

July 25th-December 25th 1815

1815, after the Hundred Days

July 25th-December 31st 1815

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Hobhouse spends much time during the weeks immediately after his return from Paris (August 26th-November 1st) in a rural idyll with his family in Kent – an idyll only partially damaged by our sense that he may be inflicting himself on the enchanting black-eyed Mlle Butler, his half-sisters' French governess.

Napoleon's final departure from Europe makes him and his fellow Whigs miserable.

The latter half of the period is filled with meetings in London and preparations for the publication of the *Letters from Paris* – which, it seems, he publishes at his own expense, and which Murray, the timorous Tory, will not handle.

All the time, Byron's marriage is collapsing, a fact of which we get indeterminate hints; the full horror does not hit Hobhouse until February 1816.

Tuesday July 25th 1815: Went to London by half-past one. Found my father gone to Whitton – stayed until near five, delivering letters by Parsons, then set off for Whitton, where I arrived, and had a scene which I will not describe with my dear father and family, whom I found all well, with a small party.

Wednesday July 26th 1815: At Whitton all day. Find Bonaparte's surrender to the *Bellerophon*¹ has made ten times the sensation here it has in Paris. They say

¹: Napoleon had surrendered at Rochefort on July 15. As soon as he entered English territorial waters, in the *Bellerophon* at Torbay, he became subject to the laws of the

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he will be sent to St Helena. They said at Calais he was in London. Lord Camden,* whom I met on the road near Boulogne, would not believe it when told by Ures the messenger* to him. They know nothing in England, but talk of strong means.

Thursday July 27th 1815: Rode my mare up to London. Saw Lord and Lady Byron, and Kinnaird – I am not in the collection, but care not.² Newstead to be sold if possible tomorrow.³ Return to dinner late.

Friday July 28th 1815: Rode up to London again. Went with Byron to Garraway's,⁴ where Newstead was brought in at 95,000 guineas the first lot. The bona fide holding* was 79,000 guineas – he is much annoyed. Rochdale – 16,000 guineas. Called on Lady Noel, who wants Byron to sell hugely.⁵

Before I came out of London, heard the *Gazette Officiel* from France today contains what I dreaded, a list of proscribed⁶ – nineteen for their lives, others banished. Napoleon is to go to <Elba> St Helena, and that island to be bought, by the King, of the East India Company. The ministerial papers are angry at the distinction paid to him, and because people stand with their hats off in his presence. His letter to the Prince Regent⁷ is very good. He still acts *en Prince* on

country, and Burdett persuaded Ellenborough (who hated Castlereagh), to deliver to Admiral Keith (uncle to Mercer Elphinstone) a writ of Habeas Corpus, under which he would have to be brought ashore. Keith spent three days hiding from the constable sent to deliver the writ.

²: Reference unclear.

³: It wasn't. See next entry.

⁴: Garraway's Coffee-house functioned also as auction-rooms.

⁵: H. thought that "the eagerness of her Ladyship in pushing Lord Byron, after having married a reputed heiress, to part with a property which had been in his family since the reign of Henry VIII., had an indecent appearance, and should not be concealed from Lord Byron" (*Recollections* II 200).

⁶: Among the fifty-seven proscribed (the list had been announced in the *Moniteur* on July 26th) were Ney, La Bédoyère, Drouet, d'Erlon, Lefèvre-Desnouëttes, Grouchy, and Bertrand. Soult, Exelmans, Carnot, Regnault de St.-Jean d'Angelly, and others were banished from Paris pending further decisions about them (see *Letters* II 287-8n). The White Terror which followed claimed at least three hundred lives.

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board the *Bellerophon* at Plymouth – the curiosity to see him there is unabated – returned to Whitton.

Saturday July 29th 1815: Wrote a note to Brougham. Had a long conversation with my father on a melancholy subjects – almost the last letter Whitbread wrote was to my father, and contained in a postscript, “How enviable is the death of your gallant son.” The brewery, thank heaven, suffers not⁹ – but no money is stirring. Wrote journal since Thursday July 20th.

Sunday July 30th 1815: At Whitton. Beginning to <read> write *Letters from France*.¹⁰

Monday July 31st 1815: Rode up to London to see Kinnaird – he not there – saw Byron and Burdett – the latter rode down to Brentford with me, and confided the whole story of Coutts’ folly in marrying Miss Mellon¹¹ to me, as well as his own political disappointment in the failure of affairs in France. Jack Gaule* tells me there were many here who wished success to the French arms. Burdett¹² confesses he sometimes thinks that nothing is left for it but to follow Whitbread’s example.

Byron is not more happy than before marriage. Douglas Kinnaird is also melancholy. This is the state of man. I shall go mad. Old Coutts, at eighty-two, turned off his daughter, Lady Guildford, and his grand-daughter, Lady S. North, without whom he formerly could not live, to please Miss Mellon – is long life

⁷: “To his Royal Highness the Prince Regent. / Exposed to the factions which divide my country, and to the enmity of the powers of Europe, I have terminated my political career, and I come, like Themistocles, to throw myself on the hospitality of the British Nation. I place myself under the safeguard of their laws, and claim the protection of your Royal Highness, the most powerful, the most constant, and the most generous of my enemies.”

⁸: Whitbread’s suicide.

⁹: So the Hobhouse family investments in it are safe.

¹⁰: This is the book which will become *The Substance of some Letters written in Paris*, H.’s account of the Hundred Days.

¹¹: Thomas Coutts (1735-1822), was Sir Francis Burdett’s father-in-law. One of the wealthiest bankers on earth, aged by now eighty (not eighty-two) he had married the actress Harriet Mellon (c. 1777-1837), and was to leave her all his money when he died. At BLJ IX 138 B. suggests to H. that he (B.) marry her next.

¹²: The Ms. has “B.” which *Recollections* (I 322) deciphers as “Byron”.

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desirable? Burdett says that his father-in-law never had his senses enow about him.¹³

Tuesday August 1st 1815: At Whitton – writing.

Wednesday August 2nd 1815: Ditto. Dined with Edward Ellice¹⁴ at Wyke. Lady Grey¹⁵ told me that Lady Elizabeth Whitbread¹⁶ wanting a garden chair, her footman, unknown to her, went to Sion House to borrow one, when the Duchess wrote this note: “The Duchess of Richmond¹⁷ presents her compliments to Lady Elizabeth Whitbread, is sorry [she cannot] send her the chair as the Duke uses it himself as their doors – she is sorry to hear Lady Elizabeth Whitbread is indisposed” – !!!! Well done, ducal feeling.

Ellice told me that he had seen an officer in a frigate moored close to the *Bellerophon* who states that Napoleon has so won the hearts of those on board the *Bellerophon* that the officers of that ship will allow none of their brother officers in other vessels to abuse him. Hat Vaughan¹⁸ and Dennison* dined with us. Came home late.

Thursday August 3rd 1815:¹⁹ At Whitton – writing.

Friday August 4th 1815: Dine at Burdett’s. Present, Bickersteth, Lady Burdett, Miss Burdett, and Mr Burdett.²⁰ In the *Courier* tonight it is said Savary, one of

¹³: Burdett combines two Shakespearean quotations, one substantive, one allusive: ... *have napkins enow about you, here you’ll sweat for it* (*Macbeth* II iii 7) and ... *he hath ever but slenderly known himself* (*King Lear* I i 292-3).

¹⁴: Edward Ellice, radical M.P (1781-1863). He was later instrumental in persuading B. not to emigrate to South America. Son of the director of the Hudson’s Bay Company.

¹⁵: Sir Samuel Whitbread’s mother (?)

¹⁶: Whitbread’s widow, daughter of Earl Grey.

¹⁷: Who presided over the ball described in *Childe Harold* III.

