' . . . Lord Salisbury had a favourite amongst the musical people, so as not to prefer *the most worthy*."

² Among these events is misplaced the coming of Haydn to England. Mrs. Papendiek puts it in 1792. A scrap of Dr. Burney's pocket-book (which is given in note 1, p. xiii, of the preface) corrects

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of time her only drawback: Mrs. Papendiek wrote to beguile her slow recovery from illness, and lost two of her children while her narrative was in progress. It is, therefore, no marvel that a general inexactitude is apparent, to all but the most *general* readers, throughout the whole of the book. As we have heard such readers take all they found in these volumes to be as trustworthy as Mrs. Papendiek's recollections of the colour and fashion of her clothes, and of those of her children; of her "nice meals," and choice bills of fare; as we have read, and cut out in amazement, a review assuming her errors concerning Fanny Burney to be facts, we take the trouble of correction. It is not worth doing unless as an exercise in the practice of Dr. Johnson's precept of "strict attention to truth, even in the most minute particulars."¹

Mrs. Papendiek's mother kept to her German ways and German friends, with a stiffness blamed even by her own daughter, who was herself a thorough German *hausfrau*. Industrious, managing, a tender mother, a kind-hearted woman, musical, fond of as much gaiety and sight-seeing as could be procured without waste of money, or neglect of her household, simple, gossiping, and credulous of gossip, without inquiry into whether or not it were true, Mrs. Papendiek does not err out of any malice, but by carelessly writing down hearsays, imperfectly remembered as to facts, and all-incoherent with dates. Her reminiscences are of small use as to English ways in her time, as much allowance must be made for the customs and modes of living of a cluster of German royal servants and their children, who mixed but imperfectly with the English domestics, and for the most part married among themselves. The book, however, presents a lively picture of

her.—"Sunday, [Jan.] 2.—Haydn arrives in England." This, however, is far from being such a slip as that of representing Miss Linley as singing in public in 1783, the year of Mrs. Papendiek's own marriage. Miss Linley never sang in public after 1773, when Mrs. Papendiek was eight years old. See pages 175 and 188 of Mrs. Papendiek's first volume, and pages 199 and 207, Vol. I., of these *Early Diaries*.

¹ "Accustom your children" (said Dr. Johnson to Boswell) 'constantly to this;' (strict attention to truth) 'if a thing happened at one window, and they, when relating it, say that it happened at another, do not let it pass, but instantly check them; you do not know where deviation from truth will end.' Our lively hostess [Mrs. Thrale] whose fancy was impatient of the rein, fidgeted at this, and ventured to say: 'Nay, this is too much. If Mr. Johnson should forbid me to drink tea, I should comply, as I should feel the restraint only twice a day; but little variations in narrative must happen a hundred times a day, if one is not perpetually watching.' JOHNSON: 'Well, madam, and you *ought* to be perpetually watching. It is more from carelessness about truth than from intentional lying, that there is so much falsehood in the world.'

the friendships and squabbles of this little clan; of their jealousies, of their struggles to rise in place, and of the kind of back-stairs gossip about royal doings which went on among them. It gives echoes from staircases and ante-chambers; conjectures formed behind royal backs at the dinner table, or in the "powdering closet," and expanded by fancy into statements of fact. To read the book tires the intellect of no one, though it would exhaust the patience of many.

Nothing out of the common course of things happened to Mrs. Papendiek except her appointment to a place in the Royal Wardrobe.

On this we must quote the concluding chapter of the second volume, which is from the pen of her editor.¹ "Not much in the way of family records remains to tell of the further life of Mrs. Papendiek, but from the few sources of information open to me I gather that she obtained the appointment at the Court of Queen Charlotte, which she held for some years, shortly after the occurrences narrated by her in the closing pages of her Memoirs."² . . . "It was probably in the year 1797 or 1798, I cannot ascertain the exact date, that she was appointed Assistant Keeper of the Wardrobe, the same post as that previously held by Miss Burney, though Mrs. Papendiek did not immediately succeed her. Later on she became Reader to the Queen also." . . .

