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Miss Somebody: The Diary of Fanny Burney or A Star is Born

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Just a few weeks after she had first started keeping a diary, the fifteen-year old Fanny Burney wrote in it an account of a conversation with Miss Young, a well-meaning friend, who warned her against journal keeping because "it is the most dangerous employment young people can have—it makes them record things which ought *not* to be recorded, but instantly forgot" (I: 21).[1] Fortunately for us Burney ignored the warning but the conversation (which she notes at length) indicates the extent of diary and journal writing in the late eighteenth century, its popularity with the young and in particular the ambivalence with which such an enterprise was regarded. I want to begin my talk this afternoon by saying something about the entire practice of writing journals in this period—and their place in women's lives—in order to provide a context for Burney's own exceptional achievement in this genre. For it is my contention that the *Journals and Letters* together form a literary document of unrivalled range, spanning over seventy years in Burney's life, and that they comprise a text which is as accomplished a work as any of her novels and should be treated with the same degree of critical seriousness.

In 1768, the year that the fifteen year old made her first extant diary entry, journal writing was by no means an uncommon activity. Journals functioned not just as a daily record of mundane events in the schoolboy mode, nor purely as

a confessional, a repository for personal secrets in the modern diary idiom, but were often seen as a family record, a pursuit that was shared amongst family members and even close friends (much as a photograph album is used nowadays). Hester Thrale's *Family Book* is a good example of this: in it she records the heights of her children, their comic sayings and accomplishments such as their first steps, as well as her fears about their welfare. Journals also functioned as an important form of communication, an alternative or supplement to letter writing. Burney of course used her diary in this way during her years at Court or when she was otherwise separated from her sisters for long periods. Her correspondence with them would have comprised a series of bulky packets of papers, written up from notes that she scribbled each day in a pocket memorandum book or on erasable ivory tablets and then compiled at her leisure into more formulated compositions[2].

So popular did journal writing become in the latter years of the century—and so familiar as a concept to readers of popular novels, which often relied on the format as a staple fictional device—that Jane Austen was able to satirise it famously in *Northanger Abbey* (1798-1803) in the full knowledge that her audience would appreciate the contemporary implications of the reference. "'But perhaps I keep no journal,'" says Catherine Morland to Henry Tilney as they dance together at the Lower Assembly Rooms in Bath.

> "Perhaps you are not sitting in this room, and I am not sitting by you. These are points in which a doubt is equally possible. Not keep a journal! How are your absent cousins to understand the tenour of your life in Bath without one? How are the civilities and compliments of every day to be related as they ought to be, unless noted down every evening in a journal? How are your various dresses to be remembered, and the particular state of your complexion, and curl of your hair to be described in all their diversities, without having constant recourse to a journal?—My dear madam, I am not so ignorant of young ladies' ways as you wish to believe me." [3]

While Austen's satire is directed against the sense of a journal as the latest designer accessory and its consequent trivial content, there is a more serious underlying point. Journals operated—for women in particular—as a genuinely liberating mechanism, allowing them a space in which to express ideas or opinions that the strictures of daily life prevented them from articulating openly. But as well as creating a psychic space—and it is the opportunity that journals provide for giving rein to clandestine thoughts that Miss Young so objects to—they could serve as an oblique form of communication. Journals accomplished a dual purpose: they could be the repository of innermost thoughts, but they could also be the means of making known the presence of those perverse or private opinions to others. Thus Burney claims to feel free through the medium of her journal to write whatever she pleases, precisely because it *is* personal and private, but she also knows that she can let certain privileged others into the secret without fear of retribution. As she says to Miss Young, whilst remaining characteristically alert to the possibility of an unseen audience, "I told her, that as *my* Journal was *solely* for my own perusal, nobody could in justice, or even in sense, be angry or displeased at my writing anything" (I: 21).

