Hobhouse on the Continent

January 1st 1813 – February 6th 1814

(Edited from BL. Add. Mss. 56532-5, and from Berg Collection Volumes 1 and 2: Broughton Holograph Diaries, Henry W. and Albert A. Berg Collection, The New York Public Library, Astor, Lenox and Tilden Foundations.)

LONDON

Throughout January 1813 Hobhouse commutes between London and Whitton. On **January 24th** he dines with Lord Sidmouth, the Home Secretary, but reveals nothing of their conversation.

On **February 3rd** he dines at Kensington Palace with the Princess of Wales, Byron, Lord and Lady Oxford, Lady Jane Harley, Sir Francis Burdett, and others. "A little boy named William, otherwise known as the mysterious child, came in, and was kissed and treated." **On February 6th** his brother Benjamin (to be killed at Quatre Bras in 1815), whom he has not seen for five years, pays him a visit, and they go about together.

On **February 9th** he writes "to Captain Stapleton, giving up the [*Cornwall and Devon*] Miners for good and all." That night he dines again with the Oxfords and the Princess of Wales. Burdett is expected, but does not arrive "on account of a paragraph in the Chronicle of today in which his connection with H.R.H. is hinted at as the cause of the feuds between the members of the Royal Family":

> B[urdett] wrote a letter to H.R.H., which was delivered after dinner and at reading which she burst into tears – In this as Lady Oxford told me he said he should always be ready to advocate her cause but that it was better for both that they should cease to see each other … after tea Lady Oxford and myself at H.R.H.'s desire went to the Opera to fetch Byron – where we found him & after staying nearly an hour, they went off to Mortimer House & I refused to sup there and came here much disgusted with everything – who would have thought that Burdett cared, like Cummins the Quaker, for a paragraph in a letter?

On **February 17th** Hobhouse dines with the imprisoned Lord Sligo, in the "dirty rooms" in Newgate which he himself is to occupy later in the decade. They have "dinner like a bawdy house banquet … talk about the Persians … They say a man who does not admire boys more than girls is not fit to live." Later Hobhouse sees *Love for Love* at the theatre from Lady Oxford's box, and is "struck with Congreve's brilliancy."

Hobhouse is, throughout this period, finishing *A Journey through Albania and some Provinces of Turkey*. On **March 5th** he dines with Byron at the St. Albans. On **March 15th** he moves "from 5 Palace Yard to 15 Fludyer Street." Then, on **March 24th**,

"Wrote to Pater telling him I should go abroad with Kinnaird." On **March 25th**, "Received a letter from Pater telling me he allows me £500 per annum, and to do as I like." It's clear that father and son are on much better terms than they had been in 1809.

Hobhouse's eyebrows seem to be falling out. On **April 29th** he spends 9s 6d on a prostitute.

On **May 1st** he writes:

> Kinnaird is determined to set off before me to the continent on a scheme which he and I have long talked of and into which I have unwittingly entered.

The next day he hears a famous anecdote:

> … walked with George Sinclair who told me that Sir Brooke Boothby told him that Lord Sandwich said to Wilkes, "Jack, it's an even bet whether you are first poxed or hanged" – "That depends," said the other, "which I embrace first: your Lordship's mistress, or your politics."

On **May 3rd** he sees Byron and his sisters – evidence that the two parties did meet. On **May 12th** he pays a prostitute three shillings. The following day he sees the Elgin Marbles, but passes no comment on them. On **May 19th** he gives the printer the final sheets of *Journey* …

> … a work which with some intervals has employed me from Wednesday December 12th 1810 to the present hour – The composition such as it now appears was not begun until July 21st 1811 – since which time, but with considerable intermissions, it has been written and sent to the press – *It is now done. Fiat Justitia – such as it is, it is all my own, except the song at the end.*

On **May 21st** he has "a letter from Kinnaird at Heligoland." He gets his courier's passport from the Foreign Office and has his teeth fixed by Waite for two guineas. On **May 24th** his book is "published but not delivered." Hobhouse books a place on the mail to Harwich, and dines with Byron and Benjamin at the St. Albans. On **May 25th** he takes leave "of my father, my dear Lord Byron, and of my brother Benjamin at the Spread Eagle, Grace Church Street," and boards the coach for Harwich, where on **May 26th** he puts up at the Three Cups, and breakfasts and dines "in low company."

SWEDEN, AND SWEDISH POMERANIA

At half-past twelve on **May 27th** he gets into the Lark Packet (Captain Shurlock), and sets off for Gothenburg. En route, on **June 1st**, he is "spoken to by Captain George Byron in the Woodlark brig, ten guns." (June 1st is the date of Byron's third and last speech in the Lords.)

The Lark docks at Gothenburg on **June 3rd**, which Hobhouse describes with his usual thoroughness, and which he finds resembles Lisbon. Despite the tall inhabitants, large streets, well-built (though only half-finished) houses, and the small, well-made horses, "there is no money in Sweden," for the currency has been severely devalued by the war. "Beggars abound," though the foreign merchants, mostly "Scotch," are very rich, and the Swedes "monstrous eaters." On **June 4th** he goes to a play, which he does not name, in "a wretched deal house, quite dark except between the acts," and meets George Byron again, drunk. Madame de Staël arrives, on her way to England. She and Hobhouse do not meet.

Also on this day, Hobhouse writes a letter to Byron (though he doesn't mention the fact in his diary.) It is at *Byron's Bulldog*, pp. 115-6. It is the first of only two letters from him to his best friend which survive from the continental tour. The next is not till January 7th 1814. As he never mentions writing to Byron on any other date, we have to assume he didn't. Here is the June letter:

(Source: text from National Library of Scotland Ms.43441 f.31; BB 115-16)
[To, / The Lord Byron / 4 Bennet Street / S^{t} James S^{t} / London / England]

Gottenburgh – June 4.

My dear Byron /

After a week's passage, during which I was alarmed with a qualm of body from sea shaking and with one of mind from some suspected gun boats off the Skaw point in Jutland, I am arrived at this place of which I shall only say that as to the eye & the nose it much resembles one of the Lisbon wharfs – By some strange fatality a sail which spoilt our appetites for dinner on board the packet on Monday last, turned out to be the Woodlark brig, Cap^{t}. G– Byron whose voice I recognized, but he being just then in

1:2

chace of an unfortunate corn boat I did not hail him – Just now however he bounced into my grimy apartment & after a thousand convulsions of laughter has let me into all the particulars of his late life – He is going to dine with me – but he has not come. He wants you to come over here and so do I – I do indeed wish that you would change your plan and meet me at S^{t} Petersburgh at any time which you may choose to appoint – Any scheme which you may choose to pursue for going to the East might be followed up to much greater advantage and without a long sea voyage by <going> going through Russia

to Moscow & Constantinople, or through Russia to Astracan – I have made every enquiry here of more than one

1:3

person, and especially of a gentleman resident in S^{t} Petersburgh for many years, and I learn that there is no postern of the Russian empire through which a traveller may not pass with the greatest security and comparative ease. I beg you to think of this – you will save going so far by sea, and you may return by the Levant. Nothing would make me so happy as to be your fellow traveller. I pant after it as the hart for water brooks (as Davies would say) – As for travelling here, it appears that the difficulties are tri<f>fling in comparison with those which we encountered you may bring what luggage you like – do not be charmed with Greece again – direct to me, Mess^{rs} Lowe and Smith, Gottenburgh – I am going on to Stralsund, and, if they do not run too fast after this battle of Bautzen (a sad affair) to the

1:4

Russian head quarters – You shall have another letter immediately – let me have a line from you –
ever most truly & affect'ly yours
John C. Hobhouse –

Byron writes no letters to Hobhouse in answer to this one, and none, so far as can be told, for the rest of his continental trip.

On **June 6th** Hobhouse sets out with George Byron "in Mr Gavin's landau for the country house of Mr Law on the edge of the Aspen Lake." They have a bad dinner of raw salmon and cold poached eggs. "Much broad Scotch talked."

There is news of allied victories on the continent. Hobhouse wants to go to Stralsund, on the north German coast, in Swedish Pomerania, and join Kinnaird. On **June 8th** he sets off. He is impressed with the efficiency of the Swedish posting system, and with the excellent manners of everyone, peasants included. After a journey of fourteen stages down the coast, he arrives at Helsingborg on **June 9th**. On **June 10th** he sets off again, and has a glimpse of the spires of Copenhagen, across the water. He learns that "Carl John [*Bernadotte*] is much liked by the poor but hated by the very people who brought him in and that two or three attempts here have been made to poison him."

Coxe's *Travels into Poland, Russia, Sweden and Denmark* (London 1792) is Hobhouse's guidebook. He arrives at Ystad, on the south coast of Sweden, on the same day that he leaves Helsingborg. Here he mentions for the first time that he has "dispatches and letters" – perhaps a consequence of his meeting with Lord Sidmouth. After some confusion about the fare, a Swedish general offers him a lift across the

Baltic, an offer which he at first accepts, but then, finding that he will still have to pay full fare, turns down. On the evening of **June 12th** he embarks on the Cheerful cutter (Lieutenant Smith). He changes off the German island of Rugen to a Swedish brig, gets ashore on Rugen, and at a quarter past six on **June 13th**, sets off in a wagon for Stralsund, "after some contest with the German boors of a farmhouse at a village … who tried to get just double their pay." That night he sleeps, with a terrible headache, "between two feather beds, or rather large puffs."

On **June 14th** he crosses the strait – three miles broad – to Stralsund. He meets General Englebrecht, the governor, and, to our surprise, calls on a Mr Thornton, who is not up and thus able to receive the "letter from Lord Castlereagh" which Hobhouse has with him and has never mentioned. He finds a letter from David "Long" Baillie, who was there only the day before. He is concerned about the way the war is going:

> everything it seems … is going on badly for though the greatest animosity against the French prevails, and the most extraordinary exertions have been made by the people, yet they have no leaders and no arms …

Hobhouse waits upon a "Colonel Cooke of the guards, aide-de-camp to Sir Charles Stewart" – Charles, Baron Stewart de Rothesay (1779-1845); not to be confused with his half-brother, Charles Stewart, Viscount Castlereagh. He then calls on Mr Thornton. Before Cooke, he has "a fit of bashfulness and bowed like a lacquey." Observant and eager to record as ever, he notes, "streets ill-pitched – rather narrower than Sweden – licensed prostitutes who are obliged to receive any applicant at a stated price – French character of Sodomites …"

On **June 15th**, he meets Crown Prince Bernadotte, who is affable, despite Hobhouse's shy "shuffling," and who, on being told that it was he "qui a apporté le papier de Danemark," invites him to dinner the following night. Hobhouse duly attends, and is unimpressed with the furniture and cutlery, though he admires Bernadotte, who speaks politely to him again. Hobhouse writes that the Crown Prince is "this extraordinary man" and "a noble likeness of Lord Kinnaird." Later, in Berlin, he is told that the Prince is very conscious of his thinning hair. In *Recollections* (I 48) he adds

> When I told him [*Bernadotte*] that the Danes had declared war on him, he smiled and said, "*Nous leur rendrons tout cela*," – we will give them as good as they bring. I remarked nothing particular about him, except that when I first saw him his hair was in curl papers, and that at his Court dinner the salt-cellar next to him was secured by a lock and key. On remarking this to my next neighbour, he said, "I suppose you know what happened to a late Crown Prince?" I did not know, but was afterwards told that he was generally supposed to have been poisoned.

The shy Hobhouse decides to "leave" Stralsund, and, sending Bernadotte his apologies, crosses to the next island of Daneholm:

> … in Daneholm a set of tea gardens where women in large straw bonnets and baskets looking exactly like the figures in our old pictures of Ranelagh were walking about in the alleys. There was tea, coffee, liquors, skittles, bowling &c. – a play was acted in an open air theatre surrounded with rails and boughs of trees – they had sentries to keep off people who could not pay …

PRUSSIA: BERLIN

On **June 18th**, Hobhouse really does leave Stralsund, for Loitz, or Lütz, on the way to Berlin. He travels in a hired waggon. He is now in Prussian territory, and passes a signpost to Meckleburg-Schwerin, the Graf of which place he will meet at Madame de Staël's at Coppet in 1816. At a farmhouse, where some helpful women interpret for him, occurs this dialogue:

> — Qui est vous, est vous Allemand ou Suedois ou Russe?
> — Non, je suis anglais.
> — Tant mieux.
>
> We talked politics and the daughter entrusted me with a letter to her brother, an aide-de-camp of General Blücher. They spoke with horror of the French and mentioned the great exertions making against them. Indeed, the country seems depopulated – for miles and miles I saw not a soul, in the road or fields. Those whom I met all had a small cockade in their hats, either the blue and yellow of Sweden, the black of Prussia or the parti-coloured of Mecklenburg.

That night, he sleeps "between two feather beds" again. On **June 19th**, rising early, he makes his way to Strelitz, where he meets the Duke of Cumberland ("A more magnificent frame of man was never seen" – *Recollections* I 49), for whom he has a packet from Mr Thornton in Stralsund. H.R.H., who receives him affably in his dressing-gown, provides him in turn with a letter to Sir Charles Stewart, in Berlin. He moves on, to Strelitz, Oranienburg, and, travelling through the night, gets to Berlin as the sun is rising on **June 20th**.

Here at last he catches up with David Baillie and Douglas Kinnaird. He is very impressed with Berlin, which is "ill-lighted but well-watched." He admires its buildings, sculptures, wide roads, the Friedrichstrasse, Unter den Linden, and the Brandenburg Gate. This last

> ... was formerly surmounted by the Victory and four horses, that Buonaparte removed to Paris – the people of Berlin console themselves by asserting that the edifice is more simple without the ornament and that the sculpture when taken down was worth nothing. This is not the only robbery of the French – a superb edition of the King of Prussia's works with marginal notes by Voltaire is also missing, and in the hands of some general, as is conjectured, for it has not found its way into any public museum.

He walks with Baillie to the Tiergarten, and, that evening, to a comic opera – though he doesn't name the piece played. "During the acting the utmost silence prevails – the

least noise is corrected by a hiss." It's clear that manners are very different in German theatres from what they are in London.

On **June 21st** he is again shown over the city by Baillie, "dines" (at half-past two) with Baillie and Kinnaird, and is entertained by the conversation of two Russians, one of whom says that no-one is free and that living under a despotism is thus no great matter. Baillie assails one of them with "Ah, vous êtes fatigué – vous avez touché des petits garçons!" to receive the answer, "Ah, non, jamais de ma vie!"

That evening, to the play again: "the actors seem to enter completely into their parts – that is all I can say." Again, there seems a contrast with what he is used to at Drury Lane.

On **June 22nd**, Kinnaird takes him to the home of the Princess Radziwill (Princess Louisa of Prussia), whose husband is playing "a cello concerto" as they enter. General von Bülow is of the company.

On **June 23rd**, Hobhouse and Kinnaird visit the Royal Library, where they hear that

> One of the first literary characters existing is Schlegel, Secretary to the Crown Prince of Sweden, for whom I carried two letters – he has translated Shakespeare …

That night, at Princess Radziwill's, Kinnaird entertains the company with gymnastics!

On **June 24th** Hobhouse goes, with Baillie and Kinnaird, to Potsdam, through the Brandenburg Gate and past the "Thier garten." The countryside reminds him of Cambridgeshire, "bleak and open … with a few village spires peeping over the summits of distant hillocks." They pass numerous French prisoners, and a regiment of Russian infantry, "flat-nosed and cat-eyed like Calmucks and savage as Albanians." The Russian regimental bands are good, and if they lack one they sing, unlike the Prussians, "who are as quiet and heavy as any of their natures." They pass Spandau, and reach Potsdam, where they put up at the Hotel de Prusse (which Hobhouse later calls the Hotel de Russie), have "a diversified breakfast," and set out to see Sans Souci, accompanied by a cicerone who remembers Frederick the Great.

At Sans Souci they admire the long picture gallery built during the Seven Years War but are less impressed by its contents, some of which are masterful, some "daubs." They visit Frederick's orangerie, and "graperies." They admire the scenery, and are then shown the graves of eleven of the thirteen dogs whom Frederick outlived ("they were most of them bitches").

They are then shown around Sans Souci by another man who knew Frederick and was present at his death. They are impressed by its elegance, and by its library, in which his favourite book, Puyseguir's *Art of War*, is still displayed. Hobhouse can see none but French books, many of them translated from Greek and Latin. They inspect the place where Frederick died – his field-bed set in a recess – and are told how active he was even two days before. He died in an armchair, his last words being "La nuit est bien

longue." They are assured that no women were allowed into Sans Souci, except the Queen, and she only when he was absent.

Leaving the old Sans Souci, built before the Seven Years War, they inspect the new one, built after. Here Frederick lived "a month or six weeks every year." They sign their names in the visitors' book, which contains the names of Tsar Alexander and Archduke Constantine.

They return to Potsdam and visit Frederick's grave, in a "demi-subterranean apartment" under the church pulpit. He is buried with his father. They visit the palace of Potsdam, where Napoleon stayed after Jena.

They set out back to Berlin at six, stopping at the river Havel, where on an island "we lounged about for some time, conducted by a pretty boy." A ferryman and "two little girls his daughters" row them back, and they reach Berlin at eleven.

They do nothing on **June 25th**, but hear that "General Bülow has been disgusting the inhabitants by requisitions … of clothes and shoes."

On **June 26th** they dine "with General Sir Charles Stewart, our ambassador at the court of Berlin, and Sir Robert Wilson – the latter a mean-minded and mean-mannered man, the former, the epitome of good humour." Bidwell, Hobhouse's "old Constantinopolitan acquaintance," is Stewart's secretary. Before dinner Hobhouse goes with Bidwell and Kinnaird to the anatomical school and museum, the most singular display in which is "the stuffed skin of an enormous black." That evening they go again to the Radziwills, where "I heard not a word of talk."

June 27th is Hobhouse's birthday:

> Dies natalis – **27 – 27 – 27 – 27 – 27 – 27 –**
> On looking back I find I have broken every resolution made on the last birthday – these, however, and especially the [most] material ones of all I here and hereby renew, with the hope of being more successful than before – Whether from working at my book or from any other less rational excess or not I know not but I am sure that this last year has done more execution with me than any three before – eyes brows and hair falling – and the latter on the sides of the face being interlaced with grey –
> heu mihi præteritor!
> I feel myself growing daily more discontented, though without a single serious ailment – nothing now has its former charm for me – not even novelties. I shall die of a rage to live. However, one must go on – one has not the choice of desertion, at least, not upon equal chances.

They leave Berlin at 5.30 am on **June 28th**, heading for the headquarters of the Russo-Prussian army at Reichenbach. En route, a postmaster tells Hobhouse that he would shoot himself rather than be again under the French. "The same spirit," Hobhouse notes, "prevails everywhere:"

> … in the Berlin gazettes appear lists of contributions to the cause – rings and silver spoons are offered at the shrine of patriotism – but in the same papers are seen advertisements for lost sons and relatives who have not been heard of since the opening of the campaign.

They pass another Russian regiment. No peasants are to be seen in the fields, and they see no more than five travellers similar to themselves in the whole day.

At 4.30 they reach Frankfort-am-Oder, and put up at the Golden Lion, crossing by a wooden bridge, mentioned in Reichard (*Guide des Voyageurs en Europe*, 1807), almost burned by the French, and mended in a way "so contrived as to be speedily destroyed in any emergency." Near their inn is an impressive monument to Leopold, Herzog von Brunswick, who was drowned trying to save some peasants in a flood.

There are two Dürers in the local church. In a grove of poplars they visit the tomb of Kleist ("Edwaldo von," not Heinrich), killed in the battle of Konersdorf. It is "a poor sort of monument," erected by the Freemasons.

That night Hobhouse tosses miserably.

SILESIA

At 3.30 on the morning of **June 29th** they set out for Zübingen. The inns are bad, but Kinnaird's red coat helps them get horses. They pass the French lines, on the other side of the Oder, "and a village burning which the Russians have fired." They are now in Silesia, and have crossed the Polish frontier. In Silesia the women are prettier and cleaner than in Brandenburg, and "shoes are more commonly but far from universally worn."

Kinnaird shoots a hare with a pistol at twenty yards.

The whole district seems to be under the Cossacks, who are not liked. They have closed up one of the gates of Breslau (modern Wroclaw), even to the market women, as it is said, from spite, so Hobhouse and his companions have to go round the city and enter by a gate guarded by Prussians. They put up at the Golden Tree. Breslau is having one of its three annual fairs.

With "a Jew Cicerone" (there are ten thousand Jews in the city), they explore Breslau. In the town house, a "large ugly building," they see the "long low-arched old-fashioned room" in which the Kings of Poland were crowned before Poland was partitioned. At the fairs, Greeks sell cattle and buy pearls. Most people are Catholics, and "you meet with an ugly saint in every street."

The King of Prussia had ordered the inhabitants to let the French in to Breslau, and the French, who, alone among the combatants, billet on a system, accordingly bivouacked just two nights there, and paid for everything.

Hobhouse and co. go to the playhouse that night, "an ugly poor house with good actors." He does not say what they saw.

They leave Breslau at five in the morning of **July 2nd**, and pass numerous Prussian patrols. Hobhouse drops their passports "while walking out for a certain purpose," but finds them, on riding back, exactly where they fell.

They reach a place which Hobhouse calls Nimptsch, finding many Russians, "and there saw the truth of what we had heard respecting the immense size of these soldiers." From there they travel the short distance to Reichenbach, where they put up at Sir Robert Wilson's headquarters. After dining with Captain Vyse, M.P. for Beverly and equerry to the Duke of Cumberland, they borrow some of Wilson's horses and ride to Lord Cathcart's, at Eynsdorf, a village about a mile from town.

On the third they have to deliver a letter of recommendation from General Dolgorukhov to General Potemkin, who is at a village called Long Belo. General Potemkin is "a young man of thirty, perhaps, middle-size, black hair and eyes – a young officer of his regiment sang like a girl at his piano." They return to Cathcart's, where they meet a large party of Englishmen, including Colonel Campbell, and a man whom Hobhouse describes as "Mr Perceval, eldest son of Lord Arden – a boy," although he is in fact the son of Spencer Perceval, the assassinated Prime Minister. There is also Colonel Hudson Lowe, "who is sent out to organize the Austro-German legion." They have "a poor dinner as to drinking and talking." Hobhouse finds Cathcart waggish, but mean, and without dignity. That night they go again to General Potemkin's, and are again entertained by his young musical officer.

On **July 4th** they go (in regimentals) to a village called Peterwalden, for an audience with Tsar Alexander. They are kept waiting in a large long gallery, while a Scots Doctor Weily entertains them with descriptions of the aftermath of Borodino, and of what he found inside Kutusov's body at the autopsy (namely, "a mass of corruption, beginning with the piles, going on with fat in his intestines …" and so on).

Eventually, after others have arrived, and after they have been advised that the Tsar will discuss uniforms, "a large middle-sized [*sic*] youngish looking man in a green coat with a small star buttoned up" walks in alone, apparently from his bedroom. Sure enough, he questions each of them about their uniforms. "When speaking he put his head near the person addressed, and looked rather eagerly and uncomfortably in his face." He asks Hobhouse if he is "*proprement militaire*, or something which I did not hear – to which I replied 'J'ai un regiment,' and then hobbled something about 'il y a un regiment'" – at which Cathcart interrupts, and introduces Alexander to the next man. Having thus done his duty, the Tsar retires to his bedchamber. The audience lasts five minutes. Hobhouse wishes that he had just bowed and kept quiet.

The Tsar's chest, Hobhouse decides, is stuffed to make it look bigger, and his nose is *à la Calmucke*; he is deaf in both ears, and his voice is coarse and unmusical.

They then ride over to General Potemkin's, where a display of horsemanship is in progress. "Kinnaird excited the admiration of the multitude by leaping a fine grey over the barrier – an example which was followed by Dawson and myself." They also admire the music at the general's dinner that night: national airs sung by five or six private

soldiers, and "a black or mulatto who strummed on a guitar and sung buffo, making extempore verses." The Russian genius, decides Hobhouse, "seems naturally tuned to music:"

> Several of the officers appeared to feel much emotion at the airs, and in particular at one which my neighbour informed me had been a favourite dance of M^lle^ St. Clair at Petersburgh, who was so irresistible in her motions that she made him, as he said, *discharge* – the phrase was uttered with a seriously profligate manner, and without any emphasis …

General Potemkin, they learn, is a favourite of Alexander. Alexander is too fond of playing the general.

They are told that Wilson had Napoleon within gunshot at the battle of Bautzen, but the battery commander refused to fire. Wilson recognized Napoleon as a "plain gentleman," who "walked with his hands behind his back (*as my uncle Isaac used to do, and as I learn I have myself a habit of doing*)," notes Hobhouse.

They also learn that in the Prussian army, "the first nobles are common soldiers … I saw one of the first men in the country, hobbling along the market place here, under the weight of his knapsack and firelock." Campbell says that the Russians, "alone of all the troops he had ever seen, do not whine when walking or carried off wounded to the rear."

In his three-side entry for **July 5th** Hobhouse has nothing to say that is not derogatory of Cathcart.

On **July 6th** they inspect the site of what would have been a battle after that at Bautzen. Cornlands and wheatfields around (well-cultivated land always gets Hobhouse's approval) are devastated and spoiled.

On **July 7th** they call on the Prussian Minister Stein. He speaks of Caroline, Princess of Wales (a German, don't forget), of her "unfortunately warm temperament," and how "all the world wonders at the choice of the King of England." They further hear that "it was the practice of the Russian peasants to invite the French into their villages and murder them – the French prisoners have carried pestilence into the most distant parts of the Empire and have half depopulated provinces."

They meet the Austrian Count Stadion. They have not seen the Russian commander, Barclay de Tolly.

On **July 8th** they set out on the three-mile journey to Silberberg. At the castle there they

> … had an interview at our special request with Robert Semple, the author of *Travels in Spain and Portugal and the Levant*, who has been for nearly two months at the special instance of Lord Cathcart most unaccountably confined as a suspect person in the prisons of the fortress without being allowed to walk in the open square …

Hobhouse had heard about Semple from Dr Darwin at Smyrna. He is able to prove that Semple is who he says he is, and Semple is at least allowed to take the air. He looks forward to returning home and exposing his persecutors. (In fact he was made by the Hudson's Bay Company the governor of their territories in Canada, where in 1816 he was murdered in a land dispute.)

The views from Silberberg heights are "romantic beyond description," with parts of Silesia, Hungary, Bohemia and Moravia all in view. They ride first to Wartha, then to Glatz, crucifixes at every crossroads. At Glatz they put up at "the Black Bear, a brutal inn." There are no longer any Cossacks, but the women are now ugly, with no shoes, and many goiters. The fortress at Glatz is a prison. Imprisoned there is a general of engineers who was found guilty of giving away secrets to the French: he is allowed the freedom of the upper battlements, and his hobby is astronomy, his instruments being valued at £10,000. The solitary confinement dungeons are six feet square.

BOHEMIA

At ten past eight on the evening of **July 9th** they find themselves in Bohemia, at the frontier town of Nadoch. They have no problems with the customs, hire postillions ("in coal-heavers' hats") and by midnight are in a town identified by Hobhouse as Yarromiritz. Their intention is to go to Prague, but the following morning, at Königenratz, they're obliged to alter course for Vienna, as that is the only destination mentioned on their Russian passports ("given us by Barclay de Tolly, Commander-in-Chef of the Russian army, and viséd by Count Stadion" – *Recollections* I 51). Strangers are not allowed into Prague. They try bribing the post-boys, but to no avail. They write letters instead (by "estafette", an expensive form of express) trying to get permission to go to Prague: Hobhouse writes to Addington, Kinnaird to Countess Charles de Brühl. They then proceed to a town called Hohenmauth, where they lounge.

