

1818.17. LINES ON THE DEATH OF SIR S. ROMILLY

Sir Samuel Romilly (1757–1818), called to the bar in 1783, visited Paris in 1789 and a year later published *Thoughts on the Probable Influence of the Late Revolution in France upon Great Britain*. He was named solicitor general in 1806, during the Grenville administration. His main project was to reform criminal law, which while not successful in his lifetime has had lasting influence.

Date: November 1818, given on text.

Source: Berg Poems, ff. 67–67v (D0473).

Spirit of Freedom! on the chalky cliffs
 Of proud Britannia, frowning o'er the depths
 Of oceans pathless plains – there where thou {resteth}
 Sublime, with dauntless lip, and utter scorn
 Of Tyranny's detested power, & brow 5
 All radiant from thy late won triumph, say*
 What powerful woe hath reached thy mighty soul?
 What bids that tear repose on thy pale cheek?
 And is he gone, the Patriot, Statesman, Sage,
 The boast of mourning Albion, is he fled? 10
 Oh Romilly departed spirit, thou
 Whom rivals honor, & whose virtues shine,
 Alike conspicuous in the glorious page
 Of fame, with greatness, love of liberty
 And pure integrity; thou the bright sun 15
 Of Britons favored isle, thy glory's set
 When 'twas in its noon with all its splendor
 Undiminished & unclouded, until
 It sank for ever – Night, black night succeeds,
 And darkness – most irremediable. 20
 Mourn Muse! & brooding o'er the eternal lyre
 Breathe those soft notes, which melting in the wind,
 May grateful rise, and reach the Patriot's Heav'n
 Mourn Britons! Sons of weeping Albion mourn!
 He whose intrepid soul, all labors braved, 25
 'Neath sorrow sinks and tenderness unequalled.
 But not forgotten shall thy immortal name
 From times remotest annals pass away;
 No vulgar turf shall moulder o'er thy form,
 Thy spirit lives, & British hearts thy grave! 30

* Sir S. R.'s successful contest for Westminster –

ll. 2–3 Of proud ... thou {resteth}} Where unconstrained thou roam'd & stalked sublime / 'Midst the awed waters, prostrate at thy nod, / Pride stamped upon thy dauntless lip, & scorn *Berg MS (D0473.1)*

1818.18. TO OUR BELOVED STORM ON HIS BIRTH DAY

Date: 28 December 1818, Hope End; given with title.

Source: Berg Poems, f. 68 (D1030).

Publication: BC, vol. 1, pp. 67–8.

If there's a Muse that sweeps the lyre
 Sacred to jollity and play
 Now be it hers our thoughts t' inspire
 O be it hers to reign today!
 If there's a Muse that can declare 5
 The feelings of the breast
 And all affection's influence there
 And how supremely blest!

Be it hers to tune the joyful lay
 Our petty griefs forgot 10
 Be it hers to rule our hearts today
 And bless our Stormy's lot!
 Nor thou Charles John, despise my strain
 This day four years have shed
 Their simple joys deprived of pain 15
 Upon thy darling head!
 O child beloved! Papa's dear Boy!
 Whose days thus happy flow
 Play's soft delight, thy soul's employ
 Unknown to grief or woe! 20

And if by chance some petty sorrow
 Should wake the pensive tear
 Thou weep'st today, thou smilest tomorrow
 And griefs thy joys endear.

Four years thy little life has past 25
 With swift and silent tread,
 Unruffled by afflictions blast
 They've faded o'er thy head.

Rejoice ye nymphs, and tune your song
 To celebrate this day 30
 And wind the festive dance along
 With gladsome footsteps gay

Let play the live long hours employ
 That happiness may cheer
 With bosoms light, and heart felt joy 35
 The Winter of the year.

Of t may the present circle meet
 To hail our darlings birth,
 And this loved day, **more* happy greet
 With kindred joy and mirth!

40

My sweet Charles John's
 Affec^{ts} Sister *EBB*.

* Grandma Clarke at Hope End at this time.

1818.19. LINES EXTEMPORE ON TAKING MY LAST FAREWELL OF THE STATUE OF HYGEIA AT CHELTENHAM

In Greek mythology, Hygeia was the daughter of Epione (see 'High on her pedestal Epione stands', above, pp. 269–70) and her husband Aesculapius (or Asclepius), the god of medicine; she was worshipped as the goddess of cleanliness or health and wellness. The cult of Aesculapius, which she shared with her father, was pervasive in the Greek and Roman world, with centres in Epidaurus, Corinth, Cos and Pergamon. The oldest aesculapion (or asclepieion) is said to have been at Trikke (today, Trikala in Thessaly). The National Archaeological Museum of Athens is a centre for displays of ancient sculpture, including statues of Hygeia by ancient masters such as Skopas and Timotheos. Examples of Roman versions are in museums at Epidaurus, Herakleion, Nicosia and Rome. A Roman diptych showing both Aesculapius and Hygeia (AD c. 400–30) is at the Museum of Merseyside in Liverpool.¹ Regarding the family's visit to Cheltenham, see 'On the Moon' (above, pp. 268–9) and 'High on her pedestal Epione stands'.

Date: [1818], follows Berg Poems order.

Source: Berg Poems, f. 69 (D0472) (perhaps out of chronological sequence but follows Berg Poems order).

Notes:

1. See *Encyclopedia Mythica*, www.pantheon.org.

Hygeia queen and daughter
 Of Cheltenham's boasted water
 There art thou condemned to dwell
 Here am not I, so queen farewell!

1818.20. CHARLES DE GRANDVILLE

In 1818, at the age of twelve, EBB began a moral tale about a young man and his early misadventures. The manuscript is in two locations, the first chapter at the English Poetry Collection of the Wellesley College library, and the second in the Berg Collection of the New York Public Library. Together the chapters total thirty-eight pages of narrative. The date 1818 appears at the beginning of the first chapter, and EBB's characteristic signature is at the end of the second. A brief description of the first chapter is given in Sotheran Catalogue 767 (1913), p. 93, and again in Maggs Brothers catalogue 449 (1924), item 45, with extracts; otherwise the manuscripts are unpublished. Although 'Charles de Grandville' was not printed during EBB's lifetime, it is likely that the manuscript was circulated within the family circle. It does not, however, bear a dedication page as EBB's other juvenile stories often did.