In their multiplex nature, journals could effectively act as substitutes for the self, able to engage in all sorts of adventures that were proscribed to their authors. They could for instance undertake journeys and visit distant places at a time when proper young women themselves were rarely allowed to travel alone or even go beyond the confines of the home unchaperoned. They could speak out, express anger, dislike, resentment, frustration or even admit to love in a culture where women's voices—and especially those of young girls—were expected to conform to preconceived notions of decorum, modesty and silence. Dr John Gregory, for example, in what was to become a standard text book for female conduct, *A Father's Legacy to his Daughters* (1774) recommended that, "One may take a share in conversation

without uttering a syllable. The expression in the countenance shews it, and never escapes an observing eye."[4] In such a way then, journals acquired a status as metonyms of the self, ambassadors and alter egos able to explore territory that was otherwise taboo. When Miss Young warns the teenage Fanny Burney of the dangerous pastime of journal keeping, she is only too aware of the perilous geography of the soul that such writing can chart unconstrained.

Indeed as Fanny Burney's *Journals* demonstrate in what is a unique autobiographical account of a life which embraced some of the most remarkable events in both personal and public history, a journal is the literary equivalent of the masquerade, able to articulate and to promote versions of the self that are frequently at variance with the better known public persona of their author. In 1770, aged seventeen, Fanny Burney attended a masquerade at the house of M. Lalauze, a dancer and actor. Her journal account of the episode reveals her fascination with the entire concept of impersonation. When masked, the guests are licensed to talk with a freedom bestowed on them by virtue of their costumes. Burney chats unrestrainedly with a witch, a nun, a punchinello, a harlequin, a huntsman, a gardener, a Persian, Turks, Friars and a shepherdess, and relishes entering into the spirit of disguise and the personality release it provides. The moment of unmasking is the best of all:

> Nothing could be more droll than the first Dance we had after unmasking; to see the pleasure which appeared in some Countenances, & the disappointment pictured in others made the most singular contrast imaginable, & to see the Old turned Young and the Young turned Old,—in short every Face appeared different from what we expected. The old Witch in particular we found was a young Officer; the Punch who had made himself as Broad as long, was a very young and handsome man; but what most surpassed me was ... the shepherd (whose own Face was so stupid that we could scarsely tell whether he had taken off his mask or not,)... (I: 106-07)

The focus of interest is the distinction between the fantasy and the reality and the impact of discovery on observers' assumptions and expectations. In a letter to Samuel Crisp in 1780, Burney hotly defended her diary's veracity:

> I never mix Truth & Fiction;—all that I relate in Journalising is *strictly,* nay *plainly* Fact. ...the World, & especially the great World, is so filled with absurdity of various sorts,—now bursting forth in impertinence, now in pomposity, now giggling in silliness, & now yawning in dullness, that there is no need for *invention* to draw what is striking in every possible species of the ridiculous.[5]

I shall return later to the problematic issue of the fictiveness of the diary, but my initial focus today is on three main facets of this monumental work. Firstly, I want to argue for the diary as a work of art: as well as an important historical record it is a self-conscious and carefully constructed autobiography—and possibly her most triumphant fiction. Secondly, I want to discuss some of the different ways in which Burney used her diary and how through the very flexibility of the form, she transformed herself into the heroine of her very own life story, became in fact Miss Somebody rather than the Miss Nobody she constructs as her imaginary correspondent. And in locating Burney's *Journal and Letters* within the context of women's literary production in general during this period I suggest that the strategies that Burney employs in this very personal text provide her with opportunities for expression that were denied her in other forms. All three elements are inevitably interconnected.

My title for this paper comes from the opening page of Frances Burney's diary, written a few months before her sixteenth birthday. In common with other adolescents even up to the present day, the young Fanny Burney felt the need to invent a correspondent for herself in order to strengthen the impression of an act of communication.

Poland Street,
London, March 27th

To have some account of my thoughts, manners, acquaintance & actions, when the Hour arrives in which time is more nimble than memory, is the reason which induces me to keep a Journal: a Journal in which I must confess my every thought, must open my whole Heart! But a thing of this kind ought to be address to somebody—I must imagion myself to be talking—talking to the most intimate of friends—to one in whom I should take delight in confiding, & remorse in concealment: but who must this friend be?—to make choice of one to whom I can but half rely, would be to frustrate entirely the intention of my plan. The only one I could wholly, totally confide in lives in the same House with me, & not only never has but never will leave me one secret to tell her. To whom then must I dedicate my wonderful, surprising & interesting adventures?—to whom dare I reveal my private opinion of my nearest Relations? the secret thoughts of my dearest friends? my own hopes, fears, reflections & dislikes?—Nobody!