¹⁸: J.T. “Hat” Vaughan was “a convivial member of Brooks’s (Fraser, 264n). Sir William Gell used his name in correspondence as a code-word for Princess Caroline.

¹⁹: On this date B. leaves Piccadilly Terrace for Newmarket, telling Annabellea he may not return.

²⁰: The identical initials (“B.”s) present a decipherment problem, which *Recollections* (I 323) ducks: I take it that Burdett’s wife and two of his children were present.

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the Lallemands, and Bertrand are taken out of the *Bellerophon* and sent to France.²¹ All cry shame on this. Passed night with Douglas Kinnaird and Lord Byron, who tells me he and she have begun a little snubbing on money matters – marry not, says he ... I hear twice from Augusta Leigh —

Saturday August 5th 1815: At Whitton. Napoleon has sailed for St Helena – he is to be transferred to the *Northumberland* – they say he was cheered getting under weigh. There are various stories of the manner in which he received the news of his place of destination – some say he talked of dying – Bertrand is gone with him.

Sunday August 6th 1815: At Whitton, writing.

Monday August 7th 1815: Ditto, ditto –

Tuesday August 8th 1815: Ditto. Went up to London. Dined with Kinnaird, Burdett, Byron, Knight. No great things, though²² all grumbled at life. Came home half-past two – I get more villainous and dull than ever – it cannot last.

Wednesday August 9th 1815: Whitton, writing. Napoleon is transferred to the *Northumberland*, and is gone to St Helena with four friends²³ and twelve servants. So ends the greatest man of modern times – overwhelmed by a monstrous coalition, but owing his final overthrow to a single step of imprudence – his return to Paris after the loss of the battle of Waterloo.

Thursday August 10th 1815: At Whitton writing *Letters*.

Friday August 11th 1815: Ditto, ditto – journal from July 30th.

Saturday August 12th 1815: Ditto, ditto –

²¹: Savary was refused permission to accompany Napoleon to St. Helena; Bertrand granted it.

²²: “this” (Ms.)

²³: Generals Bertrand, de Montholon, and Gourgand, and Count Las Cases.

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Sunday August 13th 1815: Ditto, ditto –

Monday August 14th 1815: Ditto. Dined with Sir Joseph Banks.²⁴ He told me that since he has been President of the Royal Society²⁵ there have been alchemists – one, an F.R.S.,²⁶ made gold before a committee of which Lord Palmerston²⁷ was one – all were eminent. Banks said “I shall be damned if he takes me in too. I know he can’t do it, but he may deceive me, so I will have nothing to do with it, except he consents to my conditions”. Banks²⁸ drew up a set of conditions: the Alchemist was to be at one end, and the party at the other end of the table – Banks was to put everything into the crucible – the Alchemist was not to move his hand beyond a certain line – everything was prepared, when at the end of three days Banks heard the Alchemist had poisoned himself with laurel water* of his own distillation, and so badly distilled that he was half an hour dying.

Wolf, F.R.S.,* was also an alchemist friend of Bankes, who says moreover he doubts not there are gold searchers in the garrets of Wapping. Banks mentions the number of systems he can recollect, the most curious the *urinum magnetium** – twenty people stood round a tub, each holding a handle – the operator made pointings of his fingers at them in the usual manner, when one began to vomit, another fainted, another laughed, a fourth kicked &c. All were affected – the folks could never do anything with Bankes. They wanted to *treat* him, but he was incredulous and therefore unmoved.

He told me that when he was taken with Johnson²⁹ the first time, Johnson took a book and read it all dinner time and three hours afterwards. He never spoke a word. He talked for victory – it was most despotic his sway – even Burke was afraid of him – Banks once talked against him on a subject of which

²⁴: Sir Joseph Banks (1744-1820) botanist and explorer.

²⁵: That is, since 1778.

²⁶: Royal Society alchemist unidentified.

²⁷: Father of the future Prime Minister.

²⁸: “Bankes” (Ms.) H. confuses Joseph with William.

²⁹: Dr. Samuel Johnson.

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he was perfectly master, Johnson knowing nothing – the debate grew warm. He felt some one tapping his back. It was Sir Joshua Reynolds.

When Banks returned from his tour³⁰ he was the London Lion. Reynolds got him to sit for his picture¹⁰ and had Burke to talk to him all the time. Banks observed to me that formerly there were some one at the head of everything – even whoring had its Kitty Fisher* – now there are no chiefs, yet he owned that the discoveries of the next fifty years would be most unparalleled, and would bring my generation into a new world. “That makes me sorry,” said he, “that I am going to die soon”. He told me, “Johnson was afraid of the devil, which *between you and me*, won’t do”. So here is another *philosopher*. He, very well I think, said that a man who always talked for victory would not be a very moral man. Boswell’s *Life*, he said, was a very fair one.

Sir William Jones³¹ was a good man, but a republican, which Johnson did not like. Banks tells me the Pyro ligneous acid, (the Paris vinegar) is thrown away at Woolwich³² – he said he had no doubt that in two years we should have news from Tombucto,³³ the Senegal for 1,200 miles being in our power, and relays of blockhouses being about to be built.

Sir Joseph Banks is a very extraordinary, underrated man, I think. His accuracy in science is without a parallel as far as I ever heard. I was delighted hearing him talk today.

Tuesday August 15th 1815: Writing at Whitton.

Wednesday August 16th 1815: Ditto. Dined with Ellice – met a large party – S.R. Spencer,* Lord Jersey, Perry, Hat Vaughan. Perry mentioned that Admiral Cockburn’s brother* had heard from the *Northumberland* that the first day Napoleon was sick, and requested the Admiral’s cabin. “Tell the *General*,” said

³⁰: Banks accompanied Captain Cook in his voyage round the world (1768-1771) in his own vessel.

³¹: Sir William Jones (1746-94), orientalist.

³²: The Woolwich Arsenal.

³³: In northern Nigeria. See 27 May 16; also *Don Juan I*, 132, 6.

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Cockburn to Bertrand, “that it is against the rules of the service to give up an Admiral’s cabin to anybody, much less a prisoner of war.” The next day the dinner-bell rang at three o’clock ... Bertrand brought a message saying that the Emperor was sick, and wished it put off – “Tell the General that my orders are precise: to make no alterations in my ship on his account” – savage rascal.

Hear from Ellice that Douglas Kinnaird is the efficient manager of Drury Lane³⁴ – Lord Jersey invites me to Middleton.*

Tuesday August 17th 1815: At Whitton – writing, &c.

Friday August 18th 1815: Plunging deeper into shamelessness.

Saturday August 19th 1815: Our family set off at five for Dover on their way to Paris³⁵ – God go with them.

Sunday August 20th 1815: I go to church and hear Fletcher* say that the divinity of Jesus X is infinitely to that of any other [].³⁶ Walk to Petersham and Richmond Park. Mlle Butler³⁷ sits up with me till one and I make no use of this opportunity, no thanks to my virtue neither – I’m afraid of repulse first, and discovery afterwards.³⁸

Monday August 21st 1815: Go up to London see Lord Kinnaird, who tells me he will revise my pamphlet³⁹ and review it – he assured me that I was right in <most> all my views. As to there being no conspiracy to favour the landing at

³⁴: Kinnaird took over the Drury Lane management from Whitbread.

³⁵: Not all the family went. Sir Benjamin took the oldest girls while H. remained with the children.

³⁶: Theological point obscured by H.’s hasty syntax.

³⁷: His step-sisters’ governess (see Aug 26 1815), with whom, if I conjecture aright, H. now commences a four-month carnal liaison – his only recorded affair to date.

³⁸: H. sums up his sexual hang-ups succinctly.

³⁹: H. eventually produces, not a pamphlet, but a two-volume opus that runs to three editions.