We are not concerned with a readership to the Queen, which was never held by Miss Burney, nor indeed by any one except Mr. De Luc as a place classed in the Court Kalendar. Miss Burney sometimes read to the Queen; the Queen, as she liked to read aloud, sometimes read to Miss Burney; that was all. By the help of Court Kalendars, it is easy to ascertain the relative position of those in the department of the Mistress of the Robes. After the Bedchamber-Women, who were for show and state only,³ there came, in 1791, the year when Fanny left Windsor, the

"KEEPERS OF THE ROBES:

Mrs. Schwellenbergen.

Mrs. Frances Burney.

Assistants:

Mrs. Thielcke.⁴

Mrs. Sandys."

The "Assistants" appear to have been rather assistants to the Keepers of the Robes, than Assistant-Keepers of the Robes. At Court

¹ "Court and Private Life," &c., vol. ii. p. 300.

² Her Memoirs stop, rather than come to an end, at the year 1792.

³ On court-days, it was the rule that one of the bedchamber-women must tie on the Queen's necklace, and hand her fan and gloves.

⁴ Mrs. Thielcke (Miss Pascal), who had been in the service of the Princess Dowager of Wales, is called by Fanny "the real acting person, though I am the apparent one."

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they were spoken of as "Wardrobe-Women," as may be seen in Fanny's later diaries.¹

Mrs. Papendiek was one of them, but her name is not to be found at all in the Court Kalendar *before*, or *after*, 1800. In that year we find her as assistant under Mrs. Thielcke.

"KEEPERS OF THE ROBES :

Mrs. Margaret Bremeyer.

Mrs. J. C. Bacmeister.

Assistants :

Mrs. Thielcke.

Mrs. Papendiek."

Thus it was Mrs. Bac[h]meister, not Mrs. Papendiek, who held the office of Miss Burney. As Mrs. Papendiek was in place one year only, it looks as if she merely helped the others until some competent person was found. In 1801 we find that Mrs. Margaret Robinson has succeeded her, and remains on the pages of the Kalendar, until 1814, as "second assistant," or rather second Wardrobe-woman.

The name of Miss Burney is often found on Mrs. Papendiek's pages. It occurs for the first time, when Mrs. Papendiek was a school-girl of thirteen at Streatham. She says that "in this half-year (1778) I was introduced to the neighbouring families; amongst others to the Thrales, on Streatham Common, where Dr. Johnson and Miss Burney usually resided." She was taken from school at Christmas, 1778, but, at her own request, allowed to return for half a year, at Midsummer, 1780. She represents "the Thrales and dear old Dr. Johnson" as "pleased to have [her] back among them."

Here occurs the following passage :

"About this time Miss Burney's first publication made its appearance, under the title of 'Evelina,' and Dr. Johnson introduced it to us, saying that a novel of a new character had been put into his hand, in which each of the persons introduced spoke in his or her own line, and that the moral was unobjectionable. He would, therefore, have it read, and Miss Burney, as usual, was deputed to do so. As she proceeded, Mrs. Thrale kept saying that the turn of the sentences and the general tone were familiar to her ear, and that she must find out the author. Many surmises were started, and at last Miss Burney, finding that the book met with approbation among her friends, acknowledged herself to be the authoress. Dr. Johnson obtained for her increased payment, and she then produced her 'Cecilia,' which I believe to be considered equally good."

"About this time" means, according to Mrs. Papendiek's chronology,² between Midsummer and Christmas, 1780. 'Evelina' was published in January, 1778, and, by the Midsummer of that year, was making its way by bounds.

¹ They were as often called "dressers," as by any other name.

² "Court and Private Life," &c., vol. i. pp. 95, 112, 113, 114.

