

London and elsewhere, May 8th-December 23rd 1814

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May 8th – December 23rd, 1814

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Sunday May 8th 1814: After clearing our goods at the custom house, Grattan and I set off in a post-chaise, leaving his Excellency of Würtemberg complaining that he was obliged to take four horses or two chaises. Grattan, by the way, tried as we were coming over Westminster Bridge to make me own I was content with him, saying that he was content with me. This I could not and did not do. At Dover we saw a Colonel and several other Prussian officers, who had come over last night from Calais only to remain until this evening with the intention of putting foot on English ground. At Rochester we saw the foreign officers.

I arrived unwell enough at Reilly's by half-past eight in the evening. Grattan parted with me in a sort of transport. I dined and slept at number 9 Downing Street, Reilly's being full.

Monday May 9th 1814: Grattan called and paid me £6 15s, the balance of his debt to me, so that my French trip for three weeks has cost me £47 – Byron's gold, £40 drawn at Paris, and £5, amounting in all to £92 sterling.

I walked about with young Kinnaird and Rolfe and Grattan. Took my old lodgings in St James's Place, number 7. Called on Byron, and was also received coldly enough, at least, for him ... attributable (I hope) to his having just found his servant drunk.¹ Tom Moore, my aversion,² called. Byron tells me that Jeffrey³ sent to Moore, through a third person, to ask him to write in the *Edinburgh Review*, and that he – Byron – franked back to Jeffrey Moore's consent. Here's a *démêlé*. Moore and Jeffrey fought a duel about the said review,⁴ and Byron tried to insult Jeffrey about the same, and was all but challenged by Moore for his own poem *English Bards &c*.

I dined at Reilly's – slept at number 7.

1: Perhaps Fletcher, though drunkenness was not a vice of his.

2: *RLL* omits "my aversion". Moore considered himself Byron's best friend.

3: Francis Jeffrey (1773-1850) editor of the *Edinburgh Review*.

4: Byron jokes about the abortive "duel" between Jeffrey and Moore at *EBSR* 460-501: the "duel" had failed to happen in 1806.

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Tuesday May 10th 1814: Cullen called. He told me he dined at Sir Samuel Romilly's on Saturday, where Madame de Staël took her leave, she going to Dover the next day. She appeared affected with the kindness of the English – she has left behind, however, several sayings which will leave her in no odour here. She said of Middleton (Lord Jersey's), where she had been magnificently entertained, “Il n'y manque de rien – il y manque de l'esprit”. Of the English, “There are only three men of genius – Mackintosh – Wellesley – Canning – and yes, there is a fourth – celui qui a fait mon éloge”. This story was told by Stephen Weston, an old tottering clergyman who has written an ode in her praise and said, “I will leave you to judge who her fourth hero is”. Of the women she said, “Elles sont nulles”. The only men in England who have any heart are, according to her, “Ward, and the Speaker of the House of Commons”.⁵ She must have said this in jest.

I walked and coached it down to Whitton – found my father just able to walk. The Smiths of Easton Grey [were] there.

Wednesday May 11th 1814: Rode up to town – called on Byron – rode down to Whitton on my bay mare.

T. Smith called in the evening from Cambridge. The character of the Crown Prince⁶ is at last known in England. Sir Phillip Francis has exposed him in a letter to Lord Grey who did the same thing in a fine speech last night in the House of Lords on the affairs of Norway, which in pursuance of treaties we must give to Sweden. The Duchess of Oldenburg was in the House.

Thursday May 12th 1814: Rode up to London with T. Smith. Dined at the R.S. club, where Bannen told me that he had seen Campbell's⁷ journal up to Napoleon getting on board the *Undaunted* frigate (Captain Usher) at Fréjus. Campbell says that at eleven o'clock on the day of quitting Fontainebleau, General Bertrand pulled out his watch, and, presenting it to Napoleon, said, “It is time to quit this place,” upon which Napoleon, much enraged, exclaimed, “What? Am I fallen so low as to be regulated by the watch of a fellow like you?” The guard by which he was accompanied were his own soldiers, and excited the people where the horses were changed to cry, “Vive L'Empereur!” These went him only as far as Rouen – from that place, Napoleon was hissed, and loaded with abuse, and more and more ran the danger of his life. At Avignon, it is true

5: The Speaker was Charles Abbott (1757-1829), later Lord Colchester.

6: Bernadotte.

7: Colonel, later General, Sir Neil Campbell (1776-1827), Resident on Elba during Napoleon's time there.

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that he got from his carriage and went on horseback with a round hat and white cockade, crying "Vive le Roi!" and that he personated Lord Burghersh and another Englishman of another mission.

At one place the mob determined to pull him amongst them and destroy him, but a general who was guarding him said, "My friends, let him live – death will not be a sufficient punishment for his crimes!" Napoleon said, "General, I have heard and understood you – I thank you."

He told Campbell that he understood the Emperor Alexander had been to see Josephine: "What does he do there? – and that man the King of Prussia too – what business has he with her?" He was incensed at this visit – he feared for his private fame. He said the Austrians and English had used him well – the Prussians and Russians were brutes.

Dr Woolaston told me that it was an absolute fact that when Macdonald and Ney came back to Fontainebleau with the answer of the Emperor Alexander in which he said he would not treat with Napoleon, they found him reviewing 36,000 troops, and delivered the message secretly: "Speak out," said Napoleon, "There is nothing you can say that should not be heard by these *braves*." The troops, on hearing the answer, offered to march under Napoleon to Paris and cut their way through the Allies to the capital. Napoleon acceded to the offer, but the marshals told him that there were above 130,000 of the enemies – that 20,000 men would be lost in the passage, and what could he do with 10,000 in a hostile city? "I see it," said Napoleon. "Mon rôle est fini."

Even after the dethronement of Napoleon the troops declared they would bury themselves with their Emperor under the ruins of the capital. "How do you account," said Woolaston to me, "for nothing having been done?" – "Why, because the generals, seeing all was up, would do nothing!" – "I agree with you," said the doctor.

Woolaston told me he was very much struck with that which also surprised me – the perfect air of complacency and control in all the French marshals at the grand ceremony of the entry and afterwards, "But," he said, "before that their faces had been blackened and downcast – they did not know how they should be received by the King".

This convinces me that the Bourbons are safe. Those who are sulky are sulky not from old attachments, but present apprehensions.

I walked about – alone – and came home by eleven o'clock.

Friday May 13th 1814: Wrote journal from Saturday May 7th.

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Read some parts of *L'ami du Roi*, a loyal journal, begun in Paris [on] April 2nd. In a letter from Louis XVIII to Charles IV, when he sent back the Order of the Golden Fleece, conferred upon Napoleon, are these words:

Dans le siècle present, il est plus glorieux de mériter un sceptre que de le porter.

In some memoirs of the Bourbon family since Louis XIV I find that Louis XVIII, when Count de Provence and a boy, was punished for his too great proficiency in his studies, for fear he should discourage his elder brother, the duc de Berri (Louis XVI).

The other evening Lord Kinnaird was present at Talleyrand's when General Flahaut and Pozzo di Borgho had, in presence of Talleyrand, a long argument as to the military talents of Napoleon. Flahaut, who had been his aide-de-camp up to his dethronement, contended that his last campaign was his masterpiece, and asserted that in all he had never more than 75,000 troops under him and his generals, excepting Soult and Suchet from the number. Pozzo di Borgho said his movement to St Dizier was that of a madman – he was sure to lose Paris. Flahaut said that the occupation of Paris was contemplated by Napoleon, who thought that they would weaken so much their army to preserve it that they would be more easily attacked afterwards. "He ought to have known the people were against him," rejoined Pozzo di Borgho – "To be sure," said Flahaut, "he did think that Paris would have stood true to him – he did not take treachery into the account". Lord Kinnaird adds, "As if he was aware of the fact – he did not know that Talleyrand had corresponded for several days with the Emperor of Russia".

I dined today at Connaught Place with the Princess of Wales. There were present only Lady Charlotte Lindsay, Sir Francis Burdett, [and] Sir William Gell. Byron was asked. Gell was knighted two days ago. He asked Lady Melbourne to ask the Prince six weeks past, as Byron then told me, and yet in his presence told someone he knew nothing of the matter until the morning of the fact.

Gell is very good-humoured and perfectly at home with the Princess. Burdett treats her with great respect. She was very affable to me, and seemed to recollect perfectly my two or three conversations with her last year. We had a very pleasant dinner. The servants went out of the room, leaving dumb waiters. The dinner was good, but not fine Madeira. Claret, and half a pint of cape wine with the dessert.

She talked to me about the Princess Louisa of Prussia, praised her much. Said she hoped she was happy, but Radzivil was younger than herself – a sad thing!!

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“My cousin the King of Prussia,” said she, “is a great booby – he is shy to a disease”. The Duchess of Oldenburg has not been to see her, but the Emperor of Russia, she says, will visit her – “I have been looking out my best gown for him. He will not be afraid of the Alien Office.”

Now hereby hangs a tale. The Princess suspects that someone has told the Duchess of Oldenburg that the Alien Act would be put into force against those strangers who had their court at Connaught Place – Madame de Staël, indeed, did certainly tell Gell and Lady Charlotte Lindsay to tell the Princess that she was afraid to visit her on account of the terror of the Alien Office. That foolish woman was impudent enough to say to Lady Charlotte Campbell, “Quelle femme est votre Princesse – on dit qu’elle a de l’esprit – et quelle femme est Miladi Harford!” – to which of course Lady Charlotte only replied, “Je suis dame d’honneur à son altesse royale”. The Princess told me that Madame de Staël was certainly a hunter of the great, and probably had some project relative to Norway, and was sent over by the Crown Prince. She cut a companion governess at Lady Charlotte Campbell’s house whom she had known well in France. Her first debut in England was mistaking Mrs Bankes for Lady Harford and telling her that she was “faite pour inspirer une passion – et qu’on pourroit bien voir celle qui étoit faite pour être reine de l’Angleterre” – “What a speech,” said the Princess, “even if it had been directed to Lady Harford, the model of prudes – don’t tell me such a woman is clever”.

The other day, after having neglected the Bourbons altogether, she was the first to compliment Louis XVIII. She had an interview with Madame d’Angoulême, to whom she said, “J’espère que votre altesse royale a écrite tous vos tourmens et souffrances, ou du moins que vous avez une bonne memoire pour que vous puissiez donner à quelqu’un les details de tout ce que vous est arrivéé dans ce temple – Il faut que quelque plume conserverasse le souvenir de ces moments cruels, si interessants pour l’histoire de France”. The Duchess was so affected that she left the room, and it is said that Madame de Staël was left out at the *grand fête* given by the French King and Princes the other day at Carlton House purposely, because the Princess made the request – Madame is gone out of the Kingdom in an unquenchable fury thereat.

The Princess of Wales talked of our conduct towards Norway in pointed terms. She said we had a good opportunity of getting out of the treaty with the Crown Prince, by showing that he had not performed his half of the contract. She said she knew for certain that Lynch of Bordeaux was in correspondence with Talleyrand, but did not know that Prince Paul of Würtemberg was here – “He is my cousin,” said she; “I suppose we shall see him”.

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When we went into the coffee room she sent out Lady Charlotte Lindsay with Burdett, sat on the sofa with Gell, and put me to looking at the English costumes. She went out twice to see a patient – I believe Billy Austin. She said that during the nineteen years she had had the happiness of being in England, she had only felt the sun three days. Afterwards she took out Burdett to the withdrawing-room herself, Gell and I being left with Lady Charlotte Lindsay. In the room I saw a picture of Fuseli's, a man kneeling clasping a nymph, who is embracing his head – an equivocal subject.

I took my leave by proxy through Lady Charlotte Lindsay, and went off with Gell in his carriage. He set me down at the top of St James's Street, and I was half an hour getting across a string of carriages going to Devonshire House, where the Duke gives a party.

Gell told me that Walpole is to breakfast with him tomorrow, to consult him about his works on Greece. He (Gell) and Leake are to make a great map of Attica. Gell naturally enough finds it odd that people should come to him for materials, and says well of Clarke that his book is his study in his travels, not his travels. Holland has been applying to Gell for a map of Attica.

Saturday May 14th 1814: Up late. Engaged George Parsons as valet for £100 per annum. Ride down to Whitton, and dine.

Sunday May 15th 1814: Dined with Owen Williams and a very large party at his house, where I sat talking nonsense until three in the morning. Long Parry, the only clever man in the world fond of driving, was there – he was vehement, and looked wild. Williams invited me to go on his yacht to the naval review at Portsmouth.

Monday May 16th 1814: I got up very late, and afterwards rode down to Whitton and dined. There I met Mr Morgan, Dr Price's nephew, who still retains his humour. He told a saying or story of his uncle's, who related of an old woman, that she, having heard the greater the sinner the greater the saint, said she wished she had known it forty years ago.

I paid Lord Byron forty-seven pounds yesterday, for the gold he gave me to travel with.

Today I discover a frightful sign of what I yet know not.⁸

8: See also below, May 19th, final sentence and n.

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Tuesday May 17th 1814: I ride with Smith into Richmond Park, and dine. In the evening I put on Albanian clothes and sat up till near two reading poetry to my sisters Nell and Sophia.

Wednesday May 18th 1814: Rode up to London. Called on Byron. Dined with Henry Hobhouse,⁹ where was a large party – Lord Chief Justice Gibbs¹⁰ and Chancellor Flower* – Bishop Cleaver of St Asaph¹¹ – Heber* – Letchfield* – council, and others. Gibbs seemed a merry man – he said he would not go to the exhibition because he caught a man there comparing him with his portrait.* Heber said Merritt,* not having travelled lately, [bled??] freely respecting his late tour to Paris. He told me that the etching of Porson prefixed to Stephen Watson's *Life of Porson* was a head of Boethius.¹²

Boswell¹³ was there, and corrected me when I said that Rolt was bound to write for ninety-nine years in the *Universal Visitor* – it was Kit Smart.¹⁴ He added that Johnson, when Smart went mad, wrote for him in the *Visitor* but left off when Smart recovered: “He has got back his senses,” said Johnson, “and I have recovered mine – I will write no more in the *Visitor*.” Rolt was bound to write.¹⁵

At eleven o'clock Byron took me to Lady Jersey's,¹⁶ where was a small party, of a hundred perhaps. I stood in terror at the doorway a long time – cut two or three good friends out of fear – and was quick with several others out of pure despair, the courage of despair. I was introduced to Lady Jersey. She said

9: This is not Hobhouse's brother, but his cousin, the Right Honourable Henry Hobhouse (1776-1854) Under Secretary of State for the Home Department and Keeper of the State Papers. The two shared a paternal great-great-great-grandfather in John Hobhouse, mariner and wheelwright, who was appointed Constable of Minehead in 1688.

10: Sir Vicary “Vinegar” Gibbs (1751-1820) was Chief Justice of the Common Pleas.

11: William Cleaver was Bishop of St. Asaph from 1806-1815.

12: Richard Porson (1759-1808) Trinity classicist; Regius Professor of Greek.

13: Alexander Boswell (1775-1822) son of James Boswell.

14: Christopher Smart (1721-77) English poet, died insane; Dr. Johnson helped him in his periods of indisposition with his monthly periodical *The Universal Visitor*; for Boswell's version of the anecdote, see the *Life*, I 582: *I wrote for some months in the Universal Visitor, for poor Kit Smart when he was mad, not then knowing the terms on which he was engaged to write, and thinking I was doing him good. I hoped his wits would soon return to him. Mine returned to me, and I wrote in The Universal Visitor no longer.*

15: Richard Rolt wrote a *Dictionary of Trade and Commerce* for which Johnson supplied the preface; he also assisted Smart on the *Universal Visitor*; see Boswell's *Life* I 239 and 581.

16: Sarah, Countess of Jersey dominated Whig society life at this time.

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she was very glad to see me. There also was the Hereditary Prince of Orange,¹⁷ a very thin ill-looking young man <not very dissimilar to James Tyler*>. He was in a plain suit with the Star of the Black Eagle of Prussia – was introduced to Lord Byron at the very moment he introduced me to Lady Jersey, which caused a *contretemps*. He danced afterwards a French dance – the *battas* – in which Frederick Douglas¹⁸ performed wretchedly, and Colonel Stanhope¹⁹ – and the only tolerable male performer was the Marquis of Worcester,²⁰ with his mustachios and a bit of hair on his chin – [and] the black-eyed Miss Fitzroy.²¹

I talked a long time with Lady Westmoreland,²² who asked me about Burghersh,²³ – and said “Speak out, altho’ he is my son-in-law – I have not seen him to speak to for eight years – and probably shall not speak to him again as long as I live”. She told me that Madame de Staël told her that the Prince of Wales had used her shamefully after she had made such sorts of sacrifices for him, and had refrained from visiting his wife, “laquelle elle désiroit autant de voir”.²⁴

I had much talk, and sat up at supper next to Lady Tavistock²⁵ and her sister Lady Caroline Stanhope.* The latter told me that the Princess Charlotte of Wales,²⁶ whose occasional companion and partner she is at the Warwick House balls, keeps the Prince of Orange’s portrait miniature in a tea cup on the chimney

17: William, hereditary Prince of Orange, had been engaged to Princess Charlotte.

18: Frederick Douglas (1791-1818) M.P. for Banbury. He visited Napoleon on Elba.

19: Colonel Charles Stanhope, fourth Earl of Harrington, otherwise known as Lord Petersham. An eccentric, he collected snuff-boxes and dressed his equipage all in brown.

20: Henry, Marquis of Worcester, eldest son of the Duke of Beaufort; described by Lady Frances Shelley (*Shelley* I 70) as *very wild*; on July 25th 1814 he married

21: Georgiana Fredericka Fitzroy. The Duke of Wellington, her uncle, gave her away. Her death in 1821 was said by Mrs Arbuthnot to have created a bigger stir than that of Napoleon: see *Arbuthnot* I 93 and 104.

22: Wife of the Lord Privy Seal, sister-in-law of the Duke of Wellington, and mother-in-law to

23: the husband of Lady Burghersh (*née* Priscilla Wellesley-Pole). Wellington was her uncle, too. She painted his portrait, and was one of the select few to read Byron’s memoirs. She was an enemy of Lady Blessington; her husband founded the Royal Academy of Music.

24: “Whom” (referring to Queen Caroline) “she wished so much to see”.

25: Daughter-in-law to the Duke of Bedford.

26: Daughter to the Prince Regent and subject of Byron’s *Weep, Daughter of a Royal Line*. Her engagement with the Prince of Orange breaking off, she married Prince Leopold of Saxe-Coburg; but died in childbirth on November 5th 1817: see BLJ V 276.

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piece. She saw the first interview between the intended pair – the Princess told her not to look at her for fear she should laugh outright.

I stayed to supper. Lady Harrowby,* who sat opposite me, assured me that Count Meerfeldt²⁷ told her that the Empress Maria Louisa was only prevented from joining Napoleon by orders from her father,²⁸ and that she was devotedly attached to him.

To bed half-past three.

5: See 6/6/16 n1. **14:** See n25 below. **26:** See 19/2/14 n7.

Thursday May 19th 1814: Dined at the Steeven's Coffee House* with Irvine* at five o'clock.

Went with Byron and Tom Moore the poet to the orchestra* to see Kean in *Othello*.²⁹ For two acts and a half the play was tame, but from the sentence "not a jot",³⁰ he displayed his extraordinary powers, and, as Byron said, threw in a sort of Levant fury of expression into his acting and face to which we orientalist had been accustomed and which we could appreciate. His stabbing himself was a masterpiece. After the play we three went into the Green Room, a small apartment with a large glass and sofas round it – not green. Miss Poole,* Mrs Bland,* Knight,* Munden³¹ (as Tommy Trumpet,* most ridiculously dressed) and Miss Kelly³² came in and sat down quite quietly, with a composure which compared to their strange figures seemed ludicrous enough. At going out, however, I observed Knight rehearsing grimaces before the glass. Raymond³³ was in plain clothes and was master of the ceremonies to our party. Tom Moore seemed known to all, and all were "hail fellow well met" with him. Munden asked him after Mrs Moore (the said lady be it remembered was an actress)³⁴ but

27: The Austrian Ambassador.

28: The Austrian Emperor Francis II.

29: Kean had played *Othello* first on May 5th; he played it ten times that season. *The Examiner* for June 5th reports him as being inaudible; Rae, the *Othello*, being louder, got the greater applause.

30: *Othello*, III iii 219.

31: Joseph Munden (1758-1832) comic actor. Among his roles were Dogberry and Sir Fretful Plagiary.

32: Miss Kelly later played Juliet to Kean's Romeo.

33: George Raymond was the Drury Lane stage manager.

34: Moore had in 1811 married the actress Bessie Dyke.

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as Moore says by way of consolation was only once on the stage. Miss Smith,³⁵ who had been acting Desdemona, came in – she is certainly an odd likeness of Lady Tavistock.³⁶ She said that Kean affected her very much in his Othello – she could not help crying – she said also that he is a very kind and encouraging actor to play with, which she hinted to be a desideratum on the stage.

Kean came in in a pepper-and-salt suit,* a very short man, but strong made – wide-shouldered, hollow, sallow face, thick black hair. Lord Byron was introduced to him, and on some compliment from him, said he was proud of his Lordship's approbation. Douglas Kinnaird introduced me. I asked him after his health, which he said was tolerable, but that he sometimes found his voice fail him. He has a sweet accent and manner – he soon withdrew.

Kinnaird and I walked home together – we made mutual confessions of frightful suspicions.³⁷

Friday May 20th 1814: I got up earlier than usual (10 o'clock) and walked to Hamilton Place, where I breakfasted with Lord and Lady Tavistock. Randolph was in the room, but him, as far as politeness would allow me, after one hour I cut for his past misdeeds. He wants Tavistock to go abroad to study for two years with him. Tavistock tells me he wants to go abroad to retrench.

I walked to Pearson's in Golden Square, but he was not at home. At six o'clock I called on him again – he examined [me] and pronounced nothing the matter. Learning who I was, he told me he had voted for me as a Fellow of the Royal Society the day before!!! Merely, as he chose to say, on account of my literary reputation.

I dined with Cuthbert, and sat next to Miss Mercer at dinner. On my right was William Howard. Lord Auckland was there, and distinguished me most pointedly. I had never seen him before, but he at parting said, "I am sorry, Sir, I have had no great opportunity of cultivating your acquaintance". He asked me after my father, "Mr" Hobhouse.

35: Miss Smith (1785-1850) had been Portia to Kean's Shylock earlier in the year; she was not the ballerina called Miss Smith whom Byron protected in a row (BLJ IV 320) and who married the ballet-master Oscar Byrne; still less was she the Miss Smith with whom the infected Kean is said to have congressed carnally at a later stage in his career. By 26/11/14 she has become Mrs Bartlett – Sarah Bartlett, one of the era's leading actresses.

36: The Miss Smith whom Byron protected was said by him (BLJ IX 36) to have resembled Lady Jane Harley (see 24/6/12, 27/6/12, and 23/7/12). Lady Tavistock was daughter-in-law to the Duke of Bedford; see 16/3/12.

37: Probably relating to Byron and Augusta; though H. and Kinnaird may have thought B. had syphilis.

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Before the evening broke I had a long conversation with young Lygon, a Westminster man of the Horse Guards. He told me that the passage of the Ardour River was a great exploit, the river being broader than the Thames at Westminster, and the enemy in possession of the opposite bank. He said that Lord Wellington had decided that if the Cortes hesitated in receiving Ferdinand VII, he would put him on the throne at the head of his army. He spoke of Lord Fitzroy Somerset, my friend, as a fortunate man, but one who had not a word to say to Wellington, nor ever read a dispatch, except a very public one indeed! Now I always thought that the reputation of this young man, though a good fellow he is, was overrated.

Saturday May 21st 1814: I do nothing except correct *The Battle of Hanau*,³⁸ a shameful production – bad English – bad French. Walk about. See the Hogarth Gallery, or rather British Gallery. Since seeing Hogarth's originals I own I like the prints better.

Ride with S.B.Davies in the park, and meet Long Parry, who, with a candour for which I can't account, told me he had been looking for me to say he was sorry he had mistaken something I had said at Owen Williams's on Sunday last.

Dine at Lord Sidmouth's. Present, George Rose, Mr and Mrs and Miss Bankes, Lord Tyrconnel, Lord Redesdale, Lady Donegal, and Charles Grant. Bankes, between whom and whose charming daughter I sat, is a dull dog – Mrs Bankes most lively and interesting. She told, with a great deal of humour, a story of a young man suspected of picking pockets at Lady Stafford's route last night – he was very ugly, and picked upon therefore. Lord Stafford sent to know who had invited him – he said Lady Stafford. Lady Stafford was called and denied ever having seen him, although he said he was first in her rooms that night, and had spoken to her before. Her Ladyship said that if he was the man he pretended to be,³⁹ she did not know he was in England, but thought he had been two years in Ireland. How it ended I know not.

Miss Bankes is very lovely and clever, but a little odd. She talked to me of heart in a manner charmingly cool and indifferent – she said Madame de Staël had mistaken her mother for Lady Harford – had desired to be introduced to her daughter, and being introduced twice by accident to Miss Bankes, took her the second time for Lady Falmouth, her sister (who was standing by), overwhelmed her with compliments and ladyships, and told her it was easy to see which was the youngest of the two sisters.

38: Perhaps an abortive Hobhousean attempt at epic.

39: "to me" (Ms.)

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Miss Bankes told me that the duchesse d'Angoulême, when the Countess of Buckinghamshire was introduced to her on one of the two courts held by the Bourbons in London, turned round to Louis XVIII and said, "Est-ce que c'est elle qui donne des folies dans le King's Road?" – rude enough, and a mistake, for the giver of follies in the King's Road is one Albina, Countess of Buckinghamshire.

After the ladies were gone, Lord Sidmouth, who is a good man, but indeed talks too loudly at his own table, told us of a singular club, composed of nineteen persons, of whom Lord[s] Redesdale, Brugge, Bathurst, Fielding, the son of T. Jones, [] and himself were members, who dined for four and sixpence, wine included. In 1780 Lord Redesdale made out what was likely to be the character of each member twenty years hence. The paper was locked up and sealed, and opened in 1800. Only one member, a Mr Freeman, had dropped, and so exactly were the characters, and so prophetically drawn, that each man was recognised by a person who had not known them before.

Lord Sidmouth mentioned that in the year 1795 there were more applications to parliament for enclosure, canal, and other private bills for the improvement of the country, than had been given in the house during the whole period from the Revolution to that day. He said that at the end of the American War there were many signs of public and individual distress – many more than at this period – and yet then a carriage might be sold for forty-two pounds per annum, and he with a house and servants and carriage never spent more than £900 per annum. Lord Redesdale observed that his sister, who lived five months a year with her friends, and kept a very small establishment, now spent a thousand per annum. George Rose told us many singular instances of people who had gained immense fortunes from nothing, and still retained their simplicity. Williams of Dorchester, who died with £700,000 and more. Sir R. Wigram, who makes his sons shipbuilders. Thwaites, a grocer in London, has £10,000 a year in land alone and stands behind his counter from morning to night. He has never been out of London more than forty-eight hours in fifty years. I capped the tales with Luke White's – n luck.⁴⁰ There are, George Rogers said, madames⁴¹ in London who make twenty-two shillings a day. Lord Tyrconnel mentioned that the soldiers of the guards employed landing coal sacks – per sack – made more than eleven. Pat⁴² Bond was there. He too told stories of strange ruses.⁴³

40: H.'s meaning is obscure.

41: Could be "madhouses".

42: Could be "Hat".

43: Could be "rises" or even "wages".

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Rose was a []⁴⁴ – he mentioned that at the riots of '80⁴⁵ he was in the country, and heard of them by a man who came in a coach from London, and said, "The King is pulled off his throne, and the Queen put up, because the people like she better than he". He was told that if he went to town he would see the men hanging in the Green and St James's Parks. He went, and, living in Duke Street Westminster, was fool enough, said he, to open the window to see the fellows strung on the trees, instead of which he saw Lord and Lady North walking quietly arm-in-arm. Miss Bankes said that she was so young then she recollects the riots amused her.

Tonight I saw, without knowing her, Mrs T. Estunt, and handed into her carriage. I went home a little before twelve.

Sunday May 22nd 1814: Walked out to Pearson – he not at home. Read Massinger's *City Madam*⁴⁶ – which, altered by Sir James Bland Burgess, is to be used for Kean's benefit on Wednesday. Ireland and Gifford, a coarse but sensible critic, run riot in their praise of this play – I cannot say it pleases me. Luke's character is so completely concealed in the beginning of the play as to appear unnatural and inconsistent when it breaks out in the end. The Indians and enchantment in the close are in⁴⁷ a fantastic taste which might have been probable formerly but are too strange now to delight. The quaint *fussiness* of the phrase is that which strikes me most forcibly in the performance, for instance:

Luke: ... yet there lives a foolish creature
Called an under sheriff, who being well-paid, will serve
An extent on lords or lown's lands (Act V iii)

and

Luke: I'm honester now
By an hundred thousand pounds, I thank my stars for't,
Upon the exchange (Act V ii)

Ding'em: Yes, sir, for marriage, and the other thing too;
The commodity is the same (Act III i)

44: Looks like "jurer".