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Cannes,⁴⁰ I see Labedoyère (who by the way is condemned to die)* says there was none. Moret has been released again, so it is clear that he knew nothing of it, and Lavalette,⁴¹ hearing he was to be put in the second class of proscribed, insisted upon being put in the first, defying them to prove anything against him – so says Kinnaird. When the Emperor succeeded they boasted not of this aid, and now the king is come back no-one can prove it. Murat had nothing to do with Napoleon.

Lord Holland, who was in Italy during his movement, said it was an endeavour to prevent Napoleon being beforehand with him. I called at Holland House today, and found milady gracious and my lord cool – the consequence of my letter of compliments, I take [it]. Lord Holland does not approve of Fouché's conduct.

Ney is taken.⁴²

Lady Kinnaird procured an interview between the Duke of Wellington and Madame Ney, which was most afflicting. Lord Kinnaird has repeated applications from Lallemand and Savary, who he says he thinks will *not* be given up. Lord Kinnaird says the opposition are wrong in thinking the Tuileries did not do enough for Napoleon – in no way would more men have been brought into the field – I think so too. Lord Castlereagh Kinnaird condemns. Wellington, he says, he thinks is sorry for having brought in the Bourbons – he owns the Duke did bring them. In this day's paper is Napoleon's protest against being sent to St Helena* – he appeals to history.

I see the French papers say that Napoleon was overthrown by the liberty of the press, therefore the King should not allow of it – our foolish *Morning Post* blames the King for his lenity, and for suppressing the liberty of the press, which is now entirely effected by an idiot.* *The new peers are named* – it appears

⁴⁰: Napoleon had landed at Cannes on May 1st. The conspiracy which had just occurred was coincidence.

⁴¹: Antoine Chamans de Lavalette, Napoleon's Minister of Posts. On Jan 10, 16 he was sprung from prison and enabled to fly the country by Michael Bruce, Robert Wilson and John Hely-Hutchison, all of whom were jailed for three months. H. refers to the adventure at *Illus.*, pp.299-300.

⁴²: Ney is shot on 7 Dec, 15.

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France is to be divided, at least cut up – troops are marching in every direction – a letter I had from Hillier dated 13th August says it is as much as all the guards of all the nations can do to keep the Tuileries and Palais Royal quiet, and that even royalists now own the Bourbons will not do.

I went to the play. Called on Byron. Came home by two. Letters from Sir Benjamin and milady.⁴³

Tuesday August 22nd 1815: At Whitton, as usual, late.

Wednesday August 23rd 1815: Expected Byron and Sheppherd, neither of whom came. Same opportunities every night.

Thursday August 24th 1815: Wrote journal from Saturday August 12th – going to Sandgate – letter from Sophy tells me, poor thing, she cannot live without me⁴⁴ – – – –

Friday August 25th 1815: At Whitton in the morning – rode to London – heard Kinnaird had given up Drury Lane management – advised him to recant – he did – went with him to Blackheath – dined at his cottage there and slept – read *The Beggar's Bush*⁴⁵ together, &c.

Saturday August 26th 1815: Set off on my mare at six in the morning, and rode down to Ashford, fifteen miles from Sandgate,⁴⁶ breakfasting at Maidstone, where the landlord told me that it was not so good a thing for the Innkeeper's letting post horses as it was formerly to receive families who travelled with their own horses.

⁴³: His step-mother.

⁴⁴: Whether or not because of Sophia's love, H. does not write any diary entries between now and Nov 24, when he fills in from this date.

⁴⁵: *The Beggar's Bush* is a comedy by Beaumont and Fletcher, which Kinnaird is adapting as *The Merchant of Bruges*.

⁴⁶: Sandgate is on the Kent coast between Hythe and Folkestone. H. remains there until November 1st.

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Saw Leeds Castle, the Fairfax seat, by the way – at Sandgate got into my father's chariot with Miss Butler, the pretty black-eyed lively French governess, and Matty – we got to Sandgate at five, and were [] up to a miserable two window in front lodging house – Mr Stephen Page's great lodging house – there we took up quarters. Dined at the New Inn.

Sunday August 27th 1815: Continued writing *Letters from Paris*. Walked about with Isaac before dinner, and in the evening rambled over the country with Matty, Miss Butler, and Isaac, coming in late and sitting up late Miss and Isaac –

Monday August 28th 1815: Ditto, ditto – began reading aloud the Italian⁴⁷ – poor wretched stuff. Walked about as usual – found out at Sandgate some delicious walks – Cheriton Church – Cheriton Brick & Tile Kiln – the cliff to Folkestone – Squire Brockman's at Beachborough – Bop[] Newington – the Downs inshore cliff make a delightful walk, almost always dry. From a clump that looks down upon a valley and paper mills is a lovely prospect – woods on the other side with paths through them.

We explored further and further every day – the hills circumscribe you, and prevent you losing your way. We came once upon a beautiful nook in an amphitheatre of hills called the Cherry Gardens, where is a plot and cyder house frequented by Folkestone lads & lasses. The high hill to the right, which we ascended, seemed to me a Roman or British fortification. On the other side we rambled into a deep level valley, which we called The Happy Valley – we went on the hills above Squire Brockman's to a summer house called Isaac's Mushroom by us – another evening we saw an old castle at a distance and in our manner, &c, over hedge and ditch, I helping the ladies (most readily to be sure) dashed towards it.

Just as the evening set in we came upon the noble Saltwood Castle,⁴⁸ one of the finest ruins I ever saw, belonging now to the Deedes, and formerly to the Bart Boyde's family.⁷ The estate about it is about 300 a year, so said the farmer

⁴⁷: Italian passage unidentified.

⁴⁸: Where the knights gathered in 1170 to plot the murder of Thomas à Becket.

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living in the habitable part of it, and have lived there thirty years. Two fierce dogs guard the Sp[] ruins within the walls, which are large enough for a decent garden.

On another opportunity we rambled up a charming valley towards Squire Brockman's, which disputes with the Happy Valley in beauty – this was after the dear girls came home from Paris.⁴⁹ Sweet Harry and sweet Sophy were with me – and another time went over the hills towards Brockman's, a charming walk.

We walked also to Hythe, and saw its bone-house – a curiosity, but who the devil was Gustavus Governor of Kent who routed the Danes near Hytha?

In short, nothing can exceed the beauty of the neighbourhood near Sandgate and nothing could equal our portimenting & perambulating it in any direction. Matty, Isaac and I dined at five o'clock at first, but then walked in the moonlight – we generally came home between eight and nine. Afterwards we dined at four, and so had more time. Thus I spent my time in the morning at eleven, sat down and wrote until five at first, and then until three – then walked for an hour – then dined, and in an hour set out on the evening walk – then came home, drank tea, or read or heard reading aloud until twelve or one sometimes.

Poor Miss Butler is a delightful companion but got one into scrapes with Isaac and Matty, whom I was obliged to restrain in their conduct towards her. She says she is a sister to a comte Butler, a French emigrated noble now at Paris – whoever she is she is a lively creature, and I believe ————.50

I spent these days in writing an address for Drury Lane,⁵¹ at the earnest desire of Douglas Kinnaird. Well, he sent me a pitiful excuse that Rae⁵² could not get it by heart – the fact was, no address had been intended to be spoken, and he wanted only to have one ready in case it should be requisite, making no account of my time. The address was a very good one though I say it – I continued sulky a fortnight, until he wrote me two exculpatory letters.

Byron never writes once.

⁴⁹: Sir Benjamin returns from Paris with the girls on Sep 29.

⁵⁰: The dash probably implies “available.”

⁵¹: For *The Beggar's Bush*.

⁵²: Alexander Rae; see 9 May, 16.

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From **August 29th** to **September 1st** Hobhouse writes only “ditto”.