Although EBB's signature usually accompanied completed works, the second chapter does not appear to be the conclusion to the story. Questions remain unanswered: what is the secret of Margaret Onslow's unhappy upbringing, or the mystery behind Mr Fitz James's watch? And the bigger questions of the tension between Charles and Lord Vaughn and between Charles and Mac Donald remain unresolved. The opening of the first chapter is retrospective, hinting that Charles as an old man has endured a life of 'want', 'misery' and 'grief' – that his life had been a significantly unhappy one. He warns his readers of life's brevity and the ruin and despair that follow rashness, greed and pride. We are left wondering whether or not Charles attended the interview at Lord Vaughn's the following day. Was his remorse at seeing the distress of Rachel Vaughn and her father enough to teach him to temper his emotions, or did he give in to their power? And what came of his possible union with Rachel?

Because the work is untitled, it is referred to by the name of its protagonist. The similarity of the name Charles de Grandville to that of the title character in Samuel Richardson's exemplar novel *The History of Sir Charles Grandison, Bart* (1753) suggests a likely relationship. EBB's cautionary tale, however, reverses *Grandison's* values and focuses on the troubles of one whose character defects remain uncorrected. Although the cautionary tale is in many ways the antithesis of Richardson's conduct novel in epistolary form, it includes similar scenes as well as the stylistic element of interruption and dialogue conventions. For example, as in Richardson's novel, EBB employs a thwarted-duel scene to reveal her protagonist's character. EBB employs conventional dialogue and descriptions not unlike those in Jane Austen, Maria Edgeworth and Sir Walter Scott, authors she was reading at this time (see *BC*, vol. 1, especially the autobiographical essays, pp. 347–62). As in 'Julia' (1816.22, above, pp. 216–23), EBB employs a Scots dialect, demonstrating an early interest in and enthusiasm for language varieties.

Her use of literary references reflects her growing knowledge of poetry as well as of literary conventions: Milton, Shakespeare and Virgil are quoted, along with more recent poets Alexander Pope, Joseph Addison and Joseph Wharton.

Because this is a draft and previously unpublished, editorial interventions are limited, unless sense is affected. The apparatus in *BC*, vol. 1 provides guidelines for presenting handwritten text in a faithful yet readable way (pp. xli–ii, points 4–9 and 14–16). EBB's characteristic spellings are retained, e.g., 'publickly' and 'recieved' and similar *ie* words; we have, however, changed 'lenght' four times to 'length'. The notes indicate where EBB made substantive alterations other than cancellations. We have numbered paragraphs for ease of reference.

EDITED BY MELISSA J. BROTON

Text: English Poetry Collection, Wellesley College (ch. 1) (D1372); the Berg Collection, New York Public Library (ch. 2) (D1371).

Date: 1818.

Source: manuscripts at the English Poetry Collection, Wellesley College, and the Berg Collection.

[Chapter One]

March 1818.

Honors a sacred tie the law of Kings
 The noble minds distinguishing perfection
 That aids & strengthens virtue when it meets her
 And imitates her actions where she is not
 It ought not to be sported with –

Cato¹ –

[1] It was morning, and yet people were passing and repassing the busy streets of London who seemed anxious to complete the days business before the shops closed and every one returned to rest Crowds of all sizes and of all nations continually traversed the extensive pavements with hurried step each intent upon his own interest[.] [I]nterest – What is Interest that it should thus reign supreme over every heart – The Man of Business will tell you 'it is what every mortals breast is accessible to' 'tis something nothing' [']in short there is no divining what it is' – But as it is not the object of the following sheets to make philosophical researches² which indeed they are unworthy to name I will again resume the thread of my subject.

[2] The moon rolled in all her glory within the spheres while her brilliant attendants blazed on the clear sky and enveloped the earth with a veil but it was niether black nor mournful t'was pure and bright such as Homer imagines that of Minerva to be in the following lines –

'Pallas disrobes her radiant veil untied
 With flowers adorned [and] art diversified
 The labour'd veil her Heavenly fingers wove
 Flows on the pavement of the court of Jove'³

These natural temptations were such as compelled me in defiance of the cold being then the month of January to take up my station in the street I was then young hasty in my temper warm and romantic in my imagination. I only attended to the impulse of my feelings which prompted me on every occasion. I was then handsome nor do I now blush to own it [M]y pourtrayer is what I was, not what I am. My friends often assured me I was endowed with a peculiar expression that rendered my countenance particularly interesting[.] [B]eing heir to a large fortune [I] often (tho' by the by I⁴ greatly offended my vanity) had judgement and justice enough to percieve that my bank notes greatly improved the whiteness of my skin and that my gold gave my eyes a more brilliant and striking lustre – I was cursed with a Mother whose too blind affection repulsed the more sacred one of truth who adored me as above human and believed it more necessary to arrange⁵ my flaxen locks than to attend to the decoration of my mind –

[3] My Father died the day I came into the world[.] [H]appy had it been for me if he had lived I would not then have wasted in idleness the greater part of my existence I would not then have been taught to live upon the smiles of the fair sex and to reject the stronger though the harsher commands of reason justice and wisdom – Yes even now even as I now am in old age in want in misery my cheek furrowed by the plough of time my hair turned grey by the hand of old age and grief my heart hardened by the instruments of long suffering Even now at the brink of the grave the tear still glistens in my eye as dew drops on some mouldering pile and when I tell the tale of my sufferings of all the pleasures I might have enjoyed of all the happiness I have foregone[,] I can only lift my aged eyes to the cross of my redeemer I can only embrace those blessed feet and breathe a deep groan of repentance