45: The 1780 anti-Catholic Gordon riots.

46: As at 13/6/14 below, H. is using William Gifford's edition of Massinger (4 vols., 1805 and 1813).

47: "of in" (Ms. – page turn).

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I rode down to Whitton, and there dined with a large party – of whom Mr Belsham and a Mr Wishaw, a lawyer, Mr Colonel Espinance, and Tyler, with the Smiths – we had violent politics and I talked long and loud.

Wednesday May 23rd 1814: I stayed at Whitton, and walked over Prime's Paddock, and thence down the brook to the oil mills with T. Smith and Miss Baillie – dined. Mr Belsham told us this day that he once dined with Mr Stone at Hackney, who married Miss Williams, when Fox, Sheridan, Talleyrand, Dr Priestley, Pamela Fitzgerald, and a daughter of the Duke of Orleans were present, with others I forget, scarcely less famous. Not a word was spoken – the silence was natural.

In the evening I ventured to say that it seemed to me our notions of the deity were only a union of the three abstract qualities power, wisdom, and goodness, the necessary ingredients apparently requisite to compose this universe, and the attributes which must attach to the cause of the great, sage, and happy effects visible in the system of nature; and that beyond this combination of qualities we could have no idea of God – so that to say the Creator God is wise, good, and great is assuming a step – when we ought to say rather, “Wisdom, goodness and greatness must belong to the Creator”.

Mr Belsham said nothing to this except that he knew as much of God as of my soul, and that he was no less unacquainted with the source of my reasoning faculties than with the cause of all things; although he had a perfect notion of the fact of my existence, and also that of the deity. This I took to be a false position. Neither Mr Belsham nor anyone else can have so decided a conviction and certain knowledge of a cause producing an effect when he looks upon the world as when he hears an individual speak – the work in the one case cannot be compared to the words in the other.

A person in the party said my arguments were those of an atheist. I cannot help that.

Tuesday May 24th 1814: I spent the day fooling, dancing, and trying to parody Madame de Staël's style without success. She says a great many commonplaces in a roundabout, flash, antithetical style – but to imitate her one must be *too* serious to be capable of raising a laugh.

I taught myself to waltz this day.

Wednesday May 25th 1814: I got up at seven o'clock – an extraordinary hour for me. Went to town with my father in his carriage – found an opera ticket for

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my use – sent through Mr Cuthbert by Miss Mercer. Wrote a letter to Baillie – made many calls on distant parts.

Dined at five with Lord Tavistock in Hamilton Place. Present, Bob⁴⁸ Adair, Lord Harrington, Lord W. Runcie and his wife. There is something desperately dull in a quality dinner. Adair told us of the inconveniences attached to the speedy publication of English news. By the Peace of Pressburg it was bargained that £500,000 (the remainder of the subsidy due from England to Austria) should be transferred to France – an English newspaper mentioned that this sum had been shipped for Hamburg, and Mr de Brioneme, the minister of France at that city, immediately, on the arrival of the cash, obliged the British resident, Mr Thornton, to hand over the barrels of dollars one by one, and receive a quittance for the delivery thereof!!

At seven went to the play, and sat in Tavistock's box, where we found Lady B.A.Cooper, Lord Bath, [and] General Phipps Walterly.

Kean was received with raptures – we heard the thunders of greeting as we mounted the stairs; but *Riches, or the Wife and Brother* (altered from *The City Madam*) was not a play to show him. Burgess stupidly let the audience into the plot of the elder brothers' contrivance previously to the report of his death, which Massinger had avoided to do.

Lady B.A.Cooper is the great fortune. She is queer but not pretty, and is apparently very lively. Lord Bath seems a solemn fool, Lord Harrington a gentlemanly, sensible commonplace. Adair I like more and more, and Lady and Lord Tavistock.

Came home and went to bed early.

Thursday May 26th 1814: Refused an evening party at Grattan's tonight, being almost determined against that employment. Read Madame de Staël's *Lettres sur les écrits et le caractère de Rousseau*, written in 1787. She forgives her hero everything on account of his passion for love ("le besoin d'être aimé"). Thinks his *Héloïse* a moral performance – but which ought to be read not by young unmarried girls – and passes slightly over his abandonment of his children. She says, and, it seems to me justly, he was no hypocrite, and mentions as a certain fact, collected from a citizen of Geneva who knew him twenty years, that he destroyed himself on account partly of having discovered an attachment in his worthless wife to a low-bred, vulgar fellow.

48: The nickname has indecent associations.

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The *Lettres* are evidently the work of a young woman bound up in the Parisian school of her day, and devotedly attached to the notion that love ennobles and is completely necessary, at least, to her sex. The same antithesis, not of words so much as of thoughts, which seems to me the characteristic excellence of Madame de Staël, distinguishes this early performance – but I do not fancy I know a whit more of Rousseau for having read these letters. She calls him “the best of men”. His motives may have been good, although to me they appear to have been like those of all men eager of reputation and tenacious of it when acquired, As to his conduct, it bespeaks to my mind a selfish and sensual soul.

Alston called, and talked to me of the club at Arthur’s, and the dinners there. He objected to the old cook of that establishment, because he never gave them a joint – “Now,” said he, “one likes to have the choice of a joint, whether one chooses to eat it or not”. It surprises me to recollect with what gravity I joined in this apothegm – however, I believe I shall end where poor Alston has begun – []ing passions, aided by, or causing, a thousand conflicting schemes for useless notoriety, will bring me down to talk of joints likewise.

I took a cold dinner at the Cocoa Tree, and went in the evening to Byron’s box at Covent Garden, where I saw a new farce, very bad. Supped with Byron and T. Moore on lobster at the Stevens Coffee House – we were neither of us in great spirits.

Friday May 27th 1814: I wrote in the morning [my] journal out of my Hungarian tour.⁴⁹ Called on Byron. Dined with the Grant in Russell Square – sat next to Lady Anna Maria Elliott, and talked nonsense. In [] to Robert Grant – he has a curling, suspicious smile on his face. Douglas and Stratford Canning there – he is appointed minister to Switzerland.

Dull day – came back in the Elliott’s carriage – went to Lady Dillon’s at half-past one – saw Maud there – complimented on my book by him – “Pleasure and instruction,” &c. Calcraft, M.P., ran out in the passage to be introduced to me by Browne. I mention these things as a drawback on other disappointments, and as memories of my own foolish love of notice.

I called at Holland House today.

Saturday May 28th 1814: Up at one – wrote journal (Hungarian). Received visit from Stratford Canning – a pleasant, kind-hearted fellow. Rode down to Whitton – dined.

49: September 7th-10th 1813.

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Sunday May 29th 1814: Passed the day partly in copying Hungarian tour, partly in walking and eating. There was a large party.

Monday May 30th 1814: Rode up to London. Dined with the Cuthberts, where I met Sir Francis Burdett, and walked home with him – I recollect nothing that passed.

Tuesday May 31st 1814: Wrote Hungarian journal. Made a variety of calls – received a letter from Hammer of Vienna, relative to a book of Turkish travels which he has now in hand and for which he wishes me to get five or six hundred guineas – also a critique on *The Giaour* and *Bride of Abydos* in the *Vienna Intelligenzblatt*, edited, I believe, by Hammer.

Kinnaird and I dined at the Cocoa Tree – a dinner too rich – afterwards I made use of my opera ticket for Miss Mercer's box, and went to that theatre – there I sat in Miss Mercer's and Lady I's box.⁵⁰

I think it was Monday last that, entering Byron's room, I saw a Quaker sitting there, who rose immediately and was handed out most civilly by his Lordship. This was one James Foster, who, coming from Bristol to London, wrote a note to Byron and told him that he had read and admired his poetry, and desired the honour of seeing him for five minutes.

Wednesday June 1st 1814: Wrote Hungarian journal.

Kinnaird told me yesterday that Whitbread wrote the Princess's late letter to the Queen relative to her going to the drawing-rooms of this month, and Brougham that to the Prince of Wales.

I called on Byron, and dressing without dining, went to the Duke of Bedford's box at Covent Garden, where were Lord and Lady J. Petersham,⁵¹ Lord William Russell, and Frank Stanhope. Petersham is a man of most polished manners, and kind. Frank Stanhope I don't like – a *mauvais naturel*, though very good-humour[ed]. We saw Mrs Jordan act *Lady Teazle*, for the last night of her engagement – she is to my mind too vulgar, although Sheridan told Lord Petersham that Mrs Jordan came more up to his notion of *Lady Teazle* than Miss Farren, who was not vulgar and sprightly enough according to her country education.

50: H.'s failure to record even the name of the opera is characteristic of his attitude to music.

51: Petersham was later Earl of Harrington.

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Afterwards we⁵² saw *The Miller and his Men*⁵³ and then, walking home by twelve o'clock, went to a party and supper at Lady Jersey's. I was too late for the conjuring, which had already taken place, but came in time to be introduced to the wonder of the evening, General Cran or some such name,⁵⁴ by Lady Melbourne. The general was one of those who accompanied Napoleon from Fontainebleau to Elba, and is just returned. He mentioned that Napoleon travelled night and day, except, I think, two nights – that during the journey by land he was somewhat pensive and apparently unwell,⁵⁵ but that when on board the *Undaunted* frigate he was “assez gai”. When in Provence he was in considerable danger, and had he passed through Marseilles would have been torn to pieces. Near Aix he was obliged to pass for an English commissary. His favourite wine is champagne, and when sitting at table at this inn, he had hold of a bottle, but seeing that the hostess was looking at him, and thinking it might appear too grand for his assumed character to keep it to himself, he gave the bottle to General Cran, who was sitting opposite to him, and submissively asked him to give him a glass. Afterwards the same hostess taking him for an Englishman, talked to him of Napoleon for two hours, abusing him, and telling him what he would do if he were in her power. Bonaparte mentioned this afterwards in great good humour to General Cran. He did on one or two occasions show himself alarmed, “Which,” said the General, “was natural enough – he did not wish to die so poor a death. But as for his personal courage, who can doubt it? It is certain that at Arcis-sur-Aube, at Brienne, he led on the columns himself to the attack – I saw him”.

He came to Fréjus on the fourth of May, where, on the 8th of October 1795, he had landed on his return from Egypt. Whilst walking about he said, in the hearing of the General, “It is curious enough – I recollect that about this very day, so many years ago, I was ordered by the government to shoot two men for wearing the white cockade – *je les ai sauvé* – those mountains recall it to my mind”. (I think he said this at Fréjus, but I am not certain – it was either there or approaching Elba).

He was well-received at Elba. He has from four to five hundred of the Old Guard with him. Before he left Fontainebleau he was heard to say, addressing himself, I think, to General Flahaut, “Believe me, I had rather be master of Elba than of diminished France”.

52: “I” and “we” written together.

53: *The Miller and his Men, or, The Secret Robbers of Bohemia*, by T. Prest (1813).

54: RLL hazards Colonel Cram, aide-de-camp to Schwartzenberg, the Austrian C-in-C.

55: At Fontainebleau, Napoleon had attempted suicide.

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The poor General was questioned to death.

The Prince of Orange danced in his regimentals. Caroline Lamb marked me out for all sorts of attentions – she would insist on taking me home in her carriage and setting me down at my own door – her maid was with her. She told me Madame de Staël used to embrace her very often, and seemed to like it very much.

To bed at two.

Thursday June 2nd 1814: I went to breakfast with young Leigh, whose sister Claughton, who bought Byron's estate, has married, and who has travelled in the Levant – in Albania, the Morea, and particularly in Egypt. In this latter place he was ten months, three of which he passed shut up in Rosetta for fear of the plague – he travelled 1,000 miles above Alexandria and went 175 miles up the Nile above Philoe and the first cataract, which is in Nubia, and a country hitherto entirely unexplored. Arrowsmith has made out a course, from his bearings, of the Nile, and the names of the places which he visited – these are close on each side to the river, and amount to forty, at ten of which he saw ancient ruins, some of them most magnificent, and highly painted, chiefly in red and blue. The capital of the country is Der, no great way from Ibrim, the term of their journey, containing perhaps 30,000 inhabitants. It looks built in a vast wood of palm trees. The houses are only naked mud walls, a little less than the height of a man, without roofs, and having branches and leaves of palm for the shelter and for beds. The king's house alone has a roof of wood, and is of two stories – so that I presume in no other country in the world is there such a real distance between the king and his subjects, nor, if the people have the inclination and power without the permission to increase the comfort of their habitations, so decisive and cruel a tyranny. The Nile at the first cataract is not bigger than the Thames at Windsor. The cataract is not a fall, but a spot where some huge granite masses rising out of the side of the stream confine the passage of the river – it is not passable by boats. The people in Nubia are very tawny and not far from black.

Leigh gave the King of Der a sword and the King in return gave him a black boy ten years of age, whom Leigh gave to his companion, Dr Smelt. Messrs Leigh and Smelt travelled in their European dresses with no other Christian⁵⁶ attendants than an American settled in Egypt who served them as dragoman. They took boats at Cairo, with thirteen boatmen, Arabs of that city, and

56: "Xtian" (Ms.)

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proceeded up the river, making excursions on asses sometimes, sometimes on dromedaries, along the banks.

They were furnished with a passport from Ali Pasha of Egypt, no less powerful than his namesake of Joannina, who from being master of a pirate boat in the Archipelago, has raised himself to supreme power, and is the Pasha who took Mecca from the Wahaubees. He is not forty years of age, cruel, bold, and clever. His son Ibrahim is a monster, roasting his rebels. His army, composed of mercenaries, is chiefly Albanian.

Messrs Leigh and Smelt were nearly lost by their curiosity to see a mummy⁵⁷ pit, six hours from the Nile near a town on the Arab side called Amabdi. They mounted their asses, and proceeding across the plain saw four men bring charcoal, who very eagerly accompanied them to the pit. The party lighted their candles, and, the Arabs being entirely stripped and the travellers to their drawers, crawled on their bellies. They got into several canties⁵⁸ and a chamber where mummies of crocodiles, dogs and cats, and mummy rags were lying strewed about. Groping about from thence, they found themselves again in the same chamber, and discovered their guides to be ignorant of the turnings⁵⁹ – they had three only with them – the fourth had been left at the mouth of the pit. As they were making another effort through grottoes, where the stench would scarcely suffer them to proceed, Mr Leigh saw the candle of the guide before him go out at the mouth of an aperture which he was about to enter, and heard a rattling in the throat of the man, who instantly fell. Mr Leigh, by the light of the torch borne by the other Arab, who jumped forwards to help his friend, saw only a quivering of his legs, and at the same instant the candle of the second guide went out, and the man dropped dead upon his companion. Mr Leigh and Mr Smelt, with the American, kept back the third Arab, and by the most happy chance came back to the chamber. At this time Mr Leigh tells me that his heart seemed as if it would burst, and his head was swelled with blood. By putting together the notices which each of the three had made of the turnings, the party contrived to extricate themselves just as they were exhausted and ready to give up the attempt. When in open day they lay down and sprinkled their faces with water, but did not recover until after repeated faintings. The Arab was more affected than the Europeans, and for more than a day appeared to be dying.

The travellers told the man whom they had left at the mouth of the pit that his companions would soon return, and thought it most prudent to make the best of

57: “mummy” (Ms.)

58: Sic Ms. The word “canty” does not exist in the dictionary as a noun.

59: Compare H.’s experience in the Greek spar cave, January 21st 1810.

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their way through the village and across the plain to their boat, which they reached by ten at night, having begun their excursion at four in the morning.

The next morning, at daybreak, they proceeded on their journey up the river, but had not proceeded two hours when they saw at a distance five Turkish horsemen scouring the plain towards them. They ordered the boat to the side by which the horsemen were approaching, just as a shot from one of these folks convinced them they were the object of their pursuit. On coming to land the Turks told them they had an order from the governor of the town of ⁶⁰ and neighbouring district to bring them back, as they had killed two Arabs. It would have been useless to resist. Messrs Leigh and Smelt, together with the American, stuck their pistols in their girdles, and taking their swords and double-barrel guns, left their boatman with orders to pull the boat to the town whilst they accompanied the horsemen.

Entering the town, they found the governor sitting on his mud divan in due form, surrounded with thirty or forty clamorous Arabs of Amabdi, who called for justice on the murderers. The governor affected an equal ferocity. He asked for the firman, and taking it in his hand said very gravely, "Are you told in this to kill Arabs?" The Amabdi people would only be contented with blood for blood, and the governor seemed to second their views; but he told the travellers to come with him into an inner chamber, and then, altering his tone at once and showing his friendly disposition, said, "I cannot protect you – there [are] only thirty Turks here – save yourself by flight!" Accordingly the three escaped by a back door to the riverside and getting into their boat made all haste up the stream.

They had pulled along six hours when they saw several hundred horsemen with spears and bows and guns on the Arab side, approaching the hill, and as they advanced they discerned the heads of others peeping above the sand hillocks close to the river's brink. The whole party then made every preparation for defence and our travellers thought that the time for selling their lives dearly was come at last. Hearing however that there was no Turkish town for three days' journey up the stream, they thought their only resource was to return to their friend the governor. They accordingly pout about the boat, and under the constant apprehension that the Arabs would swim their horses across and commence the assault, kept as near as possible to the Turkish side, and returned to the town. There they found three or four hundred of Amabdi assembled with the relatives to the deceased guides in mourning, that is, quite naked, with their bodies smeared with cow dung and dirt, and demanding vengeance on the

60: Ms. gap.

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murderers. The Arabs declared that although twenty of them should perish in the struggle, they would have the lives of the Christians.

The American interpreter, as the only course, now tried threats in his turn – ordered that the two surviving guides should be seized, and that the whole party, accusers and accused, should be taken to the residence of Ibrahim Bey, who lived forty miles distant from the spot. This courageous talk having the desired affect, the travellers, as they saw their opponents waver, talked still more loudly, and a last prevailed, for the governor proposed that they should redeem themselves by a present, to which sacrifice, although at first they thought it wise not to accede, at least in appearance, yet at last they consented, and paid what was required, to wit, two dollars to each of the wives of the deceased; in the whole, six pieces, one of them having two widows.

From this moment the Arabs became their unreserved friends, and treated them afterwards as if they had forgot the whole transaction.⁶¹

Mr Leigh tells me the Arab female peasants are so far from veiled they were naked, after the before-mentioned fashion of grief.

The travellers found Hamilton's *Egyptiaca*⁶² a very poor performance, and it appears that in one instance that traveller has given a description of temples and painted sculptures altogether from fancy. Denon's was a more serviceable book. They followed Hamilton's steps exactly. They found the Nile flows more from the west than is usually conceived. The Copts are like Chinese – they [are] probably the indigenous [people] – their hair, as Hamilton observes, is dressed like that of the Sphinx ... they are Christians, but circumcised, and their life and rites appear more strange than those of the Mahometans.

Mr Leigh took me to a seal-engraver, and gave me a stone which he picked up in Egypt and which cuts like a cornelian.

I wrote this journal today. The guns have fired half an hour ago for some news – they say the treaty of peace being signed.⁶³

I dined with Barrett and a large party at the Clarendon, and amongst others recognised my old acquaintance Stewart, of Trinity College, a friend of my best friend, poor Matthews. A Mr Kennedy there was vastly polite to me – he is a friend of Baillie. King, the Duchess of Sagun's King, sat next to me – he inflamed⁶⁴ me with the account of his travels in Bosnia and Bulgaria. Lord

61: *RLL* adds at this point, "Here the story ends".

62: Title untraced in BL and CUL catalogues.

63: *RLL* has this paragraph as the entire entry for June 2nd. All the Nile story above is given as June 1st.

64: "inflamed" conjectural.

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Maitland – I think, a dreadful dunce, was there – also the Duke of Leinster, and Lord Henry Fitzgerald – an unpleasant party.

Kennedy⁶⁵ walked to the opera with me. There I went in and saw [] *Bondani*,⁶⁶ Vestris' benefit, and renewed acquaintance with Mr N. Sykes.

Friday June 3rd 1814: I wrote Hungarian journal. Dined at Reilly's – went to Byron's box in the playhouse – C.G. and [] some stupid thing *Love in a Village*,⁶⁷ the dialogue of which is indelicate enough but tolerably good – drank brandy with Byron.

Saturday June 4th 1814: Sheridan

Finished Hungarian Tour. Saw the mail coaches parade – a very pretty sight indeed. Dined with Lord Tavistock in Hamilton Place. There were present – Duke of Grafton, Lord and Lady Jersey, Lord Kinnaird and Douglas Kinnaird, Lord Byron, Lord Albemarle, Adair, Lady Raneliffe,⁶⁸ myself, another lady, and R.B.Sheridan.

I sat next to Byron, fortunately – it was but [a] dull dinner, dreadfully formal. Sheridan hardly opened his mouth at dinner, except to correct Adair, who said that Richardson wrote *The Runaway* – it was *The Fugitive*.

Lord Kinnaird said there were several horse ordinaries⁶⁹ in Paris for the Cossacks – this was the best and only decent thing said at dinner-time. Douglas Kinnaird told a cursed long story about Kean⁷⁰ – everybody wished him at the devil. Sheridan then opened. Kinnaird said that, acting in some town in Ireland, Kean in performing with Mrs Siddons got drunk and she got all the applause. She walked off the stage in dudgeon. “The next night she played Belinda and he Jaffair,⁷¹ when he got all the applause, and *she* got drunk, I suppose,” said Sheridan. This he said to me, but not being heard repeated it, and threw [the] lords and ladies into fits. He told several stories inimitably, but this was the best thing he said. He talked of the universality of Kean's talent. Williams gave him a fine horse – someone met him prancing with it through the Strand, and said,

65: “K.” (Ms.) may be “Kinnaird”, though he's not otherwise mentioned.

66: “*Bondani*” conjectural.

67: *Love in a Village* by Isaac Bickerstaffe (1762) containing *There was a jolly miller once*

68: Wife of one of B.'s neighbours in Nottinghamshire.

69: *RLL* has “horseflesh ordinaries”; the phrase refers to restaurants serving horseflesh.

70: “Keen” (Ms – throughout this entry).

71: In Otway's *Venice Preserved*.

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“Take care, Kean – you are a good actor, but ...” – “But what? Why, I received thirty pounds for breaking three horses at Brighton last year”. Another time a friend, hearing he was to give readings between the acts at Drury Lane, said, “Kean – keep to Shakespeare – don’t meddle with Milton” – “Why not?” answered Kean, “I gave readings in Milton three times a week at Exmouth”. It seems in the same way that he was a fencing master – at Jersey he intended to quit the stage and set up a school. He told Mr Sheridan that application had been made to Drury Lane to back him when a boy against the Young Roscius,⁷² and that he, Sheridan, had said, “No, one bubble is enough at a time – if you have two, they will knock against each other and both burst”. Mr Browne, M.P., has since told me that Kean was advertised as a Young Roscius for Sadler’s Wells. Sheridan said that Kean applied to Michael Kelly⁷³ for two pounds to take a place in the stage and quit London for ever – he was then imbroiled with Elliston, and said he knew he should not do anything here. Kelly said he would lend him twenty pounds for anything else, but that he should try his hand more.

Lord Grey, who disliked Kean at first, is now a convert to him. Adair and Sheridan owned that Fox was taken in by Betty – he told Lord Kinnaird that in Hamlet he was not quite equal to Garrick but certainly the next to him. Sheridan said this was kindness to Mrs Fox. Sheridan told us that Fox went to see *The Gamester*⁷⁴ once, and that the next [day] there appear[ed] in the papers paragraphs relating how this profligate genius had been affected, and how he had wept bitterly. “Now,” said Sheridan, “the fact was this – he listened attentively, as was his fashion, throughout when Beverley says that he will take up money upon his reversion of his uncle’s estate, he turned round to me and said, ‘Rather odd, hey, that he had not thought of that before?’ This was true enough”, continued Sheridan, “for the plot turns upon this reversion”.

He mentioned of Garrick that when he made over the property of Drury Lane to him, a list of the actors and actresses was made out, and, he being inclined to follow David’s advice in everything, asked him who should be retained. Garrick, who, said Sheridan, delighted in vulgar illustrations and flowers of rhetoric, said, “I have kept many on the lost who might as well be out – if there is another dumpling put in the pot, the fat will boil over”. When he came to Mrs Siddons’ name, he said, “you can spare her, she will never do anything for certain”.

72: William Betty (1791-1874) child actor.

73: Irish tenor (1762-1826). Created Don Ottavio in *Don Giovanni*. Director of Music at Drury Lane.

74: Tragedy (1753) by Edward Moore. Garrick played the lead.

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Sheridan told of Henderson that he was so ugly he used to say of himself, "What's the use of dressing? I can do nothing with this damned face of mine". Sheridan said he had never been to Drury Lane (that is in anger) [and] he had never seen Liston.

He talked of Cumberland. He drew Sir Fretful Plagiary partly upon his model, and quoted several passages in *The Critic* which he intended to apply to him. Especially [the] line about attacking a friend, which referred to Cumberland's writing against him in the *St James's Chronicle* at the time he was doing everything for him at the theatre. He did not, however, intend that Parsons should dress after him in Sir Fretful. Young Cumberland, then in the guards, applied to General O'Hara to call Sheridan out, but the general stopped him, and once told Sheridan, "You don't know, perhaps, that you owe your life to me" – and then told him the story.

Sheridan said that he copied the scene about the dead lock in *The Critic* from Jephson's *Braganza*,⁷⁵ where it is almost verbatim – he repeated part of it. Jephson wrote a prologue against him.

We were called away early to the ladies, and poor Sheridan took a full bumper of madeira by himself. He looks well, however, with a very red face. When upstairs he told us of Richard Cavendish, that he had a semicircular motion with his arm when talking, and one day conversing with a friend as he was going up Bond Street, found he had drawn up seven hackney coaches. This is the last thing I caught of him. I was introduced before dinner, and he took me up by the hand and asked kindly after my father, and said he had spent several pleasant days at Whitton. He is different from what I took him to be, and a good deal of the complexion of the modern wits – dry, circumspect, sarcastic, and selfish in his talk without the least of that *abandon* which I thought a great wit might venture to indulge in.

He looked hard at Lady Jersey.

I own he is vastly above every other man I ever met in talk, though everybody is ready to laugh, which is a great encouragement to begin.

I went to the opera, and sat in Miss Mercer's box. I was introduced to Mrs George Lamb – I had the utmost bore and difficulty in getting away with them to their carriage.

Sunday June 5th 1814: I wrote a philippic against the Prince of Wales,⁷⁶ which kept me in until I went out to dinner with Sir Thomas Stepney, where I met his

⁷⁵: *Braganza*, a tragedy in five acts by Robert Jephson (1775 – four years before *The Critic*).

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wife, a Mr Lemon of Bath, of sixty-three – a hale man – a Mr Brown, M.P., and a Major Duke of the Duke of Cambridge's household – the latter the stupidest, vulgarest, most cold-blooded piece of goods, who talked of "settling the mob" if they attempted anything against Whites.

Lemon is an antiquarian – he talked of a man who had written the life of a toad with which he was familiar, and which could come to his call – he fed perfectly well himself on barley [] until he had one of his eyes pecked out by a raven, after which he was obliged to be fed by the hand, as he could not shoot his tongue to its mark. Stepney told a story of Lord Kenyon going to Thurlow because he had seen "No King – Oliver Cromwell for ever!" written on the wall. He put off his court on purpose to see the Chancellor on this dangerous occasion – "Pray, my Lord," said Thurlow surlily, "did your Lordship ever see ⁷⁷ written on the wall?" – "I certainly have!" – "Well, did it ever excite you to anything, for it never did me."

Stepney said that he could believe that the POFT and other letters on the walls might be done by persons not paid, for he recollected seeing a man in a shabby dress dangling an old iron key at the end of a pole opposite to Sir Cecil Wray when he stood for Westminster, and crying out, "Who locks up the small beer from the washerwomen?" This the fellow did for six hours for fifteen days. Stepney inquired at all the committees and could not find out that he was employed. At last he asked the man himself, who said that he was a porter – that Sir Cecil Wray used to lock up the beer barrels at a wash, and that he dangled the key for nothing, i.e., out of patriotism, or spite, or the sake of joining in the fun going on.

Stepney told of Sheridan that he and Richardson were dining at the Piazza Coffee House when Miss Farren⁷⁸ took leave of the stage, having promised her a farewell epilogue. Message after message came to them, that the first, second, third, and fourth acts were over – they would not write, nor began to set pen to paper until the end of the fifth act, so that Miss Farren had scarce time to learn the lines by heart.⁷⁹ Stepney told me this just as if he believed it to be true, which shows that a man of genius gets credit for impossibilities even with person of very tolerable understanding.

76: This is H.'s *Vox Populi*, published anonymously in *The Examiner* on June 12th – see below. *RLS* cuts this reference to it, alarmed perhaps at its tone.

77: Ms. gap.