In July, 1778, Dr. Burney, finding that Mrs. Thrale admired that novel, told her that his Fanny, whom she barely knew, was its author.¹ As such she was invited to visit Streatham, where she had never before been. She never read "Evelina" aloud to any one out of her own family, except to Mr. Crisp, to whom she tried to read it, but turned timid, and gave up at the end of the second volume.² Even Susan, her "sole confidante," had never heard her novel read; that however was for want of time and of privacy before its publication. She never read "Evelina" or any other book aloud at Streatham. Of this there is proof in abundance. In September, 1778, Mr. Thrale asked Fanny repeatedly to read a tragedy to him. "I told him I would as soon act to Garrick, or try attitudes to Sir Joshua Reynolds, as read to anybody at Streatham." In February, 1782, she wishes that she could read her "Cecilia" with Susan before it was published, but "could not admit Captain Phillips (Susan's husband), dearly as I love him; I could not, for my life, read myself to Mr. Burney (her cousin and brother-in-law), but was obliged to make Eddy. It is too awkward a thing to do to *any human being*, but my sisters, or poor Auntys, or Kitty Cooke." In 1785, Mrs. Delany told Queen Charlotte that Miss Burney had been reading Colman's "Clandestine Marriage" to her. "O then," cried the Queen, "if Miss Burney reads to you, what a pleasure you must have to make her read her own works!" Mrs. Delany laughed and exclaimed, "O Ma'am! read her own works! Your Majesty has no notion of Miss Burney! she would as soon die!" Lastly, Dr. Johnson did *not* procure Fanny any increase of payment for "Evelina," nor did she ever receive any such increase. The whole narration probably arose from Mrs. Papendiek's having so many times heard people say, "How delightful it would have been, or must have been, to hear Miss Burney read her own book," that she acquired a persuasion that she had had so great a pleasure. Mrs. Papendiek says that Mrs. Thrale noticed her as a school-girl, but she is singularly ill-informed about the affairs of the Thrale family. In the following narrative, which is a tissue of errors, she places the death of Mr. Thrale among the occurrences of the year 1789. He died in April, 1781, within four months of her leaving the Streatham School.

¹ There is no reason to think that, before July, 1778, Fanny had spoken to Mrs. Thrale more than twice, and then only as Susan and Charlotte spoke to her, or to any visiter at Dr. Burney's house. Mrs. Burney was friendly with Mrs. Thrale, and made visits to Streatham before Fanny went there as the known author of "Evelina."

² "I have, since, heartily repented that I read *any* of the book to him, for I found it a much more awkward thing than I had expected: my voice quite faltered when I began it, which, however, I passed off for the effect of remaining weakness of the lungs; and, in short, from an invincible embarrassment, which I could not for a page together repress, the book, by my reading, lost all manner of spirit."—*Diary of Mme. D'Arblay*, vol. i. p. 40.

"About this for Southwark, and to each of mediocre talent of improvement leaving the two remained until man, whose narrow place between h

"On the ret demanded their by having to brewery at a st Piozzi had been write and to pu the same intere and she soon t alive or dead, scholar, and th possessed very her family and of the business home. She w: became infatua after maintaini defined."

The rumour but could they He died in Ap Piozzi in Lon of whom were chaperon.² M Piozzi. The k Mr. Barclay, a Thrale had w book before h in 1786, when

¹ We have upon the pro as told him k a princely for diek reports.

² It is said the lady of h ing his futu care of Miss

"About this time Mr. Thrale, the great porter brewer, and member for Southwark, died, leaving to his widow the brewery and £50,000, and to each of five daughters the same sum. An Italian artist of mediocre talent taught the young ladies to sing, and for the purpose of improvement Mrs. Thrale took her three eldest daughters to Italy, leaving the two younger with Mrs. Kay and Mrs. Fry, with whom they remained until their education was completed. By agreement this man, whose name was Piozzi, met them in Italy, when a marriage took place between him and Mrs. Thrale.

"On the return of the party to England these three daughters demanded their fortunes, and Mrs. Piozzi's finances were shaken a little by having to sell out of the funds at a great loss, and selling the brewery at a still greater. Previously to her second marriage Mrs. Piozzi had been known in the literary world. She still continued to write and to publish her writings, but they no longer carried with them the same interest. Her friends and the public ceased to respect her, and she soon fell into oblivion. Where she lived, and whether now alive or dead, I cannot tell. Her mother was a renowned classic scholar, and the daughter, when still Mrs. Thrale, the same. The latter possessed very superior abilities and great judgment; she managed her family and household with industry and economy, took the trouble of the business off Mr. Thrale's hands, and educated her children at home. She was a religious, charitable, and good woman, and how she became infatuated with a person not even eminent in his profession, after maintaining a rectitude of conduct for so many years, is not to be defined."