[4] My Fathers portrait hung at the upper end of the drawing room I believe I shall never forget the stern inflexibility of those features his hair was jet black there was a settled firmness about his looks a dreadful anger within his dark sparkling eyes a bitter smile sitting on his curled lip that always in my earliest childhood made me tremble when I first began to walk[.] [I]f I was even in the greatest fury my nurse had only to point to this picture and to say Sir Phillip de Grandville with a grave voice when I instantly wiped my tears and begged forgiveness – At the age of 21 my mother pronounced her Charles de Grandville with a triumphant smile to have the shape & elegance of Apollo the beauty of Endymion the hair of Jupiter and the power of Cupid With all these advantageous accomplishments with my head swimming with flattery and overladen

with novels and romances with my dress perfumed and adorned to {resist} the sins of the fair sex my mother after stuffing 'bon mots' in the one ear[,] which always by the by came out at the other[,] suffered me to make my first entrée⁶ into the fashionable world – Thus covering my numerous defects with tinsel which she flattered herself would never be discovered thus wishing me (like the toad in the fable⁷) to swell to a size which nature never designed I had not even such advantages as that ambitious little gentleman[,] I had no Kind Monitor⁸ to warn me of my danger my only one was my foolish Mother and my own more foolish passions no wonder I should burst in one day[,] [T]he reins of my judgement were delivered into my hands and I was left almost in as sad a plight as the son of Apollo⁹

[5] This day one of the most memorable in existence I spent as usual in extravagance and recieved more than usual from my acquaintances that flattery which had already turned my brain it was at the close of this day that I begin the narrative of my life

[6] While this vast concourse of people passed to and fro unmindful of the continual din and disturbance of the streets[,] resting against the iron rails with my eyes fixed on the queen of night (perhaps in order to show them to the best advantage) I lingered wrapt in my own meditations[,] [M]y mother Lady de Grandville had the care of my toilette this day you may imagine it gave her infinite credit th'o it certainly did not a little displease me that she still gave me the epitaph¹⁰ of her 'dear boy' when she ought to have remembered that my boyish days were then over¹¹ – I will not trouble the reader with the artificial flights I took with fancy melancholy but I loved Melancholy yet better I and remembered having heard of other pleasures in romances

The goddess of the tearful eye
Who loves to fold her arms and sigh¹²

but to cut it short I could no longer restrain myself I clasped my hands with rapture and exclaimed with enthusiasm

.– looks commercing with the skies
Thy rapt soul sitting in thy eyes
There held in holy passion still
forget thyself to marble till
With a sad leaden downward cast
& fix them on the earth as fast¹³

[7] [*]But remember[,] M^r Charles de Grandville (said a voice that I had not the slightest remembrance ever to have heard before) remember what follows [,] [Y]ou see even your favorite Poet does not entirely agree with you –

& join with thee calm peace and quiet
Spare fast that oft with Gods doth diet[']¹⁴ –

[8] I felt the colour mount into my cheek as he spoke I laid my hand on the hilt of my sword all of my reveries were broken in an instant Fancy and Melancholy vanished in air & I was transported from beds of roses and Elysian plains to a dirty station in Grovenor street[.] [B]ut curiosity surmounted my indignation, when I saw by the light of the lamps a tall man whose uncouth appearance made I must confess no very favorable impression he was wrapt in a coarse grey cloak & his hat was slouched over his face but I afterwards learnt this was not he who first spoke[.] [A] gentleman at his side was talking earnestly to him and often siezed his arm as if to ensure his attention he spoke low and seemed anxious not to be over heard.

[9] The man in the cloak (whom I afterwards found to be an Highlander) seemed impatient and determined not to believe what the other was continually enforcing[.] [A]t length he spoke rather louder becoming more pressing in his subject and I heard the words – [']Sir Phillip de Grandville – Charles de—son –['] I had then no doubt but that they were speaking of me The Highlander at length broke silence with impatience hardly equalled by mine stamped his foot on the earth threw his hat off the front of his head pushed back his friend & at fixed periods shouting & pointing at me who appeared as a traitor going to be hung Then siezing the hilt of his sword his cloak fell back & discovered a complete suit of regimentals

[10] Then with a frown that made me tremble he began with a rough voice [']Awa wi your fooleries[.] [R]elation to Sir Phillip de Grandville this young fuil the great commander[?] – Deil a bit at the warrior[.] This niny – this – Nowt lad Where's your sense Didna I ken the Buranet[?] didna I follow him for better or waur[?] didna I see him fall Awa wi ye say what ye wull and I'll gie ye the lie, to the backbone thou liest – On my soul say on (said he his eyes sparkling with fury & brandishing the weapon in the air) say on and by the lord thy breath shall be stopped at the first word if Mac Donald livest No man yet has defyed him no man[?]. He stopped for breath & pulled off his hat large clusters of brown hair rushed upon his face he swept them back then looking angrily round and siezing his sword with both hands he continued with a desperate effort. ['](and no man wull)[;] said he[.] [T]hen leaning on his weapon he rolled his dark grey eyes around as if to single out an object for his vengeance

[11] By this time large crowds of people thronged around this extraordinary Highlander & his friend[.] [T]hose tongues the most zealous in my cause were silenced at the close of his speech There was something terrible in his looks that chilled the hardest hearts there was a wildness a stubbornness about him that

obliged many to retire even the most courageous dared (& in his favour only) to raise a feeble shout while their courage inwardly receded

[12] I was much hurt I did not disdain to own it my pride was mortified my indignation was roused I felt for the first time my own insignificance My heart beat violently I pushed my way thro the crowd sword in hand collared the Highlander and demanded redress for the injury offered me [‘]Vilain said I by what authority do you attempt to [~~illeg.~~] the reputation of the son and rightful heir of Sir Phillip de Grandville: you have publickly insulted me and I publickly will be satisfied[.]. You have said no one [~~illeg.~~] yet defied you The man seemed surprised eyed me from head to foot & replied [‘]Certainly Sir will your honour be plased now?[’] [s]aid he putting himself into a fencing attitude.