78: Elizabeth Farren (c.1759-1829) actress famous as Lady Teazle and Lydia Languish.

79: The same story is told about Sheridan not writing the fifth act of *Pizarro* until the Act IV / V interval.

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I walked home with Lemon, who had avoided gout by not drinking wine, although his family have had it, as he told me, for 400 years.

Monday June 6th 1814: The Emperor and King of Prussia, who were expected yesterday, are not yet come.

Wrote, and finished copying out, *Vox Populi*.⁸⁰ Called on Byron. The streets and Kent Road lined with people expecting Alexander and Frederick.

Dined with Mr Curl, a large party where I learned nothing and talked a great deal. By the way, a General Leslie, a brother of Lord Balgowan's, [was] there, and he had seen a letter from Colonel Campbell in which he writes from Elba that he is with Napoleon six hours a day, and that the Emperor tries all sorts of *chasse*, and now even fishes for his amusement.

A dreadful debauch. Home – bed – twelve.

Tuesday June 7th 1814: The Emperor and King not come. Cawthorne called to say he was ready to settle accounts, i.e., pay the remaining £300.

Wrote journal from Saturday.

The Emperor of Russia arrived at the Pultney Hotel secretly at two o'clock, and the King of Prussia secretly at three o'clock, but at four and five all the streets in the direction of Kent Road were full of good folks waiting to see the sovereigns. St James's Street was full from top to bottom. This was the more extraordinary, as the Emperor had been bowing to the populace out of the Pultney Hotel. Our part of London seemed a mass of moving population. The mob hurrahed every carriage, especially if it had a cossack or dragoon behind it.

I rode down to Whitton at five, but being unable to pass by the Pultney Hotel went back, and so through the park, finding it very difficult to pass also by Stable Yard, the King of Prussia being at York House. Blücher arrived at six – the mob burst into Carlton House lower rooms to see him, and, it is said, some actually got into the carriage with him when he went from Carlton House to his lodgings.

Wednesday June 8th 1814: Passed the day at Whitton.

Thursday June 9th 1814: Rode up to London, which I found, as before, in a ferment – the Emperor and the King were at Carlton House at a chapter of the Garter – I saw them come back, the Emperor half an hour before the King, in a carriage with a strong escort behind, and distinguished by a forerunner carrying a small banner. The King also had a man carrying a black banner – I saw

80: *Vox Populi* is published in *The Examiner* on June 12th – see below.

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Castlereagh and Liverpool in one carriage with their ice-blue ribbons. The Mayor and Aldermen were laughed at: one fellow said, "Make way for the Lord Mayor's coach – God knows but he may lose⁸¹ his dinner!"

I dined with the Princess of Wales, being in the carriage of Byron, who did not go, but sent an excuse by me. There were present Sir William Gell, Mr Bennett, and Mr Henry Fox – and Lady C. Campbell. We had a dreadful dinner – the poor creature ate nothing, [and] her eyes were frequently filled with tears. The party, especially Bennett, amused themselves in vilifying the rascally husband. This she took without saying anything herself, but certainly not unwillingly. Billy Austin (called William) came in after dinner.

She was sorry to hear Lord Cochrane and the others had been found guilty, i.e., she was sorry for Lord Cochrane, as is everybody but the ministers and those who hate reform. Perry of the *Morning Chronicle* says they had a fair jury.

The Princess expected to have heard something from the Sovereigns – she has received only a visit from the King of Prussia's chamberlain. She was brought up on Blücher's knees – "But doubtless", said she, "he thinks me dead – he can think no otherwise". She talked highly in favour of Brougham, who, it is said, stands for Westminster and has Sir Charles Stewart for an opponent.

We stayed no long after the Princess had re-entered, but came to her in the drawing-room, where she was as melancholy as before. She told us of the match between her daughter and the Hereditary Prince of Orange – that the Princess Charlotte had told her that she had seen him for the first time in December when at dinner at Carlton House – the moment she saw him she had resolved to have him not – indeed, she never had heard a word of the matter. After dinner the Regent came behind her chair, and leaning over it took her hand and put it into that of the Prince of Orange, saying, "From this moment I consider you engaged". The Princess was thunderstruck – she spoke not a word. The next day, the Prince of Orange sent her a letter stating that he would not owe the honour of her hand to a surprise, and that if he did not learn that she was inclined to regard him favourably he should discontinue any attempt. She said that as a preliminary she must know where she was to live in case of a marriage. The Prince communicated to her that he could not answer that without consulting his father – he went to Holland, and in March stated that Holland was to be the residence.

The Princess Charlotte wrote to the Prince her father, saying she would never consent to the match if [she was] to live in Holland. The Prince wrote or spoke to her in reply that he neither would nor could give her an establishment in England

81: "loose" (Ms.)

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– he had no house for her – no money – no preparations of any kind for her court – she could not have one here. The Princess Charlotte answered that then she would not marry. Adam, and Sir Henry Halford, were sent to persuade her, but in vain – she would not see them. The Duke of York came – she told him it would not do, she was so determined.

Then comes the Prince of Orange in disguise, as Captain St George, to try, as the Princess said, “what all-powerful Love would do”. He pretended he had letters from Holland, and so had an interview, at which he, however, could not bend her, but on the contrary rather entered into her views, and therefore the match was to be considered as agreed upon. He consented to write to Holland to know his father’s wish about residing in England, and he has told the Princess Charlotte that she shall lose all her ladies of honour, &c.

The Princess of Wales told us that she knew the answer was come back from the old Prince of Orange, and that the answer was in the affirmative, but that the Regent kept back the intelligence – he would not stir the question about the marriage whilst the Sovereigns were here. The Prince of Orange had communicated through a second person the approaching marriage to the Princess of Wales, and the Princess his mother had sent her a congratulatory letter which had been kept back by the Regent. The Prince of Orange’s aunt is the Princess of Wales’s sister-in-law – her letters have been kept back.

The Princess said the young man has behaved perfectly well. She expressed her hopes that Romilly should see the marriage articles to prevent any tricks, for fear she should be made dependent on the⁸² establishment or sent to Holland. She said, “Now mark me – the Prince will become jealous of her the moment she has a court – he will make a point of keeping the opposition from it, just as he would not suffer my ladies to visit Mrs Fitzherbert – he is always jealous where he likes, and persecutes where he hates. But I hope the nobility of England will not desert her – I hope they will treat her better than they treated me”.

Mr Bennett said he did not think the Princess Charlotte’s friends would desert her. I said I thought they would, if it came to a question between her and the Regent’s power. The Princess of Wales said, “Mr Hobhouse, you are very right – they will.”

She had an organ which played tunes by itself. “I can’t afford to buy it myself,” said she, “but I keep it for my son-in-law. I wanted the Princess Charlotte to buy it, but she could not either – she says it is too dear – yet it is but £250”.

82: “or to” (Ms.)

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I took leave, not unwillingly, at a little before eleven, and went to the Opera – Tramezzani's benefit. The Princess of Prussia and Blücher were there – there was great clapping. I did not stay for the ballet, which did not begin until past twelve.

Went to Byron's, who took me to Lady Lansdowne's, where was a party with some of the foreigners – Metternich, General Colure,⁸³ who had just come from Elba and says Napoleon behaved very much to his honour throughout the whole journey to his retreat – came back, and took brandy in Byron's room and talked of going to Elba – bed at three.

Friday June 10th 1814: Mr Cawthorne paid me my remaining £300, and I gave up to him his deed.

I rode out with Kinnaird today and by mistake [took] a dark bay horse instead of my light bay mare. S.B.Davies was the first to find it out, sending it home – my servant was thrown, and the horse lamed. I wrote to the Master of the Horse (and Sir Thomas Stanley) and told him I should buy it. In effect, I did buy the horse, for fifty guineas, the next day. Sir Thomas's brother bartered⁸⁴ ten guineas on the occasion.

I dined at Cuthbert's – met Davies and Kinnaird and young Adams.

The Emperor and King of Prussia went to Ascot today. Blücher is taken more notice of than either, so he goes about where he can in plain clothes.

A Miss Bridge, who sat by me, said the only sharp thing I ever heard a woman utter. S.B.Davies said that they paid no more attention to the King of Prussia than to the King of Clubs – “Aye,” said she – “he is not trumps”.

I spent the rest of the night (ho ho!) with Byron, who has given over the Elba plan.

Saturday June 11th 1814: S.B.Davies called. He tells me he won last night at Wattier's £6,065 at Macao. I paid him £47 10s for a hare⁸⁵ and debt. Gave fifty guineas for a lame horse, and 10s 6d to [].

Dined at the Cocoa Tree on cold meat. Went to the Opera, and got into Miss Mercer's box, where were Miss Mercer, Lady L. Grey, and some of Adam's sons. Lord and Lady Grey came in, and Tierney. The next two boxes were thrown into one for the Emperor, the King, and Prince Regent. The house was crammed to excess. The papers say 2,000 people got in without paying, owing to

83: *RLI* hazards General Köller, “the Austrian who accompanied Napoleon to Elba”.

84: “bartered” conjectural.

85: “hare” conjectural – meaning unclear.

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the pressure. The boxes were all as full as they could hold. At ten the royal party came in, and there was great clapping – *God Save the King* was sung – everyone stood up, and never did eyes see a finer sight than our rows over rows of fine women.

The poor⁸⁶ Princess of Wales came in, somehow or the other, *mal* opportunely – the applause was doubtful. However, the royal party got up and bowed towards the box, without, however, so I think, addressing the salutation to the Princess.

The Duke of Devonshire came in, and led Miss Mercer to the opposite side to see – I should not wonder if it was a match. I went away to Lady Tavistock's box, and had a full sight of all the box of kings, which, excepting the blue King of Prussia, was a blaze of red. The Emperor was on the left of the Regent, the King on the right. Lord Liverpool stood up behind the Prince, Castlereagh in the corner near the King. The Colonel Mellish stood between the Emperor, and the Regent behind, and behind the Emperor was a Russian noble. The back was occupied by officers in red. The Emperor and King wore the ribbon of the Garter. The Prince looked inconceivably beastly – large and white and wallowing, and a sad contrast⁸⁷ to the healthy monarchs between whom he sat. He was, by common consent, in a parlous fear, and indeed the presence of the Princess might have given an unpleasant turn to the scene.

Tramezzani acted *Aristodemo*,⁸⁸ and after the play he and Grassini sang a long-winded occasional address to the sovereigns, during which the company all stood up. Blücher was in plain clothes in Lord L's box.

Sunday June 12th 1814: I rode in the park at three, where there was a tremendous crowd to see the Emperor and King, who made a partial round on horseback, preceded by Colonel Mellish and the Duke of Montrose, with his blue ribbon on. An immense train on horseback followed. The multitudes, well-dressed, made a pretty sight. The crowd pressed about the monarchs to shake or kiss their hands, which they were obliged to keep up high to prevent [them from] being perpetually seized – they were followed all the way. The Princess Charlotte was in her carriage, and the Emperor gallantly rode up to speak with her – twice.

I went in Byron's carriage at seven, and dined at Holland House. There I met Miss Fox, Martin Archer Shee, the painter and author, and Mr Kean, a very

86: *RLL* omits "poor".

87: *RLL* cuts this down to "The Prince Regent made a sad contrast ..."

88: Tragedy by Vincenzo Monti.

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handsome little man with a mild but marked countenance and eye as brilliant as on the stage. He knitted his eyebrows, I observed, when he could not make out exactly what was said. There, too, was Grattan. We sat down to dinner when in came Major Stanhope and Lord Ebrington. Kean ate most pertinaciously with his knife, and had too much of “Ladyship” and “Lordship” – this was natural to him, but Shee was ten times worse.

At dinner I sat next to Lady Holland. She talked to me about Spain, and said the Cortes had acted so foolishly that their present fate was not to be wondered at. They had given no superior eligibility to the nobles or the clergy for their body, and only an equal chance with the rest. They imitated the Brissotine constitution, without knowing the vast difference between the French and Spanish nations. She observed that Dr Allen had endeavoured to convince Aguellar, or some such-named man, of the folly of the proceedings, and had drawn up for them a short scheme of conduct.

I endeavoured to listen to Lady Holland and also to Lord Holland, who was telling how he and Grenville and Grey and Erskine had been received on Saturday by the Emperor Alexander, who had sent for them⁸⁹ to the Pultney Hotel. Lord Holland said the crowd were very inconsiderate in pressing even into the hotel, and to his surprise he saw Lady Elizabeth Whitbread there. Adair and Lord Morpeth waited below and complained of the length of time the Emperor had kept his visitors. When introduced, the Emperor said, “Vous êtes milord Erskine – voici une lettre pour vous de la part de Monsieur La Harpe”. Erskine said, “I know your Imperial Majesty understands English, so I will not try to speak French”. Alexander was pleased at this. He told Erskine he had followed him, though not his speech on Hardy’s trial, and passed some compliments on it. Erskine was going to enter into a long account of it, but saw Grenville by, who could not be much pleased with the detail, so stopped.

The Emperor told the party he thought that an opposition was an excellent thing for the country – but added he did not think the animosity should be carried out of parliament; alluding, they presumed, to his never having seen them at the Carlton House parties. He said he had been most struck in England with the dress, and the *air d’aisance*, apparent in everybody. He had seen no *people* as yet.⁹⁰

I could not catch anything else of this conversation. Lady Holland kept me in play with talking of the “uniform melancholy” (she called it) of English habitations. She liked a shop and a palace ultimately, and would have all the

89: “they” are the Whig opposition.

90: Alexander meant “peasants”.

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merchandise painted on the windows. She talked a great deal – I thought, too much. Lady Holland asked Kean why all the actors said “Give me thy hand” as if “thy” were “the” – he said he never pronounced it so. Kean said Iago was three lengths longer than Othello – a “length” is forty-two lines.

Lord Holland said that he had seen a letter from a midshipman on board the *Undaunted* frigate, in which Napoleon sailed to Elba, in which the boy said that Boney was so good-humoured and laughed and talked and [was] so agreeable, but that the world had been under a great mistake thinking him a clever man – he was just like anybody else.

When the women went, the conversation turned on public speaking. Grattan gave us a specimen of Lord Chatham’s way, which he said was colloquial, and (when he saw him) leaning on his crutch, and sometimes dozing, but when roused by opposition, overbearingly eloquent – he was, however, inferior to modern speakers. Pitt, his son, was a better rhetorician.

Lord Holland told us that Fox once said to him Sheridan’s speech on the Begums⁹¹ was the finest ever heard in parliament.⁹² Holland asked him if his own speech on the Peace was not as good – “That was a damned good speech, too!” was the ingenuous reply of the great man. Fox used to praise Pitt’s speech on the slave trade as a fine specimen of eloquence. We talked about speaking – Lord Holland said he had met with a word in Pope he could not understand: “A hat that never veiled to Human Pride”.⁹³ Stanhope said he had read the expression “veil the proud towers” – I unwisely put to him my *nodus* out of Pope:

But touch me and no minister’s so sore⁹⁴

He very naturally said, “You had better ask Mr Kean where to lay the stress,” and then said, “I should put one neither on *no* nor *minister* but on *touch me*”. It was in vain I explained that I knew the stress was to be laid on *touch me*, but wanted to know whether it ought to be laid on *no* or *minister*. “That, said Major Stanhope, “is like saying, “if the winner had not won, which of the two losing horses would have come in first?” Lord Holland said he did not think that Pope thought of any other minister than Fleury, and Shee agreed – now it is evident they were all wrong, but that was nothing. I blushed, and came off corrected, although right.

91: During the trial of Warren Hastings.

92: Compare B.’s journal entry at BLJ III 239.

93: Pope, *Dunciad* IV, 205. The Ms reads “viel’d”.

94: Pope, *Imitations of Horace*, Book II Satire 1, 76. Should be “... minister so sore.”

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Lord Holland said Pope laid the stress on the last syllable in “barrier” – there I had him, however, with “Guard the sure barrier between that and sense”.⁹⁵ Major Stanhope made another effort, but it would not do this time.

When we went to the ladies, the conversation was addressed to Kean. Lady Holland asked him if he was not a capital Scrub.⁹⁶ Kean said he had no acquaintance with the part, and was no comedian, except perhaps he could play Tyke in *The School of Reform*,⁹⁷ which was a sentimental character.

Lord Ebrington and Stanhope went off, and then Grattan began to give us in his inimitable, grotesque, forcible, antitheatrical manner, characters of the Irish who figured in the end of the last century. He spoke of Perry as a great man – Lord Clare was to be intimidated, although he had fought, and fought well, too. Lord Holland told us at dinner he had heard Lord Carhampton say of a speech of Lord Clare’s, “Every word of the noble lord’s speech is a lie – from the beginning to end – a great lie”. He qualified it to be sure, by saying he might not mean it to be a lie, but Grattan and Holland both said such an observation would not be borne nowadays. Grattan was delightfully severe against many characters. His description of Lord Bellamont’s person was finished: he was “like a black bull, always butting”. He [(Bellamont)] was cursed with a talent for imitation, and selected some one bad habit from each of his friends, so that he was a compound of vicious manners. One of his friends always stood with his toes in – Bellamont did the same. Another wore black stockings and dirty torn breeches – Bellamont copied this also. He wore his wig half off his head in imitation of someone else, and in speaking he took off the bad manner of some [] []: “He had a watery elocution, spoke through the nose, and had a face totally insensible to anything he was saying”. He thought Bellamont’s wig was dirtier than Curran’s hair. He said a deal of a Dr Lucas, whom no-one had heard of, [and] finished his sketch by saying “When he rose to speak in parliament he had not a friend in the house – when he sat down he had spoken so ill he had not an enemy”. Lord Holland and myself were in convulsions of laughs – Kean, notwithstanding every effort, roared outright – Lady Holland gave way, and Miss Fox was in ecstasy.⁹⁸

He kept us in this way till half-past eleven, when he took me to the Princess of Wales in Connaught Place. He was muttering and slapping his thigh during the ride, and twisting about into every form. Arriving at the Princess’s I found nearly everyone gone. Whitbread, at his desire, was introduced to me by Lady C. Campbell – Stuart was there – Dr Parr and Frederick North had been there –

95: Pope, *Dunciad* I, 178.

96: In Farquhar’s *The Beaux’ Stratagem*. See *TVOJ*, Preface.

97: *The School of Reform, or How to Rule a Husband* by Thomas Morton (1805).

98: Compare B.’s journal entry at BLJ

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there was music below. The Princess made Grattan sit down by her – called him “My dear Mr Grattan”. She has called me “her dear Mr Hobhouse”. I walked away at half-past one.

Today appeared in *The Examiner* an essay of my writing called *Vox Populi*, a philippic against the Prince. I sent it without a name to Leigh Hunt.⁹⁹

Byron, who promised to write, did not.

[NOT IN DIARY: *Vox Populi*, from *The Examiner*, June 12th 1814, pp 370-2:

VOX POPULI.

The English are justly remarkable for a propriety of feeling, which is not only creditable to their national character, but renders their spontaneous suggestions somewhat more worthy of regard, to say the least of them, than the sentiments of any individuals, however deservedly conspicuous may be their place, or important their functions in society. – In the many convulsions of Great Britain, as soon as the voice of the people was heard, which assuredly was at an earlier period than in any other country, the majority, if not the great mass of the nation, might easily be shewn to have adopted that line of thinking and acting, which mature reflection has proved to be consonant to the dictates of virtue and good sense. A Revolution, such as that which crushed the pretensions of a vicious dynasty, and, without the impulse of foreign or domestic violence, obtained the greatest possible good with the least possible injustice, is no where to be found but in the British annals. Similar attempts of tyranny have in all ages been rewarded with a defeat as deserving and no less signal, but not operated by similar means, nor productive of the same ends; nor, unless the circumstances and situations which have formed the character of Englishmen should conspire to create another such people, does it seem possible that history should have to record a second event, conformable in every point to that glorious transaction.¹⁰⁰ In England, if a Prince should be found as vicious, as cowardly, as ungrateful, as JAMES,¹⁰¹ he would, it may be hoped and presumed, frame for himself the same fortune as attended that besotted Sovereign. In order that similar vices and follies should bring about the same catastrophe, it is not indispensable that they should display themselves in the same colours, nor produce the exact errors which were

99: *RLL* withholds the information about H.’s authorship of *Vox Populi* and the date of its publication.

100: H. refers to the “Glorious Revolution” of 1688.

101: James II, dethroned in 1688.

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fatal to the former king. Differences of time will give a different direction and complexion to bad principles. A Sovereign of England might, at this day, be a bigot without being a papist; he might be a persecutor without selecting his victims from the Bench of Bishops;¹⁰² just as he might find a venal, violent Administrator of Injustice under another name than that of JEFFERIES.¹⁰³ He might shew himself so similar to JAMES in frivolity, meanness, and a vindictive, unjust spirit, without having the opportunity of calling those vices into play, as to disqualify himself for the throne of his realms. It is not necessary that the People, like the Judicature, should wait an overt act of treason, nor remain unmoved, until, by a decided violence against their liberties, they awake from their temper only to find themselves already enslaved. To the conduct of an English King may be applied what is said of mathematical rectitude –

“Linea recta velut sola est, sed mille recurvæ:”¹⁰⁴ –

He has but one right course to pursue, but a thousand crooked paths present themselves to his choice. – The People of England would no more be inclined to pardon all vices and incapacities, except those of the same order and kind as disgraced the miserable JAMES, than they would think it necessary (captivating as such a coincidence might be if it did occur) to suffer all extremities, until Holland should furnish them with another Liberator in the person of a son-in-law to the offending Prince.¹⁰⁵ It would not be indispensable to meet with an entire parity of case, before they resolved upon a change of Masters: the Revolution might serve them for a model as to their own conduct; and, with that complete precedent before their eyes, they would have this advantage over every other people, that they knew themselves capable of dethroning a bad king without those sanguinary struggles, the fear of which has been at all times, and in these days particularly is, the strongest prop of tyranny. It seems probable, indeed, that a second act of similar justice would be brought about, if possible, with still less convulsion than the first: – at the end of the 17th century there were still some sincere believers in “the right divine of kings to govern wrong;” but in this

102: Refers to the Seven Bishops imprisoned by James II.

103: Judge Jeffreys (1648-89) presided over the Bloody Assizes after the Monmouth Rebellion (1685).

104: “There is only one kind of straight line, but a thousand which are not straight” (Archimedes).

105: H. seems to imply that the Hereditary Prince of Orange (soon, perhaps, to marry Princess Charlotte) will be the saviour of England, as William of Orange was in 1688.

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period a fallen Tyrant would have no other partisans than he could pay, or such as he might acquire by the superior follies and faults of his successor. In most instances, the latter would be but a poor dependance indeed!! – It is of little importance amongst what class, or where, or how, the Sentiments of the People are to be collected – it is quite sufficient to establish, what no one can hardly deny, that there are circumstances in which a feeling exists so generally, as to be recognised for that of the Public at large, – too commonly expressed to be disputed, too clear to be misunderstood, and, what is of great moment, too well-founded and powerful to admit of any open opposition. – The wretched retainers of a Court may have the stupidity to doubt, the impudence to controvert, or the folly to condemn this feeling – they may conceal from their Master, or palliate, or vilify the expressions of discontent – they may depend upon the generous patience of the People, forgetting that the fact of its having already been so much stretched, so far from increasing the dependance on its strength, must add to the risk of any additional tension. But their silence, their insinuations, have only this effect, that their misguided Master, – in favour of whom the single sinister exception has been made, – as he is the last to be undeceived, so he is the first to suffer. – It can scarcely be necessary to assert, that when there is a loud and general tone of approbation in the expression of the Public relative to their Prince, the earlier that melancholy fact is conveyed to his ears, the greater is his chance of future popularity; for where the Sovereign is at issue with his People, either on opinions or in fact, whether he be right or wrong, whether he is to correct his own errors or those of his subjects, he can not too soon commence his examination, or his effects of reform. – Perhaps a very prudent Prince would make some sacrifices to public opinion, for which, much rather than for the lust of dominion, although that motive is consecrated by classical authority, a partial violation of rectitude and individual conviction may be permitted to an honourable man. A wise Monarch would be inclined, in spite of all former self-persuasion, to suspect, that in a difference of opinion in which he himself stands alone on one side, and the Multitude are ranged on the other, there must be a presumption of propriety on the part of his opponents. Having once established the fact of his unpopularity, it would be a fatal error in an English Prince, to suppose himself unjustly judged, because he had not to lay to his charge any open attack upon the liberties of his People, or direct violation of the Constitution. Mankind, in these periods of the world, will not permit Sovereigns to indulge in the dragooning of Louis XIV, any more than in the enormities of

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the CÆSARS. He should not think himself free from all suspicions of tyranny, because he had extorted no ship-money, nor spilt the blood of a SIDNEY:¹⁰⁶ he might, with equal propriety, venture at a profligate mortgage of the honour and riches of the Crown to a thousand Jews, because he had not imitated his royal predecessor in extracting the teeth of a refractory Israelite. He should be aware, that he may give undoubted proofs of an obstinate bigotry, joined with a crushing cruelty of heart, that might shew him qualified to command another massacre of Antwerp or Paris,¹⁰⁷ although the circumstances of his reign should never allow him to be the successful rival of PHILIP¹⁰⁸ or of CHARLES.¹⁰⁹ Above all, he should be taught, that without the opportunity, or capacity, or even the inclination, to commit any of those glaring crimes, which would make him hated and feared whilst living, and secure for his name a pre-eminence in the annals of Royal Guilt, he may, by repeated littlenesses, paltry practices, and a course of imbecile follies, unredeemed by a single virtue, attain to a character, the meanness of which shall give him, in spite of his insignificance, so shameful a notoriety even beyond the precincts of his own dominions, that his subjects, no longer tolerating that their national character should be coupled with contempt, will decide that he is unfit to reign; and by one deliberate though unconcerted act of justice, force him to descend from his throne. The crimes of those Monarchs, whom the world consents to call great, are treacheries to brother Sovereigns, invasions of foreign states, oppression in their own. These powerful delinquents, if they fall, fall by the hand of external violence. The petty Prince betrays his friends – insults his companions – is the tyrant of his wife. His circle of injustice is equally complete, although not of so wide a circumference as that of his competitors for infamy. He has not the power or the courage to carry his principles into extended action, but he hazards now and then an attack of an individual right, and would at all times corrupt the virtue, if he does not invade the liberties, of his subjects; he also has his reward, – but without the intervention of foreign force he is guilty to his People, and by this People he is put down: he disgraces that Royalty which, in England, is part of the popular establishment, contrived for the individual and general dignity and respectability of the nation: he converts that which should be their pride into their shame; he is

106: Algernon Sidney (1622?-83) extreme republican executed under Charles II. Jeffreys presided at his trial.

107: Refers to the massacres at Antwerp (1576) and at Paris and on St Bartholomew's Eve (1572).

108: Phillip II of Spain (1527-98) King at the time of the Sack of Antwerp.

109: Charles IX of France (1550-74) King at the time of St Bartholomew's Eve.

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guilty of Treason against the Kingly Authority: he has wounded the Majesty of the British Crown. This is a *personal* offence, and of that class to which it is evident that the constitutional axiom, that *the King can do no wrong*, was never meant to apply. The responsibility of the Ministers of the Crown regards only those measures which emanate from the Royal authority, not from the individual Prince, which are acts of public government, not of private conduct; and if it be thought difficult to draw the line between the two, it may at least be asserted, that if at any time a deed of the Sovereign should draw down upon him an odium so individual and confined to himself, as not to affect the character of one of his public Ministers, and so generally understood to proceed from him alone, as to render it neither necessary nor decent to attempt his defence, then it is clear, that by common consent the responsibility of the Advisors of the Crown has in this instance ceased altogether to exist. Some cases might be put, in which it would be an insult to the common sense and character of the nation to ask for the Advisors of the Crown. – If HENRY were now on the throne, would such a question be tolerated as who has counselled the Sovereign to insult, betray, and dethrone his wife? There are some acts of a nature so base, that although a man will allow he has perpetrated them, he can never be brought to own that he has advised them. By courtesy of England, no gentleman could be supposed capable of recommending an action, which, involving no question of external or internal policy or usage of state, but acknowledged to be scandalous by the moral sense of every civilized nation and age, admits of no difference of opinion, and consequently of no defence. In such a case, the finding of the fact is sufficient: no argument on the law is requisite, or can be tolerated; the sentence is at once pronounced. The Parliament is the tribunal assigned for the vicarious arraignment of the conduct of the King in the person of his Ministers; but supposing that in a full Senate a heavy charge should be preferred against him, and that upon resorting to the usual forms of substitution, and enquiring for the Court Advizers, the triple rows of the Treasury, – the Bench of Courtiers, – the exculpatory conventiclers, all should be silent, – all ashamed; – if neither the mild Minister, the fond Favourite, nor the speaking Saint; if neither placemen nor expectants, neither gratitude nor hope, should raise a single voice, – it would be evident that the offence had been no public act of the Executive, but private and personal; – and that to the private person of the Prince the whole guilt ought to be referred, and from him the whole retribution required.

