

1819: *Don Juan*, Westminster, and Peterloo

The publication of *Don Juan* I and II, the 1819 Westminster election, the Peterloo Massacre, and a *Trifling Mistake*

December 2nd 1818-December 13th 1819

Edited from B.L.Add.Mss. 56540

The publication of the first two cantos of *Don Juan* coincides with the appearance of a comet in the skies of Europe. Hobhouse *thinks* he sees the comet; but would be surprised if told that it was a portent, and that the poem, the start of which he is seeing through the press with such “indifference – almost aversion”, would be seen nearly two centuries later as his friend’s greatest masterpiece, and as his main claim to poetic stature.

Admittedly Hobhouse has many other things to worry about in 1819: his disintegrating relationship with the Holland House Whigs; his stormy literary and monetary relationship with Ugo Foscolo; and his political career, which is making progress, but in a two-steps-forward-one-back fashion the outcome of which no-one can foresee. He finds himself becoming very popular, and is cheered in public places. Amidst all this hurly-burly a mere poem can not be expected to make much impact. He *almost* recognises the quality of what is passing through his hands: on January 5th 1819 he writes to Byron asserting that he and Scrope Davies have just declared “that you were as superior in the burlesque as in the heroic to all competitors and even perhaps had found your real forte in this singular style” (BB 256).

Two contrasting passages about politics in China (May 23rd), and politics in the U.S.A. (April 24th), show the internationalist breadth of Hobhouse’s interest.

This section ends just after the Peterloo Massacre, which Hobhouse hears about while holidaying on the south coast.

By the year’s end, he is in jail – see *Newgate*. Within a year, he is MP for Westminster.

Wednesday December 2nd 1818: Foscolo called this morning and we had a long unpleasant discourse on his affairs. I refused a plan of his which was to make me advance more money, but said I would apply to Longman for him to buy his Dante.¹

[Ex.: *The Examiner*, Pickering and Chatto / Maruzen, 1998.]

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I think Sir Robert Wilson² called this morning – Henry was present. He wanted me to write a letter to him – or somebody – expressive of my wish to conciliate the Whigs³ – I refused this, but asked why the Whigs were not contented with my former discretion and present silence. I reminded him how the Whigs had used him – he declared himself very friendly and all that, but in a humbug way – he has refused to take the chair in the parish of St George's,⁴ and sent a most shuffling letter to the managing committee. He hinted to me that young Sam Whitbread⁵ was much talked of by the Whigs – now I knew this nomination was next to impossible, and the more I think of it the more I believe Wilson to have thrown this out to terrify me, and keep me in order with the Whigs. If it be so, he is a shabby fellow,⁶ and I was quite right in declining all correspondence with him at the last election – the application to him did not *now* come from me, but from the managing committee.

S.B.Davies, Henry, and I dined with Douglas Kinnaird. I went home early and read a little, but am quite out of joint. Letter from Byron announcing two new poems coming for me, *Don Juan* and *Mazeppa*.⁷

Thursday December 3rd 1818: That morning there is a quarrel in the Covent Garden Committee over whether or not a petition by Baker Beaumont should be printed. Bickersteth⁸ promises to speak to Place and sort it out. Place had said,

1: Foscolo had written a treatise on Dante, which Murray had refused.

2: General Sir Robert Wilson (1777-1849) soldier and Whig politician admired by B. He and H. had met in Berlin on 26 June 1813. He was a member with him of the Rota, a political club including Kinnaird and Burdett. M.P. for Southwark: dismissed from the army when he prevented the troops from firing on the mob at the funeral of Queen Caroline, he was later reinstated, and became a Tory, and Governor of Gibraltar. H. had known his sister, Mrs Bailly Wallis, very well during the Hundred Days.

3: As a prominent radical Whig, H. was on uneasy terms with the main body of the Whig Party. Wilson's visit seems aimed at intimidating and / or neutralising him.

4: One of the districts of the constituency of Westminster, where H. had since 17 November been standing as a radical Whig candidate; the by-election was caused by the suicide of Sir Samuel Romilly (see *Don Juan* I stanza 15).

5: Son of Sir Samuel Whitbread, the brewer, politician and theatre-owner. He was not in fact nominated. The Hobhouse family had considerable holdings in Whitbread's.

6: Perhaps an echo of *Julius Caesar* III ii 79: "If it were so, it was a grievous fault ..."

7: B. had actually told H. about *Don Juan* in September and November: BLJ VI 67-8 and 76.

8: Henry Bickersteth (1783-1851) Whig barrister, championed H. against Place's favouring of Kinnaird. He was subsequently Baron Langdale, and the husband of Lady Oxford's daughter Jane Harley (see entries for 24 June 1812 and 23 July 1812).

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“By God, Mr Hobhouse, if Beaumont’s stuff passes we are ruined!” Hobhouse is in a characteristic dilemma:

I cannot stir one way without displeasing the management committee, who are my zealous friends, nor can I move the other without identifying myself with all their violent hatred to the Whigs, which I do not, in fact, feel, and cannot confess without compromising myself with Tavistock,⁹ and those to whom I have said that I will not *begin* with using hard words.

He writes letters to Tavistock, Methuen, Sophy, and to Murray ...

... desiring him not to advertise my *essay first* as if the Illustrations were nothing.

He dines with Kinnaird, and “like a fool, made a confidant of him about Foscolo”. Kinnaird “snatched up Byron’s letter and wanted to read it.” With or without Kinnaird, he goes to see “a play, *Brutus*, rifacimento of Howard Payne, the American whom I knew at Paris – poor stuff indeed – tired to death. Went away from the Oxfords,” in whose box he seems to have sat.

That night “old Jockey Nicholls”, formerly “a pensioner of Dodsley the bookseller’s” who had been “bought by Pitt for £40,000” says “some funny things” but is cumulatively “very tiresome indeed”.

Friday December 4th 1818: In the morning Foscolo calls and says he is going to have to sell all his goods. “This,” comments Hobhouse, with characteristic absence of empathy, “I thought just”. He then calls on his brother Henry, who is “ill of the gravel” and cannot therefore sail to India on the morrow as he had intended:

Poor fellow I fear I have occasionally used him unkindly – but his temper and manners are so different from those of a person with whom one can well agree: but he has an excellent friendly heart. He leaves his wife with a Mrs Fendall – where she may learn something.

As he had promised Foscolo, he next goes to Paternoster Row and calls on

9: Francis Russell, Marquis of Tavistock, later Duke of Bedford, had been at Trinity a member of H.’s Whig Club.

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Rees of Rees, Orme and Longman, but “he would not engage for Foscolo at all and told me the world was ‘sick of Dante’”. Hobhouse next speaks to Hanson, “about sending a man out with Byron’s books”. Then he takes a walk with Bickersteth to Covent Garden, where all is still “at sixes and sevens” over Baker Beaumont. There’s a rumour about that Hobhouse “will not accept of a single Whig vote”. He denies it: “I never ask whether a man is a Whig or not, any more than I ask what coat he wears”.

He dines with Henry at the Parliament Coffee House, and goes in the evening to the Red Lion Committee in Princes Street, where “their canvas has been very successful”. That night he reads Paterculus:

He concludes his discourse in favour of his country after praising the monster Tiberius as if he were the last patriot in Rome. This attachment to country is a commonplace in the mouth of every rogue and slave in our day – bed.

Saturday December 5th 1818: Sir Robert Wilson calls again that morning, with evidence that Hobhouse is associated with “annual parliaments and universal suffrage – I told him I had not spoken on this subject”. Not, we notice, that he doesn’t believe in the two ideas. He never says even to his diary what, in practical constitutional terms, he does believe in. Wilson has been abused by Brougham for signing a letter to Tierney: “Wilson positively expressed himself to me as anything but a Whig” – presumably Wilson, the future Tory, harbours radical sympathies at this juncture.

George Ticknor calls:

... he told me that Lafayette read my *Letters from Paris* in his presence and was much pleased, but did not quite understand what I meant by calling him a “trimmer”. I did not know that I did call him so – but Ticknor explained it by saying “a man who conciliated all parties”.