[13] Provoked at this taunt I drew my weapon brandished it three times over my head and was just on the point of giving the mortal blow when a friendly hand stopped my arm and a well known voice said behind me – [‘]Are you mad de Granville will you disgrace your family and wage public war in the street will you be imprisoned as a vagabond will make your mother wretched you renounce your true friend will you in short be the ruin and the curse of the ancient family of the de Granvilles[?] –

[14] I turned my head Lord Vaughan was before me he was an elderly old gentleman whose light blue eyes and grey hair gave to his face the expression of sweetness & benevolence[.] I dropped my weapon

[15] The highlander resumed a peaceable posture there was a dead silence while thus every eye was fastened on my venerable friend while every mouth was open with anxiety and curiosity

[16] I will hasten to satisfy thine gentle reader concerning the worthy object of thy wishes The friend of my Father even from his youth his supporter in battle his pride in life & his comforter in death[.] he could not but claim a large portion of the respect of the love of his son Not among the list of my flatterers[.] he loved me as the representative of one whose generosity whose magnanimity whose virtues and whose piety had engraven a lesson on his heart never never to be effaced – The Father of a daughter ~~and of a son~~ whose virtues endeared her to every heart[.] [C]onscious of his own share in her happiness he himself was not happy As life is but a vision let poets dream of happiness let novel writers strive to paint her brilliancies¹⁵ it is vain[.] Hope on poor fragile worm Hope on enjoy thy little life while yet thou mayest hope on at the summit of thy enjoyment When thou believest thyself perfect – behold a mighty invisible hand comest – a moment & thou art {perished} – Yes Lord Vaughan was not happy[.]

[H]e possessed ~~another~~ a son whom he had cherished adored as a divinity for whom he had given up the little he had for himself tho' he did not encroach on the rights of his ~~remaining children~~ daughter This son deserted his father fled into the army & left him with an almost broken heart in return for all the kindnesses he had recieved – Lord Vaughan endeavored to quiet the anxiety of his friends by an apparent fortitude yet tho he suffered as a man he felt as a parent[.] [S]ince the loss of this child he lavished the tenderness on me which otherwise would have devolved on the ungrateful Frederick he wished me to be his son his darling his hope his comforter – such was Lord Vaughan when his truly friendly interpositions relieved me from the horror of murder

[17] He at length broke silence – [']Mac Donald said he this young gentleman is M^r Charles de Granville and is moreover under my protection[.] [H]e as you may have observed is hasty but he is young and therefore I think claims your forgiveness['] –

[18] Mac Donald folded his arms knit his brow paused an instant and bowed with dignity –

[19] I felt his superiority & saw for the first time there were greater *heroes* than myself in the world – I was displeased with my venerable friend for having as I deemed it exposed my faults so publickly[.] [T]he highlanders calmness put the finishing stroke to my fury[.] I shook Lord Vaughan off who still held my arm and thus began [']It is {time} my lord Vaughn said I my voice trembling with the effort of passion it is time for us to understand each other[.] I have long been your slave Now my lord I will be so no longer I will be avenged in the manner of a gentleman I will accept no less I desire no more['] –

[20] [A]s I spoke the kind hearted old man made an exclamation of sorrow ~~and said with a faltering voice~~ [']Charles my dear dear Charles and is it come to this[?'] said he with a faltering voice and he covered his face with both his hands He shed no tears – no – but he uttered a deep and I believe heartfelt sigh as he withdrew quickly on his road along the street

[21] I looked after him the feeble light of the lamps only allowed me to distinguish that he still kept his hands on his face & that he was much affected – He soon was lost¹⁶ in Darkness

[22] 'And now M^r Mac Donald, said I, turning to the Highlander, and now I believe there is no obstacle to prevent the satisfaction of a Gentleman' –

[23] [']Charles de Grandville, returned he in a calm but firm tone, Charles de Grandville I will spare the spirit of my departed friend the grief of having his son thus publickly disgraced['] –

[24] [']Then I hope Sir I replied I hope and trust we may soon meet again['] –

[25] 'Faith mon twill do my heart gude to see your face once more' –

[26] [']You mistake me said I highly displeas'd the affront offer'd me is of too degrading a nature to be forgotten May I trouble you for your address here is mine[;] said I highly displeas'd forcing my card into his unconscious hand

[27] [H]e stood mute his mouth wide open with astonishment nor could he be more petrified if instead of my fashionable card I had mirrored to him the Gorgon¹⁷ such was his amazement[.] [A]t length he broke silence – [']Na na Maister Charles de Grandville if such be your ways I wadna discuss the pint[.] I wadna gie a pinhead for one who is sae like a fuil but if such is your will be it mine a fulfil it[?] – So saying he opened a small leathern pouch full of dirty papers & selecting not one of the cleanest with a sarcastic grin he gave it into my hand then nodding familiarly he took up his broad brim hat which during the debate had fallen on the ground and siezing it with both hands he placed it on his head then wrapping his cloak around him he pursued his road and left me amazed at his extraordinary conduct

[28] I then took to my heel I felt I looked a fool & yet I felt – I felt a hero –

[Chapter Two]

Vain pomp and glory of the world I hate ye¹⁸
Shakespear

[1] 'Charles de Grandville, said my Mother on my entrance to the reception room that evening, Miss Langdale. Miss Langdale[,] Charles de Grandville[?] – I bowed with all due ceremonies, but the young Lady scarcely deigned to acknowledge them and contenting herself with a playful nod, she turned away amongst her young companions –

[2] 'My dear Charles, said my Mother, what can have kept you so late? and there's Lady Langdale, & the Marquis de A— and Lord Vaughan and his daughter have been waiting this hour – indeed, indeed, civility ought to be considered what can have detained you so long?[?] –