The Bohemian peasants are better-dressed and better-looking than those in Silesia, and there are fewer beggars. No-one in Hohenmauth has ever seen an Englishman before. In contradiction to much which they've heard in Prussian territory, the people here, under the sway of the Hapsburgs in Vienna, "have no confidence in the army, and … a tradition prevails that the French will overthrow the Austrian power – we saw some chained recruits going to the militia depots – they had refused to attend voluntarily …" Perhaps that's why no foreigners can go to Prague.

They meet a 67-year-old Frenchman who's been there fifty years, and is friendly with the local girls "with all the confidence of youth." He tells them that the French for a female Bohemian is not "bohemienne," but "baumme." Hobhouse is still reading Archdeacon Coxe.

On **July 15th** they give up on their estafettes, and start for Vienna. But two sulky post-boys succeed in overturning the carriage down a bank. They're punished, first with fists, then with whips. Kinnaird sets off for one village for help, and Paoli – a servant

(presumably Coriscan) hitherto unmentioned – for another, and the carriage is righted, with little damage done. They don't get to the next town until half-past two in the morning.

MORAVIA

On **July 16th** they enter Moravia, where the peasant women are even better-looking than those in Bohemia. They enter Brünn (Brno), "a retreat for a great number of the noblesse with small fortunes," which is governed by a man under the Archduke Franz Ferdinand. They put up at the Three Princes. After Austerlitz, the castle at Brünn was blown up by the French, and has not been repaired. They meet some agreeable noble ladies, and a Mr. Mills, an English merchant, who is full of anecdotes. Napoleon once said, "J'ai Metternich dans ma manche qui a un empereur dans sa poche."

At 7.30 on the evening of **July 17th** they set off for Vienna. Hobhouse records, earlier in the day, of Kinnaird, "… my companion de voyage kicked off his servant Paoli and we were consequently detained beyond our appointed time." He does not elaborate. They travel through the night, visit a sequence of ugly towns which Hobhouse does not name, and at 12.30 (pm??) on the 18th, near an "unpleasant" town called Wolkersdorf, get their first sighting of the towers of Vienna, twenty miles off.

After three posts they arrive at an unnamed town with a "Radcliffian castle" belonging to a "Phurst (Prince) Trentenstein or some such name," which they explore. It is "a bleak cold morning with a drizzling rain" – strange for July.

VIENNA

After a few posts on **July 18th**, they arrive at Wolkersdorf; and three miles beyond it get a still closer view of the spires of Vienna. A few miles further on, after breakfasting on white rolls and currants, they cross the Danube, "a most majestic stream," via a temporary wooden bridge. Kinnaird has, by way of deposit, to give up seventeen letters and pay seventeen florins at the customs barrier before the Vienna gates. They then drive through the walls and into the city, and put up at a hotel called l'Imperatrice d'Autriche. They hire two *lacqueys de place*, and go to the theatre, where Spontini's *La Vestale* is on, with Giuseppe Siboni in the tenor role:

> The house is a very long horse-shoe, richly ornamented but badly lighted, the pit was filled with tag rag and bobtail, the ladies in the boxes did not seem dressed – the scenery was very good. Went to bed half-past ten.

On the morning of **July 19th**, Hobhouse is ill, but in the afternoon he calls on Count Stackelberg, "intended Russian minister here," also on Countess Shuvaloff and the sister of Prince Scherbatoff …

> … who shot the Chevalier de Saxe near Töplitz. The Countess and her French companion talked in a style scarcely decent, and the Countess also put on several enormous Vienna straw bonnets, with all the playfulness and satisfaction of a child – this would have been pretty had she not been fat and past thirty at the least. We were introduced to her by a Russian major, an adjutant or aide-de-camp of General Wilson's, who told us that he had orders to convey Wilson's orders as those of any Russian general – he said the soldiers called him "our English general," and that he led the charge in some battle …

Wilson (future ally and antagonist of Hobhouse as a radical Whig) is, don't forget, "a mean-minded and mean-mannered man," and no military success he can earn in central Europe will cut any ice with Hobhouse. On **July 20th** Hobhouse calls on Mrs Fraser, from Malta!

At five on the 20th they call on the Prince de Ligne …

> … to whom and to his wife we were introduced by the Princess Clary. The Prince is a fine tall lively old man, whose flatterers pat him on the hams to prove his strength and fondle with childish affection – he punned once or twice – called Madame Adair "le femme extraordinaire de vôtre ambassadeur extraordinaire," and was the soul of the circle – at six he went away. His hair was in papillots … he is 78 …

After dinner they stroll out of the city walls towards the Prata (Prater), where in a coffee house they have some ice, "capitally made." Greeks and Turks, "the latter completely preserving all their characteristics, the former somewhat more important but not much changed," play at cards and draughts. They are overwhelmed by the Prata, which has all the features of a country fair, with "turnabouts," "whirlabouts," gymnastic circuses, beer drinking and music from bands of horns and tabors all through the summer (killjoy Hobhouse finds its continuance "disgusting … the Germans live very much in the open air"). There are even concerts at seven-thirty in the morning. There used to be herds of deer, but they were all killed by the French after the battle of Aspern.

At nine they call on Madame de Humboldt, wife of the Prussian ambassador and sister-in-law of the famous traveller. (According to *Recollections* I 65, Humboldt the traveller praises the Albanian language section in *Journey*; but the diary does not record any meeting with Humboldt.) There they sup "in two miserable little chambers." Present is Count Waldstein, ex-friend of Beethoven! (he and Beethoven split up because of political differences). The increasingly deaf Beethoven, it goes without saying, is not mentioned, even though he is in Vienna at this time: the Seventh Symphony is premiered on December 8th, long after Hobhouse has left. A Count August D'Ahremberg gives as his opinion that "Talma the French actor played an English part equally well with any of

our own actors, at least that he declaimed in the English language as well as ourselves." The Prince de Ligne remains lively and amusing. George Vernon M.P. is there too.

Hobhouse joins in …

> … but without much partaking of the merriment, as it seemed to be the jest of a coterie and I did not too well understand the French of some of the party – left at half past twelve.

On the following morning (**July 21st**) they forego another Beethovianian opportunity, when they go to see (but not to enter) the residence of Prince Razoumovsky, formerly the Russian ambassador. His palace "would appear more considerable and magnificent as it is, anywhere than at Vienna, where many of the houses of the nobility are upon such a vast scale and occupy the whole of one side of a street – such as those of Esterhazy and of Liechtenstein." Hobhouse remarks on the number of hackney coaches ("which should rather be called chaises") which, although they have no fixed fares, are better than those in London. The streets are narrower but better paved, he decides, than those in Seville or Cadiz.

At three they go again to dine at the Prince de Ligne's, where nothing is said worth mentioning. With the Prince, they call on Mrs Adair, disfigured by the smallpox. The Prince "continued on the broad grin" throughout his conversation with her. That night, with Kinnaird to the Wien Theater, to see the uncredited tragedy of *Abellino*, "as to the principal character of the Bravo and his Rosamunda, well performed."

On **July 22nd** they play at tennis, then visit the Imperial stables, which "would never strike an Englishman to look like cavalry barracks for horses." They dine with Count Stackelberg, but "nothing said." That night, to the Wien Theater, to see Schiller's *Die Jungfrau von Orleans*. Here is Hobhouse's review, which is, for him, of freakish length:

> … a ghost tells the Pucelle not to fight again – she does, however, and dreams a knight with whom on seeing his face she falls in love and gives to him, or suffers to be taken from her, her charmed sword. From that moment she changes character, and *malgré elle* is a principle figure in a procession where the King is crowned at Rheims – her father then denounces her for a witch and Dunois throws his glove in defiance of anyone who shall affirm the same, but all the pageant is instantly broken up by thunder and a thunderbolt from heaven. La Pucelle wanders as a witch – she is taken by the French, and is going to be burnt, but miraculously, after a prayer for the safety of the king, breaks her chains, saves his majesty, receiving however a mortal wound. She dies saying she sees a rainbow (which appears) and the heavens open to receive her. Schiller has made the Maid of Orleans an inspired person really as to past and future, and has given her the character and the scriptural language of a Messias – the Queen says to her, "Thou hast saved kingdoms, thou canst not save thyself" – for which *vide* the New Testament.

Hobhouse would have known the Joan of Arc story from versions by Shakespeare, Voltaire and (at a pinch) Southey.

Before the evening's entertainment, Hobhouse admires the equestrian statue of Joseph II, "and the façade of the Imperial Library immediately behind it."

That night, to the Prince de Ligne's, where Hobhouse falls in love, though needless to say, nothing happens as a result. She is the Polish Rosalie, Countess Tavouski, whose mother was guillotined by Robespierre when – it is said – she would not yield to his advances. Rosalie has not seen her husband in four years. She knows the *Iliad* backwards, and "is irresistible, both as to the spirit of her conversation and the frank kindness of her manner, to say nothing of her lovely eyes." The party play a game in which one person goes from the room, a syllable is chosen, and he or she who is "it" has to return, and by verbal associations, guess the syllable – all in French. Hobhouse is mortified by his own incompetence:

> Knowing so little of the language, I found myself dreadfully dull at this, but by way of a help said it was easier to discover the syllable than to find the corresponding words. Kinnaird took care to take me at my word and I should have been obliged to prove myself equally dull at both if the Countess, taking pity of my embarrassment and distress, had not let me into the secret that "A" had been chosen, by looking at me and opening her lovely mouth so as to express the open letter, which I, though scarcely daring to take the merit to myself, did then declare to be the syllable in question. This enchanting creature had before endeavoured to make me comprehend the game by walking across the room and explaining the terms of it face to face – nothing but a most fortunate knowledge of the absence of that which compensated for Garrick's being "not six feet high" prevents me now from showing myself a coxcomb on her account – went to bed at two …

The Prince de Ligne has lost much both at war and at hazard; but he still improvises "pretty impromptu French verses."

On **July 23rd** Giuseppe Siboni, the tenor whom they have earlier seen in *La Vestale*, calls on them. He has yet to be paid for his engagement. They dine with him, and with a lady violinist from Milan to whom Napoleon had said, on meeting her, that she should get children – "a common salute of his to the ladies."

They then inspect the military swimming school (where for a modest fee anyone can learn to swim). Hobhouse records that he has "seen nothing comparable" to the view of Vienna from the Augarten, on the other side of the Prata.

At de Ligne's that night, Hobhouse records with complacency that "Le delusion d'hier s'est commencée à dissiper." They play the syllabic game again, and are amused when some ladies profess themselves unable to say, or are frightened of saying, the syllables "cu" and "co." It seems that yesterday's delusion has not quite dissipated itself:

> I retired perfectly dissatisfied with myself and like a ninny made a confessor of Kinnaird, to whom I told my real fault and the partial cause of it, and who, as might be expected, has since employed the information against myself.

On **July 24th** they – Hobhouse, Kinnaird, and Siboni – see the sights. Muller's waxworks is "unworthy of notice," except a female model of which layers peel away to show the inmost parts. The tomb of Maria Theresa's daughter, on the other hand, is "the first specimen of modern sculpture." Some portions of the ramparts of Vienna had, it is said, been blown up by the French even after the announcement of the marriage between Napoleon and Marie Louise. Austria, we suddenly realise, has not yet joined the Allies against France, but is still playing a waiting game.

They see a "panharmonicum," representing the burning of Moscow; an ear-trumpet attached to spectacles (by the same artist); and a portrait of the Virgin with the entire Old Testament written around it in a microscopic hand. They hear a story about Maria Theresa. She was walking past a sentry once when he farted on presenting arms. She expressed her disgust, and he said, still presenting arms, "Avec quatre kreutzers par jour, Majesté, on ne pet pas des parfums."

Round about now they hear of Wellington's victory at Vittoria in Spain. Beethoven will write his amazing programmatic Battle Symphony, celebrating Vittoria, for the same concert as the world premiere of the Seventh – all long after Hobhouse has left.

That night at de Ligne's, Beethoven's *ci-devant* friend Waldstein has got them all Turkish costumes – even the servants, who have to make up for their roles. The beautiful Countess Tavouski is disgusted by the smell it all makes, and Hobhouse opens a window for her. It seems de Ligne often indulges in such fantasies: Hobhouse describes one on November 4th. He goes to bed at two, still hearing serenades in the streets. He has met "a fine old man" called the Count de St Priest, who was at Lisbon during the 1748 earthquake, knew the Marquis de Pombal, and was later Austrian ambassador to the Porte.

On **July 25th** they play tennis in the morning, and at last go to dine with Prince Razoumovsky. Hobhouse sits with a Norman nobleman on one side and a young relative of Razoumovsky's on the other. Everything is splendid – though the servants' broad belts look like those of ratcatchers – and in the best of taste. The food goes round for an hour and a half, and Hobhouse feels he will burst. He is told how unpopular Bernadotte is both here and in Paris – in Paris he is regarded as Napoleon's personal enemy. Of Razoumovsky himself Hobhouse makes no mention.

Outside, Hobhouse sees the Prince Royal riding past, dressed *à la bourgeois* and with few attendants. He rides "on a high trotting horse, stiffening his knees and turning out his toes in a style which would set all Rotten Row in an uproar." The Empress and some of the royal children are also seen – but only Hobhouse's *lacquey de place* takes his hat

off, and receives an imperial bow in return. Hobhouse meditates on this fashion for "simplifying the appearance of majesty."

"Grey hairs coming; eyebrows going," records Hobhouse that night.

On **July 26th** they go again to the swimming school, and dine at the Dianna baths. Hobhouse does not record himself as bathing there, and, as so often, one wonders when he last did. Then to the Prata, where there is a firework display for the Feast of St Anne. The display is loud and brilliant, but "nothing very admirable." On their way out of the park they are jostled by a crowd of giggling women all crowding into a gents' toilet: "all England could not furnish such a sight," comments the diarist in disgust.

They go the following morning to the Augarten in expectation of music, but all they get is rain. That night they attend a ballet, "most superbly and elegantly got up," in which Monsieur and Madame Duport dance before the Imperial family. That night Hobhouse and Kinnaird entertain two χαματγπη for five florins (whether each, or for the pair, isn't clear). Kinnaird drives them back; Hobhouse stays at home.

On **July 28th** the three go and see the Imperial palace at Schönbrunn. "I dragged my weary thighs," groans Hobhouse, still suffering from his exertions of the previous night, perhaps, "along alleys of immense breadth …" They are disappointed with the menagerie, once famous, but now containing only an elephant, four kangaroos, a steinbock, a wolf, and some Tyrian sheep. They also meet some Armenian monks, fled from Trieste on its occupation by the French. They too have a printing press, just as Hobhouse and Byron will find on San Lazzaro. They drive about the country, walking in the parks of Prince Schwartzenberg, and see a house which

> … was last year hired by a female club of the first nobility which is reputed to have there carried on the mysteries of the Bona Dea without reserve or fear of man.

That night the opera is *Il Rivale di se Stesso*. At Ligne's afterwards, the games are guessing the thought: Hobhouse chooses "the tale of Alcibiades' dog"; and giving a person a character: Hobhouse is William Tell and Milton, and the Countess Tavouski gives de Ligne the character of Tancredi, "and talked with rapture of his amorous complexion." George Vernon is The Man Who Cut Off Charles I's Head.

On the morning of **July 29th** Hobhouse pays the washerwoman, and accompanied by two new friends goes to inspect the Imperial library, which Reichard says contains 12,000 manuscripts. There are Mexican hieroglyphs there, as well as Latin and Greek ones and wonderful illuminated material from medieval and renaissance times.

Hobhouse settles up with Kinnaird to the tune of 286 florins, and that evening walks out alone:

> Strolled into a coffee-house (the White Ox) … where were a crowd of Greeks and some Turks. A young Greek fellow was reading aloud a Greek newspaper containing

news from Spain. I thought myself transported to the Levant – a dirty hot smoky coffee-house, turbans, &c &c &c – came home. Went to bed at two.

On **July 30th** Vienna learns that Wellington, after the battle of Vittoria, has taken 12,000 prisoners and has been made a field-marshal. Suchet has blown up Valencia.

Hobhouse goes, with Waldstein, his wife, St Priest, and the Countess Rosalie, to the country house of an orientalist called Hammer.

The game that evening is choosing your own character. The Countess chooses Sappho, even though she is told Sappho was famous "pour les passions bizarres." She counsels Hobhouse not to eat "les vines tendrils, parce que cela passe – making a sign with her finger."

On **July 31st** Hobhouse visits the Belvidere Gallery (where he admires a portrait by Salvator Rosa), and "to several book shops." One bookseller boasts that there are thirty shops in Vienna selling German books, and only two selling French. Hobhouse dines with Madame de Humboldt, where he meets "Schlegel, brother to the poet – himself a poet and a wit – sleek and more fat than becomes a bard, with spectacles." He and Kinnaird see a play at a small theatre on the Leopoldstadt but do not say what it is, though as he compares it to Astley's, it may be a circus. That night the game is writing questions, distributing them anonymously, and writing anonymous answers. Kinnaird observes to Hobhouse that there would too much malignity in London for this game to succeed. Several of the Englishmen's answers are too offensive to be read aloud. Here is an example:

Qu'est-ce que c'est que la difference entre la boite qui contient nos questions et la boite de Pandore?
– C'est que dans la première il ne reste au fond que le déséspoir.
– Cherchez la difference entre les sottises et les maux.

That night they hear that Wellington has entered Bayonne.

On **the first day of August** Hobhouse and Kinnaird have a day in Baden, arriving after noon. In the prater there they see "an open wood pavilion in the Turkish style and with a Turkish inscription over one of the doorways." Following one of Hobhouse's interests, they visit a fifty-five-year-old Greek called Gassy, and enquire as to the state of Romaic learning. Upon being woken up, he demands at once, "De quel pays êtes-vous?" All he is able to show them, however, is the latest number of the *Hermes Logios* monthly journal, "and a set of duodecimos of the Greek classics, printing at Leipzig."

Then they go to

… the *palace* of the Duchess D'Acherenza, a daughter of the Duchess of Courland … who with her sister the Duchess of Sahgun [*later re-identified as Hohenzollen*] and some other sister Duchess are the most notorious battered jades in Germany.

They are driven to the promenade in the Valley of St Helena. There they meet yet another duchess, with two children, not her own, but protégés. The charitable diarist records that

> I could not help observing that either by nature or as a balance against incontinence, loose women are generally amiable and kind-hearted.

Kinnaird bathes in a rivulet. Hobhouse as usual refrains from bathing, though he does wash his hands and face as a prelude to going to a ball, or "reunion as it is called, at the Redoute ballroom … the room was literally full of company and not so many whores as were expected." This last estimate is countered by the presence of

> … a famous Countess Dufours, a common strumpet whose favours fetch no more than twenty or thirty florins, but is now more of the *macarelle* than anything else, though still a fine woman – other ladies of the profession were also in the dance and as I heard sometimes there are none else. The Prince de Ligne was there, gallant as ever.

The twain get home at three in the morning.

On **August 2nd** they read "an account of the taking of the American frigate Chesapeake by the English frigate Shannon, by boarding." At four they walk out and visit more Greek publishers, including a man from Ioannina called Stauro, and a Mr Alexandreides, "conductor of the *Elleneicos Telegrafos*, a newspaper published here three times a week … about a hundred of them are sold and some dispatched to the ports of Constantinople, Smyrna and Scio." Alexandreides has translated Goldsmith's *History of Greece*. He describes a considerable publishing output in the diaspora, but "allowed that there was no dissemination of knowledge in Greece."

On **August 3rd** they visit the fossil and art collections in the Imperial palace, then proceed to the palace of Prince Liechtenstein, which holds 716 pictures, hidden underground when the French passed through. In a Capuchin convent they see the tombs of the Imperial family, including that of Joseph II, and find that "the entrails of a Prince dead some two hundred years ago are still undissolved, as the monk tells you – shaking the pot that contains them."

Having returned to Vienna, they hear that evening that Metternich and the police have debated their request for passports to Prague and turned it down. They go to the Wien Theater and see an opera, *Moses* (composer unidentified) …

> … which opened with that lawgiver seeing God in the flaming bush and with a suite of miracles concludes with the drowning of Pharaoh, or Sesostris, in the Red Sea – the scenery was very grand, and the miracles, all but the last, well played off – we

> overtook Pharaoh walking to the theatre with a pipe in his mouth. The audience was quite patient and delighted with a set of absurdities which one would have thought unbelievable by any people since the time of the mysteries in the barns of England.

Thwarted in their ambitions of going to Prague, they discuss Bucharest and Constantinople.

On **August 4th** they have a selection of princes, including Ligne and Dolgoroukhov, to dine at the Dianna baths. That evening they visit Hobhouse's beloved Polish countess again – and de Ligne.

On **August 5th**, a visit from "Colonel Church of [the] Greek Light Infantry … he is going to raise another Greek regiment, and talks much of the spirit shown amongst the Greeks when emancipated from the Turks." This Church was with the English squadron who took the Ionians when Byron and Hobhouse went to Tepellene; he is a future hero of the Greek War of Independence.

They visit another house belonging to de Ligne, and ramble about, admiring the views of Vienna and its surrounding villages, of the Danube and its hundred islands. They inspect the collection of a Colonel Lamberg-Spritzenstein, including a vase with "fœda hominis cum asino copulatio – the penis of every satyr is represented with a sharp point and usual[ly] erect." That evening, to the Wien Theater again, to see Duport dance.

On **August 6th** Hobhouse receives some Greek books from Mr Stauro, and several back numbers of the *Hermes Logios*. They play tennis, and in the evening dine with some English, including Baillie, who's now in town. Then to the Countess Rosalie's.

In the evening of **August 7th** they go to Count Stackelberg's, where Hobhouse meets a Count Bernstoff, "a most pleasing man," who has much criticism to make of the English opposition, and who has the following anecdote about the mad Tsar Paul (assassinated 1802):

> … he [Bernstoff] was named by the Emperor Paul as second to the King of Denmark in the duel which the autocrat of all the Russias proposed to fight with that sovereign as well as with George III, to whom Pitt was to be the second – Kotzebue was employed by Paul to write the challenge, which when finished was thought by the poor madman to be not strong enough and was accordingly heightened to the pitch of imperial folly – when complete Paul read it over and laughed heartily …

Austria is now about to go to war again with Napoleon. That morning they see the Landwehr marching for the country. On **August 8th**, the cavalry marches for the frontier too. They visit the house of a Count Fries, and save (as it seems) "two pretty ladies of Austrian quality" from some bravos: "an English bagnio never showed such a sight," Hobhouse comments. Nevertheless, that evening, after the (nameless) play, he pays a lady of the night ten florins.

On **August 9th**, "went with Mr Bronsted the Dane, who has with others discovered the sculptures of the interior frieze of the Temple of Apollo on Mount Cotylus in Arcadia, complete." They then see the medal collection of a man whose name Hobhouse does not know, but stay only half an hour. The French, they are told, took fifty oriental manuscripts from the Austrian Imperial library, only to find that they had them in Paris already. On **August 10th** they go again to the Liechtenstein gallery, then to a meal at the Liechtenstein chateau, where Hobhouse is "almost surfeited with the variety and excellence of the wines and meats." They hear a rumour that the armistice which should have terminated on that day has been renewed. With Baillie, Hobhouse goes that evening to de Ligne's, and to the Countess's.

August 11th is a Greek Day (it is also the day on which Austria finally comes off the fence and declares for the Allies, but Hobhouse doesn't know that). Hobhouse calls on the editor and printer of the *Hermes Logios*; then, with a new young Greek friend, to Alexandreides, editor of the *Greek Telegraph*, with whom he has a long conversation about how Greek is pronounced. Alexandreides says that the Paris-based scholar Adamantios Corais "was far above every other modern Greek" (Hobhouse meets Corais in Paris during the Hundred Days). Corais …

> … had recommended a new method which was followed in the schools of Smyrna, Kidoquis, Constantinople and Ioannina, of not confining the instruction to the Hellenic, but rather making a study of the Romaic, purified from all its barbarous words – he conceives that the division of a tongue into spoken and written must be prejudicial to it, by confining the knowledge to a few instead of spreading it amongst all.

Corais seems to be advocating the creation of *katharévousa,* even while anticipating its divisive influence on the Greek culture of the next two centuries. Alexandreides also mentions

> The Count Capo d'Istria … now at headquarters at Reichenbach, a general decorated with the Order of St Anne, first class … a Greek of Corfu – and of most distinguished capacity and information.

Years later, Capo d'Istria will be the first Prime Minister of the free Greeks (they assassinate him). Hobhouse sums up Alexandreides resignedly:

> … in Alexandreides I saw a complete Greek, ready to promise anything – he had forgot his promise of calling on me …

Hobhouse spends **August 12th** with Baillie and his new young Greek friend (whose name we don't gather). On **August 13th** he visits booksellers, and hears that evening, at

de Ligne's, some Tyrolese airs sung by four singers from the opera. We understand from the entry for **August 14th** that the Greek may be called "Athanasius," though that may be a nickname. Hobhouse buys a *robe de chambre* for twenty-three florins; and goes to de Ligne's.

On **August 15th**, Hobhouse attends a hunt at Count Fries's estate at Väslau ("we killed about 50 head of game and fired at least 250 times"). Then he meets a Prussian gentleman, who gives him a lesson in *realpolitik* by describing how the armistice was terminated four days previously:

> … Baron Humboldt and the Russian Minister stayed with Metternich, discussing on various indifferent subjects on the evening of the 10th, until the clock struck twelve, when each drew from his pocket a note, and delivered it to the Count [*Fries*]. The notes stated shortly, that having accepted the mediation of Austria towards establishing the tranquility of Europe and having done everything towards the accomplishment of that object, they had only to regret that the demands of France were inadmissible, and required Count Metternich in the name of their sovereigns to inform the French plenipotentiary that the armistice was denounced … Metternich enclosed the notes to Caulaincourt the next morning …

The Prussian gentleman assures Hobhouse that Sir Robert Wilson is a fool, and that he (the Prussian) had told Wilson to his face at Petersburg that his book on Egypt was a *fanfaron*.

That night Hobhouse goes to another ball, "where none but persons of *mauvaise vie* danced." He spends six shillings (or florins) on another paphian, and concludes his entry by calling the Austrian people

> … wasteful and inconsiderate – at common inns, you meet with apricot tarts and partridge patties.

On **August 16th**, Hobhouse (how accompanied, he doesn't reveal) drives to Laxenbourg, where the palace was built only twenty years previously. Maria Theresa used to milk the cows there herself. On the estate there is a miniature, model castle, which Hobhouse describes in detail. It contains the iron hat worn by Charles V in battle; two cups carved from the horns of a rhinoceros and of a steinbock; and some early Viennese porcelain. There is an eight-hundred-year-old stained glass window depicting Jesus. The Empress of Austria lives in an upper storey, the Crown Prince in a separate house.

On **August 17th** Hobhouse visits the field of the battle of Aspern. The entry concludes, "this day hostilities commence." On **August 18th** he and Kinnaird "get everything in readiness for traveling into the Crimea" via Fresburgh and Buda; but

Kinnaird receives word that "his Maria" (Keppel) "is dying. He says he shall return home." In the evening they go to a play, and to de Ligne's.