He dines with Henry at the Parliament Coffee House again, and promises to breakfast with him the following morning prior to his setting out at last for Deal, and India. He then goes to Kinnaird’s, “where there was a musical party”, which as usual he doesn’t describe. Henry doesn’t want to see him at breakfast, and Hobhouse determines to answer the note saying so with a “little Sallust” as a parting present, to be sent round at eight.

Sunday December 6th 1818: The “little Sallust” is returned – Henry had left.

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Hobhouse directs it instead to Deal: “God prosper him for a kind-hearted and affectionate fellow”. Wilson visits. Hobhouse dines with Lady Oxford:

... present [] [*could be “Scrope,” could be “Scarse”*] and family – they told me some curious anecdotes of Murat, in which Lady Oxford was personally concerned, and Lady Jane promised to write them out for me.

Monday December 7th 1818: Hobhouse gives Foscolo ten pounds ...

... as a beginning for his MSS. for which I am to give £20 for a hundred pages. These MSS. I shall work up, add to, embellish &c., and then publish with the avowal of my having translated, &c.

He dines with Scrope Davies and Joy in the Temple. George Bankes and Smyth his schoolfellow are there too, the latter especially friendly about his politics. He then goes to the Crown and Anchor in St Clement Danes, “and made really a very good speech”. However,

... a man asked me whether I would pledge to vote against the projected Corn Bill – I said I would pledge to vote against no bill until I saw it. The younger Evans spoke well. Afterwards S.B.Davies and I supped at the Piazza and drank punch till me head ached.

Tuesday December 8th 1818: At noon Hobhouse goes to the Fives Court, St Martin’s Lane, where he makes another highly successful speech, at least three-quarters of an hour long, to an audience of 1,060 electors. There is “not the slightest disturbance”, and the “resolutions were all carried unanimously”. He writes a letter to Tavistock, but doesn’t send it.

Dined with S.B.Davies at George’s Coffee House and went in the evening to Lady Oxford’s, where Lady Jane read to me her account of the taking of Naples in 1815 – a very affecting, well-told tale.

Wednesday December 9th 1818: Went at one o’clock to Mr Franklin’s¹⁰ great room and met the parish of St George’s. It had been resolved to ask Douglas Kinnaird, but consulting with me he had declined – his letter, however, had not

10: Mr Franklin unidentified.

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been sent in time, so he was expected and I sent off my horses for him. He came, and was called to the Chair. I do not think he was discreet in his speeches. He alluded to annual parliaments,¹¹ and talked of the rump, &c., but he praised me very much and I was very much affected when I began my long speech.

I did not do so well today, certainly, nor was the meeting so large as expected. I came home and copied and sent a letter to Tavistock – out of sorts.

Walked to Brooks's – I saw Ellice,¹² who I found most strenuous on my behalf and attacking the Whigs for not supporting me – Gordon¹³ said he should – Rogers¹⁴ told me so in half a phrase, and I believe him afraid of Byron's poem¹⁵ which is coming home to me.

I dined at Watiers by myself – wrote there a letter to the Editor of the *Times*, who had misreported my speech at the Fives Court¹⁶ yesterday – the mistake was important in as much as it represented me as having canvassed in person – and also as saying that that *majority* of the Stewards at Maxwell's¹⁷ dinner were officers of the Guards. I said *some* were. In my letter I told the Editor not to publish it, but to keep it as a memorial that I had corrected the mistake – I sent the letter to Place¹⁸ to look at.

Came home and wrote a squib to the Whigs.

Thursday December 10th 1818: Hobhouse starts the day by sending letters to Tavistock and Burdett. He meets John Hunt of the *Examiner*, who says there is another rumour about that a reform candidate alternative to him, with the same principles as Romilly, will soon be forwarded. Hobhouse dines at the Parliament Coffee House with his father, and Isaac. There are inaccurate rumours in the papers about Sir Benjamin, which he advises his father to ignore. He rides to Chelsea, hears “good news from that quarter”, and then goes to the Crown and

11: Whether H. was in favour of annual parliaments was a point about which he, unlike Kinnaird, kept discreet.

12: Edward Ellice (c1783-1863) of the Hudson's Bay Company. MP for Coventry.

13: Gordon unidentified. Christian name Robert.

14: Samuel Rogers.

15: *Don Juan*: Rogers is in fact praised implicitly by association at *Don Juan* Dedication, 7, 7.

16: The Fives Court was the political meeting place of the parish of St. Martin. Also used as a boxing ring.

17: Sir Murray Maxwell had been Tory candidate against Romilly earlier in the year.

18: Francis Place (1771-1854) leading reformer, partly responsible for the passage of the First Reform Bill of 1832: we would think of his role at this time as that of H.'s campaign manager – though he would have preferred the more radical Kinnaird.

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Anchor, where he hears that the rumoured Romillian candidate is “young Samuel Whitbread”. His informers find such an idea laughable, but Hobhouse thinks not. Riding to Bond Street, he hears that everyone is talking about Whitbread, and that Kinnaird has made “a violent speech” on the subject:

... this must have been at St George’s yesterday – but his violence was nothing – he only said, that except Burdett there were few members of the House of Commons who had not compromised themselves – the report said “no” instead of “few”. Presently in comes Bennett.¹⁹ I go up and shake hands with him. He then says, “I wish your friend Kinnaird would not be so offensive”. – “Is he offensive?” said I. – “Yes, damned offensive,” said he, and sat down. “I cannot answer for the offensiveness of other people,” said I, and that ended the matter.

Hobhouse visits Place at Charing Cross. There is an altercation between Place and Bennett about Sam Whitbread’s candidacy. Bennett says:

“I suppose you do not think there would be any harm in our trying the fair question between the universal suffrage and the moderate reformers?” – “Pray,” said Place, “what do you mean by putting off the question upon universal suffrage? I am a republican – but I would never try for a republic. I may be all for voting, but I may think the people not qualified for the doctrine. I am for any reform which would make the representation less corrupt. And now let me ask you what you are for?” – “Why,” said Bennett, “for triennial parliaments and the voting as extensive as it is in Westminster.” – “And your candidate will say that on the hustings?” – “Yes.” – “Very well,” said Place; “I will meet him there although I am not used to go – but your stating a third man will make the court move ...” – “Oh – I will never play into the hands of the court,” said Bennett, “and I do not say that I shall stir even if Mr Hobhouse is not opposed by the court.” – “You must be aware,” said Place, “that I go solely on principle, that I can have no personal respect for Mr Hobhouse.”

This was the substance of the conversation, and I put it down the morning after.

Kinnaird tells Hobhouse that Perry of the *Morning Chronicle* has disavowed

19: Henry Grey Bennett, the Whig radical referred to at 17 January 1816.

“the Whitbread people” – “By God Sir, it is true, as poor Sheridan used to say, that if the Whigs do not find a stone wall to break their necks against, they will built up one.” Kinnaird says he’s heard that Bennett has in fact disclaimed the business. Brougham has been loud in opposing Kinnaird’s supposed violence. Ellice tells Hobhouse ...

... it was notoriously got up between Brougham and Bennett – partly out of hatred to a friend of Lord Byron’s, and partly out of a horror at Burdett.

Hobhouse dines with Kinnaird, and later meets Lady Elizabeth Whitbread, widow of the famous brewer and mother of the proposed rival. She knew nothing about young Sam’s plans (he’s twenty-two) until the previous Sunday, when (Hobhouse thinks she said) her son showed her a letter from Bennett, “begging him to stand for Westminster”. She is against the idea, and will do her utmost to dissuade him from it.

As we were going back through Spring Gardens we heard some shouting – “Hobhouse for ever!” – and took the omen. Dennison told me he was sure I should succeed.

I came home, went out again, restless, and could hardly sleep.