To Nobody, then, will I write my Journal, since To Nobody can I be wholly unreserved—to Nobody can I reveal every thought, every wish of my Heart, with the most unlimited confidence, the most unremitting sincerity to the end of my Life! For what chance, what accident can end my connections with Nobody? No secret can I conceal from No-body, & to No-body can I be ever unreserved. Disagreement cannot stop our affection, Time itself has no power to end our friendship. The love, the esteem I entertain for Nobody, No-body's self has not power to destroy. From Nobody I have nothing to fear, the secrets sacred to friendship, Nobody will not reveal, when the affair is doubtful, Nobody will not look towards the side least favourable—.

I will suppose you then, to be my best friend; tho' God forbid you ever should! my dearest companion—& a romantick Girl, for mere oddity may perhaps be more sincere—more tender—than if you were a friend in propria personal [sic]—in as much as imaginacion often exceeds reality. In your Breast any errors may create pity without exciting contempt; may raise your compassion, without eradicating your love.

From this moment, then, my dear Girl—but why, permit me to ask, must a Female be made Nobody? Ah, my dear, what were this world good for were Nobody a female? And now I have done with perambulation. (I: 1-2)

I have quoted this—tremendously elegant—opening in full because it tells us a great deal about the purposes embedded in

the diary. Primarily the journal is a confessional, a perfectly licit means of expressing private thoughts and covert observations on family and friends, although this initial focus of the journal expanded as the seductive nature of the form engrossed Burney and the scope widened beyond the domestic to encompass public life, politics, world events and extreme feelings—pain, love, despair—that she could have never envisaged when she began. It is also importantly a source of fun, an opportunity which provides scope for Burney's delicious sense of comedy, for the word games that she so delighted in—note the brilliantly inventive use of double negatives—and she takes a self-conscious pleasure in her own success. Yet, permeating even the opening entry is a fear of criticism modified by the apprehension that the *Journal* demarcates a secure territory where she will be safe to express her own views.

For right from the beginning, it is clear that the diary also establishes an important means of both formulating and interrogating a self, of creating an identity which is in process, constantly changing and needing to be reminded of its own protean nature. Furthermore, as a subsequent entry indicates, it enacts a dynamic and dramatic evolution of the narrative of that self: "I cannot express the pleasure I have in writing down my thoughts at the very moment—my opinions of people when I first see them, & *how* I alter, or *how* confirm myself in it—& I am much deceived in my *fore sight,* if I shall not have very great delight in reading this *living proof* of my manner of passing my time, my sentiments, my thoughts of people I know, & a thousand other things in future" (I: 14). But the impulse to act requires an appreciative and none too critical audience, and so, in the very first page of her diary, Burney constructs a correspondent whom she designates as her lifelong companion, Miss Nobody, the alter ego who for the next seven decades was to facilitate her own transformation into a series of dramatic roles.

All her life Burney remained fascinated by theatre. Her early diary is full of accounts of going to the theatre,

or of having the theatre come to her as when David Garrick used to pop by the house in St Martin's Street or Queen Square and mimic mutual acquaintances, perform recitations or rehearse speeches from his great roles. And the theatrical metaphor of course dominates *Evelina* which describes how "a young female...makes, at the age of seventeen, her first appearance upon the great and busy stage of life."[6] Life indeed is realised in the diary as a medium for acting, and the journal is necessary for recognising and articulating the variety of guises adopted by the self. As Burney notes in 1769, "How truly does this Journal contain my real & undisguised thoughts—I always write in it according to the humour I am in, & if any stranger was to think it worth reading, how capricious—insolent & whimsical I must appear!—one moment flighty & half mad,—the next sad & melancholy" (I: 61). Another obsessive diarist, the New Zealand writer, Katherine Mansfield, a hundred and fifty years later, observed when she too was seventeen, "Would you not like to try all sorts of lives—one is so very small—but that is the satisfaction of writing—one can impersonate so many people."[7] In Burney's diary, she does try out "all sorts of lives," lives that were frequently hidden from her most intimate companions.