On **August 19th** Hobhouse offers to go back to London with Kinnaird, but Kinnaird "thought proper to refuse." Hobhouse "resolved finally to remain a widowed mate, alone."

Then occurs the diary's first mention of Byron since starting out, and it's a dramatic one:

> Yesterday I received a letter from Amelia Hobhouse, mentioning that Caroline Lamb tried to stab Lord Byron at a party at Lady Heathcote's, that Lady Ossulton caught hold of the knife, that Lady Caroline Lamb drew it through her hand and cut it terribly, and afterwards running into an antechamber cut her throat not deeply but enough to cover the floor with blood.

On **August 20th** Kinnaird leaves for Prague, "*sans dire ses adieux* – all forgetfulness." On **August 21st** (the diary entries here are short) Prince Schwartzenberg is declared "commander-in-chief of the combined Russo-Prusso-Austrichien army." On **August 22nd** they (Hobhouse, Baillie, and Perceval) go to Schönbrunn, dine at Razoumovsky's (there's still no mention of Beethoven, of whom it's clear Hobhouse never hears). At Stackelberg's that night Hobhouse is told by St. Priest that the Crimea and Taurida are different places (they're not). On **August 23rd** a victory of Wellington's is reported as having taken place in the pass at Roncesvalles – setting for the *Chanson de Roland*! (Hobhouse does not mention this literary association.) On **August 24th** Hobhouse sups with the Princess Esterhazy.

On **August 25th** he has a discussion about Shakespeare with a well-informed young Russian who's read "all that Voltaire and La Harpe have said on the subject of dramatic writing. He was for following the ancient models and knew nothing Greek or Latin." He meets von Humboldt (the politician, not his brother the explorer) and is amazed at the demonstrative affection between him and his wife. At the Prince de Ligne's, he hears ghost stories, and at last cools off his Polish Countess – not, as it seems, a moment too soon:

> Rosalie la Belle seems what we call silly – I happened to mention the word *sorcières* – she said, "Ah! comme j'aime les sorcières!" the other day she said she was fond of mountains – she went home with young St. Priest.

As we thought St. Priest "a fine *old* man," the adjective must be sarcastic. On **August 26th** Hobhouse goes "with Baillie the Capuchins to see the imperial coffins," and then to the Wien Theater – but does not say what they saw there. On **August 27th** he receives a "reconnaisante" letter from Robert Semple, thanking them for their assistance, though Semple appears still to be in jail.

At the latter end of the 27th he pays a prostitute five florins. At the beginning of the same entry he records,

> … committed a debauch with Mr Barrett at Rothman's where the Duchess d'Acherenza and the Princess Hohenzollern were dining with two young men.

If this means what it appears to mean, then Hobhouse has recorded has first homoerotic encounter in the whole diary; but it is more likely to mean that he and "Barrett," who is Samuel Moulton-Barrett (1787-1837) subsequently M.P. for Richmond and perhaps related to Edward Moulton-Barrett, father of Elizabeth Barrett Browning, *were* the "two young men," and had one each of the two noble ladies, who are, as we know, "the most notorious battered jades in Germany."

On **August 28th** Hobhouse gets halfway through his second reading of Voltaire's life of Charles XII. He dines at Rothman's, but does not say with whom. He continues with the Voltaire book on **August 29th**, and drives in the Prater (a place name which he now spells correctly). On **August 30th** news arrives that the Allies have attacked Dresden – a city Hobhouse and Barrett visit later in the year. Hobhouse wanders about with Baillie and Perceval (whom he had met in Berlin), and pays ten florins for another prostitute – four florins more than he spends on his meal. That evening the Prince de Ligne tells of how, at the battle of Lisle, where Prince Charles of Lorraine commanded,

> … a man in a capote rode up – "Allons, marches, mes enfants! allons, faites feu!" – "Je fais tous mon possible, je fais tous ce que je peut, mon général!" (exclaimed the Prince). "Tant mieux," said the other; "je suis le cuisiner de son altesse royale."

On **August 31st**, the Wien Theater is got up for a reception for the Duchess of Oldenburg, sister to Tsar Alexander. Hobhouse is unimpressed, for "the whole scene looked like a common night at the little theatre in the Haymarket." On **the first of September** he, Barrett, and Perceval, go to Schönbrunn and observe the elephant there, who

> … repeatedly threw dust over himself with his proboscis to get rid of the flies, who one would not think could not pierce his skin.

He also reads Schlegel's *Continental System*, with which he finds much to disagree.

On **September 2nd** news arrives that Bernadotte and Blücher have achieved a great success at Dresden, and that Moreau has had his legs blown off. Hobhouse and his friends observe how the Viennese pray for victory, and how, in the Luxembourg, the walks are being paved in case one of the Grand Russian Duchesses should go for stroll there. On **September 3rd** he and Baillie dine at Rothman's and go to the Prince de Ligne's.

On **September 4th** Lord Walpole arrives in Vienna. Hobhouse learns from him that Kinnaird was nearly captured by the French at a battle between Töplitz and Peterswalden in Bohemia, but that he escaped and has proceeded to England with dispatches. Though he sees an advertisement for "my great book," he also understands, erroneously, that it will have no second edition. Wellington has indeed achieved a great victory at Roncesvalles, and Blücher has defeated Macdonald's corps in Silesia. Walpole confirms Moreau's death by a spent cannonball – the Russian Emperor was only ten paces off. That evening, de Ligne tells them how

> … he brought the news of the battle of Mazan in the Low Countries to Louis XV, who only said to him, "Est-ce que le Maréchal Daun porte perruque?"

On **September 5th** all Vienna resounds with cannon and a Te Deum for the victories, celebrated by "Emperors and Archdukes and the nobility in full dress." *Recollections* (I 53) adds:

> … and a courier, with a French eagle and two standards, entered the city, preceded by twenty-four postillions on horseback, cracking their whips. This, I was told, was an ancient custom. It was, at any rate, very acceptable to the crowds who accompanied the procession.

That evening one Count Ferdinand Oralfy (this name could be "Palfy" or "Plener") produces some English horses, on to one of which Barrett leaps barebacked, "much to the admiration of the bystanders." That night, to "Madame Rzewuskis" (not "Tavouski's") and to the Prince de Ligne. The following day (**September 6th**) they meet Edward Blomfield the Caius classicist, with whom Hobhouse has literary conversations.

(Here BL. Add. Mss. 56532 ends and 56533 starts)

HUNGARY

On **September 7th**, Hobhouse, Barrett, Baillie, and Perceval, set off "on a tour towards the Adriatic," that sea being much closer to Vienna than is the Baltic. Hobhouse's ambition seems to be to have traversed the European continent from north to south. They travel in a light four-wheeled carriage, with a four-wheeled wagon for the two servants ("Walker, and Frederick, Baillie's Alcasien"), and the luggage. Walker is Hobhouse's servant. Frederick can speak Russian and Polish.

By the time they reach the first post-house, at Laxenburg, one short hour after starting, three of the wagon's wheels have come off. They set off for a town which Hobhouse calls Wimpassing, passing the Imperial pleasure grounds, in which they see many pheasants running backwards and forwards. They cross the frontier into Hungary –

which is still of course Austrian territory – pass two villages, and put up at an inn in Wimpassing. There a man approaches them saying, "Ego sum Latinus," insists on kissing Baillie's hand (Baillie is "a very tall and imposing person" – *Recollections* I 53), and demands a bribe to visa their passports. He makes them so angry that they come close to throwing him out of the window, but eventually he accepts what they offer – two florins – whereupon they take tea and cold pork, and go to bed.

At five the next morning (**September 8th**) they set off for a town which Hobhouse calls Grossköffling. It's a saint's day, and the peasants have flowers and feathers in their hats. They breakfast at Oldenburg, capital of a part of Hungary hereditary to the Esterhazys (the town is now called Sopron, or Scioprony). Annoyed by idlers who stare at them through the windows, they notice a change in the people's dress. The men all cultivate mustachios, and their hair is black and lanky. Hobhouse sees no fat men. He is reminded of Albania.

They make it as far as to a town with the German name of Stein-am-Anger (in modern Hungarian, Szombathely). They are impressed by the beauty of the countryside, though some grapes, which they poach, are unripe. At the inn that night they have difficulty settling because also present is a showman, anxious to demonstrate his "mechanism to a crowd of holiday folks."

The following morning they (**September 9th**) see Hungarian cavalry riding off; but are at first unable to procure horses themselves, despite having booked some the previous evening. All postmasters, who are very conscious of their rank as Imperial officials, appear to speak Latin, in which Baillie is fortunately fluent. The lank hair and physiognomy of the natives reminds Perceval of Finland, and Hobhouse tells him that the two nations are generally supposed to be of the same race. They see many manor houses in a state of decay, and Hobhouse notices with British distaste that men tend to keep a handkerchief "in the flap of the smallclothes" (i.e. in the flies), "a place in which the Germans in general carry at least one of their hands."

The churches are surmounted by spires like pineapples, "in the Chinese taste." One post-house at which they stop reminds Hobhouse of a Turkish han. The peasants are becoming poorer, and the food getting sparse – at one stop they have to roast some maize ("Indian corn") for a meal.

It begins to rain. At one stage the postillions, "common boors," drive them over ploughed fields. They put up at a village called Londra (could be "Lindra", or "Lendra"), where, notwithstanding, the food is good, the cocks being killed especially for them.

The next morning (**September 10th**) they rise at eight, and Hobhouse waits stoically while his three companions have "recourse to various and entire ablutions" – partly, as he conceives, for fashion, partly for shame, two weaknesses to which he is evidently not subject. As they travel, the scenery is so beautiful that "we thought ourselves transported to our own country." They arrive at a town called, by Hobhouse, Csakthornga, near which is an old castle, which they explore, finding the place full of chickens. It seems to be owned by a Count Festititz.

They are shown through the apartments, which are "small and of a mean appearance," by two gentlemen who speak fluent Latin – the language, they learn, of most correspondence in Hungary. They are told that Count Festititz is sole master of 50,000 souls – that in his court there may be a jury of the accused person's equals, but that he alone has power of sentencing, up to two years in prison or one hundred blows. In a dungeon near the gatehouse they are shown three malefactors. Two are thieves, and one is

> … a man who had killed his comrade in a fit of drunkenness, and was condemned to two years imprisonment and the infliction of a hundred (I think) blows every forty days. He had been confined a year. His pale face, dark eye and black, scant beard, lighted up by the flickering blaze of the wood fire, reminded me of Sterne's captive. He eyed us without saying a word.

CROATIA

Next they travel towards Warazdin, across the border into modern Croatia. At a quarter past three on **September 10th** they cross the river Drave, called by their courier the Dravo. They are stopped by two dragoons, who think them to be members of the party of the Archduke Maximilian, but allow them to pass on. As they drive through Warazdin the populace salute them also under the impression that their carriage is Maximilian's, and the innkeeper is obsequious from the same motive, assuring them that "Alles ist schon bericht" – all is already ready. Upon being told that they aren't adherents of Maximilien, he is polite, though another guest, who had at first bowed and scraped to them, passes them pointedly on the stair with his hat on, and a frown of contempt.

Warazdin is the military capital of Croatia. Hobhouse drenches his page with local topography and history, I guess out of Reichard. The local dress reminds him again of Albania, which is by now closer than France or Germany. The women wear, as Haidee will, sandals, but neither shoes nor stockings. The people are shorter than "their transdravian neighbours." Here, as previously in Hungary, there are signs of recent residence by Jesuits.

The rain is still heavy, though intermittent.

On **September 11th** they set out for Grany. The road – of hard gravel – is excellent, and the scenery through which it takes them is so well-cultivated and beautiful that it reminds Hobhouse of "some of the rich counties of Wales." At Grany, contrariwise, the mud is so deep (thanks to the rain) that they can only get from their coach to the inn with difficulty. They breakfast on bread and butter, the latter stored in skins, and their own tea, a beverage sold, hereabouts, as an apothecary's drug.

As they breakfast, Prince Maximilien and his entourage drive past.

They then set out for St Ivan. It rains the whole way, but from beneath the let-down leathers of their carriage they still notice the great beauty of the Croatian countryside. At

St Ivan they practise pistol-shooting while the goose roasts, and ascend the church steeple, the view from which reminds Hobhouse again of Wales. He writes,

> Indeed throughout the whole of Upper Croatia we saw nothing savage except the inhabitants – and those only in their appearance. The innkeepers, and sometimes their wives, spoke German, the postmasters always and generally Latin, for that language is as much the polite tongue of Croatia as of Hungary so-called … [but] … it will be hardly fair to take as a specimen of the manners and morals of the Croatian women the mistress of the inn at St Ivan who, stating that she had but one cow, and could not give us any milk, recommended us to galaithise her maid as a good substitute. Our goose was good and we had some mustard with it, which is an article hardly ever to be met with in the inns of Germany or Illyria.

At eleven on **September 12th** they set out for "Agram," which is modern Zagreb. The route takes them not far from the border with Bosnia. Awaiting an hour for the wagon, which has had to change horses, they "walked about shouting and in full cry through the woods," and look through Barrett's spyglass at the spires of Agram, which from this distance is "not unlike a Turkish town." But when they reach Agram, they find it full of soldiers, and the inn to be very bad, with dirty rooms.

Many of the inhabitants, they find, speak Italian. The low, small houses all have iron doors and window shutters. The Bishop of Agram (an Imperial appointee, for whom they have dispatches) is obliged to support, from his own income, a battalion of soldiers, the colonel of which is a canon of his cathedral.

A crisis ensues. The river Lave, which they intend to cross, has burst its banks thanks to the rain, and the Bishop tells them in his bad French that they had better try and get across it by five. Although their innkeeper says that the Bishop only said this to avoid having them to dinner, Hobhouse gets tense, and runs about ordering horses which don't come, getting their Hungarian passports visa'd, and bullying Barrett and Perceval, who have sat down carelessly to a dish of fruit. Eventually a helpful postmaster manages to find them horses, and they get across the plank bridge just after sunset, the water rising no higher than their axles. On the other side of the bridge, however, the ground is boggy to a degree from the river's flooding, and they have to compete, for passage, with an ammunition supply-train.

Hobhouse notes that horses are here more carefully provided for than men, and that in consequence night travel is more common than it is in England.

They pass one post-house, at Kakoupalatch, and end up at half past nine at another, at Jasca, which is, however, full of soldiers, with six hundred prisoners in the yard. They have to sleep near a privy, of whose proximity "we were reminded every time we opened our door." Three sleep in beds and three on the floor. Hobhouse, however, exhausted from the stressful business at Agram, sleeps soundly through to half past seven.

As they are preparing to depart the next morning, (**September 13th**) talking to some captured French officers, who complain that they could not persuade their Croatian soldiers to fight the Austrians, a wedding party passes, and repasses:

> A procession of seven or eight men with fiddles and a violincello accompanied by a man in a holiday suit passed up the street, and in a short time returned, being joined by a small party of females also in their best attire. The man now carried a sprig of some plant in his hand the leaves of which were sprinkled with gold leaf, and an elderly woman who walked close to him and was accompanied by another woman also finely dressed, [who] carried in her hand a similar sprig, which denoted her, as we were told, to be the bride of the marriage. The musicians played them along the street up to a little church on a knoll beside the village.

They set out for Karlstadt (Carlowitz), capital of Croatia, en route for Fiume and the Adriatic. The ammunition train they passed the previous night catches up with them. They cross the river Kulpha ("a stream twice as large as the Avon at Bath") and enter the suburbs of Karlstadt, which reminds Hobhouse of a Turkish town, as had Agram. At the picquet, they announce themselves as "English officers." The Austrian arms have been freshly painted on the town gates, for the province is newly occupied. Several French street-signs are still up: "Rue de l'Hôpital," for example. The market flourishes, with "all kinds of fruits, peaches and grapes in great quantities," on sale. A peach costs one kreutzer. They get their passports visa'd again. The market-women appear more robust than the men. Walking around the overgrown ramparts, Hobhouse sees an adder basking in the September heat. He comments,

> The French regarded it [*Croatia*] as the most considerable, next to Laybach, of their Illyrian provinces, but I did not find that they had done much for the place. It did not contain a single bookseller's shop, although there was an assortment of French, German and Croatian grammars and vocabularies at one druggist's, where we bought some specimens of the Croatian language, of which I never learned anything except that "vino" is wine.

Carlowtiz "is not more than two posts and a half from the Turkish frontiers."

Setting out, they soon reach the road to Fiume and the sea. Hobhouse admires both the Croatian scenery, and the road which Napoleon's engineers have created through it.

They cross the Dobra river over a stone bridge, and on the other side,

> … Walker, my servant, and Frederick, Baillie's Alsatian, repeatedly exclaimed that the scenery before them reminded them of the Crimea, whose mountains, however, they said were of a larger scale.

At three they set off from another post-house, on peasants' horses:

> … the boor who rode on the bare back of the leader was a perfect scarecrow, not an inch of his sackcloth jacket and brogues being unpatched and not in shreds, and his long torn hair flying up into the wind topped by a hat flat and broad and three-cornered, tied on the top of the head by a rag under the chin.

Although the land continues to be well-cultivated (which always gets Hobhouse's approval), they see no horses, and the peasants look poorer:

> … the people had the appearance of the utmost squalid wretchedness, and our poor devil of a postillion before described was turned out of the inn at Severin on account of a debt of a florin or two in terms which made us laugh but were sufficiently harsh and expressive: "Shik im aus! –" ("Shake him out!") "– for verily he is not worth a kreutzer!"

The inn at Severin (The Golden Hat) is excellent, containing a clean privy ("which we found more common in these provinces than in Germany") and "three very decent bedrooms." As they go to sleep they see fires on the hillsides, where the peasants are harvesting the grapes.

On the morning of **September 14th**, while waiting for the horses to be got ready, they are given a tour of a nearby castle …

> … where we were only struck with iron-headed pikes for killing boars and bears, with which, as well as wolves, stags, roebucks and foxes, the neighbouring woods abound. The number of bears killed in a year does not however amount to more than three usually. The *Jäger* showed us his dogs, which were poor and ordinary – of a doubtful kind – small greyhounds and cur-looking pointers and hounds. Our Croatians [*that is, the men at the castle*] all of whom talked Latin, told us that fifty years ago the mountains were impassable from the robbers, and that no house except garrisoned was free from an attack …

They leave Severin at half-past twelve. The road continues "well-contrived," but the scenery is now "wild and uncultivated." In the middle of the afternoon they get out of the carriage, look at the view, and listen to a distant, invisible waterfall. Proceeding, they arrive at a station called Vuchinuh Zello, where they see women kating out hemp, "all dark as mulattoes from the sun and the smoke of their chimneyless cottages … [they] had a wilder air than any people of any country I have seen. They were, however, better-looking and of a larger stature than the Croatians of the plains, from whom they seemed a distinct race." As they watch a woman demonstrating how hemp is kated,

> A very pretty young girl who observed she attracted our attentions withdrew into her cottage – we learned that she was unmarried and that her coyness had arisen from the presence of her future spouse, who was present, and might, she thought, be jealous of our regard. The bosom of this girl, as well as that of every other female, was confined by no band, but was perfectly well formed and by no means flaccid, which we observed only in the older women. Throughout these provinces the sex are admirably formed in this important particular.

Whether the unromantic Hobhouse judges the bosoms from an aesthetic, lactatory, commoditory, or erotic viewpoint, we can only surmise.

The road down from the mountains is steep but still excellent. "Primœval" forests are being cleared by fire. The next station is Skradt, a solitary post-house on a ridge, with a house near it "belonging to an Englishman, Mr Laird of Fiume, which was burned by the French." Mr Laird sounds like a Scots merchant. The landlord speaks Italian, French, Sclavonic, Croatian, and German – but his skills do not extend to pest-control, for that night Hobhouse is "flead alive."

On the morning of **September 15th** they are told that General Nugent has been defeated (Lavall Nugent is of Irish birth, but Austrian nationality). Rumour has it that "the advance of the French to Fiume" is "hourly expected," but the Englishmen determine to press on for Delnize, the next station. This is Delnice, only a few miles from Fiume and the coast. They pass a carriage (it is Nugent's, though he isn't in it) and are informed by those in it that the French are expected to enter Fiume at noon. They arrive at Delnize – then, before the next post, Merslaivoditza, meet some officials who, though confident the peasants will rise and eject the French, are themselves fleeing from Fiume. Others whom they meet assure them that the French are nowhere near Fiume, and that they may continue safely; but they pass other refugees – some Jews especially – who clearly think otherwise. Suddenly,

> … after a perpetual ascent through magnificent scenery, which the *Jäger* called "the Croatian Pyrenees," at twenty-five minutes to seven, the evening being set in, we had our first sight of the Adriatic, and of the blue mountains of Istria stretching down before us and to the right in a long and waving line.

Hobhouse has succeeded in crossing the European continent from north to south. But his initial stay on the Adriatic coast is short-lived.

They arrive at the station of Kameniak,

> … where on stepping out of the carriage in the midst of groups of soldiers who were lying, sitting, and standing about us, Baillie was accosted in such a manner by a man in an enormous cocked hat as to make us for an instant suspect he was a prisoner. With much ceremony, and before this notion was dissipated, was he, and we in his

tail, conducted into a small room, where was a Croatian Captain laying about his orders with great vociferation and importance, and preparing a letter which was to be sent by a spy over the mountains to General Nugent.

Being seated down, and noisily and kindly addressed by him, we could, however, make out no fact from his German or Italian, until Perceval, directing a speech to a subaltern of the Captain's in the room, which stated our wish to proceed, received for answer, in a decisive tone, "You cannot go – the *fiend* is in the town – *sacrament*!" Then did we make out for the first time that the French had entered Fiume with 8,000 men at three o'clock – and that the Captain before us, with his company, had cut his way through a large body of enemies and retired to this spot.

The Captain got very noisy, applied a brandy bottle to his lips very frequently, handing it at the same time to an ill-looking fellow whom he called his Doctor, and his subaltern, as well as to us – talked of his and his men's exploits at the entrance of the Austrians the other day into the town of Trieste, and of what he and his men also did in the late battle of Lippa. It seemed that the inhabitants of Trieste had fired upon the Austrians – this put them in a fury – particularly the Hungarian hussars, one of whom singled out a Jew whom he knew to be a spy and riding up to him through the crowd in the street shot him dead with his carbine. This exploit, as well as many others, highly delighted our narrator. He roared out in ecstasy, "Es war ein spektaacle!" and still plied his bottle, assuring us that though the French were in the mountains, and might break down from any point, we need fear nothing – that we should go back to the next post – that he was going, and that he and his hundred would defend us with their lives. He took down our names to insert them in his dispatch to General Nugent, and in return gave us his. Here it is:

Hauptman Andreas Rebratcher von Warasdiner
Accrupter Kreutzer regiment no 5. *Beludil*.

[*Hobhouse later spells his name "Relsatcher".*]

Our friend Baillie was the only one of the party who did not laugh at this Bobadil, but on the contrary, in a dispute carried too far to be detailed, the next morning, with one of the four defended the same – however, we followed his advice, and at about half after nine went back with the same horses to Merslaivoditza, accompanied by a dragoon as escort, and having buckled on all our swords …

They return to Merslaivoditza, "beat up" the landlord, and sleep in sheets which are clean, but as lousy as before.

The next morning (**September 16th**) Walker hears the following from the dragoon who is their escort:

> … the hussar who conducted us having two Jews of Trieste prisoners was going to lead them away, but putting his hand into his pocket and finding nothing to secure them with, sabred them both. Walker asked him how he could do such a thing – "Why," answered he, "I had no string – what was I to do?"

Captain von Warasinder, or "Bobadil," advises them to return to the previous post, at Merslaivoditza, or Malavoda. They obey, and stay there, listening to the reports of passers-by about how things stand with the French at Fiume. Sometimes they think they should retreat to Agram / Zagreb:

> … after dinner, however, reports arrive that the peasants were assembling in great numbers and that the French could not hold their ground; and in the evening we had advice that a battalion 1,200 strong was marching from Karlstad and would quarter at Malavoda. That night we therefore called on the Major commanding the corps who was in advance at the village, and arranged with him that we should advance to Fiume with his troops the next morning.

While waiting, the four – Hobhouse, Baillie, Perceval, and Barrett – regress to being undergraduates, and play

> … hare and hounds with paper on the green slopes … to the sounds of the musical canine notes of Baillie, Hobhouse and Perceval, who during our whole tour exercised their imitative powers with great success in this way, and in conjunction with Barrett and myself often yelped along for half a stage – to the astonishment of the postboys.

That night Hobhouse sleeps "well, on the table on which we had dined."

Early on **September 17th** they hear that the French have evacuated Fiume the day after they took it, under pressure from the peasants, from General Nugent and his forces, and from the English Adriatic squadron. They determine therefore to proceed. At Kaminick the postmaster tells them that their Bobadil (whether his name be or Rebrachter or Relsatcher) "was a good-for-nothing braggart, who had retreated too precipitately instead of defending the pass into the hills."

The information is that they can go to Fiume with confidence, and so out they set.

They meet several people going in the opposite direction, who stare at them "as if going to a certain discomfiture," and no-one going in the same direction as they are. They arrive at a village, where they find that the 1,200-strong regiment, of which they were told, has overtaken them. It consists mainly or peasant conscripts in poor uniforms. They witness a flogging. The victim has stolen a pair of shoes, and is

> … laid upon his belly on the ground in the street, the company being drawn up round him, and beaten leisurely, with deliberate pauses and flourishes, with a … stick on

> the posterior. The head was supported by the knapsack and the flagellator first shook the poor devil's greatcoat to see there was nothing under it to protect him. There was no stripping. The blows were given with the end of the stick, not very hard and only fifty – yet the soldier sobbed, thrust back his hand once or twice, and at last fairly roared out aloud.

At Athens in 1810, Byron and Hobhouse had sent Fletcher to witness the bastinado being given to a man who had insulted them. When in 1831-2, Hobhouse is Secretary-at-War, he is criticized for not doing enough about military flogging.

They go on, and, passing precipices and perpendicular crags, and at length

> … have a sight of Fiume, lying as it were at in a narrow cavity at the end of a line of vineyards and gardens.

Not surprisingly, given that the French only left yesterday (they are reported to have retreated to Lippa), everything in the town is shut, and the inhabitants are in groups all about the streets. "Hampered by a crowd of gazers," the Englishmen try three inns – the Hungarian Crown, the Two Towers, and the Star – but all are closed. Finally they resort to the Military Commandant's, where one of the clerks "did us the most essential services with the greatest goodwill," and they are, in effect, quartered for the night, Hobhouse and Barrett with Signor Tornasitch, the former Danish Consul, and Baillie and Perceval with a widow who has done five years in jail for killing her late husband's girlfriend. The Commandant tells them that "the Fiume people are more adverse to the Austrians than those of Trieste."

At his billet that night, Hobhouse finds that he has not "had so good a bed … since my leaving England."