If a King of England should, with his own hand, deliberately destroy one of his subjects, with those aggravations which constitute the crime of murder, his offence would then be individual and personal, and one where the form of asking

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for the Advisor, would certainly be omitted; but it is certain, that the circumstance of the deed being individual and personal, would not preclude the interference of the People, nor be classed amongst those delicate transactions (to use the absurd phrase of modern imbecility), which should be veiled entirely from the public eye. No! such a deed, unless perhaps it were the single sin of a meritorious reign, would cost the offender his Crown. But on what principle would that homicide be punished? Not from revenge, nor as an act of tyranny, but because it would be considered base, cowardly, and every way derogatory of the dignity of the Crown, and, consequently, of the national character. A constant and open violation of the common forms and decencies of civilized life would be equally included in the same class of private crime; and more than the perpetration of any single act, however enormous, would excite the indignation and call forth the interference of the People. Even an unblushing display of childish, frivolous, degrading tastes and propensities, – an indulgence in gross, unbecoming, vulgar pleasures, – a decided inclination for the mean and disgraced, in preference to the good and honourable portions of society, – an aversion for and abstinence from all the legitimate duties of Royalty, – these also, these would be positive delinquencies, obnoxious to the same reproof and punishment: – and with reason; for a Prince in this predicament has already committed a crime which cannot be pardoned in a free state; – *he has shewn a contempt of his People*: – his fate, then, is decided: – he falls – and, happily for his subjects, without a friend. ^{* * *]}

Monday June 13th 1814: I read some of Shaftesbury's *Characteristics – Advice to an Author*,¹¹⁰ which I do think vastly dull and didactic. Also read *Memoirs of Glover*,¹¹¹ who does not seem to have thought much of any political character of his time except George Townshend. Pitt he speaks of with pointed disrespect. He is violent, but I can't say like Junius, which the *Memoirs* are edited to prove. They are a good monument of the importance of a man to himself. Glover talks of his doing his duty by his country, as if he had been a Cicero or a Nelson.

I read also this day, or rather this evening, for I did not dine or go out, *The Guardian*, *The Bashful Lover*, *A Very Woman* by Massinger, and *The Old Law* by him and his friends Middleton and Rowley. There is nothing to my mind

110: Anthony Ashley Cooper, First Earl of Shaftesbury, *Soliloquy, or, Advice to an Author* (1714).

111: Richard Glover, *Memoirs by a Celebrated Literary and Political Character* (1814).

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comic in these plays, nor affecting, although good poetry is to met with. Gifford's violence to Coxeter and Mason¹¹² is intolerable.

I walked about, but went nowhere today, and found the time hang dreadfully on my hands. It was wet in the evening – the Sovereigns went to Woolwich. Dined with Lord Stafford, and went to a ball at Lord Cholmondely[']s], where the Emperor waltzed with Bessy Rawdon and Lady Jersey and someone else, and picked up Bessy's fan, which was much remarked, leaning behind her chair at supper, where he would not sit down but for five minutes.

Yesterday night, the King of Prussia, upon Lord Salisbury's walking before him with two candles, said, "Courez!" and was walking back to his carriage, but was stopped – he insisted on no such ceremony. He and the Emperor are said to complain of the *gêne* put upon all their movements.

I overheard a tailor who frequents the King of Prussia's household say that the King thought it very hard he was not allowed to walk about where he liked without being pressed to death. The tailor said the Prince had twelve suits of regimentals. He was proud at having worked for the King. "I dare say," he said, "that many a man will be putting the King and Emperor's name on his board, when he has only made a pair of breeches for him – or waistcoat."

Tuesday June 14th 1814: I wrote an essay in the morning about the Princess of Wales.¹¹³ Called on Byron. Dined at the Cocoa Tree on roast beef. Walked in the Green Park, and overheard a tailor talking of the Sovereigns. A fine evening, but sultry. Went, *malgré*, at half-past eleven, with Lord Byron to Lady Rancliffe's, where was a small party. I was introduced to Poodle Byng and Mrs Rawdon, who gave me a long inventory of her daughter's accomplishments – the charming Bessy was in the room – she sang¹¹⁴ the Tyrolese air. I, like a ninny, did not ask to be introduced to her, being in a dreadful fright all the evening, and at last going away in a complete horror and despair through a back door. I shall never overcome my *mauvaise honte*. Lady Rancliffe in her note to Byron said she should be delighted to see me, although afraid of me – poor thing – her "delight" and "fear"! She must have seen there was no-one afraid but myself.

A report that Napoleon has lost his wits.

112: T. Coxeter had edited Massinger's Works in 1761, J .M. Mason in 1779. Gifford seems on principle to be extremely rude about his editing predecessors.

113: This is published in *The Examiner* of June 26th – see below.

114: "sung" (Ms.)

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Wednesday June 15th 1814: Got up at eleven. Wrote journal since Friday. Dined with Ned Ellice, and a large party, at his house. All I heard was that it was notorious in Italy that at the bridge of Arcola Napoleon did not plant a standard as represented in the picture, but washed in a ditch – General Adam mentioned this.

Thursday June 16th 1814: S.B.Davies called, and told me that *Vox Populi* is to be pursued by the King's Attorney General¹¹⁵ – also he made me take a resolution of standing for the University of Cambridge in the event of Palmerston's being made a peer. Come what will, come what may, I am determined to try, and have accordingly commenced operations.

I dined at the Royal Society Club,¹¹⁶ and in the evening took my seat as a Fellow of the Royal Society, being introduced by Mr Murdock,¹¹⁷ and received by Sir Joseph Banks. A Mr Crampton was admitted Fellow with me, and seventy-six balloted for the Chevalier Italinsky, Minister of Russia at the Porte.

I heard two papers read, one by Sir Humphrey Davy on Iode, another by Dr Kidd of Oxford on the formation of Saltpetre. It seems that a quantity of this material is found in the under-floor of the Ashmolean Museum at Oxford, and that its formation is so rapid after the incrustation is brushed from the walls it is again observed.

I called on a Mr Thomas Smith, 58 Russell Square, to whom a letter of mine telling Thomas Smith my friend at Benyon's No. 45, to say nothing about *Vox Populi*, had been sent. He gave me his word that the intelligence shall go no farther.

I then spent the remainder of the evening at Benyon's. I heard that at Lady Cholmondely's ball the Countess [of] Jersey was walking with the Emperor Alexander when she happened to be so near the Prince of Wales that she dropped him a curtsey – the Prince turned on his heel. The Emperor whispered to Lady Jersey, "Pas fort gallant ça!" Lady Jersey told this to me who told me.¹¹⁸

I wrote to Tavistock asking for his vote and interest.

Friday June 17th 1814: I sent the letter to Tavistock. Walked to Freemason's Hall, and there heard debating on the article in the late treaty of peace relative to the continuance of the slave trade for five years by the French in the ceded

115: *RLL* has this sentence, but does not explain what *Vox Populi* is.

116: "Society Royal Club" (Ms.)

117: William Murdock (1754-1839) inventor of coal-gas lighting.

118: "this to me who told me" – sic Ms. H. does not reveal his source (unless it was Lady Jersey).

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colonies – the Duke of Gloucester¹¹⁹ was in the chair. The business was opened by Wilberforce, seconded in an eloquent speech by Lord Grey. Then came Whitbread, rough but very good. Humboldt the plenipotentiary was there, and next to me. He was much struck with Grey's speaking, which he said he could understand. There was an attack made by Waithman on Lord Grey after we went away.

Called on Tavistock, and received a promise of his most [] support.

I took some cold meat at the Cocoa Tree – went to the play at Covent Garden into Byron's box, in which were Lady Rancliffe, Lord Rancliffe, and Lady Adelaide Forbes, with whom I repaired all faults.

The Emperor was expected, and I saw Fawcett in a full dress, ready to receive him. Several well-dressed people were in the centre chamber of the box – amongst others, Mrs Siddons. We did not stay to see him.

I went to Lord Grey's, where was a large party, half in full dress, to receive the Emperor Alexander. Lord Grey desired Lord Lansdowne to introduce me to him. I saw and spoke to many old foreign friends – Prince Radzivil – Duchess d'Acherenza and Princess Hohenzollern.¹²⁰ Even the stiff Razoumovski¹²¹ was most kind – yet the Jersey and the Westmoreland were *shy-like* – why this?

Stayed up to half-past two.

Saturday June 18th 1814: Yesterday I sent arrow-root to Countess Purgstall and Countess Düben and to Rosalie – up at eight, for a wonder. I did not go to the play as intended, nor did not dine – but rode to Whitton.

Sunday June 19th 1814: I employed [the] morning in writing letters about my canvas for Cambridge – to Lord Lansdowne, to Lord John Townshend, who discourages. Dined with Mrs Benyon, and heard Wishaw and Tenant say that Humboldt the traveller was a weak man. They told a story of the *teredo navalis* in New Spain, which can kill a horse with a shock, at least knock him down. This fish can withhold his blow, and when taken hold of strongly, generally refuses to strike. Dr Holland (or a Mr White) mentioned a fish that never gave the shock except the circle was complete.

119: "Gloster" (Ms.)

120: Described by H. on August 1st 1813 as "the most notorious battered jades in Germany".

121: Count Razoumovsky, dedicatee of Beethoven's Op. 59 quartets (though H. doesn't know that).

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Monday June 20th 1814: Write letters in the morning – did not dine – and rode down to Whitton at night.

Tuesday June 21st 1814: Write letters. Called on Frederick Kinnaird,¹²² and finally dined with him and Mackenzie, Lord Seaforth's son. Mackenzie is a clever fellow. He mentioned that his father one evening, during the life of the elder brother, was walking with his mother in sight of the family mansion, and said, "I am sorry to see that light over our house, for by it I know it is mine" – his brother was dead. This was true second sight. Mackenzie's mother mentioned it to him.

Yesterday I called on Miss Mercer, who told me how the match between the Princess Charlotte and the Prince of Orange had been broken off. The Princess Charlotte saw that her father was determined to give her no establishment in England, and that the letter from the Sovereign Prince of the Netherlands with which consent was given to his living [in] England was kept back a fortnight after its arrival, and consequently made up her mind to be off the bargain. The Prince of Orange called on her as usual at Warwick House on Thursday last. Before he left the room she said to this effect, "I think it best to tell you by word of mouth what I should otherwise communicate by letter. I have thought that there are so many impediments to our union that we had better break it off, and from this moment I consider it as laid aside."

The Prince said, "Your Royal Highness had better consider of this, and let me know by writing a line this evening" – to this the Princess consented. The Prince, whilst dancing at Lady Harford's ball, received the letter which confirmed the dismissal and requested him to communicate it to the Prince Regent. His Highness put the letter in his pocket – danced on all night – got up at two – did not write – passed the day and evening at Lady Castlereagh's – did not tell the Prince Regent a word – and on Saturday noon writes six ill-spelled vulgar lines to the Princess Charlotte, saying at the end, "I hope you shall have no reason to repent the step you have taken". The Princess was highly offended, and said to Miss Mercer, "I do believe he takes me for my housemaid".

This is the story – the fact is she despised him.

Wednesday June 22nd 1814: Wrote letters – received from the Duke of Devonshire, in consequence of a note, a cold promise of support.

The Emperor of Russia and King of Prussia left London today, to the great delight of all who did not wish to be jammed to pieces in the street, and to have

122: Frederick Kinnaird's death is reported on December 22nd of this year.

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all society disjointed. The Emperor had prepared to visit the Princess, but the Prince Regent sent a letter to him which the Emperor said he would not read until he returned. Count Lieven, however, came from the Prince and begged the Emperor to open the letter. Alexander complied, and found it contained a request not to visit the Princess, as such a visit would lower the Prince in the eyes of his people. The Emperor did not go, but sent to the Princess a notice that he was prevented only by the Prince's positive request.

Dined with Mr and Mrs Knight. General Fitzroy promised to write to Turel for me.

I went to the Princess of Wales, who had a small party.

Thursday June 23rd 1814: Wrote letters – one to [the] Duke of Devonshire, explanatory. Went to no dinner and did not dine, but in the evening went to Lady Rancliffe's and Lady G. Beresford where I supped – and up all night.

Friday June 24th 1814: Writing letters – dined with B. Smith.

Saturday June 25th 1814: Employed in the morning on the Cambridge business. Dined nowhere, and went in the evening with Baron Humboldt the Prussian Minister to see Kean in Iago – we sat in the orchestra. He was much pleased, but I do not believe understood much.

In the evening I went to Mr Benyon's ... elected a member of Wattier's Club.

Sunday June 26th 1814: Occupied as before – walked about – dined with young Lambton, who married Miss Cholmondely, reputed daughter of my Lord C., but really of General Keppel. Lord and Lady C. were there, and Lady C.C. and Lord Sackville and the Duke of Devonshire and Kreutzon the Norwegian and Mr Montgomery, and, of all the most villainous, Motteux. Lord C. is good-humoured but silly, and yet funny enough. He told us that the Emperor and King had given nothing yet to the state coachmen and cooks – that the King of Prussia used to eat voraciously at half-past two, that eleven loins of veal were cut up for a luncheon for his 180 attendants one day – that the Grand Duchess and Emperor for three months stay at the Pultney gave only £200 amongst thirty servants.

Lord C. mentioned that formerly at Rome there were more bastards killed than in all the rest of the world, because all the women were naught, and fornication was vehemently punished. He described Switzerland as far from a free country.

Ripley of King's College came in the evening and sang – I asked him for his vote. He said yes, if I could get someone to speak to Lord Clarendon.

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This day appeared in the *Examiner* an essay of mine concerning the Princess of Wales.¹²³

[NOT IN DIARY: HOBHOUSE'S ESSAY ON THE PRINCESS OF WALES, from *The Examiner*, June 26th 1814, pp 403-5:

THE PRINCESS OF WALES

The late correspondence between her MAJESTY and the Princess of Wales¹²⁴ has found its way to France, and will now be much more widely circulated. It appears in the *Moniteur*.¹²⁵ That is to say, the family feuds of the English Court are gazetted for the instruction and amusement of every coffee-house and cook's shop from the Seine to the Danube. Aye, they will spread beyond those boundaries: they will be heard of in the Casinos of the Levant. The Greek Telegraph¹²⁶ will disseminate them from Vienna into the East; and we shall now be jeered at in good Turkish as well as in every language of Christendom.

To whom then are we indebted for becoming thus sacred to ridicule? We may answer this negatively by affirming to whom we are *not* indebted for this infringement of our national respectability; and that is, *not* to her Royal Highness the Princess of WALES. This will be clear to every unprejudiced mind, in spite of the dirty detractions and inconsequent insinuations which have lately issued from the infected organs of Court calumny. It is impossible to deny what Mr. PONSONBY asserted in the House of Commons, that the QUEEN must have written her first notice of exclusion from the Drawing-rooms, with the presumption that it would be made public, if not by the medium of the

123: *RLL* withholds this information.

124: In May there was an exchange of letters between the Queen and the Princess of Wales in which the Queen told the Princess that the Prince Regent was refusing to meet the Princess anywhere, public or private, and that therefore the Queen could not receive the Princess in her drawing-room, effectively expelling her from the court, and making it impossible for her to meet the Tsar, the King of Prussia, or even the Hereditary Prince of Orange, then thought her future son-in-law. The Princess wrote to the Regent pointing out that this would mean her exclusion from both her daughter's wedding, and the coronation, should one occur on the death of her infirm father-in-law. The Queen reiterated the impossibility of the Princess being received. The Princess's letters were ghosted by Whitbread and Brougham (see above, June 1st), and published in *The Examiner* of June 5th (pp 362-3).

125: Much-read French newspaper. See *Don Juan* I, 2, 8.

126: The *Hermes Logios*.

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newspapers at first, certainly through the Parliament. -- The measure was of too national a nature to remain concealed: the absence of her Royal Highness the Princess of WALES from Court would suppose a prohibition, or a motive derogatory to her character: and as it was indispensibly necessary for the cause and reputation of her ROYAL HIGHNESS that the consequence of restraint should not be mistaken for the effects of fear, or of anger, or of shame, so there was no other mode of preventing all false or malicious conjecture than that of laying before the public the details of the whole transaction, both as far as they related to the communication of the QUEEN and the subsequent replies of the PRINCESS herself. This publication was the more necessary in the case of her ROYAL HIGHNESS, because the worst construction would have been put upon her silence and reserve, just as it has been upon her freedom of speech; and it need not be said, that it is preferable for her that her own words and acts should be examined, rather than that the suppositions grounded upon the suggestions of her enemies should be canvassed as actual facts. Those who know, what all may figure to themselves, the base imputation, the cowardly scandal, and all the woes of domestic treason to which this friendless female has been exposed, will not only be able to account for her eagerness to make public every portion of her conduct, but will think that any system to which she might suppress the minutest article on the long list of her injuries would have been not only prejudicial to herself, but deficient in respect to the People of England. It would have been prejudicial to herself, because in any transaction which is not entirely laid open to public inspection, the just, the virtuous, and the innocent, are always in some degrees at the mercy of the designing, the dishonest, and the guilty party, both in respect to the present and the future judgement of society. It would have been deficient in respect of the people, because it would have induced an inference that they were supposed unfit to be acquainted with the details, either as being altogether unconcerned in the affair, or as incapable of a proper feeling or a correct opinion on the merits of the case. It should be recollected also, that the first publication of any details of these distressing concerns did not proceed from the PRINCESS, but from her opponents; and that the original appeal to the public having been made by them, when it was supposed likely to produce an effect it is ridiculous to assert or respect that her ROYAL HIGHNESS is not to come forward with an exposition of her own case, when such a disclosure is demanded by every prudential as well as honourable motive, and when she is secure, by a simple transcript of her own conduct and correspondence, of obtaining that decision in her favour, which all the restless arts of her enemies have been unable to procure. -- According to the rule prescribed for her conduct,

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her ROYAL HIGHNESS is to speak only when conducive to the interests of those who have sworn her perdition; she is to be silent only when she can bring about the same honourable end. In other words, force instead of persuasion, her enemies in place of her friends, are to induce her to become a coadjutor in a conspiracy directed solely at her own character and existence. Fortunately, however, there is no power which can *oblige* her to commit this double suicide; and it is to be hoped that she will never be *persuaded* to a spontaneous resignation of that which can be claimed by the humblest of her countrymen, *an Appeal to the People*.

The common sense of the country has lately been insulted by a recommendation of more delicacy, more moderation, more patience, on the part of the PRINCESS, as if she had been treated with delicacy – as if her persecution had been moderate – as if she had borne not a single burthen imposed by the unceasing hate of uncharitable adversaries – as if, in short, she had been the aggressor instead of the injured person. As these hints originate with her professed foes, they can excite little surprise, except so far as to shew the straits and perplexities to which that malice must be reduced, which can have recourse to such shifts of controversy. But it must be confessed somewhat more strange, that there should be found amongst the public, and not the contracted circle of Court sycophants, certain well-meaning men, who would prefer an entire inaction on the part of the PRINCESS, and who suppose, (contrary to the common axiom of fable as well as real life), that the true was by which her ROYAL HIGHNESS may excite an universal sympathy for her unmerited distresses, is by giving no sign that she is affected by them herself. These gentlemen, who would leave the evil to its own correction, do not perceive the difference between spontaneous and impelled activity. They might surely have been contented with the patience with which her ROYAL HIGHNESS has awaited a final decision in her case; but they ought not to wish that upon fresh aggression she should leave herself exactly in the position most favourable to attack. She did not, on the late occasion, move herself, but was moved. On the contrary, when it was clear that after a course of forbearance a time was chosen to renew the aggression, there was a presumption that she had to contend with enemies, to whose generosity it was in vain to make an appeal, and who, as they were not to be won into propriety, were to be met at once with the decided tone of injured innocence. The PRINCESS may perhaps have to blame herself, that she has suffered the rights of her cause so long to sleep, and although she might herself be contented to wait until the casualties of debauchery, or the prodigy of a late repentance, should mend her fate or redress her wrongs, she owed it to the

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people to lay before them every detail which might assist them in forming a correct judgement in her case.

To say that it is no concern of the people to inquire whether or not an English Prince treats his wife with justice, is an absurd insult on the freedom as well as the honour and morality of the nation. We have had precedents quoted to us, the last resource of obstinate folly, either in argument or fact, and some mention has been made of a piece of state policy, either in argument or fact, by which HENRY the Seventh withheld certain honours from his QUEEN. It might be convenient perhaps to quote the worthy Successor of that Monarch, who, to do him justice, proceeded upon the gaining of his ends with all convenient conformity to the rules of Church and State; for we read that his HIGHNESS, one day after that the Archbishop of CANTERBURY had prayed publicly for the QUEEN, did go to the Prelate, and confess to him, "*with tears in his eyes, that his wife was naught.*" His HIGHNESS, we know, piqued himself upon his perspicacity in the discovery of female frailty, and suffered a double distress by the disaster; for he found that he was not only a cuckold but a fool. The exorbitant vengeance with which he pursued the instrument of the royal blunder, would however, it is presumed, have been remitted, had the discovery been confined to the latter half of the disgrace. HENRY the Eighth himself, with all his kingly antipathies and discontents against those who disparaged his parts, would have hardly insisted upon the ruin of her who had been the innocent instrument of unveiling him to himself and the public as a coxcomb and a pretender to sense. The fact is, that we have no concern with any precedents of prerogative anterior to the Revolution; and since that period the usage of the Court, as was stated in the House of Commons, has been invariably to lay before the public such dissensions of the Royal Family as were connected with the honour and dignity of the Crown. The complaint that the Sovereign is the only man of his dominions who is not allowed the liberty of entire licentiousness, and that it is very hard that one who has been fostered by the flattery and folly of a Court, indulged in and even invited to every indiscretion, and freed from all the trammels of instruction, should alone be excluded from all the privileges of perverseness, – this complaint does at first sight seem founded on plausible pretexts. But when we consider, that except on such points as regard public decency, the Prince of this country is so far from being restrained from any excess, that he receives from the purse of the people a most lavish support for himself, and whatever family of follies he may happen to encumbered with, it will then be thought unreasonable that he should complain of restriction in matters, where none but the most daring advocate of licence would aspire to

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show that he was entirely free. When a Prince is paid for being prodigal of every pleasure, and assisted in exhausting the ingenious arts to furnish the means of amusement; when his pomps are propped up by parliamentary supplies, and encouraged by popular applause; when he is furnished by the people with that splendour which gives attraction to vice, and which makes each opposing virtue an easy prey; when in his favour, and to repay him for the fatigues of royalty, the common code of morals is reduced to the preservation of appearances, – it is then but little to require of him, that he should pay with punctuality and without repining such a trifling fine for so valuable a possession. Seriously, the people have a most undoubted right to enquire into the management of the Royal Establishment, and to require personal decency in its individual members. They have a right to be convinced, that none of the power entrusted for the maintenance of that establishment has been misapplied, and that it has been shared in proper portions, and by the proper persons. The domestic arrangements of the Royal Family are public, and inasmuch as they concern that State Pageant which the people have consented to establish for the benefit of the community. The wands, robes, and ribbons of the Court are not common utensils, not the furniture of a private family, although they are the domestic ornaments of the Royal House; and the people should be jealous in being satisfied that they are so arranged and disposed as may add the greatest possible dignity to the Crown. If they observe that any individual of the Royal Family is pertinaciously excluded from all participation in this dignity; it is their right instantly to interfere; and if upon examination such exclusion shall appear either an immoderate or unfounded punishment, justice requires them to re-establish the injured person in the enjoyment of that which had been forfeited by no crime. To say that a levee or a drawing-room is a private assembly, is taxing too far the patience even of the most complaisant in comparison. Both the one and the other are part of the public pageant, and a forced exclusion from either is a public disgrace. They are held by the Sovereign in their Royal capacity, and when her MAJESTY wrote the letter signed CHARLOTTE R. she wrote it as QUEEN, and, as she asserted in that letter, in consequence of an authoritative signification on the part of the REGENT. If it were permitted to examine the conduct of the persons concerned otherwise than as a transaction of the Sovereign authority, we should speak of it in very different terms from those which form now prescribes, and which are so indispensable, that any one who should regard the measure as that of an individual, and use the language of unreserved indignation, would soon discover, that the conduct which is now said to be too much of a private nature to be canvassed by the public, would presently become an act of the Sovereign, and, as

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such, be defended by wholesome penalties from the usual reproof. The exclusion, then, of her Royal Highness the Princess of WALES from the drawing-room is a public measure, and concerns the people; and, as it does concern them, it was her duty to disclose the whole transaction to the world. The disgrace therefore, which such an indispensable publicity may and must attach to our natural character, is not to be charged upon her ROYAL HIGHNESS. On whom it is to be charged is sufficiently well understood in England, and ought, in justice to the PRINCESS and the People, to be also known to nations who may be made acquainted with the transaction. So decided is public opinion on this subject, and so universal, that one has not now the satisfaction of finding a single adversary, who, by engaging in controversy, will allow of an expression of the feelings which must arise in the breast of every honourable man. No one has attempted to put the other side of the argument in a tangible shape: and as the exclusion has not yet found a single defender, it requires some painful adroitness to direct against supposed opposition an unsolicited attack. His Royal Highness the REGENT's Advisers may fairly protest against such a contest. "*Si rixa est ubi tu cedis, ego vapulo tantum.*"¹²⁷ Notwithstanding, however, the silence of the Court, and the entire disavowal of the measure by all who might be supposed its advisers or instigators, – notwithstanding the general indignation it has excited, – there has been found amongst us a certain body of men who have dared to act upon the same principle. – The same *Moniteur*, the Gazette of all Europe, records a resolution of the *Club des Blancs*. Doubtless the continental world must think us divided into the factions of the Circus,¹²⁸ and will wait to learn, through the same channel, what have been the movements of our *Prasinæ*,¹²⁹ what our *Greens* may have done to counterbalance the *Whites*¹³⁰ on this important occasion. What will be the astonishment of the foreign enquirer to learn, that these *Whites* are in fact four hundred of the flower of the British Nobility and Gentry, the majority of them yet young, still in an age when the cold calculations of prudent meanness have not begun to petrify the heart and deaden the understanding? What will be the increase of their wonder, to find that this powerful patrician band, without having the baseness to approve, had the

127: Juvenal, Satire III, 288: "If it is a fight, where you do all the beating and I get all the blows".

128: In Byzantium.

129: In the Roman circus, the *Prasinæ* supported the Green charioteers, and dressed to match.

130: Greens and Whites were circus factions which reduced Byzantium to anarchy and bloodshed.

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cowardice to sanction a measure, concerted in shameful secrecy by an usurping oligarchy, who, at the same time they disgraced, also outstripped their authority? The readers of the *Moniteur* will find that the monstrous proceedings originated from a few individuals, headed by a Duke, whose stile and superscription must command respect in every place to which a notice of his political character has not yet arrived: they will see that, notwithstanding their insolent assumptions of power, they were able to force their usurped constituents to become unwilling panders of base passion, the ministers of meanness, the self-accusing, reluctant, unrewarded tools of other's hate. But we know, that although there were only three names to the protest, yet that peradventure there might be, and actually were found, other good men to save the society from being utterly cut off from the communion of the virtuous. We know, what the *Moniteur* has not yet learned, that an attempt was made to shake off the yoke of disgrace; – that to SEFTON, ESSEX, FOLEY,¹³¹ were added names not less known. But BRUMMEL! ALVANEY! Alas, could you not watch for one hour at your honourable post? Were the gallant, the gay, the facetious, – you, whom the independence of a British Gentleman had made at first equal and then superior to Princes, – and you, for whom a successful probation amongst the painful professors of pleasantry had secured a reputation which, in cautious hands, might survive the moments of mirth – were ye unable to resist a single summons? Was he, on whom a courtly carriage and a contempt of Sovereign favour had conferred a well-earned popularity, to fall before the fear of losing the heartless hand of a Royal Favourite? Was the nod of the Brother to intimidate, when the frown of the Monarch had failed to disconcert? Or does the needle tremble towards the variation? And are ye, – bent beneath the bow, and relaxed by the soft sunshine-smile of a Court, – are ye to become companions of the amorous circle, –

“Where Sampson is, and wiser Solomon,
“And all the mighty names by love undone?”

* *]

Monday June 27th 1814:

Dies Natalis – 28 – 28 –

Broke every good resolution made last birthday – but I here renew them all. I have gained in character but lost in capacity, I fear – – I cannot bring myself to any serious study, and I begin to lose my taste for reading even those books

131: Sefton, Essex and Foley were stewards at White's Club. They had protested against the exclusion of the Princess of Wales from the fete held for the Tsar and the King of Prussia, as unprecedented interference in the Club's affairs.

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which before used to interest me. Perpetual motion has fatigued¹³² me entirely – I have tried a town life, and I think with complete want of success – I am not made for general society, and yet I do not like small coteries, let them be composed of ever such clever people, except here my voice is loudest. I can not bear argumentative talk.

At present I am engaged in a scheme for persuading the University of Cambridge that I am the likeliest man to represent it, and I foresee that as I have started on the conjecture that Lord Palmerston¹³³ is to be made a Peer, which they say will not take place, I begin wrong, and may end by making myself ridiculous.