Friday December 11th 1818: The morning brings “a miserable shuffling letter” from Bennett. It is of little use to Hobhouse when, later, in what appears to be the entrance lobby of Kinnaird’s bank, he runs into Henry Brougham, Byron’s enemy, and, *ipso facto*, his. With Kinnaird and Lord William Fitzgerald as witnesses, they discuss Sam Whitbread’s candidacy in heated style. Brougham says that if Kinnaird had been the candidate, he would have kept aloof. Hobhouse counters with, “That is ... you would let the people drown before your eyes without helping them, merely to show that they could not be saved without you!” – “That is not the way of putting the question,” says Brougham, and accuses Hobhouse of being “another Burdett”. Hobhouse defends his individuality. His resolution states that he is “to support the just claims of the people to parliaments of a short duration, and to a full, free, and equal share in the representation”.

I asked him if any reformer could object to that – he was at a standstill, and said he did not know that he could.

Brougham further concedes that he dislikes Hobhouse because Hobhouse is

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not a party man. Hobhouse writes, “There was a sort of half-constrained but certainly open manner in the way in which he expressed his hostility to me”. Brougham next denies working for Whitbread!

Now how does this tally with his saying to Edward Ellice – “We are going to send for Sam Whitbread?” He reiterated this assurance several times, and said that Bennett had not begun the business – it had originated with certain tradesmen.

When he further claims he’s been defending Kinnaird, Hobhouse and Kinnaird burst out laughing, “and Brougham joined in the smile”. Brougham leaves the bank, scarcely having come off well.

Hobhouse next goes to Bickersteth.

He was really confused to be seen with me and mentioned that he had just seen Kinnaird – “First one, and then the other,” he added. Now what a state of things when being seen with two men known for no crime shall ruin a lawyer.

Ellice tells Hobhouse that Brougham and Bennett had been at a meeting the previous night, to put Whitbread forward. They sent for Perry of the *Chronicle*, who said:

“Now gentlemen, tell me whether you have not your meeting upon the assurance of Mr Arbuthnot of the Treasury, conveyed through Mr Holmes, the meanest fellow in England, that Maxwell is to be withdrawn from the field?” – They owned it was so. – “Well,” said he, “and so upon the information of such fellows you act? You put up a Whig – the popular interest is divided – Sir Murray Maxwell is withdrawn – forth starts Mr Wilberforce or Mr Babbington – calls himself an independent man – is supported by the whole weight of government and by all the Methodists – and the Whig and Mr Hobhouse are both beaten? No, gentlemen, in God’s name, let Westminster stand where it is – I will have nothing to do with the matter.” So saying, he withdrew – the meeting broke up and nothing was agreed upon. He [*Perry*] desired Ellice to tell me this.

The whole business is laid to the jealousy of Brougham, about whom Byron will write scathingly in rejected (but undatable) stanzas to the end of Canto I of *Don Juan*:

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Tory by nurture, Whig by Circumstance,
A Democrat some once or twice a year
Whenever it suits his purpose to advance
His vain ambition in it's vague career ...

Hobhouse writes a letter to Bennett, but doesn't send it. That night, he drinks gin and water.

Saturday December 12th 1818: Tavistock writes first thing, saying that if Hobhouse is "the Champion of annual parliaments and universal suffrage," he can't "be active for" him. Mr Fisher of the St James's Committee calls, and says the Whigs have been trying to get Hobhouse to commit himself ...

... against them and for annual parliaments, which he begged me not to touch upon. He said that Bonham said the other day at the Fives Court that he never heard such a paltry speech as mine – on which Fisher said to the informant, "Yes, that is because you could not find anything to lay hold of" – Bonham complained there was nothing explicit in what I said.

Mr Fischer assures Hobhouse that his speeches had given "*universal satisfaction*".

By this time we're beginning to realize three things: the horror with which Hobhouse's politics are regarded by the Whigs (perhaps because of his association with Byron); the unspeakable horror with which they're regarded by the Tories ("the court"); and his wisdom in keeping quiet about whatever constitutional reforms he favours. To be explicit on such points (whatever position you take up), before your candidacy has even been accepted, is to court infamy and disaster.

Last night Hobhouse wrote a public letter to Bennett, about which he wants an opinion before sending it to the *Examiner*. But it appears no-one will speak to him:

I put my letter to Bennett in my pocket and walked to the Crown and Anchor – no-one there. To Cullen²⁰ – he ill. To Bickersteth – out. To Ellice – he out.

20: Cullen (Christian name untraced), an Irishman and an atheist, was a bill-broker and a Spencean radical.

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To Dr Chambers – he out. I wanted to get my “something” looked at and copied and sent to the *Examiner*. I considered all these accidents as against sending it at all. Walking down St James’s Street whom should I see but Bennett. He stopped, and said he hoped we should have no misunderstanding, and wished to speak with me at Brooks’s – I said I hoped not and said I would speak with him.

Bennett and Hobhouse now confront one another in a back room at Brooks’s. Bennett has Lord Ossulton, his father, as a witness, and Hobhouse has Edward Ellice. Hobhouse recollects the time when Bennett was for him as the Westminster candidate. Both Bennett and Ossulton concede that Bennett – assisted by the initiative of “several respectable tradesmen” – had asked Whitbread to stand. He even tries to implicate Tavistock, an idea which Hobhouse rejects. Bennett then modifies his statement by adding that Whitbread could stand “on condition that the field was quite open” (which with Hobhouse standing it clearly isn’t). Hobhouse repeats the words of Perry, that if the radicals are divided the Tories will field Wilberforce or Babbington: “the government had thought themselves beaten but had recovered since the rumour of a disunion”. Bennett assures him that “the popular party should not be divided and the court should not carry it”. The two part.

Hobhouse goes home with Kinnaird, and dines with Ellice, who tells him that “Brougham had actually told him he would vote for Maxwell against me”!

After leaving Ellice I went to Lady Oxford’s, it being Lady Charlotte’s birthday. Seventeen she owns to. I feel I am getting in love with Lady Jane – home – slept ill. Lord Archibald Hamilton promised Lady Oxford not to be against me – but what to do at Holland House ...?

Compare 24 June 1812. Lady Jane is ultimately to marry Bickersteth.

Sunday December 13th 1818: Hobhouse has not sent his letter to the *Examiner*. Scrope Davies turns up first thing, and “seems to think the starting of Whitbread nothing, or good for me”. *The Examiner* and the *News* are very favourably for him. **He writes his journal until three**, and then goes for a walk in the park with Davies and Kinnaird. He goes to Brooks’s. Brougham is there, but “said naught”.

Kinnaird tells me that Lord William Fitzgerald told him that Bennett told him that Brougham was his adviser in starting Whitbread – yet Bennett told me

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Brougham had nothing to do with it. These fellows lie through thick and thin.
Dined with Douglas Kinnaird.

Monday December 14th 1818: That morning he takes Lord Harley (Lady Oxford's son) "to the Horseferry Road to meet the parishioners of St Margaret's and St John's". The meeting is large, and his speech "*successful*".

Some people wanted me to get a petition to save the men who were to be hanged the next day – Driscoll, Cashman, &c., for forgery, but I thought this an interference more likely to hang than save them, and accordingly declined. I called afterwards, I believe, on the Committee. I forget where I dined but fancy it was at Douglas Kinnaird's.

Tuesday December 15th 1818:

Foscolo flung out of my room today in a rage because I said, "Il ne faut pas me gener" ["Don't bother me"].

Hobhouse adds this as if it's an after-recollection: in fact he writes Foscolo a letter.²¹ The day is otherwise uneventful. Sir Robert Wilson calls in the morning and reassures him about Whitbread. At two he takes the coach to Brighton, where the family is. A man who does not know him assures him *en route* that Sir Murray Maxwell has "no chance". He says that he arrives at nine and finds "all pretty well, but a frost prevented me from hunting as I intended". I don't know if one hunted so late in the evening in those days.

Wednesday December 16th 1818: The sea looked beautiful – I had a delightful ride with Harriett on the road to Rottingdean – dined, &c. after walking in the Steyne, and reposed after my three weeks' spouting.

