

London, February 9th –April 7th 1814

London, before Napoleon abdicates

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Wednesday February 9th 1814: Up seven. Breakfasted and left Whitton – came to Reilly’s,* and employed part of morning in casting up accounts of travelling expenses – and called on Kinnaird – Byron out of town¹ – they are attacking him in the *Courier* and *Post* for his *Weep, Daughter of a Royal Line*² incautiously inserted into his *Corsair*, his last and some say his best poem.³

Kinnaird was delighted to hear from me that everyone thought in Holland the allies would get to Paris – here most people think otherwise. He took me to Madame de Stael’s, to tell her the story of Bateman and Bonaparte.* I found that extraordinary woman in a little room – very ugly – and I thought unpleasantly mannered. I believe I disgusted her. Her daughter⁴ came in – pretty eyes, but a dirty complexion. She swore all I said about Napoleon’s discourse was true – it was like him, she said – “I know the man.” She enquired eagerly after the Crown Prince.⁵ At parting she asked Kinnaird and his brother to come to her Friday evening parties, and took no notice of me except to thank me for my anecdote.

¹: B. was returning from Newstead, where he had been with Augusta.

²: CPW III 10. The poem on Princess Charlotte’s tears on hearing her father (the Regent) speak offensively of the Whigs, with whom he had previously been on good terms: printed firstly in *The Morning Chronicle*, subsequently with

³: *The Corsair*, which had been published on February 1st, and which H. has not read yet, but to which he often subsequently refers as B.’s best work, along with *Childe Harold IV*.

⁴: The future Duchess of Broglie: see 12/9/16.

⁵: Bernadotte.

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Afterwards, I dined with the Literary Fund – talked much and loud and heard from Galt⁶ a sort of prospectus of his future book,⁷ which comes out in May. He disbelieves Bruce.⁸

Thursday February 10th 1814: Up with a headache. Called on Lord Holland with Kinnaird – found there Lady Holland on a sofa – Lord Holland writing notes and talking – in the [] – Sam Rogers, Lord Stair,⁹ Tierney, standing as an audience. I was foolishly embarrassed and let drop my hat.

The news of the day was the defeat of the French,¹⁰ which they said I had foretold yesterday, but which hardly pleased them. Now this seemed to me carrying the feelings of domestic politics too far. Yesterday I met Mr Knight,* late Member of Parliament and friend of Sir Francis Burdett's – he said, when I expressed my notion that the allies would get to Paris, "Well, I still keep up my spirits." He said that if they did he would go to America ... I was put up today for the Cocoa Tree club.¹¹

I dined with Mrs Kinnaird – my friend has returned like the dog to his vomit.¹²

In the evening I went to the play at Covent Garden, which was overflowing. There I saw and joined my dearest Byron in a private box. It is long since I have been so happy. I came home with him and sat till near four in the morning. He showed me several original letters of Robert Burns,¹³ addressed to Mr Cleghorn, Farmer, most of which are strangely bawdy – indeed he prefaces a song which

⁶: See 16/8/09 n11.

⁷: Galt was about to publish the *The New British Theatre*, comprising plays - including his own - which had been rejected by the London managements.

⁸: Michael Bruce was the lover of Lady Hester Stanhope; he had been spreading stories about B.'s homosexual activities in the Mediterranean.

⁹: For the irregular marriages of John William Henry Dalrymple, 7th Earl of Stair (1784-1840) see BLJ V 85n. He was a relative of Lady Frances Shelley. B. implies that he is ineffably dull (BLJ V 85).

¹⁰: At La Rothière on February 1st; but Bonaparte counter-attacked a few days later.

¹¹: In St. James's Street. Founded by Tories in Queen Anne's reign, it was later a Jacobite establishment. Famous for gambling. Gibbon had been a member.

¹²: H. refers to Kinnaird's long-term liaison with the singer Maria Keppel.

¹³: For B.'s opinion of Burns' letters, see BLJ III 239.

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might vie with Jenny Sutton¹⁴ by saying that a propensity to bawdy is the original Sin. Either he or his editor have hinted at his disposition although in somewhat different terms, where he is described as “having a strong penchant for the adorable moiety of the *genre humain*.”¹⁵ Byron gave me one of his letters,¹⁶ in which he gives up farming and says that the excise after all that has been said against it is the business for him. The letter is as follows:

My dear friend,

I enclose you a proof sheet, one of a dozen I got from the publisher, to give among my friends – It is a poem of mine which perhaps you have seen from our friends Dunbar & Cunningham, who got Mss. copies of it.

I have not time to write to you at large, but wish much to hear from you, and to know whether I could venture to write to you by the post without risk of the letters being <opened> read by any <by> <y> but yourself. In so many words I may perhaps have occasion to tell you somewhat, and ask a little advice too, which I would not wish even M^{rs} Cleghorn to see, & I believe the good women in general take a freedom to break up <and> or peep into their husband’s letters.

This is indeed all perhaps but let me hear from you.

I am giving up my farm: it is a bad bargain, & as my landlord is offering the lands to sale, I took the hint, and have got some little consideration for <the> {my} lease – The excise after all has been said against it, is the business for me. – I find no difficulty in being an honest man in it; the work itself is easy; and it is a devilish different affair managing money matters where I care not a damn whether the money is paid or not; from the long faces made to a haughty Laird or still more haughty Factor, when rents are demanded, & money, alas! not to be had! Besides I am now ranked in the

¹⁴: Bawdy song unidentified.

¹⁵: Something of which no-one could accuse H.

¹⁶: The letter is to Cleghorn, undated (from Ellisland, October 1791?): see *Letters of Robert Burns*, ed. Ferguson (O.U.P. 1931) II 93-4 and illustration between 92 and 93.

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supervisor's list, which will in a little time, place me in a respectable situation even as an Exciseman. ——— —

My best complime<xxx>{nts} to Mrs Cleghorn & your little ones; & believe me to be ever, most sincerely my dear, your obliged Friend and humblest serv:

Rob: Burns

Mr Cleghorn

Friday February 11th 1814: Up at twelve. Walked out to Barrett's, 73 Baker Street – paid him £130-odd for share of expenses on our travels, so that from Vienna (Nov. 30th) to London (Tuesday Feb. 8th) I spent £12 + £13 = £25, and the whole expenses of my nine months tour have been very nearly if not quite £66.

I dined with Lord Holland – present, his wife, Dr Allen,¹⁷ Mr Francis Horner,¹⁸ and Kinnaird. Kinnaird unwittingly tried to show me off. I talked too much by half and learnt nothing. Lady Holland told me that Mr Fox would never read any thing written against him – “No,” said he, “that’s what they want me to do, but I wont.” I can’t say that Lady Holland was farouche today, although she was brisk, a little, but not with me. I fear Lord Holland, the most delightful man alive, was not pleased with my talk. I came home about eleven. Mr Allen did not open much, nor talk at all against the scriptures. I heard no joke at all of that kind.¹⁹

Saturday February 12th 1814: Last night I read Semple's travels and case – I mean the Silberberg story.²⁰ He has now and then a good hit, but the thing is

¹⁷: The Hollands' free-thinking librarian.

¹⁸: Francis Horner (1778-1817) Scots lawyer and M.P. Co-founder of the *Edinburgh Review*.

¹⁹: *Recollections* (II 85) has *I heard no joke of any kind*.

²⁰: Robert Semple was the Englishman whom H. and Kinnaird had visited in the Silberberg prison in Austria on July 8th 1813. His book is *Travels in Portugal, Spain and the Levant*, and his “case” against his imprisoner, Lord Cathcart.

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written with too much unction. Got up half-past ten. Wrote yesterday and today this journal from Jan 31st. Went home with my father to Whitton.

Sunday February 13th 1814: At Whitton, where I did nothing but walk about and idle – I can do nothing – I never was so unhinged.

Monday February 14th 1814: Returned to London – saw Major Gordon. He told me he had read my book, and was pleased with its correctness, but that Morosoni had never been Prince of Wallachia. He was vice-dragoman, and when his brother was beheaded, or rather cut to pieces, after a coffee party with the Grand Vizier at Schwmla after the last peace, at the corner of the Seraglio, When the news came of his brother's death he knew his fate usual upon the signing of a peace. He was sent for and seized – the executioner was pushing him along – but he repulsed him, saying, "Wretch, know that I am a Bey and still your master!" Major Gordon told me also that said Ali Captain Pasha under Bairactar²¹ who had resided at Odessa after many invitations was fool enough to trust to the promises of the Porte and leave his asylum. He was stopped close to Bucharest by a body of soldiers, who shot him, and a Greek who was riding in the carriage with him.

I walked today until I was tired, with Gordon, Barrett, and Kinnaird. Went to the Hunterian lecture in the Collegium Regale-Chirurgorum,²² delivered by Sir E. Hume, I thought, very badly. Wiseman²³ was the first who emancipated the Surgeons from the physicians, 1666 about – Hume commemorated him. Cheseldene,²⁴ Sir C. Hawkins, who, *said the baronet*, "obtained a rank honorable to the profession," Potts and Hunter, whose birthday it was. He talked of students – masters &c, and the college, as if treating of universities.²⁵ The room was

²¹: See 24/5/10.

²²: The Royal College of Surgeons.

²³: Richard Wiseman (d. 1679) "the father of English surgery". He was surgeon to Charles II, who doubtless offered him many interesting problems to solve.

²⁴: William Cheselden (1688-1752) English surgeon.

²⁵: Notice H.'s snobbery in relation to universities as opposed to mere colleges.

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crowded to excess. Lord Spencer,²⁶ Sir Joseph Banks,²⁷ &c were there. Dined at the Athenaeum Club, where I met Alderson, senior wrangler, and a man as far as I saw not equal to his reputation.

Tuesday February 15th 1814: I began writing an answer to Dr Vincent's letter to me respecting my topography of the Troad. I paid Walker's wages up to this day, and out of £20 given me by my father the other day, have now left me £8 4s. I called on Byron and Lord Holland – met Lady Bessborough there, who was civil, and it seemed as if nothing had passed between us.²⁸ Paddy Moore²⁹ called on me this morning – he is just come from the Hague, whence Lady Castlereagh was to set out for Paris last Tuesday. The plenipotentiaries Castlereagh, Aberdeen, Cathcart, Stadion, Rasumowski, and Humboldt³⁰ have all been dining with Caulaincourt,³¹ so say the French papers, at Chatillon sur Seine. I met Lord Lansdowne at Lord Holland's – he was civil about the book, but I learn he has not read it. Frederick Kinnaird tells me Leake and Morier say my account of Albania is superficial – I said so myself – this candour will never succeed.

I dined at Reilly's and Byron tea'd with me, I supping with him, i.e., drinking hollands and water.

I came to day into lodgings at No7. St James' Place, for which I gave, coals included, four guineas a week.

Wednesday February 16th 1814: Wrote part of a letter to Dr Vincent. Called on the Princess of Wales and on Mrs Forbes, i.e., my sister Harriett and .³²

²⁶: The Scots brothers John and William Hunter (1728-93, 1718-83) between them revolutionised surgery, dentistry and obstetrics. John's collection was purchased for the R.C.S.: William's was bequeathed to the University of Glasgow.

²⁷: President of the Royal Society.

²⁸: H. alludes to his meetings with Lady Bessborough (Caroline Lamb's mother) two years previously – see 2/7/12 and 16/7/12.

²⁹: H.'s nickname for Tom Moore.

³⁰: The Foreign Ministers and ambassadors of England, Austria, Russia and Prussia.

³¹: Napoleon's Foreign Minister.

³²: Family nicknames – Lady Adelaide Forbes was a celebrated beauty (see BLJ III 75 n1).

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Dined with my father at the Eumelian – present, Sir G. Staunton, Mr Hammond, once Under Secretary of State, Mr Weston there, and Dr Ashe, the very best talker and most agreeable man I know. He told me that the bills of mortality are not greater in London now than they were a century ago, and that at the Foundling Hospital only one out of thirty-eight died – formerly one out of eight went off. Weston said a man travelling into Germany, being asked for his character, said he was “an elector of Middlesex,” and the guard turned out to an Elector.³³ Turkey in Europe, and Rabbits in Africa, I see.³⁴ Piene the Frenchman, who travelled in England during the Peace of Amiens with Chateaubriand, wrote with him a long big book of abuse against us – he says the English send their children so soon to college that the social tie is broken, and that as no real mourners attend a burying, *funerals are performed by proxy*, so you see over the shops in London “Funerals Performed Here.”