My right ear sings – my left ham is lame – my hair falls – Senesco¹³⁴ ... However, if I lose friends daily I have less need of them daily, as my time for wanting them is shortened by a day. I believe that if I am bad, everybody is as bad, for today I sit and hear Raymond* give an account through what channels he applied himself to the several votes in Palmerston's last election – nothing can be more scandalous than the characters of our Masters of Art in general.¹³⁵

I employ this morning in laying schemes for trapping their rascally votes – rode then down to Whitton.

Wednesday June 29th 1814: Employed in writing canvassing letters in the morning – rode down and dined at Whitton.

Thursday June 30th 1814: Rode up to London. Dined with Lady Melbourne and friend Sheppard – walked in to Lady Dillon's – and out again.

Friday July 1st 1814 (first entry): Sir Francis Burdett brought Curran to my rooms to introduce him to me. He talked rhetorically and pointedly but not without effort – I think. Burdett, seeing John Fuller in my room, who was introduced by me, asked him to dine with him. This he and I and Davies and Webb and Knight and Hawker did – and met Curran, who was fluent as before ...

[end of volume numbered Berg 2 / start of B.L. Add. Mss. 47232]

132: This word looks like "intrigued".

133: Lord Palmerston (1784-1865) was one of the two members for Cambridge from 1811 to 1832. H. was never successful in this ambition.

134: "I grow old".

135: Cambridge M.A.s were the electors of the University M.P.s.

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Friday July 1st 1814 (second entry): ... but not quite up to his character for conversational ability – he was dirty in his talk and made use of this simile alluding to judicious flattery, “he scratched the pimple until it burst”.

At nine I put on my Albanian clothes and went with Byron to the great masquerade given by Wattier’s Club in honour of Lord Wellington at Burlington House. I presume the supper in the temporary room in which 1,700 persons sat at ease was the most magnificent thing of the kind ever seen. The dress was much admired – Byron as a monk looked very well. Miss Rawdon said to me, “Does he not look beautiful?” The Duke of Wellington was there in great good humour apparently, and not squeezed to death. Lady Caroline Lamb played off the most extraordinary tricks – made Skeffington pull off his read guard’s coat, walked me up into the private rooms, &c. A mask annoyed me very much by saying “Is that your electioneering¹³⁶ dress?” ’Twas one of the Miss Kinnairds.

I walked home between six and seven.

Saturday July 2nd 1814: S.B.Davies and myself set off at three in his carriage and four horses to Cambridge, and arrived there by half-past nine. I ran down to the Combination Room to see how the land lies for my attempt.

Sunday July 3rd 1814: I dawdled about the morning and dined in Trinity and took wine in [the] Combination Room, I think with effect. In the afternoon I went to Trinity Chapel, where was a great crowd to see the Duke of Gloucester, who sat under a red canopy where the Junior Dean usually sits. He bargained for this canopy.

I supped with Greenwood, where I met Smyth, our member, and others. Greenwood was drunk with ale and talked nonsense to Lord Euston on my left. The popularity of my friend S.B.Davies is increasing every day at Cambridge – such is the power of talent. He began with nothing, not even a character, and although he has [] entirely, as far as his means are concerned, by gambling, has a respectability and power equal to any individual I know of his age.

The good folks of Cambridge, walking on Clare Hall piece in crowds to see the Duke of Gloucester, astonished us who had seen the wonders of London – but they were so tickled as to run after a Prussian in a fur cap, and were pressured round one in a nobleman’s gown.

Monday July 4th 1814: Blücher, Lord Stewart and General Lowe were drawn in an open barouche by men to Trinity Quadrangle to the Lodge, and afterwards

136: This word may be “dictionary”.

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round the square – the *heroes* were covered with dust, and Blücher, who had dined with the Regent yesterday and had been sick during his journey, looked most unenviable. Blücher, Lord Stewart, and Lord Burghersh had degrees of LLD conferred upon them in our Senate House amidst thunders of applause – although the first never gained a battle and is a mumping debauchee with nothing but headless valour to recommend, the second a coxcomb, and the last a dunce.

We had a great dinner in Trinity, at which the Three attended. Blücher made three speeches in German, which Lord Stewart interpreted and left out the best part. Mansel gave “the abolition of Slavery all over the world”, and the shouting would, we thought, never end. Dr Chapey, the Vice-Chancellor, who had voted against the petition (with one other) this morning, was at his right hand, and like a fool would not get up to drink it. Parish, opposite to me at dinner had a complete orgasm of delight to the infinite amusement of Woodhouse, Smyth, S.B.D., Kinnaird, and Kaye and myself. We got up from table about six.

In the evening we supped with Dr Davy of Caius. the Vice-Chancellor was there. Davy gave us a very elegant entertainment indeed. This day Charles Grant, my competitor, told me he was very sorry we opposed each other, but that we could do it without being enemies. Tomline, of all men in the world, has started – which, as Woodhouse said of a similar case, made me start – he has secured Monk.

Tuesday July 5th 1814: I walked about my business – went to Downing College and visited Sir Busick Howard’s* establishment there. He has two glass hives – he tells me that the Queen bee is a king and that the drones are not neuters but females – not that he can discover the parts of sex but that all analogy is against the former system. The house and garden of Sir Berwick is a very pretty thing. Lady Howard is the most comical personage in the world and the most vain of the great; in her invitation to me she asked me to come and see how the Duke of Gloucester looked amongst his friends – the Duke, however, stepped in from Frere the Master’s lodge at six and only stayed ten minutes. She rated him for keeping his friends waiting and when she was the only woman present said the world would be scandalised at her being with his R.H. who would be thought not the only one of the royal family fond of intrigue – or words to that purpose. The Duke was highly offended and changed the subject. Lady Howard is fat and squab and brown, like a washerwoman.

S.B.D. Kinnaird and I dined at Jesus, where we had a good dinner. Sir Thomas Tyrwhitt was there – he said that the King of Prussia in the last campaign had exposed himself as much as any Corporal or Serjeant, and went into fire between the Prince royal and “his little Fritz” – “which very much must

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have increased the anxiety of his situation". Now this is a proof how men will talk. We three went to some private theatricals in a farm at Milton, at one Mr Linnes' – Miss Smith and Sally Booth acted – Mrs Linnes is a pretty simpleton.

Wednesday July 6th 1814: Kinnaird and I called on Hudson and stated that, as Lord Palmerston last night at St John's had in a speech declared he was not about to be made a peer, I should not disturb the peace of the university except a third member was proposed, in which case I should certainly step forward and prevent anyone from establishing a prior claim. Lord Byron came from Six Mile Bottom and dined with Davies, who had Smyth the Professor¹³⁷ there. The said Smyth is, I think, a poor creature.

We went to the play again – I made some way with Professor Monk, who says he never conceived *The Rivals* until he saw it acted by our company at Chesterton. Today I heard Miss Smith read part of *The Merchant of Venice*. Never did I witness such an exhibition, yet Frere of Downing was delighted – at least he told me so, and why should he tell a lie? Davies solved it by saying he is a good scholar but a ninny.

Thursday July 7th 1814: I called on Hustler – at two, started with Byron, S.B.D. and Kinnaird in big coach for London. I was horribly annoyed by hearing that a story is gone out against me, that I called the *chaises fermées* of the French theatres "*chaises percées*". I said it in joke to someone, who not understanding me took it as a blunder – this is a warning against waggery when one does not know one's man.

Arrived in London by nine – dined with the three at the Cocoa Tree – learn that Kinnaird told Byron I must have lost my senses to think of standing for Cambridge¹³⁸ – so there is no faith in man – Kinnaird being one of my chief advisers – but I will not reproach him – but use him – and in spite of all I will come in for the university.

Friday July 8th 1814: I have received a letter from C.J.Bloomfield telling me I have claims upon literary and liberal men, but that he will not promise me a vote. Wrote journal from Monday week. Rode down to Whitton.

Saturday July 9th 1814: At Whitton.

Sunday July 10th 1814: At Whitton.

137: William Smyth (d.1849), Regius Professor of Modern History.

138: B., who betrayed secrets on principle, must have told H. this.

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Monday July 11th 1814: Came up to London. Found Leake's *Researches in Greece*¹³⁹ – the first part, on the modern languages, out – and forty pages of an appendix devoted to an attack on my Quarto.¹⁴⁰ This threw me into a fever. Took a basin of turtle soup and cold meat at the Cocoa Tree.

Went in the evening to Lady Lansdowne's party* – to me dull enough.

Tuesday July 12th 1814: Called on Doctor Holland the traveller.¹⁴¹ He tells me Leake's book will do me no harm – God send it may not – it comes at a most awkward time – just as I hear I am to be reviewed in the Edinburgh Review.* Heard from Cockerel* that my brother Henry is going into Palmer & Co's commercial house in Calcutta.*

Rode down to Whitton – read the last two books of *Palamon and Arcite*¹⁴² aloud.

Wednesday July 13th 1814: Came up to London. Sat at home, writing a letter expostulatory to Leake, and sent off one to Lord John Townshend, who wants me to give up in favour of his son.¹⁴³ Rode down to Whitton. Read some of *The Vicar of Wakefield* aloud. My father receives a letter from one Mr Palmer, whom he does not know, addressing him "My dear Sir" announcing some happy event but does not say what.¹⁴⁴

Thursday July 14th 1814: Rode up to London. Read a letter from Henry to my father, saying yes, he has married a Miss Palmer, second daughter of Mr Palmer, free Merchant of Calcutta, of a rich and respectable house. He has promised to settle the first 100[??] of rupees he gets upon her, and has been let into the House. He quits the appointment given him by Lord Moira with £1,500 a year, and is now a civil servant out of employ. Poor fellow, he is desperately in love – calls himself the happiest of men, and all other usual phrases. He was married the 1st of January last.

139: William Martin Leake, *Researches in Greece* (1814) a volume to rival

140: *Journey*. Whether Hobhouse's stressed reaction to the book is purely professional, or whether he thinks Leake may spill the beans over what happened in Tepellene, is never clear.

141: Henry Holland.

142: Dryden's version of Chaucer's *The Knight's Tale*.

143: In standing as M.P. for Cambridge University.

144: Henry is marrying Mr Palmer's daughter.

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I dined with Kinnaird, and met there General Lowe and Count Niemen, Secretary of Embassy from Austria. General Lowe mentioned that it was¹⁴⁵ impossible to doubt that the Allies would get to Paris – nothing but political considerations could prevent them. He owned the order for a retreat to the Rhine was given, but that Blücher never ceased to advance when he could. He said that the Grand Army and Blücher's met by accident at Fere[??] Champenaile – that Lowe recognised Marshall Wrede – who learning that the French columns had been twice charged in vain – drew his sword, and, flourishing it about, led his cavalry in person, but was also obliged to retreat. The French were in two rectangular bodies. The one, of 1,200 men, was half-annihilated before it laid down its arms – which when it did the Emperor Alexander rode up to the commandant of it and took him by the hand, saying he had defended himself *en galant homme*. The remainder of the 5,000 left all but 1,500 dead or wounded on the field. Count Niemen mentioned that he had been sent to propose an armistice to the Allies before the battle of Blauthen – but missing his way, or being obliged to go about, did not arrive until the battle had begun.

Broke up at twelve.

Friday July 15th 1814: Saw Sadler and his son ascend in the balloon from Burlington House Yard, being on the top of the Albany with Byron.

Dined with Cuthbert and there met a large party, amongst others Burdett and Brougham. Brougham told us of the elopement¹⁴⁶ of the Princess Charlotte of Wales on Tuesday last from Warwick House, in a hackney coach, to Connaught Place. That the Prince came into her room and told her that from that moment her establishment was broke up, that Ladies Ilchester and others were in the next room to be introduced, that she should sleep that night at Carlton House or he would sleep at Warwick House. The Princess, asking leave to prepare herself, slipped off through the kitchen, ran through Cockspur Street, and got a coach in the Haymarket. The Princess was not at Connaught Place. A courier was sent off to Blackheath and met her on the road. She took carriage for the House of Commons, for Whitbread and Lord Gray, but finding neither, sent for Brougham to Michael Angelo Taylor's. Brougham came, and, I presume, saw both the mother and the daughter. The Duke of York brought her to Carlton House, where she is confined in a room opening into two bedrooms, occupied by two of her attendants constantly. When she is dozing, the people about her slam open the door to see what she is doing. Dr. Baillie makes not scruple to say that the

145: For "had been".

146: "elope" (Ms.)

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agitation of her spirits and the want of sea-bathing, which for five seasons she has used, may make the swelling in her knees terminate fatally.

I went to a party at Lady William <Bentincks> Beauclaire's.¹⁴⁷

Saturday July 16th 1814: Cullen calls and tells me that Cochrane is returned for Westminster.

I read *Lycidas* with Warton's notes and find I never understood the lines about "The fable of Bellerus old". The great vision is the apparition of St Michael at St Michael's Mount, and the angel in the next line but one is the same St Michael. The commentary, however, is no ways very useful. A page is filled with quotations showing that Eden is called "Hippolades" by four classical authors; and sometimes, as in the case of the word "sere", brings several examples of the use of the same word, but forgets to tell what it means.

I write a letter to Lord John Townsend, following the suggestion of Bickersteth.¹⁴⁸ Go to the play with Byron and see Kean in Richard. He carries me away with him. It was the last night of the company's performance. I supped or dined on fish and champagne with Byron at the Cocoa Tree.

Sunday July 17th 1814: I read Warton's *L'Allegro*, from which I learn nothing except what a number of dull notes a commentator can write on a fine poem. The shepherd tells his "tale" may, I think, be his "tale" of sheep – his reckoning.

I write to Raymond – went down to Whitton.

Monday July 18th 1814: Stayed at Whitton.

Tuesday July 19th 1814: Stayed at Whitton.

Wednesday July 20th 1814: Dined at Whitton, but in the evening rode up to London and went to a concert and ball at Devonshire House. It was very magnificent, effacing everything of the kind. The gardens were illuminated with a "W". At supper there was room for more than came.

Thursday July 21st 1814: I rode down to Holland House and saw Lady Holland in her own chamber, very ill ... she told me that Lord Lansdowne had said he wished I were in parliament and also that Lord John Townsend had desired Lord

147: "Beauclaire's" conjectural reading.

148: Henry Bickersteth (1783-1851) afterwards Lord Langdale and Master of the Rolls, was a close friend of H. who shared his radical views. He married Lady Jane Harley.

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Holland to speak to Lord Grey (which he did) about his son, but only to fulfil the letter of his promise.

I dined on fish and beef at the Cocoa Tree, and went in the evening to Lady Jersey's, where were a small party assembled of those who were not invited to the Prince's Fête: about twenty – Lord and Lady Holland, the Duchess of Somerset, Mrs and Miss Rawdon, Lady Rancliff, Mr and Mrs Tierney, Mr and Mrs¹⁴⁹ Rouse, and lastly Brummel, who was received with a smile for the repetition of []¹⁵⁰ pleasantries on the occasion of their exclusion. Breaking up, Lord Jersey, [],¹⁵¹ and Henry Fox went to look after the interests of the party in the front of Carlton House, whither also I went, and saw the illuminations. I hear the Queen was hurrahed.¹⁵²

Notwithstanding the patriotism of the party I thought there was something of melancholy in the contempt of the excluded.

Friday July 22nd 1814: I wrote numerous letters on the subject of the election of Cambridge University – had a counsel with Raymond thereupon. Rode down to Whitton. Went in the evening to a ball at Richmond Park, and stayed half the night with Miss Marley and half with Miss Bankes. She is irresistibly funny. Miss Marley said fine Irish things to me and was spited by my going to Miss B.

Saturday July 23rd 1814: Up at two – walked out instead of dining – walked.

Sunday July 24th 1814: Rode to London. Packed up and left my lodging for Whitton, where I purpose to stay until the 12th of September.

Monday July 25th 1814: I did nothing.

Tuesday July 26th 1814: Began reading Leake's researches for the purpose of answering his attack on me – wrote observations thereupon.

6: See 7/6/10 n1.

Wednesday July 27th 1814: Continued writing and reading.

149: "Mr & Do" (Ms.)

150: Someone conjectures, in pencil, "fades".

151: The name starts with "B" and ends with "e".

152: This word could be "harried", "hassled", "horrid", or "herself".

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Thursday July 28th 1814: Gave up the writing and read fifteen pages of the *Hermes Logios*. I read until between four and five every day.

Friday July 29th 1814: Ditto ... had to look out an immense number of words.¹⁵³ Wrote for Byron a note to his *Lara*,¹⁵⁴ stating that there are nor were no serfs in Spain¹⁵⁵ and that he knew it. This was suggested by Lady Holland to me.

Saturday July 30th 1814: Rode up to London, and down to dinner.

Sunday July 31st 1814: *Hermes Logios* again.

Monday August 1st 1814: Went to London to see the Grand Jubilee. I saw by the placards that the public was *respectfully* informed that the parks were shut up – I dined at Cuthbert's, and went with him, Miss Doyle, and Lady and Lord Frederick Bentinck, to the Hyde Park, where the ships fought at the Serpentine, coming on stern-foremost and firing one popgun at a time. Afterwards, I went to Burdett's house, and sat in a room there with a large party until past one, to see the fireworks from the castle in the Green Park, which were very brilliant, but very tiresome – the whole room was asleep. I rode off to Whitton, tired to death. The pagoda in St James's Park was burned down accidentally, and two men killed. In the rejoicings for the Peace of Aix la Chappelle¹⁵⁶ there were two killed – which fact being put out to compound interest amounts now to three hundred.

Tuesday August 2nd 1814: I resumed my reading, &c. – a tranquil and too luxurious life!!!

Wednesday August 3rd 1814: *Hermes Logios* and Lucretius.

Thursday August 4th 1814: Ditto, ditto.

153: Preparatory to answering Leake, Hobhouse has been reading *Hermes Logios*.

154: Written May 15th - June 12th 1814; revisions and additions thereafter; published shortly after August 5th 1814, with Rogers' *Jacqueline*.

155: See *Lara*, line 1, *et. seq.*: Hobhouse's note, placed before the poem at Byron's request (see BLJ IV 144-5 and 146) runs "*The reader is advertised that the name only of Lara being Spanish, and no circumstance of local or national description fixing the scene or hero of the poem to any country or age, the word 'Serf,' which could not be correctly applied to the lower classes in Spain, who were never vassals of the soil, has nevertheless been employed to designate the followers of our fictitious chieftain.*"

156: 1748; it ended the War of the Austrian Succession.

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Friday August 5th 1814: Ditto, ditto. Charles Grant dined here with Mr and Mrs Inglis.

Saturday August 6th 1814: Morning cut up by a ride with Grant. He is a good man. Chambers came here. A party [] here a Baron Arnhem who told us he had seen the Prince of Orange at Warwick House received every way like an accepted lover – amongst other things received the Baron there when he walked into the room – no less the Princess and with the air of a master.¹⁵⁷ He may have told this next day he dined here.

Sunday August 7th 1814: Set out to walk to church, but was stopped by the rain. Loitered about with Chambers in our fields all day. He tells me that Brodie and the top surgeons charm their pupils' ears by telling them that though the honours of the peerage and of politics are reserved for others, theirs it is to be *men of science* – “χατέ Σοηην”. Chambers says science is killing cats in air pumps – writing little treatises, &c. He says that the French surgeons have read a great deal, even, of our books, which are not known. One told him the other day of a book written by Blair, surgeon to the Locke Hospital, which Chambers had never heard of, though he is physician there. Essential oil of almonds will kill a man with a drop on his tongue instantly.

Monday August 8th 1814: Reading again.

Tuesday August 9th 1814: Ditto, ditto.

Wednesday August 10th 1814: Grant and []¹⁵⁸ Catherine and Miss Marley dined here.

Thursday August 11th 1814: Rode to London with Grant.* Saw Byron & his sister. Murray tells me that he has sold 6,000 of *Lara*. Byron has got back Newstead – the buyer, Claughton, has forfeited £25,000.¹⁵⁹

Gifford (the *Baviad* and *Mæviad*) and Hookham Frere say the following sentence is good English: “The readers of *Lara* may probably regard it as a sequel to a poem that lately appeared”. I say it is not, and that it ought to be,

157: Text corrupt.

158: This name may have been effaced.

159: Thomas Claughton had been in negotiation to buy Newstead since August 1812, but ever since then had been experiencing cold feet over the matter.

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“that has lately appeared.”¹⁶⁰ It is in the advertisement to *Lara*, which was written by myself, with the exception of the words, “a poem that recently appeared”, which was put in by Gifford instead of *The Corsair* my reading.

I rode down to Whitton with Charles Grant. Baron Arnhem* dined with us. He said he had spoken several times to Napoleon, whose most striking feature he said was a disgust of the human race, and contempt. He told an anecdote that Napoleon, seeing the King of Rome¹⁶¹ playing on the floor one day, said to some Cardinal, “Croyez-vous, Cardinal, que cet être-là ait une ame?” The Baron is a bore.

Friday August 12th 1814: I rode with Charles Grant as far as Putney (nearly) and returned.

For this week past I have read a proposition or two of Euclid with Sophia and Harriet.

Saturday August 13th 1814: Read until half-past two. Walked with my father to Sir Joseph Banks’. Found him sitting in his ribbon with General Manners. Dined. Legh and Maddox and Gough dined with us.

Legh talked of his Egyptian tour. He affirmed that the plague there seemed sometimes to drop from heaven upon a village or district and sweep everything away – men, horses, cattle, sheep, dog and cats at once – but not extend beyond the certain line. It has never gone beyond a certain spot in Upper Egypt, which is marked by the tomb of a celebrated Sheik, who is said to prevent its higher progress, and is therefore much worshipped. *The plague is much worse in autumn.* The inhabitants of Egypt, when the plague appeared at Alexandria, at first said it was only the Constantinopolitan plague, and that it could not live in their heat – but it did, and killed 150 per diem. Legh was at Malta during the plague there, which, he said, either was not the plague, or was caused by the

160: The Advertisement to the first edition of *Lara* has Gifford’s wording: *The reader of LARA may probably regard it as a sequel to a poem that recently appeared: whether the cast of the hero’s character, the turn of his adventures, and the general outline and colouring of the story, may not encourage such a supposition, shall be left to his determination.* Hobhouse’s objection is that *It is a downright vulgarism to use “that” for “which” and unless the has is prefixed the relative verb is not of the same tense as the antecedent sentence* (BB 132) The point is a fine one (there is in this case no antecedent sentence) and Hobhouse is probably reacting, as many did, to Gifford’s editorial presumption (Byron tells Murray at BLJ 154 that the argument “has put him & me into a fever”).

161: The son of Napoleon and Marie-Louise, born 20th March 1811.

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fright of ye government. The convicts and French prisoners, dressed in oil cases, burned the bodies and ravished the women in the sick houses. A Greek physician from Smyrna was said to cure many by searing the buboes with *the sign of the cross by a red hot iron*.

The government sent off people suspected of infection to the lazaretto at Goza. One sick gave the disease to two hundred well. At Rosetta, Legh was shut up two months. He has seen beggars showing their buboes under the windows. He told us he had seen, above the Cataracts, fifteen men quite naked, so thin that their bones were seen, and carrying poles with a grindstone, and a little flour and a water-skin, who had come from a country from which they had been nine months travelling, and who were going on for another month to Cairo, to go into service as porters. After staying there three or four years, and obtaining five or six dollars, they march back to their unknown region and live on the fruit of their labours.

Legh had a mud house with eight rooms for fifteen *paras* a month. He told me the Mameluke Beys were fifty days journey from Alexandria to the black kingdom of Gondola, which they had seized. They consist of five hundred Mamelukes, four thousand blacks and other slaves, badly armed with bows and arrows. They were going to war with a powerful king who lives in the Red Sea, when Legh was there. When he was at Alexandria, news arrived of the taking of Moscow. At the same time came news of the taking of Mecca by ¹⁶² Pasha, and the Turks rejoiced for many days. The invasion of Russia was for them a thing of infinite unimportance – they only thought of Mecca.

Events are nothing but vast horrors.

Legh says that the French invasion has left no trace in Egypt except the body of French and English, about five hundred, in the service of the Pasha of Cairo, and the transfer of the sovereignty to Ali Pacha, may be so called.

Legh (and Maddox) are going to travel again.

Sunday August 14th 1814: Wrote journal since Sunday July 24th. Read *Hermes*, and walked about with Kinnaird.

Monday August 15th 1814: Rode up to London. Called on Byron and Bickersteth. Rode down by nine o'clock.

Tuesday August 16th 1814: In doubt whether to go to London. Read *Hermes*, and did not go. At night I read miscellaneously but uselessly – *inter alia*, Waverley.

162: Ms. gap.

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Wednesday August 17th 1814: Read *Hermes*, &c.

Thursday August 18th 1814: Read *Hermes*. Rode to London. Got mare shod. Dined with Byron at the Coca Tree. Walked down in two hours and a half to this place – Whitton, to wit.

Friday August 19th 1814: *Hermes*. Chambers came to dinner. He brought us a singular book called *The Wonderful Love of God to Man, or, Heaven Opened in Earth*, by William Peckitt the glass painter,¹⁶³ who painted the window at Salisbury Cathedral. The book is dated 1794. It is 190 pages or two of mad physics and metaphysics, with not one sentence of common syntax, stuffed with strange words of his own invention. He begins with calling the Trinity thus: “God the Holy Father, J̄esus Christ the Holy Son, and the Holy Ghost”, and says God the Holy Father is “an eternally, immutable, beatifically glorious, immaterial, living, incomprehensible *Majassence*”. Take a sentence:

These orders of holy spirits so different also through the vastness of the terrestrial universe, are called the Elements: each one in these orders respectively, is of the most perfect form, solid yet elastic, substance: in area, wonderfully minute! but vary in proportion, and respectively named accordingly, from the greater, in area and power; (yet equal in each order) Earths, Waters, Electæs, Airs and Fires the less and also the least. (14)

and again:

From thence, by the same interiorex passive elasticity, part of this fluid compound became forced upward through these fissures; and also collaterally pressing between horizontal in such places, powerfully and counter obligingly, raised the adjacent Stratas; and, where the superior superincumbent weight of the exterior surface prevented it from opening the same, there arose hills and chains of mountains above the Plain: but where upon the higher parts now raised above the surrounding sphere of waters, it became unobstructed, there, the surface opened in Volcanoes; throwing out and upwards from thence of the fluidity disposed respectively invituated metallous Salts, and etheriously gazed spirituous Salts, combined and connected with fractil, waterious Acids, in the state of Sulphur in flours, and otherwise dissolved by Salts, and in Smoke; with fluidly waterious acidulated etherious aurorious Gase, and fluidly waterious

163: William Peckitt (1731-95) created windows at the cathedrals of Lincoln, Exeter, York, New College and Oriel College Oxford, and (from a design by Cipriani) at Trinity College Cambridge.

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acidulated etherious Gase, and Auroræes, and Ethers, singularised, all respectively combined with Electœes adhering in a respective rotating state impelling of Airs, and (these) of Fires; high into the airy-or-atm[o]s-Sphere: there, by the free Airs, the more volatile parts of these became suspended, and spreadingly diffused are according to their respective expansive power, and gravity: giving additional force and weight thereby to the lower regions therein, constituted the firmament. (37)

He signs his name at the end of the book.

Saturday August 20th 1814: Employed as usual in the morning, &c.

Sunday August 21st 1814: Hermes, &c.

Monday August 22nd 1814: Walked halfway to London with Chambers.

Tuesday August 23rd 1814: Reading and writing Greek modern.

Wednesday August 24th 1814: Ditto.

Thursday August 25th 1814: Ditto.

Friday August 26th 1814: Ditto.

Saturday August 27th 1814: Rode up to London and down again with Bickersteth. Seton came here.

Sunday August 28th 1814: Had a long walk to Kingston and through Richmond Park with Bickersteth and Seton. Bickersteth talked of the incapacity of the Vice-Chancellor, Plomer, whom he could not convince that “a well” meant “a spring”, not a hole in the ground. He mentioned a curious case of madness – a man conceives that there is a great reversion of gas¹⁶⁴ under London Bridge, which is pumped upon people, and causes all their actions, public and private. The man was going to be discharged from Bedlam by the physicians, but Haslam, to show he was mad, made him give a plan of this machine, and has published it. Bickersteth tells me many things are taken for granted in mathematics, and must be so – at Cambridge, if you do otherwise, you lose¹⁶⁵ time. He said the French mathematical books were the best.

164: “gaz” (Ms.)

165: “loose” (Ms.)

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Monday August 29th 1814: Walked to Brentford with Bickersteth and Seton – walked back.

Tuesday August 30th 1814: Read in the morning, then rode to Wimbledon. Met Shepherd.¹⁶⁶ Walked over Lady Lushington's park. Dined at his father's, the Solicitor General's¹⁶⁷ in the house which was Horne Tooke's.