Thursday December 17th 1818: Tavistock writes, saying that "Whitbread was entirely abandoned" and that he, Tavistock, is now Hobhouse's man – but please will he keep this letter quiet, although Hobhouse may "mention his intention"! Another letter comes from Lambton, "promising his support and telling me *not* to conceal it". Hobhouse rides with Harriett, and dines at home.

21: BHF 59-60.

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Friday December 18th 1818: Rode out with Harriett first and then with the Brighton Hounds. Slippery and wet – met Townsend the Bow Street officer, who told me two things – first, that Maxwell would not oppose me – and secondly, that Courtois, an old hairdresser, had died, worth £250,000 – dined, &c., as usual, at home.

Saturday December 19th 1818: Did not dine, but walked today – stayed at home in the evening.

Sunday December 20th 1818: Set off at ten o'clock in the Comet two-horse coach for London – two attorney's daughters inside – pretty women – arrived at past six at 43, Clarges Street – found a message to dine with Kinnaird – wrote a note to Foscolo,²² from whom I found a note couched in strange language, giving himself three days to consider of his conduct towards me!!! I dined with Kinnaird – met Byng and Colonel Cooke – and made myself sick with <lan> [] [could be “*char*,” “*oh&er*,” or “*her*”]. Walked to Brooks's – read papers – then to Wattiers – came home.

Monday December 21st 1818: This morning I received a packet and a most extraordinary letter from Foscolo,²³ which I had not the patience to read through as it talked of my “ambition,” &c., and was evidently a threat. The fellow thinks I am in his power because he helped me with his damned essay – which I always have wished had been at the bottom of the sea – since it has brought upon me attacks from several quarters, besides what is worse – praises where I do not deserve them. I sit down and write an answer.²⁴ Most cursedly annoyed I am.

I took cold meat with Kinnaird and then proceeded to the Gun Tavern, Pimlico – where I met and spoke to a respectable and numerous audience.

Came home and told Kinnaird that I was apprehensive something I had said about the “arrogance” of moderate Reformers might embroil me with the Whigs, whom, though they had used the Westminster people very ill, I should say nothing against. I praised Lord John Russell, and the name of Whitbread – but with an entire reserve to our cause.

Tuesday December 22nd 1818: Did nothing particular in the morning, but rode down to Whitton to dine – found my dear family of sisters there, and felt quite

22: BHF 60.

23: BHF 61-6.

24: BHF 66-8.

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happy, as I always do amongst them.

Wednesday December 23rd 1818: At Whitton – walked out with Isaac²⁵ to Twitnam. Called on Colonel Espinace and the Miss Byngs²⁶ – home. My father, Charlotte, Julia arrive from the west – dine.

Speak to my father on Lord Byron's affairs – Hanson is returned. Byron has left everything to Kinnaird and myself. I wish my father to be present at our first interview with Hanson.

I hear from Byron frequently – he is going to send over three poems to me: *Don Juan*, *Mazeppa*, [and] an *Ode to Venice* – Lord Lauderdale²⁷ is the bearer. I am desired by Byron to show them to Tom Moore, Rose, and Frere – and Douglas Kinnaird and I are to settle the price with Murray if he likes to publish – if he does not, with another.

Evening at Whitton as usual.

Thursday December 24th 1818: Hobhouse rides to London and finds a letter from Cullen who takes him to task for a *Times* report of the previous day in which he refers to himself as a “moderate” reformer. He goes round to Cullen's and convinces him that he should have looked at the context and checked the *Times's* accuracy first. Cullen and Bickersteth have warned the Westminster Committee against him! Place has spoken in his favour. He is furious:

Now I say that this is carrying principle to an extravagant length – why should my friends at once think that I am a rogue without a moment's hesitation, or waiting to see what my conduct would be, and at the risk of bringing in a government tool for Westminster?

He sends a letter to the *Times*, and dines with Kinnaird and his old

25: H.'s young half-brother.

26: Neighbours at Hounslow.

27: James Maitland, 8th Earl of Lauderdale (1759-1839); brother to Sir Thomas Maitland, Governor of the Ionian Islands, and uncle to H.'s future wife. The poems' arrival became common talk quite quickly. On 28 December, Joseph Jekyll wrote to Lady Gertrude Sloane Stanley (one of Augusta's closest friends – see BLJ IV 124 for her “frigid appearance”): “Lord Lauderdale has brought over a spick-and-span new poem of Lord Byron's from Venice, sealed up, so the Scottish bearer, no great critic in works of genius, knows nothing of its merits. But Murray the bookseller has volunteered a great price for it. He says the poet is grown fat and cheerful, and comes to England next spring.” (*Letters of Joseph Jekyll*, p. 75).

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schoolfellows Smyth and Wickham.

Friday December 25th 1818: Hobhouse does not celebrate Christmas Day. Did anyone in 1818? He corrects his *Times* letter; sees Bennett at Brooks's ("a pretty fellow this"); sees Ellice, who's had a letter from Earl Grey, "entirely agreeing with him on the propriety of *non-interference* in Westminster and saying handsome things of me individually though against the Burdettites" – a very fine distinction indeed, for Hobhouse is first among the Burdettites. He gathers that the Whig party had nothing to do with putting Sam Whitbread forward. He rides down to Whitton and dines.

What he doesn't mention is that he writes a letter to Byron, and another²⁸ to Foscolo:

Xmas day, 1818: Dear Byron –

Your letter[s] to Kinnaird and myself, and Hanson the bearer have come to hand – If Kinnaird has not written to tell this, which, I believe he has, I write to say that you may depend upon every exertion on my part, and that no stone shall be left unturned to pay all as it ought to be paid and to secure all as it ought to be secured. I have ventured to ask my father to intervene with his sexagenary experience when Hanson has his first legal interview with K[innaird] and me, thinking You would have no objection – and I believe that on Monday next the whole matter will be well talked over at a dinner made by the Douglas on purpose at which Sir B[enjamin]. H[obhouse]. Mr. John Hanson and we twain Dug & I shall be present. Progress shall be regularly reported you may depend upon it[.] I cannot see how any material difficulties can occur to prevent every thing being done as you wish within a short space of time –

I beg you to take the same assurances respecting your literary business – Lord Lauderdale is *not* arrived but is hourly expected. When he does come and delivers up his charge, I shall proceed exactly in the way you have prescribed and I beg you not to suppose for a moment that any concerns of my own will make me a jot less attentive to any commission with which you may gratify me – The news of the poeshy coming to me has raised me several pegs in the *dread*, another word for *esteem*, of Sam Rogers and other one or two who think their reputations may be in my hands when your verses reach them – and that a civil word or two might induce me to suspend the execution of your poetic vengeance. But be assured I will not alter a word to save all St. James's Place – Davies has just shown me the kind letter you have

28: BHF 68-9.

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written to him – Before this time you must have received what I said on the modest request to bring Mahomet to the mountain – the attractions of a Covent Garden Hustings are not of the most alluring kind even when one is at Hyde Park – but with Alps between!! I flatter myself, however, that your kind wishes will not be lost, for I have a sort of superstition about these things and do think that a man is the better even for a distant inclination in his favor. Things do, I assure you, look very favorable for the present. The Whigs tried hard to hitch the business, and raise up Lord J. Russell and Sam Whitbread in succession against me. The focus of the latter job was H[olland]. House and the chief agitator Bennett. But it would not do, the ground was taken up and Lord Grey set his face against the attempt – – Government has not yet decidedly declared for Maxwell, nor is it certain that he will receive the full support of the ministers – The betting is for me – No news except that we have had a tremendous fog which darkened our day lights[.] By the way, I must thank you for the *Scalabrino* letter. Any similar intelligence will be gratefully received – Remember me to Hoppner & to all who honor me with the speaking to you of so poor a topic as I – ever your most faithful

John C. Hobhouse

Saturday December 26th 1818: Came up to London – at Brooks's, Dudley North²⁹ introduced himself to me in a very extraordinary way – this is Whig favour – encumbering with help.³⁰

Dined with Colonel Hughues.³¹ Ate and drank too much until two in the morning – Seabright³² – Colonel R. Knight³³ – Kinnaird, Ellice and Davies were there – I was reprimanded once or twice by him smartly, which will not do.