My dinner cost me twelve shillings – I was much pleased. At eleven, I went to a party at Lord Lansdowne’s, where I was also much pleased. Lady Bessborough was there. Adair said fine things to me about my Dardanelles expedition³⁵ – “Better,” said he, “than I could have done it myself.” Formed acquaintance with Lady Harrowby,³⁶ a fine, good-humoured woman – Madame de Staël there, flirting with a sprig of myrtle. Her daughter pretty-looking, but lewd. Horner there³⁷ – he looked, I thought, with altered eyes on me – this bodes no good from Edinburgh – – – – coach at six.

Thursday February 17th 1814: Breakfasted at ten with Sir Joseph Banks – he told me that Monsieur de la Garde told him that until ten or twelve years ago there were none but service rents in Scania in Sweden, and that he having with great difficulty introduced corn rents has raised his estate in the proportion of 15 to 1.

³³: “Elector” (democratic participant) confused with “Elector” (German feudal ruler).

³⁴: Allusion obscure.

³⁵: The account of the English Dardanelles expedition of January 1807, described in *Journey II*.

³⁶: Wife of the President of the Council.

³⁷: See 11/2/14. Horner is to review *Journey* for the *Edinburgh Review*.

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I came home – paid a tailor – Dodd – £50. 7s 0d – bought the first volume of Bliss's edition of the *Athene Oxonienses*³⁸ – £2 15s 0d. Ordered a black coat and waistcoat for mourning for the Duke of Mecklenburg. Rode in the park with Kinnaird at three on a horse of Lumley's.

Dined at five at the Royal Society Club. Present, Lord Spencer³⁹ – who laughed now and then, but was generally grave, and did certainly make the club less gay than usual, notwithstanding a joke of someone who compared a person who had written a new life of Milton to a *Resurrection* Man. He bit his nails and fingers a good deal. Sir Gilbert Blane told me that saltpetre comes almost all of it from India, where it is scraped from the rubbish of ancient ruins, and that therefore India may be said to bespeak its former populousness even in this particular, for saltpetre is produced only by the refuse of life and domestic life – urine and dung mixed with lime. Burke in his letter to the Duke of Bedford speaks of the French calculating how much saltpetre they shall scrape from the ruins of Bloomsbury and Woburn. "Thus," said Sir Gilbert Blane, "a very learned man must be more witty than another – his range is wider." Burke could never have had this flight without knowing how saltpetre is procured – the French manufacture their own saltpetre. Wilkins the orientalist told us that the rubbish from which the salt had been produced, laid up again, would reincrust. Wilkins cured a *tear* in his eye by piercing a passage into his nose with a hog's bristle – the superfluous moisture blows through the nose – hence so much blowing of noses at a tragedy. He told us of a Colonel Martin in India – a Frenchman who filed away a stone in his bladder by an instrument introduced up the urethra. Sir E. Hume said that he learnt from reading a life of Milton that blindness is preceded by flashes of light seen in the dark. Mr *Gilerun* or some such name told me that at dinner at the congress of Amiens he saw Joseph Bounaparte upon asked to cut up a pigeon pass his fork through his mouth before

³⁸: A book on which H. is to waste much time. See 8/3/14.

³⁹: George John, second Earl Spencer (1758-1834) First Lord of the Admiralty at the time of the Spithead mutiny. He collected books.

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inserting it into to the bird – he said that Lord Cornwallis, Merry, and Frank Mac⁴⁰ did nothing – all was conducted at Paris and London.

I went to the play – sat in Lord Byron’s box – Captain Byron⁴¹ came in.

Came home – copied out part of a letter to Vincent – dreadfully done – to bed near three. This evening I was proposed for a Member of the Royal Society – Major Rennel⁴² being the first name on my certificate – Hume Lambert Murdoch Wilkins and others aiding and abetting.

I was this day also elected a member of the Cocoa Tree club.

Friday February 18th 1814:⁴³ When Bacchiocchi,⁴⁴ who married Bounaparte’s sister, was made Duke of Florence, and was presented to the people of Lucca from which town they came originally, they, being plain-spoken, said to him by their deputies, “We are not used to speak to great people – you must therefore pardon us if we blunder out in impoliteness” – “To tell you the truth, my friend,” said he, “I am as little used to it as you.” I am to get Lambert Host’s Grammar from Vienna. Sonnerat, who has been on his travels 48 years and is going to publish four quartos sent through Chatcemery, who is here selling Miss Williams’ translation of Humboldt, wrote to Lambert to ask that he put on his advertisement, “Books &c to be had at No. 26 &c, Grosvenor Street” – Mr Lambert’s house.

⁴⁰: English plenipotentiaries (supposedly) at the negotiations for the Peace of Amiens, 1805.

⁴¹: Who succeeded to the Baronetcy in 1824.

⁴²: See 8/4/14 n14.

⁴³: B. is at this time keeping an intermittent journal, which only exists in a transcript by Moore. It runs between November 14th 1813 and April 19th 1814. On this date (February 18th) B. records “Hobhouse is returned to England. He is my best friend, the most lively, and a man of the most sterling talents extant ... Hobhouse has told me ten thousand anecdotes of Napoleon, all good and true. My friend H. is the most entertaining of companions, and a fine fellow to boot ...” and so on (BLJ III 243-4).

⁴⁴: Felice Bacciochi married Napoleon’s sister Maria Anna Elisa, and was created Princess and then Grand Duchess of Tuscany.

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Walked about London today, instead of dining at home – Byron with me. I have read his *Corsair*,⁴⁵ which although it has perhaps not such brilliant passages as the *Childe*, is on the whole better – its success has been astonishing – 13,000 copies sold in a month – the abuse showered on Byron for the *Weep, Daughter of a Royal Line*⁴⁶ has helped it along.

Saturday February 19th 1814:⁴⁷ Walked about. Dined with Hodgson⁴⁸ at Slaughter’s coffee house and afterwards went with him and Byron to a private pit box to see Mr Kean in Richard III⁴⁹ – he was extremely happy – a short very short man – with a piercing black eye – “Off with his head! so much for Buckingham”⁵⁰ was given thus – the instant he received the news of Buckingham’s being prisoner, he said quickly, “Off with his head!” – and then advancing to the front of the stage said with savage smile “So much for Buckingham.” He gave a sportive ferocity to the character which I think it requires. His scene with Lady Anne⁵¹ was highly finished – his expostulation with Stanley – “In the North? what do they in the North?”⁵² – had an extraordinary effect – in a loud shrill taunting interrogating tone – and lastly his

⁴⁵: *The Corsair* was started on December 18th 1813, drafted in less than ten days, and fair-copied between between December 27th and 31st. Its first edition appeared on February 1st (five days before H. landed at Harwich) and six more editions were published before March was out.

⁴⁶: *Weep, daughter of a royal line* (“*Lines to a Lady Weeping*”) is B.’s poem on Princess Charlotte’s reaction to the Prince Regent’s open desertion of his old Whig friends. It was first published anonymously in *The Morning Chronicle* on March 7th 1812, but was appended to *The Corsair*; only then was B.’s authorship acknowledged.

⁴⁷: B.’s journal entry for this day is at BLJ III 244-5.

⁴⁸: B.’s friend Francis Hodgson.

⁴⁹: Edmund Kean (1787-1833) greatest actor of his generation. He had first played at Drury Lane on January 26th, as Shylock; his first Richard III there had been given on February 12th, and he played the role twenty-five more times that season. B. records in his journal for this day, “Just returned from seeing Kean in Richard. By Jove, he is a soul! Life – nature – truth – without exaggeration or diminution. Kemble’s Hamlet is perfect; but Hamlet is not Nature. Richard is a man; and Kean is Richard.” (BLJ III 244).

⁵⁰: Not in the original script. An addendum created by Colley Cibber, for IV iv 533, which had become standard.

⁵¹: I ii.

⁵²: A version of IV iv 484.

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combat with Richmond was surprising. He continued pushing with his hand after he had received his wound and dropped his sword – as if he had not lost his weapon – and showed by his vacant stare that he was struggling with the effect of the fatal blow. It was only on a sudden that death could seize him – he fell flat backwards at once.

After the play I went to Lady Harrowby's⁵³ – a party which is reckoned, and called, the exclusive or exquisite in London – Madame de Staël, the Lansdownes,⁵⁴ Ward,⁵⁵ &c were there and about forty of the *ton*. Madame Lieven⁵⁶ and other foreigners in so much quantity as that I heard more French talked than English. Lady Bessborough¹² was there, Lady Melbourne⁵⁷ – to me 'twas sad enough. In spite of Lady Harrowby's kindness, I stood in a corner.

Walked away half-past twelve with Hon. Bennett,⁵⁸ a good-humoured fellow.

Sunday February 20th 1814:⁵⁹ Walked down to Whitton.

Monday February 21st 1814: Walked up to London – dined at Sastre's.⁶⁰ He is as lively and literate as ever – he told me that in Italy formerly they used to look upon a man who travelled in England as a prodigy, and asked him if he came from “Londra propria.” A Mr Bonomi, a friend of his who lived in London, returned to Rome. His brother showed him about, and one day in St Peter's meeting a cardinal eminentissimo.⁶¹ Said he, “Ecco il mio fratello – venuto da Londra.” – “Eh bene – spero che ho fatto bon viaggio.” – “Grazie *Eminenza* – ho

⁵³: *Née* Lady Susan Leveson-Gower, she had married the Earl of Harrowby (President of the Council under Liverpool) in 1795.

⁵⁴: Henry Petty-Fitzmaurice, third Marquis of Lansdowne (1780-1863) Whig statesman; in 1808 he had married Lady Louisa Emma Fox-Strangways. See 5/6/11.

⁵⁵: See 23/7/12.

⁵⁶: The Princess Lieven, lover of Metternich.

⁵⁷: Caroline Lamb's mother-in-law, and B.'s confidante.

⁵⁸: Charles Augustus Bennett (1776-1859) Baron Ossulton, later the Earl of Tankerville; a Whig.

⁵⁹: For B.'s journal entry on this day, see BLJ III 245-6. In it he discusses Kean and the criticism which has been made of him.

⁶⁰: Mr Sastre, otherwise unidentified, kept a respectable restaurant in Covent Garden.

⁶¹: “An eminent cardinal.”

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potito un poco sull'mare.” – “Sull mare? perchè non siete venuto per terra? – Diavolo! L'Inghilterra è una isola!!!”⁶²

He told me he did not like Byron's poetry but was pleased with his prose – he is the only man who has ever told me so.

He gave me the following sonnet relative to the usage of putting a sieve into the bed of a new married couple, composed by some wit at Verona:

Se il libro di Bertoldo il ver narrò
 Così dirse Bertoldo un giorno il Re:
 (King of Lombardy)
 “Fa che domani tu torni innanzi a me
 E che insieme io ti veda e insieme no.”
 Bertoldo il dì d'appresso al Re Tornò
 Portando un gran crivello innanzi a sè.
 Così vederà e non veder si fe
 E con capelle altrui la sua salvò.
 Or la risposta mia cavo di qui:
 Pel crivel, che la saggia antichità
 Nel letto marital poneva una di
 Con bella moglie alcun pace no ha
 Si davanti un crivel non tien così
 Onde veda, e non veda quel che fa.⁶³ –

⁶²: “This is my brother, just back from London” – “I hope you had a good journey” – “Thank you, eminence. I was a little sick at sea.” – “At sea? Why didn't you go by land? – Oh the devil, of course, England is an island!”

⁶³: Poem unidentified. A translation might be: *If Bertold's book tell true, thus said the King to Bertold one day: “Come back to me tomorrow, but make sure I can see you and can't see you.” The next day Bertold went back to the King, carrying an enormous sieve before him, so that he could and could not be seen – thus he saved his skin with that of others. From this I derive the following moral: according to the wise laws of antiquity, no-one can have peace with a beautiful wife if he does not place a sieve in the marriage bed, so that he can see, and not see, what she does.* The odd Italian may in part be because of an attempt to reproduce the Veneto in Tuscan.