At dinner we talked of Joanna Southcote, whom a Dr Rees has declared by a certificate to be with child. She is sixty-five, and says it is by the Holy Ghost, who came out of a candle like a white cone of flesh to her. She has made all preparations for the lying-in of Jesus Christ,¹⁶⁸ and has many followers and Reverend Misters, among them one Tozer.¹⁶⁹ Gosling's sister here is a believer, and wrote to a gentleman who had joked about it in company. Chambers or Mr Gough told me that fifty years ago a man said he should rise in three days, and was so much believed that the government put a guard round his body when he died in St George's Fields, in a scaffold, for three days.

Shepherd is an agreeable, young-looking man, with a trumpet at his ear¹⁷⁰ – he is a great help to ministers.

Wednesday August 31st 1814: Writing and reading and walking with Sophia!!!

At night I read Addison's little treatise on the Christian religion – and never saw anything so weak. He believes in magic and devils, and quotes Quadratus and Dionysius the Areopagite as primitive Christians. He believes St John lived to be 102, and that Polycarp succeeded him, he Irenæus, and Origen him.

Thursday September 1st 1814: Writing in the morning. Letter from Hammer, telling me to get his Mss. (Eulia Effendi's Travels) from Countess Meerveldt, and twelve sheets from Lord Aberdeen.

Rode to London. Dined with Kinnaird. Luttrell (the wit) there – he is good-humoured, but made no trial, though he said pleasant things enough. Bickersteth beat down all before him – he recommended him to read Lord Bacon[']s] *de Augmentis*.

Kinnaird told us that a Dr Asalini, who was with Napoleon in Egypt, said that the famous Massacre of Jaffa was not true in its full extent, but that 3,000 Turks, who had been before, left ninety, being taken in Jaffa and being chained and left

166: "Sheppard" (Ms.)

167: See 16/3/16.

168: B. referred to her as "Mrs Trinity" (BLJ IV 171). She died of dropsy later in the year.

169: "Toozer" (Ms.)

170: Shepherd's father, the Solicitor-General, was deaf too.

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like beasts and driven to drink some time. Napoleon, not knowing what to do with them, said, "Qu'on me chasse ces b – ¹⁷¹ à coup de fusil", and that accordingly columns of French were drawn up, and, the Turks being directed to fly one way, a few discharges took place, and about seventy were killed or wounded. The staff with Napoleon were looking at this through spyglasses, and it is owned Napoleon smiled. As to the poisoning, only fourteen men had anything given to them, as Napoleon said to the physicians, "pour adoucer leur maux", and of these four recovered. Asalini¹⁷² was told this by the very physician who refused to poison the men.

Rode home by two in the morning.

Friday September 2nd 1814: Wrote journal from August 19th. At Whitton.

Saturday September 3rd 1814: At Whitton. Folks dined here on venison. A person here, a young Major, with whom it turned out one of the family either had been or is in love. He is aide-de-camp to General Paget, who was taken prisoner in the retreat from Salamanca. He told me that Paget told him the French who took him came for Lord Wellington, who arrived at the spot only five minutes after them.

Sunday September 4th 1814: Reading, &c. Writing. Called on Ellice.

Monday September 5th 1814: Parsons¹⁷³ shaved my head and I put on a wig¹⁷⁴ – it felt hot at bottom and cold at top – read and wrote. At night and the morning read Ben Jonson's¹⁷⁵ Alchemist.¹⁷⁶ To my shame it is a most superior comedy indeed and shows a most superior power of words and appropriate ones. Dapper is described:

a special gentle
That is the heir to forty marks a year
Concerts with the small poets of the time
Is the sole hope of his old grandmother.

171: Ms. gap.

172: "Asilini" (Ms.)

173: His new valet, hired on May 14th.

174: Why H. suddenly wishes to look old-fashioned is not clear. His head would have been shaved close, not bald.

175: "Johnson's" (Ms.)

176: H. is reading William Gifford's edition of Jonson, which had recently been published by Murray.

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(Scene II act 1)¹⁷⁷

Doll Common in scene 1 calls Face

A whoreson upstart apocryphal captain¹⁷⁸

It opens in an extraordinary strain, and Subtle tells Face to lick figs out at his — —! alluding to the punishment inflicted on the inhabitants of Milan by Frederick Barbarossa.¹⁷⁹ Indeed Jonson's learning seems as abundant in modern as ancient particulars. I take him a wonderfully useful study for getting at the stories of the manners of the times. The incidents in *The Alchemist* are truly comic as well as the words, although the last are without the pale of decency, such as the lady and the dildo, &c.¹⁸⁰ There is a joke on the word *Chiause* for *Chouse*.¹⁸¹ Abel Drugger is no great part.¹⁸²

Tonight read some of Deverell's mad nonsense called *Andalusia*,¹⁸³ and saw there a list of English words taken out of Camden's remains supposed to be taken from the Greek.*

10: See 23/3/13 n1.

Tuesday September 6th 1814: Wrote till five. Walked out with Sophia. Dined. Read two epistles aloud of the *Essay on Man*. Sat up till three, reading the reign of James II in Burnet's *Own Times*.¹⁸⁴ Recollect the next morning that he says King William III had but *one* vice and in that he was *very* secret and *cautious*. Yet he was Heaven's favourite, "for whom the seas do fight", *o nimum dilecto deo*, and a pious talker of predestination, so much so that he took Burnet by the hand when he landed at Torbay, and asked him if he did not then believe in a particular providence and the decrees of it ... He is made by Burnet really a great

177: *The Alchemist*, I ii 50-3.

178: *The Alchemist*, I i 127.

179: *The Alchemist*, I i 3-4; see Rabelais, *Gargantua and Pantagruel*, IV xlv.

180: *The Alchemist*, V v 42.

181: Perhaps a misreading of *Choughs* ("crows") at *The Alchemist*, V v 59.

182: H. is surprised, knowing that Drugger was one of Garrick's most successful comedy roles.

183: *Andalusia, or, Notes ... to shew that the yellow fever ... was ... well known to the ancients* (1805).

184: Gilbert Burnet (sic: H. has "Burnett" throughout this entry), *History of his Own Time*, 1723, 1734.

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and unambitious man, and one who, if things had not gone on just as he approved, would have resigned the crown of England without a sigh.

Burnet mentions that Christina of Sweden was given in her latter days entirely to astrology, and he relates that the Elector of Cologne, who gave up his garrisons to the French, believed in the Philosopher's Stone, and attempted to make it. Now Burnet was a very credulous man – Shaftesbury, to take him in and keep him from being inquisitive in other matters, told him that he also believed in judicial astrology. Christina told Burnet that it was hard to stomach the infallibility of the Pope, seeing that Pope Altieri had been an idiot four years in her time.

Burnet is a fair writer in many respects. He talks of Pope Innocent's heroic answer to the threat of French invasion, that he could suffer martyrdom with great applause. He does not speak even of Popery with acrimony, although his just abhorrence of tyranny and the characters of James II and Charles II are not concealed. He has a turn of pleasantry, infinitely agreeable in an annalist, e.g., the notice he takes of the King of France's declaration previous to that war which ended in the Peace of Ryswick, and of which the recovery of some of the Duchess of Modena's old furniture was made a particular pretext.

He was a bold man; had he been taken when he came over with William he expected to be sent to Scotland to be tortured, and determined therefore to know as little of particulars respecting individuals as possible, that he might not be able to betray. On the whole he does not, I think, believe that the Prince of Wales was the King's son – according to him the heir was twice changed. I wished to recollect that the University of Cambridge gave a degree to the Emperor of Moscow's ambassador in James's reign, but refused it to the King's Jesuit – which to my mind is worth[y] a university. Also that in Charles II's reign, which I read the other night, he mentions that Russell¹⁸⁵ sang psalms all the way from the Tower to the place of execution in Lincoln's Inn, but that Sidney¹⁸⁶ prayed little, although attended by independent preachers. Also that King Charles II's body was so neglected that part of his bowels were thrown out of the washtub, and were seen three days after his death sticking against the grating of a gutter. Burnet gives me a new idea of Penn the Quaker,¹⁸⁷ who seems to have been a rogue, or at least a very weak fellow indeed. The conduct of the dissenters in

185: William, Lord Russel (1639-83) opponent of Charles II and James II. Executed for high treason.

186: Algernon Sidney, also executed: see note to *Vox Populi*, above. A friend of Burnet.

187: William Penn was a friend of Algernon Sidney. Burnet disliked him.

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James's time shows what is to be got from religionists – they would have enslaved the nation to set up their sect.

Wednesday September 7th 1814: At Whitton ... read and wrote – Romaine.

Thursday September 8th 1814: Ditto, ditto ...

Friday September 9th 1814: Ditto, ditto ... a party dined here.

Saturday September 10th 1814: Ditto, ditto ... read at night some of Burnet's *Travels*. He mentions seeing at Grenoble a copy of the Revelations, five or six hundred years old, bound up with Æsop's Fables, both of them illustrated with plates – the conjecture made by the person who showed them to Burnet was that the compiler thought them works of the same cast.

Sunday September 11th 1814: Ditto ... walked to Petersham with Sophia. Norway is said to be conquered by the Crown Prince. He has taken Fredericshall ... I sat up with John Fuller till near three in the morning and then alone until five, when our family set off for the West. Wrote to Byron, and Kaye, who is made Master of Christ's College Cambridge.

Monday September 12th 1814: I missed the girls most piteously, and could do little. Fuller dined with me at half-past seven and I sat up till five again.

Tuesday September 13th 1814: I did nothing, but walked to Petersham and thence rode to Wimbledon. Called on the Solicitor General and rode through the Richmond Park to Kingston – thence through Tintnam's house.

Wednesday September 14th 1814: Wrote from the *Hermes*. Rode to London. Paid bills. Rode down again. Kitty dined with me.

Thursday September 15th 1814: Dined at Whitton. Kitty with me. Dispatched Parsons on the mare to the Falcon at Theale.

Friday September 16th 1814: Up at five – set off for Easton Grey.¹⁸⁸ Rode my horse without stopping to Theale. Breakfasted at a quarter past ten. Set off thence on my mare towards Newbury. Got off for ten minutes at Hungerford. Rode to

188: Just west of Malmesbury in Wiltshire. The country house of H.'s family's friends the Smiths.

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Swindon. Dined. A boiling day. Left Swindon and passed through Malmesbury. Arrived at Easton Grey at half-past eight, where found Miss A. Smith, Mrs Hickes, Mrs Chandler, Mr C. Smith, and Mr R. Bailey. Drank tea, and bed.

Saturday September 17th 1814: Up late – walked about this pretty place. Party from Gloucester arrived. Did nothing. Dined.

Sunday September 18th 1814: Tried to read and write a little, but against the grain. Walked out with Sophia¹⁸⁹ – “the mind is clotted with contagion”.

Monday September 19th 1814: Went out at seven. Shooting. No sport – no birds here, but plenty of hares ... heard extraordinary anecdotes of the Cresswell family. The father of old Cresswell had two wives in the same house, one above, one below. He kept them quiet by telling the one above that he had married the one below only for her money, and the other some other way. I was struck by the Wiltshire dialect and phrase. Charles, T. Smith’s keeper, said, “Sometimes he does – *other sometimes* he does not”.

Slept in the middle of the day. Dined, and went to the ball at Kingscote and spent a dreadful night. The thermometer 78 in the shade of the north.

Colonel Guise and Sir Billy the M.P. dined with us. The Colonel draws away with long old stories, but told me that a monk at Seville informed him things never went well with the Queen of Charles IV since she rode up the Giralda of the cathedral on horseback. This is strange – but I read in the State Trials that Sir Jervis Elvas, Lieutenant of the Tower who was hanged for being engaged in the murder of Sir Thomas Overbury,¹⁹⁰ said just as he was turned off that “Thank God he had not, as was reported, to charge himself with being an *Anabaptist*” – the murder he had freely confessed. The State Trials inform me that the name of one of the midwives who examined Lady Essex as to her virginity was *Margaret Mercer*, and that [] Lord Audley was the owner of Fonthill.

I read yesterday a few pages of the last two years of Charles I (Life by T. Herbert). I do not recollect that it mentions anything not commonly known. Herbert tried to pick up the silver top of the staff in the King’s hand, the falling of which, and the picking up of it by the King himself at his first appearance at the bar, was reckoned ominous. I see in the State Trials that the King said to the executioner when upon the block, and hearing a noise which made him think he

189: H. has joined his family on their west country holiday.

190: Overbury was poisoned in the Tower in 1613 at the instigation of the Countess of Essex.

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was about to give the blow, "Stay for the sign!" to which the executioner said, "I will, an't please your Majesty". To say this to a man on his knees, bare-necked, aye, bound, deserted by all the world, and at his last distress, shows that some divinity does hedge a king, at least to the vulgar.

Tuesday September 20th 1814: Read a little Romaic – State Trials, &c., but can do nothing ... walked – dined.

Wednesday September 21st 1814: Did nothing – set out to go to the races but came back. Dined at Easton Grey as usual. Danced at night.

Thursday September 22nd 1814: Rode to races at Kingscote – pleased with this old diversion of mine.

Friday September 23rd 1814: Did nothing ... read nothing.

Saturday September 24th 1814: Went to shooting, I believe ... did nothing.

Sunday September 25th 1814: Read a little Greek and took a long walk with Sophia.

Monday September 26th 1814: Went out shooting ... did nothing at night.

Tuesday September 27th 1814: Set out at nine with p[ater], m[ater], Sophia and Mell, to Bristol. Passed Cross Hands, Sodbury, and all the scenes of my boyhood, with vast delight. Arrived at Bristol at two. Dined at White Lion. Gloucestershire Society – the 157th anniversary. The Society relieved – with a guinea each – 140 pregnant women last year, and apprenticed seven boys. Estunt¹⁹¹ was in the chair, the Duke of Beaufort there, &c. I put my name down after my father's to serve President in my turn, which will come in twenty-five years, about.

Walked from the Club at seven and met poor Dr Estlin,¹⁹² my old master, on the hill. Went to his house – his wife is as lively as ever. John Estlin has given up the thoughts of marrying his brother's widow. The Doctor is insane about a new liturgy which he has composed for universal Protestant Christians¹⁹³ and cannot procure admission for in his own meeting house at Lewen's Mead. He tells me

191: See 21/5/14.

192: H.'s old Unitarian headmaster.

193: "christened" (Ms.)

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the congregation is much decreased – he is, however, sanguine – talks of “stirring the soil of the human mind”, and read to me part of his prayers in a tone of rapture. He is going blind.

I came to Almond’s in Paul Street, where we put up, and passed the remainder of the evening there. He is in his eighty-third year, and is disturbing his last days about a pump under his parlour window, the common property of seven tenements, and encroached upon by those who have no right to the water. He can think of nothing, talk of nothing, do nothing that does not relate to the *pump*. He has forgotten even his friendship for our family, and spoke to my father about the pump before he asked after his health. All but his food – the love of eating travels on, like hope, nor quits us till we die.

Wednesday September 28th 1814: Rode to Westbury with my father in his carriage and saw the *college* and the estate. The college is kept in excellent order by one Lucas, whose eldest son has in his room a coat of mail and arms irons, which his mother told me he had worn for twenty-four hours when in the Bristol Volunteers. Is anything in novels more absurd than, or as absurd as, real life?

We came home to Almonds – dined there, and passed the evening at Dr Estlin’s, where Dr Pritchard, who married Anna Maria, told me that in some Welsh poetry of the twelfth century, lately discovered, had been found whole lines of *Sanskrit*¹⁹⁴ poetry. He talked much of Edward Williams, the Welsh mason and poet and most learned British antiquary living. I read some of his poems, which, the translations from the Welsh particularly, are very fine performances. This man had given up an estate of £15,000 in the West Indies to a son, and now wants relief. He had a notion of going to America to look after the colony founded there by Madoc, son of Owen Gwynedd¹⁹⁵ –

Thursday September 29th 1814: Went to Bath, leaving old Almond for the last time I presume. Old age takes away our interest for those who once were very dear to us. Put up at Mrs Stratton’s, and repented my joke of last April Fool’s Day, which I played against my better judgement by advice of Miss B and others. This is always the way – if one hesitates, one should take the safe side, and listen not to any person who persuades the running a risk ...

Dined with Dr Parry and his family, who were very glad to see me indeed. The Doctor is altered – he shakes his head and stoops, but to my mind has lost no vigour of mind. After dinner he complained bitterly to me and Pater of the

194: “Sanskreet” (Ms.)

195: Subject of Southey’s *Madoc* and *Madoc in Wales*.

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dependance of his profession – the more he knew of mankind, he said, the more unfavourably he judged of them; he could draw such a picture of men and manners from the facilities afforded by his profession, and he would. {He had sixteen visits to me, many of fortune for a guinea, and had to wait the effect of a glyster.} Every one tells the same story, but I think he seems soured by the fate of Edward, who sticks a lieutenant in spite of all. My book he compliments me very much upon. He lent me Guichardt, Quintus Julius, *Mémoires Militaires*. His son has written a short treatise on nautical astronomy. He details in it the solar system – there is a planet, Juno I think, forty miles in diameter. Vesta is eighty, Ceres 160.

Friday September 30th 1814: Returned to Easton Grey. A large party dined there. We danced in the evening.

Lord Byron is going to be married, as I learn to Miss Milbanke.¹⁹⁶

Saturday October 1st 1814: Went on pheasant shooting and saw not one. Came home and walked with Sophia – ill.

Wrote congratulation to Byron. Read half *Laluis*¹⁹⁷

[NOT IN DIARY: HOBHOUSE'S LETTER CONGRATULATING BYRON ON HIS ENGAGEMENT:

(Source: text from National Library of Scotland Ms.43441 f.40; BB 138)

Easton Grey, near Tetbury, Gloucestershire

My dear Byron –

A letter from that dear rough diamond of our acquaintance has led me to suppose that you are about to marry and to be given in marriage. As Scripture informs us that this is not done in heaven, every one, to be sure, is right to make a trial of it upon earth. You have the warmest congratulations from one whose friendship although not abounding in worldly goods is by no means deficient in good will and affection, as also the sincere assurance that no other possible event could reconcile him to resigning the

1:2

196: It is not clear that B. tells H. of his impending marriage in a letter – BB suggests he had the news from Davies. On September 14th (BLJ IV 170-2) B. asks H. to go abroad with him. If this was the last letter H. received, the news of the engagement must have come as a shock.

197: Could be “Laelius” as in Cicero, *Laelius de Amicitia* (my thanks to Chris Little here).

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prospect of a second expedition with the same companion as contributed so large a portion to the pleasing circumstances of his former journey. Of the lady of your choice you are, I believe, aware that I know nothing except such points as have induced me repeatedly to urge the advisedness of attempting to attain the object which, it seems, is now shortly to be put in your possession – If I had the pleasure of a personal acquaintance I should take the liberty of congratulating her on her approaching union with the person whom the trial of some varying years has made most dear to me, and whose qualities, as far as I am myself concerned, I would not exchange for those of any man living – The same esteem

1:3

and discernment which has enabled her to appreciate the value of such a connection must convince her that an old friend would utter no felicitations on an event which is frequently fatal to former intimacies were he not entirely persuaded that in the present instance he runs no hazard of finding diminished that kind regard of which he would not consent to lose the smallest particle – To say more would be to show an anxiety which, believe me, I do not feel – Again dear Byron accept the congratulations of your very faithful friend
John Hobhouse –

[1:4 is blank.]

Sunday October 2nd 1814: Wrote from Hermes – dined. Read *Lettres Persanes*, partly – and Diderot, *Jacques et son maître* – bawdy both.

Monday October 3rd 1814: Wrote journal from Thursday September 16th. Idled away time

Tuesday October 4th 1814: Idling by shooting, &c. Dined at the Ricardo's¹⁹⁸ at Gatecombe Park. Ricardo is a converted Jew, his wife a converted Quaker. They have subsided in rational Xtianity, as they call it. The man is mild and gentlemanlike, the woman a vulgar, the daughter a hoyden, the son a fool.

Wednesday October 5th 1814: Idled as usual ...

Thursday October 6th 1814: Ditto, ditto ...

198: David Ricardo (1772-1823) political economist. He had in 1793 married Priscilla Anne Wilkinson. By 1814 he had amassed a considerable fortune.

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Friday October 7th 1814: Ditto, ditto ... sat up all night, beginning at eleven and rising at half-past nine the next morning after translating the whole of the oration for Archias ... Pater, [], and Sophia left Eaton Grey on the morning of

Saturday October 8th 1814: Walked out shooting ... dined with Mr J. P. Paul at Highgrove – laughed and talked with him and other boors of Gloucestershire. It is wonderful to me how a man can live in the country. Came home with a plan of old Estcount's[??] for reforming the poor of his parish – of which the best joke is that, if incorrigible, they are to be sent to another parish.

Sunday October 9th 1814: The name of Paul's father was Tippetts. He changed his name. Paul married a fortune and is miserable with her. His brother Sam, to avoid this fate, married a girl without a farthing – he is unhappy in another way.

Walked out with Mel and Charlotte – read my Archias aloud after Sermon - it is tolerably well done although I cannot say I understood all of the original.

Monday October 10th 1814: Read in the morning bits from Hardy's *Life of Lord Charlemont*,¹⁹⁹ and remarked particularly some anecdotes of Hume. Lord Charlemont asked Hume whether he thought the world would be better if the religions to which he objected were exploded. The philosopher said, "It was a question that admitted of some doubt, but that the establishment of truth was paramount to all considerations, and that error must be prejudicial to the human race". Lord Charlemont talks of his "broad unmeaning face entre deux jolies minns at the French opera, and mentions that no toilette in Paris was at that time thought complete without Hume – yet no man was more unfit for such society – he was the fashion of those Anglomanic, deistical times, when ladies talked metaphysics. He did not refuse to be delighted by things said against him, as when complaining that the world attacked some solitary passages out of many volumes of his writing. A man said, "You remind me of an attorney who had forged, and said that after the thousand sheets he had written, it was hard to condemn him for writing one line". Hume told this to Lord Charlemont as the best thing he had ever heard.

He did not think his philosophy fit for ladies, and was very angry when Mrs Mallett said to him, "We deists ought to know one another". [He] answered, "Madame, I neither call myself a deist nor wish the world to call me one".

199: Francis Hardy, *Memoirs of the political and private life of J. Caulfield, Earl of Charlemont* (1810).

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Lord Charlemont's memoirs lets me into the Irish affairs of his time. A serious specimen is mentioned of a reporter's error in giving a speech of Hensing Burgh, who quoted a saying of Serjeant Maynard, which was called in the papers, "A saying of an eminent Sergeant Major".

I left Easton Grey for Rendcombe Park, Sir W. Guise's, seven miles beyond Cirencester, and found there a large party at that fat representative's. Such broad Gloucestershire was never heard. Holford M.P., formerly Chief Secretary of the Board of Control,²⁰⁰ asked me before dinner "as a travelled man", what was the meaning of the "I.N.R.I." over the crucifix!!! We had great cheer, ill-dressed at dinner, and no talk. Mr Morton, brother of Lord Ducie's, was the only man who looked like a gentleman, but he said little or nothing. I found afterwards that he knew this silence might be set down to pride or shyness, and I think he had no objection to have it attributed to the former. He certainly had a great superiority in appearance.

After tea we played Maces, and I lost between two and three pounds. I read some of Tom Browne's works, which are horrid trash without the least merit that I could see. The Epistles of Aristenatus, which he has rendered into English, do not seem worth the trouble.

Tuesday October 11th 1814: Went out shooting with T. Smith and Mereton, and had not a shot.

Read afterwards the beginning of a *Life of Henry V* by Thomas Goodwin,²⁰¹ an old book, by which I collected that Henry turned from debauchery to devotion, and consented to the persecution of Sir John Oldcastle, who appears in a very favourable light, and very daring in calling the Pope Antichrist. Even in those early times it appears that the English Parliament had made a law by which all church presentations were taken from the Pope, and the supremacy of the King in these matters strongly asserted. The war with France was entered into by contrivance of Chicely, Archbishop of Canterbury, and the clergy, in order to prevent the King from attending to the demand of the Commons for appropriating half the church revenues to the use of the state. The revenue of King Henry amounted only to ten thousand pounds, yet the pay of the common soldier was then sixpence a day, the archer and horseman eightpence, the knight two shillings.

200: "Controul" (Ms.) H. is Secretary of the Board of Control for India, 1835-41 and 1846-52.

201: Thomas Goodwin, *The History of the Reign of King Henry the Fifth* (1703-4).

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It is singular to observe reiterated pretences of justice which Kitt set up for going to war with France, and how said all the impiety and blood spilt on the head of the French King, because he would not give him up either his crown or sundry provinces of his kingdom; but afterwards, when retreating from Harfleur to Calais, Henry offered to give up Harfleur and every claim, for a safe conduct to England. The sword is the only balance of Kings.

At Agincourt, some accounts make the French one hundred times more numerous than the English. The number of prisoners whose throats were ordered to be cut for “killing the poys and the paggage”, as Fluellen says, was 15,000. The King fought²⁰² on foot, and was beat down by Alençon, who was killed. He had a part of the crown on his helmet torn off by the blow of a battle-axe, but such was his modesty that he afterwards refused to have this trophy of his valour exhibited in his procession through London. He offered to fight the Dauphin singly, on condition of obtaining the crown of France if he was victorious – but making no mention of what his antagonist was to gain by a victory on his side. After the battle of Agincourt the English looked carefully for the body of a Duke of Brabant (I think), whose coat of arms was three brass heads, because a prophecy of Merlin’s had foretold that England should be overthrown by a boar – whether this was thought to be verified by Richard III I know not.

Thomas Gordon, Mr Smith tells me, wrote annals, and lived about the time of Baker, author of the Chronicles.

I read and played at Maces – lost.

Wednesday October 12th 1814: Went out coursing, and had tolerable sport. Dined and played cards – won a few shillings. Played at finding out what folks think of in twenty questions.

Read some of Henry V. When [the] Emperor Sigismund came to mediate he was received at Dover by several noblemen, who stood in the water with their swords drawn, and told him that if he came to move the King to peace, he should not land, but that as a friend he was very welcome.

I was much pleased with some speeches said to have been spoken at the council previously to declaring war against France – whether taken from Caxton or Polydore Vergil, or others I know not. Goodwin quotes a history of those times by Titus Livius.

Thursday October 13th 1814: Left Rendcombe ... stopped at Cirencester, and visited part of a Roman pavement in the house of a Mr Self. The specimen is in

202: “fout” (Ms.)

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mosaic, and represents chiefly fishes, and figure of a flying youth on a sea-horse. The whole is admirably performed, and both as to colouring and outline infinitely superior to the plate that has been taken of it. Afterwards, Mr Pye the clergyman showed me the church, in which are some good specimens of painted glass, collected together into a modern window by Sam Lyons, the antiquarian, and also some fresco paintings on the wall, which some son of the church has dubbed over in the whitewash. The inscriptions on the monuments of the Bathurst family are worth reading – that on the wife of Allen, Lord Bathurst, consists of a set of antitheses between the virtues of the lord and lady, in which the latter are only put to show the former, and “her” and “his” ring a ludicrous change. Pye told an anecdote of some one reading it, who was heard to mutter, “Now her, now his, now master, now miss ...” “Like a boy and girl on a *weight jolt*,” said Pye. This at once showed me the meaning of a line in Pope on Lord Henry:

... now Master up, now Miss ...²⁰³

I never thought of it before.

Came home. Dined. Read aloud *Cato, Or Old Age*. The arguments are naught. Cicero labours to support a paradox, and shows throughout that he knows he shall convince nobody. He is not even specious when he prefers old age to youth, because amongst other things it is in possession of those years which may or may not be acquired by the young. The man who had spent ten pounds can not be said to have them – after all his eulogy of those who have preserved their faculties to the last, he talks of the advantage and ease of a gradual decay of these faculties – so they do decay. He talks also of the old man possessing in a degree suitable to his time of life the power of gratifying the sensual passions – what does he mean? He says, before, these passions are extinguished, which is not true.

There is part of this essay which made me blush to read aloud to the women, and there is hardly a book of which the same may not be said. Charles Grant told me that his sister read London aloud to his/their²⁰⁴ family, and went through

Clean shoes or cure a clap²⁰⁵

... as if nothing was meant, but to his utter confusion.

203: Pope, *Epistle to Dr Arbuthnot*, 324; rhymes with *And he himself one vile antithesis*.

204: “his” and “their” written in the same space.

205: Johnson, *London*, 115: *They sing, they dance, clean Shoes or clean a Clap*

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I wrote to Sophia.

I have heard from Baillie, who has visited Napoleon at Elba, and mentions his voice as peculiarly sweet, but his conversation is not singular. He had an hour's talk on the terrace over the beach of Porto Ferrago by moonlight in company with Mrs Orly Hunter, Lord Dumfries, and Mr Vaughan, who wrote an account of Sicily.