Saturday September 2nd 1815: Ditto, ditto – we tried to read *The Wanderer*,⁵³ by far the worst novel I ever read. We did read *Belinda*,⁵⁴ which is decent, but I do not like it so much as I did. At last we got *Joseph Andrews*, and I read it aloud for fear of the ladies passing over bad passages – it is delightful – also *Tom Jones* – more delightful – and *Amelia*, in many parts as delightful. Fielding leaves all other novel writers at an immeasurable distance. It is wonderful he should be thought immoral, especially in *Tom Jones*, where not a bad action is committed without being followed by almost immediate chastisement. He seems a decided religionist, though he makes Thwackum persevere in villainy, and Square repent – however, when a man is bad and has religion, he cannot repent – there is no way for him to go – no inducement.

William Belsham the [] historians⁵⁵ has written an essay to prove that in this world virtue is so far from being its own reward that vice, on the contrary, is the only conduct which an interested person would pursue. I never read his stuff.

There is something desolating in *Amelia*, because the character to which you take a certain liking in the beginning turns out bad: Captain James and Mrs James – and partially Mrs Bennett – however this makes the history so much the more natural, and in the case of Captain James the moral is helped by it, for Fielding sets out with saying that he was only a man of honour without any respect for virtue or religion – indeed, Fielding shines in making no virtue nor any vice entirely unmodified in its nature, nor uninterested in its exercise.

From **September 3rd** to the **20th** all Hobhouse writes is “ditto” (on **September 5th** Byron returns to Piccadilly Terrace from Newmarket). On **September 21st** he writes, “went into Lowe’s, Harrow on the Hill – a

⁵³: *The Wanderer* by Fanny Burney, published 1814.

⁵⁴: *Belinda* by Maria Edgeworth (1802).

⁵⁵: William Belsham (1752-1827), Whig writer. See BB 65n.

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capital Inn”; then there is nothing but “dittos” from **September 22nd** to **October 5th**.

Friday October 6th 1815: This happened last Friday [*that is, September 29th*]: Ditto, but sent Parsons to Dover to know if the family were come from France, they being expected about this time – he returned at two saying they were come.

Matty and I walked out on the cliff towards Folkestone and I saw them. We returned and had a most joyful greeting with Father and Mother, and all the lovely girls, who look more lovely than ever, not forgetting my darling Sophia. They soon fell into our way of life, but we dined now at half-past five, the days getting shorter, and walked before dinner. Sophy and Harry were generally with me ... I took them to all my rambles, alas, poor dear girls. Mell and Charlotte were companions – they are much delighted with Paris, and just in time to see the Louvre, the stripping of which began three days after they left,⁵⁶ that odious but perhaps just work being performed under a guard of British, who got nothing by it – we pay for everything, even in hate.

They came back by Brussels, and went thence to Antwerp and Ostend, returning by Veurne Dunkirk and Calais.

Saturday October 7th and **8th** are “ditto”-days. On **October 9th** Hobhouse does seem to have written afterwards, “Father went to London”. Then **October 10th** to **14th** are “ditto”-days. On the 14th he writes but then erases, “Father came back with Julia.” **October 15th** to **27th** are likewise “ditto”-days. The scarcity of detail in these entries is partly accounted for by the fact that Hobhouse – perhaps losing the will to keep his diary – writes no entries between August 25th and November 24th, when he hurriedly catches up.

Saturday October 28th 1815: This happened last Saturday [*that is, October 20th*]: Father, Mother, Miss Butler, and Joanna left Sandgate for Whitton – our

⁵⁶: With a view to restoring the works of art to the numerous European galleries and so on from which the French had plundered them.

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lives went on as before – the weather beautiful and warm, the trees not suffering so much as I could have expected, though the Happy Valley is stopped a good deal.

I begin reading *Joseph Andrews* again aloud, with increased admiration.

October 29th and 30th are also “ditto”-days. On October 30th, bailiffs enter 13 Piccadilly Terrace.

Tuesday October 31st 1815: Ditto, ditto –farewell walk to Brockman’s hills – home by happy valley with Sophy, Mell, and Harriett.

Wednesday November 1st 1815: Left Sandgate for Whitton.

Thursday November 2nd 1815: Sea has been too rough at Sandgate for bathing, and generally has been so since the equi[] which I think I do observe to be heavy in this coast. Sandgate is a bad bathing place there [] no sounds – not that I care. I have not bathed once, writing, and reading *Tom Jones*.

Friday November 3rd 1815: Ditto, ditto – reading *Tom Jones*.

Saturday November 4th 1815: Ditto, ditto – Miss Gunabor.⁵⁷

Sunday November 5th 1815: Ditto, ditto – on Tuesday at Sandgate I wrote to Murray in Albemarle Street to tell him he might publish my *Letters from Paris* on these conditions – give me fifty copies of the first edition of 700, and certain considerations for the second edition. This I was moved to hasten on account of seeing a narrative of *Napoleon’s Reign of Three Months* by Helen Maria Williams⁵⁸ to be published November 4th – the devil take her, I never was more

⁵⁷: Unidentified. The phrase may be erased. Perhaps the same as “Miss Gwethin” (Nov 6th).

⁵⁸: Helen Maria Williams (1762-1827), friend of Madame Roland and imprisoned by Robespierre, did not take the same line on the Hundred Days as did H. Her book, which Murray published, is called *A Narrative of the Events which have taken place in France from the Landing of Napoleon Bonaparte on the First of March 1815: to the Restoration of Louis XVIII.*

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annoyed, thinking the field was clear. Murray's answer came to Whitton – with “wonderful delight” accepts the offer in its full spirit,⁵⁹ but I frightened him on account of my politics and by my representation of my own style – <<he> declined on Sa by letter on>⁶⁰

Monday November 6th 1815: Writing still, and reading *Tom Jones* – Miss Gwethin here.

⁵⁹: London Nov. 1st. 1815: / Dear Sir / Very long before I came to the words “Whitton Park” I had discovered in the liveliness of the style of your letter the name of the writer, which, whether from intention or accident, is totally omitted. You are not aware perhaps that by special favour I was allowed the very great pleasure of reading some of your Letters written from Paris, at a moment which made them as interesting as they were spirited – and I often thought to myself thinks I “I wish I could induce this gentleman to let me publish his correspondence[”] – you must not wonder therefore at the immediate, though you may not be able to estimate the wonderful, delight with which I accept your proposals in all their spirit. No one shall either see or hear of, from me, any portion of the work, print or MSS, until we unexpectedly pounce upon the public attention, at once – my only petition is that you will permit the number to be extended to a thousand.

your notion of Miss W. is just, & the two will make a pleasant contrast – I expect to be able to publish Miss William's book on Saturday, and, if you are nearly ready, I will run you through the press in three weeks at the latest, and we should begin instantly. and when I have the pleasure of seeing you (I hope) or of again hearing from you, we will consult about any announcement.

I beg you to accept my compliments & to do me the favour to believe that I am / Dear Sir / your obliged & faithful Servant / John Murray

Southey is just returned from a visit to the continent – but he would not enter Paris – he says if Paris is not burnt to the ground, then even two cities mentioned in the Bible – very hardly used!! (B.L.Add.Mss. 36456 f.255).

⁶⁰: Jno Hobhouse Esqr / London 10 Nov 1815: / Friday / Dear Sir / Thinking that your servant would probably have been in town yesterday or the day before I had left a note for him.

I am really grieved at yielding up a work which, I am satisfied, will contain so much that is good and interesting, written by one for whom, I continue to offer the assurances, I entertain the highest esteem, – but it would be so totally []&c., tend with the character which it is my wish to establish for respectability, to publish any thing which has the chance of subjecting me to a prosecution – no matter from what cause, that I feel myself unwillingly obliged to return your combustible packet unopened – suffering with regret what I cannot prevent. I trust however that this event is not to interfere with the good opinion in which I have flattered myself that it had originated, that when you recur to literature of a milder aspect, I may still hope for the satisfaction of becoming your publisher.