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He told me that when Louis XIII was at Verona⁶⁴ and ordered to leave the place, he called for the book which registered his ancestors as Venetian noblemen, and drew a pen across the names of all his family.

I walked home with my father, who together with my sisters Harriett and Matilda, dined with Sastres. I have collected that Henrietta, the youngest of my mother-in-law's children,⁶⁵ is dead,⁶⁶ but I have only guessed at it and never asked the question. It was by mere accident I did not ask to see her, for no-one has mentioned her name to me. Henry has been gaining prizes in India.

Tuesday February 22nd 1814: I walked about London – met the Hon. Captain Davison, my Reichenbach friend, and saw a kept woman in a gay carriage invite him to an assignation. Met Lloyd and Frome and others. Called on my friends living in the Russell Square quarter. Yesterday there was a great hoax on the exchange – a post chaise and four &c, [] with laurels, and containing persons with white cockades drove over London Bridge – the death of Bounaparte and occupation of Paris was reported – the *Courier*, whose editor, *Street*, is said to be concerned, gave the news in two editions and corrected in the third. Omnium got up to 32, premium an unparalleled height. Yarmouth and Lord Lowther are mentioned as at the bottom of the plot. The last poor fellow has utterly lost his character.

Napoleon has apparently beaten the allies further from Paris. Holland House is in delight, and my friend Knight assumes the tone of moderation which he thinks it becomes a successful person to put on. S. B. Davies is in high feather – he talks of Sefton and Kennington as I do of Jack and Tom.

I read instead of dining at home. Spent night with Byron.

Wednesday February 23rd 1814: I have begun reading Antony à Wood – and am thinking of trying my hand at a poem – a tale with reflections, &c. Yesterday I called on Dr Vincent, Dean of Westminster. He called me “Hobhouse,” and

⁶⁴: Louis XIII of France (1601-43) inherited Italian noble blood from his mother Marie de' Medici.

⁶⁵: H. means “stepmother's children.”

⁶⁶: Astonishing revelation about the distance between H. and his father's second family.

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was civil, but declamatory on the subject of the Troad, which he has much studied but I think mistaken. He reviewed Bryant and Morier's vindication of Homer in the British Critic. Bryant wrote an expostulation in which he called the reviewer an *assassin*. Vincent, both privately and publicly, called on Bryant to retract, which he would not – "So," said Vincent, "I dropped the controversy." Vincent is much as when I knew him as my master – he is lively still – "I was killed," says he, "in the papers, which I suppose was the necessary consequence of my having two physicians." I put some papers of his on the Troad in my pocket and his articles in the British Critic, which I read for the first time last night, and find they contain many observations which are in my book e.g. the *freta lata* of Virgil, and Gell's *etiam periere ruinæ* of Virgil.

George Sinclair called this morning – he tells me his uncle Bossville, who has left him £10,000, was killed by eating eels stewed in wine and black puddings with brandy and water. He was delirious for three days before his death. He was 69 when he died.

I dined with Byron at the St Albans and bet him a good dinner for two that the allies are this day at Paris.

Sat with him at home hearing his confessions.

Thursday February 24th 1814: Began reading the *Προμηθευς Δεσμυτης*.⁶⁷ Walked about – dined with Cuthbert, 15 Park Lane – saw at his house a Mr Politico, a Russo-Greek attached to the Russian Embassy here – he seemed no great thing. Horner was there – and Admiral Fleming. The women were good-humoured; it seemed to me a family party which I could not relish. Lady Elliott, a daughter of Lord Minto's,⁶⁸ a pleasant young woman, was there and flirted with Horner, who is certainly a ymon stiffs at leut⁶⁹ to me. Cuthbert's wife is a pretty kind woman with a red nose – Cuthbert himself the best good man in the world.

After dinner we went upstairs, where was a party, and where I was by her desire introduced to *Miss Mercer* – *the* Miss Mercer, the fop's despair⁷⁰ –

⁶⁷: Aeschylus' *Prometheus Bound*.

⁶⁸: Sir Gilbert Elliott-Murray-Kynynmound, first Earl of Minto (1751-1814) Governor-General of India 1806-13.

⁶⁹: The phrase seems to be in code.

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supposed to be the Miss Broadhurst of Miss Edgeworth. She is not handsome, but has fine agreeable eyes. She is [] and sensible, and not at all shy.

She told me that she was present when the Princess Charlotte of Wales burst into tears upon the Prince abusing his Whig friends,⁷¹ which he did in presence of Lord Lauderdale, most violently beginning by saying that if he had not lost Mr Fox he should never have looked elsewhere for a friend, but that he looked up to no-one now. The Prince had drunk immoderately – it was just after the cloth was removed. The Princess began to sob violently and in spite of picking round the dessert and other efforts, her emotion became so visible that the Prince said, “You had better retire,” on which the ladies all rose, and the Princess, laying hold of Miss Mercer’s arm, dragged her into an inner drawing room and there cried for half an hour. In consequence Miss Mercer was forbidden for eight months the entré of Warwick House. - - -

Miss Mercer told me of a curious instance of Absence⁷² in the Duchess of St Albans – Mr Motteaux, made love to her and used to bore her with long visits. He had stayed one day an inordinate time, and was handing her into her carriage when she, quite forgetting his presence, turned round to her footman and said “John,⁷³ if Mr Motteaux calls again don’t let him in.”

She told me of Madame de Lieven⁷⁴ that being pressed by a lady once to go to the play according to a former arrangement, she said she could not and added “pour vous parler avec franchise je prefere y aller avec un autre”⁷⁵ – !!

I came away at twelve.

⁷⁰: Margaret Mercer Elphinstone (1788-1867) was a very rich and independent heiress – hence H.’s titles for her, “the fop’s despair” and “Miss Mercenary” (BB 206). See BLJ II 183 for B.’s letter to her on the day he nearly elopes with Caroline Lamb. The lucky man who eventually married her (in 1817) was the Comte de Flahaut.

⁷¹: The incident occurred on February 22nd 1812, and provoked B.’s poem *Lines to a Lady Weeping (Weep, Daughter of a Royal Line)* which he has recently acknowledged by publishing it with *The Corsair*.

⁷²: Absent-mindedness.

⁷³: *Recollections* (I 89) has “There, if ...”

⁷⁴: Dorothea, Princess Lieven (1784-1857) lover of Metternich.

⁷⁵: “Frankly, I’d prefer to go with someone else!”

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Friday February 25th 1814: Paid £2 15s 0d for a reading desk. Scrope Davies called – I was silly enough to reckon up the Cony maps I knew – and he took away £0 1s 6d in fun.

Walked about – dined with Lord Lansdowne. Present Mr Fielding and his wife, Lady Lansdowne’s sister, an old-looking, pretty woman – Mr Baring, a Wiltshire gentleman, and his wife – and a Monsieur La *Borsa* or some such name, who left Paris on the 24th October. He told me that the French thought Napoleon would return as he did after the Beresina from Krasnoi,⁷⁶ and were astounded to find he brought back 85,000 troops. He thinks the French will certainly stand by Napoleon during the war – although in a peace a comparison of their slavery with the freedom of the neighbouring nations must make his sway intolerable. He saw a letter from the Emperor to Talleyrand proposing the issue of paper money – a means used when the French were successful during the revolution war and now by all the powers successful against him. “You have told me,” said he, “That my enemies must all be ruined by their paper money – yet I see them now in France – English – Russians – Prussians – Austrians – all issuers of paper money!” Lord Lansdowne said that Mr Pitt used to say that the life of a man was too short for Sir James Macpherson’s speeches⁷⁷ and Sir Francis D’Ivernois’ pamphlets.⁷⁸ He told also that a man seeing Lord Thurlow’s⁷⁹ handkerchief hanging out of his pocket in the street, stepped up to him and said – “You will lose your handkerchief, Sir” – “It will do very well Sir if you do not touch it,” answered the other. I spent, *præter opinerum*, a very pleasant evening indeed.

Received from my father £50.00.

Saturday February 26th 1814: Walked about after reading as usual a little of Aeschylus – dined at Willis Rooms with the Westminsters, about 120 present –

⁷⁶: That is, after the retreat from Moscow.

⁷⁷: Sir James Macpherson – “translator” of Ossian – sat as member for Camelford from 1780.

⁷⁸: Sir François D’Ivernois (1757-1842) Swiss emigré economist. He represented Switzerland at the Congress of Vienna.

⁷⁹: Lord Chancellor Thurlow (1731-1806).

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and renewed acquaintance with Littledale, Plowden and Glynn – and Saville and Mitchell. They were all very kind and glad to see me – I sat next to Seton* – Cary was there, and studiously neglected Lansdowne because in opposition – Brande the chemist was there and placed at the cross table with the grandees an honourable tribute to talent.

I went from table to Byron's and sat until half-past one.

Sunday February 27th 1814:⁸⁰ Walked down to Whitton – Fred Kinnaird and R. Prime dined with us.

Monday February 28th 1814: Allies driven back to Troyes – peace approaching as Robinson is gone back with dispatches to France to proceed to the congress at Chatillon.

Did not dine any where today – spent the evening with Byron.

Tuesday March 1st 1814: Received a letter from Pater in which he makes me a present of an £100 additional to my 500, and tells me I have spent £950 – about – last year. I dined, after walking about a good deal, at Reilly's, and came home at eight.

Began a poem⁸¹ today in which I proceed dully enough – R.⁸²

Wednesday March 2nd 1814: Walked about. Dined at Cuthbert's,* where met Brougham, Eden,⁸³ Howard,* and Michaelangelo Taylor,⁸⁴ and sat next to Miss Mercer⁸⁵ at dinner – she employed most of her time in quizzing M.A. Taylor, in the which I foolishly joining, and asking if he was not the chicken, was overheard, and have thus run the chance of offending him for life.

⁸⁰: For B.'s diary entry for this date, see BLJ III 246.

⁸¹: On March 7th B. records "Hobhouse ... has begun a Poem, which promises highly; - wish he would go on with it" (BLJ III 248). He seems not to have gone on with it.

⁸²: Hieroglyph – if such it be – indecipherable.

⁸³: George Eden, heir to Lord Auckland, had in 1812 been turned down as suitor to Annabella Milbanke.

⁸⁴: Michael Angelo Taylor: see 25/5/16.

⁸⁵: The independent heiress Mercer Elphinstone.

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Kinnaird told us that Meerfield* had told him that when Savary⁸⁶ was at St Petersburg he said when someone asked him if Caulaincourt,⁸⁷ the coming ambassador, was not the murderer of the Duke d'Enghien,⁸⁸ for whom the Russian court was then in mourning. “Non, c'étoit bien sot de lui dire ça, il étoit seulement à Manheim avec des troupes, prêtes à fonder sur le duc de Baaden s'il avait refusé l'arrestation du duc – c'étoit moi qui l'a fait fusillé.”⁸⁹ On some one asking him if it was true that the grenadiers had refused to fire upon the duke, he said, “Ah j'avois bien choisis mes gens – ils auraient fusilés L'Empereur si je leur avait donné l'ordre.”⁹⁰

Brougham was not very agreeable – the party was ill chosen – he has a great contempt for Eden, who is a Holland House Cub, and Miss Mercer had ill-treated Frederick Howard, so that our company was sufficiently “mal-assorti.”

M.A.Taylor was highly ludicrous and important after dinner – talked so much of preferring a young to an old woman that he drove the ladies away – Brougham laughed at Madame de Staël and Schlegel* – he said he thought Gentz⁹¹ had no reputation or influence in Germany. He told us that Leuvenheim¹⁴ told him that the Emperor Alexander rated the French forces that crossed the Rhine *in all* 85,000.

⁸⁶: Anne Jean Marie Duc de Savary (1774-1833) Bonapartist diplomat, did indeed preside over the murder of the Duc D'Enghien.

⁸⁷: Armand de Caulaincourt (1772-1827) now has a short career remaining as French Foreign Minister, but resumes the role during the Hundred Days.

⁸⁸: The Duc D'Enghien was a Bourbon soldier whom Napoleon believed to be implicated in the Cadoudal conspiracy against him. Violating the neutrality of Baden, he kidnapped him and had him shot at Vincennes in 1804.