[3] 'Nothing Madam,' replied I with a careless air –

[4] 'Nothing[,] said my Mother, Nothing! then I beg you will let Nothing detain you from making up lost time – there's Miss Vaughan at the other end of the room – her father seems perfectly offended – there he has been sitting this age, sullen and vexed, so not another word – take a place at the cardtable where his daughter is sitting – remember her fortune – [?] The last words my Mother spoke louder, and more distinctly, than the rest, and probably made more impression at

the close of her speech she took the arm of a gentleman, and entered the saloon where Music was reigning –

[5] I knew the reason Lord Vaughan was distressed, but wishing on my own account to hush up matters, I determined to follow my Mother's injunctions – I walked across the room, and seated myself at the table – Miss Vaughan was laughing, and joking, and railing but when she heard my voice, a sudden crimson flush mounted upon her temples, a frown sat upon her brows, her eyes flashed indignation[.] [S]he hastily rose, threw down her cards, and bowing haughtily, she hurried away leaving me in a stupefaction more easy to imagine than to describe. I felt convinced that Lord Vaughan had trusted his daughter with our disagreement, and I trembled that she[.] in anger, should discover the secret of my quarrel – I was mistaken[.] Rachel's mind was above such an act, and had I been clear-sighted I should have read sincerity in her countenance, should have remembered she was the daughter of the friend I had insulted[.] I ought to have remembered what *my* feelings should have been in the same case; had I given myself up to these reflections, I should not have doubted the sincerity of Miss Vaughan – but blind in my conclusions, and hearing her talking earnestly with Miss Langdale, I believed all was over – I moved towards the door – with my hand on the lock I turned to look on Lord Vaughan – his eyes were cast on me from them rushed tears in abundance I sprung out of the room –

[6] Good God! said I, as I threw myself on a chair, in my own apartment, and have I in compliance to my own foolish vanity, sacrificed the best friend I have in the world? can he have been unjust No, it is I – I, alone, have forfeited the esteem of one I ought to have prided myself in calling a friend –

[7] Sir Charles de Grandville, the tea has been ready this quarter hour, please to come down it will be cold as ice and my lady is waiting and Miss Langdale and Lady Onslow & Miss Onslow and Lord Vaughan and Miss –

[8] Coming Peter leave me –

[9] Peter obeyed, and I adjusting my dress, followed him down stairs – My Mother cast on me a reproachful glance, as I entered the drawingroom – And, [‘Very well very well, Charles I declare[’] accompanied with the usual toss of the head, made no more impression than usual –

[10] Miss Langdale began tittering and nodding, and becking¹⁹ accompanied with wreathed smiles –

‘Such as hang on Hebes cheek,
And joy to live in dimples sleek – ’²⁰

[11] Lady Onslow and my Mother were talking earnestly, her daughters unmeaning face was unmoved – Several Gentlemen and officers were chatting with her

& Miss Langdale – at my entrance Rachel pushed her chair far back, and took up a book – Lord Vaughan cast on me an eye of compassion –

[12] [‘]Hey hey, Charles[,] cried a young officer, we’ve not seen you so long, [illeg.] that, – but good Heavens! you look as sad as Urania²¹ herself remember, my good fellow, all the worlds a stage²² – I hope you have not chosen a melancholy part this evening for you ’ll make me fall asleep, and that’s not very pleasant, hey?’

[13] The [‘]hey[’] was not answered I turned away with contempt from one, whom I considered as a mere fashionable young man, fresh from the army just come up to Town: to catch a glimpse at Town life – I was not deceived – Major Arkwright was considered by all, as a fine dashing young man, & tho’ not devoid in intellect, could not be termed clever –

[14] Miss Vaughan cast her eyes for an instant off her book,²³ and as quickly they sunk to it again –

[15] Tea or coffee Charles, cried my Mother, tea or coffee!

[16] Not either madam, thank you Ma’am I replied –

[17] Well, really, you look pale. take a little coffee bless me child, don’t look so horribly mournful, said my Mother in her most reproachful tone –

[18] [‘]Thank you ma’am, I dont wish for any Ma’am, I’m not well – I’m not[’] – a deep sigh burst from me unawares[.] I hid my face in my hands – that sigh was echoed by another it was Lord Vaughans – he approached me, and gently took my hand from my face – ‘Young Man whispered he, you are young rashness is the companion of youth[.] I am old, and have a cool head. Mac Donald is [a] Man of honor he is my friend make him your friend he will prove himself so, & oh my Heaven[’] – he looked up. his eyes, filled with tears, were cast on high. his withered hands were clasped together. The tears started from mine. No one could observe what passed all were engaged in talking, and laughing.

[19] Rachel put down her book she rose and laying her hand before her fathers shoulder²⁴ he [was] caressed with fervency ‘Father restrain yourself Remember: the decrees of the Highest do not shelter ingratitude – Sir Charles de Grandville, you look on me, you frown you are enraged – I care not, I am here, weak, unprotected – I am a woman – I am not of a sex to revenge any injury offered to me, or to my beloved father[.] [Y]ou have insulted one, who is my protector, my friend, the author of my days would to God (continued she, clasping her hands with fervency, her fine black eyes illumined at the idea) would to God Rachel *had* the power – her father’s age should not need an avenger – See these grey hairs these wrinkled hands even now raised to Heaven to obtain a blessing for ingratitude! This life is almost spun to the final close of it. it cannot’ – She burst into tears –

[20] I threw myself on Lord Vaughans neck – the tears rolled fast down my cheek

[21] [‘]No my children[,] said he with firmness, no it cannot, it cannot last long; I am fast declining in the vale of years – I am – My tide is ebbing – I have met with much ingratitude in this world – I *once* had a Son Ye[t,] o dear – [‘] (the old Man could not restrain his emotions, but throwing himself on a seat he wept bitterly) – ‘Charles, he *was* a dear a darling Son – he deserted me – My heart is old – it is almost broken! – I cannot long survive – not many years, nay not many months – This dear this – [‘] (Rachel sobbed aloud) [‘Y]es’ continued my venerable friend ‘Thou art worthy of all happiness – of every bliss – Heaven will grant you – [‘]