Found that Byron's poems had arrived.

Monday December 27th 1818: S. B. Davies breakfasted with me – we read the poems – I have my doubts about *Don Juan* – the blasphemy and bawdry and the *domestica facta*³⁴ overpower even the great genius it displays – of *Mazepa* and

29: Lord Guilford(?).

30: See Johnson's *Letter to Lord Chesterfield*: "Is not a Patron, my Lord, one who looks with unconcern on a Man struggling for Life in the Water and when he has reached ground encumbers him with help?"

31: Colonel Hughues unidentified.

32: Conceivably the boxing-promoter referred to at BLJ I 162n, or Sir J. Seabright (*Shelley* I 224-6).

33: Colonel Robert Knight unidentified.

34: *domestica facta* is the phrase from Horace (*Ars Poetica*, 287) which B. initially

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the ode I do not think much. Murray called and wanted to advertise at once – I told him I was not sure about the publication – I wrote to Byron on Friday last.

Called on Place – and heard his notion about the Whigs and about myself – he implored me to recollect that there was no commerce to be held with the great people – he was kind and considerate, and showed his extraordinary powers. Bennett had been with him – he had told Bennett his conduct had lowered him in public estimation, and that as they had many common topics they would talk no more on Westminster. Place said Bennett was as weak as a woman.

I dined with Kinnaird and read *Don Juan* to him – he does not doubt about publication so much as I do – he gave me advice about how to sit in the House of Commons when [*a*] member &c.!!! with hat over my eyes!! he thinks me an ass.

<heard more about Foscolo> – <I wrote Foscolo a note> I have had two meetings with Foscolo – one on <Friday> Thursday when I called on him and another on <Sunday> Saturday when he called on me. I had written on the last Tuesday a severe answer³⁵ to his half-read letter, and was in the act of sending it when a note³⁶ came from him, who had just seen my friendly note of the Sunday before. His note was in a more friendly style and talked of “reconnaissance.” However, I enclosed my letter in a more friendly note,³⁷ and told him I should call. I went to his house on Thursday – entered into no explanations – found he had sold his horse and paid some debts, which he wished me to pay for him – but he was still in difficulty about £125 owing to Bruce.³⁸ I told him Bruce must wait. He said he had one more expedient to try – and so we parted.

On Saturday he came to my room, and was ferocious in the extreme. He read his letter to me, which was not so bad as I had thought, but which still turned on his ridiculous discovery – and was neither more or less than a threat. I told him so, and he said “No”; if he had been inclined, he could have gone to the copyist and made him come forward. He then said that nothing but his going to prison would wring the sum from him. I told him I had not the least alarm about it – I

wanted to give *Don Juan* as an epigraph. It means either *domestic facts* or *common things*; B. asserted it to mean the latter, but no-one was convinced. At H.’s insistence in proof, it was dropped.

35: See BHF 66-8.

36: BHF 68-9.

37: BHF 68.

38: Michael Bruce (1787-1861) erstwhile companion to Lady Hester Stanhope, subsequently had affairs with Caroline Lamb and Madame Ney; now married to the widow of Admiral Sir Peter Parker.

would tell all the world. The translation³⁹ was a simple one; he had <given> sold me materials for writing – I had bought them – they were mine – I might tell or not the source of these materials when I chose – and would certainly be the first to tell – Foscolo said, “*I have the greatest fear I confess it*”. I repeated I had not – I would not have done a disgraceful deed on any earthly account. I always intended to tell – I always had said I had no merit in the essay – always talked of it as a compilation – and waited only until the appearance of a more extended work to mention the fact as it stood. Indeed, the very phrases of the essay are in the third person to prevent any identification.

Foscolo continued, saying he had the greatest alarm lest it should be known. He then told me that had I not given hopes of paying Bruce at Xmas – he, *Foscolo*, might have got the money of Wilbraham⁴⁰ and that he would not have reassured Bruce of the payment – I said that if he would give me his word of honour of that, I would give him the money – he said he would, and so I consented to advance him £125 upon a bill which he was to draw on my bankers in favour of a Mr Balso.⁴¹ I did consider myself bound by what I had said at Whitton, considering that Foscolo had acted upon it; so out of £600 a year I have advanced £325, besides £20 for materials now in hand, advanced this day.

At the very time this strange fellow was attacking me I had been applying to my father to get him a situation. This is a good warning against doing anything *secretly*, even if there is no harm in the thing itself, and with the best intentions. Foscolo called this day and gave me a bill.

My corrected speech⁴² not given in any paper – sent too late.

Monday December 28th 1818: I left Byron’s MSS. poems with Frere⁴³ at Blake’s Hotel, and then rode to Holborn.

Walked thence to Jones and Lloyd in Lothbury, and drew for £125 in favor of Foscolo – giving the bankers Foscolo’s bill for £200 on a Mr Balso of Zante.

39: The translation of the critical material by Foscolo which H. used for the section on modern Italian literature in *Illustrations*, which Foscolo does want the world to know was his.

40: Roger Wilbraham (1743-1829) friend of Fox: the literary Whig at one of whose dinners H. had first met Foscolo on 23 March 1818.

41: Identified at BHF 140 n47 as Dionizio Bulzo, a cousin of Foscolo, and a native, like him, of Zante in Greece; he had been in England on a diplomatic mission in 1817.

42: Speech unidentified.

43: John Hookham Frere (1769-1841) friend of Canning, retired diplomat and man of leisure, whose *Whistlecraft* had started Byron on the ottava rima path. See entries for 21 September and 9 October 17.

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Returned – Foscolo called – I gave him the £125. He had before written a note,⁴⁴ dropping the savage tone and talking of the *cicatrice*⁴⁵ caused by my sacrifices for him – this is *trop fort*.

I did nothing particular today – indeed what between Foscolo and the election, I have been completely bothered for days and miserable.

I dined at Douglas Kinnaird's with my father and Hanson – the meeting was assembled to hear Hanson's report of Lord Byron's affairs.⁴⁶ I had begged my father might be present.⁴⁷ The whole went off very satisfactorily – Hanson read a note in which he proposed a composition with Byron's simple contract <debt> creditors, but he stated that his own bill, amounting nearly to £12,000 in all, was not to be *docked*, so that in fact the other creditors were to provide a means of paying him. I did not say this, but I told the objection I had to <dock> composition – and as Lord Byron had left that in Kinnaird's hands and mine, it was decided *against*. We recorded also that as there would be something over and above still remaining – say £4,000 to pay – Hanson should be the man to wait for the money – the estate sold for 90,000 guineas – £66,000 is in trust for Lady Byron – £12,000 Jew debts, for which there are judgements – so that with Hanson's bill (of which £2,800 has been paid) there will be but little left to compound for. However, Lord Byron will have a net £3,300 a year and will start with £3,000, inherited, of the purchase money since April – Major Wildman⁴⁸ is the son of an attorney, with £10,000 a year, of which he has sunk the purchase money of Newstead, and is going to live on £2,000 a year intending to lay out the remaining income on repairs to the Abbey.

He made two requests of Lord Byron – one that he might send an artist to Venice to take Lord Byron's portrait – Lord Byron sent a handsome answer by Hanson.⁴⁹ We said nothing to Hanson about his own bill, having previously agreed to say nothing on that head: but *Hanson* let drop that he had *securities* for it – meaning the Rochdale papers.⁵⁰ Mrs Fletcher, William Fletcher's wife,⁵¹

44: BHF 71-2.

45: “Scar”; the same in Italian as in English – see *Hamlet* IV iii 60.

46: Now that Newstead Abbey has been sold, all Byron's debts can be paid.

47: As a make-weight for the experienced and subtle Hanson.

48: Major, later Colonel, Thomas Wildman (1787-1859) old Harrovian and Peninsula veteran, had bought Newstead Abbey for £94,500 in December 1817.

49: Hanson and his son had unwillingly visited Byron in Venice in November – see BLJ VI 74.