⁸⁹: “No, that was a stupid thing for him to say – he was only with some troops based at Mannheim with the Duke of Baden, in case he refused to allow [Enghien's] arrest – it was I who had him shot.”

⁹⁰: “Oh, I'd chosen my men well - they'd have shot Napoleon if I'd ordered them to.” The French in both quotations is corrected at *Recollections* II 91.

⁹¹: Friedrich von Gentz (1764-1832) Prussian, then Austrian, diplomat and writer. First Secretary at the Congress of Vienna. Formulated the concept of “The Balance of Power”. Strongly anti-Bonaparte.

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Going upstairs we had a party, and waltzes – Horner introduced me to “Sir James Mackintosh”⁹² and Miss Mercer to Lady Keith, the Queeny of Mrs Thrale⁹³ – old and infirm.

Dull day enough.

Thursday March 3rd 1814: Rode about with Kinnaird in the park – called on Byron, who showed me a silly letter of Tom Moore’s* – dined with Ned Ellis⁹⁴ – met there Commissioner Grey, Colonel Grey, Lady Grey, Eliza Grey,⁹⁵ Captains Henley* and Wallace.⁹⁶ Eliza Grey is a daughter of the late Duchess of Devonshire by Lord Grey,* and is a fine girl, sensible and talkative and easily mannered. There was there a Tom Adkin,* a bald-headed buffoon with his arm in a sling, who called the Colonel “Billy-Billy” and the commissioner “George,” and was otherwise very obstreperous – he is the man who, having spent all his money at college in company with Lord Grey and Whitbread, is now a sort of pensioner on their bounty, and is a fine warning against such folly. Ned Ellis calls his wife “Handy,” which has a bad effect. No talk except from myself, so I learnt not one thing – all family matters discussed.

Supped with Mrs Kinnaird and Mrs Douglas.⁹⁷

Friday March 4th 1814: Walked about with Rolfe.* Dined at Roger Wilbraham’s,⁹⁸ 11 Stratton Street – met there Doctor Burney,* Messrs Marsden,

⁹²: H.’s reason for putting Mackintosh’s name in inverted commas is mysterious.

⁹³: See 7/3/14.

⁹⁴: Edward Ellice.

⁹⁵: Eliza Grey (1792-1859) was brought up under the illusion that she was the younger sister of Lord Grey, and that Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire, was a fond friend. In fact they were her parents. She married Edward Ellice’s brother Robert.

⁹⁶: Captain Wallace is referred to by B. at *Detached Thought* 21 (BLJ IX 19) and, covertly, at *Don Juan* XI Stanza 29, n. He was a famous gambler. On 21/9/17 H. relates that he has been condemned to the Venetian galleys.

⁹⁷: Maria Keppel and a colleague from the theatre (although “Mrs Douglas” could be “Mrs Kinnaird”).

⁹⁸: A well-known and corpulent Whig *littérateur*. On 23/3/18 H. has his first meeting with Foscolo at one of Wilbraham’s dinners.

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Wilkins, Murdock, and Weston,⁹⁹ with my father. Murdock told me that Ferdinand Mendez de Pinto¹⁰⁰ was by no means so great a liar as usually supposed, and Marco Polo¹⁰¹ not at all. Burney was in great things – he rather set at me – why, God knows. I found an envy at a young man talking at all, and passed amongst them a joke which I shall never try again with men of their cast: it related to the Princess of Wales and went off ill because they could not believe her capable of an indecency.¹⁰² Roger Wilbraham has a fine library – he showed me an Illyrian poem* – he told me of a saying of Sophie Arnaud* to Mademoiselle Rancold – Sophie Arnaud was with child and the other was a tribude* and consequently loved her lovers in more ways than one – she was rallying her there upon – “Ah ma chere,” said she, “le souris qui n’a qu’un trou est bientôt pris.”¹⁰³

Roger Wilbraham told me also that he one day asked Peregrine Fur,* who belonged to a set of which the Duke of Newcastle* and old Lord Ashburnham* were members, how his last dinner went off, and whether they did not all adjourn to a bawdy house. “Ah,” returned Fury, “there are [] of us and only two can piss.”

I came home at half-past ten and spent until half-past twelve with Byron.

Saturday March 5th 1814: Wrote a note to Lady Fielding* about a line in Byron’s early poems:

*Woman, thy vows are traced in sand . . .*¹⁰⁴

Took Seton and Rolfe down to Whitton with me in a postchaise and dined with them – there we had rather a tedious day.

⁹⁹: Marsden, Wilkins, Murdock and Weston all unidentified.

¹⁰⁰: Fernao Mendez Pinto (c.1510-83) Portuguese explorer and adventurer.

¹⁰¹: Marco Polo (1254-1324) Venetian explorer and adventurer.

¹⁰²: The Princess of Wales had by now probably embarked on her discreet liaison with Pergami, her courier.

¹⁰³: “The mouse with only one hole is soon trapped.”

¹⁰⁴: *To Woman* (1805?) last line. From *Poems on Various Occasions*; subsequently in *Hours of Idleness*.

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Sunday March 6th 1814:¹⁰⁵ Walked to Twitnam and Richmond with Seton and Rolfe – found a fish *à balle** dead in the river, 120 teeth and 2 in the tongue – a yard long.

Rolfe told me of some strange works of a Mr Deverell, M.P.,¹⁰⁶ one called Andalusia – to prove that *Comus* is an allegory in the cure and prevention of the yellow fever – Ludlow castle means Gibraltar, for example. He has written in the same style three tracts to be found in St John’s library at Cambridge, or the University Library, which are on the Iliad and other ancient poetry. He contends that they have three meanings – the plain, allegorical and mystical and even sometimes a fourth – against which Horace writes, “nec quarta loqui persona laboret.”¹⁰⁷ England and France had much the same relative power in Homer’s days as now – “Agamemnon means to the North East of France, and Menelaus the South west, &c.” Athens was not a city only, but an university at which the Asiatic and European students found a point of Union – Atrides is derived from *ater-idos* – “tais-toi” is to be found in the Greek of ———.

A third tract of Deverell’s is on the Aries, or battering ram of the ancients, in a letter addressed to Mr Pitt, on the prospect of an invasion – Deverell proves the battering ram to have been a naval machine for knocking down marine castles – “For,” says he, “no-one can think that powder (which was invented long before then) would not supersede the use of land rams.” Cæsar’s description of the bridge over the Rhine¹⁰⁸ does not mean actually a bridge over a river, of which he would never have thought it worth while to talk so much, but an Aries built over the sea from France to England. This madman is or was a fellow of St John’s.

Rolfe told us also a colophon or two of *Foxe’s infootman* on the letter *y*. the moment it is before one it is *gone*.

¹⁰⁵: B.’s journal entry for this day is at BLJ III 247-8.

¹⁰⁶: Robert Deverell (1760-1841) eccentric Cambridge academic who proved (*inter alia*) that all Shakespeare’s images, situations and characters were based on the changes of the moon. He specialised in hieroglyphics. All his books were printed privately.

¹⁰⁷: Horace, *Ars Poetica* 192: “do not permit a fourth actor to speak”.

¹⁰⁸: See *De Bello Gallico*, IV 2.

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Douglas Kinnaird came down, and John Fuller, and Tyler¹⁰⁹ dined with us. Kinnaird and Fuller were touchy enough. We drank a good deal of claret. Seton scarcely speaks at all, but when he does he is sure to say something arch.

To bed at two – read a few pages of Goldsmith’s life prefixed to his miscellanies. His letters are in the true taste ...

Monday March 7th 1814: Came up with Rolfe and Seton in a postchaise to London by two pm, and after haggling about paying for the chaise, which I will never do again (make up my mind either to be liberal or wise at once) took a pound note from my companions. By the way, Rolfe told us a story: Ben Jonson and one Sylvester agreed upon rhyming extemporaneously – said the last, “I, John Sylvester, slept with your sister” – says the other – “I, Ben Jonson, slept with your wife.” – “Why, that’s no rhyme!” – “No, but it’s true tho.”¹¹⁰

Coming to London I walked about a great deal with Lloyd,* went to the Cocoa Tree – news of Wittgenstein having taken 3,000 French prisoners in a battle near Chaumont,* and hopes still entertained that Paris may be taken. Having said it will, I am very eager indeed.

Came home and read a curious letter from the Hon. J. Hervey to Sir Thomas Hamner* relative to his wife, who, it seems, as Sir Thomas could never “unpin the matrimonial basket,” formed a violent passion for Hervey, which he, whatever was her intention, made quite a Platonic flame of. When she thought herself dying she left Hervey an estate and some ill-conduct of Sir Thomas in this particular made Hervey publish his letter, in which he tells the world of Sir Thomas’s impotence, and his lady’s virtuous passion. The letter is singularly writ – talks of the writer having been never in his senses for twenty years – of his wish to die – of his father, whom he loved, having killed him with a random arrow shot over a house, and of his having “as the lawyers say, *suffered a recovery*.” In the midst of all his indignation and raving, however, Hervey offers

¹⁰⁹: Perhaps the Mr Tyler whom H. meets at St. Germain just before Waterloo: see 12/7/15.

¹¹⁰: B. uses this story in a rough draft note to *Don Juan*, Dedication, the variant couplet to Stanza 11, with its *Laureate / Iscariot* rhyme.

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Sir Thomas the small property left by the wife to him for 2 or £3,000 if he chooses to buy it. It is not after all quite clear that Hervey had any criminal connection with her. If he had not, the fault was not his – she calls him “my soul’s soul.” Seton asked me who this was, whether Lord Hervey or not – it could not be: Byron suggested it was he of whom Johnson in Boswell says, “Hervey was a sad fellow, but I shall love a dog if you call it Hervey.”¹¹¹ He tells of himself he was a son of the Earl of Bristol. The letter has no date except “Dec. 12. 174 .”

I called on Byron – came home – drank tea instead of dining. Byron came and sat with me from half-past seven till eleven. He told me that he had this morning given away Hanson’s eldest daughter as bride to the Earl of Portsmouth,¹¹² and by accident was nearly married himself ...

Hanson asked his advice about the matter some days ago – for Lord Portsmouth is a fool, and was before married by his brother, Newton Fellowes, to Lord Grantley’s sister, who was past childbearing but had £12,000. In order to get back the 12,000 Lord Grantley wanted to marry him a second time to another sister of Lord Grantley’s and Fellowes to a niece of Sergeant Best, but Hanson, hearing from him his attachment to his daughter, clenched the matter – Lord Portsmouth proposed Saturday, and this morning were the couple married in Bloomsbury Chapel by licence. They are gone to Salt Hill to consummate. Portsmouth is forty or forty-five, the girl, the countess, twenty-four. Hanson had certainly some scruples about the honesty of the transaction, and therefore asked Byron, and therefore got him to give his daughter away in order to involve him. Portsmouth has £20,000 per annum, and says he is the happiest of men. Byron laughed all the time, and gave her left hand away.

Yesterday Campbell the poet called on Byron.¹¹³ Merivale, the poet author of the Greek Anthology, came in and was introduced. Campbell was very smart in

¹¹¹: Johnson’s words were spoken in 1737, and relate to Henry Hervey: *He was a vicious man, but very kind to me. If you call a dog HERVEY, I shall love him* (Boswell’s Life, I 72).

¹¹²: This squalid episode is related in detail at *Marchand* I 439-41, and in even greater detail at *LBAR* 459-71. The marriage was finally annulled on the grounds of Portsmouth’s insanity.

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on the Quarterly, ie the last number, and particular on the review of Dr Grimm's correspondence. When Merivale departed, he thought he had made an impression on him. Now Merivale is the author of that very article.¹¹⁴

Tuesday March 8th 1814: There is and has been some days hard frost and snow such as I never remember in England for many years nor the oldest now alive.¹¹⁵

A day or two ago I finished the life of Anthony à Wood in Bliss's new edition of the *Athenæ Oxonienses*, and made from it these memoranda:

[the remainder of 2:39, all of 2:40 - 2:56, and half 2:57, are given over to transcriptions from the book, which is Anthony à Wood, Fasti Oxonienses or Annals of the University of Oxford, edited by Philip Bliss – eventually to be in four vols, 1813-20.]