[22] I was silent – but every word was a dagger into my heart – I breathed a deep sigh – My dear *dear* Charles, added Lord Vaughan –

[23] ‘The carriage is waiting – my lord[‘] – said the footman –

[24] [‘]Bless me Charles[,] exclaimed my Mother, where are you – can’t you go child and see Lord Vaughan into the carriage[?] Good night my Lord, Good night Rachel love[‘] –

[25] Miss Vaughan replied not to this courteous good night but bowing with grace and dignity & rather haughtily she quited the room –

[26] ‘Good night my dear Lady de Grandville good will makes good friends[‘] – said Lord Vaughan, with a smile shaking my Mother’s hand, most {cordially} and wiping the tear yet remaining in his eye – God bless God bless you cried he and passed rapidly down stairs – he threw himself into the carriage, where Rachel was before him – he gave me his hand out of the window, and said in a low voice ‘My beloved Charles forgive and forget be at my house tomorrow morning betimes; My dear son farewell[‘]!

[27] The carriage drove off and I returned up stairs, and unwillingly regained the apartment of fashion

[28] ‘How vastly agreeable Sir Charles is this evening not a word has he spoken to me, or to you my dear; upon my word I think it is excessively rude – ought not to be suffered – too bad – look at Major Arkwright – bless me[‘] – whispered Miss Langdale to Miss Onslow –

[29] Margarets face was unmoved – but a smile forced its way to her mouth – she instantly regained her former composure – The talkative young Lady seeing there was nothing to be thought of, or heard in Miss Onslow, concluded without the least doubt, she was uncommonly insipid, quite disagreeable, so cold the most tiresome girl she ever met²⁵ with – I perfectly read this in her eyes – and could not help agreeing with her – [‘]Well, I protest, exclaimed she, I protest[.] Lady

de Grandville[,] I cannot if you would give me the answers, think or say Lord Vaughan *is* agreeable – so dull it makes me melancholy – positively melancholy to look at him – And you my dear Miss Onslow you think his daughter so clever, so spirituelle, so highly well informed, so every thing! how partiality blinds one – good Heavens so cold, no good breeding, no civility, and so haughty as – what shall I say – [I]ndeed my dear Miss Onslow I cannot[,] I cannot admire her’ – Margaret spoke not she smiled, and she sighed, with a little appearance of affectation, and a good dose [of] real humility – Miss Langdale was not satisfied. she did what she ought not to have done[:] she appealed to me –

[30] ‘My dear Miss Langdale I replied, I am grieved you have referred to my judgement a dispute in which I am compelled to disagree with you – Lord Vaughan is my best friend – let that suffice you – I cannot say anything against him, but I will not trust myself to say any thing in dispute with so fair a Lady’ I bowed as politely as I could, but I felt I was not fit for ceremony, at that instant –

[31] Miss Langdale was silent for a moment – she coloured deeply, was displeased, tried to curb her feelings – wiped her eyes, stifled the half raised sob, endeavoured to laugh, and did not succeed – took up her fan, and muttered to herself, in an undertone, ‘very unpolite unlike a gentleman, very’ –

[32] I heard no more I turned away and directed my conversation to Margaret Onslow.

[33] You see, Sir Charles[,] she began, you see, I am unfit for a companion to this young Lady – our tempers are very different – our feelings are so also – I admire Rachel Vaughan, I love and esteem her – I *do* indeed and I ~~will~~ can not disguise it

[34] I looked into Margarets face, to see if any {animation} played upon her lips; No, there was not a sign of it. Her high & wide forehead, was unmoved, her large blue eyes scarcely told that she was speaking, but the gentle shake of her head, which slightly waved her light brown hair, displayed that what she said she felt –

[35] Sir Charles, continued she, ‘I need not communicate her fathers virtues – I need not & if I did need, I could not – You are sensible of them and *I* have more reason than any other to admire them[,] she said[,] No,²⁶ I will say nothing against my Mother she is the fondest, tho’ I cannot say the best of Mothers – I was distressed Lord Vaughan sheltered me I was embarrassed he helped me’ –

[36] ‘Thou, where’, said I interrupting her –

[37] Margaret shook her head her regular beautiful features were unmoved ‘No[,] she replied with emphasis, ‘No no, never shall that secret be ~~ever discovered~~ torn, from my heart; never, never! it is enough I was distressed I am rescued from sorrow. And I am indebted to Lord Vaughan for protection! She,

who injured me, never shall be known – at least not her injuries – those shall die with her, and with me.’ – As she spoke, there was not the least change in her manner, or features, the same solemn earnestness, characterized her sweet voice, as before –

[38] I was going to beg an explanation, but I saw Lady Onslow was preparing to depart – She was taking leave of my Mother.

[39] Farewell ~~my friend~~ Sir Charles said Margaret, with a low voice[,] you are the only one to whom I have made even this much the confidant of my misfortunes – Good night dear Lady de Grandville, she continued, good night, – she smiled, and they took their leave –

[40] Who is that Gentleman whispered I to my Mother pointing out to her a man figure in the corner of the room reading very attentively –

[42] Who? said my Mother with an incredulous stare[,] who? d’ont you know the famous M^r Fitz James? The most agreeable the dearest, man in England? ~~Lord knows~~ but I must get Miss Langdale to introduce you – [‘]Flora Flora Langdale[’]! reiterated she [N]o Miss Flora Langdale appeared –

[42] Miss Langdale M’am? Miss Langdale has been gone this hour[,] replied Major Arkwright yawning –

[43] Gone! said my Mother[,] Gone?

[44] Even so[,] said the young officer viewing himself in the looking glass with much complaisance and ~~putting down his military coat~~ adjusting his neckcloth –

[45] My Mother turned away –

[46] ‘Bless me M’am[,] cried the Major, I beg your Ladyship ten thousand pardons but if your Ladyship will allow – I know Fitz James[’] –

[47] Her Ladyship *did* allow – she deigned no answer but bowed her head, tossed up her reticule, and held herself up with dignity –

[48] Major Arkwright smiled, and walked away to his friend and then came the introduction and compliments, and ceremonies, and all other forms, requisite and perfectly necessary, to society.