Napoleon talked of the nature of the military service – of the English army and navy – of their uniforms – and addressed Mrs Orly Hunter upon the relative merits of English and Italian silks. Baillie says he met Colonel Campbell at Florence, who accompanied Napoleon to Elba, and learned many most singular anecdotes from [him]. It is astonishing, says Baillie, how little dignity or discretion he makes use of in his retreat. He told Usher, in his cabin going to Elba, that he should be recalled to the throne of France in six months. He has gone over with Campbell the history of his whole private life, and even joked about a project for cutting off his prepuce (for he did not say “circumcise”) when he turned Mahometan in Egypt. Campbell says he neither reads nor writes, but employs from four in the morning until ten at night, except at meals, in constant bodily activity.

Friday October 14th 1814: Last night and this morning I read in a little book called *England's Black Tribunal*,²⁰⁶ printed and published first in 1659, then in 1660, and then in 1680, the trial and proceedings against Charles I. I cannot help thinking the King began to be alarmed and did depart a little from the magnanimity with which he began this examination. His prayer to be heard by the Lords and Commons in the painted chamber, previous to sentence, is very earnest, and shows desire of life – and his saying that he did not *decline* the jurisdiction of the court, although he did not *acknowledge* it, was the quibble of fear, the struggle between shame and hope.

President Bradshaw's speech is to me very convincing – he has argument and precedent on his side.

I was much struck by a speech of Colonel Penruddock, who lost his head at Exeter, 16th of May 1655, for proclaiming King Charles II at Blandford, and [], after having given himself up, upon conditions, to Captain Crook. In conclusion of his speech to the jury he says, “You are now judges between me and these judges. Let not the majesty of their looks, or the gory of their habits, betray you to a sin, which is of a deeper dye than their scarlet. I mean that in blood, which calls to Heaven for Vengeance. Gentlemen, you do not see a hair of my head

206: Published 1660 by J. Playford. Numerous editions.

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which but is numbered, neither can you make any one of them, much less can you put breath into my nostrils when it is taken out. A sparrow doth not fall to the ground without the providence of God, much less shall man, to whom he hath given dominion and rule over all the creatures of the earth. Gentlemen, look upon me. I am the image of my creator, and that stamp of his which is in my visage is not to be defaced without an account given wherefore it was. I have here challenged, as I am a gentleman and free born man of England, the right which the law allows me; I demand a copy of the indictment, and council, but it is denied me. The law which I would have been tried by is the known law of the land, which was drawn by the wise consultations of our Princes and by the ready pens of our progenitors. The law which I am now tried by is no law, but what is cut off by the point of a rebellious sword, and the sheets in which they are recorded, being varnished by the moisture of an eloquent tongue, if you look not well to it, may chance to serve for some of your shrouds ...

“Have a care of being drawn into a snare. Gentlemen, your blood may run in the same channel with mine ... If what I have said, do not satisfie you so as to acquit me, if you bring me in a special verdict, you do in some measure acquit yourselves, and throw the blood that will be spilt upon the Judges; consider of it, and the Lord direct you for the best ... (p. 155).

This account was published from Penruddock’s papers by his friends. The Colonel adds, “The Jury, after a quarter of an hour’s retirement, brought in Guilty: the Lord forgive them, for they knew not what they did.”

Penruddock denied the Protector’s power, but afterwards desired the Attorney-General to intercede with him for his life, saying, “I will pay him the interest of thanks for it as long as I live, and engage my posterity and a numerous alliance to be bound for me”. His excuse for this, however, is in his last speech on the scaffold in gallant terms – “Neither was I so prodigal of nature as to throw away my life, but I have used (through none but honourable and honest means) to preserve it” (p. 164).

I wrote journal from Thursday October 4th.

Eulia Effendi’s *Travels*, in part in Mss., have arrived from Countess Meerfeldt. The translation is in bad English by my friend Hammer, First Interpreter of the Imperial Court of Vienna. Find I have engaged to correct and edit it for him.

Saturday October 15th 1814: Went out shooting ... and did nothing – I believe ...

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Sunday October 16th 1814: Read a <good deal> little in the *Hermes* ... read at night some autographs of Mrs Smith's, which are very valuable – there is one of Oliver Cromwell:

O CROMWELL.

– a pass with his signature only and seal, directed to “all officers and soldiers under my command” – also a letter from Dryden, deciding a passage from Creech's Lucretius which Mrs Smith sent to Scott when he published his edition of Dryden, and which is indeed the only original letter in that edition. That which struck me very much was a French letter from Henry Brougham to his cousin John Richardson, then at Paris, dated Edinburgh, January 1st 1802. It is bald French enough, but is curious because Brougham there tells him that he has on the anvil his colonial policy, which though it is a subject *au dessus de ses forces*, he still shall publish, in order to make himself known and to give himself a reputation *pour la politique* – if he does not succeed, he tells his cousin he shall leave his country and try his fortune at some foreign court, and he begs him to enquire what encouragement is given to strangers in France. He concludes by telling Mr Richardson not to lionise at Paris but to keep company good but cheap, i.e. with the *émigrés* and old *noblesse* – he talks with enthusiasm of the charm of female society and even of domestic life, and concludes by mentioning that he is studying nineteen hours out of the twenty-four.

Monday October 17th 1814: Went out pheasant shooting – we killed two, and a hare – J.P. Paul and his wife dined with us.

Tuesday October 18th 1814: Prepared to go out hunting but it rained, so I stayed at home and read a good deal of the *Hermes*.

Wednesday October 19th 1814: Rode over to Worcester and saw the superb Roman pavement there – fifty feet square. The floor of a room which Mr P. Hawker, like a true antiquary, sticking at nothing, says was inhabited by the Emperor Adrian. Our floor cloth patterns are taken from these mosaics, which I knew not before ... the animals there are portrayed with great spirit – on the hill opposite near Sir G. Paul's are the remains of a kiln in which they suppose were *baked* the bricks for the Emperor Adrian's palace ... rode home with Miss Baillie

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in the rain and got completely ducked ... Found a letter from Byron – asking me to stand bride’s man at his marriage.²⁰⁷

[NOT IN DIARY: HOBHOUSE’S LETTER TO BYRON AGREEING TO BE HIS BEST MAN (from *Byron’s Bulldog*, 140):

Easton Grey. October 20, 1814

My dear Byron

Whatever may have been the process of your present amour, be assured, as I before told you with the utmost sincerity, that nothing good can arise from it or any other adventure in which you are concerned, that will not be a subject of the most entire delight to me. It may be of little import for me to repeat what I before expressed that I augured every thing happy from that which I had used the privilege of friendship to advise. It will be a more certain evidence to say that I shall be exceedingly happy to accompany you during that moment of the engagement which is to bind you for life to the obligation of being as happy as the conditions of humanity admit – If Miss Milbanke did not think it necessary to be given away by her father or some other relation, or friend, or acquaintance, nothing would make me more happy than to be the immediate channel through which might be conveyed the right of entrusting her happiness to the care of the person from whom I have found my principal comfort in more vicissitudes than those to which the acquaintance of two young persons is usually subject – If your friend had no other attraction than that of having selected and of being selected by yourself I should be eager to form her acquaintance, but all I have heard of her formerly, and the accounts which daily now accumulate upon me of her valuable qualities, of course, increase my wish to be presented to her. Have the kindness to give me a fortnight’s notice of the time and place and other circumstances of the approaching ceremony. Nothing which I now contemplate as possible will prevent my attendance – I have only one engagement on my hands and that is a short visit to Lord Lansdowne in this county: of which I have not yet settled the precise time. If you will be so good as to let me know about what period you conjecture every thing will be in readiness, I shall then be able to make my few arrangements in Wiltshire and to let you know for a certainty when I shall be at your service altogether – Do not suppose by this phrase that under every conjuncture I shall not be in waiting on the important occasion about to ensue – believe me your most affectionate

John Hobhouse]

207: B.’s answer to H.’s letter of October 1st is at BLJ IV 213: but in it he does *not* ask H. to be his best man.

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Thursday October 20th 1814: Hunted at Bevenstone, riding mare and horse – no sport, the hares being too numerous. Came home – did nothing. Letter from Lord Lansdowne asking me to B.W.

Friday October 21st 1814: Read *Hermes*. Went out pheasant shooting. Read aloud a review from the last *Edinburgh* – poorly done.

Saturday October 22nd 1814: Hunted at Cherington – very tolerable sport. Read at night Pope's Letter to Lord Henry – poor T. thought it tedious!!!

These last nights and mornings I have read the *Life of Mr Colley Cibber, or Cibber's Apology*,²⁰⁸ so often quoted in *The Dunciad* ... it is a thick octavo ... Cibber shows himself a profligate, honest, good-natured fellow, totally insensible of any reputation of the higher sort, and owning himself to be so – saying he never could have been wise or great, therefore he would not throw away any time upon the pursuit of such attainments. He alludes to Pope, but never in harsh terms, but only mentions his name as a frequenter of Will's coffee-house.

The chief part of his book is a history of the stage, which is embroiled terribly, and does not give much information. He seems to have considered Betterton as the greatest actor that had ever appeared, and Booth far below him, but still nearer Betterton than any actor was to him. The stage in 1690 had a dozen actors and actresses such as were never equalled. Booth's fortune was made by playing Cato. Cibber relates the story of the fifty guineas, but says they were collected amongst the Tories, not given by Lord Bolingbroke, and he mentions, what is not usually known, that Doggett proposed to Wilkes and Cibber, his brother managers, to give Booth another purse of fifty guineas as a counterbalance to the Tory present, and that although Cibber was against it, the money was actually paid.

There are one or two memorabilia. Cibber when a child saw Charles II feeding the ducks, and playing with his dogs in St James's Park, to the great delight of the populace, who loved this monarch for these idle propensities more than they hated him for his tyranny. Charles one day at a play, seeing an actor come on in a black periwig to act a villain, and being himself swarthy, with large eyebrows, exclaimed, "They never have a rogue in a play but they clap him in a black periwig – whereas it is well known the greatest rogue in England wears a fair head of hair!" The rogue, one of his own ministers, was then in waiting near him.

208: Published 1760, three years after Cibber's death.

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In his reign, although females had begun to be employed on the stage, yet in some cases they employed men to act women. Kynaston²⁰⁹ appeared in petticoats with success – he acted Evadne in *The Maid's Tragedy*. King Charles coming to the play one afternoon (for plays then began at four) had occasion to wait some time. He sent for the manager to ask the reason of the delay – “An't please your Majesty,” said the man, “the Queen is not shaved yet”. The ladies of quality used to drive Kynaston in his female dress in the park after the play.

Cibber mentions of Sandford the actor,²¹⁰ who had a villainous form and face, and personated rogues with great success, that he spoilt a play once because he acted an honest man – for the first three acts the audience thought his virtue hypocrisy, and, expecting him to show his real character, sat quietly enough; but when they found him the same throughout, they damned the lay as unnatural.

Cibber's father was from Holstein.²¹¹ He not only was the sculptor of the figures before Bedlam, but of the busts in Trinity College Cambridge Library and other *αγαθματα*. He was employed at Chatsworth by the Earl of Devonshire. This nobleman was known at the court of James II to be unfavourable to his measures, and, a courtier having stepped on his toes, gave him a blow for which he was fined £30,000 – this sum he never paid, but was banished from court. The summer of 1688 the King sent to him, to say that if he would make prompt payment he would remit part of the fine. Lord Devonshire, who had then arranged his rising with the Prince of Orange, returned for answer that he thanked his Majesty, but if he would wait a little he would rather play him double or quits.

Cibber's mother, Miss Colley, was of a very ancient family. Cibber was most intimate with the famous Colonel Brett, to whom he sold Sir Fopling's periwig²¹² ... and at one time, when the Colonel came to a rehearsal and Cibber wanted to send him to see about his courtship, which was to make his fortune, and the Colonel said his shirt was too dirty, Cibber actually changed shirts with him in his dressing-room, and went on in Brett's dirty linen. Brett married his lady.

209: Edward Kynaston (1640?-1706) described by Pepys as “the loveliest lady I ever saw in my life”.

210: Samuel Sandford (????-????) had “a low, crooked person”, but never played Richard III. Charles II described him as “the best villain in the world”.

211: Cibber's father was Caius Gabriel Cibber (1630-1700).

212: Sir Fopling Flutter in Etherege's *The Man of Mode* (1676). His wig would be sensational.

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Sunday October 23rd 1814: Wrote from the *Hermes*. Walked out with Mell. Read in the evening some of Mrs Smith's autographs – one of Johnson recommending a Benedictine monk to Dr Adams of Pembroke, and a capital letter from Locke to Sir J. Banks, relative to his son's travelling, and advising that instead of staying at Paris, were they then were, he should visit the departments. Locke lays down, as the chief good to be gained by travel, the acquisition of ease with strangers, and a modest assurance in every company. He totally decries the notion of forming intimacies abroad. He is a little pleasant upon the maternal fears of Lady Banks, and her anxiety to be near her son, and hear regularly from him, begging to let her Ladyship know that "if Mr Banks writes one a week, whether he be in Paris or elsewhere, and that as long as her son is on the other side of the water at all he must be too distant from her to receive any immediate help in case of sickness or peril". He laughs at an immediate attention to riding, "a capacity which his pupil will never bring into play except he should be a captain of horse". This letter was procured from Lord King, who is descended from Locke collaterally, and who has his Ms. journal, and the papers.

Monday October 24th 1814: Wrote journal from Wednesday last, and did nothing.

Tuesday October 25th 1814: Went out hunting. Got a slight prick of a thorn on the knuckle of my middle finger of my right hand. Thought nothing of it – but found after dinner I could not stir the fire.

Wednesday October 26th 1814: Got up with a swelled hand and aching arm – suspicious of cursed tetanus. Had my meal cut for me. At night, notwithstanding poultices, I got worse – called up my sisters, &c., and took laudanum. Not a little frightened to say the truth – thought my jaw stiff.

Thursday October 27th 1814: Hand better, and fright gone off. I had an opportunity of seeing my sweet Amelia's kindness and solicitude for me – as also that of my dear Charlotte – so I gained by this thorn.

Read *Hermes*.

Friday October 28th 1814: Read *Hermes* and wrote. Went at night to the Tetbury ball. My hand well.

Saturday October 29th 1814: Read *Hermes*, &c.

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Sunday October 30th 1814: Set off in a post-chaise to Bow Wood. Dined there. Found Lord and Lady Jekyll, Horner, Lord and Lady Andover, and a Mr Newnham. At once I saw²¹³ the difference in this company from that which I had left – quiet and classical and critical on points of Latin. Perhaps no great learning was shown, but the turn of talk was scholar-like.

Jekyll told us that Fox, coming one day on Joliffe M.P., a strange man, found him eagerly reading Hume. Fox looked over him and said, “Ah, I see you are got to the imprisonment of the Seven Bishops –” – “For God’s sake,²¹⁴” cried Joliffe, “don’t tell me what’s coming!” – “Now”, said Jekyll, “an elderly gentleman of fifty with a wife of fifty-seven, as wise as himself, are the best readers of history – to them it is a romance”.

We had a discourse on the propriety of the use of *tetigit* in Goldsmith’s epitaph. It seems it has been objected to. The next day in the Thesaurus we found one use of it in Cicero: *sed Aristoteles, sed ... ista tetigit*. Mr Newnham remarked one day that Virgil has very few metaphorical expressions in his poems. He has some, but a few, certainly, i.e., compared with Lucretius.

Bowles the poet was there. He talked of respect for Mr Horner and myself, which made us pass the bottle. Jekyll complimented my book for me. After dinner we dawdled the time agreeably till bedtime at half-past eleven.

Monday October 31st 1814: Breakfasted at ten ... looked over Latin Thesaurus. Afterwards I learned the folly of hazarding strong assertions. Lord Lansdowne appealed often to me, unfortunately. I can’t help being overrated, but I can help appearing to know more than I do, and I will.

I rode to New Park today, and the next day to Broughton,²¹⁵ and called at the Clack’s farm, where I spent many a happy vulgar hour. Nothing appears to me changed. It seems to me I can recollect every old gap in the hedge.

Dined. In the evening made card dishes for Lady Lansdowne’s fossils, and burnt my papers in three places – heroically, without complaint.

Lord and Lady Barrington came late at night. My lord is a fool – my lady a loud talker, but good-natured. She is suspected of having written the two novels

213: “say” (Ms.)

214: “for god sake” (Ms).

215: The village which H. chooses for his title (“Broughton de Gyfford”) when ennobled in 1851.

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Pride and Prejudice and *Sense and Sensibility*.²¹⁶ She is clever, and plays with a grace at billiards.²¹⁷

Tuesday November 1st 1814: I rode to Broughton, calling on Mrs Dickinsions by the way. Dined. Lord and Lady Andover gone. Lord Auckland came yesterday ... *ses façons, quant à mon gard, sont un peu incomprehensibles*. Methuens girls dined, and one boy. In the evening I made a successful guess at the meaning of these lines, sent by Alfieri to Count Delce, who sent him two tragedies:

Tragedie due []
Che il solo sa
Satiri or fa
Saran tragedie tre.

Took leave in great good humour with myself. Promised Lady Lansdowne some Castalian water.

Wednesday November 2nd 1814: Rode to [the] Clutterbucks, Bradford Lea. Breakfasted. Walked down to Bradford and saw the seat of my grandfather, appearing to me a miserable hovel after the houses in which I have been accustomed to live. Chantry is now a school of the Reverend Mr Knight. One of the gardens is converted into a playground.

I visited Olivia Hopkins, the watchmaker – she is a relation of Admiral Hosier's, and a great friend of our family. She advised me to call on Mr Barnes of Redland, whose sister was my mother's mother and who has a large fortune.

I returned to the Lea and rode to Cottles, the interior of which I was shown by Mr Hale, the owner, who is repairing it. Every room I looked in with delight, but it appeared very small. They are building a garden in the shady field.

I rode to Atworth. Called on Samuel Sayer, or gardener, and saw his wife, and Banks of the New Inn, my father's keeper. Rode back to Bradford and dined with Mrs Clutterbuck, and an old Methodist maid, and Mrs Singer. Mr Clutterbuck came home in the evening. He told me he recollected well when Lord Thurlow²¹⁸ was at the bar, and cut universally for debauching a gentleman's daughter. He idled his time leaning over the bar of Nando's coffee

216: H. seems to have read neither. A later note in the Ms reads, "by Miss Austen".

217: A later note in the Ms. reads, "afterwards Lady Morley".

218: Edward, First Baron Thurlow (1731-1806). Solicitor General, Attorney General, Lord Chancellor.

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house and courting Polly Harrison, whom he afterwards kept. Lord Weymouth said he was going to rack, and reasoned with him in a friendly manner – he took to hard reading, and was then brought forward by Lord Weymouth. He repaid his kindness by never swearing, not even with his friend the Duke of Bridgewater, in Lord Weymouth's company. This exemplifies what Rochefoucauld of a man's being always able to renew himself.

I read a portion of Lord George Sackville's trial. Lord George Sackville was condemned on the evidence of a Colonel Sloper, who swore Lord George Sackville was alarmed when the order to advance was delivered to him by General Winsingerade. Clutterbuck knew Sloper – he had a child by Mrs Cibber, the actress.

Thursday November 3rd 1814: I rode to Easton Grey, passing by Hortham House gates, which are quite altered and modernised by a General Cox. The avenue however is the same, and the old rails are there – and Farmer Davey and his wife, whom I visited. I passed through Biddeston (Bitson), called on James Elliot, our former butler and saw his wife. Went through Gritteton and by the Foss road to Eastern Grey, where dined, and re-established myself.

Friday November 4th 1814: Went out shooting on Bevenstone manor – killed two brace of hares between us. Dined with Colonel Kingscote. Met there a man, one Mr Lee Warner, who has travelled in Greece, but who – alas me – has never heard of my book. Colonel Kingscote is a fine old man. I learned to night that a Mr Steevens of Chaunage has turned Catholic, believes his sister wants to poison him, and rides his horse for exercise round a tree until he drops.

Saturday November 5th 1814: Went hunting at Ashlly – a good day's sport. Making puns at night – Astyanax, Turnus ... recollecting Cicero's praise of military life in the oration for Murena[??] – cap. 9.10.11

Sunday November 6th 1814: Wrote journal from last Tuesday, October 25th ... wrote letters.

Monday November 7th 1814: Went out shooting – did nothing –

Tuesday November 8th 1814: Went out hunting ... ditto –

Wednesday November 9th 1814: Went to Lord Ducie's Woodchester Park, a house in a hollow between shady hills. Shot four brace of pheasants, two hares, and a rabbit. Dined at Woodchester. Lady Ducie told me that Lord Bathurst,

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standing next to Madame de Staël, heard the introductions of eight or ten people to her, which were all received in the same set phrase of speech. Someone said, "Lord Bathurst must introduce you" – "Why no," returned my lord – "I know what she will say to me without trying!"

Saw my own book at Woodchester. Lord Ducie tells me that not only do they know that Tortworth Park was a vineyard, but that the descendant of the man who came from France to attend the vines is still living in the place. At Woodchester is a picture of a chestnut tree at Tortworth, which is mentioned as celebrated in the reign of King John, and is alluded to as existing in that of King Stephen.

Thursday November 10th 1814: At one we set out for Bevenstone, and hunted a little – not much sport. Returned to Easton Grey. At night Middleton's Cicero was read – Cicero in *Verrem* makes mention of a goddess Libera, which I thought to be Ceres, but which I find to be Proserpine, who is mentioned under that appellation in Livy and Tacitus.

Friday November 11th 1814: I got to the end of the second volume of the *Hermes*. At night we had Middleton's Cicero, the Roman names murdered by the women. I find Heliogabalus short in Ainsworth and long Heliogabalus in L'Emprière. Gibbon calls this deity or Emperor "Elagabalus", whose life is contained in Lemprodicus.

Saturday November 12th 1814:²¹⁹ Hunted at Aston Downs and had a capital run – came home determined to leave this place on Tuesday. [] Howes and Parson Howe's wife sister dined with us.

I hear Leake is reviewed in the *Quarterly* – this gets me on the fidget.

Sunday November 13th 1814: Wrote journal from last Sunday – read & wrote from *Hermes* – dined, &c.

Monday November 14th 1814: Went out shooting – killed a pheasant and two hares – and thus closed my unprofitable sporting exploits for the year, and as far as shooting is concerned, perhaps for my life.

I sent on Parsons to Hungerford (advanced him ten pounds) on my horse. The Pauls, Rob and Jane, dined here – took leave of my kind host and hostess.

219: H. places two small exclamation marks after this date.

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Tuesday November 15th 1814: Got up at half-past six – set off half-past seven. Rode by Weston Bassett to Marlborough – twenty-six miles. There breakfasted at the castle. Set off at a quarter past twelve and rode to Hungerford, a mile beyond which I changed my mare for my horse, and rode on without stopping to Reading, where I put up at the Crown, kept by G. Frankland. Wrote a letter to Amelia containing six epigrams made on the road, relative to the mottos at the M of Anspachs near Newbury – “Salus Publica” – “Salus Mea” – and “Dieu avec nous” – dined, bedded, &c.

Wednesday November 16th 1814: Rode to Whitton, where I arrived by four, and expecting all sorts of congratulations and embracings which made my heart tremble, found the house emptied of Pater M[] and Sophia, who had gone to the play to see the famous new actress Miss O’Neill. Next I read the article on Leake in the *Quarterly Review*, in which I am called “inaccurate”, “brisk,” and “vulgar” – but, thank the gods of criticism, am still preferred as more amusing and instructive than Leake. Then, *pour combler de malheur*, I find my Castalian water – some drops of which I promised to Lady Lansdowne – has disappeared. I cursed and raved, but then thought of the folly of it and dined, and got good-humoured.

Julia at night read the review of Brand’s *Popular Antiquities*, by which I find that in 1716, Mrs Hicks and her daughter aged nine years were hanged at Huntingdon for having sold their souls to the devil – and raising a storm by pulling off their stockings and making a lather of soap!!!!

Thursday November 17th 1814: I wrote a letter to Tavistock telling him I would come to Oakley to hunt. Read a little. <Hermes> – walked out with Julia. Party arrived, except the father. I learn with dismay that the Whitbreads have failed. The last thing in such a calamity which I thought of was that I kept my account there, and probably lost £100 or £200. By my father’s extraordinary prudence I find that the Bath Bank has lost no great sum – say £10,000 at the utmost. When Dan Clutterbuck and Philpott his father came up here last September they had £70,000 in their hands, and were going to expostulate and enquire of the Whitbreads into the reason of some awkward appearances they had perceived in their concerns. My father stopped them at once, and it seems certain had Clutterbuck and Philpott gone to Whitbread they would have broken, and all would have been gone.

At night I read *Waverley*, reviewed [it] to my mother and sisters and went to bed perfectly mad – against trade and against my friends and myself.

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Friday November 18th 1814: I read the Περὸ ἀετιῶν[??] to the Bibliothèque Hellenique of Coray, and wrote a short essay on the method of presenting text without notes.

My father came – he delighted to see me – tells me that my loss is £107 but that he shall make it good. John Whitbread has turned out a rogue – is said to have deceived his partner Howard – robbed his till of £600, and is fled to France. Douglas Kinnaird was the first who communicated the breaking of Whitbread's bank to my father. The Bath bank account was removed by degrees, and finally taken over Saturday last, but the amount of loss is not yet known. I listened to my father with the greatest delight – he has shown himself most extraordinarily wise ... it appears to me his friends the Whitbreads have done everything to cheat him to the utmost – now this comes of being an irregular liver. John Whitworth was a Quaker – was read out – kept a fat woman – tried to keep it secret, and was reduced to a thousand shifts – so he furnishes a lesson – if I could but learn ... I must change, that is decided – yet Cimon the son of Militiades, & c.....

Saturday November 19th 1814: Read *Hermes*, third volume ... walked out for half an hour. After dinner read aloud, Brand's *Popular Antiquities*.

Sunday November 20th 1814: I received a letter from Douglas Kinnaird having this paragraph – “How came you to write such a letter to Chambers?”²²⁰ – alluding to my answer to his application to vote for Clarke²²¹ as Anatomy Professor at Cambridge. This made me ride to London where calling at 32 Charles Street²²² I found like a fool for my pains that Kinnaird had not seen the letter, and had only heard from J.Kinnaird⁴ that he thought it not decisive enough ... here is a fuss about nothing, and I will take warning ... found Kinnaird has a bantling a male child, seven months old.²²³

Found Cawthorne has turned out a rogue, and threatened Byron to republish his satire and publish his *Hints from Horace*²²⁴ – he tried to provoke Byron to

220: William Frederick Chambers (1786-1855) another Trinity man, subsequently Physician in Ordinary to Queen Victoria.

221: William Clarke eventually got the Professorship in 1817.

222: Douglas Kinnaird's home.

223: Kinnaird had been living for some years with the singer Maria Keppel.

224: The publisher of *English Bards* still issued pirates from time to time despite Byron's prohibition. *Hints from Horace* was still unpublished. The publisher of *English Bards* still issued pirates from time to time despite Byron's prohibition. *Hints from Horace* was still unpublished.

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strike him. I called on Byron and found he comes to the Albany today. Called on Westmacott,* and found him talking of the Roman pavement at Bognor.* He has heard from Lyon and seen a copy of the pavement found there, which represents a chariot race entire.*

I ride down again to Whitton and dine, determining to go to Cambridge.

Monday November 21st 1814: Write journal from Sunday back, and read *Hermes* at home ...

Tuesday November 22nd 1814: Went to London, and afterwards with Kinnaird and Chambers went to Hockerill²²⁵ in a post-chaise and slept at a post house.

7: See 11/3/1/2 n2.

Wednesday November 23rd 1814: Went to Cambridge. Saw Lord Byron. Voted in the senate House for Dr Clarke, fellow of Trinity, for the Professorship of Anatomy. This is the same Clarke who shot Mr Payne for debauching his sister, and the same who was to have travelled with Lord Byron.²²⁶ Clarke had 135 votes, Woodhouse 60, and Haviland of St Johns 150.²²⁷ The poll opened at two pm and closed at seven. Lord Byron, when he gave his vote, was clapped by the students in the gallery and also when he left the *place* of voting²²⁸ – this is, they tell me, unique. He looked as red as fire.²²⁹ Mansel,* and Dr Clarke contended for the honour of escorting him: this is well for a Bishop to attend upon a poet who has the reputation of an atheist and has done something to deserve it.

Dr Clarke told me that he abhorred Leake's attempt upon me,²³⁰ and that he should quote me frequently in his next volume. He told me the review in the

225: To the east of Bishop's Stortford, halfway to Cambridge.

226: B. and Clarke were to have travelled abroad – perhaps to Holland – the previous year. See BLJ III 74 and IV 99-100.

227: John Haviland was subsequently Regius Professor of Physic at Addenbrooke's Hospital, Cambridge. John Thomas Woodhouse MA was a fellow of Caius.

228: See B.'s letter to Annabella, November 23rd 1814 (BLJ IV 234).

229: *Julius Caesar* III ii 115.

230: William Martin Leake (1777-1860) archaeologist specialising in the Middle East. In part by way of revenge, H. reviewed his *Researches in Greece* for the *Edinburgh Review* of February 1815 (see BB 155-6).