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November 7th to 10th are “ditto”-days.

Saturday November 11th 1815: Called on Murray, who although he had declined before, now agreed upon taking my letters. I kept bothering with him a long time and was too familiar with this too familiar puppy, from whom I foresee mischief. He told me Mackintosh⁶¹ asked him to take Miss Williams as a charity – the devil take both, say I again – she has ruined my book, having taken off the edge of the public's appetite.

Called on Kinnaird, a good fellow, but muddy – hear Drury Lane is doing very well, but that he and Byron tussle abominably – saw him and her Ladyship – he is unaltered in any respect, dear creature, but owns that marriage makes him selfish – “I have not written to you, you see.” – I forgave him – he does not dine with his wife. “Well,” he says – “don't marry” – but I am determined to look out in the mercenary way – for I must do something.

I rode down to Whitton and dined as usual – I cannot trust myself to tell what I have been plotting lately.⁶²

We have heard from Henry⁶³ – poor fellow, he tells me confidentially that he never enjoys any health – he is doting fond of his wife, who seems a good creature.⁶⁴

Sunday November 12th 1815: Ditto. Writing and reading aloud at night, with a walk around the garden before dinner.

Monday November 13th 1815: Ditto, ditto – thinking lately of an Albanian melodrame: wrote a scene, tolerable I think – I wish I could think well of my *French Letters*.

With compliments, I remain, dear Sir, / Your obliged and faithful / Servant / John Murray (B.L.Add.Mss. 36456 f.261)

⁶¹: Sir James Mackintosh. See 1 Mar, 16.

⁶²: H. never reveals what this refers to.

⁶³: Henry Hobhouse, his brother (see 8 Jan, 11).

⁶⁴: He meets his sister-in-law on 22 June, 16.

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Tuesday November 14th 1815: Ditto, ditto – sent letter about now to Henry – he has lost his first child.

November 15th to 18th are “ditto”-days, except for the **17th**, which has “first proof of *Letters*.” From the 16th until Annabella has her baby on December 10th, B. is drunk nearly every day.

Sunday November 19th 1815: Ditto – Kinnaird came down on his way to Oatlands¹ – I lent him my mare.

Messrs Bruce and Wayte,* Bristolians,⁶⁵ dined here – the latter said he had had Colonel Sykes, who fought Williams,⁶⁶ on his knees before him, he was the one who picked up at Ostend the same Sykes’ letter to his father, who told him he had now a good opportunity of establishing his character &c. by going with the Duke of York to Flanders in 1794. Sykes in his answer begged his father to consider that he was his only son.

Monday November 20th 1815: Ditto, ditto.

Tuesday November 21st 1815: Ditto - finished *Tom Jones*. (Wrote letters for young Curtis* travelling in Greece).

Wednesday November 22nd 1815: Ditto – sent some more Ms. to Murray – correcting proofs, which do not please me.⁶⁷

⁶⁵: Unidentified old school friends.

⁶⁶: Unidentified; though there is a reference to Sykes and “W.” in a letter from B. to Augusta dated May 10, 17 (BLJ V 224).

⁶⁷: Jno Hobhouse Esqr / Albemarle Street / Friday / Dear Sir / In a note from the printer, which came parallel with yours – he thus expresses himself – “With respect to the Letters from France, the proofs are so cut up (for proofs pray God we may read Book hereafter) that they require to be re-set – and even the Second Revises are nearly as bad – we will proceed as fast as the Author will permit us” – now this is a breach of compact – implies at least – & my whip & spur can be of no use if you keep my Charger fast by the Leg – but loosen us & you shall be carried up the hills of Tory gore in the first week of december – He will really get on as fast as possible but you will make allowances for the retardation of emendation.

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Thursday November 23rd 1815: Finished the revision of my *Letters*, and prepared all the Ms. for the press correcting, &c.

Friday November 24th 1815: My father writes that the Park and Tower guns announced the final pacification with France.

Hard frost this last week – wrote journal from Friday August 25th.

Saturday November 25th 1815: Went up to London – called at Davison, printer⁶⁸ – on Kinnaird – on Byron – in that quarter things do not go so well – strong advices against marriage – talking of going abroad⁶⁹ – and returned as usual to dinner.

Sunday November 26th 1815: Began a melodrame for Drury lane - employed correcting sheets of *Letters*.

Monday November 27th 1815:⁷⁰ Ditto, ditto –

Tuesday November 28th 1815: Ditto, ditto – (ill, pain in side).

By the bye I will only be your temporary agent in this matter, and take care of this Barrel of Grape & Barr Shot until it is ready to be fired at the Enemy, but hang me if I will be even near it when it goes off – it is a pity it had not been published on the 5th of this month when its operation would have been not only seasonable but timely but now *saue qui peut* – aware of the danger I shall save myself for another day.

Do me the favor however to rely upon this, that I am making every exertion to get it out, fully aware that the work ought not to be delayed an instant, & the printer – who has great means of exertion – will positively do all in his power – you can send him the rest or a portion of the remainder of the Mss as soon as it can be spared.

I remain Dear Sir / your faithful Servant / John Murray (B.L.Add.Mss. 36456 f.263)

⁶⁸: Thomas Davison was Murray's printer.

⁶⁹: B. owned to H. that his pecuniary embarrassments were such as to drive him half-mad. He said “he should think lightly of them were he not married” – he wished “he could go abroad.” This he said once or twice, but afterwards dropped that expression and talked of going down into the country. He said “that no one could know what he had gone through”; that no man should marry – it doubled all his misfortunes, and diminished all his comforts. “My wife,” he always added, “is perfection itself – the best creature breathing; but mind what I say – don’t marry.” (*Recollections* II, 201-2).

⁷⁰: Round about now, Captain George Byron comes to help the ailing ménage at 13 Piccadilly Terrace.

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Wednesday November 29th 1815: Ditto, ditto – (ill).

Thursday November 30th 1815: Ditto, ditto – (ill).

Friday December 1st 1815: Ditto, ditto –

Saturday December 2nd 1815: Rode up to London – saw printer, Kinnaird, and Byron – leach as usual. Sir E Blakeney,¹ an agreeable Scotchman, and Colonel Espinance dined with us, together with John Fuller. Sir E. Blakeney was with Pakenham⁷¹ at New Orleans – he says that the English must be beat in any war with America – Fuller told anecdotes of his Irish tour – disgusted with old Edgeworth* at Edgeworth town.

Sunday December 3rd 1815: Walking about with John Fuller, &c.

Monday December 4th 1815: Returned to my vomit – sent up Parsons to Kinnaird for fifty pounds to give to a friend going to leave Whitton tomorrow⁷² – the money did not come – so that it is not sent – but the deed is a good one and shall be done.

Tuesday December 5th 1815: Ditto, ditto –

Wednesday December 6th 1815: Ditto, ditto – wrote epilogue.

Thursday December 7th 1815: Walked up (partly) to London – visits as usual.

Friday December 8th 1815: *Letters* – correcting, &c.

⁷¹: Wellington's brother-in-law Sir Edward Pakenham was killed in the English attack on New Orleans in 1812. The attack occurred after peace between England and the United States had been signed at Ghent.

⁷²: It seems that Mlle. Butler is leaving the Hobhouse's employment (perhaps to rejoin her brother in Paris) and that H. is giving her £50 as a present. On January 16th it seems that she has refused the money and that he keeps it.

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Saturday December 9th 1815: On Wednesday wrote an epilogue for *The Beggar's Bush*⁷³ – a good one, I think, but which the committee adjudged too political to be spoken. Going on with *Letters*. I read little or nothing and what I do read entirely forget – giving way on all sides – Flahaut is arrived – I was to have dined with him at Kinnaird's on last Wednesday. I have asked him, through Kinnaird, several questions respecting Napoleon – Sebastiani is here.