I dined this day, Tuesday March 8th, with my old Major of the Minors Justinian Alston,¹¹⁶ at his father's house, 35 Grosvenor Place, and there met a family party with one clergyman (a Miller) – all brothers &c., sisters as they turned out, although I thought many of them connections which turned out to be relations: one very beautiful girl, Emma Alston, attracted my attention,¹¹⁷ and I believe I caught hers, for our eyes met across the bottles and tureens twenty times. We had *grosse chère*,¹¹⁸ but much kindness.

¹¹³: B. gives his version of Campbell's *faux pas* in his journal entry for March 6th (BLJ III 247). The review in question is that of Grimm's *Correspondence Littéraire, Philosophique, et Critique* on pp. 89-117 of the *Quarterly* for March 1813, which had uncharacteristically been printed on time.

¹¹⁴: *Recollections* (II 93) ends this sentence with a question-mark.

¹¹⁵: The winter was the first of several severe ones which made life wretched for the labouring poor of Europe.

¹¹⁶: See 10/3/11.

¹¹⁷: A rare instance of H. recording a passion as opposed to a cash-nexus arrangement.

¹¹⁸: Hobhousean phrase signifying "costly but vulgar spread".

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Roland Alston, who married the fortune,¹¹⁹ turned the poor major into ridicule – he is not so odd, but I doubt whether he has much more sense than his elder. He told me that he thought a man might be justified, and is justified, for being jealous of his wife, for no woman, however virtuous, can tell to what trials of either passion or fear she may be exposed – she is either ignorant, and may suffer from inexperience and too great confidence, or she is knowing and thus acquainted with vice. Alston thought it the best way to tell a wife every thing, “For,” said he, “every man’s wife is his whore at last, whatever she may have been at first – and her body is instructed, even if her mind remains uninformed.” He assumed, from a London life spent in the guards, that every woman is to be had, especially those in high life. He knew a man who used in the worst way a mother and two daughters certainly, and he thinks a third daughter. A dowager of rank with whom he was familiar told him that when she was at Mrs Steevens’ boarding school* and only nine years of age, her bedfellow of thirteen put her head under the clothes and kissed a part of her body which does not seem intended for such a salute.

In the evening I sat perfectly enamoured or hungry of Mlle. Emma,¹²⁰ and detained the family until twelve o’clock. I thought of her dark eyes and fair forehead for twelve hours and more, and did consider what a charming thing money would make her – I had some other foolish thoughts.

Wednesday March 9th 1814: Things are taking a turn with the armies – Napoleon retreats – at least the Allies are advancing again.* Troyes is retaken – the French call this “La Nouvelle Guerre de Troy.”¹²¹

I dined at the Cocoa Tree with Kinnaird, Arthur Shakespeare, Throgmorton, Knight, Pocheri,¹²² and Williams.* We had costly fare and champagne and *vin*

¹¹⁹: Rich bride unidentified.

¹²⁰: H.’s romantic instinct is at odds with his cerebral perception of married life as enabled by Alston.

¹²¹: *Recollections* (193) has ... *Prise de Troy*.

¹²²: Conjectural reading of Italian-sounding name.

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de grave – with a great deal of talk, principally about Moreau,¹²³ who, by all but Kinnaird and myself, was condemned. Afterwards [we talked] about the Levant and my travels, to which Throgmorton alluded as if he had read, and told me Clarke and Gell¹²⁴ were coming down 40,000 strong upon my Topography of Troy. Williams mentioned a mistake of Clarke’s – Clarke had lived three months at Winstay, and says that *Tre fynnen* signifies the *three* springs – now *Tre* is not *three*, but a *town*.* I sat until twelve. Throgmorton, brother of Sir J. Throgmorton violent about tithes – a Roman Catholic. Webb was there – a pleasant man, but I don’t recollect he told me any thing worth putting down.

Thursday March 10th 1814: I finished either yesterday or today the *Prometheus* of Æschylus, and began writing out notes from the life of Anthony à Wood written by himself.

I took a basin of water gruel instead of dinner, and went to the play with Byron to his box – where I saw with delight the *Trip to Scarborough*,¹²⁵ cut into three acts but still excellent. Mrs Jordan was Miss Hoyden,¹²⁶ and still surprisingly lively. Byron dressed to go to Lady Keith’s,¹²⁷ but could not go,¹²⁸ so I went alone in his carriage to 45 Harley Street – a small early party on the invitation, but I was the eighth or ninth at near eleven, and the room was soon so

¹²³: Jean Victor Moreau (1761-1813) French revolutionary general banished by Napoleon. He joined the Russian army and was killed when a cannonball broke both his legs at Dresden. See 2/9/13.

¹²⁴: For Edward Daniel Clarke, see 3/7/11. For William Gell, see *Childe Harold II*, cancelled stanza (CPW II 49 and 286).

¹²⁵: Sheridan’s version of Vanburgh’s *The Relapse*, first performed 1777.

¹²⁶: See 8/7/11. Dora Jordan first played Miss Hoyden in 1788. Byron writes in his journal “Went to the play with Hobhouse. Mrs Jordan superlative in Hoyden, and Jones well enough in Foppington. *What plays!* what wit! – *helas!* Congreve and Vanburgh are your only comedy. Our society is too insipid now for the like copy” (BLJ III 249).

¹²⁷: Lady Keith was the daughter of Johnson’s Mrs Thrale. Byron writes, “Would *not* go to Lady Keith’s. Hobhouse thought it odd. I wonder *he* should like parties. If one is in love, and wants to break a commandment and cover any thing that is there, they do very well. But to go out amongst the mere herd, without a motive, pleasure, or pursuit – ‘sdeath! I’ll none of it.” (BLJ III 249-50).

¹²⁸: See 28/6/11.

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full that there was no moving about. Madame Catalani¹²⁹ was there, and looking very handsome. Lady Keith I believe is a literary lady, but I saw the July number of the Edinburgh lying with the leaves uncut. His Highness of Gloucester¹³⁰ was there. Miss Mercer was vastly civil – she showed me books of her own illuminating – an employment she resorts to instead of the needle. I was sufficiently disgusted with my night’s entertainment.

Friday March 11th 1814: Passed morning noting from Antony Wood.

Dined, or rather gave dinner to Lord Byron, at the Cocoa Tree. the payment of a bet respecting the allies reaching Paris by the 23rd of last month¹³¹ – afterwards we went to the Oratories¹³² at Covent Garden – we drank two bottles of Claret and one of Champagne.

Saturday March 12th 1814: Noting from Antony Wood.

Went to the orchestra,* after dining in Wattier’s grill,* at Drury Lane with Byron, and there, after some bustle, got seated next to the oboe player – Tierney* was next to Byron. We saw Kean in *Hamlet*¹³³ ... he was to my mind most successful, especially in his first speech to Rosencrantz and Guildenstern, his distracted speech to Ophelia, whose hand he kissed with wonderful effect at parting – his “To be or not to be,” his talk with the player about the rugged Pyrrhus – which electrified the house and was delivered with an ease and nature which I never saw equalled. He fell off, as all actors of Hamlet must, in the latter part of the play. His fencing was superb. When he fell, the pit rose and the house was in commotion for many minutes. I find that people are divided about Kean’s Hamlet – Perry of the *Chronicle* says it is well he did not begin with this part; many think it inferior to his Richard. Having received anonymous letters denouncing his failure, and he himself one just as he went on the stage – this

¹²⁹: See 28/6/11.

¹³⁰: See 22/12/15.

¹³¹: Paris capitulates to the Allies on March 31st.

¹³²: *Recollections* (1 94) has *Oratorio*; but *Oratories* (gambling dens and bawdy houses) would be more characteristic.

¹³³: This was Kean’s first Drury Lane Hamlet. He played it eight more times that season.

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made him say “contumely,” and “absent yourself.”¹³⁴ He is to do much better on Saturday next.

Kean is a simple man – Kinnaird told me that he sent his wife to Pascoe Grenfell,¹³⁵ his patron, to ask him if he thought there would be any presumption or impropriety in his keeping a horse. Grenfell said no, and his partner, Williams,¹³⁶ sent him one that cost eighty guineas. Kean, so Lord John Russell¹³⁷ told me, was going to drown himself when he had been in London a short time and had been told by manager Harris¹³⁸ that he was too short for any character. He thought, however, of his wife and child, and fortunately had a kind landlady.

Lady E. Whitbread¹³⁹ takes notice of Mrs Kean, who is an Irishwoman, and sufficiently naïve.¹⁴⁰ She told someone (Whitbread) that she assured her that her husband was the best man in the world both in *mind* and *body*!! Kinnaird has seen 500 sheets of his comments on Shakespeare.* Cootes the banker¹⁴¹ sent him (Kean) thirty guineas – he bought a watch with it. Kinnaird offered him any money he might want, but [] had been forestalled.

I came home and sat up until one with Byron, drawing up rules for a club of which he and I are to be the only members.¹⁴²

Sunday March 13th 1814: *Not* noting Anthony.¹⁴³ Rode out, after reading some of Voltaire’s verses on man out of the Bibliotheque portative,¹⁶ with Kinnaird – but called first on Lord, or rather Lady, Holland, who had a court about her, amongst others Dr Holland the traveller, a modest-looking man, and Lord John

¹³⁴: *contumely*: Hamlet III 1 71; *absent yourself*: in fact *absent thee*: V ii 339.

¹³⁵: Pascoe Grenfell, the Drury Lane committee member who had in October 1813 recommended that Kean should be employed.

¹³⁶: Williams was Grenfell’s partner, not Kean’s.

¹³⁷: Lord John Russell (1792-1878) Whig statesman.

¹³⁸: Thomas Harris (d.1820) was the manager of Covent Garden.

¹³⁹: Wife of Sir Samuel Whitbread, chairman of the Drury Lane committee.

¹⁴⁰: Kean had married Mary Chambers, from a respectable Waterford family, in 1808.

¹⁴¹: Thomas Coutts, father-in-law to Sir Francis Burdett. See 31/7/15.

¹⁴²: For the rules of this, The Couplet Club, which never really functioned even though its extreme exclusivity was soon abandoned, see B.’s notes at CMP 211-12.

¹⁴³: The plan for a life of Wood abandoned.

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Russell. Galloped in the park. A dreadfully cold day, the ground half-covered with snow and frost.

Dined on mutton chops at the Cocoa Tree by myself with a pint of sherry. Passed evening with Byron.

Monday March 14th 1814: My servant Walker, having been out all night, thought proper to stay out at the pot house all the morning – so I resolved on his dismissal, and sent forthwith for Menassier.

Mr Alton called – he brought the bad news [which] arrived last night, of our losing 1,800 men in an attack on Bergen op Zoom¹⁴⁴ – the 69th regiment¹⁴⁵ was most hotly engaged, and is much commended in the gazette. Thank heaven, Benjamin Hobhouse has again escaped scot-free. I dined at five o'clock with Mr and Mrs Banyon,¹⁴⁶ where I met my father and two sisters from school. Miss Baillie, looking very well and as usual vastly agreeable, was there – we played in the evening at divinations, and a game I had never seen before, also of the guessing kind. Mr and Mrs Banyon seem a happy couple, and sensible.

Tuesday March 15th 1814: This morning, I parted, all in friendship, with Walker, whose direction is Farringdon near the House of Industry.¹⁴⁷ I have been obliged to do this, which I hope is not a harsh measure - for to be hard with a servant is a most mean tyranny – there is a saying, “No man is a hero to his *valet de chambre*.”¹⁴⁸ There are, however, some who are not heroes except to their *valet de chambre*.

I have taken Menassier¹⁴⁹ for one month at six pounds the month.

¹⁴⁴: For the comments of the soldiers involved in this action, see entry for 4/4/15.

¹⁴⁵: Benjamin Hobhouse's regiment, the Die-Hards; see 6/6/12.

¹⁴⁶: Otherwise unidentified.

¹⁴⁷: Walker is now destined for the Poor House. *Recollections* (II 96) omits the reference to Farringdon.