[49] M^r Fitz James was easily drawn into conversation – his animation, his knowledge of Mankind, his talents, his perfect good breeding, were ever the object of universal admiration – I was struck at first by ~~his elegances~~ his fine face, in which were impressed all his qualities – but more than all, by that social freedom, restrained by mature sense, and by a polished understanding[,] and²⁷ afterward I was as much charmed by the virtue, moral or religious, which ever accompanied him –

[50] Sir Charles, said he smiling (when we were left alone) you are acquainted with Major Arkwright[,] he blurted out

[51] I replied indifferently (in a fashionable manner). I can bow to him and talk with him and –

[52] And be a friend to him, I fear – interrupted Fitz James thoughtfully – [H]e shook his head – and tapped the lid of his snuff-box as he spoke – [‘]Is there any – serious fault? [‘] resumed Fitz James smiling at my alarm, ‘Oh no, but he is as a giddy wild youth, tho’ it is not his fault [‘], added he sighing –

[53] He is as he affirms, a friend of yours, Sir – said I

[54] ‘He says so? he may be a friend *to* me, but he is not a friend *of* mine I’ll answer for it’ he replied laughing –

[55] A long silence ensued – It was broken by me – You know Lord Vaughan Sir?

[56] Fitz James bowed his head slightly, in token of assent.

[57] ‘He is a sincere friend Sir I believe [‘] –

[58] He is, as you say, Sir Charles[,] a good, a dear friend, replied Fitz James earnestly, awaking from his lethargy – He is a good, a dear friend, added he, playing with his watch – he touched a spring, it flew open –

[59] ‘What a beautiful watch [!]’ was my natural exclamation.

[60] It is[,] he replied shutting it slowly, and placing it into his pocket, ‘and it was given to me by one [‘] – here his voice faltered, but he hurried on – ‘by one I can never never love too dearly – it reminds me of former times [‘] (he was fearful he had said too much, and continued smiling tho’ with a different voice) ‘it reminds me I must take my leave – of *you* my dear Sir Charles’ he added, and stretching out his hand, he bowed politely to my Mother and quitted the room –

E.B.B.²⁸

NOTES:

1. *Cato*: Joseph Addison, *Cato: A Tragedy* (1713), II.v.112–16.
2. *researches*: text reads ‘recherches’.
3. ‘*Pallas ... Jové*’: Pope, *The Iliad of Homer* (1715–20), V.904–7.
4. *I*: perhaps for ‘it’.
5. *arrange*: text reads ‘arange’.
6. *entrée*: text reads ‘entree’.
7. *like the toad in the fable*: see Aesop’s fable about the tadpole that ate whatever it could, not recognizing that the dragonfly and other pond denizens were its friends; it grew to a large size and found itself surrounded only by other hungry toads.
8. *Kind Monitor*: a popular phrase used to mean either someone acting as a guardian angel or, more censoriously, as an overseer. For an example of the former, see Smollett’s *The*

- Adventures of Ferdinand Count Fathom* (1753), in *The Works of Tobias Smollett*, 6 vols (Philadelphia, PA: John Morris, 1902), vol. 5, p. 189. In Aesop's fable of the toad, the dragonfly is the kind monitor.
9. *the son of Apollo*: perhaps Troilus, his son with Hecuba, wife of Priam, who was killed in the Trojan war by Achilles to thwart a prophecy.
 10. *epitaph*: presumably for 'epithet'.
 11. *my boyish days were then over*: this phrase written above the line, replacing 'I had then reached my 21st year'.
 12. *The goddess ... sigh*: Joseph Wharton, 'Ode to Fancy' (1746), ll. 63–4, slightly misquoted: 'Goddess of the tearful eye / That loves to fold her arms and sigh'.
 13. *looks [commercing] ... fast*: Milton, 'Il Penseroso' (1645), ll. 39–44, lacking punctuation and slightly misquoted: 'Thou fix them on the earth as fast'.
 14. *& join ... diet*: 'Il Penseroso', ll. 45–6, lacking punctuation.
 15. *brilliances*: text gives 'brillacys'.
 16. *lost*: text gives 'lossed'.
 17. *Gorgon*: Perseus in Greek myth slays the Gorgon Medusa by 'mirroring' her in his shield's reflection. Looking at her directly would have turned him to stone.
 18. *Vain pomp ... I hate ye*: *Henry VIII*, III.ii.365; written jointly by William Shakespeare and John Fletcher. Also part of *The Book of Common Prayer*'s baptismal rite.
 19. *becking*: cf. Milton's 'L'Allegro', l. 28: 'Nods, and Becks, and Wreathèd Smiles'. A beck is 'a gesture expressive of salutation or respect; an inclination of the head; an obeisance, a bow, a curtsy, a nod'. Also perhaps a flirtatious 'come-on' (*OED*, second definition).
 20. *'Such as hang ... sleek -'*: 'L'Allegro', ll. 29–30: 'Such as hang on *Hebe's* cheek, / And love to live in dimple sleek'.
 21. *as sad as Urania*: Shelley, 'Adonais', stanza 34: 'sad Urania scanned / The Stranger's mien, and murmured "Who art thou?"'
 22. *all the worlds a stage*: Shakespeare, *As You Like It*, II.vii.139–40.
 23. *book*: capitalized in manuscript.
 24. *shoulder*: written above 'mouth'.
 25. *girl she ever met*: the text reads 'girl I she ever met'.
 26. *No*: 'No' is made from 'Yes'.
 27. *and*: 'I' has been deleted by editor.
 28. *E.B.B.*: in unidentified hand.