Sunday December 10th 1815:⁷⁴ As usual, *Letters* and drama. Wrote a letter to Flahaut, and walked with Sophy to the Clumps² for the first time.

Inopem me copia fecit, as Ovid says of Narcissus.⁷⁵

Monday December 11th 1815: Letters and drama, and walking round the garden by twilight before dinner., and dining and reading one of Fielding's novels – my usual employ – with a little wickedness.

Tuesday December 12th 1815: My father brings word that Ney is shot.⁷⁶ I thought of going to London today but did not, my breeches being too tight – *drame* and as usual.

A girl born to Byron.⁷⁷

Wednesday December 13th 1815: Rode up to London by Richmond. Called on Flahaut, 32 Thayer Street.¹ He is gone to Woburn.⁷⁸ Benjamin Constant is writing about Napoleon's last reign.³ Saw that Ney⁴ has been shot, and behaved

⁷³: See 21 Dec, 15.

⁷⁴: On this date Annabella gives birth to Augusta Ada.

⁷⁵: *Metamorphoses* III 466: "the very abundance of my riches makes me a beggar".

⁷⁶: Ney was court-marshalled, and shot for treason on Dec 7, near the Luxembourg. According to some reports he insisted on giving the order to fire himself. For H.'s more considered reaction, see *Letters* II 288-9n: *Marshal Ney would, it seems to me, have better consulted his own dignity and that of the national cause, if he had confessed himself guilty of being seduced by a wish of contributing to the recovery of the independence and glory of France, and had submitted, without any useless struggle, to the fate reserved, in all times, for unsuccessful patriots.*

⁷⁷: Last phrase added later.

⁷⁸: Country estate of the Duke of Bedford.

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gallantly – Lavallete not shot. There is one general Bowmonts who talks of the conspiracy having existed for three months before Napoleon landed – Ney gave him the lie before the peers. A sort of amnesty has been projected by the king.

Saw neither Kinnaird nor Byron. It rained in London – the season has been most changeable – hard frost and open weather twice in 48 hours.

Thursday December 14th 1815: Drama – *Letters, &c.*

Friday December 15th 1815:⁷⁹ Wrote journal from November 24th.

One evening lately I read a life of General Putnam by Colonel Humphreys, an aide-de camp of General Washington⁸⁰ - very interesting. Putnam's life is marvellous – his escapes hairbreadth – but the trait which struck me most is his being engaged at the plough actually when the news of the first blood being spilt by the English against the Americans, when he instantly unharnessed his horses, left the plough standing in the field, and rode off to the American headquarters⁸¹ – he was almost immediately made a Major-General. Humphreys is a poet & not a very bad one – the Tyrtæus⁸² of the American armies.

Saturday December 16th 1815: Pater nausica[??] saw mea Sophia!! Left Whitton for Bath – I continue as usual.

Sunday December 17th 1815: Writing drama and correcting.

Monday December 18th 1815: As before.

Tuesday December 19th 1815: As before.

⁷⁹: On this date Augusta joins the Byrons at Piccadilly Terrace.

⁸⁰: Israel Putnam (1718-90) American adventurer and General in the War of Independence. H. is reading *An Essay on the Life of the Honorable Major-General Israel Putnam: Addressed to the State Society of the Cincinatti in Connecticut* by Colonel David Humphreys (1788).

⁸¹: Putnam, who was ploughing when he heard the news, left his plough in the middle of the field, unyoked his team, and without waiting to change his cloaths, set off for the theatre of action (Narrative, p. 103).

⁸²: Tyrtæus (seventh century B.C.) war-poet of Sparta.

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Wednesday December 20th 1815: As before – finished my drama.

Thursday December 21st 1815: Went up to London. Went to the Orchestra⁸³ and heard my own address and epilogue to *The Beggar's Bush* repeated by Pope and Harley⁸⁴ – the first []ly received, the latter very well indeed. Castlereagh was there – he shook his head at one or two lines about the instability of Kings.⁸⁵ Kinnaird had at first determined not to repeat them, but sending them to Sargent, the Lord Chamberlain's man,⁸⁶ was permitted to do so – they do very well, but are wrongly printed in Kinnaird's book. The play went off very well – Kean was hoarse.

Passed evening after with Byron till half-past eleven, and then until half past three with Kinnaird, to whom I read my *Green Kiosk*.⁸⁷ which will not do first because it is not half long enough.

⁸³: H. took advantage of his privileged position as part-author and friend of the manager, and sat in the orchestra-pit at Drury Lane.

⁸⁴: *The Beggar's Bush* was a comedy by Kinnaird, or rather it was the Beaumont and Fletcher play upon which Kinnaird based his comedy, which was itself called *The Merchant of Bruges*. Alexander Pope (sic: 1763-1835), spoke the Address or Prologue; John Harley (1786-1858) the Epilogue.

⁸⁵:
 A beggar turn a king! Well! – where's the wonder?
 If one knocks down, the other must knock under.
 And monarchs too – when matters were so so –
 Turn'd beggars not a thousand years ago.
 As for your courtiers, tho' they scorn to shew it,
 They're out at elbow – and their tailors know it.
 Dame Fortune deals her partners quickly down,
 Plays the short game, French points, and bets a crown:
 And e'en the winning hand (the jade's so fickle)
 May find his sceptre prove a rod in pickle.
 No! in these times there's hardly need of proving,
 The word with high and humble is keep moving -
 And your next neighbour, sir, for aught you know,
 [*Advancing towards some one in the Pit.*
 Is some arch-duke or king incognito.

⁸⁶: The power of the Lord Chamberlain to censor plays had been introduced by Sir Robert Walpole in the Stage Licensing Act of 1737; it was not removed until 1974.

⁸⁷: His Albanian melodrama (or comedy). Perhaps it “wants incident” (*The Critic*, I i 255).

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Slept at Cocoa Tree.

Friday December 22nd 1815: Up one. Called on Lady Noel, who seems very ill!! Called on Byron – saw his child, Augusta Ada, the latter a name of someone who married into his family in the reign of King John.⁸⁸

Rode to Holland House. Saw Lady Holland, who told me she positively knows Fouché⁸⁹ was in correspondence with Louis at Ghent, and that Napoleon knew it and spoke to her about it. She asked me to stay and dine. I stated boots as objections⁹⁰ – says she, “There will be nobody here but me and Caroline.” I knew not who Caroline was⁹¹ but said nothing. Lord Holland: “Ah lad! come in!” – seemed pleased to see me. Address⁹² praised by both – Jaynell [Jekyll??]* says it is good. I found Hatsell⁹³ had cut it out of the paper. She asked me for a copy of the epilogue – I consented to dine. Lord Holland handed me into a room, where I sat and wrote to Hillier* a little – read review of Holland’s *Albania*,⁹⁴ done ill indeed.

I come off rather securely, but am called plain Hobhouse. Caroline Lamb came in and cozed⁹⁵ a good deal – very good-humouredly – she told me the Duke of Wellington⁹⁶ told her that nothing could exceed the meanness of Louis XVIII in his dealings with the English as to the pictures of the Louvre.¹² At dinner we had Hookham Frere the Antijacobin,⁹⁷ Wishaw, William Lamb, Rose⁹⁸

⁸⁸: The name had also Carolingian and Biblical associations: B. uses the name *Adah* in *Cain*. See Marchand 554 and BLJ VII 196.

⁸⁹: He had been French Minister of Police since 1799. See 10 Sep, 16.

⁹⁰: H. had arrived on horseback without a change of dress for dinner.

⁹¹: The subtext is “I knew exactly who ‘Caroline’ was and was not looking forward to meeting her again”.

⁹²: His prologue to Kinnaird’s *The Beggar’s Bush*, spoken the previous day.

⁹³: John Hatsell, Clerk of the House of Commons.