¹⁴⁸: The sentence is attributed to Maréchal Nicholas Catinat (1637-1712) and is in French *Il n'y a point de héros pour son valet de chambre*: Byron uses the idea at *Beppo*, 33, 7-8: “In short, he was perfect Cavaliero, / And to his very Valet seemed a Hero.”

¹⁴⁹: Servant otherwise unidentified.

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Having foolishly engaged myself to two places – Cuthbert’s and Cockburne’s, on Thursday – I am now obliged to go out of town today for the sake of giving some pretence to an excuse to the former.

Dr Vincent’s Reviews on the *Topography of the Troad* in the *British Critic* are January 1st 1799, March 1st 1799, Article XI, an expostulation addressed to the *British Critic*; Article XI, *The History of Ilium*, by Chandler, p. 545 Article 1; Gell’s *Topography of Troy*, *British Critic* for April 1805.* I sent a copy of my travels, second edition, to Dr Vincent, with a leaf in Ms. respecting the Albanians. Sent a copy also to Barrett, and to Seton – at least, ordered Cawthorne to send them.

Went down with Pater and Miss Baillie* to Whitton – dined and was sick in the evening – very sick and vomited – but recovered.

Wednesday March 16th 1814: Sat indoors the greater part of the morning – dined with the family – Miss Baillie ill, and in her room. Passed the evening in talk, which, being very near the wind as to religion, had better be avoided before my sisters, and shall be so for the future. My father yesterday told me that one Dance[?]¹⁵⁰ an Indian gentleman, asked one Davidson also an East India man, what his father was – Davidson replied, “My father? why my father was a sadler in London.” – “A sadler, hum! I wonder he did not bring you up to the same profession?” Davidson in his turn said, “Perhaps I may ask you what your father was?” – “My father was a gentleman.” – “A gentleman – hum! I wonder he did not bring you up to the same profession?”

Thursday March 17th 1814: I set out at one and walked up to London by half past three. At a quarter past four I got into my father’s carriage and proceeded to Manchester Buildings, whence my father, Cockburne,* and myself set off to Mr Cockburne’s house at Hampstead, and taking up Charles Grant,* late of *the Board*, now a lord of the treasury by the way, arrived at Cockburne’s a little before six. On the way we were congratulating ourselves on the victory of

¹⁵⁰: Name indecipherable. *Recollections* (II 97) has *Orme*.

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Blucher over Napoleon near Laon,¹⁵¹ which was announced this morning by the tower guns of half-past eight o'clock – since the late great hoax¹⁵² the city folk are afraid of believing anything – and the funds have not been altered by the news.

We had twenty-two at Cockburne's dinner – amongst them Mr and Mrs Lindsay* – Baillie's friends – I sat next to a Mrs Keene,* who flattered me grossly about my book in a style which made me, strange to say, totally careless of all her praise. We had a bad dinner, *grosse chere*,³ but in the evening a Mr Linley, Sheridan's first wife's brother,¹⁵³ a gentleman once at Madras who returned thence contented with a fortune of about £1,200 a year, sang some songs with great effect, particularly *Stay Traveller*, composed by his father* – and the music of Macbeth's witches.

We returned in a Mr Mowbray's* carriage to London.

Friday March 18th 1814: Up twelve – read the first Canto of the *Divina Commedia*, in Zetti's edition.*

Walked about – called on Byron, and met Webster¹⁵⁴ – growing bald – called on Lady M. Shepherd* who had a brat in her arms which she however sent away and we had some conversation for an hour – she is certainly a vastly superior woman, and I am obliged to her for a hint she gave me, offensively enough it must be owned, against talking irreligiously at home before my sisters.

Dined at the Cocoa Tree with Byron on fish alone – this being the first day of our club – the Couplet Club.¹⁵⁵ We had White hermitage – one bottle – and claret – two bottles. We went to the “Oratories” at Convent Garden.¹⁵⁶ I returned to Byron's rooms in Burnet Street and sat with him until one. He told me that Lord Holland told him, that Lord Erskine, being told by Lord Holland that his famous

¹⁵¹: The battle had been on March 9th-10th.

¹⁵²: See 22/2/14.

¹⁵³: He may have been the *son* of Sheridan's first wife's brother. See 13/7/16.

¹⁵⁴: James Wedderburn Webster, whom Byron had failed to cuckold late the previous year.

¹⁵⁵: For the rules of the Couplet Club, see CMP 211-12.

¹⁵⁶: Perhaps a musical entertainment, more likely a carnal one.

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speech in Richdale's trial had been much [] the Edinburgh, said, "They are very right indeed – they would not have found a better." This he said with perfect *bonhomie*.¹⁵⁷

Byron heard Grattan say, "Poor Curran: I always was afraid that it would turn out that he never had Mrs Billington – I am very sorry for him indeed ...". Grattan alluded to a circumstance which Curran wished to have believed, and which in the course of a law suit proved not to be true. Grattan bewailed in good earnest – Curran prided himself that he and his son debauched two sisters – he surpassed his son in a trial against his mother ...¹⁵⁸

Saturday March 19th 1814: Read a part of second canto of the *Divina Commedia* – and went with Kinnaird, Frederick, and young Dr Chambers,* to see three pictures which Philips R.A.¹⁵⁹ is painting of Lord Byron – I see no resemblance in any or either one – took Dr Chambers down with me to Whitton, where we had a pleasant evening, but too much talk about religion - which I am determined to avoid, as well as all paradox, before my sisters ... Chambers says the *eau medicinal** is hyssop, mentioned as a cleanser in the scriptures.*

Sunday March 20th 1814: Sat at home and copied a little of the *Prometheus* of Aeschylus, whilst Charles went with the family to church. I read also the *Windsor Forest*¹⁶⁰ aloud to Sophy. The charms of that beautiful versification are not yet lost upon me, for which I thank God, considering how many of my delights have dropped away.¹⁶¹ That, however, which gives me the purest pleasure is a fine day, and I had it this Sunday when the tremendous frost that has now lasted with little interval since January the first received the first

¹⁵⁷: This passage is no clearer at *Recollections* I 98. It seems that Erskine is either coolly denying, or coolly acknowledging the justice of, a charge of plagiarising the *Edinburgh Review*.

¹⁵⁸: Seemingly incestuous competition not elsewhere referred to.

¹⁵⁹: Several portraits of B. by Thomas Phillips exist: one is at 50 Albemarle Street, another at the British Embassy in Athens.

¹⁶⁰: Pope, *Windsor-Forest* (1713).

¹⁶¹: Compare Johnson, *On the Death of Dr. Robert Levet*, 3-4: *By sudden blasts, or slow decline, / Our social comforts drop away.*

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decisive blow – the sun shone in a warm though cloudy sky, and the novelty very much added to the luxury of my feelings on this change of weather.

I walked with Sophy to Twitnam, called on Tyler's* family, the eldest daughter of which has married *one* Townsend, who is about to publish a poem entitled *Armageddon*,¹⁶² which old doting Cumberland¹⁶³ told him was the next best to Paradise Lost. He has made a map of Armageddon, the place or the battle in the Revelations, and in one corner of the chart has these words: "Here ends infinite space."

Rolfe tells me that when married he wrote so to a friend of his [*sic: for "received a letter in the following vein from a friend of his"*] – "I have married a wife, old ugly and by no means accomplished, but it was my only resource." But Mr T. now writes from the Isle of Ely, where he has a curacy, in different strains, and thanks the providence with the passion that made him happy in his Elizabeth.

Chambers and I walked along the banks of the Thames to Richmond, and thence took a long tour in Richmond Park, with unutterable delight as to the warm weather – and I, gratifying my malice by telling all the bad I knew of George Vernon.*

We returned by East Sheen, losing our way in the park, and at a quarter past six sat down to a good and comfortable dinner at Whitton, which I always do, thanks to my father's hospitality. He seems to me to hit the mean exactly – plenty without a load, elegance without extravagance,¹⁶⁴ and, what is a sure sign of gentlemanlike liberality, no great difference between a company day and another day.

Monday March 21st 1814: Chambers¹⁶⁵ and I came up to London in a chaise, as it rained all the morning. Rolfe* called, and I walked out with him. The guns

¹⁶²: George Townsend, Canon of Durham, *Armageddon* (1814, second edition 1815).

¹⁶³: Richard Cumberland, the dramatist who is model for Sir Fretful Plagiary in *The Critic*. He had died in 1811.

¹⁶⁴: Not at all *grosse chère* (see 8/3/14).

¹⁶⁵: See 20/11/14.

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fired yesterday for a victory gained by Lord Wellington crossing the Adour, near Orthes.¹⁶⁶ Rolfe and I dined at St. George's Coffee House.

In the evening I went to a very small evening party at Lady Lansdowne's, where there were not above 150 people present, and the whole was over by one o'clock. I saw and spoke to a good many people I know, but felt miserable and sheepish, in spite of what used to revive me – a kind address from Adair¹⁶⁷ and several of those little great. My lord the Secretary of War,¹⁶⁸ after a long interruption of intercourse, chose to be familiar. Lord Byron, whom I love more and more every day, not so much from his fame as his fondness, I think not equivocal, for me, introduced me at her desire to Lady Melbourne¹⁶⁹ – whether from habit or not I know not, but she trembled when she spoke to me¹⁷⁰ – she certainly, as she says of me, does owe an ill turn for preventing her son from losing a bad wife.¹⁷¹ I told her a fib to please her, about her son being popular at Vienna.¹⁷²

Byron took me home in his carriage and I sat with him an hour.

Tuesday March 22nd 1814:¹⁷³ My father has got a fit of the gout, and will not get rid of it by trying the *eau medicinale*, having made a vow to that effect to his wife, in consequence of Prime's request to him – when he died, as he thought, in consequence of that medicine. Chambers tells me he is no believer in the after-effects of that, or any other drug which does not show itself immediately – and if it does show itself immediately, there is nothing to be feared.

¹⁶⁶: The engagement had occurred on February 27th; Wellington had been slightly injured.

¹⁶⁷: Sir Robert Adair had been Ambassador to Constantinople when B. and H. were there in 1810.

¹⁶⁸: The Secretary for War was Henry, third Earl of Bathurst (1762-1834).

¹⁶⁹: Mother of William Lamb; mother-in-law of Caroline Lamb.

¹⁷⁰: Lady Melbourne was perhaps self-conscious about her intimacy with B.

¹⁷¹: See the events of 29/7/12.

¹⁷²: The reference is to Lady Melbourne's third son Frederick Lamb, a diplomat. See BLJ III 86.

¹⁷³: B.'s journal entry for this day is at BLJ III 254-5.

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I read this morning several articles in the last *Edinburgh Review*, particularly an *Appeal to the Poles*,* which appears to me well-argued – also characters by Levis,* which are justly cut up – vid. the account of Count D’Aranda at Paris,* who always said “comprenez vous,” and of Carracioli,* who told George King of England that his son was not worth the King of Naples’ nivou. Suinine’s *Memoires of Moreau*¹⁷⁴ are the most contemptible flatteries to the Emperor of Russia, and not true.

I went in Byron’s carriage and made a call on Sir James Mackintosh – he not at home –and on Lady Lansdowne. The guns fired for the taking of Bordeaux* – it seems the White Cockade has been hoisted there. I hear it costs government £1000 every time the guns are fired.

I dined¹⁷⁵ with H. Littledale* in 3 Upper Wimpole Street – Vaux,* and a large man’s party there. I flatter myself that I was very agreeable there, but I fear I learnt nothing.

Walking home with Vaux, I stated to him a notion of Chambers, that chemistry is by no means so abstruse a study as is supposed – and that he, Chambers, found himself a very tolerable hand at it in six weeks. Vaux seemed to say that he had heard the same thing from Mr Lloyd,* a very clever young geologist at Oxford. Vaux mentioned to me two instances of plagiarism in the *Edinburgh Review*, one in an article on Humboldt – another I forget where.

Wednesday March 23rd 1814: I employed myself seven or eight hours of this day in extracting from Deverell’s tracts,¹⁷⁶ a book never published, a system more insane than ever entered into the head of any other man.

¹⁷⁴: Pavel Petrovich Suin’in, *Details sur le général Moreau, et ses derniers momens* (Paris, 1814).

¹⁷⁵: Byron goes this night to a “party at Lady Charlotte Greville’s” (BLJ III 254).