50: The papers relating to the suit over the ownership of the Rochdale collieries, which had been in progress since 1802, and was never satisfactorily resolved in Byron's lifetime. The threat implicit in the way Hanson terms them “securities” on Byron's debt is

called this morning, and I gave her an order for £50 according to William Fletcher's desire. Hanson agreed that the purchase money should be paid over to Lord Byron's account in Ransom's⁵² bank, there to await the examination of the larger bills. *Farebrother's*⁵³ amounts to £2,300!!! he is auctioneer but the estate was never sold at the hammer. Lord Byron, in a letter written jointly to *me* and *Kinnaird*, says that when Lady Noel dies he wishes Sir Francis Burdett, Lord Grenville, or Lord Grey⁵⁴ to arbitrate about the division of the Wentworth estate between him and Lady Byron. His letter on his affairs to us⁵⁵ was very sensible.

Tuesday December 29th 1818: This morning I wrote a letter to Foscolo, but I did not send it. I dined with Roger Wilbraham,⁵⁶ where I met with Foscolo and Cohen the antiquary.⁵⁷ Wilbraham quoted from old Italian writers wonderfully for seventy-four. We had a dispute about the origin of the words "mala cotogna" – Wilbraham thought it the cotton down on the quince – Foscolo "malum Cydonium." However, it is certain that our word "quince" comes from it.⁵⁸

Wednesday December 30th 1818: I wrote another letter in French⁵⁹ to Foscolo, in which I told him I wished to pay him for the *Essay*, but on these conditions: he should settle the price – he should give up the originals considering that his copyist might be the rogue he said, and sell them to another – and he should give

characteristic.

51: The wife of Byron's valet.

52: The bank for which Douglas Kinnaird worked; see BLJ IX 159.

53: Farebrothers, the auctioneers, had twice offered Newstead at auction and had had twice to withdraw it. See BLJ VI 114 and n, and 14 Aug 12.

54: See BLJ VI 79.

55: BLJ VI 78-9.

56: See 27 December 1818.

57: Frances Cohen, later Francis Palgrave (1788-1861) Italian specialist; contributor to the *Edinburgh Review* and *Quarterly*; father of the editor of *The Golden Treasury*. On the date of the publication of *Don Juan* (15 July 1819) he was to write Murray the letter which provoked Byron's most famous defence of ottava rima (BLJ VI 207) including the famous assertion that "we are never drenched and scorched at the same instant whilst standing in one spot". He translated Foscolo's April 1819 *Quarterly* essay on *Narrative and Romantic Poems of the Italians*.

58: The word *quince* does indeed derive from *cydoneum*, meaning "apple of Cydonia" – its place of origin in Crete.

59: BHF 73-4.

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me leave to mention my obligation to him in a new edition.⁶⁰ I added that he should give me leave to mention his name as furnishing the materials for my history.⁶¹ I concluded with telling him that according to his desire I had negotiated his bill. This letter I wrote to show him distinctly that although there may appear something awkward in explaining exactly how matters stand, yet I have not the least apprehension on my part. I tell him also that I will submit my advertisement to him so as to make it as agreeable as possible – this is to show I do not want to frighten him – the deuce take the fellow, he is a strange mixture⁶² – but distress will make a man do anything.

I sent the letter and then rode out in the park with a horsedealer's wife to try a horse for my sister – rode to the *Board* – saw Sir Robert Wilson at Brooks's – he told me that he knew from authority that Maxwell had withdrawn – he then looked about to see whether or not there was any Whig in the room – and added that "No Whig would start." I called at the Committee Room – heard the report about Maxwell there also – we are afraid of Wilberforce⁶³ or Babington.⁶⁴

S.B.Davies [and I] dined together at George's, and I drank too much wine. I must record that yesterday I called on Hookham Frere, and had a long conversation with him about Byron's *Don Juan* – he was decisively against publication, and gave some excellent reasons – first "a friend of freedom should be a friend to morality" – second, there was preparing a <moral> convulsion between the religionists and free thinkers – the first would triumph, and the latter be extirpated with their works – he instanced Hall Stevenson,⁶⁵ a fashionable rake writer once in vogue, who was put down by common consent of the moral readers of George II's time, and is now forgotten, though excellent in its way. He said that Byron should not attack his wife, because she and her family forebore

60: H. is planning either a new edition of *Illustrations*, or a general book on Italian literature. Neither materialises.

61: The essay in *Illustrations*.

62: On 13 January 1818 Joseph Jekyll wrote to Gertrude Sloane Stanley, "You had no loss in Foscolo, with all his learning and talents; he is what Dr. Johnson called 'a tremendous companion,' uttering with the clamour of a speaking trumpet a jargon composed of every language under heaven, and never combined before since the Tower of Babel. At Holland House they grew dead sick of him" (*Jekyll* p. 67.)

63: William Wilberforce (1759-1833) evangelical, friend of Pitt and foe of slavery. See *Beppo*, 543, and *Don Juan* IV 915-916.

64: Note pending on Babington.

65: Hall Stevenson was a friend of Laurence Sterne; he figures as Eugenius in *A Sentimental Journey* and *Tristram Shandy*. Frere's comparison gives a good impression neither of his disinterestedness, nor his judgement.

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all attack, as he could witness, having been for two months with Sir Ralph and Lady Noel at Tunbridge, when they never mentioned him except once, and that “en passant” talking about *Beppo* and *Whistlecraft*. By the way – Frere told me that he did not care about the failure of *Whistlecraft*. He knew that only 700 copies had been sold, but he knew it *to be damned good* – those were his words.

I felt that I was talking in some sort to a rival of *Don Juan*’s style, but then as what he said was sensible, I did not care for the coincidence. Frere said of Byron’s attacks on Southey and others⁶⁶ that it did not sink people already so placed, but it might sink Lord Byron – he had begun by writing a satire which he had suppressed⁶⁷ – might he not suppress this also in time? On the whole Frere was convincing – he said of *Mazeppa* that parts were good, but it was too long, notwithstanding the excuse at the end, of the King having been asleep an hour.⁶⁸ Of the Ode he liked the beginning. I told Kinnaird Frere’s opinion, and Kinnaird was converted.

I wrote to Lord Byron today,⁶⁹ telling him that we had met on his affairs, and that I would write soon about his poems. I had a very kind letter from him⁷⁰ about the election.

Thursday December 31st 1818: Up late – did nothing – left a card at Foscolo’s – wrote a note to him, in the Monsieur style,⁷¹ but still kind, and asking him to Whitton.

I rode to Whitton – dined and talked in the new year, with Isaac dancing – with Miss Petre.⁷² Letter from Burdett.

Friday January 1st 1819: I rode out with Harriett round Richmond Park – she was on the new horse I had bought for her.⁷³ Dined and danced. Note from Foscolo – civil and grateful.

Saturday January 2nd 1819: Rode up to London through dreadful fog – called

66: *Don Juan*, Dedication, Stanzas 1-6 and 17. The Dedication was not published in Byron’s lifetime.

67: *English Bards, and Scotch Reviewers*.

68: See *Mazeppa*, 868-9.

69: BB 254-5.

70: BLJ VI 88.

71: BHF 75. For an example of H.’s pompous French, see BB 310.

72: Miss Petre unidentified. It’s not clear with which half-brother she danced.

73: Purchased two days previously: see entry for 30 December 1818.

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on Murray – told him my feeling about *Don Juan* – he acquiesced – and I suppose is not sorry to be off from the violence and the attack on *Bob Southey* – although he tells me he hates Bob.⁷⁴ He told me he supposed it was no secret that Maxwell had *written a letter and withdrawn*.