⁹⁴: Dr. Henry Holland’s *Travels in the Ionian Isles, Albania, Thessaly ... during the years 1812 and 1813*.

⁹⁵: “Chatted” (from the French *causer*). *Recollections* (I 325) has *cooed*.

⁹⁶: With whom Caroline had had an affair of sorts in the middle of the year – though Wellington had also consorted with Lady Frances Shelley and Lady Frances Wedderburn Webster.

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(Parthenopex),⁹⁹ Flahaut,¹⁰⁰ and an Italian with Doctor Allen¹⁰¹ – I was between the two first – at Frere’s deaf ear. He was unclear at dinner owing to his deafness.

We had very good talk – Caroline Lamb defined truth to be what one thinks at the moment – Lord Holland said that Fox said that Swift could not have been an ill-natured man – he wrote such good nonsense. Parthenopex a modest man – repeated an epigram of Abraham Moore’s¹⁸ on Jekyll:

Jekyllule wagulue blandlete
 Hospes consulque principis
 Quae manna abitium loca
 Nec ut soles dates jocos

A saying of Dudley North’s¹⁰² on Lord Erskine’s acceptance of the green ribbon¹⁰³ was taken by Sheridan on his own in this way. They say of Erskine:

And when great lawyers go astray
 Their stars are more at fault than they

⁹⁷: John Hookham Frere (1769-1841), ex-diplomat and man of leisure. He is to write *Whistlecraft*, which inspires *Beppo*.

⁹⁸: William Rose (1775-1843), expert in Italian poetry.

⁹⁹: Rose had translated the medieval romance *Parthenopex de Blois* in 1807.

¹⁰⁰: Auguste Charles Joseph, Comte de Flahaut de la Billarderie (1785-1870) French soldier and diplomat, aide-de-camp to Napoleon, son of Hortense de Beauharnais; rumoured to be the son of Talleyrand; subsequently ambassador to London. He married Margaret Mercer Elphinstone, the heiress to whom B. had written on the day he nearly eloped with Caroline (see 29 July, 12) and who at Lady Jersey’s on April 8th, told him that he should have married *her* (see 8 Apr, 16).

¹⁰¹: Dr John Allen (1771-1843), was the Hollands’ librarian, well-known for his radical views. He contributed to the *Edinburgh Review*.

¹⁰²: H. may be referring to Frederick North, the Earl of Guilford. Sir *Dudley* North was his seventeenth-century ancestor.

¹⁰³: Erskine had been made King’s Counsel in 1783 and Lord Chancellor in 1802.

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“We did not know at first where this was in *Paolo Purgante*,”¹⁰⁴ said Frere. Lord Holland quoted it wrong, as he did two or three things of Pope.

Byron told me a saying of Sheridan’s: Monk Lewis was offering to bet him all he owed him for the *Castle Spectre*. “I’ll make a large bet,” said Mr Lewis. – “No” said Sheridan. “I never bets large bets but I’ll bet you a little bet – all it is worth.”¹⁰⁵ Wishaw said of Sergeant Hargrave¹⁰⁶ that his wife said of him when he was going to dine with the Prince of Wales, “Now, Mr Hargrave – recollect not to contradict His Royal Highness, not to start a new subject, and not to tell low stories.” It was either Sergeant Hargrave or Sergeant Hill¹⁰⁷ who said to Lady Holland, “And your Ladyship knows the Mind of Woman does not reason.” Some stories were told of Plumer’s¹⁰⁸ pleading on the bench – asking himself questions, &c. A lawyer said, “am I expected to answer all those questions?” – “No, no, brother – you know – this is but a form of speech.” Lord Holland mentioned that Erskine when at Minorca¹⁰⁹ wrote an epigram against a Middlesex trial by Jury!!!¹¹⁰ When we came into tea Frere repeated epigrams in French and his own English – a very good one of a happy dull couple. However, he had translated *esprit doux* – “a spill of spirit” – which is evidently “a meek spirit.” Also one of a pig eating chestnuts in the Mamby[??] style.

I left the party whilst Flahaut was repeating an epigram:

le mari sort – le chien dort

... which was approved by every body but Caroline Lamb!!!¹¹¹

Lord Holland told that such was the aversion formerly to foreigners that old Reynell,³⁰ after the American peace was made, said one day, “I wish we were all

¹⁰⁴: *Paolo Purgante* is a poem by Matthew Prior.

¹⁰⁵: B. repeats this anecdote at *Detached Thought* 14 (BLJ IX 17).

¹⁰⁶: Francis Hargrave (1741?-1821) legal authority.

¹⁰⁷: George Hill (1716-1808) serjeant-at-law; known as “Labyrinth”

¹⁰⁸: Sir Thomas Plumer (1753-1824) Vice-Chancellor of England.

¹⁰⁹: Erskine had been quartered at Minorca between 1770 and 1772.

¹¹⁰: A Middlesex jury was almost certain to be packed.

¹¹¹: As her husband was present one can appreciate Caroline’s failure to appreciate the joke.

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safe and at war again. Lady Holland mentioned she remembers when it used to be said in the invitation cards, “No foreigners dine with us.”

Flahaut could not shine so much, but was agreeable. He said he wished for him and Sebastiani to see my book on France before it came out. Walter Scott has published, or is to publish, a thing called *Paul to his Kinsfolk*¹¹² which Lady Holland. called *Paul to his Kingsfolk*. Frere owned to having dined in former days with a Jacobin calico printer and Gilbert Wakefield.¹¹³ Lord Holland said he had a letter from Gilbert. Wakefield – not English.

Rode home through snow, and sat up till half-past three correcting proofs.

Saturday December 23rd 1815: Correcting press – did nothing!!

Sunday December 24th 1815: (Wrote journal from December 16th.) Did nothing.

Frere mentioned that there were two kinds of epigram anciently – one serious – the other ludicrous – which were, literally, inscriptions¹¹⁴ – he quoted Catullus for this:

namque totius vobis
Frontem tabernae scorpionibus scribam¹¹⁵ (I think)

I paraphrase Catullus’ epigram *Ad Rufum Noli Admirari*¹¹⁶ thus:

Why wonder, Rufus, as you do,
No woman likes to sleep with you?
They like your diamond ring and silk -
No lover living less a bilk;

¹¹²: *Paul’s Letters to his Kinsfolk* was Scott’s pro-Wellington account of his trip to the field of Waterloo and to Paris, earlier in 1815.

¹¹³: Gilbert Wakefield (1756-1801), dissenting academic.

¹¹⁴: We would say “graffiti.”

¹¹⁵: The line means ... *for I’ll daub scorpions all over the front wall of the pub* (Catullus, poem XXXVII).

¹¹⁶: Catullus, poem LXIX, a hint that B.O. is the reason why his friend Rufus has no luck in romantic matters.

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True, but a set of ugly tales
 Give out that somewhere in your skin
 You cherish certain deer of Wales,
 The bearded bucks of Watkyns Wynne* –
 'Tis this alarms them all – no wonder –
 For since the Hebrews on all fours,*
 No lass hath willingly kow'd under
 To such unsavoury paramours.
 Then kill that curse with milk of roses,
 Or never stare that girls have noses.

—
 This is good of its kind.¹¹⁷

Monday December 25th – Xmas

Pater nauseica¹¹⁸ – Sophy came home.

Tuesday 26th December 1815: Writing a scene for comedy – decent.¹¹⁹

Wednesday December 27th 1815: Up at seven. Went to London, with Pater, intending to attend at Vincent's funeral¹²⁰ – found it put off until Friday, and that the friends of the family were not to attend. Vincent had written a biography of himself, in a biography of the executor[??] of Islip* – so old Smedley* told me.

Went to Manchester Buildings – fell asleep. Walked to printer, who promised all should be ready by Saturday. Called on Murray – he declines publishing, and is to write to Ridgeway* for me.