¹⁷⁶: See 6/3/14.

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I called on Lady Portsmouth,¹⁷⁷ with Byron, and on Lady Westmoreland,¹⁷⁸ and did not go as intended to Murray's the bookseller's,¹⁷⁹ in whose reading room there is an assembly daily of Quarterly and other wits, into which as an author or a gentleman or more as a friend of Lord Byron, whose works are Murray's income, I enter.

I dined on tea today, and sat up until near two, with an interval of an hour and half at Byron's.

Thursday March 24th 1814: Wrote journal from Saturday last. forgot to mention that Stuart the auctioneer* has had a four-days sale of books bawdy and nearly so – so Mr Ed. Littledale told me on Tuesday. Walked about with Claridge of Harrow,* who has been jilted by, and is in love with, one Mrs Mills, who was kept by George Johnstone.* We went together to Smith, a jeweller,* and he showed us some very fine specimens of precious stones – his chief cutter is a German – he told us that the small rose diamonds cut by the Portuguese – who are superior to the English or any other in that art – have sometimes sixteen brackets or sides of squares (I don't understand this, but know it is something wonderful).*

I dined with Cuthbert and sat between Brand, member for Hertfordshire,¹⁸⁰ and Lady Anna M. Elliott,* a great genius and very lively woman, which I understand to be the characteristics of her family. Brand seems to me a warm but good-humoured well-informed clever man – he talked to me about the enthusiasm of the Germans, and mentioned that the Constantinus (members of a club so called) and the Schwartzers, would often in his time, for he spent eight years in Germany, meet to fight out their differences respecting Kant,¹⁸¹ or Wolf, or other theorist.* He told me also that a great part of Madame de Staël's metaphysics is borrowed from one Robinson, a dissenter now living in Hertfordshire,* who resided many years at Gotha and other parts of Germany –

¹⁷⁷: *Née* Mary Ann Hanson; daughter to John Hanson, Byron's solicitor. She had married the Earl of Portsmouth on March 7th; Byron had given her away (BLJ III 248-9). The marriage was a disaster: see *Marchand* I 441 and BLJ IV 236-7.

¹⁷⁸: Wellington's sister-in-law; mother of Lady Burghesh.

¹⁷⁹: The diary's first mention of Murray.

¹⁸⁰: H. actually writes "Hardfordshire," both here and later in the paragraph.

¹⁸¹: H. actually writes "Cant."

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Brand knows him. He asked Mackintosh about the matter, who said Madame de Staël had confessed this to him.

I had a deal of talk with Miss Mercer.

Coming home I found a long letter from Benjamin about the disaster at Bergen op Zoom – it appeared that Graham* or his subalterns took no pains to provide for the success of the enterprize. Ben's division were in possession of the rampart all night without orders to advance – they had but one guide, who disappeared – and were absolutely unprovided with even nails to spike the guns. Their division, however, so far succeeded that when they heard at nine in the morning a voice from the corner of the street [saying] "Lay down your arms!" they thought it must be some one speaking to the enemy, but were undeceived by seeing General Cooke* advance, and hearing him say "It is all over with us – we are all prisoners." Ben was bruised in the foot and had a grapeshot through his hat – his letter is inimitably written.

I received also a letter from Mrs Clarke in Fludyer Street, my old lodging lady,* who requests a subscription to her novel "Love in Sicily,"¹⁸² and flatters me up to the skies – being the first pill of this kind I have ever received I swallowed it, and shall send her a guinea or pound.

Friday March 25th 1814: Scrope Davies, called and Kinnaird – S.B.D. has quarrelled with Byron, because appointing to see Mother Matthews,¹⁸³ he was out, and had left no apology.

I dined with Seton at his chambers in Lincoln's Inn and met there Chambers. We had a very pleasant evening, but I recollect nothing that was said. A Mr Lomax* called before we parted.

The night was to me a dreadful debauch.

¹⁸²: Mrs Clarke does not seem to have been as successful with other subscribers.

¹⁸³: "Mother Matthews" unidentified. The quarrel may have had something to do with the £4,800 which Byron owed Davies, and which had been outstanding since 1809, since Davies had borrowed it to finance Byron's trip to Greece and Turkey. At BLJ III 255 (diary entry for March 28th) Byron records himself as having paid it "yesterday".

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Saturday March 26th 1814: I called on Byron yesterday and told him the origin of S.B.D.'s anger. He on my advice wrote a note which explained all and restored the ancient friendship of these two.

Dined with Mr and Mrs Vaux and my friend Vaux at No. 20 Grafton Street* – Littledale and Ricketts were there.* I don't think that I learned any thing there.

I really feel myself incapable of writing or reading or talking now, and have done so since my return. I can scarcely correct a translation of the German account of the battle of Hanau which Cawthorne is going to publish.¹⁸⁴ I have given up reading Æschylus, after getting through the *Prometheus* – and Dante too – I have only got through a canto and a half – Madame de Staël's *Germany*¹⁸⁵ I can't read at all. Port wine kills me for twenty hours. A man told Littledale that he had lost by friends last year ¹⁸⁶

Sunday March 27th 1814: Lord Tavistock¹⁸⁷ called, and showed me a correspondence between himself and the Duke of Devonshire* and Randolph,* relative to the feud of which the Duke of Bedford, Lords Holland and Ossery,* and myself, alone knew the cause until Randolph guessed it by what he heard at a public dinner in the city. Randolph has made up the quarrel. The Duke was very contrite to my friend, and laid open to him the most singular scene in the world. The Duke wished to see me, but I said "No!!" I have thoughts of writing to put his mind at ease, but I have not yet done it.

I walked to the five mile stone and there found my father's carriage. Henry Hobhouse¹⁸⁸ and his wife dined at Whitton, my father being in bed with the gout.

¹⁸⁴: The battle of Hanau (30th-31st October 1813) was between the French under Napoleon and the Bavarians under Wrede. The book is *A narrative of the Battle of Hanau, and other events connected with the retreat of the French army from Leipzig to the Rhine ... By an Eyewitness* (1814).

¹⁸⁵: Murray had published de Staël's *de l'Allemagne* in 1813, first in the original and then in translation, as *Germany*. It is possible from the book to gather an outline of Goethe's *Faust*, Part I.

¹⁸⁶: H. leaves the sentence unfinished.

¹⁸⁷: The Marquis of Tavistock. Heir to the dukedom of Bedford. Member of H.'s Cambridge Whig Club.

¹⁸⁸: Henry "Home Office" Hobhouse, later to be an inspirer of the "Cato Street Conspiracy".

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Henry Hobhouse talks most violently against the Royal Family and Regent, which as he is a prudent man shows what the public feeling must be at this day. He told me that at a dinner given at the military college the Duke of York fell drunk from his chair and was obliged to be bled.

Monday March 28th 1814: I stayed at Whitton, and walked out with Miss Bayley¹⁸⁹ and my sisters to the powder mills* – there *we* alas saw a black, with a part of his body exposed Armstrong in his *Economy of Love* calls “a stately novelty.”¹⁹⁰ It was a lovely day.

In the evening after dinner I read aloud the *Rape of the Lock* and the *Elegy on the Death of an Unfortunate Lady*, as also the *Character of Woman*. Nothing will do after Pope – I am convinced that even my friend’s poetry would have been thought monstrous and affected in an age still ringing with the melody and sense of that great wit.¹⁹¹ Indeed, the great success of *Childe Harold* &c and .. is owing chiefly to Byron’s having dared to give utterance to certain feelings which every one must have [encountered] in the melancholy and therefore masked¹⁹² hours of his existence, and also to the intimate knowledge which he has shown of the turns taken by the passions of women. He says himself that his poems are of that sort which will, like everything of the kind in these days, pass away and give place to the ancient reading, but that he esteems himself fortunate in getting all that can now be got by such a passing reputation, for which there are so many competitors. the *Edinburgh Review* for January 1814 contains a sentence in which he is called “the first poet of the day”* – Rogers called, and said to him, “How will Scott like this – and how will Campbell like this?” all the time thinking of himself – Campbell and Scott mutually hate and abuse each other.*

¹⁸⁹: Previously “Baillie.” See 14/10/16.

¹⁹⁰: *Economy of Love* by the Scots poet and physician John Armstrong (1709-79) was published in 1736. The phrase *stately novelty* occurs at line 195 (third edition, 1789); it refers to the erect male member.

¹⁹¹: *Recollections* has *poet*.

¹⁹²: *Recollections* has *morbid*.

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Miss Bayley told me to day that Mr Phipps the oculist* told a gentleman, who told her, the following anecdote of the late Duchess of Devonshire:¹⁹³ Mr Phipps was sent to Chatsworth¹⁹⁴ to operate upon the Duchess' eye – he stayed there some time, and at parting received from the Duke a fee of a thousand pounds. Just before he stepped into his carriage, a message from the Duchess brought him to her bedchamber – she hoped the Duke had done what was handsome by Mr Phipps. The gentleman protested “Yes, and more than handsome.” – “It is an awkward thing,” continued her Grace, “to ask – but really I am at this moment in immediate want of such a sum and if you could, Mr Phipps!” – What could the oculist do? – he produced his thousand pounds took his leave and has never heard of his money from that day to this.

Tuesday March 29th 1814: I staid at Whitton looking over the Mss. of the battle of Hanau¹⁹⁵ and talking. In the evening I read Swift's verses on his own death and likewise his *Cadenus and Vanessa* – when he talks of “less seraphic ends,”¹⁹⁶ Swift evidently wished that some should think that Miss Vanhomrigh,¹⁹⁷ and he did carry matters beyond Platonic lengths. I read at night part of the letters of *Abelard and Heloisa* – it appears that the uncle Fulbert used to give the tutor leave to whip his pupil, and that certain blows were actually given as a cover to their passion and were inflicted more for love than discipline. The love of the pair must have been great enough as Heloise says they “tasted every invention of love” – this arose perhaps from the age of the man, who was thirty-nine at the commencement of the *amour*.

¹⁹³: Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire (1757-1806) friend of Fox and Sheridan, painted by Reynolds, she was also a compulsive gambler – hence perhaps her behaviour in this anecdote.

¹⁹⁴: The Derbyshire country seat of the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire.

¹⁹⁵: See 26/3/14.

¹⁹⁶: Swift, *Cadenus and Vanessa* (1726): ... *whether he at last descends / To love with less Seraphick Ends ... Must never to Mankind be told, / Nor dare the conscious Muse unfold.*

¹⁹⁷: Esther Vanhomrigh was Swift's Vanessa.

London, February 9th –April 7th 1814

Wednesday March 30th 1814: I continued this morning, and executed a quiz¹⁹⁸ for April fool day against Mrs Stratton,¹⁹⁹ then came to London – walked about – called on several – and Lord Byron in his new chambers in Albany.²⁰⁰ I was anxious to know whether my father has been elected President of the Board of Agriculture,* a post which he refused last year because he would not turn out Sir John Sinclair,²⁰¹ and which he was lately told was intended for him this year, but which he will probably lose by being ill – so are turns lost – the thing would have made him a privy councillor in time.

I dined with Mrs Owen Williams* and an enormous party in 41 Berkeley Square, and sat next to a younger sister of Kinnaird's,²⁰² a pleasant girl. Lady Madeleine Palmer* was there, and recognized me – not so I her – she looks 100 years old. She told me she was in love with my sister Charlotte. Webb – the late Mr Webb – told me that formerly there was much more play in London than now – that he recollects pharaoh²⁰³ tables at the houses of women of quality – that there were a thousand clubs for one now – and almost all drunken – the Eumelian used to sit till five in the morning. During the peace you took places from the Black Bear, Piccadilly, for Paris, paying five guineas!!

On the supposed rupture of the negotiations at Chatillon, the omnium²⁰⁴ has fallen to thirteen – it has been at thirty-three. Today's paper contains a proclamation of Murat's, King of Naples, in which he says that he offered the Emperor Napoleon to defend Italy, but never received answer to his proposal – he felt his crown was to be given away – he took part with the allies - and has actually commenced operations against the Viceroy,²⁰⁵ who still holds his ground manfully at Milan.

¹⁹⁸: A joke.