1818.21. ADDLES

Eight of the following nine verse sketches appear together on a manuscript of a single page and are printed together in *HUP*. We date them to 1818, based upon similarity of handwriting to other works at this time as well as the references to painting in 'Addles' and 'Mary Barrett'. Oil paintings were made of the children in 1818 – EBB, Bro and Henrietta in one group; George, Arabel, Sam and Charles John in a second (see also *BC*, vol. 1, Supporting Documents 283, 290). Only Bro and Henrietta are addressed here, and Arabella implicitly is in the poem to Minny Robinson.

The inclusion of 'Impromptu on a Candlestick' in the manuscript offers insight into the family's arts-related activities. An additional poem likely also from this period is included (referring to Mary Maddox, the subject of one of the verse sketches here).

This poem is on Henrietta, who had several nicknames; see note to poem 1814.11, above, p. 170. She is called 'Harry' in poems 1819.5 and 1819.18, below, pp. 296, 311.

Date: [c. 1818].

Source: Huntington Library (D0007).

Publication: *HUP*, vol. 1, p. 129.

Amiable, gentle, even Envy says
Dumb must the cold tongue be that cannot praise
Desiring to delight her only art,
Less fair in person than benign in heart
Efforts are vain to paint her – tho' sincere –
She smiles so sweetly & she is so dear!

5

1818.22. BA

Date: [c. 1818].

Source: Huntington Library (D0066).

Publication: *HUP*, vol. 1, p. 129.

Boast of such paragons tho' Nature doth
A Girl is here superior to them both!

1818.23. BRO

Date: [c. 1818].

Source: Huntington Library (D0087).

Publication: *HUP*, vol. 1, p. 129.

Bountiful Nature here has done her part
Rich in her varied stores & those of Art
Oh for a thousand tongues to speak the virtues of thy heart!

1818.24. IMPROMPTU ON A CANDLESTICK

Date: [c. 1818].*Source:* Huntington Library (D0384).*Publication:* *HUP*, vol. 1, p. 135.

A candlestick? the theme is by itself
 Dark[,] requires elucidating light
 Dark did I say? (ah what a silly elf)
 It tis Rebecca's fault if 'tis not bright!

1818.25. MARY BARRETT

Date: [c. 1818].*Source:* Huntington Library (D0512).*Publication:* *HUP*, vol. 1, p. 130.

My pen must linger oft in tracing here
 A heart so gentle & a form so fair
 Responsive do I hear a voice breathe low
 'Why strive to paint what all but me must know.' –

1818.26. MARY MADDOX

Mary Maddox (1793–1865) was a local woman often employed by the Moulton Barrett family as a seamstress. See 'Sweet is the perfume of apples & shaddocks', below, p. 292.

Date: [c. 1818].*Source:* Huntington Library (D0513).*Publication:* *HUP*, vol. 1, p. 128.

Modest as fair, as unassuming, wise
 A lively Maid appears before my eyes
 Reason & loveliness within her join
 You might imagine she was quite divine!
 Mindful of all & ready e'er to please
 Airy her step, her graceful mien at ease!
 Disdain ne'er sparkles in that eye so bright
 Domestic love created to delight!

On its soft blue where temper[']s joys beguile
 Xantippe's¹ self might gaze & learn to smile! 10

NOTES:

1. *Xantippe's*: a literary figure of a temperamental wife; Xantippe was interpreted from some accounts as the wife of Socrates; see Shakespeare's *The Taming of the Shrew* (I.ii.68).

1818.27. MINNY

Mary Robinson ('Minny') was engaged to care for Arabella; see *BC*, vol. 1, pp. 46–7 and p. 84 for letters by her and Arabella from Ramsgate and Worthing. For Arabella's stay at Worthing, see annotations to 'A Journal of the adventures of our journey' (1819.18, below, pp. 309–14), as well as *BC*, vol. 1, p. 47, n. 1.

Date: [c. 1818].

Source: Huntington Library, D0544 (as 'Mummy').

Publication: *HUP*, vol. 1, p. 130.

May half *thy* merit gild my humble line
 Impatient then for fame I need not sigh,
 Nor would unlaurelled Authorship be mine!
 No! for oh! then my qualms & tremblings o'er
 The page would dazzle that has sent to sleep before! 5

1818.28. PAPA

Date: [c. 1818].

Source: Huntington Library (D0703).

Publication: *HUP*, vol. 1, p. 130.

Prodigious says Dominic Sampson¹
 Amazed at some strange thing appearing
 Prodigious say I tho it damps one
 Admiring when one cant' come near him!

NOTES:

1. *Dominie Sampson*: a poor schoolmaster and scholar in Sir Walter Scott's *Guy Mannering or the Astrologer* (1815), he often uses the word 'prodigious'.

1818.29. 'SWEET IS THE PERFUME OF APPLE &
SHADDOCKS'

Date: [c. 1818], possibly one of the series of brief sketches 'Bro', 'Minnie', et al. (see l. 3).

Source: unlocated (D0913).

Publication: *HUP*, vol. 1, pp. 126–7.

Sweet is the perfume of apples & shaddock
Sweeter the breath of the Morning's fresh dew;
But nothing is sweeter than sweet Mary Maddox¹ –
Oh! nothing could ever be sweeter than you.

There are lovers by dozens and valentines plenty 5
Who (all gone stark mad) are expiring for thee;
But examine them well and say out of twenty
If you'd ever find one half so worthy as me!

Oh how can I speak of each dazling perfection
Which allures me from Gloucester and brings me so far? 10
But if of your Beaux you take me by selection
It will prove to the whole world how prudent you are.

The sun of your beauty! the moon of your graces!
The last never can wane – the first never set –
Indeed in my day I've seen many fine faces, 15
But I never saw one that pleased me so yet:

Then give me your hand and to church let us jog;
Your father shall give me your dowry in leather,
And your Merchant will give *you* a glass of his grog –
By the bye if you like it we'll drink it *together*. 20

l. 10 Which allures ... me so far] Which when I think of you appears like a star. *HUP alternative line*

NOTES:

1. *Mary Maddox*: see headnote to 'Mary Maddox', above, p. 290.