I wrote to the Committee – saw Fuller⁷⁵ – had talk with him – he seems to fear a feint,⁷⁶ but believes Maxwell had withdrawn. Called on Bickersteth, and arranged all our differences. He was not aware that I had seen the *Times* report of my speech only for the first time on Thursday, when I called on Cullen. He showed me some documents on Reform – a parliament proposed by the army when they had Charles I in their hands – a good one – better than that of the peaceful patriots who were oligarchs.⁷⁷ The excise *originated* with Pym, the rotten boroughs restored by Hampden and his friends.⁷⁸ – Note Lord Grey's blunder in saying that the doctrine of annual parliaments and universal suffrage originated with Granville Sharpe.⁷⁹ Bickersteth had called twenty inventors some hundred years old and more before Sharpe. Lord Holland, in the corrected copy of his speech against Reform in 1817, left out the assertion, but Lord Grey's approval of it remains in the Parliamentary Register, and so does Lord Holland's real speech in the *Morning Chronicle* of the next day.

Dined at the Rota – few there. Went in the evening to Lady Oxford's. Found this day a letter from Foscolo,⁸⁰ refusing to let me name him either in the essay or the approaching history, and making other offers which I shall consider. Home.

Bickersteth told Davies and me that he had had a legal case concerning a father in Devonshire who had actually married his daughter and had two children by her – there lives at Richmond a Mr Barrett, who was on the point of marrying his own sister when he found out the truth and went mad thereat – on his recovery he married another woman – the girl has also married – they were both natural children, born, I hear, in the East Indies.

Sunday January 3rd 1819: Writing journal this morning from Monday last

74: *Recollections* (II 110) has “dislikes Southey”.

75: Fuller unidentified; an associate of Place. Could be “Pullar”.

76: “faint” (Ms.)

77: Perhaps *The Agreement of the People*, debated by the Army at Putney in 1647: “The poorest He that is in England hath a life to live as well as the greatest He ...” and so on. H. is researching his pamphlet *A Defence of the People*.

78: Note pending.

79: Granville Sharp (1735-1813) pamphleteer and abolitionist.

80: BHF 76-81.

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– paid my servants John Beale and Giovanni Battista Villani up to last Saturday, and gave the former warning to leave me on February 1st.

Rode down to Whitton. Slept.

Monday January 4th 1819: Rode up from Whitton. Bickersteth dined with me at Wattiers, where we had a nasty raw dinner.

At seven we went to the Brewer Street Assembly Rooms where was an immense crowd of the parish of St James' assembled – their second meeting, which had been announced by large broadsides. Bowie the Cartwrightian was in the chair, and he said that he supposed from the answer I had given him at the general meeting I was for annual parliaments and as great an extension of the right of suffrage as possible, according to the words of Burdett's Liverpool speech. I was obliged to remark on this, having first consulted Bickersteth and Mr Richter, and I stuck to the words of the resolution: "Parliaments of a short duration, and a full, free, and equal share in the choice of representatives". This gave satisfaction. I spoke for an hour, and certainly gave my best speech, having taken the most pains. The *Times* gave a tolerable report of the first part, and then said that the ingenuity, though misplaced, of the latter part, defied all abridgement. I showed that the annual parliament was the ancient wish of the Whigs, some of them, even at the Revolution.

Bickersteth himself told me I was very strong, although he still wished me to have said something decisive about my own opinion on annual parliaments.

I went to the Oxfords' afterwards, in a sad pickle, having run down during the speech.

Tuesday January 5th 1819: This morning did nothing in particular, but dined with my father at Mr Sastres'. A report that Maxwell has given up, and a paragraph that Wetherall, the barrister, would be called upon, in the *Observer* of Sunday. Tavistock wrote a letter, "congratulating me with all his heart". I returned that I saw no cause for congratulation, as I dared say Wetherall would be supported by many Whigs. He sent by return of post to say that he should support me against everybody, and wishing me to command his services. I returned a civil answer, but said nothing about his services.

Drank tea with Kinnaird at his new house.

Wednesday January 6th 1819: I put down some notes of the latter part of my Monday's speech. Carried them to the Committee. They were sent to the *Examiner*, but the corrections of the *Times* report were not inserted – the latter part was.

I rode to Whitton – dined, &c.

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Thursday January 7th 1819: Employed this morning in writing a French letter to Foscolo⁸¹ in answer to his refusal to let me name him as my assistant in the *Essay* and in the *History*. I told him that I must acknowledge that I was helped, and that the only question was whether I was to name him. This I must leave to him, of course. I told him that I had always considered the translation as the most simple in the world, and that the secret was a matter of prudence, not of crime. The letter was civil, but firm.

I walked a little – but little. Dined, &c. A ball tomorrow here.

Friday January 8th 1819: I rose at seven – rode up to London. Found letters – amongst them a “Dear Mr Hobhouse” from Holland House – which I take to arise from curiosity about Byron’s poem, or perhaps a wish to hamper me, now that it looks as if I should get in.⁸²

By the way, I wrote a long letter to Byron⁸³ advising him *not* to publish *Don Juan*. Sent it on Tuesday, having read it to Murray and to Kinnaird, and part to Davies – all agree with me, and Frere said stronger things to Murray than he did to me. The attacks on the Wife, the bawdry, and the blasphemy, as it is called, are the reasons. I trust he will listen to me – it is a very ticklish affair, and most likely Byron will refer to Rogers, or to Moore, who being bepraised therein⁸⁴ will advise publication.

On Wednesday last Mr Fisher of the St James’s Committee⁸⁵ called to tell me that Maxwell had positively withdrawn, and that the Electors were much pleased with my speech, and much displeased with Mr Bowie’s annual parliament proposition.⁸⁶ St James’s is a Whig parish. There is now a rumour that Maxwell will stand.

I set off at half-past nine with S.B.Davies in his carriage for Cambridge – arrived there half-past four. Went to visit Dr Davy, the Master of Caius, who gave me an excellent bedroom. S.B.Davies and I dined at the lodge and ate and drank until two in the morning. I find that my friend Kaye, the Master of Xt’s,⁸⁷

81: BHF 83-6.

82: That H. should feel under pressure from Whig headquarters simultaneously over *Don Juan*, and over his radical candidacy, even at this early stage, is very striking. I have not yet discovered the letter.

83: BB 256-61 (dated January 5th).

84: See *Don Juan* Dedication 7, 7.

85: St. James’s is a ward in the Westminster constituency.

86: Mr Bowie unidentified.

87: Christ’s.

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has gone, or is going over, and that since he has become Regius Professor he seems to thirst for more church preferment – this is caused by his trade. Davy told us that “the date of *knock*” means the date of the porter’s posteriors, “knock” being “bottom”⁸⁸ – Davies instanced *Breckknock*, a town at the bottom of a hill – a very good hit. – – – a debauch.

Saturday January 9th 1819: After breakfast I walked about in Trinity (Neville’s Court) with Greenwood⁸⁹ who is a perfect sot – resigned to live and do nothing – every man at Cambridge appears to stink aloud – the life there to me would be intolerable.

I walked about, came home – read part of Cowley’s discourse upon Oliver Cromwell⁹⁰ – walked out with Doctor Davy – met Doctor Clarke,⁹¹ who said fulsome things, but told me of an impostor fellow⁹² whom Castlereagh had confirmed a count in the Ionian Islands by letter to Maitland. Davy abused Clarke’s learning – which he was assured he was helped in by Marsh.⁹³ Davy told me of Parr⁹⁴ that he had seen him pinch a young girl (Miss Newnham)⁹⁵ in company so indiscreetly as to make her cry – he showed me a character he had written of Paley,⁹⁶ of whom he did not think a great deal. Davy is a very singular creature indeed.

We two dined with S.B.Davies, and had some noble Burgundy – another debauch, but not so late as the first.

Sunday January 10th 1819: Set off at half-past ten for London with S.B.Davies, and arrived there by five. Mrs Daniel Clarke would not believe it possible I should come in for Westminster, thanks to the silence of the *Chronicle* and the abuse of the *Post*. Lord Grey and Lambton have been firing away at the radical reformers in Newcastle, but a Dr Fenwick gave the full free and equal

88: “Knock” signifies either “a hard stroke”, “a hillock”, or “a sandbank”, never “a posterior”: it must have been a real debauch.

89: Trinity don otherwise unidentified.

90: Abraham Cowley, *A Vision, concerning his late pretended Highnesse, Cromwell, the Wicked* ... (1661).

91: See 3 July 1811.