¹⁹⁹: Perhaps the Whitton housekeeper, or a governess.

²⁰⁰: Byron had moved into the Albany on March 28th.

²⁰¹: Sir John Sinclair was the father of Byron's Harrow friend George Sinclair.

²⁰²: Miss Kinnaird's christian name unrevealed.

²⁰³: *Recollections* (I 101) has *faro*.

²⁰⁴: Equivalent of the Dow Jones Average or F.T.O.S.I.

²⁰⁵: Eugene Beauharnais, Napoleon's stepson and his Viceroy of the Kingdom of North Italy.

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I read to night a variety of letters sent me from Vienna which came from England for me – all from my family – and all infinitely tender and kind, especially from my father. Baillie has sent me a letter, also a very kind one, dated from Vienna Feb 2. He thinks he will be good-natured to console me for the failure of my *Travels*;²⁰⁶ had he thought I had succeeded, I should neither have wanted nor gained his support.

Thursday March 31st 1814: Sent some copies of *Walks* to Miss Mercer. Wrote journal from Friday last – dined with S.B.Davies and two of his brothers, and Solomon Norton, at the Piazza Coffee House. The Empire assumed by my friend Scrope over Solomon is most singular – partly kept up by the grossest flattery, and partly an air of superiority. Solomon told me that I might safely follow him in a bet. Scrope got him to say that with all the naivete in the world, “Solomon knows all the matches in Yorkshire.” He told me that my companion Sam Barrett made himself a fool by talking of the designs of the Dundas family upon him for one of the daughters.

Byron took me to Lady Keith’s, where was a large party, and where I was introduced to Sir J. T. Ackland, a northern traveller. Lady Anna M. Elliott this night confessed to me what is so true, that for the first four or five years a town life is most miserable for a sensitive personage, who is hurt by cold looks, and thinks every person in the world of a drawing room is discussing the manner of his or her coming in to or going out of the room – she has got over it – why not I? I passed a pleasant evening.

Friday April 1st 1814: Walked about and dined at the Cocoa Tree with S. B. Davies, Byron, and Kinnaird, on fish.²⁰⁷ We sat until four, concluding by a supper of grilled and punch of champagne, and green tea and rum.²⁰⁸ I was abusive of Tom Moore, which I always am before Byron, and when a little

²⁰⁶: *Travels* reached a second edition (though it may not be out yet).

²⁰⁷: The day, and the fish diet, show that this is a meeting of the Couplet Club, but that its primary rule – that only Byron and Hobhouse can join – has already been broken.

²⁰⁸: Compare *Don Juan*, IV 52, 2 and 53, 5-8.

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elevated, whence I hardly know, Byron let out to Kinnaird that he was only laughing at Moore in his last dedication to him.²⁰⁹

This morning Mr Frederick North²¹⁰ (as he turned out to be, for I did not know him) came into my room when I was undressed, with a letter from C. Gray,* requesting me to attend a committee for the German sufferers²¹¹ the next day – to which I consented.

Saturday April 2nd 1814: At twelve I went to Mr North's, No. 6, Palace Yard, and drew up a short sketch of the line of country and its general state of misery in Germany through which I passed. George Rose* was in the chair. Ackerman the print-seller²¹² was a chief man. They received my little communication so thankfully that their state of ignorance must be deplorable. They concluded by drawing up a resolution by which I was requested to examine all the grants of money they had formerly made and to give my opinion as to the future disposal of £50,000. If I thought they meant to follow my suggestions I should feel uneasy – I could see that they were following blind guides and listening to letters written by friends of friends of the committee in England. I am not sure that the money does not get into improper hands.

I was sick of last night's debauch during this meeting.

I called afterwards on Dr Vincent,²¹³ he in the gout – he thanked me for and complimented me on my book. He talked of *eau medicinale** as certainly made of opium and hellebore – now it is certainly not made of either or of any two medicines – he is decidedly against it – it has made Will Markham* an idiot and he thinks of nothing but eating and money. One, the first, was an old vice, said Vincent, the other is to be ascribed to the medicine. Vincent himself, however, without taking the *eau*, did not know me when I came in nor for some time after.

²⁰⁹: The fulsome dedication (to Moore) of *The Corsair*, dated January 2nd 1814, reads interestingly in the light of this remark.

²¹⁰: The future Lord Guilford; see 5/9/09.

²¹¹: Victims of the war in Germany, whom Hobhouse had seen the previous year.

²¹²: Rudolph Ackermann (1764-1834) who introduced lithography as a fine art into England, came from Saxony – hence his interest in the charity.

²¹³: Dean of Westminster.

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News arrived and communicated to the Lord Mayor that the conferences of Chatillon were broken up on the 22nd March and that the Allies have declared for the Bourbons* – this has caused the Prince and his party infinite joy. On Thursday the Grand Duchess of Oldenburg²¹⁴ arrived in London and put up at the Pulteney Hotel, which has been taken entire for her – at 150 guineas, so they say, a week – two guards are mounted at her door.

I dined with Cuthbert, Eden, Western, S.B.Davies, and the Miss Conyngham there* – nothing said – but a pleasant day – played chess with Mrs Cuthbert and beat her with much ado – Davies beat Eden whom we hate – although I, as Davies told me do, pay him much extreme respect – I do feel this – he has got me by the right ear ...

Sunday April 3rd 1814: I walked part of the way and went in my father's carriage the remainder to Whitton – found things rather dull, but dined, and went up to my father in the gout.

Monday April 4th 1814: Partly walked, partly rode, in phaeton up to London. Wrote and sent a letter to Mr North, declining giving any advice relative to the German sufferers.

Dined at Mr Knight's, 44 Grosvenor Square. Had there quantities of good wine, champagne, moselle and tolerable company. Sir J. Stepney, Sir John Throgmorton, his brother, Mr Webb, Kinnaird, and a count Dufour* – the latter, in ten days, is to go to Bordeaux in order to take upon himself some mission for Louis XVIII. He is an old man – he told me that he was one out of two that held a candle when the duc d'Orleans, then duc de Chartres, enfiled, and the duke de FitzJames, [] Madame de la Motte.* This old man is going on an adventure to France in the new cause* – on his estate, not far from Bordeaux, lived Murat, father of the King of Naples, at a farm house and inn so bad that he could not stop at it upon his way to his country house. Murat the King was enrolled in a

²¹⁴: Mother of the feeble-minded Wilhelm, Duke of Oldenburg, whose territory had been annexed by Napoleon in 1810 and "liberated" three years later.

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regiment of national guard raised for the King, and afterwards got a regiment given to him at Bordeaux.

Stepney told me some one editors of Fox[?] and mentioned that a friend of Eugene's (the Prince) told him that the Prince coming back unexpectedly from a conference with the Duke of Marlborough found unexpectedly his grave[?] putting out his own candles – I believe the story is told elsewhere.²¹⁵

Webb and Knight are decided deplorers of the horrors of old and coming age. Webb is forty-four. He says nothing would induce him to live until fifty. Knight has let out the secret of his regrets by telling me that he cannot go home with a priapism in his breeches. Stepney, a hale man of fifty-four, complains most of loss of memory – he remembers only what he knew when young. I passed a heavy drinking night until twelve, missing to go to Miss Mercer's, where I was asked, and finishing by a debauch.

This day coming to London I read about half of *Rasselas*,²¹⁶ and independently of the trick of the praised sentences²¹⁷ was much struck with it. The chief points which I put down in my own mind for observation are that *Rasselas* is twenty-six years of age when he wishes to leave the happy valley, and does not quit until more than three years afterwards²¹⁸ – that a man who walks stoutly three hours a day will in seven years encompass a space equal to the circumference of the globe²¹⁹ – and that one maid of the palace, on breaking a porcelain cup, reflected that “what cannot be repaired is not to be regretted”.⁹

Webb tonight let out that feeling of ambition, which I believe to exist at some time in every mind, and which, at whatever time corrected, is never entirely suppressed. He said to me, “No-one will say, but that if I had chosen not to mix pleasure with profitable study, I might have made a different man from what I am.” He repeated the character, addressing himself to Knight.

²¹⁵: These two (?) episodes are very obscurely narrated.

²¹⁶: *The History of Rasselas, Prince of Abissinia* by Samuel Johnson (1759).

²¹⁷: Johnson's prose style.

²¹⁸: *Rasselas* expresses his discontent in Chapter II, but does not leave until Chapter XIV.

²¹⁹: *He that shall walk with vigour three hours a day will pass in seven years a space equal to the circumference of the globe - Rasselas, Chapter XIII.*

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I think I must go abroad again – I lead an epicurean life here ...

Tuesday April 5th 1814: I set off in the Telegraph coach,²²⁰ on a visit to S.B.Davies at King's College Cambridge, and arriving there at half-past three put up in Leycester's rooms at Christ's.* The fellows of King's yesterday chose Mr Thackeray, second master of Eton school,* Provost of Kings – against J.Rennel* and Roberts.* I dined with Davies at his rooms in company with Kaye, Senior wrangler, and medallist, and now tutor of Christ's College,* an agreeable man, but who, since he was secretary to Lord Henry Petty,²²¹ has got a little college nest – he talks through his nose. S.B.D. gave us burgundy and claret – Byron was expected but did not come.²²²

Wednesday April 6th 1814: I called on a variety of my senior acquaintances, having in view the possibility of coming upon them for a favour in future times.²²³ Walked about – dined in King's hall at four, on a noble cod'shead sent down by Stepney* for Davies. Afterwards I took wine in King's combination room. Fury, the Vice-Provost* in the chair, a complete collegian – he talked of butter'd muffins in silver covers, and laid out the bill of fare at an inn with the most painful minuteness. Afterwards I went to Frank Smith's,* who talks French.

This morning arrived from London the news of the *taking of Paris by the allies* on the 30th of last month – so my prophecy* is out – Paris was defended by about 45,000 troops, of whom 30,000 were national guard – Marmont and Mortier commanded – Schwartzberg and all the allies amounting to 200,000

²²⁰: The Telegraph Coach left The White Horse Inn, Fetter Lane, London, at 8 am every morning except Sundays, and arrived at The Sun Inn, Cambridge – opposite Trinity main gate – at 3 pm. Another service went the other way, at the same times.

²²¹: See 19/2/14.

²²²: Byron to Lady Melbourne, April 8th: "My intention was to have joined a party at Cambridge – but somehow I overstaid my time – and the inclination to visit the University went off – and here I am alone [in London] – and not overpleased with being so" (BLJ IV 90).

²²³: Hobhouse hints at his ambition to become M.P. for Cambridge University.

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made the attack – on the heights of Montmartre and Belleville – and in six or eight hours the city capitulated.

Thursday April 7th 1814: Bought a horse for forty-five guinea's, a mare of Rawlins.²²⁴ Rode about.

Dined with Kaye – present S.B.D.. Mr Maule of Christ's,²²⁵ and Mr Mortlock.²²⁶ We had a good deal of talk. Kaye told me that when secretary to Lord Henry Petty, he saw and extracted from a great bundle of dispatches from W. Wickham,* written when he was with the allies under Suwaroff in Italy and Switzerland,²²⁷ in which he saw exactly the same description of that Russian hero as I heard from General Bellegarde at Grath²²⁸ – even to the article of his dining at eight o'clock in the morning – Wickham thought him mad – there was a Colonel ———, an English officer corresponding at the armies, for whom Suwaroff one day sent, and told him that if he would sit still without speaking, he – Suwaroff – would tell him all his plans; and accordingly the general shut his eyes and continued talking for three hours, and laying open all his schemes, and ended with great eloquence and plausibility – he said that with an Austrian staff and Russian army he could do any thing.

Today news arrived that the conservative senate is annulled at Paris, and that they have informed the allies that if they wish to treat they must treat with Napoleon.

²²⁴: Cambridge horsedealer otherwise unidentified.

²²⁵: John Maul, MA, was University Taxor.

²²⁶: Edmund Davy Mortlock, Fellow of Christ's.

²²⁷: For Suvorov, see *Don Juan* VII and VIII. He had been in Switzerland and Italy in 1798 and 1799.

²²⁸: The Austrian General Bellegarde is at this time in Italy, and will soon invade the *ci-devant* North Italian Kingdom.