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Quarterly was by Bloomfield²³¹ – I guessed as much. Professor Monck²³² told me the same, and asked me what I thought of it.

I dined in *our* Hall and went into Combination Rooms and sat next to Bloomfield, who is a prig. There were there, young Perceval, oldest son of the minister, *hermossissimo muchacho*,²³³ who this night declaimed in Trinity against Whittam's eldest son on the death of Charles I* – also Scrope Berdmore Davies, Hodgson, Lord Byron, and a Mr Matthews, brother of my friend, but no more like my friend!!!²³⁴ except in voice.

Afterwards Byron and I went to Clarke's rooms in Trinity to console with him, and then to S.B.Davies, with whom we sat up until three in the morning slept at the Blue Boar.²³⁵

5: See 19/6/11 n1.

Thursday November 24th 1814: Went with Byron and Chambers to London. Dined with Kinnaird – met there Sir Robert Wilson, Sir Charles Stewart K.B., the minister at Lisbon that was – an ugly, pockmarked but youngish man – voluble, simple, and no diplomatic airs – he talked French very quickly and easily – also Horner, also Lord Byron – and also two Poles, one of whom, General Count Pazz, talked of his services with Napoleon, with whom he had been on on the *état majeur* up to the abdication.

He told us that when Napoleon entered Vilna in the Campaign of 1812, there had been preparation in the town for fêting the Emperor Alexander, who with his army had the same day fled from it. Count Pazz had prepared a ball and fireworks. One of his people came to him in a fright, and told him that the centre of the fireworks before his house presented an "A" for "Alexander" the Count told him to be easy and changed the "A" in to an "N" – so that the fireworks of his mansion, as well as the fêtes of the whole city, served to celebrate the entry of the French Emperor. This is a counterpart of Goldsmith's story of Alexander the Sixth and the statue of the Orsini family.

231: The reference is to the review of Leake's *Researches in Greece* in the July 1814 *Quarterly* (pp. 458-80) which impugns H.'s knowledge of Romaic. It was indeed by the classical scholar Charles James Blomfield (sic: 1786-1857) another Trinity man who became Bishop of London in 1828. He was a friend of

232: James Henry Monk (sic: 1784-1856) Regius Professor of Greek.

233: Son of Spencer Perceval, assassinated on May 11th 1812.

234: *Hamlet*, I ii 152.

235: An inn in Trinity Street, run by John Mound. It was and still is (2004) about 150 yards from Trinity main gate.

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Pazz was at Dresden – he completely confirmed the stories I heard at that place of the small number of the French the day of the <attack> first appearance of the Allies, who, he said, might have carried the place by a charge of the bayonet – only 15 or 20,000 French were in garrison. Napoleon arrived in the night and went to be fed – Pazz was on the lookout from the top of the house – he saw the allies forming on the heights, but waited to be sure that he had not mistaken. He then went down and spoke to Nansouty[??] who was in waiting. He was shown in to Napoleon and told the news – the Emperor heard him, and cried “Allons – mon cheval!” Notwithstanding the Saxons hated him and the French yet such were their fears for their lives and safety, and such their confidence even in the appearance of Napoleon, that although they knew how few French were in Dresden, they shouted with joy, the women even crying, as he rode along the streets.

The day of the battle Napoleon was standing in a battery with Pazz, who was on the lookout, and saw a train of field-pieces brought down to flank this battery. This [was] communicated to Napoleon, who said briskly, “Je ne vous demande pas ça”, and stood still – instantly a discharge of shot carried away part of the palisades, and drove the earth all over the Emperor’s pantaloons, who then galloped away.

At the battle of Leipzig he put himself before his cavalry and rode on his white horse with all his staff along the line – this wonderfully inspirited the men. At Montmirail he charged himself at the head of five squadrons of cavalry and three of infantry, throwing out his arms and calling to his troops – galloping before them – the Prussians ran from the field – 80,000 before a few regiments, without knowing what or who pursued them.

Napoleon was in the habit, especially in the last campaign, of leaving his marshals to fight at discretion – and his marshals suffered their generals to do the same. At Montmirail Count Pazz commanded a division. He saw Marshal Le Febvre wrapped up in his greatcoat, standing in the field alone, and galloping to him, asked for orders. “Mon Cher”, said he, “faites ce que vous voudrez.” Before that battle, Napoleon was so surrounded that he was obliged to follow the guidance of the peasants, who, when the Allies [were] advancing on all sides towards Paris, had cut off communications by the high road, led him and his little army through marshes until he got at the rear of Blücher and the Prussians & beat them.

Napoleon was in [the] habit of boxing the ears of his marshals and great men, half in jest and half in earnest. Count Pazz has seen him slap Caulaincourt in the face in such a manner as to make it doubtful what he meant.

The other Pole told one or two ludicrous stories of Napoleon’s way making love: Mademoiselle La Cadette came to him by appointment – he was writing, and continued doing so for some time without paying any attention to her – she

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became enraged, and said “Ma foi, le’Empereur ne connoit pas son monde! Il ne doit me confondre avec les gens du palais, je ne suis pas comme ses duchesses de la cour – je m’en vais,” and off she went. Napoleon, when he had finished his affairs, looked up for the *entremêt*, and hearing that ma’mselle La Cadette was gone, cried out, “Ah!! la Princesse se fache! Elle perdra ses mille écus!” Another lady was introduced to his apartment and he told her to strip, which she did, and continued trembling in the corner. He forgot the fair one, and wrote for four hours – it was dusk when he arose from his chair, so that walking away he ran against this lady, who was half dead with cold. He started back, but being told what it was, patted the poor creature on the cheek and turning her off said, “Ah! c’est ça! Donnez lui quatre mille écus.”

Both the Poles agreed that Napoleon mistrusted the Poles. These people offered to raise the armed population for his service, but Durvel[??] informed them that the Emperor would accept of such as chose to enter into the regular regiments, but would dispense with the levies. He dismissed the diet at Vilna – “From that moment the heart of the Poles sunk”, said Pazz.

They declaimed against the present conduct of the Allies, and especially the folly of England being taken by the [] of making Hanover a kingdom, and of giving Belgium to the Prince of Orange, when in any war, Belgium and Hanover must fall at once. England, said they, should keep as many small estates in Italy or in the German sea ports as possible, so that if she goes to war with any great continental power she may not at once be shut out from all continental commerce; but now she consents to give Danzig to Prussia, and Italy to Austria. Italy, said they, had begun to raise her head under Napoleon – she had her own senate – her own armies, her own laws, unmixed – her literature began to revive – will she consent to the cudgels of Austria? Germany was in bondage, but she was Germany still, and after the death of Napoleon would have recovered herself – now she is no longer Germany – the smaller states are to be merged, the larger confused and changed, and retitled – whole peoples are transferred to new masters – and who is content? Ask Saxony – ask Bavaria – and let England [] the same question. She will have to pay Prussia for the preservation of Hanover, and Austria for allowing her to trade to Italy and the Ionian Isles. Pazz said he augured ill of the Russian disposition towards Poland at once, when he, after the review of the Poles at St Cloud, received an order from the Grand Duke Constantine relative to his division. To this he returned no answer, but wrote to Talleyrand telling him that he considered himself and his Poles under orders from the provisional government of France. Talleyrand, I think he said, replied that under existing circumstances it would be advisable to attend to the order of the Grand Duke.

The Poles showed the most devoted attachment in their way of talking of their country – they told us only eight regiments are to be raised in Poland – now

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they have nearly as many officers as would supply 100,000[??400,000??] men, so that the Polish gentry must look to something else than the profession of arms. Pazz said, “J’ai sauvé mon honneur et je n’aie pas perdu mon bien – voila quelque chose. J’ai été général – je serai ... a very good farmer” – and in fact he has been six months in Scotland and England, making observations on agriculture. I heard somewhere that the French prisoners who came from Scotland were followed in their march back to France with a train of Scotch ploughs and other implements of husbandry.

Went to bed at one. Slept at the Cocoa Tree.

Friday November 25th 1814: Up at one. Wrote to Amelia – came down to Whitton. Read at night one of Broadhurst’s translations of Pericles[??] – it is wretchedly done.

Saturday November 26th 1814: Wrote journal from Monday last – it is worth remarking that Pericles says in his funeral oration that the Athenians invented the manner of making friends by giving instead of receiving.²³⁶ One would have thought this manner as old as the creation.

Went to London into the orchestra at Drury Lane, and saw Kean in Macbeth. His dagger and murder act is very great, but the play is heavy altogether. Mrs Bartlett’s (Miss Smith)²³⁷ Lady Macbeth was intolerable.

Supped with Kinnaird and his piece²³⁸ and a Mr Nathan,²³⁹ a music master, a Jew, for whom Lord Byron has written words to Jewish melodies.²⁴⁰ Lord Byron was at supper – we had a scene which is a good lesson against keeping²⁴¹ – poor

236: See Thucydides, *Peloponnesian War*, IV, Pericles’ Funeral Oration: ... *in questions of general good there is great contrast between us and most other people. We make friends by doing good to others, not by receiving good from them* (tr. Rex Warner, p. 119). What canting passage has inspired H. to make his reference is not clear.

237: Miss Smith (see 19/5/14) is now married, and her name is Bartley, not Bartlett. H.’s judgement here aside, she was, by consensus, second only to Mrs Siddons in tragic roles.

238: Maria Keppel.

239: Isaac Nathan (1792-1864) composer, concert-promoter, and specialist in Jewish music. He was also a boxing patron.

240: Nathan had written to B. to try and interest him in the *Hebrew Melodies* project in June; but only Kinnaird’s intervention had won B.’s consent to the collaboration (see CPW III 465). The work was published by Murray about 23rd May 1815. The solo songs were set by Nathan for the tenor John Braham (see 28/6/11). On this evening Kinnaird, Keppel and Nathan sang one of the trios *Thou whose Spell can Rouse the Dead* or *In the Valley of Waters*.

241: H. implies that Maria Keppel caused the social embarrassment; but see next note.

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Byron was taken to task for making Mr Nathan impudent by shaking hands with him.²⁴² Bed at three. Slept at Cocoa Tree.

Sunday November 27th 1814: Rode down to Whitton.

Monday November 28th 1814: Read and wrote *Hermes*.

Tuesday November 29th 1814: Read and wrote *Hermes*.

Wednesday November 30th 1814: Rode up to London. Dined at the Royal Society anniversary, and sat down between Inglis and a Mr Phipps, a chemist, who told me that after analysing human perspiration he found it to consist purely of aqueous particles. Man consumes eight parts of oxygen to seven[??] of [] awake, and seven parts of oxygen when asleep: consequently wastes less asleep. I saw Mr Bowdler the chess-player, a ridiculous bore with a long nose, who, being asked by Murdock the elevation of the Simplon, said he prided himself on accuracy and would not tell him loosely. Someone said he had heard of him in Switzerland – “Ah!” said he “I did think that an insignificant personage on a cream-coloured pony might pass unnoticed.”

From the society I went to Kinnairds, and passed the evening with Byron and Nathan.

Thursday December 1st 1814: Rode down to Whitton.

Friday December 2nd 1814: Rode up to London. Dined at Kinnaird's. Present, Lord Byron and Kean. Kean has not conversation on general subjects, but is sufficiently communicative and entertaining on the head of his own profession.

242: B., H. seems to imply, lowered himself by shaking hands with a Jewish musician. Nathan's account puts the blame on Kinnaird, who, he writes, ‘... forgetting all gentle manly feeling and propriety of hospitality ... turned towards me with an air of consequence peculiarly his own, and vociferated with all the stentorian power of his lungs, “Mr. Nathan, I expect—a—a—that—a—you bring out these Melodies in good style—a—a—and bear in mind, that—a—a—his Lordship's name does not suffer from scantiness—a—a—in the publication.”’ (Isaac Nathan, *Fugitive Pieces and Recollections of Lord Byron*, 1829, p. 93). Byron, Nathan writes, apologised for Kinnaird on his exit: “Do not mind him, he's a fool!” and added the following day: “Nathan, do not suffer that capricious fool to lead you into more expence than is absolutely necessary; bring out the work to your own taste; I have no ambition to gratify, beyond that of proving useful to you” (*Fugitive Pieces*, p. 94).

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He told us one or two anecdotes of himself. One was that at Stroud in Gloucestershire, in one night he acted Shylock, danced on the tightrope, sung *The Storm*,²⁴³ sparred with Mendoza,²⁴⁴ and acted three-fingered Jack. Another that he acted the fifth act to Cooke's²⁴⁵ four acts of Richard III. Cooke got drunk – gradually Kean prompted him out of the stage-box until Cooke [] cried out “Ah Ned! Is that you? – I'll not speak another word – come down and finish the part!” Kean said that one night he forgot his part and repeated the *Allegro*,²⁴⁶ which was not found out. Kean is a free liver in every sense of the word – he talks with delight of scenes in the stables at the Circus Theatre.²⁴⁷ He gave us imitations of Incledon, of Kemble, of Sinclair, of Master Betty,²⁴⁸ &c., in the most finished style. He sung a great deal, which he declared together with wine and women his sole delight, and that he was indifferent to theatric glory except so far as it put him nearer to independence. He said that he always felt his part

243: *Not* “operated the thunder-sheet”. Song unidentified. *Some Account* (I 76n) gives a more lucid and detailed account of Kean's different virtuositities: *I became afterwards acquainted with Kean, and heard something of his performances from his own mouth. On December 14, 1814 [sic], I dined at Mr. Kinnaird's, in company with him and Lord Byron; and on that occasion he mentioned that at Stroud, in Gloucestershire, on one night, he acted Shylock, danced on the tight-rope, sang a song then in vogue called the 'Storm', sparred with Mendoza, and then acted Three-fingered Jack. Kean also told us that one night he forgot his part, and repeated the 'Allegro' of Milton without being detected by the audience. He gave us admirable imitations of Incledon, of Kemble, of Sinclair, and Master Betty. He concluded the amusements of the evening by dressing up his hand with a napkin, and painting it with cork so as to look like a man, and dancing a hornpipe with two fingers, imitating at the same time a bassoon so wonderfully, that we looked round to see if there was no one playing that instrument in the room with us. I should not think these matters worthy of record, if Kean had not been by far the greatest actor I had ever seen.*

244: Daniel Mendoza (1764-1836) pugilist. At a bout in Hornchurch on April 15th 1795, B.'s friend “Gentleman” John Jackson had held him down by the hair while punching him – a tactic regarded as unfair.

245: George Frederick Cooke (1756-1811) was, despite his drink problem – or because of his style in handling it – admired by Kean above all other actors.

246: *L'Allegro* by Milton.

247: Perhaps the one run at Bartholomew Fair by Mr Polito (see 10/3/12 n1).

248: The performers of whose voices Kean shows himself master are Charles Benjamin Incledon (1763-1826) ballad singer; John Philip Kemble (see 29/6/12 n5); John Sinclair (1791-1857) Scots tenor, for whom Rossini subsequently wrote the role of Idreno in *Semiramide*; and William Henry West Betty (1791-1874) known as Young Roscius, who made his debut in 1802 and retired to live on his amassed fortune in 1824.

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when acting with a pretty woman,²⁴⁹ and then only it was when upstairs. That he assured us, in this simple good natured way. Amongst other things he drew a man with cork on his hand and danced a hornpipe with his two fingers. His imitation of a bassoon is extraordinary.

We broke up mutually much pleased at two o'clock, when I came to the Cocoa Tree, and looked on at a game of piquet, and heard Solomon Partori* taken to task for chattering by Howarth and Major* like a child – I was chattering too, so I took the hint and came away.

Saturday December 3rd 1814: After much fuss, and swearing to an affidavit of £107 debt before a master of Chancery (where I met Kemble by the way), I set off on my horse towards Oakley, and arrived at Welling, twenty-five miles from London, at five. There I dined and slept. Wrote to Ben and Sophia.

Saturday December 4th 1814: Wrote to Henry. Set off for Oakley at one. Arrived there by half-past four. Found Lord and Lady Tavistock and Mr and Mrs Seymour (Tavistock's artist[??]) there. Tavistock slept after dinner, and so might I, for anything I heard or said. Colonel B is Serjeant at Arms. He speaks of Abbot as a pert tyrant.

Monday December 5th 1814: I was ill all night with a determination of blood to the head. In the morning, finding that a horse which Rawlings of Cambridge had sent me was lame, I had a good excuse for not going out hunting. Lady Tavistock doctored me with magnesia and lemon juice and sent for a surgeon who came – one Short, from Bedford, who said bleeding in the arm would be of no use, but cupping might if I was not better tomorrow. I gave him a pound.

I read, and slept over, *Voyages and Travels in North America* by an interpreter and trader, one J. Long, 1792 – a most entertaining fellow, who lived amongst the savages – spoke four or five of their languages, of which he gives specimens – relates with the utmost naivety instances of his own brutality – was admitted a savage by being tattooed – carried a scalp from a battle - and was called "Amick", or the beaver. He says that the Chippeway language is held in the same esteem as Greek and Latin in Europe. He tells how he took to learning the Iroquois and the French, and hints a preference for the former. Throughout he quotes French and Chippeway and Iroquois and Algonquin – indifferently. He tells that death is called "changing the climate". He relates an instance of one Janvier, a Frenchman (a servant of a Mr Foulton) eating an Indian and his companion. sSalping is not always fatal unless the blow with the tomahawk is

249: *Recollections* (II 173) uncharacteristically, and perhaps innocently, repeats this play on words.

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given first. Women are the beasts of burden, and a squaw, seeing white men carrying a burden, snatched it up saying it was a shame they should do women's work. One caught in adultery has her nose bitten off by her husband. They tear off the scalps with the teeth in two minutes. They eradicate their beards, so they have them, and are not the men which Lord Kannes, says "unbarbes", and founds a theory upon – that they are of a particular creation. They sometimes make their old fathers change their climate. Drinking is their greatest bane and vice. Christianity they hate in general, and indeed have been made much worse by its professors, who, as Mr James Adair says, have introduced their "accursed catechism". Their god is called the Father of Life – they believe in a genius – each man has a "tomam," or spirit, which accompanies him in the shape of some animal, perhaps a bear. Tomamism, says Long, is productive of some singular stories – he tells one, indeed – singular. They believe in dreams. Sir William Johnson is the Englishman most known amongst them – a chief one told Sir William that he had dreamt he gave him his coat. Sir William pulled it off and gave it him – the next day Sir William said he dreamt his tribe had given him a piece of land in such a place – the chief gave it up, but said he would dream no more with Sir William. The five natures are six.

Dined, &c.

Tuesday December 6th 1814: Hunted my horse, and had great sport. Came to Woburn, the most comfortable, princely mansion in the world. Met the Hon. Lord Frederick Ponsonby, 12th Dragoons, Lord William Russell and his son George, Colonel and Mrs Seymour – the latter aunt to Lord Tavistock, a charming woman. Dined in a magnificent room on plate with three or four servants out of livery – among whom, however, is the marker of the Duke's Tennis court: dull day.

Wednesday. December 7th 1814: Went shooting – in great style. Keepers in liveries, cart to hold the game, &c., but it rained, and we killed no great number. It was a regular battue. Tavistock had a Newfoundland dog on a string, which fetched wounded game. Mr & Lady E. Whitbread arrived today – Mr was very jocose on a story of mine, relative to Napoleon's reported carrying of horseshoes for four years for his cavalry into Russia, which I heard at Paris, but which calculation shows to be next to impossible – the lowest calculation would make 12,000 ton weight of horseshoes.

Lord Lynedock arrived – from the arms of Lady A. at Brighton – this extraordinary man is in his seventieth year – bodily activity, however, is his chief excellence – he does not talk much nor very well, I think. However, he has none of the vices of old age – he does not talk of himself. Whitbread certainly told some funny stories – he tries at it. Lady E. adores him and tells him to his

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face “you have such a memory”. I was on thorns owing to the horseshoes – this is a lesson against relating extraordinary stories.

Billiards and bed. The Lady Russell in the picture here is very ugly.

Thursday December 8th 1814: Went out shooting to a Mr Parker’s, where we saw a great many pheasants – home, as usual.

Friday December 9th 1814: Whitbread and Lady E. go. Lord and Lady Albemarle arrive. Went to Mr Parker’s woods again. Killed there, and in the Duke’s, sixty-nine pheasants, forty-four hares, &c.

I got into a scrape by a trick – just as I deserved – there is as much jealousy in shooting parties as political or literary parties – dinner as usual.

Saturday December 10th 1814: Rode my mare with the hounds – no sport. Dreadful day of snow and hail storms. Drenched to the skin – as usual dinner. H. Cavendish his wife, and Lady Walpole, arrive.

Sunday December 11th 1814: Played at Tennis in the Duke’s court with Tavistock. Visited the Pheasantry and other beauties of this place – the Temple of Liberty at the end of the conservatory – the Latin on the façade is not bad – the lines under Fox’s bust by the Duchess of Devonshire are excellent, I think. Tavistock told me that his father pays £14,000 a year in annuities for the late Duke – the sums he gave to the Duchess of Devonshire and Lady Bessborough were immense – he owed £300,000 at his death. Dinner as usual.

I read in Ayliffe’s *Former and Present State of Oxford*, that Antony Wood is reckoned a Papist. I read there of a Memprick, King of England, a reputed founder of the university.

Monday December 12th 1814: Rode sixteen miles on my mare to meet the hounds at a Mr Wescar’s[??] in Buckinghamshire, a county as fine as Leicestershire. Did not find there until we got to Sir Jonathan - hop[??] grounds, where we had a bad run. My horse gave me two severe falls.

Dinner as usual. Lady Walpole told me of some gentleman who called up everybody at an inn for fear of a moth – the waiter said no wonder he was frightened “for it was a very large moth”.

Tuesday December 13th 1814: Letter from Baillie in which he tells me he has heard from Campbell at Elba, who informs him that “Napoleon has spent all his money and suspects with some reason that his pension will not be paid – sometimes he talks with great wildness of passages of his former life and complains of the cruelty of withholding from him his wife and child – at other

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times he speculates on his future fate, and says that if the allies wish to dispose of him he is ready to embark for St Helena, or “Voilà la poitrine”.

Whitbread has seen Captain Usher at Bedford, and he told me at Woburn some anecdotes of Napoleon communicated by him who carried over the Emperor in the *Undaunted*, which were confirmed to me by Lady Madeline Palmer at Bedford – all except one, when Whitbread’s two hours were reduced to two minutes.

Napoleon had about sixty in suite – he was exceedingly cheerful the whole time being on board, rose at four in the morning, took a dish of coffee, wrote until ten, then had a meat breakfast. Spent a great part of the rest of the day walking the quarter deck. He went forwards in the ship one day, and gave a hint to the seamen as to the best way of veering away the cable, which Usher says showed the complete seaman. He gave Usher a picture of himself, [and] invited him and his wife to Elba, where he said he would give them a palace. He showed him a picture of his wife – very pretty, but said it was flattering: “She is however very amiable,” he added. Also a bust of himself, which Usher said was like, but Napoleon said it was not – “The sculptor has made me frown, which I defy anybody to say he ever saw me do in my life”.

Usher says he has a most charming and perpetual smile and is unlike his pictures. Baillie says the same – he gave the crew £400 when he left the ship – they came on the quarter deck and harangued him by the boatswain, who said, “The crew thanked him and wished his honour long life and prosperity at the island of Elba”. Napoleon was highly pleased – he had 400,000 Napoleon d’ors with him, and sixteen covered wagons. When he disembarked, he stood in his little cocked hat eight hours, to see everything taken out of the ship under a burning sun which drove Usher away in an hour. Then he mounted his horse and rode four hours “Pour se delasser”. His activity is extraordinary – he used to gallop Usher about on goat-tracks till he made him tremble, and then said, “You would not care for me at sea, but I think I can frighten you here”.

He assembled the *grandees* and others at his palace the next morning when Usher was present. Napoleon entered the chamber, and stood thoughtful for *two minutes* with his finger on his nose, then turned about and dictated to a secretary, without any hesitation, an entire plan of a most magnificent palace, from the cellars to the garrets. Usher gave him his wine, for there was none at Elba. Napoleon offered to pay him, but Usher said his government would not allow such a reimbursement, which it would take certainly upon itself. When Usher came back he called on Lord Melville. He says he might have had anything if he would have described Napoleon as fool or mad, but as he could not and did not, in spite of all his Lordship’s hints, he has been told he must accept £100!!! which he has refused. He kept three tables for *himself* (Napoleon) and suite. I add to this what I heard from Whitbread who had it from Colherne[??] The Austrian

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General who accompanied Napoleon to Elba [said] that Napoleon had a clap on his journey, and was injecting all the way. He caught it from a drab at Fontainebleau.

I went out shooting to day at Woburn in a large *battue*.
Dinner and dullness.

Wednesday December 14th 1814: *Battue* today in Crawley Woods – killed all together sixty-five pheasants, and at least as many hares and rabbits. I shot George Russell in the thigh with one shot only and was much frightened.

Dinner as usual.

Thursday December 15th 1814: Left Woburn – hunted my horse – very little sport. Arrived at Oakley – dined, &c. Lord W. Russell, George, Mrs and Colonel Seymour there.

A stump-bred fox runs better than an earth bred one.

Friday December 16th 1814: Hunted my mare – no sport at all, but got hat and wig knocked off by a bough. Dinner as usual, except that the joke was old Lady Sefton, Lord Harrington's sister, whom the scandalous world avers to have received £10,000 from Reynell for one night – she is the most ridiculous person I ever met – takes any flattery – talks of “the *vieille cour*” – dwells with delight upon the Prince's attention to her at Brighton, who has given her one of his eight orders, the chain and medal with his own portrait bound with myrtles, to commemorate the last visit to Brighton hung at the left breast. The joke at the Pavilion was to send a message to Sir Edmund Nagle at dinner, to tell him Lady Sefton would drink a glass of cherry brandy with him – “You see,” said Lady Sefton to us – “*Nagle* was the butt, a good man but a great simpleton”. Lady Tavistock told us several odd things of her – the prince once nearly killed her by telling her she had a fine bust – she went nearly naked. She is more ignorant than can be conceived – told Tavistock she heard of him at the island of St Gothard, and thought that the costumes of Turkey printed by Mons. De Terriol's order were my making. The next day she showed us the exercise of the fan, how to express the passions by it, and above all how to throw it. The great proof of a good fan is its lying pinched at the top, by which it should always be handed. She danced a minuet with Lady Tavistock next night.

Saturday December 17th 1814: Hunted, and had a severe but not a good run – I stumped my horse, but did not find it out – young Mr Russel told me one or two things of Paris whence he is just returned. The “Duke of Vilainton” is very unpopular – his *nod* is unsupportable. The duc de Berri is hated – he struck an officer, and even a common soldier, on parade. Colonel Frederick Ponsonby,

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12th Dragoons, told me at Woburn that he rode from Bordeaux to Toulouse to take the news of Napoleon's abdication to Lord Wellington. He had difficulty galloping through the French posts. When arrived, he found Wellington pulling on his boots in his shirt – he had entered Toulouse an hour. "I have extraordinary news for you,," – "Aye, I thought so – I knew we should have peace – I've long expected it." – "No, Napoleon has abdicated!" – "How, abdicated?" – "Aye, 'tis true indeed." – "You don't say so? – upon my honour! – hurrah!" said Wellington, turning round on his heel and snapping his fingers.

Ponsonby told me he saw a man live ten minutes when cut in half – he did not see the wound at first, because his belly was uppermost. The man begged him to shoot him, which Ponsonby says he would have done, had it not been in sight of the army.

Sunday December 18th 1814: I left Oakley after much pressing to stay from all friends, and rode my mare to Welwyn. There I dined, and wrote a letter to Mrs Cuthbert, and one in French to Coray.

Monday December 19th 1814: The waiter here knew of Young – the *Night Thoughts* – "the famous Dr Young," he called him. The ostler did not. The bowling green for which the parishioners of Welwyn were indebted to the author of the *Night Thoughts* I could learn nothing of. I rode my mare to Finchley, then turned off to Finchley church, Hendon, cross Edgware road, to Acton, Ealing, Brentford, and Whitton, where found the family as usual. Dined. Bed.

Tuesday December 20th 1814: Copied out my letter to Coray.
Nothing else.

Wednesday December 21st 1814: Corrected my letter to Coray. At night, copied it out again.

Thursday December 22nd 1814: A letter from Byron today²⁵⁰ has this postscript: "Poor Frederick Kinnaird died last night. He made a most heroic, or rather philosophical, end. Hume's was hardly better." I shall write a short letter to his brother Douglas.

Wrote journal from Tuesday week. At home doing nothing.

Friday December 23rd 1814: Rode up to London. Saw Byron, who said he was going tomorrow. Heard from him that Fred Kinnaird died nobly. He talked of

250: This letter from B. to H. has not survived.

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indifferent subjects – of religion he said he should have liked to have had his mind made up by some sensible man. Douglas mentioned his friend Smedley – “No,” said he, “Smedley is a clergyman – but I know his notions already”. The last thing he said was, “I feel confused in my head – don’t ask me a question that requires an answer”. He died in ten minutes.

I rode down to Whitton and dined.