Much of the entry for **September 18th** is taken up with a survey of Fiume and its recent history – as if Hobhouse, having achieved his goal, is determined to record as many of his impressions there as possible. He hears of the heroic way the Austrians, especially the cavalry, defended the town only two days before, whereas the English ship HMS Freemantle, in harbour, fired one shot at the French on the quay and then got under weigh. The French troops had cried "Au pillage! au pillage!" but had been kept in ranks by their officers, who feared an Austrian counter-attack. The following day (yesterday) they pulled out, leaving only a sergeant and eight men, who surrendered as soon as the Austrians (that is, the Croatian irregulars whom the Englishmen had seen) arrived. Actually the sergeant had resisted, and received two sabre-cuts for his professionalism. The citizens, nervous from previous French visits, had placed all their property and merchandise on ships and in readily-loadable piles – but the French had taken nothing. In this they contrast with the English navy, who, anchoring three men-o'-war in the harbour recently, had sent a marine squad ashore who had killed two Croats, spiked a few cannon, and carried off seven or eight small craft from the river.

Fiume consists of one main street and suburbs. Its 7,000 inhabitants speak mostly Italian, and look Italian even though most of their surnames end in "-itch." A "pretty woman" in a shop had said to Hobhouse, "Io sono Illyrica," and this Shakespearean word is the one most favoured locally when asked where you're from. St Vitus is the patron saint, and the main church is named after him, though no-one seems subject to twitching. The natives are confident that prior to the French there were few if any loose Fiumean women – now all is changed, and, says Hobhouse (who may or may believe this last), "the females there have the airs of those in Vienna or any other debauched metropolis."

At the town's only bookseller's, Baillie and Hobhouse meet a well-educated young man called Marusitz (*Recollections* I 56 calls him "Marrantz"), who continually addresses Baillie as "Mon Cher" – Hobhouse italicizes the phrase and writes it in big letters. The bookseller says that he did more business when some English ships called than he had in all the rest of his career. There are few other books in town except the remnant of a Jesuit library at St Vitus's. Baillie and Hobhouse, guided by "Mon cher Marusitz," try to see it, but the "slothful unwilling old dotard of a priest," who keeps the key, is not helpful.

An English ship from Gibraltar "made our hearts glad as being a *dernier resource* in the event of the French again advancing upon the town." That night they drink tea and feast upon *pane italiano*.

On Sunday **September 19th**, the town is relieved to hear that "General Rebovich has defeated the French at Weichselberg, two posts from Laybach." Despite this news, Fiume is flooded with deserters from the Austrian army – "Italians, Croatians and Dalmatians." That afternoon the brig HMS Wizard anchors in the harbour. Captain Ferris commanded her at her last mention, which Hobhouse seems not to recollect (see September 1st 1809); now Captain Moresby is in charge, "a true English sailor, blunt but kind in his manners." He has recently come across William ("rapid") Gell, who had expected two brigs, and expected them both to be at his disposal.

On **September 20th** Perceval and Hobhouse, out in the countryside, are impressed when a woman picks some grapes for them *gratis*, on the grounds that they are English. Likewise they are given free sheets upon which to dry themselves after a bath (though they ask for towels) – it's the first bath Hobhouse records himself as having since setting out from England in May. They are again not charged, on account of their nationality. The four friends seem determined to visit Pola (modern Pula) – round the bottom of the Istrian peninsula, opposite Venice – and at first cultivate Captain Moresby with a view to getting a lift in the *Wizard*; but then, it appears, change their minds, and decide to go independently.

On **September 21st** they rise at six-thirty and depart an hour later; there is no wind, and it takes their four boatmen until eight at night to reach their disembarkation point on the western coast of Istria. They cover twenty-seven miles. Towards the end of the

journey, their "timorous boatmen" beg them not to sing, for fear of being shot at by "Morlach peasants, who, he said, were not men but beasts."

They reach their landing place, near the village of Cernizza, in the dark. They are now almost opposite Venice, which city, however, Hobhouse never mentions. Walker and Frederick stumble, with the baggage, up "a stony hilly road," their masters going unencumbered, and reach the house of

> … a tall large jolly *paroccho* or parish priest and two men with one woman and some children rising from a supper table. A few words sufficed to make our case known – we told him we came to put up at his house for the night, and he at once overwhelmed us with attentions and a kind, merry acceptance of our proposition.

The *paroccho* turns out to be the treasurer of the local mayoralty, whose chest was recently – and with some violence – pillaged by the captain and crew of an English line-of-battle ship, the *Elizabeth*, operating on the assumption that he and his community were pro-French. He too was captured and taken on board, but once there, was overwhelmed by the hospitality of the officers, who wined and dined him and gave him clothes and cash, so that in him England has – he asserts – a friend forever. When General Nugent invaded Istria he was released, and is now confident that the funds appropriated will be restored.

> The *paroccho* prepared us a most excellent leg of mutton, and after supper led us up into a sort of loft where were two immense beds prepared for us in a very dingy apartment. Baillie, being a sick man since this morning, and Perceval, out of complaisance, took the great beds. Barrett lay on a chest and I on a dirty settee, where, however, having put my cloak under the sheet, I slept well. Poor Perceval was flea-catching all night by the light of a lamp, which, for emergencies of that sort, was left burning in the room.

On **September 22nd** Hobhouse does his usual survey of the area. The "Morlachs" are poor mountaineers or shepherds, Though "Sclavonian," they speak Italian. They used to be "more notorious for their robberies than any other people in the world," but the French put an end to that, disarming them all, and shooting two hundred of them, including the leading citizen of Cernizza. However, now the Austrians have re-assumed the province, the old ways are coming back.

With four horses and a guide, they journey towards Pola. The vintage is being taken in as they pass. Near Pola they glimpse what has, it seems, been their goal – an amphitheatre. When they reach it, Hobhouse proclaims it to be

> … the superb ruin, called "Arena" by the common people, which is the celebrated amphitheatre of Pola, and which has suffered less from the lapse of time than any similar building that I have ever seen.

"Busching's Geography" is the book in which Hobhouse first read of it. He describes it in detail. The French have done some archaeological clearing, but have not had adequate time to reveal it all.

Using a road recently improved by the French, they descend to the town of Pola, which is "dirty and deserted." They find no beds at the inn, but do obtain lodgings. Whom should they meet but Captain Moresby of the *Wizard*, who invites them on board! Why they did not take advantage of him and travel on the *Wizard* is not clear.

In the market square are two antiquities, which are given the Hobhouse treatment, measurements and all ("I've measured it from side to side …"): one is a temple of Diana, the other the remains of an earthen vase. More common than Roman inscriptions, however, are depictions in stone of the Lion of St Mark.

On board the *Wizard*, they learn that the ship's mission is, on the orders of Archduke Maximilian, to repair a shore battery which the English had, in the time of the French, disabled. Fifty marines are to work on the job. Then they hear that

> … Major Havel [*of the marines*] was in Lord Collingwood's ship at the battle of Trafalgar. As the *Sovereign* was going into action, a broadside was fired by accident – Lord Nelson made signal for the *Sovereign* to fight closer. This not only enraged Collingwood at the time, but he was never heard to mention Lord Nelson's name in his ship afterwards.
>
> This day after dinner Captain Moresby mentioned the death of the only friend I have in the world, and I was weak enough to give way to a transport of grief before men who did not know me to be sincere. My neighbour, Baillie, kindly tried to convince me the Captain must be mistaken, but although facts were much on the side of consolation, and have been since that time, I cannot help even at this day (November 18th) dreading the worst. I tried Swift's panacea, but all in vain – very few nights have since passed that I have not, whether dreaming or awake, dwelt upon this fatal event.
>
> We left the brig at half-past nine, and coming on shore with the captain got into good beds in houses belonging to private persons.

Moresby, we must assume, relayed a false rumour that Byron was dead (*Joyce* and *Byron's Bulldog* say that he heard he'd killed himself). Hobhouse tells Byron in his letter of January 7th 1814 that it was for fear of finding it true that he didn't write.

On **September 23rd** the scirocco is blowing and the waves high. Having breakfasted on board ship, they go with Moresby to see a Roman funeral arch, praised by Busching. Then to the fortification where the old French guns are to be replaced, from whence they

get a fine view both of the port of Pola, and of the amphitheatre they saw the previous day.

Hobhouse summarises the history of Pola, from the time of Pompey and Augustus to the present. It has frequently been laid waste, either by Venice or by Genoa. Once it was retaken by "blind old Dandolo."

They leave Pola and return to Cernizza by five. Their *paroccho* gives them an elaborate repast, "which nothing but his hospitality made eatable." In conversation after dinner it appears that, although he knows England to be an island, he thinks that India is a part of it. He has never been beyond Fiume or Trieste, each of which he has visited once. He says he hates the French, who have depopulated several villages by their conscriptions, and brought widespread poverty by their taxation. He believes that in England, there are no taxes. Although there are no rich men locally, farming does yield enough for paying taxes and living moderately well.

The English go to bed at ten.

The next morning all the *paroccho* "got for his hospitality was an English clasp-knife of Mr Barrett's, and the distribution of two zechins for his poor." They later heard that he has berated the boatmen for bringing the English party to his door, because if or when the French return, he will be made to suffer.

Also on the morning of **September 23rd** (a date which occurs twice, according to Hobhouse, once on a Thursday and once on a Friday) Barrett buys a four-month-old "wolf dog bitch" for two florins. With this new pet, and also with a woman who has asked for a lift to Fiume, they put to sea in the scirocco, which brings a heavy swell, and at first forces them back to their anchor. At nine-thirty they set out again, Frederick, Perceval and Barrett being very sick. They are unable to make Fiume, and at five pull in to a small port called Fianone. There, no-one pays them any attention, and, although they do get a lodging, there seems no chance of food.

> The place beggared all description, and the squalid appearance of the two or three inhabitants which we met there corresponded with that of the habitations.

They cannot believe that such a small and inaccessible place deserves fortification, yet it has had thick walls since it was sacked in 1599. They are grateful when "a civil, neat-dressed woman gave us bread and grapes." They also buy "four pounds of good fish," but, that night, are unable to sleep for fleas.

At seven on **September 24th** they set out again, their boatmen cheered by the news that the French have been unwilling to try and retake Fiume. When they land near the town, a woman in a vineyard gives them delicious grapes – as usual, because they are English. That evening, happy to be home, they dine at the Star, and walk about the town. On **September 25th**, Baillie being ill, they determine to stay until the 28th. For dinner that night, at the Star, they have "a good herb soup and some fried sardines." On **September 26th** they try to draw some money from the local banker, but he affects not

to understand Italian. Baillie is still ill. They explore the town, have tea with their sick friend, and, writes Hobhouse,

> … when not employed in reading, which was seldom the case, amused ourselves in imitating his [*Baillie's*] inimitable imitation of the link boys' cries at the theatre, "Three shillings to Finsbury Square! coach to Piccadilly!" running through the widow's house; enlivened by an interlude of the showman and his hyena at Pidcock's menagerie. These were our standing jokes, and filled up, not only tonight, but during the remainder of our tour, each pause, on every evening, not infrequently to the terror of our landlords, especially when accompanied by the cry of a pack of hounds, and Baillie's exclamation, drawn from the bottom of his jaws, of "The Old Dog My Lord." *Sic Itur Ad Umbras*.

The English abroad, and in high spirits, appear no less foolish in 1814 than in 2005.

On **September 27th** Hobhouse walks about Fiume. He visits the Jesuits' library, sees a French translation of Gibbon, and borrows some books from the "dull guardian" of the place. Outside the library, he and "Mon Cher" Marusitz see a person who appears to be of both sexes. It is an actor from the French theatre, who has indeed the reputation of being a hermaphrodite:

> He had a sort of woman's net or cap upon his black hair, which was parted in front and bound up tight backwards. He had his arms bare, the shirt being tucked up, and they resembled those of a female, as did the shape of his hips. He had no beard, and a kind of complexion, even of the eyes, which seemed less of the male than of the other sex. He was, however, large and robust.

They then inspect the great Fiume tobacco factory, which normally employs four hundred people. Hobhouse "was nearly intoxicated by going through the warehouse, and had need of my dinner at the Star to drive out the fumes from my head."

The French have retired from Attelsberg, four and a half posts away, which gives all the Fiumians a mighty sense of relief. That evening a great thunderstorm is seen over the bay. "The peals shook our house like an earthquake." Hobhouse and his friends spend the afternoon and evening of **September 28th** climbing all over the castle and its fortifications. **September 29th** is spent with Barrett, visiting the castle and Francsican convent of Torsatto. At the former, they amuse themselves "rather irrationally" by rolling stones down a precipice "to make them bound over the road into the craggy slopes below." That night over dinner at the Star they make arrangements with "Mon Cher" Marusitz for a shooting party the next day. All thought of leaving has, it appears, been forgotten. A hurricane on **September 30th** makes the hunt impossible, so in the afternoon Hobhouse and Barrett again visit the Torsatto convent. "Mon Cher" Marusitz

takes tea with them that evening. Hobhouse does some copying from Bursching's Geography.

Baillie is still sick. On **October 1st** Hobhouse and Barrett (we hear nothing of Perceval) walk along the coast towards Prelucca; that night, dinner at the Star as usual, and tea with Baillie. On **October 2nd** they ascend once again to the castle. At a wine house on their return, they see

> … some peasants, two girls and two men … dancing to the sound of a bagpipe. The dance consisted chiefly in pirouettes, and the women, turned swiftly round by their partners, showed no little skill in performing their revolutions. It was the Illyrian waltz.

That night, dinner at the Star, and time with Baillie.

October 3rd is St Francis' Day, and thus sacred also to the Austrian Emperor. Troops parade before the church, and a Te Deum is sung within. Drums and cannon sound as the host is elevated. In the afternoon – with Perceval this time, not Barrett – Hobhouse, climbing in the hills, discovers a wonderful view of the valley of the river Fiume. This provides them with "the most agreeable of the many walks we had taken in the environs of that town." They dine at the Star and tea with Baillie.

On **October 4th** Hobhouse and Perceval go at last on the hunt, with Marusitz, a carriage, two dogs, and a *Jäger*, who is a blacksmith of the town. They pass through the town of Buccari, and into the country beyond, where the English recently made themselves popular by breaking the French salt monopoly and distributing that delicacy among the poor. They see large shoals of fish in the bay. The road becomes so bad that they decide to send the carriage back (though it is in fact the high road into Dalmatia, passed a few years back by the French general Marmont).

Despite the time of year, it is "insufferably hot." Both Englishmen chafe, foreseeing bad sport. They meet up with a friend of Marusitz (whom, by now, they are cursing). Marustiz's friend

> … at the same time that he showed us every attention, was lavish to his friend of a thousand marks of affection. All the young boys above the condition of peasants in these parts are sent to the University of Zengh or the school of Fiume, where, at the expense of the government, they are taught Italian and Latin, and what they call moral philosophy, and the striking contrast between the worldly circumstances of these poor people and their manners and education reminds one of the Scotch scholars of the highlands.

At the village of Grisani their mood changes, when they are met by another *paroccho*, who has been expecting them for two days. His house is neat and civilized, with "good chairs, polished tables, escritoirs," and even a harp – which he can play. He

is a good-looking man of thirty-five, who speaks Hebrew, Greek, Latin, Italian, Croat, German, and a little French. He is, however, devastated to hear that the Illyrian provinces have just been annexed to France (news, the arrival of which coincides with theirs – as Hobhouse asserts). He will be much worse off under the French.

Hobhouse beds down in the *paroccho's* library, but, he knows not why, doesn't sleep all night.

They go hunting on **October 5th**. They ascend to a point higher than any they have been to on their Croatian journey, with a superb view of Fiume, Istria, and the islands of the Adriatic.

Their prey is *cotomi*, or red-legged partridges – but, though some have been seen that morning, the sportsmen are completely without luck, being reduced after some time to firing at marks. Marusitz almost cries with disappointment. They give their remaining powder to the *paroccho* – a great luxury, for it is English powder, and powder of any kind is unobtainable in Croatia. Back at base, Hobhouse, recovering from the rage he has felt, sleeps for an hour before dinner.

After dinner they set out for Fiume, the *paroccho* kissing Hobhouse's cheeks, as well as, to Hobhouse's "shame and confusion," those of Perceval.

On the way they pass a group of Morlaques (previously spelled "Morlachs"), with several deserters. Among them

> … one of the women engaged our attention more than the rest. She looked as savage as an Indian – her dress was a single dirty sackcloth shift, with stitching of parti-coloured woolen stuff. Her hair fell in plats on each side and round her neck she wore strings of silver coins. She was nearly black from smoke and sun, and of a manly, robust make – but when we looked hard at her, she turned away her head and withdrew. We were told she was a virgin, and that her unmated state was the cause of her shyness, which in a person apparently capable of felling either of us with a blow of her fist, was not a little laughable.

Croatian deserters from the French army are legion. Entire battalions desert, with their officers. Italian soldiers from the army of Eugene Beauharnais desert as well, so that Hobhouse wonders if Beauharnais has any troops left to fight. "It is easily accounted for why he did not risk any general action."

On the way back to Fiume, Hobhouse again notes the resemblance between Illyrians and Albanians. They drink tea with Baillie, and go to bed at ten.

On **October 6th** they witness the punishment of two Croatian troops – into the details of which Hobhouse does not go. The town is filled with the new Croatian regiments under Austrian command. "Mrs Marusitz" has tea with them: whether she is Marusitz's wife, or mother, is unclear.

The great news on **October 7th** is that Laybach (known in Italian as Lubliana) has fallen to the Austrians. This is put about by the *Notizie del Giorno*, formerly a French

propaganda sheet, now an Austrian one, which, Hobhouse notes, employs but one compositor (who is stared at in his work by the peasants), and which often gets news from Vienna as much as a fortnight late. Hobhouse is employed extracting from Bursching. After dinner at the Star, they gather they've been summoned by the magistrates for occupying quarters which are needed by someone else. They decide to ignore this.

On **October 8th** another summons forces them to attend the magistrate. Their lodgings are, they're told, required by notables in the suit of the Archduke Francis, who is expected any day in HMS *Eagle* (later *Aigle*). They go the military commandant, who obtained their lodgings in the first place, see only his clerk, but are promised every protection. They next try to sway things their way by offering their hosts payment – which, being placed there by the military, they are not bound to do. Their hosts accept with alacrity. Throughout the business, writes Hobhouse, "our assurance astounded everybody."

Walking about, Hobhouse observes a Croat regiment in the main square, repeating a weird ritual which involves kneeling, pulling their hats off, and raising a right hand with three fingers extended. It is a way of swearing allegiance to the Emperor, and the three fingers represent the Holy Trinity.

Hearing in the evening that Baillie doesn't like the "monstrous viands" which have been sent to him from the Star, they try a pothouse patronized by their servants. The result is not recorded.

On **October 9th** Hobhouse and Perceval explore the last area around Fiume which they have not yet looked at, being very pleased with the result, although the cottages into which they peep are as dark and dirty as any they've seen in the country. That night they finally abandon the Star, "with its loquacious pimp of a waiter," and try the Theater or Two Towers. Here they find "better food as well as style." They determine to set off soon, although there is a serious problem of ready money, which they spend the evening discussing. **October 10th** finds Hobhouse and Perceval exploring yet again: they meet an old lady, one of whose boats was appropriated by the English from the Fiume harbour the previous June. That night, the fare at the Two Towers is as good as it had been yesterday. **October 11th** is "as hot as an English July." They are told that they must vacate their lodgings as soon as possible – "the magistrates and the commandant had come to terms and … we were the victims of their friendship." Baillie seems to be better. They try and raise cash, but find that "the people called bankers in this country are not like those tradesmen in our country, but money-changing Jews." There are no exchange rates, and the value of the *Frederick d'or* is fixed at will. They dine at the Two Towers again. On **October 12th** they make final arrangements to leave Fiume.

At half-past eleven on **October 13th**, they depart. As they do so, the *Aigle*, carrying the Archdukes Maximilian and Francis, with the latter's wife, Beatrix of Sardinia, anchors in the harbour – but as it blows a gale they cannot land, so Hobhouse, Baillie, Barrett and Perceval leave Fiume without having clapped eyes on them.

First they go to Lippa, with a view of Castria and the Istrian mountains. Lippa is "a small dirty village with as poor post-house, the master of which had been at Ragusa and was shot through the cheek. The old landlady at Lippa complained to us that she seen four wars, in all of which the inn at Lippa was sure to suffer." There are fifty deserters from the French there, sheltering from the rain, "on their way to Capo d'Istria" (a coastal town on the Istrian peninsula). They leave for Ternova (or Dorneck) at four. The country is "all very dreary" and looks like "the worst parts of Scotland." The inn at Dorneck is decent, and they get a good supper of mutton.

They hear that the allies under Nugent have entered Trieste the previous day, but that the castle there is holding out, and will be attacked soon. They debate whether or not to go and see the action. Hobhouse wants to, but Baillie – who does not wish to be inconvenienced – carries the day, and they decide not to. Hobhouse sleeps well despite his own project's defeat.

They leave Dorneck at ten the morning of **October 14th**. The country continues "wild and barren," although as Hobhouse concedes that it produces huge quantities of cabbage, it cannot be so very barren. They come to Saguria, whose polyglot postmaster is "a miserable-looking wretch." They pass on to Adelsberg, where fifteen hundred troops, on the march from the Turkish frontier into Italy, have commandeered all the accommodation. Some officers are hospitable, inviting them to their mess, and saying that "the English were famous for coffee, sugar, and 'geld'" (which Hobhouse spells 'gelt'). Eugene de Beauharnais, they're told, had been at Adelsberg on the second of the month. At three-forty they set off for Lapina, deciding not to visit Adelsberg's famous grotto.

They travel through gloomy pine-forests, which Perceval says are just like those in Finland. It is now very cold. The inn at Lapina is good, with "good tough mutton, two good rooms, and clean-sheeted beds." Before dining, they visit a ruined chapel on a crag overlooking the Uns river, with vestiges of two castles nearby. Going through a flour-mill, they find a huge precipice with the Uns issuing from a cavern beneath, now flooded, but, they are assured, when drier, affording a fine forty-five minutes' walk into its depths. Their guide confirms that Beauharnais passed through at the end of September:

> He described a man not taller but a little larger than myself, with black mustachios (short beard) exceedingly affable and always laughing …

There was recently a battle a short way beyond one of the castles, between the Croats and the "French," who had consisted entirely of "Italian boys not more than fifteen years of age, of whom the oldest soldier had not seen two months service." Six Croatian hussars had kept them in check, despite Beauharnais' excellent discipline. The country, they are assured by their "verst," (a new word Hobhouse has picked up, signifying

"guide"), abounds in foxes, roe, red deer, wolves and bears. The wolves "take dogs off from the villages at night."

That evening, "Barrett danced a waltz with a pretty dirty waiting maid who was in boots but who nevertheless performed her part admirably." They all sleep well.

Passing through Leitsch, they travel, on **October 15th**, to Ober Leybach (Hobhouse spells it "Layback;" a short distance from Leybach itself: modern Ljubljana). Though "a small, straggling town," it has many neat, well-built houses, and they feel themselves to be back in a more civilized area of Europe. "No longer in the Balkans," is Hobhouse's implication. As if to prove his point, beggars abound.

The black eagle of Austria has been painted on all the post-houses and barriers on the road to Leybach, which they reach by four, putting up at the Hotel Imperial, which is kept by a French woman from Provence. They have four rooms, but only one privy between them. Perceval and Baillie go to the commandant to get their passports visa'd for Klagenfurth (over the border to the north, in Austria), and find themselves treated "cavalierly" at first, as if they're Frenchmen! Hobhouse and Barrett explore. The French made Leybach into the capital of their "Illyrian" provinces. They were besieged in its castle ("a miserable old building") only a short while previously, but it seems few shots were fired and little damage done. When they surrendered it was with five artillerymen, and 140 soldiers, of whom seventy were sick. Despite this ignominy, Hobhouse would have us believe that

> The inhabitants of Leybach are decent-looking and well-dressed, and both they and their town bear evident marks of the extreme advantages of a French government. Perhaps our judgement on this head was principally formed by the excellent dinner which we got at the Imperial Hotel, which was served up in the best style, containing amongst other things a brace of delicious woodcocks properly dressed, and which with tea and breakfast and all the chargeables came to only twelve florins and fifty-six kreutzers in hard money.
>
> We were told that Marshal Marmont kept the court of a sovereign at Leybach, and was much liked. His chief amusement was shooting, and as the neighbourhood abounds with game of all descriptions he found employment for no less than thirty bird-dogs.
>
> The conscription was hardly pressed in Carniola, and [only] where the French headquarters were did the inhabitants have much reason to complain.
>
> Beltram, the general, was more liked than Marmont. Junot went mad in the town and was removed to Gorice, whence he was taken tied with cords in a state of raging insanity to his own province in France, and there died. At nine o'clock we went to bed. I was fleabitten and slept ill.

STYRIA

On **October 16th** they set out for Klagenfurth, over good level roads, carved with numerous saints. Some bridges have been burnt by the retreating French. At one they enter Krainberg (Kranja), a town which has seen recent action. They leave for Neumarktel (either Bled, or Tržič) at two. Neumarktel is "a town most romantically situated at the foot of a green mountain." It was destroyed by fire in March 1810, seventy of its inhabitants being killed. They put up at "the miserable inn," and, hearing that an Englishman called Dutton, "a file manufacturer," lives there, send for him!! They recognize him at once as one of their nation, "by his air, and white corduroy breeches."

Dutton shows them around his manufactory and his "neat, English-built house." He has been in Neumarktel for four years, but out of England since 1780. One of his partners, an Austrian count, has not been able to come up with the promised capital because of the seizure of the Illyrian provinces by the French.

Hobhouse details Dutton's statistical revelations with the most unByronic fascination. He has fifteen apprentices and as many workmen. He makes a thousand bundles of files a week. An apprentice will make two dozen small files in an hour – a dozen less than an English workman. "The files he now sells are of two sorts, but he is going to give up the coarser, as fit only for the German workmen." He makes his own steel, from iron mines two hours into the mountains. His files are "bought up by the merchants of Trieste, and dispersed he knows not whither." The locals, he says,

> … are exceedingly debauched and obstinate but not so stupid as the Germans. Brothers and sisters, uncles and nieces, live and marry promiscuously together. The common food is black *sorge* made into a pottage with lard or hogs fat and the butcher kills meat only once a week. He has had great difficulty in persuading them to eat potatoes, which they said were food for pigs; they have, however, lately taken to them, and Dutton cultivated so many that he lost 300 baskets this year, by the French, of whom ten thousand were quartered in the neighbourhood.

The locals, he avers, "prefer the French to the Austrians on account of the paper money and taxes of the latter. They are peculiarly averse to war, and always desert, both from one and the other power." At the "very bad dinner" that night, to which he is invited, Dutton reveals that his ambition is, after all, to own a pub back in England. He wonders whether Walker, the servant, might not sit with them at table. Hobhouse and company are the first Englishmen he has ever seen in that locale.

The Battle of Leipzig commences on this date, though they are of course unaware of it.

On **October 17th** they breakfast at Dutton's place, and set off, with six horses, at ten-fifteen. Before he leaves them, Dutton gives them a detailed account of the battle, many years earlier, at the pass over the mountains – which he witnessed, having brought

a cart up there for the wounded – between a thousand attacking Frenchmen and a mere sixty defending Austrian *Jägers*. The French lost, and not a *Jäger* was injured. The French commander was killed as he sheltered behind a tree. Hobhouse is again pleased to record a description of Eugene de Beauharnais as "most affable," and "about my size."

They descend via the long pass, through "the noblest Alpine scenery," with numerous "votive tablets" to the saints and to the Virgin along the way. They pass into Carinthia (that is, Austria), where Perceval's puppy is lost, which detains them an hour. It rains hard, but they still notice buildings burned by one or other of the opposing armies.