The rumours of Streatham may have magnified Mr. Thrale's fortune,¹ but could they have given him five, instead of four surviving daughters? He died in April, 1781. On the 24th of July, 1783, Mrs. Thrale married Piozzi in London, having previously consigned her four daughters, all of whom were under age, to the care of Miss Nicholson, a governess-chaperon.² Mrs. Thrale never went to Italy before her marriage with Piozzi. The brewery was sold immediately after Mr. Thrale's death to Mr. Barclay, at a price on which the widow was congratulated. Mrs. Thrale had written little "fugitive pieces," but had not published any book before her marriage with Piozzi. Interest in her writings began in 1786, when, three years after her second marriage, she published

¹ We have before us a letter from Mr. Crisp to Fanny, commenting upon the property left by Mr. Thrale, and the dispositions of his will, as told him by Fanny. It is needless to copy the details. "Why, 'tis a princely fortune!" cries Mr. Crisp; but it was not what Mrs. Papendiek reports.

² It is said this arrangement did not last long; Miss Thrale dismissed the lady of her mother's choice. In 1797, we find Sir Walter Scott meeting his future wife (a ward of the Marquis of Downshire), "under the care of Miss Nicholson, a daughter of the late Dean of Exeter."

her "Anecdotes of Dr. Johnson." She withdrew from those of her friends who were intimate enough to show disapprobation of her second marriage, but, though Mrs. Papendiek does not exaggerate her decline in the opinion of many, Mrs. Piozzi was never without others to defend her, and to admire her quickness, liveliness, and showy accomplishments.

This, the last passage concerning Fanny which we shall quote, refers to her leaving the Queen's household, and is wholly incorrect:—

"What gave rise to the change was Miss Burney telling the Queen that she had written a third novel; that it would gratify her much if her Majesty would permit her to read it; that if approved her Majesty would title it, and grant Miss Burney the honour and indulgence of dedicating it to her.

"The Queen immediately replied that she could do neither, as it would not be consistent with her feelings to encourage or even sanction novel writing, particularly under her own roof. She added that she perceived a want of cheerfulness and pleasurable attendance in Miss Burney, and always felt certain that whenever she rang her bell, the pen was laid down with regret; and that she thought Miss Burney would feel happier to resume her writing for the public than to continue in a situation that did not appear to suit her, and of which the duties were irksome and uncongenial to her. Poor thing, she bowed out; and not being in good circumstances as to pecuniary matters in her home with her father, Dr. Burney, it was a severe blow."

As Fanny told the King, "the skeleton" of her third novel, "Camilla," "was formed" at Windsor, "but nothing was completed." She began "to work it up" three years after she had left the Queen. "Camilla" was dedicated to the Queen by special permission, and presented to her by Fanny in person at Windsor. The dedication was rewarded by the "compliment" of a hundred guineas by the King and Queen, who showed the most kindly interest in the book.

It is well known that Fanny's health failed while she was at Court. She had been long ill, and seemed to her friends to be on her way to death, when she wrote the resignation of her office. She knew the Queen to be so loath to lose her that it was two months before she had courage to give to Mrs. Schwellenberg the paper for the Queen on which she had written what she dared not speak. The Queen put every obstacle in the way of Fanny's leaving, and there can be no doubt that had her associate, Mrs. Schwellenberg, been a sensible and agreeable woman, Fanny would have accepted the Queen's offer to give her a holiday for rest and change of air, and withdrawn her resignation. As it was, the Queen seems to have delayed to set her free in the hope that she would retract. Her resignation was given in at the end of 1790; it was not until the 7th of July, 1791, that she was allowed to leave. Her tact, and the good feeling which prompted it, bore her through a six months' time of trial. She succeeded in soothing the irritation of the Queen, who was, in many ways, mortified by her resignation, and who (as was afterwards shown in the case of Cornelia Knight) was by no means above bearing malice, and giving strong

proofs of ill-will towards those who wounded her royal and individual self-love by leaving her service.¹ In 1791, Fanny writes, "In a long discourse upon my altered health with Mrs. De Luc, [the Queen] condescended to speak most graciously of [me], saying in particular these strong words in answer to something kind uttered by that good friend in my favour: 'O, 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.'"² On Fanny's "last day of office," she was offered (through Mrs. Schwellenberg), the head place, then held by that functionary, on its vacation "either by her retiring, or death." What Mrs. Papendiek, who pities her, calls her "dismissal," was her joyous departure.