¹¹⁷: It is in fact an over-elaborate, clumsy and disgusting version of a relatively tactful original. Its insensitivity makes one wonder whether H. – who seems not to wash that often (see BLJ VII 224) – has a problem corresponding to Rufus's.

¹¹⁸: See 16 Dec, 14.

¹¹⁹: The comedy is never staged.

¹²⁰: William Vincent (1739-1815:) Dean of Westminster and classical scholar. He had died on Dec 21.

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Dined with Kinnaird. Met Flahaut and Lord Erskine¹²¹ with his star on. His Lordship bored Flahaut sensibly about Napoleon, but was good when he began to talk of himself. He repeated his epigram made at Minorca,¹²² when he was a lieutenant of foot, against the Middlesex jury who cast General Mostyn* for £3,000 for striking a Minorcan. It is very good. The turn is that the Middlesex jury could not try their peers, for the devil himself is their only peer. He repeated also a farewell to the muse and army when he took the law – very good indeed!! One line was

Great Homer never lived till he was dead*

He told us that it was he who advised Lady Huntingdon¹²³ to turn her preacher, who was going to be prosecuted for setting up a church / chapel under pretence of being Lady Huntingdon's chaplain,* into a licensed dissenting preacher. At that time there were only four Methodist chapels in England, and "Thus," said Erskine, "by following my advice Lady Huntingdon began the greatest moral revolution that ever occurred in any country."* Erskine told us that the morning he gained Stockdale's case¹²⁴ he got ten thousand pounds damages in a crim con¹²⁵ – and walked home to his house quietly by six o'clock.

The Stockdale case came on very unexpectedly – he was sick in bed – MacDonald, afterwards Chief Baron,* Erskine's friend, told him he would hold off the case no longer – Erskine came down and made his oration. He told us his published speeches only made nine days of a life of twenty-eight years at the bar, and that not the most brilliant. He told me his plan was never to think of himself when he spoke, but only to think how he should convince those before him, jury or judge. He gave us an account of his receiving the thanks of the convention

¹²¹: Thomas, first Baron Erskine (1750-1823) brilliant Whig K.C. who often defended in political trials. Lord Chancellor under Grenville (1806-9).

¹²²: See 22 Dec, 15.

¹²³: Selina, Countess of Huntingdon (1707-91) patroness of Methodists and friend of the Wesleys. She made Methodism respectable among the aristocracy.

¹²⁴: Stockdale was prosecuted in 1789 for printing a pamphlet against the impeachment of Warren Hastings. Erskine got him acquitted.

¹²⁵: "Criminal conspiracy"; adultery. *Recollections* (I 328) has *criminal court*.

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introduced by Barnave and others, after drawing up their system of jurisprudence, part of which prevails to this day.* He gave us an account of his interview with Bonaparte, first consul, who had sent to say he wished to speak to him* – Erskine was introduced as Chancellor of the Prince of Wales by Merry, and Napoleon knew him not,¹²⁶ but afterwards he stayed at Josephine's evening party and Bonaparte blamed Merry,* saying that he ought to have known that "Your name was a greater distinction than your title." He talked of the code which Erskine had drawn up, and could not be brought to think that the jury was useful in civil courts. Flahaut said that he heard Napoleon say the same thing to the council of state, adding, "In Persia every passenger is used as a physician – in civilised countries medicine is a study, and none but practitioners prescribe – why will you take twelve ignorant men to decide a law question?" Sir George Smart¹²⁷ came in – we had singing – Erskine went away.

Slept at Cocoa Tree.

Thursday December 28th 1815: Up late. Dined at Royal Society, where heard that the recoil of guns is owing to the air rushing into the vacuum created by the ignition of the powder, and not the reaction of the powder.* Barrow¹²⁸ said that the origin of the discovery was the trials at Woolwich, upon hearing of the slung guns at Matagorda, which carried a ball two miles and three quarters³ – all were disbelieving this except a Captain Tuckey* of the navy. Barrow mentioned that one of the best accounts of the Chinese ever published was written by a man who had never been out of Italy.* Banks told us that two hundred miles over the hills behind the settlement at Botany Bay savages had been seen, one of whom on being approached ran up a tree and howled violently.

Came Cocoa Tree and wrote preface – bad.

Friday December 29th 1815: Dawdled about the morning.

¹²⁶: Napoleon's words were, "Etes-vous légiste?"

¹²⁷: Sir George Thomas Smart (1776-1867) musician. Friend of Haydn and Weber, acquaintance of Mendelssohn and Beethoven. What a pity H. knew nothing of music.

¹²⁸: Sir John Barrow of the Admiralty – the man who suggested St Helena as Napoleon's final destination.

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At seven General Sebastiani,¹²⁹ General Flahault, Byron, and Kinnaird dined with me at Wattiers. We had a good dinner, and a pleasant day on the whole. Sebastiani and Flahaut disputed about Rousseau – Sebastiani very eloquent in his defence.

When Flahault and Kinnaird went away, Sebastiani, Byron and I talked Italian, and Sebastiani was vastly entertaining. He mentioned that Chateaubriand confessed to him at Constantinople that his book¹³⁰ was previously written, and that he only wanted to give a local colouring to it. He talked to us of Sultan Selim,¹³¹ with whom he was most intimate, and mentioned a speech made by Chelik Effendi¹³² in council when the English fleet first appeared:¹³³ “We at Constantinople lose a tenth of our population by the plague, and a fourth by fires, one year with another, yet we murmur not. Shall we then be alarmed because the English may kill a few of our women and children? Never shall it be said that force has frightened the Mussulman to yield to the English or French or any Christian nation!!” It was then determined to resist, but General Sebastiani told them to negotiate and gain time – he had the utmost difficulty to prevent the Janissaries from crowding into the fleets to fight the English – the Captain Pasha¹³⁴ told him he should be cut to pieces if he attempted to stop them. He received a letter in John’s handwriting telling him he must fly. He confirmed every thing I have asserted in my *Travels*.

¹²⁹: François Horace Bastien, Comte de Sebastiani (1772-1851), French soldier and diplomat, veteran of Marengo, Austerlitz, and the Peninsular and Russian campaigns. Ambassador to Turkey 1806-7, just before B. and H. went there; referred to glancingly in the notes to *Childe Harold*; subsequently ambassador to London.

¹³⁰: *L’Itinéraire de Paris à Jérusalem et de Jérusalem à Paris* (1811), a supposedly important example of European Orientalism.

¹³¹: Sultan Selim III, the would-be reformer, assassinated in 1807. One of B.’s and H.’s heroes.

¹³²: See 10 July, 10.

¹³³: When the English fleet attacked Constantinople in Jan 07.

¹³⁴: The Capudan-Pasha; the Turkish Naval Commander-in-Chief.

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He told me that Napoleon said to him during his last reign, “My dear Sebastiani – it is very well talking of the English constitution – but I had rather not reign at all than reign as king of England.”¹³⁵

I don’t know what to think of this story – Sebastiani is a rogue. Sebastiani and Byron parted a little before twelve, and I went to Cocoa Tree and talked loud nonsense until past four.

Saturday December 30th 1815: Called on Murray. Corrected last sheets of *Letters from Paris* – wrote letter to Lord Holland by way of preface, which would do.

Rode home to Whitton – dined at Gostling’s.

Sunday December 31st 1815: At Whitton, writing scenes for farce or comedy. Determined to learn a little poetry every night – began with Johnson’s *Death of Levett*.¹³⁶

¹³⁵: Perhaps used by B. at *Don Juan* XI 56, 6: *Nor reign at all, or as a Monarch reign ...*

¹³⁶: *On the Death of Doctor Robert Levet* (1783). Thirty-six lines in length. H. takes until Feb 25 16 to learn it.