They reach Klagenfurth, and put up at the Imperial Hotel – in the very rooms the real Austrian Imperial family had occupied when they last passed through, in 1790 (though they aren't granted such a privilege until "after some preliminaries"). Baillie hasn't forgotten "Mon Cher" Marusitz, and sends him a letter. They dine "rather badly."

Reichard in hand, Hobhouse strolls about Klagenfurth on the morning of **October 18th**. He notes that "the steeples of the churches are in the Tartar taste." They do not stay, but set off, in dreadful rain, at half-past one for Völkermacht – making roughly towards Graz, and thus, at first indirectly, towards Vienna. They pass many wagon trains going to the battle-front, and many deserters from the French coming from it. The postmaster at Völkermacht wants them to stay at his place, but they won't, and go on instead to the best inn, where they dine on an excellent fowl with which Dutton has presented them. That night,

> … we were immoderately merry … and very indecent communications between the kitchen and the parlour were encouraged until the late hour of ten.

Beggars beset the road from Völkermacht, which they leave on the morning of **October 19th**, for it is market day. A battalion passes, trudging through the pouring rain towards Italy. Getting out of the carriage to chase a polecat which they've seen, they bump into a man identified as "Caucasus Mackenzie," who tells them of two recent French defeats (neither of them at Leipzig). We hear no more of the polecat. They arrive at Unter Draburg, and proceed from there to Mahrenberg, where "a hideous girl, who was lying with another of one sex or the other," directs them for shelter to a pothouse, where they find "two other savage girls and a *Vindish* boor," who, "after much persuasion and a temptation on our part to knock him down," finds a hostel for them. Hobhouse sleeps well, even though he has strained the instep of his left foot.

The Battle of Leipzig finishes on this date, with victory for the Allies.

The river Drave, through the valley of which they drive on the morning of **October 20th**, reminds Hobhouse of the Wye. They reach St Oswald at half-past one, and at half-past two set out for Marburg (Maribor), which they reach by six-fifteen, and put up there at the Hart Inn. The landlady is "good," and the privy "decent."

The entry for **October 21st** appears missing. Someone (not Hobhouse, I believe) has written *some mistake* next to the next entry, which is the one for **October 22nd**.

It is market day in Marburg; Hobhouse declares the women to be "taller, handsomer, and better dressed" than those in Carinthia (where goiters are common). The quartet set out on the road north, for Herrenhausen (Ehrenhausen); they are now heading directly for Graz, along a dead flat. They pass 1,100 men of the Tenth battalion of *Jägers*, marching in the opposite direction. Hobhouse notes the inconvenient length of their boots. They also notice that postillions (in the sense of government couriers), being deemed members of the Imperial household, are treated with great respect.

At Herrenhausen, Hobhouse and Barrett explore a chapel, over the décor in which he lingers even more lovingly than usual. Then suddenly,

> While we were gazing Baillie and Perceval joined us – the latter with the report of a great battle in which the French had been annihilated, and Napoleon had disappeared. The postmaster was Baillie's informant, and had, he said, the intelligence direct from Prince Hohenzollern, governor of there and resident at Graz. Now I cannot refrain from mentioning here that when we came to Graz and saw Prince Hohenzollern, we learned no such intelligence had been received or sent. The courier bringing the account of the great Battle of Leipzig arrived when the Prince was in the room with us at Countess Purgstall's in that town, and not before, so that the postmaster at Herrenhausen must have had second sight – or second hearing. Leipzig was taken on the 19th; the courier arrived on the 24th, at night, at Graz.

As there are no horses because of the military, Hobhouse and Perceval walk the next stage until the coach overtakes them at five. They arrive at their next stop, Liberine, where they have soup, beefsteaks, and hock, and where Baillie is disgusted to find they have to share one room. Whether or not they speculate about Leipzig, and Napoleon, Hobhouse doesn't say.

After much trouble over the bill and over the obtaining of horses, they set off at half-past ten on the morning of **October 23rd**. Before they go they have the satisfaction of persuading the local magistrate that the inn overcharged them by fifty percent. Please, say they, we cannot stay, but give the superflux, and any fine imposed, to the poor. As they never got a letter the magistrate promises, they assumed that he had "only deceived us into a notion of Austrian justice."

They reach the first stage, Karlstoff, by one-thirty. Hobhouse records that, "It is remarkable that in Germany, both in carts and wagons and carriages, a single horse is driven on one side of the pole, and not in shafts as with us." From Karlstoff they can see the citadel of Graz. They reach Graz (which Hobhouse spells "Gratz") at half-past four. It is a hot day – "the sun burning as in English July".

Hobhouse goes to the post office, expecting money for them from Vienna, but finds none.

They stay at "The Wilden Mann or Horseshoe at the lower end of the Schmeidgasse," a large and classy establishment of a kind they've not seen since leaving Vienna, but still only able to furnish them with two third-floor bedrooms. They dine "tolerably," then prowl round. They send a note to Madame la Comtesse Purgstall (*née* Lady Cranstown, a sister of Dugald Stewart) who returns an invitation to dine. *Recollections* I 61 says Hobhouse "had a letter of introduction [to her] from Mr. Hammer, Editor of the 'Mines of the East.'" They retire at ten.

After breakfast on **October 24th** Hobhouse calls on La Comtesse, who lives in the Burgerstrasse: and at once the tone (and volume) of the entry changes, as he floods his page with the myriad details of political and social gossip which he picks up in a single day, now that he's back in civilization.

He finds Countess Purgstall

> … a well-mannered old lady, deeply tinged with melancholy, chiefly, as it appeared, on account of her only child, a sickly boy of fifteen, reputed a great genius, and indeed actually endowed with extraordinary capacities and uncommonly precocious. The Countess is a widow. Her husband, who married her in Edinburgh, died at Florence, and left her with this only son, the young Count, who is possessed of one of the two best properties in Styria [*Hobhouse spell this word "Storia"*] and particularly of the castle of [*blank*], one of the wonders of the country, placed on a rock four hundred feet perpendicularly high. His fortune amounts to 40,000 florins a year, which the relations of the Count have done everything in their power to secure or get a share of, giving out first that the boy was dead, and secondly that the Countess had made him a Protestant. She has had to support several suits against the iniquity of these pretensions, and, being alone, as she said, "in a strange land, and at a time when it was suspicious to befriend an Englishwoman," she, what with her own bad health and that of her boy, has nearly fallen under her complicated distress – she seems a woman of considerable capacity.
>
> Whilst I was in the room a Miss Bellegarde, daughter of General Bellegarde and niece of Marshal Bellegarde, President of War, came in, and we had some talk on the affairs of the day. Everybody here desponded of future success. Schwartzenberg [*the Austrian Commander-in-Chief*] does not get up, it seems, until eleven o'clock, and the plan of the campaign is settled in the Emperor's cabinet by Counts General Ducas and General Kutcherd, two decidedly incapables, particularly the first, who is the very sign of folly, so they say. At the end of the campaign, the army was in the greatest want of provisions. Captain Bellegarde (Mlle.'s brother) was fifteen days without rations, and in the night-march of the advance upon the French entrenched camp of Pirna the way was lost, and the soldiers called individually upon each other for help and guidance. Moreau is charged by the Austrians as being the author of the failure at Dresden – he is decried by those whom he so often vanquished, and esteemed by the Russians only, with whom he never came in contact.

The ladies told stories of the extreme ignorance of the Austrian employees, and of the officers – a ship was detained at Venice, with stores for the army during one of the late wars. The War Minister complained of the loss resulting from the delay – the Transport Master wrote back that the vessel had been kept in port by the scirocco – "If that is the case," said the Minister in reply, "the scirocco must pay for it." The details of the Austrian government are so minute and go through so many hands that correction becomes expensive – there was once a mistake of several kreutzers in a regimental account – the Minister for War wrote to the Colonel – the Colonel communicated with the Captain – he with the Paymaster – the Paymaster again with the Captain and so on until the important error came back, rectified, to the Ministry: the regiment happening to be divided in several quarters, the seven kreutzers cost the government a hundred florins.

The Countess told me she knew Adair well [*Robert Adair, ambassador to Constantinople when H. and B. were there in 1810*], and that she, a Foxite by conviction and inclination, hailed his approach to Vienna – but no man was more unfit for his post – he, together with Razoumovsky, were the public laughter of Genz, to whom they trusted, and who, in Countess Purgstall's presence, not knowing she understood German, has, before Adair himself, publicly derided that minister. Had Adair known what he was about he might have made Austria march into Poland in 1806, and the French would have been lost.

Wishna, a general in the Austrian service, was charged with two dispatches, one to Napoleon and one to Alexander, and was to take either the one or the other conqueror, whichever he might be – Napoleon received the letter. Count Cobenzel told this story to Madame Purgstall.

Adair was talking one day about the subsidy from England, and asserted that previous to giving it, the British ministry ought to be assured of the consent of the Austrian states to the war – Madame Purgstall could not convince him that Austria was a despotic government, and that no such consent was wanting – Adair said this was a form required. This hesitation saved the French cause – Austria would not engage with such a minister. The Countess said he wrote well, but never a word of truth. Paget [*Sir Arthur Paget, a previous ambassador*], though a bad minister, was better than Adair – he was handsome and liberal. Poor Adair thought he was a Strephon – "But," said the Countess, "you may judge from his face and figure what impression he was likely to make upon the ladies of Vienna."

She said the English had long been in exceeding bad odour on the continent, owing to the uncontradicted lies of the French gazettes. Mr Verner, Aulic councilor here, told me that at Paris he had seen crowds collected before pictures of the French in the English prison ships, and all in tears. The Countess mentioned that only the other day the second person in Styria had contended with her that the English had no soldiers – this is a most prevalent notion.

Hobhouse stays to dinner with the Countess, where he meets "Mr Verner" (presumably "Werner") of the Aulic Council, and hears more gossip, which, most of it being in German, he does not fully understand. The meal lasts from three to four-thirty. At six the four Englishmen have tea, also at Countess Purgstall's, with "a great many young countesses and princesses." Present is Count Hohenzollern, who commanded the Austrian centre at Aspern, but who is now unemployed and discontented. "Vous avez entendu parler peut-être de moi?" is his opener, but Hobhouse and co never have heard of him. Hohenzollern has not heard about the assassination of Perceval's father, the Prime Minister. Hobhouse is introduced to two sisters of Constance Spencer Smith, and sits, privileged, with them, Princess Hohenzollern, and Countess Purgstall, while Perceval, Baillie and Barrett have to play, with the children, a version of Musical Chairs called "la Mère Agitée."

The ladies complain to Hobhouse of how the French example has made social distinctions harder to maintain. Some girls' schools would not, in times past, admit as pupils anyone from a family with fewer than sixty-four quarterings to their coat of arms. But such times, thanks to Napoleon, are over: "nothing is more common in Austria than to find a man praised for not preferring the French to his own government." In Graz, says the *ci-devant* Foxite Countess, "open exultations might be heard at the French victories."

> Whilst we were talking, and the *Mère Agitée* was going on, news came to the Prince. He was called out of the room, but soon returned with these words:
>
> "Les français son battus – a great victory near Leipzig – ninety pieces of cannon taken, and the French in full retreat through Merseburg!"
>
> All the room was in violent agitation, clapping of hands and hurrahing – the Countess lighted up her windows – Miss Bellegarde and the Prussian baron ran to the theatre and the victory was announced – every face lighted up except that of the Princess Hohenzollern, who sat pale and trembling, the tears starting in her eyes: she knew that her eldest son lay wounded in the town of Merseburg, and anticipated some bad news. The Prince could not conceal the painful struggle – he looked at his wife with a tender sympathy, but with a firm though pitying accent bid her take courage: "Tout ira bien, ma chère – ou – c'est la fortune de la guerre." Whether he knew then of his son's death I was not aware, but suspect that he must have received the news. He had no less courage than feeling. The Princess was no less heroic – the only sacrifice she made to her sad situation was to turn to conversation from the subject of the victory, which had cost her so dear.

Hobhouse makes no attempt to reconcile this dramatic version of the breaking of the news with the mundane one he records on October 22nd – which, if it is accurate, would have enabled him to tell the assembly about Leipzig upon his arrival.

Several other pieces of gossip come Hobhouse's way before the company parts. Countess Purgstall reports that the King of Holland (the "real" King of Holland, not Louis Bonaparte) took part in theatrical performances at Graz, having written some himself. He gave her some pictures of himself, plus some verses, and a novel called *Marie, ou les peines de l'amour* – "a very trifling performance indeed."

> At the coronation of Napoleon and Josephine, the former ordered his wife to provide twelve ladies of the first quality as train-bearers and *dames du palais*. Josephine spoke to Duroc, who endeavoured but in vain to provide ladies of sufficient indignity [*sic*], and, communicating his want of success too late, obliged the Empress to put up with ordinary *personnages*.
>
> Napoleon took no notice of the disobedience either during the ceremony nor at the grand dinner which followed, but immediately after the table was finished ordered his wife to withdraw with him into the library, where he not only upbraided her violently, but locked her up and put the key in his pocket. The ceremonies of the evening proceeded without the Empress, who was supposed to be in one of the inner withdrawing rooms, but at about twelve at night Hortense, her daughter, the favourite of Napoleon, suspecting some catastrophe, ventured to enquire of the Emperor what was become of her mother, and at the same time has recourse to blandishments which were irresistible, for flinging her arms round the neck of her father-in-law, she received for reply, "Your mother is in the library – you may tell her to join us."
>
> Hortense flew to the place of confinement, but soon returned with the news that she could not open the door. "Oh," said Napoleon, "here is the key" – at the same time producing it from his pocket. Hortense, on entering the apartment, found her mother stretched in an armchair in a state nearly approaching to insensibility, and with her imperial robes so completely moistened with her tears that she was unable to rejoin the company until she had arranged herself in another suit.
>
> This singular story comes in a shape tolerably unquestionable – Hortense told her husband on the evening on which it happened – her husband told the Countess – and the Countess told me. I have since, from a person often in Paris, that the fact was publicly known, and talked of at the time.

The Englishmen go to bed at ten.

On the morning of **October 25th** they go with the Prussian baron to the ruins of the Graz citadel, blown up by the French one hour *after* peace had been signed. A crucifix which was undamaged by the explosion is now a holy relic. The residence of the Graf was the headquarters of the Turkish governor when the Turks ruled the region.

They visit a museum, but find the stuffed birds and the fossils uninteresting, and the electrical and steam devices "too familiar to Englishmen to detain their attention." The letters of credit they expected from Vienna have still not come, and it rains heavily (with

some snow), so they stroll no more. At the Countess Purgtsall's that night they hear a younger countess play and sing. They go to bed at eleven.

On **October 26th** it rains again, and Hobhouse spends the morning with the Countess, receiving gossip of the kind to which he is addicted. The Grand Duchess of Tuscany (Napoleon's sister Pauline) is "the most profligate woman in the world, but of a most manly mind" – she has been seen by the Countess reviewing troops on horseback. The Countess is astonished that Hobhouse has never heard of Madame Mère, Napoleon's mother, who in 1804 knelt at her son's feet and pleaded without success for the life of the duc d'Enghien. Her son wanted her to be sculpted by Canova, but told him, "If I am to be represented in marble, it shall be only on one condition – that I am to choose the character of my statue – tell the Emperor that I will be taken as Agrippina – *the mother of Nero*."

The Archduke John of Austria has a taste for low company – when he resided in Graz his favourite mistress was the landlady of the Wilden Mann, to whom, when he commanded the army in Italy, he sent copies of all his dispatches.

The Emperor Francis is "a strange compound of levity and false pride," who is afraid of being governed, and therefore surrounds himself with mediocrities. His famous devoutness is probably in externals only. The Empress is too clever for him, and he seldom lives with her. The previous Empress (Francis has had three wives before this one, all of whom died) was a great admirer of Baron Gerambe, the soldier who became a Trappist. Francis is famous for his "multifarious promises," few of which he keeps.

Hobhouse meets the young Count Purgstall, by whose account of Austrian education he is not impressed. "He said the Greek professor at the university knew no Greek, a language very little liked, and the examination which ought to take place in Latin was conducted in German."

At last Hobhouse finds a banker prepared to change some money for him. That night he goes to the theatre, as so often without naming the play. There is "a decent house and good actors – especially Miss Fischer."

October 27th is taken up entirely with gossiping with the Countess. Subjects covered are nearly all imperial. Prince Kaunitz, Austrian Chancellor for forty years, was the proudest of men, she says, but terrified of death, to the point that when smallpox hit the court of Joseph II he would only speak to his Emperor from opposite windows in a street which had been cleared of inhabitants and was patrolled by guards. He had all his shirts washed at Paris. Sir Arthur Paget had when representing England, been haughty and impudent. He once kept the Emperor waiting two hours, and was used to putting three tassels in front of his horses' forehead straps, even though the rule was that only ambassadors could do so, and he was a mere envoy!!

The talk is mostly at this level. General Andreossi once said of Sebastiani (soon to be French ambassador in London), "C'est un des plus grands scélérats que la Corse a jamais vomis."

That night they dine at the Wilden Mann, and go again to the Countess's, where Hobhouse reports no further talk.

The morning of **October 28th** is taken up with settling accounts; they dine with the Countess at three. There they meet General Bellegarde, brother of the marshal, "a lively short thick-set old man with sixteen teeth." He has anecdotes a-plenty, many of them rude, but which he has no hesitation of repeating before ladies. Archbishop Colloredo (Mozart's patron, though Mozart is not mentioned) he remembers "pulling down his smallclothes before his lieutenants et faisant son caca." The Archbishop "était absolument fou – il voudra mettre ses mains sous les jupes de quelques dame que ce soit dans toutes les sociétés."

> But the General's chef d'oeuvre was an account of Suwaroff, with whom he served in Italy and Switzerland under his brother, Marshal Bellegarde. He told us this famous Russian chief was a madman and nothing else. A very diminutive person, with a face more hideous than can be conceived, so much so, indeed, that he himself could not bear to look upon it, and would never suffer a glass to be left uncovered in any apartment where he lodged. Bellegarde has seen his aide-de-camp covering the mirrors before the general-in-chief entered his headquarters.
>
> Bellegarde and the Marshal were called to dine with Suwaroff at eight o'clock in the morning. They came, and found several Russian generals invited to meet them, but not a word was said previously to the dinner. When the table was served, Suwaroff seated himself at the head with an aide-de-camp at his left. The two Bellegardes, who were afraid of looking at each other during this strange scene, sat opposite to him. When he was seated, a servant came behind and put a napkin under his chin and also a bouquet of flowers in his bosom. He then rose, and, making many signs of the cross, muttered a long grace with many horrid grimaces, which he continued throughout the repast. He spoke not a word, but made faces at all present. The soup was served, and he was helped first. It stunk so that the Bellegardes thought they should be poisoned, but they ate it for fear of offence. A servant presented a tumbler of brandy to the general. The meats were then served, and Suwaroff recommenced his crowings, and redoubled his grimaces. A round of beef was put before the aide-de-camp, who as fast as possible continued helping his general first, but was not so quick but that Suwaroff took sly and quick cuts with his own knife and fork, and devoured many previous bits with every sign of furious hunger. Every dish underwent the same discipline, but while Suwaroff was eating, a servant came behind him and combed his hair for half an hour, during the whole of which operation he made unceasing contortions of visage, varying from delight to an expression of gentle suffering such as might be expected from the timely scratching of such a head. He swallowed repeated tumblers of wine, drank once to the hero Bellegarde, and addressed a few words to him, but to no-one else spoke at all.

The dinner lasted more than two hours, when, after a repeat of all the crowings and mutterings Suwaroff rose, and, rushing to the Marshal, embraced him, and told him and his brother to come into his cabinet, "Where," said he, "I will show you such a battle-plan as you never saw before – such a plan for a battle!" The Bellegardes entered his inner room – "There!" he cried, looking at them with triumph – "there's a thing for you!" at the same time putting a piece of paper into their hands, containing an order to the armies, beginning thus:

> "The troops will be drawn up at such an hour on the banks of the river, which, on the signal given, they will pass in good order. No-one is to drink a drop of water in passing when in face of the enemy. The Russian artillery will place itself in the French rear, the cavalry on the flanks. They will fire and charge at the same instant – the infantry will advance upon their front – Voilà la bataille gagné!"

"*There – what do you think of that*?" Bellegarde and his brother looked at each other in mute astonishment, but, thinking they had to do with a madman, who might order them to be knouted, said not a word. Suwaroff, both as to manners and appearance, looked like the lowest of the Russian soldiers, and governed them by this uniformity. He had twenty of the finest horses from the Emperor of Austria's stables, but always rode a Cossack horse. He was totally ignorant of tactics, but was not at all deficient in the art of inspiring that confidence which is the soul of armies.

He gained the Battle of Trebia by a desperate appearance of self-destruction. The Russians were running away, in spite of all his efforts to induce them to stand – he dismounted from his horse, and laid himself at length on the ground – his soldiers wished to raise him. "No!" he exclaimed, "leave me here! Run over my body! This is the place where it is fit I should die! Continue your flight, and tell your friends in Russia that you abandoned your general!" They tried to lift him up, but in vain – he made the same reply to all. A crowd was collected around him, to such a number that the French fancied their enemies had made a stand, and stopped their pursuit – the Russians were reassured by this sight – Suwaroff seized the opportunity, led them again to the charge, and gained a complete victory.

The Emperor Paul knew him well. He used to laugh at his eccentric appearance, and when the Austrian ambassadors arrived at St Petersburg to demand him as commander-in-chief of the combined armies, Paul held a court on purpose and introduced the ridiculous figure to them with these words: "Ecce homo!"

Suwaroff came to Vienna, and when he was at two posts distance the Emperor sent one of his state glass coaches to fetch him, and made other preparations to receive him with every honourable attention. Vast crowds of people walked and rode out to meet him. He was alone, and all his motions could be distinctly seen. To the surprise of all but the mob, who were highly delighted, he repeatedly fenced about

with his hand, and made signs of his warlike intentions against the French, "As if," said Bellegarde, he had exclaimed, "Je taglierai – percerai – comperai!"

He once received his generals naked. Bellegarde entered, and he started up "Comme un singe, toutes ces affaires pendants" (Bellegarde's words before the Countess). Yet Count Rostopchin at Moscow told my friend Perceval that he would never show his skin.

When he was on the road homeward, after his disgrace, he said to the officer, a major or Captain to whose custody he was entrusted, "Pray Sir, what is your name?" The officer told him – "True," replied Suwaroff, "I remember when I was in command of such a regiment your father was hanged." This he said to spite his conductor.

He was in appearance very devout, and Bellegarde has seen him kiss the bellies of two fat priests. But, I recalled, young Wickham told me that his father told him he has seen Suwaroff, after a mass, roll up the consecrated bread and cram it by force into the mouths of his attendants. Kaye of Christ's College, when secretary of Lord Henry Petty, saw some dispatches from Wickham confirming most exactly the stories told by Bellegarde. Apparently Wickham was at the very dinner mentioned above.

That evening the party go to the play, and sit in the box of Countess Saurau, wife of the future Governor of Lombardy-Veneto. It is a gala night, with "transparencies," to celebrate Leipzig. "People now begin to talk of dividing Napoleon's conquests."

At supper, the Countess tells them that

> Dr Frank, the celebrated physician at Vienna (uncle to Frank of Ioannina) [*see 19/10/09*] saw Napoleon at Schönbrunn for half an hour naked in the bath, and declared he never saw a man more strongly made.

She also says that many were ruined by the Emperor's 1810 devaluation. All the new French lycées in Italy taught French and a little arithmetic, yet all boys in Rome of eight years and up were forced to attend them at a thousand florins a year.

The Countess Purgstall bids the four young Englishmen a sad farewell, saying that "It is like quitting England a second time." They also say goodbye to her son, and Hobhouse records with gloom, "the poor boy cannot live, and his death will assuredly kill his mother."

On the morning of **October 29th** they make preparations for leaving Graz, going at half-past ten. The snow has melted, and the year's second harvest is lying in sheaves. They reach a station called Peckau at a quarter to three. At a quarter to seven they reach a post called Rottelstein, having seen several castles, some ruined, some recently blown up, and a silver mine, half the income of which goes to the Emperor. They sleep at the Rottelstein inn at half-past nine, having dined on mutton made "après la manière de ce

pays – very bad." They rise at six on **October 30th**, but because of "a disturbance with our postmaster's postillion and fat wife," don't get away till eight. An hour before they reach Bruck (Bruck an den Mur), an axle breaks, and with a stake substituting, they walk into Bruck, and "put up at a good inn in the marketplace." Bruck is a walled town with a ruined castle of considerable extent. Two rivers, the Mur and the Märtz, run past it. Finding the stove too hot, Hobhouse goes walking.

> Scrambling up the hill I met the priest alone with the lantern in his hand, ringing a little bell and carrying the viaticum – a little boy in the lane dropped upon his knee, but the *bon dieu* came so suddenly upon me that I had only time to pull off my hat.

It's not clear whether, with more time, he would have knelt. The accommodation in Austria, they decide, is better than other parts of the Empire. "Fleas had vanished."

The carriage costs twenty-two florins to mend. At ten to eleven on **October 31st** they reach the first post, their destination being Mürzzuschlag. Hobhouse notices that "goiters here are almost universal"; he sees "a dwarf and an idiot with enormous appendages of this sort." However, the district is populous (they are nearing Vienna) with frequent country houses, well-dressed people, and "several teams of strong-made handsome horses" on the road. At five, Hobhouse, walking, arrives at Mürzzuschlag. They stop at the Adler Inn, and are asleep by half-past nine.

On **November 1st** they rise at six thirty and get away by seven forty-five. It's "some saint's day," for the women are "all in their gala clothes." At ten to ten, "a stone structure on the top of a mountain … a globe surmounted by a crown raised on a pedestal," tells them they've passed from Styria into Austria.

AUSTRIA

They have a fine view of the country before them, and pass parties of French prisoners struggling in the opposite direction. They pass "Shottwine" (Schottwien), and arrive at "Ninekirchen" (Neunkirchen) by ten past one. Their postboys "have the red blue and white Austrian uniforms." At Neunkirchen "the master was vastly civil to us and talked to us of the great Pitt. He told us news had been received that Lord Wellington was six miles in the French territory with 25,000 men." At "forty minutes past three" they reach the walled town of Neustadt. They dine there on cold pork, though they must have eaten it with unhealthy rapidity, for by four they're away again, for Gunsensdorf. They decide not to go straight to Vienna, but to take a slight detour and to go to Baden.

They arrive at Baden by eight-thirty, putting up at …

> … The Goose, a bad inn, where we could scarcely get any hot water for tea, and where when we went to air the sheets by the stoves the room was enveloped in steam arising from their dampness. To increase our exasperation, the postboy would not

> take our pay, told us he would have overturned us had he known us, and was punched out of the room.
>
> We went to bed at eleven.

We have no way of telling what they had done to offend the postboy. Probably he just objected to their style.

Baden, they find on **November 2nd**, "smells of sulphur most noxiously," and the balls there are over, so they leave at once, arriving in Vienna at half-past five. Hobhouse records:

> I put up at the Black Eagle in the Leopoldstadt, thus concluding my Hungaro-Croato-Dalmato-Istrio-Carmiolo-Styrian tour, which, like all other tours, was disagreeable in all ways whilst performing, but supplies me now with many pleasant recollections.

He marks this conclusion with a heavy underlining.