Last year at this meeting you heard the theatre director, Alan Coveney, talk about Burney's *A Busy Day* and about her work as playwright. I intend to continue this theme in what might seem at first a surprising context. For I want to suggest that through the catalyst of her diary, Burney's entire life became a drama, and one in which she became the star performer. "Alas, alas!" she moaned to her Journal, "—how dull, unentertaining, uninteresting thou art! —oh what would I give for some Adventure worthy reciting—for something which would surprise—astonish you!" (15). If only she could have seen into the future! In the years that lay ahead Burney was to live through some of the most critical events in British history—caught in the Gordon riots; observer at the trial of Warren Hastings; eye-witness to the illness of

George III; present at the heart of the Regency crisis; deeply affected by the French Revolution and the experience of exile through the company of distinguished émigrés; immersed in the aftermath of the battle of Waterloo. In addition, her personal life contained events which were by any measure extraordinary—feted as a celebrity at the age of twenty-five; an insider in the Royal household; a romantic marriage to a glamorous French hero, encounters with the intellectual and artistic elite of both London and Parisian society, courageous journeys through war-torn Europe—these are just a few of the 'Adventures' which at sixteen she longed for. It is not merely that these events are in themselves remarkable. It is that Burney's facility for literary transformation effects vivid and absorbing accounts which re-evaluate her own subject position. For her, even the most mundane situations have dramatic dimensions—sections of the *Journals* are even written out in the form of a script—, so that through the pages of her journal, her life emerges as a series of tragedies, melodramas or comedies, with Burney herself appropriating the star role.

The *Early Journals* are pervaded by the passion for theatre and love of performance, whether it be at the play, at the opera, at musical recitals, at masquerades and dances, or at private theatricals in friends' homes. At the same time Burney, naturally shy, constantly protests her own fear of performing in public, her anxiety about appearing before an audience or of being noticed as anything exceptional. In the winter of 1768 she went with her sister, Hetty, to watch a performance of *Tamburlaine* being acted by young gentlemen at a private boarding school in Soho Square. But when the boy who had taken the lead asked her be his partner in opening the dancing which followed the play, "God I was frighten'd to Death—I beg'd and besought him not to begin—he said one of the members always did—however, I prevail'd after much fuss, to put Hetty & Andrew first, & we were second. I assure you, I danced like anything—& call'd the second Dance—after which I hopped about with the utmost ease and chearfulness" (I: 43).

Despite her disclaimers, she is a natural performer. A particularly marked example of this occurs in an account of a visit to Worcester in 1777 when she was twenty four. In a lengthy journal letter to her sister, Susan, she describes in detail the preparations for and private performance of Fielding's *Tom Thumb.*

> The Band was now got into order for the Overture, & the Company going to be summoned up stairs,—when another Chaise arrived,—& it proved from Gloucester, with the Doctor & the Captain!
>
> I assure you this frightened me so much, that I most heartily wished myself 20 miles off;—I was quite sick, &, 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, & was so extremely Cold, that my Uncle, upon taking my Hand, said he thought he had touched ice or marble.
>
> ...happily for me, my spirits were now entirely restored to me: The seeing the first act, & my being so much interested about Nance, made me quite forget my *self*, &, to my great satisfaction, I found myself forsaken by the Horrors. The extreme absurdity & queerness of my part contributed greatly to reviving me & I was really in high & happy spirits: though I must own I had been fain to Drink a glass of punch before I began.
>
> The scene that followed went off far beyond my expectations: during Becky's song, I put myself into all sorts of affected attitudes of rapturous attention, & had the pleasure to find each of them produce a Laugh. (II: 238-39)

It is quite striking how Burney moves from being a spectator, waiting in the wings, paralysed with stage fright at the thought of exposing herself in public, to not only performing in the gaze of an audience, but actively responding to that audience (and no doubt to the alcohol!) and consequently discovering hidden dimensions of herself that she had not fully acknowledged. The incident could be taken to embody the process of diarizing itself. For once she has discovered this other, latent self which can function uninhibitedly, she gains the confidence to exploit her natural talent as entertainer. Fanny Burney was already familiar

with a world where the performative, the concept of disguise and self-creation, of masks and voices was acceptable—a world in fact where the interaction between the self and audience was a commonplace. It is a world she integrates into her private writings, where the metaphor of performance becomes a paradigm for her personal relation with the society she confronts.