That Mrs. Papendiek was far better fitted than was Fanny for the place which Fanny held, and *she* did not, no one can deny who reads the touching story of Mrs. Papendiek's first satin gown. It was made—we were about to say *born* (being justified therein by a pathetic statement that, ten years afterwards, it was "at its last gasp")—in January, 1782. "It was of a puce colour, trimmed with white satin, and a petticoat of the same colour to match the trimming." In 1783, the "puce satin was new trimmed with white" as part of its wearer's wedding outfit. In 1785, it was "trimmed with a row of flat steel down each front, the white being taken off, cap and petticoat being trimmed to match, and steel buckles on black satin shoes." In 1788, it was worn at a dance, "with the trimmed sleeves and gauze handkerchief as before, the ends of it being fastened in front by three white satin broad straps, buckled with steel buckles." In 1789, the puce satin was once more given white satin trimmings, with gauze. We may have overlooked other of its vicissitudes; if so, we are sorry. Wordsworth once described himself as possessing "thirteen coats of various degrees of merit," but we question whether any one of them was so meritorious as this puce satin, which we lament to say was "at its last gasp" in 1792, when the Memoirs of Mrs. Papendiek suddenly close. We feel sure, however, that the puce satin revived, and continued its useful existence in some beneficial form or other for many more years; even if it were but as a lining to some newer, but less tried and trusty garment. Had its wearer lived longer, the biography of the puce gown would have been continued, and into the accuracy of *that* narrative there would have been no need to inquire: so vivid is the memory of the heart.

The many other errors of the book are appropriately accompanied by numerous blunders in proper names, which may be due to a bad transcript of the original manuscript, to which is added a careless correction of the press. The name of the family of Sir Abraham Pitches, a Lord Mayor of London, is invariably printed Pitcher; Mr.

¹ See the "Autobiography of Cornelia Knight."

² See the "Diary of Mme. D'Arblay," pp. 188, 223, vol. v.

Bromfield, surgeon to the Royal household, appears as Blomfield; Rauzzini and Pacchieroti, as *Ranzini*, and *Perchierotti*. So well-known a family to Mrs. Papendiek as that of Ramus (there were five or six of them in the Court Kalendar) is everywhere transmuted into *Kamus*. It is lucky for Nash, the architect, that he is scarcely named, as he figures in the text and index as Sir Thomas *Mash*.

Mrs. Papendiek appears to have been much aggrieved by those reforms of expenses in the King's Household which, by what she herself tells us of the pay and perquisites of her own family, and by what is shown as to sinecures in the Court Kalendar, were most urgently required. Looking into the Kalendar for 1777, we find nine wet-nurses of Princes and Princesses each enjoying a pension of two hundred a year for life. There were five more royal children before the list of these payments was closed. Two hundred a year was their pension, and the pay of Fanny also; but *she* withdrew upon a pension of one hundred a year only. Mrs. Papendiek is of opinion that it is not improbable that Edmund Burke's reform in the Civil List brought on a "wonderful change in our Royal household; and that this led through many trifling channels to the destruction of the French King, *for in his country also the cry for economy was raised, and soon spread far and wide.*" With this bit of reasoning by induction we part in amusement from "Court and Private Life in the Time of Queen Charlotte."

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ERRATA.

VOLUME I.

- Page 18, line 3, for "walking" read "working."
Page 80, line 6 from end of note 1, for "1772" read "1770."
Page 132, line 14 of note 1, for "Lumsden" read "Lumisden."
Page 159, note 2, omit "or "quoz,"" in second line from foot.
Page 194. The letter of Mr. Crisp here should be dated thus—
"[1773]." The figures are later added in the MS., but they probably give the correct date. For this reason the foot-note at the same page should be altered. The words "the date of this letter," &c., down to "his other letters," should now be deleted.
Page 274, notes, line 12 from bottom, for "Hannah Moore" read "Hannah More."
Page 323, notes, line 1, for "Mr. Bates" read "Mr. Banks."

VOLUME II.

- Page 37, line 13, for "discription" read "description."
Page 114, notes, line 3, for "14th December" read "[6th] of December."
Page 147, line 1, for "Mrs. Dudley Long" read "Mr. Dudley Long."

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