His rooms are better than those he had had at the Kaiser von Oestrich. "The four" (Hobhouse, Baillie, Perceval and Barrett) have a supper at Rothman's, "which seemed, or was, very good." It can't have been easy to digest, for the first phrase in the entry for **November 3rd** is, "Took salts." On that day Hobhouse has tea and punch with the tenor, Siboni, who tells stories of Napoleon, and "many profligate stories of himself, which he calls 'bêtises.'"

The Viennese social whirl takes Hobhouse properly in its grip on **November 4th**. He breakfasts with Siboni, dines with Count Stackelberg, Madame Rosalie (for whom his tender feelings seem to have gone) the Princesse de Rohan, and St Priest, who …

> … read French accounts of the Battle of Leipzig, in which the fault is laid to a corporal of Sappers, and 15,000 men are owned to have been lost.
>
> Went in the evening in a remise to Countess Rosalie's, where I found preparations for a play or masque, which was performed by the Prince de Ligne as Sultan, and several beautiful women habited as females of the different countries – Mlle Wrede Recul a Swiss, Mme Bernsdorff a Dane, Princess Sangriusca the beautiful widow suspected of Polish taste, and others – also Charles de Ligne – the words were occasional and no great things – but the thing had a pretty effect – at the end we had dancing – we English danced not.

Wherein "Polish taste" might lie, isn't made clear at once: a later entry suggests that it is the Princess Sagriusca, not the person she plays, who is thought to have Sapphic tendencies. The English, it transpires, "dance not" because they can't waltz.

On **November 5th** Hobhouse dines at Rothmans, goes to a play, about which he tells us nothing, with Perceval, and at night "drank hot water (no sugar) – comment by Sophy!!" This enigma is partially solved on **November 6th**, when he records, "Violent

cholic." At Countess Rosalie's that afternoon he hears "Mr Richter, a Livonian" sing, as well as "a most lovely Countess Apogni," who gives them *God Save the King* and *Rule Britannia*. Someone says that Hobhouse's *Journey* has "no feeling." He spends a pleasant evening at de Ligne's. The violent cholic is still with him on **November 7th**, though it is "a little soothed by chocolate." In St Stephen's church he sees a memorial to those killed at Leipzig, but, although priests are collecting at the door for war-widows, he gives nothing. He plays two sets at tennis. That night he goes to a "ridout at the Hoff, where were crowds of ill-dressed men and 'ladies,' walking about in a fine saloon to the sound of music, some few in masks." There he meets "a rebuff from an old acquaintance of the sect."

His digestive problem is still with him on **November 8th**. He plays some more tennis. That night, "at Rosalie's and the Prince de Ligne's made a dunce of myself by taking Adey to task for abusing the English." On **November 9th** he meets a more accommodating member of "the Sect" (a "Χαμ[αιτυπ]ε" as he describes her) and pays her "5." This is the first sexual encounter he has recorded since July 27th. **November 10th** is unremarkable except for the continuation of his cholic.

On **November 11th** he goes to a concert, and we are unsurprised when the name of Beethoven does not occur:

> … all the fine folk in the galleries and the Empress there. Count Osterman, who won the first battle of Kallin, came in, and was clapped violently. The performers were amateurs, 600 or 700. Madame Geymüller, the banker's wife, was the chief singer, and a famous barrister the principal counter-tenor. The young women who sang chorus were a pretty sight. The money given to the officers' widows.

Hobhouse dines at Rothmans without telling us what piece or pieces were played.

On **November 12th** he receives forty-nine florins and fifteen kreutzers as his quarter-share of the carriage which they've sold. He spends ten of those florins on another "Χαμε." On **November 13th** he goes in the evening

> … to a ball at Count Stackelberg's – immense number of pretty children. The English cut a poor figure, not being able to waltz. A strange Polish dance called the Gallipade, the party moving round the room one after another. Much disgusted with myself.

November 14th sees the arrival from Constantinople of "my old Westminster acquaintance Moore" (to whose warnings about the plague – not mentioned here – Hobhouse refers in his letter to Byron of January 7th 1814). Hobhouse dines with Razoumovsky, takes tea with Count Bernsdorff, who married his niece, rather like the Princesse de Rohan, who married her uncle, and spends the evening at the Prince de Ligne's. They hear that Napoleon has returned to Paris. On **November 15th** he shoots

"in bad company," this consisting of Lord Sunderland, Barrett, Perceval (not Baillie) and Siboni. Hobhouse is "obliged to beat" the coachman for an unspecified offence, and is then obliged to bring him home, as he is (we presume) incapacitated by the beating. On **November 16th** they hear that Dresden has been taken. Hobhouse spends the day reading the *Quarterly* for July 1814:

> Articles are all poor, I think. *Giaour*, fifth edition – Langsdorff says savages prefer English to French flesh – recollect Lucian's story of a ghost – the peg split into two men – to bed at one.

Hobhouse dines on **November 17th** at the Diana baths, with Barrett and Siboni, who

> … told extraordinary stories of anthropophagy – a father and son (at Boulogne, I think) roasted a priest and larded him, then ate him – it was not an uncommon crime in France.

Back at the hotel Hobhouse writes and receives letters. His brother Benjamin has a company in the 69th Regiment – the one in which he is to die just before Waterloo in the following year.

Perhaps ashamed both at the failure of his charity on November 7th, and of his subsequent concupiscence, he gives a beggar woman twenty florins on **November 18th**. But he is not rewarded, for at de Ligne's that night,

> … The English are complained of as being "ill-dressed"!!! they like not our high, small, stiff neck-cloths, but prefer the pudding neckcloth.

A distaste for, or inability at, waltzing, is thus not the only disadvantage beneath which the Brits in Vienna labour.

Nothing of great matter happens on **November 19th** except the receipt of 327 florins; but on **November 20th** an important anti-Bonaparte blow is recorded, when four German Dukes are said to have renounced the Confederation of the Rhine. Hobhouse hears "the extraordinary adventures of one Lieutenant Shaw," but records none of them; hears several ghost stories at Madame Dübens' (see Ligne's farewell letter to him, below); and spends the evening with his beloved Prince. On **November 21st** he visits all his Viennese acquaintance in turn, then goes to a Redout, where the Empress is walking, as are Frederick Lamb (Caroline's brother, Secretary at the English embassy) and George Vernon M.P. A letter from Sir Benjamin tells him that *Journey* is held "in universal estimation," which news makes John Cam "as happy as a Prince." On **November 22nd** he plays tennis, reads the English papers, and spends five florins on a lady of the night. At dinner on **November 23rd**, Frederick Lamb tells stories out of Brantome's *Femmes Galantes*. That evening Hobhouse is accused of *tracassonerie* by

the Countess Douvel, for something he has allowed Baillie to do: "they laughed at his hair" is all the clue we have.

The mysterious and extraordinary Lieutenant Shaw turns up again on **November 24th**, when Hobhouse sits at home with him; but we learn no more of his adventures. On the evening of the next day, **November 25th**, Hobhouse, having seen a play which he neither names, describes, nor evaluates, dines with Shaw at the Imperatrice, but does not record their conversation. On **November 26th** Hobhouse, upon what evidence he does not say, complains "Senectus intellecta!" *After* paying a prostitute five florins, he goes to Madame Rosalie's, where there is much singing and dancing, and we find out what a "Polish taste" is.

> The beautiful Sangriusca danced with Miss Fraser. Stackelberg said to me, "Je suis faché qu'elle a ce goût là."

Hobhouse is as a rule incapable of romantic adventure; but on **November 27th** a novel side of him is seen. The syntax is obscure, but this appears to be the gist:

> Spent the evening at Madame Dübens' – with whom I flirted and tried to make myself in love … she was delighted at my delight. I had made up with her by sending her a decent French letter with a present of a pair of scissors – to which she returned a frame of "Napoleon – premier consul."

For the aftermath, see below, January 9th 1815. But it's clear that Mme Dübens has found a way to try and approach Hobhouse's heart – via pictures of Napoleon.

It seems from several entries, including that of **November 28th**, that Hobhouse is clearing all his Viennese debts prior to departure. He spends that evening at the Countess Rosalie's.

The last entry in this volume is that for **November 29th 1814,** which is uncharacteristically long and detailed for the month:

> Barrett lent me 350 florins. This morning saw the ceremony of two women taking the preparatory veil at the Ursuline church. A deal of fuss was made about it. Tickets were issued for places within the communion railings – Rosalie gave Baillie and Perceval two. I was in the crowd. Previous to the procession entering, several files of soldiers abruptly entered and formed a *haie* for it, and guarded the whole of the ceremony. The girls were past twenty-five and were *bourgeoises*, ugly enough – richly dressed. The bishop put crowns on their heads and then took them off. He wedded them with a gold ring. At last a curtain was lifted up [and] gave a view into the interior of the chapel in which the nuns were ranged in white, in good effect. The grate opened, the girls entered with the bishop, and the curtain dropped. They will take the mortuary habit and veil in two years, I learn.

Two women were much affected by this ceremony: the Princess Hohenzollern, and her sister, the Duchess d'Acherenza – notoriously the two completest profligates in the Empire, except their sister the Duchess of Sagan. I never saw anything so stupid.

Madame Düben reasoned with me on the English manner of thinking that a woman who has lost her chastity has lost her virtue. She said it was unreasonable, and instanced that the Princess Hohenzollern was the best creature in the world. She had but one fault – when she saw a happy married couple she never rested till she parted them. This she did with the young Prince de Liechtenstein, and the most accomplished woman, his wife, with whom Paget was in love.

Dined with Lamb. Gave Walker a hundred florins and two ducats. Went to Stackelberg's, and to the play, where I saw *Cupid and Psyche*. Lastly went to the Prince de Ligne's, and met there Madame Düben, whom, in a joke, I offered to take to England. This joke she answered with "Prends garde, monsieur – je vous prendrai peut-être au pied de la letter," and, after I left Vienna, laughed at my being in love with her – false and perjured woman! I sat between her and Rosalie on the small settee next to the door of the Prince's little room, by the small fireplace.

Of the Prince's family I took leave with many regrets, real on my part, and perhaps not pretended on theirs. The Prince walked towards the door with my hand in his, and then, saying, "J'ai de peine a vous dire mes adieux," left me with a little note in my hand, written in a kind and even tender tone. I shall keep it, or a copy of it, for ever. I looked at his majestic figure as he withdrew. It was not to be expected in the course of nature I should ever see him again!!

He is dead

I write this on Tuesday night, March 14th, 1815, copying, nearly word for word, from my pencil journal made at Vienna, which I left with more goodwill behind than in any place I ever visited. All my friends said kind things to me – Stackelberg, Bernsdorff, St Priest, Rasoumovsky.

What events have occurred since that same period. Napoleon dethroned, and now marching from his banishment and already in the heart of France on the way to his capital, which my foreboding spirit sees he will reach in triumph …

Here, from a different source, is the note Ligne gave to Hobhouse:

Je ne veux pas dire adieu a Mon cher et bien aimable Monsieur H – – – – mais je veux qu'il sache mes regrets de le voir partir, et combien toute ma famille et moi, nous l'aimons – sa société nous faisoit tant de plaisir sa gaité nous en inspiroit

Soyez vous même un REVENANT
Cher Monsieur H – – – –

en attendant n'oubliez pas celui qui vous assure de son amitié, et considération distinguée

Vienne ce 28 *Ligne*
Nov: 1813

The "revenants" joke is a reference to the ghost-story telling evening in which Hobhouse had joined on November 20th.

(Here BL. Add. Mss. 56533 ends and 56535 starts)

In Barrett's carriage, with Barrett's servant Steinberg and his own servant Walker, Hobhouse leaves Vienna at half-past four on **November 30th**. By seven they are at Entzendorf, where there are no horses for them. They put up at the inn, where they write till midnight. Hobhouse's sheets are damp and he doesn't sleep all night.

There is frost on the ground on **December 1st**, and they start off at seven forty-five. By eleven forty-five they are at Marlberg. The peasants are well and warmly dressed. In the afternoon they witness a quarrel which turns violent; but the participants "cried and kissed after tearing and thumping each other." At Setzelsdorf they take tea, and see "the girl of whom Lord Sunderland told us." We hear no more of her, and do not know why she is noteworthy.

MORAVIA

They are now on the frontier of Moravia, their destination being the previously out-of-bounds city of Prague. They encounter numerous wagons, with good strong horses and well-dressed peasants. They put up at an inn in Snagm. On **December 2nd** they pass through Budwitz, Katten, and at seven-thirty they enter Iglau [*possibly Brno, possibly Znojmo*], the "second town in Moravia," famous for its mines, and the fine clothes manufactured there. They put up at Iglau, and that night it "rains ice." Leaving at a quarter to nine on **December 3rd**, they pass through places whose German names are Stecken, Deutzbrod, and lastly Jenikau, where they put up at the inn and dine in its tap-room. The frost has lifted. At seven on **December 4th** they set off for Czascau. They stop at Collin, a town "with old walls, and conspicuous for an old Gothic church which we walked to through lanes of ordure." In the market place they see apples, pears, bread, butter, hares and partridges, and geese and ducks both cold and dressed. But they are also surrounded by beggars, of whom they've seen many more than they did in Austria. Frederick the Great once fought a battle at Collin. They reach a post house at Bachiwitz

by ten-thirty at night. That day, notes Hobhouse, the postboys had foxes' tails in their caps.

On **December 5th** they rise at nine, and are at Prague by half-past midday. They are stopped at the gate for a mere five minutes, and stop off at the Archduke Charles inn.

Barrett meets Werry (son of the English Consul at Smyrna), who says that Napoleon is now claiming to have won the battle of Leipzig, and only to have retreated on the defection of Bavaria. Werry gives them the following account of the death of Moreau at Dresden:

> Wilson was behind him – Cathcart behind the Emperor Alexander – the Emperor's suite in a circle behind the last – they were in a battery which was opposed and enfiladed by one of the French. Buppitel, Moreau's aide-de-camp, heard the ball coming, and turning round expecting to see it among the suite, heard Denisov Orlov exclaim, "O mon dieu c'est Moreau!" Rapotel saw the horse killed on the ground and Moreau in the mud, who, when Rapotel approached, said, "Me voilà diablement dérangé – deux jambes du moins." It rained hard – when [he was] put on a *brancas* of pikes and carried down a lane, the shots carried off some people close to him, and he was obliged to move out of a hut to which he was carried for the same reason – he said, "Rapotel – donne-moi un pistol – je me brulerai la cervelle – je ne peut pas souffrir ces douleurs." The other replied, "Ayez patience, mon général – nous arrangerons ça." He then said, "Ramanez dans ma poche – vous y trouverez un cigar," and he then smoked, without complaining again.
>
> Weily cut off the bit most smashed, and then untying the other, which he had hoped need not be amputated, saw the extent of the calamity, and struck his forehead with his hand. Moreau said that if he had known he must lose both he would have lost neither.
>
> He was thought convalescent two days – before his death there was a council in his room. He said, talking of Bonaparte, just before he died, "Pour cette fois c'en est fait de lui." In his papers (journal), which Wherry has seen, he talks of the *discoussement* of the Allies. He was for marching to Leipzig and feared not that Napoleon would then burst into Bohemia: "If he does," he said, "I take off my hat to him – but I can do nothing in the walls of Prague."
>
> The Emperor of Russia thought everything of him – the Austrians decried him, and said he was the cause of the failure of Dresden – Genz said so – the plan was to declare the Emperor Alexander commander-in-chief and Moreau his lieutenant – this was in opposition to the first article of the treaty between the Allies, making the Austrians principals – Barclay de Tolly positively refused to obey Schwartzenberg at Leipzig / Dresden [*Hobhouse writes both words in the same place*] and afterwards had the first class of St George given him by Alexander – a great cause of complaint. The Crown Prince is now unpopular – he ought, say they, to be in Holland with Bülow, not before Hamburg

We dined at home and I employed the time writing to my father about the diplomatic affair.

On **December 6th** they rise at ten, and visit Prague's Imperial Library, in the former Jesuit college. They see a hundred or so young men at their "university exercises." English is not taught officially, but two tutors offer private lessons. There are several English books, including "many of our best and some of our worst English authors," Shakespeare and Pope among the former. There is a manuscript of Pliny, and a copy of "the first printed Bible."

They leave, cross a bridge over the Moldau, and remark

… the singular *coup d'œil* through the arch at the end on the other side of the old town, which shows the buildings of the new rising one above the other on the hill like a perspective.

With Werry – who shares apartments with the Duchess of Sagan – they visit the castle and the cathedral, "a very superb specimen of Gothic architecture." They then see the house of Tycho Brahe, and go for a walk around the ramparts. Many Russian soldiers are in evidence. They then return to the city, and see "the window from which the deputies were defenestrated by Thurn."

They dine with Werry and a Doctor Price. They learn that Moreau "confessed that he had a personal motive of enmity to Napoleon besides his public duty in engaging in the war with the Allies:" but are not told what it was. Hobhouse goes to bed at eleven, "after trying to read d'Ivernois' exposé."

December 7th brings news that Pamplona has surrendered, and that von Bülow is near Amsterdam. Hobhouse rides out for four hours with Werry, circumnavigating the city and seeing all the military works. That evening he goes to the theatre, "a neat little well-lighted house," but does not record what he sees. On **December 8th** (the day of the première of Beethoven's Seventh Symphony, back in Vienna) Werry tells him that the Russian army contains Moslem regiments from "Tartary and Casan." Werry had met the Prince Royal of Persia, who had argued with him about the New Testament, using ideas from Hume! Hobhouse walks about, first with Werry, then with Barrett. They see the wooden monument of Tycho Brahe, and get "a picture" of it.

There is an epidemic raging in Prague. A hundred and thirty people died the day before yesterday – of what, we're not told, though we find out later that it's "the fever." "The sick in the street are numerous," writes Hobhouse; "yet a battalion of convalescent Russians, half of them giants and in the best order, marched out of town yesterday."

That night Hobhouse "entertains [a] Χαπε," ("y^{e} women in Prague are very ugly," he records two days later) and then sits writing his journal until two.

In regimentals, Hobhouse goes to the police on the morning of **December 9th** and gets their passports visa'd for Dresden and Torgau, styling himself and Barrett

"colonels." A General Bentheim calls on them, without discovering their ruse, or perhaps, as he is using them as couriers, condoning it. He is "a most gentlemanly man." They dine with Werry and Price, who assure them that "a Cossack made the discovery of the north-east passage."

On **December 10th** they leave Prague for Dresden. General Bentheim has assured them that they will reach Laun in seven hours, but it takes them all day to get half that distance. At half-past seven they put up at a good inn in Schlan, and have "a partridge and sausages and strong white wine supper." That night Hobhouse records that he "began Horace, *nodus aut* [ ]," but whether he was reading or translating, does not say.

December 11th sees them up at half-past six and off at nine: not for the first time, we wonder how they passed the two-and-a-half hours. They meet a column of French prisoners, the officers among whom go on ahead on horseback and in carriages. They speak to a French general, who

> … got out of his carriage and spoke to us in English, asking after O'Hara, O'Kelly, and other Irish officers.

He may be taken in by their regimentals. How Hobhouse and Barrett get out of such a corner, is not recorded. They reach Laun by lunchtime (*2003* "lunchtime") and leave at one-thirty. The landscape is dreary. En route for the next stage, Hobhouse records casually that they "saw the bodies of 2 or 3,000 French in all, in a path some way to the left of the road." We are shocked, but then realize that by "bodies," he means "groups." At the next post-house they dine "on cold pheasant and sausages in the Jäger's room." The Jäger has read "the biography of Wellington."

"We have seen many dead horses by the way," writes Hobhouse.

On **December 12th** they rise at eight and leave at ten. At one they reach Töplitz (Teplice), where the inns are full of French officers. They settle "at the Black Eagle, in a miserable little chamber." They have letters from General Bentheim for two of the German officers in charge of the column of prisoners.

They hear tales about the Russians:

> The Russians, especially the Cossacks, we were told at the last post, had committed all sorts of mischief – shot all the game, torn up the palings of Töplitz park, and let out the deer. Prince Clary's palace, a large white house in the town, on our right as we entered, was the residence of the Emperor of Austria and of all his suite – it was quite spoiled. The Russians were there too – there were 7,000 troops in the town itself for six weeks, and, our captain said, 700,000 in the neighbourhood!!!

They see French prisoners being mustered in the market-place, of whom thirty-five are sick. Forty thousand, they're told, were taken at Dresden. Half of them are dead, or

dying in the road. "A lieutenant colonel told the captain that had they gone back to France they should have been sent directly to fight Wellington."

The proximity of Dresden causes Walker to reminisce:

> My servant Walker told me today he went to a *chasse* in company with Napoleon at Dresden, and was riding close to him. He never smiled, and spoke to nobody, mostly keeping at a distance from the party. He shot twice. The Empress of France was offered a gem but refused [it]. He came to Dresden at twelve at night. Troops were ordered out two miles, and lamps lighted to meet him. When the Emperor of Austria came to Dresden Napoleon never went to the stairs, even, to meet him. The people cried shame on this. This was going to Russia – he came back in a peasant's sledge, with Caulaincourt and his Mamelukes, at four in the morning. [*Hobhouse hears later that one of the "Mamelukes," a Pole, had to have both his legs and all his fingers amputated.*] He was stopped a quarter of an hour at the gate, and at last came in as a French general. He went to the French ambassador's, changed his dirty linen, called up the King of Saxony, and was off by seven again, in a sledge like a ship, given him by the King. His entry was known in ten minutes, and all the town was in an uproar. They cried, "the *Spitzborber* is come back in the night like a thief! He has left his army!"

On **December 13th** they rise at four and are off by six. Signs of destruction and of bivouac are everywhere. Trees are cut down and villages burnt. Battles had been fought there in August. They pass more French prisoners, the officers on horseback, the generals in carriages – one of them with a lady.

SAXONY

They pass into Saxony via a barrier manned by Austrian *landswehr*.

> On the left was a man on his back, half-stripped, and dead, the post-boy said, since last night. Further on were many bodies of horses. The cavalry had fought there. We came to a desolate, half-burned, unroofed, village, where three or four houses alone smoked, and these, we had been told, were infected, and saw a poor fellow by the roadside with his pack resting on a stone. We flung him something from the box – he had not strength to take it.

They change horses in mid-afternoon at Zebut, another town half-unroofed and "cut about with balls."

In an hour they reach the Elbe, and by six are at Dresden. They're afraid that, because of "the fever," they may have to sleep in the carriage; but are allowed rooms at the Golden Angel. German efficiency delights them:

> We found, by the quick appearance of the waiter at the door, and of the chambermaid in our rooms with clean towels and sheets and water, that we had got [out] of the Austrian states, and by our excellent dinner also, with its bottle of good port, we augured well of the town and its inhabitants. At ten we went to bed. I rose in the night with the old pain in the bowels from drinking cold water. The watchmen here sound at all hours.

On **December 14th** they hire a lacquey de place and prepare to look about. The epidemic has much diminished, and they could not guess, by Dresden's appearance, that it had been "an object of contention for more than half a year," nor that 127,000 troops had recently occupied it. It's true that Hobhouse sees very few gentlemen's carriages, and instead many wretched Frenchmen bargaining with Cossacks for their jackets; but only the faubourgs were bombarded, and the city centre only once. That was between eleven and five on August 26th; a woman and a horse were killed. That night, the playhouse was open, as it has never ceased to be.

They walk about. Two arches of the bridge over the Elbe have been blown up, and are being repaired.

Berlin and Vienna are no rivals of Dresden in respect either of architectural magnificence or of any other, they decide – although "nothing can be poorer" than the palace of the King of Saxony. They find the very sledge referred to by Walker on December 12th – the one in which Napoleon made his exit from the city. Hobhouse naturally sits in it, and "carried off a memorial – one of the strings to which the *drawer* of the right window in front is hung."

That night they go to the theatre, "a pretty little well-lighted theatre in the horseshoe shape," with "the male part of the audience … chiefly military," and see Schiller's *Maria Stuart*! about the performance, design, and writing of which, Hobhouse remains characteristically mute.

On **December 15th** they visit the art gallery, the ancient armoury, the porcelain collection, and the gallery of antiques. They then dine at four-fifteen, after which Barrett goes to the play, and Hobhouse "elsewhere."

December 16th finds them at "the palace of the late Baron Serra," Genoese ambassador to France, who died of stress, being "seized with a trembling and convulsion," three days after hearing about the battle of Leipzig. The Baron's valet tells them more about Napoleon's rapid passage through Dresden on the way from Moscow.

> He was in very good spirits, and gay. He said to the valet, "Il fait un froid de chien!" He asked him where he was born. He was in bed between two and three hours but did not sleep – he frequently sent the valet on messages to his master and others. All ended at half after seven. He took a cup of coffee and set off for Erfurt.

They then visit the natural history gallery, which seems to Hobhouse full of "very poor specimens." They see the house in which Napoleon stayed during one of his more extended sojourns. There is "a sort of temporary building in which his Parisian actors played."

Leaving the city, they ride around the battlefield of Dresden, conducted by a lacquey place who had seen it, and look at the very spot at which Moreau lost his legs by "a shot from an iron twelve-pounder projecting from the Countess Morzinka's garden, about a mile and a half distance." The lacquey gives them a detailed account of the entire engagement, and they can see evidence of it all around, in the number of trees that were destroyed during it. That night they dine "nobly again," with an excellent Madeira. Hobhouse closes the day reading, but not from Horace.

The first thing Hobhouse does on **December 17th** is write to Baillie. Barrett goes to a mass, where he sees a French woman in army uniform – a thing, their lacquey assures them, "not uncommon amongst the Italians and French." Hobhouse sees her too, "and another I think afterwards in an uniform of Russian cavalry."

There are, he learns, five hundred advocates in Dresden.

On **December 18th** occurs one of the saddest and most characteristic passages in the whole journal:

> Up ten. Walked about the town to the china museum, a poor collection. Went to the *Schöpfung* of Haydn in the theatre after <breakfast> dinner. Χαπε, and home. A bookseller here tells me that Napoleon …

The Dresden china museum, Haydn's *Creation*, and a prostitute, all dismissed in twenty words. Truly, for Hobhouse, "everything exists – nothing has value," apart from Napoleon. He even spells *Schöpfung*, "Chöpfung." He appears to pay the prostitute "8½," but as the British Library has pasted a label over the page, one can't be sure.

December 19th starts, "Went to the Catholic church, where four eunuchs sung prodigiously well." After this, Hobhouse returns to the spot where Moreau received his fatal wound, then "over the hill to a bivouac, stinking horribly, covered with human ordure as are all camps." After dinner ("dined most excellently") he walks out again, and hears dreadful tales of military privation: "two days before the capitulation, the troops were dropping off like flies – ten men quartered in a lady's house who told Barrett [they] had a sheep's head for two days' food."

On **December 20th** they leave Dresden at two, after a call on "Seydleman's wife, the artist" (the word could be "atheist"), and after a visit to the picture gallery and to the library, which is shut. Before he leaves Hobhouse notices "ten Baskers with bows and arrows."

They travel by the side of the Elbe, to Meissen, seeing "ruined villages and signs of bivouacs and battles, little mounds, hats, rags, dead horses …"

They reach Meissen at half-past eight, supping on "good cutlets and kraut, and Wurtzburg wine."

December 21st ("the shortest day") seems to be a Meissen market day. There are large numbers of apples for sale. They leave, and, passing through woody landscapes, reach Wurtzen [??] by seven. They find an inn with difficulty (it's The Rose), and dine on nuts and cheese.