This comes to a head with the anonymous publication of *Evelina* in 1778. In the days that followed the first sales, Burney repeatedly admits feeling terrified at the possibility that her authorship might become widely known. "In short I was quite sick from my apprehensions," she writes, experiencing the "utmost uneasiness" as she "foresaw a thousand dangers of a Discovery" (III: 5). As anonymity was eroded to give way to celebrity, the new authoress was beset with anxieties about the consequences of such notice, somewhat alleviated when the book was well reviewed, and almost entirely dispelled when it received her father's approval:

> I was *almost* afraid—& *quite* ashamed to be alone with him—but he soon sent for me to his little Gallery Cabinet—& then with a significant smile that told me what was coming, & made me glow to my very forehead with anxious expectation, he said, 'I have read your Book, Fanny—but you need not blush at it.—it is full of merit—it is really extraordinary.'—I fell upon his Neck with heart-beating emotion, & he folded me in his arms so tenderly that I sobbed upon his shoulder—so delighted was I with his precious approbation. ... I had written my little Book simply for my amusement; I printed it, by the means first of my Brother, Charles, next of my Cousin, Edward Burney, merely for a frolic, to see how a production of my own would figure in that Author like form: but as I had never read anything I had written to any human being but my sisters, I had taken it for granted that They only, could be partial enough to endure my compositions. My unlooked for success surprized, therefore, my Father as much as myself—(III: 32)

The success of *Evelina* and its author parallels the theatrical imagery which dominates the progress of the novel's heroine. Much has been written about the correspondences

between Evelina and her creator. The narrative of publication, however, as it emerges in the journal, moves through the degrees of stagefright, disguise, masquerade and exposure that Evelina too experiences when she is pushed upon the public stage of London society. Just as her heroine searches for a name and for recognition by her father, so Burney's mask of innocence and anonymity is stripped away when success is assured. Similarly, while in public, Burney retained the mask of reticence and modesty, in her diary she was licensed to transgress the rules of decorum and to reconstruct herself as the heroine of her own life story.

After the publication of her two most successful novels, *Evelina* and *Cecilia* (1782), Burney found that the fame that had come upon her so unexpectedly had devastating consequences. She came to the notice of the Royal household and was taken on, much against her personal inclination, as Lady in Waiting to the Court of Queen Charlotte where she became Second Mistress of the Robes. The five years that Burney spent at Court are a story in themselves, a tragedy of loneliness, deprivation and psychic destruction. The journal of those years tells that story and its tone moves from a forced gaiety to a prisoner's tale of dreams of escape and personal fragmentation.

Fanny Burney's *Journals and Letters,* in addition to the tensions of self that they articulate and that have been the subject of rigorous feminist scrutiny in recent critical studies[8] reveal most tellingly the subversive and unorthodox elements in the dramatic life narratives they recount. Interestingly she writes about what were for women formally unacknowledged literary subjects, the gruesome medical surgery of her mastectomy in 1811, the horrific sights she witnessed in the aftermath of Waterloo, both on the battlefield, surrounded by corpses and wounded soldiers and in Brussels itself, and the harrowing details of d'Arblay's death from rectal cancer in 1829. Many of these sections are more powerful, direct and compelling than the fiction, and the disparity between the style of the later journals and the material written

for publication, *Camilla, The Wanderer* and *The Memoirs of Dr Burney* provides fascinating topic for critical speculation. Take, for example, her account of Brussels in July 1815, a fortnight after the Battle of Waterloo.

> Brussels is a Walking Hospital! Maimed & Wounded unhappy men of War are met at every step, either entering, carried in Casts, from the Fields of Battle, or the adjoining Villages, to be placed in Infirmaries, Work houses, Churches, & also at private houses. Every body is ordered to receive all their Dwelling can hold. it is even written on the doors of most houses how many are already refuged in them. The Belgians behave with the utmost humanity to the miserable objects of fallen Ambition,—or contentious strugglers on either side. Almost all the Natives prepare to run from the City, in apprehension of some Contagious fever, from the multitude of Sick!—(VI: 273)[9]

The *Journals and Letters* comprise unofficial histories. Major national events which have been canonised in the public imagination require re-interpretation when viewed through the lens of the diary's subjective experience. Burney's perspective on history is domestic and diurnal: the female traveller's dynamic record of the impact of militarism on homes and family life.