Ten post horses have been ordered by the Duke of Weimar on the morning of **December 22nd**, so they don't get away till eleven. They see frequent signs of battle on the huge, flat arable plains over which they pass. "No place," comments the diarist, "could be more suited for deciding the quarrels of nations – a level flat – here and there a piece of wood and a village." They see Leipzig in the distance.

Greatness of a new kind brushes them now, for Goethe's patron, the Duke of Weimar, passes them on the road. Will Hobhouse refer, ever, to Goethe, we wonder?

They enter Leipzig, having seen obvious signs of battle before it, but fewer such within. The roofs have been recently mended. Passing toy and apple stalls, they put up at the Hotel de Saxe. Leipzig seems full of Russian officers.

That night Barrett tells Hobhouse all about Jamaica, where he has estates. The judges are corrupt; the technique for making rum complex. Hobhouse describes both processes in every minute detail, just in case it might one day come in useful. "The society in the islands is intolerable – their talk is of sugar."

Leipzig appears, on **December 23rd**, to be full of well-dressed folk and pretty women. There are fifty booksellers in the city, but after searching the shelves of one for four hours all they find of interest is "a catalogue of Lord Blandford … and an old edition of Valerius Maximus."

Barrett feeling out of sorts, Hobhouse goes exploring alone, and enters a private garden, the owner of which seems eccentric, as he has strewn it with "gaiters, hats, bits of paper, fragments of clothes and other articles." Hobhouse stops by a river, and finds a Latin memorial to Prince Joseph Poniatowski, who was drowned at that point during the battle of Leipzig. Hobhouse spends about twenty times as many words on describing it as he did lately on Haydn's *Creation* (which he doesn't actually describe at all). The memorial has been there, he is afterwards told, for a week, He approaches a field, in which, he is told (again, afterwards)

> … many hundreds, eight at least … of the sick of the French army, unable to cross the Elster, small as it is, awaited the attack, and surrendered themselves to the Russians. Whilst the healthy were led away prisoners, these were stripped and left to perish with cold and hunger. In seven days they were all corpses, and the greater part of them were thrown into the Elster.

He meets a "respectable citizen of Leipzig" who tells him that there are about 11,800 people of all nations sick in the city. "It was calculating under the mark to say that

70,000 bodies had been buried in three months within three miles of Leipzig on every side."

Having compassed the town in half an hour, Hobhouse returns to the Hotel de Saxe, and relaxes with Rabutin's *Histoire Amoureuse des Gaules*, an account of sexual depravity at the court of Louis XIV, for which the author was sent to the Bastille, a fact at which Hobhouse does not wonder.

December 24th is the birthday of Tsar Alexander, and is marked by a hundred-gun salute, fired by only four guns. The lacquey sings the praises of a bookseller called (at first) Weilig, who is "devoted to his pursuit." Hobhouse delves into Weilig's catalogue with his usual pedant's delight, but appears to buy nothing from it. He takes Barrett to show him Poniatowski's tomb.

> Werry at Prague told me that [*Poniatowski's*] aide-de-camp had mentioned that the Prince had been slightly wounded in the arm, that seeing that he could not escape, he told the adjutant he would not be taken alive, and accordingly snapped his pistols at himself, which did not discharge, after which he threw his arms round his horse's neck, and, spurring him into the stream, purposely suffocated himself in that position.

The lacquey de place claims to have seen the retreat of Napoleon and Murat from the city after the battle, and describes it in minute detail.

That night Hobhouse (in his best uniform, to honour Tsar Alexander) goes with Barrett to the play, out of which they walk in disgust after a single act. As so often, we are not told what the play is called. Could it have been Schiller's *The Robbers*, with Karl Moor as its prototypical Byronic hero? Instead of the play, they watch the illuminations, and listen to the town band, which, as the day closes, plays *God Save the King*.

On **Christmas Day** they visit Weilig's shop again, and admire his "most rare and superb books," again without buying any. They then continue their tour of the battlefield of Leipzig. Weilig says that one cannon-ball "entered one of his rooms and made the tour of it." Hobhouse spends the rest of the day roving around the areas of battle, and in the evening copies out "the account of the battle in the Frankfurt Journal, translated from the Vienna Gazette."

"Weilig" has now become "Weigel," and on **December 26th** Hobhouse sees him yet again, together with Leipzig University's Chemistry professor, a hunchback whose name is not recorded. Together they visit the church of St Nicholas. They leave Leipzig at twelve forty-five,

They pass through Lützen, and are disappointed not to find the stone marking the place where the body of Gustavus Adolphus was found. What they do see, however, are numerous burnt villages, and "little mounds of earth, and dotted with large flights of crows." At Weissenfel, where they arrive at half-past five, they put up at the Three Swans. It is a very well-built town; Gustavus Adolphus was "embowelled" there.

They rise at six on **December 27th**. At Naumburg, in the Domkirche (where Luther preached), they observe that the Lutheran priest handles the cross as a Catholic one would; they see the embalmed body of "a young count … who died a giant at the age of sixteen;" and "a hole in the angle in which an incontinent nun was walled up." The bishop who declared the death of John Hus is buried there, and a Hussite bishop would have burned the city to the ground in revenge, had not "300 young maidens caused him to relent." There is a tragedy by Kotzebue which describes this event and which is enacted in "Naumberg" every July.

They also visit the church of St Wenceslas, but don't enter, and leave the town at eleven. They see still more burnt villages and dead horses. No cattle of any kind are visible, all having been slaughtered and eaten by the combatants. They pass through Auerstadt, then pass a barrier into Weimar territory. Hobhouse declares that "The Saxons are less sulky and in every respect kinder and better-bred than the Germans of the Austrian states."

WEIMAR

They reach Weimar at half-past six, try the Herr Prinz, which is full, and find rooms at the Elephant, "a decent but cold inn." In Weimar, unlike Austria, all the windows are single, but the feather-beds are as usual double (Hobhouse is no longer surprised at them).

The first place they visit, after rising "between eight and nine" on **December 28th**, is the Ducal Library, with its hundred thousand volumes, "the nominal catalogue alone occupying eighty-three quartos." Their guide speaks only German, and is in a hurry. Still, Hobhouse notes,

> Wieland died here a year past. Schiller was also an inhabitant of Weimar. Herder also, and Goethe is now here. The pictures and busts of the two first make a conspicuous figure in the library, which also has several portrait miniatures and of one Dr Gower, physician to the Congress at Florence, who died here and made a bequest to the Duke of his library effects. The Duke's picture, as ugly as life, and in a costume of pantaloons and boots in the other shocking particulars, disfigures the main panel of the saloon.

They can only find one lacquey de place, and he also speaks only German, so do without. They feel smug at the English park ("indeed a very convincing proof of the superiority of our taste") and are pleased to hear that "the Duke has carried his imitation of our nation further – he keeps a pack of hounds."

From the park they go to the town church, the steeple of which they climb, and find the bellman living there with his wife and three children, "in a chamber scarcely supportable from heat and stench." His is not the largest bell in Weimar, says he, trying

to disguise the presence of his family – that distinction belongs to the bell at Erfurt. Inside the church they see the "three famous pictures of Lucas Cranach, which to my unconnoiseurlike taste seemed most excellent."

They find Weimar's only bookseller, who talks a little English. Then to the mapmaking institute, which is very highly thought of and works on a grand scale. The gentlemen there are "very civil on knowing our place of birth." They then return to the palace, where even though the Ducal family are feeding, they are shown about, even in a room adjacent to the dining room.

Had Goethe been there – and we don't know that he isn't – being a friend of Byron would have stood Hobhouse in no stead at all, for Goethe had not in 1813 heard of him. But Hobhouse feels at home:

> The interior of the palace is very elegant and comfortable, and in a style which must astonish a German, but reminds an Englishman of a nobleman's mansion in his own country.

They are shown the Duchess's dressing-room, which has "an English grate and fire." Weimar, opines Hobhouse,

> … has long been the residence of the genius of Germany. The best company of actors in all Germany played here last night. A party of skittish women, an American, and another, looked over the palace with us. The former made so much noise that we were afraid of disturbing the ducal repast. As we came away the latter broke up, and I saw a man in long wig and sword opening the door of the dining-room.

At dinner they discuss going home, for Helvotsluys and other Dutch ports have been liberated from the French, and getting a passage will not be hard.

At seven on **December 29th** they rise, and set off at nine, with six horses, for Stedten. They pass Erfurt in the distance, three miles to the right. Erfurt is still in French hands (even though it has capitulated), and they pass several batteries, and hear cannon-shots. They also hear the French drums. While waiting for a change of horses at Stedten, "two Jews there from Frankfurt told us that the Allies had gone over the Rhine in four bodies, amounting in all to 500,00 men, and that the headquarters were at Basle." They reach Gotha, and put up at the Nego (Napoleon once slept there), where the innkeeper speaks some English ("having been at Hanover"), the dinner well-dressed, the hock decent, but the waiters, though numerous and one speaking French, bad. After dinner Hobhouse reads an essay by a Frenchman on the topography of Syracuse, from which he derives little information.

On **December 30th**, armed as usual with Reichard, they go to the Ducal palace, which has a superb medal collection, "one of Cromwell with two soldiers holding a

wreath of laurel over his head." There are some Napoleonic medals, "in the best taste, and on the model of the antique – in some, England was introduced, rather to her disadvantage." The Duke's library has 80,000 volumes, including some excellent first editions. In the garden they see General Kleist walking about with the gardener. "We were much dissatisfied with Gotha, a poor, ill-built, deserted-looking town." At four they set off for Eisenach, go through it, and are told of recent fighting. They see two corpses unburied by the side of the road, and are told by the postillion that there are "many more French corpses yet unburied a little further on."

FRANCONIA

They drive through the night and on December 31st reach Hünefeld, where they see the people burying two corpses, and where thanks to the epidemic, "eight or nine die daily." They breakfast at Fulda, then drive on to Salmünster, where they had intended to stay, but where the whole population of the post-house is "krank," so they proceed to Gelnhausen, a short distance from Frankfurt, where they arrive at half-past nine, "the people firing off pistols and guns to usher in the New Year" – as well, though Hobhouse doesn't say, the defeat of Napoleon. They put up at the Sun, which, like everything else in Franconia as compared with Saxony, is dirty. They "a bad dear supper of fish and sausages," and go to bed at midnight.

At half-past ten on **January 1st 1814** they leave Gelnhausen for Hanau. There has recently been a battle between the Bavarians and the French there, and the plain through which they pass is marked with "bivouacs, dead horses, and … very numerous fresh graves – the legs of horses were sticking up in the sandy road." The battle lasted two days, and the Bavarians were beaten. The houses in Hanau are "terribly peppered," and many are in ruins. "In no place have we seen marks of so lively a combat." Hanau is otherwise a very pleasing place, its style "superior to that of any second-rate German town we have seen." For more information on Hanau, see January 13th 1814.

As they leave for Frankfurt, "horses and graves are everywhere visible." They enter Frankfurt at half-past two, notice the relics of yesterday's illumination declaring the city to be free, and decide at once that it's "superior to Vienna or even Dresden"! However, their money is not good, and in the hotel, though the rooms are excellent, the privy is detestable. They call on Lord Castlereagh's secretary, whose name reads like "Disbrowe" ("Desborough"?). He is at the Hotel Angleterre, as are Dr Price, and Messrs Hustler and Rolfe (fellow of Downing, later Lord Cranworth). The entry ends, "Home eleven – bed two."

The three Englishmen breakfast with them on **January 2nd**. That day they survey the damage done by the recent fighting down at the river Main, and visit the church where Charlemagne was crowned, and in which the Emperors are crowned – "an insignificant building in the interior, but containing one or two good pictures."

(Here B.L. Add. Mss 56535 ends, and Berg 1 begins)

On **January 3rd** Hobhouse goes around Frankfurt with his friends, dines, and attends a ball "in a well-lighted room." On **January 4th** he dines at the same place with "two Mexicans" – he says nothing about them, though there can't be that many Mexicans in Franconia. On the morning of **January 5th** they attend a wine tasting, dine at the same traiteur's, and see a performance – the second Hobhouse has attended during his continental excurse – of Spontini's *La Vestale*: "the house is large, handsome, and well-lighted – all the principal boxes are let out." On **January 6th** they hear that "Lord Castlereagh" is to attend a congress, but do not hear where. They are "woken at five in the morning by drums and trumpets beating to arms." On **January 7th** they set out on a trip to Hockheim and Wiesbaden, arriving at the latter town at two, and putting up at Schlichter's Inn. "Then went to the playhouse and saw a comic opera in a theatre small and cold, but having a lively set of actors." He does not name the opera, leaving us, as so frequently he does, with the fear that he may have seen *Die Entführung aus dem Serail* without knowing. There are three Russian generals in Wiesbaden. Hobhouse and his friends play cards until two.

It is on this date that Hobhouse writes what appears to be the first letter he has penned to Byron since June 4th 1813.

(Source: text from National Library of Scotland Ms.43441 f.32; BB 117-19)
[To, / The Lord Byron.]

[*letter concludes at top of first sheet*:] curiosity, which is to the banks of the Rhine to see Mayence – tomorrow I return to this town, and the day after set off for Holland – Travelling in Germany is bad at any time but at this season intolerable and very slow yet I count that three weeks will bring me to Helvotsluys. Pray leave word at Murray's where you are to be found. I have thought it best to direct this letter under cover to him. If you can, give me one line directed to Mon^{s}. Mon^{s}. H. Gentilhomme Anglais, poste restante Helvotsluys – ever most affectionately & faithfully your's, John C. Hobhouse

Frankfort on the Main.
Jan. 7. 1813[1]

Although my dear Byron, not a line not a single line from you has arrived to cheer me during a most tedious peregrination from the Baltic to the Adriatic and back again to the rag-covered plains of Saxony, I shall not conclude myself forgotten, but write as if I were as fresh on your remembrance as you are in mine – Were I inclined to let you slip from my memory, I assure you it would not be easy even here, for notwithstanding the rigour of the then Continental system I found on entering Austria some months ago that

1: For "1814".

your name and reputation had been smuggled into Vienna, and I am now many deep in promises to convey to the fort<e/>s esprits of that place your childe[2] – The Giaour will soon be there for I have got it here[3] – – – I reserve all my congratulation on that subject for my first sight of you, yet as old friends must now & then be allowed to speak their mind without fear of imputed flattery, I cannot help telling you that I think your Kashmeer butterfly, the very prettiest insect in all poetry.[4] That palid double faced fellow Sam Rogers must be highly delighted, and I own I hate him worse than ever. Thank God it is impossible to mewl more maukishly

1:2

than does the same sallow faced fellow in his Columbiad – I trust you have received the many notices I have sent you formerly of my proceedings – All notion of going into Greece at present must be frustrated for the plague is raging in European Turkey to an extent positively unknown even in that pestilential country – At Constantinople last year died 375.000 people, which, when you consider that only 60,000 were carried off by what we call the Great Plague in London, is a most monstrous draft upon human life. A M[r] Moore a friend of mine,[5] who lately came from that city across Wallachia Transilvania & Hungary to Vienna told me that he had one of his Janissaries drop dead from his horse, that he never passed a village without encountering the pest cart full of dead, and that in short the whole country from the capital to the frontiers is one large lazaret – A double line of troops guard the Austrian boundary and the quarantine is 41 days – Amongst the particulars – he informed me that the Morea is infected in every part. Albania is defended by troops – Ali suffers no one to enter – we know he let no one go out before so that his dominions must be more of the dungeon than ever. Athens is a little better off than its neighbourhood – The plain of Troy is entirely depopulated – You cannot

1:3

in short go to Turkey now, you must content yourself with the narrow limits of Christendom – I will give you reasons enough when I see you to determine your choice – although to be sure I cannot say I have received much delight from my Dutch expedition – It is not worth while to say the thing which is not to you, but indeed my dear Byron, you have been the cause of a great deal of my discontent – it will not flatter

---

2: The diary mentions no such *forts esprits*.
3: The diary has not mentioned it except at November 16th, where all it says is "*Giaour*, fifth edition".
4: The first public edition of *The Giaour* was published on June 5th 1813, after Ho. left England; and the fifth edition, to which he refers on November 16th, in early September.
5: See diary for November 14th.

you to hear it from such a one as myself, but never was man so missed as yourself – old habits had taught me to look for a friend by my side, in the dull monotony of locomotion, and I assure you my former companion gained very much by a comparison with those who have been the partners of my steps during this Journey – I should certainly have been in England in the beginning of November or the middle of that month at farthest, had not a most distressing circumstance occurred in the form of a rumour which made me miserable for a longer space than any known fact has ever been able to affect me.[6] The presence of my old acquaintance Baillie & the company of one or two very agreeable companions went no way towards consoling me for what I supposed the loss of the only person in the world who cares a farthing about me (for I have long felt secure of your regard, and the assurance has always made & still makes the best part of my happiness) – It has not been until very lately that I have dared trust myself with the persuasion that this report & the thousands of forebodings then recalled to my recollection, were unfounded. For weeks and weeks your name which had been so often in my mind

1:4

[*above address*:] never escaped my lips nor those of my fellow travellers – nor had I ever courage to enquire directly into the truth of a fact the very suspicion of which had given me such painful alarms. No wonder I did not for three months write a single letter –[7] I can scarcely at this time persuade myself that I may again indulge in an occupation which has always afforded me so much [*below address*:] delight. Now that every fear has vanished the impression still remains, and so little inclined am I to render it more lively, that after having thus accounted to you for my silence, no hint or allusion either by word or letter will on my part renew so distressing a topic – did not you know me, and my affection I should not have said so much – I am now on my return to England and shall see you I trust in three weeks. This letter which goes by the post will be my forerunner only a few days. This morning I take my last trip of [*letter concludes at top of first sheet*]

January 8th is a long entry, for a busy day. They start with a walk about Wiesbaden, going first to a new ball house which Hobhouse says has the finest dancing saloon he has ever seen, and an excellent copy of the Apollo Belvidere. Then back to the inn, where they see the baths in which the naturally hot water will boil an egg in six minutes

---

6: A pencilled note on the Ms. says, "The Rumour was Byron had committed Suicide – I remember J.Hanson". H. refers to the report of B.'s death which heard on board the *Wizard* on September 27th.
7: B. hadn't written to H. for three months before, either.

(Hobhouse does not say whether or not he takes a wash). Then they set off for Hockheim, skirting what is still a war zone.

They travel via the Rhine, "that majestic river," which "burst upon us like the boundary of Empires." They soon have a view of "Mayence" (Mainz), which Hobhouse told Byron they would visit, and can see the smoke and fires of the Prussian and Russian armies, who are blockading the place. There is a bridge of boats by a town named by Hobhouse "Cassel" (but which can't be Kassel), which town is said to contain 3,000 French. "Cassel's" population has increased under the French, and they can see some of the inhabitants from a distance. On a ridge above the town they find several Cossack bivouacs and pickets. The Cossacks forbid them to proceed any further. The French sentinels are visible on the "Cassel" ramparts, as is the time on the church clock at Mainz. The Cossacks are too inquisitive, and they withdraw.

The village of Costein is in French hands, with a large battery visible; French and Russians are within half a pistol shot of one another. Costein appears "entirely ruined."

They move towards Hockheim, with bivouacs, dead horses, and fresh graves everywhere. At Hockheim they put up at Müller's Inn, where "for the first time in Germany the master, mistress and daughter of the house, though common-looking folks, could all talk French." Hobhouse, like Byron, appears not to have picked up much German. The landlord remembers that it took Napoleon ten days to pass over the Rhine, with 120,000 men. On the recent retreat,

> The French pillaged every house in Hockheim except Müller's. The Austrians were not less rapacious – the Russians, especially the Cossacks, bore a better character; but the Prussians, here as elsewhere, were acknowledged to be by far the best.

We are reminded that this area of Germany was part of the Confederation of the Rhine, fighting with the French. Four thousand Rhinelanders are still fighting against Wellington. They ascend a belvedere, and get a commanding view of the landscape, including Mainz. There is no fighting on the east bank, where they are, but daily firing on the west bank.

At Hockheim they feel obliged to try the wine, but a vintage they sample of 1783 is "very poor." In bitterly cold weather, they return to Frankfurt.

January 9th brings the first moving sledge Hobhouse has ever sighted (he has sat in a stationary one, that of Napoleon). He receives several letters, one from Kinnaird,

> … who tells me that the shape and size of my *Travels* have made the booksellers a considerable portion of the purchasers of it!!!

Baillie has lent him two hundred pounds; and

> Madame Dübens also has played me false, mentioning as a jest my tender conversation on our last meeting, and my offer to take her to England. This information just comes in time to prevent me from writing a fond foolish letter to her …

See November 27-9th for Madame Dübens. He dines at the traiteur's, "eating and drinking as usual like a pig," and then goes to the theatre, where the play is *Achilles* – "house quite full."

Back at the inn he sits with a Captain Harris, aide-de-camp to Sir Charles Stewart, and Harris gives "a most lamentable account" of the previously admired Crown Prince Bernadotte, speaking of his unwillingness in assisting such allies as Blücher and Winzingerade, and his deliberate slowness in advancing – indeed, his frequent refusal to advance at all. Stewart, Blücher and Winzingerade end by cursing him heartily. "Only seven Swedes were killed at the battle of Leipzig."

On **January 10th** they walk to the village of Offenbach, where there is a famous but very expensive manufacturer of carriages. Back at the "beastly" traiteur's, Rolfe has some "inimitable" jokes: Why is a squeaking pig like a fortnight? – Because it goes "week, week!" Why is a Catalonian a coward? – Because a *cat alone* will puzzle any mouse. [*The second seems not to make sense*.] They gamble until two in the morning.

It seems that Hobhouse wakes up on the morning of **January 11th** to find that his watch has been stolen. He reads the following advertisement in a Frankfurt paper:

> Nous faisons part aux amis et connaissances de feu M. le Majeur Jean George de Heyden, de sa mort qui a eu lieu le 3 janvier, dans son 61^{e} année, en les priant de ne point renouveller notre juste douleur par leur compliments de condoléance. / L'Epouse et fille du defunt.

At the traiteur's that night he meets Major R. Gordon Price, a Persian expert, with whom, after the play (which play, he doesn't say) he takes tea:

> He showed me an illuminated manuscript of Hafiz which he procured in Persia. He tells me the Persians allow Christians to argue with them on religious subjects and are exceedingly ingenious in their arguments. He said Sir Charles Stewart called the Crown Prince of Sweden a coward at a dinner table the day the Allies entered Leipzig … he [*Bernadotte*] often makes his suite laugh at his extravagances.

On **January 12th** they prepare to leave Frankfurt, getting passports visa'd, and so on. Hobhouse meets the man who had been in charge of burning English and colonial products – he assures him that of £150,000 worth, he burnt only £20,000 worth. They set out at seven p.m., "on a snowy night," for Friburgh, thence to Giessen, then, at Belhausen, "we entered Westphalia, and began to pay in dollars."

WESTPHALIA

January 13th is spent by Hobhouse and Barrett travelling as far as Jesburg. They meet "several bodies of Prussian infantry and cavalry, very fine men, part of Kleist's corps, marching from the Siege of Erfurt to join Blücher. As we passed, one of them asked, 'Wieviel stunden nach Paris?'" a question which even Hobhouse can understand.

At breakfast they meet a young man from Hanau who is full of anti-Bonapartist tales. Napoleon made the prefect of Hanau walk before him as he evacuated the town, and expressed pleasure when told that the place had suffered great damage during the conflict, "Car c'est la ville la plus futue de l'Allemagne – les Magistrats, je sais, sont bons, mais la bourgeoisie est execrable." Jerome his brother, made by him King of Westphalia, took three "pieces" to bed with him at a time. Hobhouse notes that although the Westphalian houses are of lathe and mud, the people are all well dressed, and "with the exception of the flat cocked hat, look like English peasants." At Jesburg they put up at the posthouse, where Hobhouse has sausages and hock, but Barrett has tea.

Castlereagh passes them with four carriages at half-past six on the morning of **January 14th**. They proceed to Kassel, in which journey, despite the excellence of the posts, they are hampered by constantly having to stop for ammunition-trains and artillery. Despite the season, the countryside is beautiful, reminding them "of the more romantic counties of England – Shropshire, perhaps, and Herefordshire." They cross the frozen Eder. At the Wabern post-house the landlady, "a comely woman," is English. She has spent eight years in Germany. She has recently spoken both to Castlereagh, and to the old Elector, on his return to Kassel from Prague. There are triumphal arches of trees and branches everywhere on the roads, welcoming him.

They enter Kassel, and put up at the Roi de Prusse, in a dirty part of the town. Over tea, they are told stories of the Cossacks:

> … two hundred of them had died at Bremen of the flogging received from their officers for pillaging – a party had tied up two French gendarmes who had wounded one of their companions, and cut them to pieces with their sabres … one of them, seeing a French officer whom he had taken riding away with his horse, whistled, and the docile animal returned with his rider.

They spend **January 15th** seeing the sights of Kassel. The town was until recently the capital of Jerome Bonaparte's puppet kingdom of Westphalia, and, as with Paris later this year, Hobhouse is determined to see as many relics of Bonapartian grandeur as possible, and to garner as many facts about the departed ruler as possible, before they disappear or are forgotten. He takes one of his longest diary entries to cover all he sees and hears.

His lacquey de place tells him that of the men conscripted by Jerome, 30,000 had been lost in Spain and the same number in Russia. Every sound male between 19 and 25 was forced to go. The exit of Jerome was confused. The Russians (under Czernichef) took the town – the French left – the Russians then left, and the French came back. Four days after Leipzig, Jerome and his court all left for the second time, eight or nine Westphalian nobles going with him, but many Westphalian troops deserting him. Some of the Westphalian courtiers have come back and are lying low, while others have gone with him to France. Hobhouse hears that

> Jerome's chief fault was an attachment to women – although a mere fanton, he had a seraglio at his court, the chief profligate of which was the Princess Lowenstein, whose amorous intercourse with him is said to have been of the most depraved kind.

Jerome was not a cruel ruler, though he did impose punishments on those who rebelled against him. A professor Sternberg was shot.

They visit the Museum Fredericianum, which they cannot enter, but through the windows of which they can see the sculptures (the best of which have in any case been transported to Paris). "J.R." (*Jerome Roi*) is "on every embossment." They see some buildings started but not finished by Jerome, and a large, unfinished portico intended to emulate the Brandenburg Gate in Berlin. The bourgeoisie of Kassel attended Jerome's court. Kassel being small for such an important role as capital, the price of lodgings soared, and now many house-owners regret his fall.

They then visit the old palace, burnt down two years ago in consequence of an accident with a new central-heating system.

Hobhouse buys (putting his money where his mouth is) a sixteen-volume octavo set containing all Jerome's decrees. He then visits Jerome's new palace, augmentation of which has also ceased. They see his bed.

> "There," said the concierge, "Jerome used to lie, with one lady one side and one on the other of him. The velvet footstools were covered with stains and soils."

No-one was allowed in the palace when the king was there. The queen (the Princess of Würtemberg) had apartments of polished mahogany. The Elector, now returned to the kingdom he expected never to see again, lives in a smaller house. "Men whom he left sergeants he has found, and suffered to remain, generals."