In addition the *Journals and Letters* fashion the most minor aspects of daily routine to create Burney's life as a series of precarious adventure stories. For in the diary, Burney reconstructs episodes which effectively undermine the conventional view of woman as erotic or sentimental object, the role in which she was cast in much contemporary fiction. Rather her scripts are those of melodrama and sensational literature, and the illicit regions of the self that so attract her are frequently transgressive, those of action and incident rather than those of passion and passivity. At every stage of her life, as her diary tells the story, Burney emerges as heroic victim, surviving in the face of appalling circumstance, a heroine narrowly eluding danger, whether real or imagined.

Sometimes her sense of crisis is questionable. Following a holiday in Devon from June—September 1817,

she produced an 'Ilfracombe Journal' in which she described being trapped in a cave on the beach with the tide rising and only her little pet dog for company. At this point in her life it was Burney's practice to compose her journal entries some time after the events themselves had taken place—in this case six years later. She also reviewed what she had written and would censor quite rigorously some of the earlier material, most probably with a view to posterity and her established reputation. This particular incident is one that causes us to question the accuracy of memory and the influence of fictional technique on the narrative of personal history—giving a very different slant to Burney's earlier claims to veracity. 'What a situation for a female all alone!', she wrote describing her eleventh hour rescue.

> The Night came on—there was no moon ... when suddenly I perceived something in the air ... I looked up at Capston; nothing was there ... I then looked at the opposite side. —Ah, gracious Heaven! what were my sensations to perceive two human Figures! ...I trembled—I could not breathe—Shall I, I thought, be delivered? or are they but Banditti? This frightful doubt made me bow down my head; I would have amalgamated myself with my Rock to escape observation, but I did not succeed, for in another minute I was espied, for a Voice, strong, loud, potent, but unknown to my ears, called out Holler!' Instantly I felt that no Banditti would search thus to proclaim his vicinity ... therefore I unhesitatingly answered, 'I am safe!'(VI: 708-09)

Burney's rescuer, however, provided a rather different view of the episode. "The lady's account of her adventure was greatly exaggerated," he was later to report. "She was in no real danger—The sea had not come up to her. She was not clinging to the rocks—She was seated on the sand."

Whether she is telling the story of losing her way in a strange city, or describing an attack of stage fright in amateur theatricals, Burney writes for herself a thrilling drama of suspense, with herself as heroine, who somehow manages to escape by the skin of her teeth. Her diary does much to counteract the popular impression that women were naturally

sentimental, submissive or retiring creatures. It is on one level a remarkable tribute to courage and resilience, but more importantly it addresses the subject of female survival, the same subject that is central to all Burney's novels. It also allowed Burney to create for herself a persona that was not necessarily admissible in polite company where of necessity her longing for adventure had to be submerged under the weight of polite codes of expression.

Notes

[1] *The Early Journals and Letters of Fanny Burney,* ed. Lars E. Troide (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1988-).

[2] Joyce Hemlow provides this and further information in her erudite introduction to *The Journals and Letters of Fanny Burney (Mme d'Arblay) 1791-1840,* ed. Joyce Hemlow (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1972-84) I: xxi-xxii.

[3] Jane Austen, *Northanger Abbey* (London: Dent, 1962) 13.

[4] Dr John Gregory, *A Father's Legacy to his Daughters* (1774), quoted in Mary Poovey, *The Proper Lady and the Woman Writer: Ideology as Style in the Novels of Mary Wollstonecraft, Mary Shelley, and Jane Austen* (Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 1984) 24.

[5] Introduction to Troide, ed., *The Early Journals and Letters of Fanny Burney*, III: xiv.

[6] Fanny Burney, Author's Preface (1778), *Evelina* (London: Dent, 1909) 7.

[7] *The Letters of Katherine Mansfield,* ed. Vincent O'Sullivan and Margaret Scott (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1984) I: 19

[8] See particularly Julia Epstein, *The Iron Pen: Frances Burney and the Politics of Women's Writing* (Bristol: Bristol Classical Press, 1989); Kristina Straub, *Divided Fictions: Fanny Burney and Feminine Strategy* (Lexington: University Press of Kentucky, 1987); Katharine Rogers, *Frances Burney: the World of Female Difficulties* (London: Harvester Wheatsheaf, 1990).

[9] Joyce Hemlow, ed., *The Journals and Letters of Fanny Burney.*