They walk two miles to the Wilhelmshöe palace, which commands a fine view of Kassel. The royal family lived there from May to September. Hobhouse says that none he has seen but that at Potsdam can rival it in magnificence (he has yet to see Versailles). It has a theatre, built by Jerome, "in which French plays were performed." They see the old Elector himself and his brother looking the place over. The Elector is seventy, and his son the Prince Hereditary is thirty. The Prince commands the army, which is due to

march away in two weeks. They hear a story about General Dornberg, now one of the Elector's favourites:

> He was a colonel under Jerome, and his confidant – when the peasants revolted, and marched towards Kassel, he was ordered out with his regiment and advanced to meet them. Arrived within musket-shot, he turned to his men and said, "Now, my lads, we are safe – let us join our friends!" and immediately spurred his horse towards the revolters and joined them. The regiment remained immovable, and in suspense, when the second-in-command addressed them, and, exhorting them not to follow a traitor and join with brigands, ordered them to fire upon the rebels. The troops obeyed – the peasants were soon dispersed – and Dornberg escaped only by galloping alone to the first post-house and passing himself off for a courier with dispatches from the King. He got off to Prague, and was afterwards employed in the English service, in which he has now the rank of general.

Jerome, they're told, left a mess in the sheets of every inn he was forced to use during his retreat. Hobhouse is sceptical, "but the animosity of the Hessians is sufficiently shown" by the tale.

They visit a folly, in imitation of a chivalric castle, in which the warder, "to keep up the farce, is dressed in a slashed doublet of blue and red, with an old sword, hat, and feather, after the olden time." There is also a grotto, topped by black marble rocks, topped in turn by a gigantic replica of the Farnese Hercules. A half-frozen aqueduct and the site of what is, in summer, the highest *jet d'eau* in Europe, completes their expedition, from which they return "highly satisfied."

On the morning of **January 16th** they transact business with a Jew, who tells them how much he respects the English – "He, as everyone else, lamented the fate of Hamburg." They leave Kassel at eleven-thirty. At the Warburg post-house, Castlereagh's people have left his teapot behind. They arrive at "Hartzbrook," their destination, at nine-thirty.

January 17th finds them driving on slushy, difficult roads, even though the countryside is "exactly similar to some parts of England." At Münster they put up at The King of England, in the common room of which ("more in the style of an English travellers' room than any I have seen abroad"), a Prussian officer tells them that peace has been concluded between Denmark and Sweden, and that Winztingerade and Czernichef, with 12,500 men, have crossed the Rhine between Cologne and Düsseldorf. They go to bed at half-past ten.

On **January 18th** the carriage spring is found to have broken, so they do a tour of Münster, escorted by a student of the university there, who has little French or English. The silver of the church (the church in which Jan van Leyden, the anabaptist, is said to have played draughts) has been taken by the French. The three cages in which van Leyden and his two "accomplices" were gibbeted are still there, and if you're lucky,

they're told, you can still see their bleached bones. All the students are now conscripted into the army. There were twenty convents, all now dissolved by Napoleon. At seven they go to an unnamed play, "a poor house, with a thin military audience in the pit," and Hobhouse prefers a "tour in the street," though it's not clear what occurs there. To bed, eleven.

On **January 19th** they hear what they would have seen at the theatre had they been a day earlier:

> The night before last at the theatre Napoleon and his family were brought on the scene. Jerome was introduced riding on a goat. It is known here also that he had a harem of twenty females at least and used to bathe in red champagne.

They set off at "half after six." The roads are execrable. Via Nottle they proceed to Coesfeld, near the Dutch frontier, where they have to give way to a Prussian and a Russian courier in the queue for horses. At Coesfeld there are no horses to be had at all, not even from the peasants, and they are stranded, forced to eat sauerkraut and sausages and lean roast beef, from a female attendant whose dirt is disgusting. The people now speak a language "evidently not the German" (it's plat Deutsch), and wear wooden shoes. Barrett and Hobhouse have heard much about the cleanliness of Holland, and "thought we had a right to better appearances." Their rooms are very bad, and barely heated, with no mattresses, so Barrett sleeps on the table on the carriage cushions, and Hobhouse on the sofa. Where their two valets sleep is not stated.

Walker, on **January 20th**, does, via the Burgomeister, save their bacon by procuring some peasants' horses, and they set off at half-past ten "in a tremendous shower." The horses' owners insist on coming too, and overcharge them.

At half-past four they arrive at "a pretty town, Alten, where we passed into Holland."

HOLLAND

They "see the Orange cockade in many hats," and even Orange flags flying from the churches, for Napoleon's other brother, Louis, made by him King of Holland (husband of Hortense de Beauharnais, and father of Napoleon III), has left, and the Orange princes have been reinstated.

> However, I cannot say that anybody would guess that a great revolution had taken place this month – these things are transacted very quietly in modern civilized Xtendom – one army, or set of *gens d'armes*, leaves a place, and another military body marches in – ribbons and signposts are changed, nothing more – the people pass from one owner to another with all the tranquillity of a commercial bargain.

"Not a man passed us without doffing his hat," a sign of Dutch civility. They are by now forced to walk the horses; nevertheless, they break down and have to be rescued by the horses' owners, or "boors" as Hobhouse calls them. They proceed for some time, then go too far to the left and the carriage falls into a ditch. One of the "boors" procures five more of his kind, and in an hour the carriage is righted, with just some of the glass scratched.

The next post is at Landwehr, and has "a large decent room," with, however, "a superabundance of windows," and is therefore freezing. But "the girl of the house" prepares a turf fire, and, assisted by a travelling chapwoman (for Hobhouse, a new phenomenon), brings in two moveable beds (another first for Hobhouse), and they eat "cold boiled beef that would have done honour to England" plus sausages and potatoes with "some sour red-coloured pleasant geneva [*gin*]." At half-past eleven they go to bed, "regretting our German stoves – such as they are."

On **January 21st**, though they are woken in the dark, they don't get away until nine-thirty; still they have to walk the horses. Approaching Doesberg, the country becomes more populous; the people always polite, addressing them as "mynheer."

Reichard is constantly referred to, though he's not always accurate, the distances he quotes, and the real ones – and thus the fares – being often in conflict.

The war is still not over. They hear that "five hundred Prussian Hussars had been taken near Breda." Leaving Doesberg, they cross the frozen Rhine over a pontoon bridge, then are once again upset in a ditch, from which they are rescued by "some men and merry girls in their mob-chinned caps."

They reach the gates of Arnheim, and get a good room at the Eagle. For the first time on the continent, their beds are in a separate chamber. There's also a clean table-cloth, a good pork chop, and silver forks. The English Ambassador, Sir Thomas Tyrwhitt, stayed there recently, says the landlord with pride. They go to bed at midnight, having been told that there are no horses for next morning.

The next morning (**January 22nd**), after a dispute over post-charges, they start out at ten. The snow is still bad, and the road "pretty perilous." They go parallel to the Rhine, on which not only are people skating, but they've even got sailing boats on runners. Orange flags, and the odd triumphal arch, proclaim everywhere the Triumph of Legitimacy. The Prince of Orange had been pulled through the town of Wageregen in his carriage by the populace. Everyone continues extremely polite to them, though Hobhouse never gets used to wooden shoes. They see vessels being carried on the ice of the Rhine.

Once, they hear "a heavy cannonade from the left, proceeding from the Prussians besieging Gorcum, a fortress reckoned strong, and containing 3,000 French troops." Eight hundred French laid down their arms at Arnheim, two hundred at Doesberg; a letter from Paris, promising the French garrisons assistance if they will hold out, has been intercepted.

At seven-thirty they enter Utrecht, and put up at the new post-house, the Castel van Antwerpen, where their rooms are luxurious. The waiters look like Jews and speak French. Wood and coal are, however, scarce, and the rooms cold. Even the wine is frozen. But Mr Gordon, "of the Persian, Russian, and Hanoverian service," joins them:

> An Armenian of Angora dressed in Frank habit travels as servant with him and fills and presents him with his pipe. Talking of the Dutch, he told me that the Turks of Constantinople have a set of rhymes in which they characterise all the Christian nations and which end in these words: "Philibenk – Pesarenk" ("Dutch – pimps"). In the same rhymes the Germans are noticed as a warlike nation. During the short time he was a First Captain in the Russian service he was often obliged to hear the Russian officers decry his country – "You English do everything for gold and commerce." He assured me he could find a fixed dislike of the English in these barbarians. It is true.
>
> Sweden and Denmark have made peace. The latter takes Norway, the former, Swedish Pomerania and Guadeloupe. The Danes add 20,000 more to the Grand Alliance against the French. To bed, one.

At breakfast on **January 23rd** they suddenly find they have no ready cash left. The landlord won't help them, and refers them to a bank. Embarrassed, they go out to see the sights of Utrecht. A castle mentioned by Reichard is not known by anyone there. In a church (it being Sunday) they see a pastor holding forth to his flock, all of whom have their hats on. They ascend the steeple, but fail to find the magnificent view promised by Reichard, for the day is not clear enough. Neither are there five hundred steps to the top, as Reichard would have it: Hobhouse, numerically obsessed as ever, makes it only 472.

They visit a surgical school called Solomon's Temple, designed after the description by Josephus ("a foolish plaything"), which contrasts with "a long street … converted by Napoleon to a hospital for soldiers." King Louis' house is uninhabited, "like that of his brother of Westphalia." "These kings," comments Hobhouse, "seem to have been rather tenants than landlords, and to have lived in lodgings."

Back at the hotel, they find that Melvil's, the bank, has relieved their temporary embarrassment; but that there are no horses to be had. Another first occurs, when Hobhouse sees women skating:

> The ice was crowded with both sexes of the lower orders, or at least of the middling, rolling along on their long irons or pushed forwards on chair sledges. There were nearly as many women as men. Stalls for roasted apples and other refections were placed on the ice, and the whole scene was exceedingly merry, and to me novel. Nothing could be more Dutch than the figure of almost every individual – especially the women – who are most ridiculously square-built.

Hobhouse does not try skating himself. He is happy to record that "the mixture of English in the Dutch strikes me more and more every day – our boy seemed to say, "Te door is open."

That night Hobhouse reads "an ode or two by Jean Baptiste Rousseau – eminently beautiful and good to steal from. He even then calls England in his *Ode to the King*, 'The Queen of the Seas' … Recollect his *Vaudeville*, in which are these lines:

Il a fair un coup de maitre
Des plus heureux
Car pour les faire paroitre
Forts et nerveux
Il les a fait dur et sec
Vivent les Grecs."

They set off for Amsterdam at ten on **January 24th**, "over a noble road which has been constructed by Napoleon all the way from Amsterdam to Paris." The country seats they pass must be of quality, for they are "quite in the style of the Islington Road," just as "Amsterdam, seen through the mists at a distance, looked not unlike London." They arrive a little before three, and put up at the Amsterdam Arms, which is undistinguished as to exterior, but on the inside it "yields to few English hotels."

Hobhouse engages a *lacquey de place* who was once in the same office for Louis Bonaparte in 1807, when he commanded Holland. Of Louis, He hears

> … he was just my height, and that he [*the lacquey*] took him to a house of ill fame, a Madame Nicolai's, where he treated the ladies to punch, but committed no excess. Madame Nicolai was afterwards arrested and sent to Paris – all the *Cyprians* were obliged to take out a permission at the police to trade, and each fifteen days were examined by a surgeon employed by the government for that purpose.

Hobhouse passes no comment on this. At the dinner, of the substance of which he is critical, he comments, "they have not … learned the use of heating plates." He sits next to a Frenchman who was, until recently, when he was made prisoner, in control of the *douane* in North Holland. Of the recent change of administration, he reports

> … the authorities in Amsterdam had behaved like poltroons. They ran away without any necessity, struck with a sort of panic at the news of Bülow's advance, and without giving warning to a single person attached to them or their cause. Mr Melvil, the banker's partner here, has since told me that this is true – the mob began burning and knocking down the custom and tax houses, and commenced a pillage which would have become general if the citizens had not taken arms and fired upon them, by which some dozen were killed. The magistrates of the town would take no

decisive step after the flight of the French prefect. The citizens, with about 2,000 old arms and little ammunition, knew not what to do. General Meritor was at Utrecht with 4,000 French. The orders were given to these troops to hold themselves in readiness to march to Amsterdam, and our *lacquey de place*, who was in the same house with the general, says they cried out to be led on against the rebel town. The citizens expected as much any moment, but Meritor would do nothing – a few Cossacks appeared at the gates – the government then declared itself – General Meritor left Utrecht for the south, and the revolution was concluded without more bloodshed.

My Frenchman told me the Grand Chamberlain of Madame Mère [*Napoleon's mother*] at Paris took one day the liberty to ask her, why she was so [ ] and fond of amassing wealth, and that she answered, "[ ]-vous, monsieur – à present tout va bien, mais vous verrez qu'un beau matin tous mes fils [ ] me tomberont sur les mains." He told me that Bernadotte refused the crown of Sweden at first, and upon being ordered by Napoleon to accept it, said, "I warn you, that the instant I put feet in Sweden, I shall cease to be a Frenchman."

Hobhouse leaves at seven, goes upstairs, and dozes out the remainder of the evening.

On **January 25th** He spends some time enumerating Amsterdam's canals and islands – a passage again suggesting in its obsessiveness that his half-sister Amelia isn't the only one in the family with a counting mania. He elaborates with an admiring description of the city, its bridges ("the great bridge is called the Lovers' Bridge, from the tradition of a girl and her sweetheart having fallen or leapt from it whilst embracing"), its houses and streets. The Jewish quarter, remarks Hobhouse, is one of only two which are dirty; he doesn't name the second. There are, he writes, between thirty and sixty thousand Jews in Amsterdam. The citizens are "convivial" (though the city's population has shrunk by forty thousand in the last thirty-odd years) and he is reminded of "some of the best portions of Bristol," though there is "an infinite and importunate number" of beggars, for whom the French ("that provident people") created retreats which are now closed. Prices have also risen since the French departed, for the French kept a tighter control on prices than the present administration of the Prince of Orange, which is already unpopular because of the raising of levies.

Accompanied by Barrett and his *lacquey de place*, Hobhouse goes to see the sights. First they visit what seems to called (in Latin) the Palladian Arcade, a multi-purpose institution built between 1777 and 1787 and containing "reading rooms, dancing rooms, lecture rooms, schools of anatomy, mechanics and physics, an observatory, camera obscura, library, schools of painting and sculpture and of the *belles lettres* – much I should think somewhat on the plan of our Royal Institution."

They then visit the former Hotel de Ville, now the Palais Imperiale, round which they are shown by a concierge, and the architecture and fittings of which (the latter

chosen by King Louis), Hobhouse admires. They visit the old and new churches, both of which seem, he writes, "naked."

They visit the docks, which are "nothing after the noble scale of Portsmouth," and the Governor's yacht, which is "nothing to an Englishman." There are excellent models of ships, and two models of a floating battery, "over the first, our conductor told us, Napoleon continued looking for half an hour, in great delight, and measured it with a ruler which lies by it."

Going via the Lovers' Bridge, they visit a French bookseller. There is no comedy that night, for "the French theatre is expected to open on Saturday – Dutch and German plays and Italian operas are played." They stay at home, noting that they have "scarcely seen a cap … everyone wears a hat." Whether this classnessness in Dutch headgear is a good thing or a bad in Hobhouse's eyes, isn't made plain.

On **January 26th** they set out on an expedition to the village of Broek, walking two-and-a-half miles across the ice to get a sledge for conveyance. Broek is a socially self-contained community, with a reputation for in-breeding and inhospitality. It

> … is a village comprised of about 300 houses, all of them nearly of painted wood, and executed as to the exterior, in the utmost extravagance of Chinese taste. The principal doors of the houses are elegantly worked and painted, and never opened except on occasions of marriages, deaths, and christenings. Most of the houses have gardens and the larger ones pleasure grounds or small parks attached to them, the last built and largest house of stone in Broek, which looks like a very citizens box near London, cost 300,000 guilders in building. There are no poor properly speaking in the place – the house owners are actually inhabitants of the town, although they have their *comptoirs* in Amsterdam to which they go three times a week.

They visit an orphanage for girls, "the neatest house imaginable." The Broekites look like Quakers, though Hobhouse compares the look of the females unfavourably with those of Croatia.

On the return sledge journey, Hobhouse finds his hands "dreadfully frostbitten." They pass an *ourse*, or sluice with a stone dam, for instant inundation of the countryside – an idea, apparently, of ex-King Louis, who (his personal morality apart) seems to have been very straight and very popular. He introduced the guillotine, but only four people have suffered it. They go a league, over dykes and past numerous windmills, to Alkmaar, where Peter the Great stayed when he made himself an apprentice shipbuilder. As they approach the cottage where he lived, a Jewish organ grinder follows them, playing *God Save the King*. They are impressed by the obscurity and small size of the place where Peter lived, in a "wretched room" only fifteen feet long. There is a gold medal displayed which was sent by Catherine the Great. "Master Peter," comments Hobhouse, "must have chosen nearly the poorest village in Zaardam, or Zaardam must have been a century ago a very different place from what it is at this day."

In a church they see a picture of a woman being tossed by a bull which is also trampling her husband. She has been delivered of a child in mid-toss.

Many people are skating here, too.

Hobhouse, Barrett and the lacquey return to Amsterdam across the sea, the ice, even though they're assured that it's eight feet thick, cracking beneath them.

There is a play that night, which starts at five. It is "a patriotic piece" called *Simon Haazler*, which the players do with energy but at which the audience laughs. The boxes are thinly occupied, and the noise from the auditorium while the show is on reminds Hobhouse of London rather than the disciplined attention he has become used to in German theatres. *Simon Haazler* is followed by a ballet, *The Lady of the Rock*, with excellent scenery, in which the prima ballerina, a French woman, and the second male lead, are excellent, but the leading man and the figurantes "bad indeed." Hobhouse writes,

> … the villain of the play took poison and died as if of a colic, so as to bring out a roar of laughter from more than one.

They get back at past eleven.

At a quarter past four on **January 27th** they leave Amsterdam for Harlaam, having inspected the Kalverstrasse and its shops, which Hobhouse finds "quite English." He buys two mechanical toys.

At Haarlam, hey put up at The Golden Fleece ("so notified in English words") where they have an excellent room, and

> … some cold roast beef which would be reckoned good even in England, hot potatoes and a bottle of claret, and during our repast the chambermaid, neat as Phillis, brought in the sheets and placed them over a large wicker basket in which was a pan of cinders – this is an improvement on English comfort. The only delicacy not understood by the Dutch is the multiplicity and change of knives and forks and the admission of salt spoons at table. Their necessaries [*toilets*] are excellent – their butter unrivalled – their cheese good – they are a century before the Germans in those particulars which please an Englishman. To bed, ten.

On **January 28th** Hobhouse and Barrett do a tour of Harlaam's "fine old walls." They are then taken on a garden tour by a horticulturalist named Herr van Eden, who tells them that a Louis Seize tulip root will fetch 125 guilders. England, says van Eden, remains his most important market. They visit a natural history museum, then a house in which King Louis lived, having bought it for 100,000 guilders. It has, writes Hobhouse, "echeted to the Prince of Orange." Van Eden tells them that the French nearly ruined the Dutch economy; houses devalued by ninety percent, many being pulled down for their

lead and wood, and when the French left there was only thirty-five guilders left in the town chest.

Van Eden tries to give them a tulip, but "was vastly civil when put off."

They go to the church, where they see but do "not hear the famous organ, reckoned the best in the world." Harlaam is "a very pretty town," and so neat, like the rest of the country, that "one is painfully afraid to dirty Dutch passages" – presumably Hobhouse means, by urinating in them. They observe

> … a pad of coloured muslin stuck upon two or three doors and on enquiry found that this town alone of all Dutch towns had preserved since the time of the Spaniards the right of refusing military quarters at every house where a woman is lying or has lately laid in, and that the muslin is the ensign of parturition.

They then go to the Teglerian Museum …

(*End of Berg 1, start of Berg 2*)

… which seems to be partly a library, partly a fossil museum, partly a scientific institute, with an enormous "electrical machine" said to be capable of killing an ox, though all it has in fact killed is a cat.

> When Napoleon two years past visited Harlaam the directors took off the affixed label describing it to have been discovered near the Emperor's capital, for fear he should claim it as his own – Napoleon stayed half an hour in the saloon. An old fellow with a decayed nostril who attends upon strangers there, and attended upon us, made part of his suite. The professors who were in his train offered amongst other curiosities to show him an experiment on the air pump by which ice was made. He would see none of their tricks. He was bent upon getting out of them the amount of their funds. The Director whom he questioned was a little deaf, and as the interrogation proceeded took care that his want of hearing should be more manifest, until Napoleon, half in play, at last laid hold of his ear and pulled it whilst he made a last but ineffectual effort to get an answer to his query. He was, said our guide, by no means pleased.

A little after one, they set out for Leyden, and, even though there is no regular posting service in Holland, reach it by four. The inn recommended by Reichard turns out to be dreadful, and an old woman recommends the Golden Lion instead, but that is not an inn but only a lodging house, with uncomfortable rooms. They do, however, get "tolerably warm" before going to bed, by making up a turf fire.

Hobhouse observes, "We seem, as it were, in the confines of England."

The first place they visit in Leyden on **January 29th** is the Bourg, a ruin, the view from the top of which is praised by Reichard, but is to them again very disappointing. Then they go to the Town House, which contains a Last Judgement by Lucas of Leyden, pronounced by Hobhouse to be "disagreeable." They are told that one of Leyden's booksellers is called Murray! English is very commonly talked in the town, even though the university has, via the conscriptions, lost seven hundred of its thousand students. "The French here are universally detested," even though one man tells them that, as so frequently happened, "the penal code of the Code Napoleon and other parts of the same body of laws relative to monied bourgeois would most probably be retained in the new constitution which the councillors of the Prince of Orange are to produce next month."

At a little after one they set off for The Hague, in rain and snow, arriving at half past three. They put up at the Maréschal de Turenne, where Hobhouse is given the bed slept in only the previous night by the comte d'Artois, Louis XVIII's brother. The Prince of Orange was there twice the previous day.

At seven they go to the theatre and see a French company perform *Ma tante Aurore* and *Lodoiska*. Hobhouse is "much disgusted with both," although the Dutch and English national anthems are played, and encored. "Everything is English here," partly because "report says the Hereditary Prince is to marry the Princess Charlotte of Wales in three months." This is of course not to be.

On **January 30th** Hobhouse reads the first volume of Madame Cotin's sentimental Crusading novel *Mathilde* [*referred to at* Eugene Onegin*, III, xi, 8*], and comments, perhaps with his half-sisters' moral welfare at heart, "I cannot conceive a more dangerous book for a girl." At the English embassy he meets, among many others, Richard Belgrave Hoppner, later to be Byron's friend in Venice.

At dinner that night they hear that Murat has offered to join the allies. Hobhouse seems to be cultivating the English diplomatic corps.

On **January 31st** Hobhouse continues to read *Mathilde*, which it seems that he enjoys; he goes to bed with it in his hand.

On **February 1st,** while shaving, Hobhouse resolves to give up on the diplomats and to set out for Helvoetsluys, and England. He and Barrett start at three, and reach Maasluys by half-past five, but the ice prevents them from crossing the Maas, so they put up at an inn, and decide to leave Barrett's carriage behind. That night,

> I finished *Mathilde* – the end of which made a most melancholy impression upon me although I had laughed at the fainting of the heroine and the ravings of the archbishop of Tyre through the whole work.

On **February 2nd** they get off at ten, a complex and freezing journey, involving several barrows-full of goods, and some dangerous ferry-crossings of the river Maas, to Briel. "Exorbitant rascals" carry their goods to Briel, where they put up temporarily at an inn and meet two released prisoners, one Dutch, and one Prussian. When they get to

Helvoetsluys they find that six mails have been detained by the ice for a month, but book places in the Beaufry packet (Mr Howard, master – "a pimple-nosed spirit"). That evening at the inn Hobhouse quarrels with a man who had at first given up his berth on the Beaufry to him, but now wants it back. Hobhouse makes Walker his man sleep in it to keep it safe.

On **February 3rd** it's snowing, and they're told the packet won't sail. Barrett wants to return to The Hague; but after a lot of confusion it seems from the diary that they get off at half-past three in the Cheerful cutter (Lieutenant Smith, Captain) leaving Walker and Barrett's valet behind by accident. The pilot, fearful of ice, refuses to take them out and steers again for Helvoetsluys, whereupon they meet Walker and the other servant being rowed towards them.

> We anchored a mile from Helvoetsluys pier, after the tide began to ebb; vast masses of ice flowed down upon us and thundered upon the ships' sides although two men were in the fore chains with long poles to keep it off. The wind came fair with a fine moonlight night …

At five in the morning of **February 4th** they start out for Harwich, with "a good deal of puking on board," though it doesn't affect Hobhouse. A Dutchman, hearing Hobhouse's name, says he went over to Holland with "a Captain Hobhouse of the 69th" – it was Benjamin. The Captain (whose name now seems to be Deane) tells jolly nautical yarns to keep them happy:

> Captain Deane told me that last June a Jew on board his packet cut his throat, but not fatally. A Dr Rogerson, physician to the Emperor of Russia, was on board. Captain Deane applied to him for help. "Lord," said he, "I could do nothing, I am so sick." – "But," said Deane, "What had I better do?" – "*Give him a dose of salts*," replied the physician.

On **February 5th** Hobhouse sees "the coast of England in sight – close to Hollesely Bay." He wakes at twelve and has "sight of my native land, as they say" (quoting, and inverting *Childe Harold* I). He sees Martello towers, one near Felixstowe, "and two line-of-battle ships at anchor far out at sea." All on board are sick except four or five, and at noon they too anchor twelve miles from Harwich, until six, when the tide turns and they continue tacking about. They land, although Hobhouse doesn't record at what time.

February 6th is a Sunday, and the customs officers won't work, so all are obliged to stay in Harwich. Hobhouse goes to the Subscription Rooms and "vomits forth" the story of his travels to his friend Rolfe, who has crossed with them. Bernadotte has been proclaimed a hero, he hears; the price of wheat is down alarmingly; the Thames has frozen over so that printing has been possible on it, as well as the roasting of oxen; that there is a song in the new pantomime which steals an idea from Sheridan's *The Critic*

and has an oyster singing that it is crossed in love. Hobhouse goes to bed, not with *Mathilde*, but with a hymnal, put in good spirits by hearing that *Journey* has been reviewed in the *Quarterly*. [Journey *is reviewed by Sir John Barrow in No XIX: October 1813, pp. 175-203. He says that it is "written in a style entirely free from pedantry, but erring on the side of ease" and calls it "massive but entertaining."*]

On **February 7th** all his goods are passed untouched, but Barrett's books are stopped. Together with Major Gordon ("the Anglo-Persian-Russo-Hanoverian") they "glide" to London in a post-chaise, and put up, Hobhouse and Gordon at the Hummums, and Barrett at Baker Street:

> We shook hands at parting and dissolving a partnership which has ended with very tolerable harmony, considering the uncongeniality of our souls, from the thirtieth of November, to the present day. I fear I have told him many things I ought not to have done – he tattles as badly as myself …

On the morning of **February 8th** Hobhouse finds himself at last home, having been abroad since May 27th 1813 – over eight months:

> [I] waited in bed until two for Walker, breakfasted with Gordon at the Tavistock, bought a hat, walked to Manchester Buildings and met my father just coming out of number eleven. He was as glad to see me as man of fifty-six is to see anything. With him I went down to Whitton, and was there hailed with real glee by Mell and Sophy – Charlotte was at Bath. I met Kinnaird before leaving London.

Hobhouse adds, later:

> He was glad to see me.