92: Impostor unidentified.

93: Herbert Marsh (d.1839).

94: See 1 July 1811.

95: Perhaps a joke, Newnham being a nearby village

96: William Paley (1743-1805), author of *Natural Theology*, a famous Cambridge set text.

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share in choice of representatives.

Dine at the Rota – a small party. Sat reading papers at Brooks's – too much wine again ...

Monday January 11th 1819: Writing Rota proceedings. Called at Committee – find the report of Maxwell's starting gets ground – called on Place. He showed me part of the "Report" for the General Meeting. He told me he knew from a client of Dawson's that Maxwell had tried his utmost to make Dawson undertake the election again, but Dawson had already lost £800 out of his own pocket – this was the origin of Maxwell's giving up, as Place believed he really had.

I dined at the Griffin, Villiers Street, with a hundred electors – of St Martin's parish, I believe. A good dinner given to me – good songs occasional[ly]. Armstrong, the mad Scotchman, there – the keeper of the Robert Burns tavern. [He] sung, and said he had given a plumper for Maxwell because he had got a black eye.

I spoke, the audience thought well: S.B.Davies, who was there, said not so well, but I was contented. A Mr Burke, relation of Edmund, was there. Heard various rumours about Maxwell, and stories of the cruelty of his canvassers.

Angelo told me that he asked Lord Huntley to subscribe to a book on fencing. Lord Huntley sent word the Marquess would not, and Lord Huntley wrote on the cover, "Maxwell for ever! – H." Angelo had plumped for Burdett. I promised Angelo to ask Byron to subscribe to his book, and would subscribe myself. This is the only sixpence I have given since the nomination.

I went to Brooks's and read the papers – home and bed. Again, drank too much – beastly and stupid.

Tuesday January 12th 1819: **This morning, journal for a week** ... thought of going out of town, but did not, and dined with S.B.Davies and Douglas Kinnaird at Brooks's, and did nothing in the evening.

Wednesday January 13th 1819: Note from Burdett – went to him – showed him Cullen's furious letter about me and my not being Anti-Whig – He said it was damn'd absurd – and only fit for the watercloset. Coming out of his house I met Davies, who told me "Maxwell had withdrawn", and that his advertisement was in the papers. I ran to Brooks's, and there it was, sure enough – and a strange hit at his friends for non-fulfilment of promises. I was back for a minute to Burdett's – thence towards [the] Crown and Anchor – walked with Richter and Puller into Cadel's shop – and taking down Hatsels's *Precedents*, found the write could not be issued until about seventeen days after the meeting of Parliament.

I went to Place – drew up an advertisement begging our friends not to relax.

1819: *Don Juan*, Westminster, and Peterloo

[James] Mill was at Place's the day before and agreed with me that it was no use to attack the Whigs in the report of the Managing Committee. I know that the St. James's people will not have even Davies's modification of Place's letter to Burdett asking him to accompany them to the poll on the second day of the election, but wrote one of their own – they are Whiggish. Certainly times are altered since 1807 – and the longer the Whigs are out the <more> less they are disliked. I dined with Burdett and Davies at Brooks's, and went in the evening to the Oxfords.

Thursday January 14th 1819: Corrected my translation of *Francesca* a little⁹⁷ – walked about.

At Brooks's, Dudley North⁹⁸ said to me, "Well now, you have got rid of one competitor, you have only to profess yourself a <radical> rational reformer, and perhaps you may have no opposition".⁹⁹ "Aye," said I, and left the room – angry at what I thought to be an insolent attempt to alarm my fears of a competitor.¹⁰⁰

Burdett, Davies and I dined in the small room at Brooks's – Burdett told me that old Cootes¹⁰¹ was reconciled to his children, Lady Guildford and Lady Burdett. The former he had seen, and wept bitterly. Went to the Oxfords in the evening.

Friday January 15th 1819: Correcting *Francesca*. Walked about with Kinnaird in the Park with Dominick Browne, &c. Parliament met yesterday. People all congratulate me – but many a slip between the cup and lip. I feel less certain as the event comes near. Burdett is willing to vote with the St James's parishioners – to dine with them – to do anything.¹⁰² We wish to keep our god from appearing until the knot is to be untied. So think the Managing Committee, but the parochial gentry are wilful, and think they can never have enough of a good thing.

I dined at six with the parishioners of St Paul's, which parish, Place tells me, has been the best-canvassed of all – we had an excellent dinner, and about sixty people present. Thelwall in the chair – he made a raving, egoistical speech. I

97: *Francesca da Rimini* by Silvio Pellico. H. started his translation in 1816, and may publish it in Dublin in 1851.

98: Note pending on Dudley North.

99: Murray Maxwell had withdrawn as Whig candidate for Westminster. On 13 February, George Lamb takes his place.

100: Shows H.'s inability to take a joke.

101: Thomas Coutts, the banker, Burdett's father-in-law. See 31 July 1815.

102: *The Merchant of Venice*, I iii, 30 (app.)

1819: *Don Juan*, Westminster, and Peterloo

spoke ill indeed. Bowie made a good speech, but as he talked downright reform language, he got hissed – so Paul’s people are not decided in that line – the *Jury* is the favourite topic.

I went away at half-past nine – tried to get into Drury Lane – came home – corrected *Francesca*. To bed, and a bad night at usual, for I never sleep – wine the cause.

I see that Peel, proposing the Speaker, talked of “The increasing power and influence of the House of Commons”. I see that Lord Moira, in his long dispatch, lays down as law that he had a right to seize all the conquered countries, and that what he gave back was a boon!! Bonaparte for ever ...

The *Morning Post* wants Acland to stand.

Saturday January 16th 1819: Read Las Casas’ appeal to our House of Commons in favour of Napoleon – dated 1817 but just published. The opposition talk of dividing 180 and over – **wrote journal from Tuesday.**

Dined at the Rota – Sir Francis Burdett very kind in taking my part in all relative to the Election – he is the only man, almost, that sees the necessity of forbearance with respect to the Whigs, and thinks I have done right to make no decided declaration of opinion as to reform ...

We passed the evening after with Lady Oxford ... called on Lady Holland today – she most gracious!!!

Sunday January 17th 1819: Did nothing in the morning – rode to Whitton, and passed the evening &c.

Monday January 18th 1819: Rode up from Whitton and stopped at Holland House to look at the library there. Determined not to go to the General Meeting this evening of the Committee, to hear the report of the Managing Committee read, because not having a deliberative voice it would be useless for me to attend, and because, my name being mentioned, it would be more decent for me to be absent. I called at the Crown and Anchor, and left a measure to that effect with the secretary, Service. I had a presentiment of some difficulties attending this report.

Dined with S.B.Davies, with whom I met Hibbert. Went to the play and saw *Jane Shore*¹⁰³ enacted by Miss O’Neill – a stupid play, I think. Kinnaird was there, and I asked him if he did not think it would be a good thing to get all the

103: *Jane Shore* by Nicholas Rowe (1714).

1819: *Don Juan*, Westminster, and Peterloo

General Committee to sign the report, as it was so strong against the Whigs, who might deride a chairman's name, but would respect three hundred signatures. He said "yes", and offered to go to the Crown and Anchor and tell them so. He went, and came back and said that he had said nothing of my proposition, but had made a speech about himself and was well received[!]

S.B.Davies came in, and gave me an account agreeing with the first half of this story. S.B.D. and I went and took punch at the Piazza.¹⁰⁴

Tuesday January 19th 1819: I rode to Whitton – dined, &c. – terrible alarms –

Wednesday January 20th 1819: Intended to go to London, but asked to stay, and stayed at Whitton on account of ball given in evening. I waltzed with Miss Petrie, but find I am but a poor stick at these sports ... up till four.

Thursday January 21st 1819: Rode up to London – saw S.B.Davies, who told me there was the devil to pay between the parochial committees of St Anne's, St James's, St Margaret's and St John's, and the Managing Committee respecting the attack on the Whigs in the Report, which attack, they said, was just, but wanton and inexpedient. [They were] angry also at Place – one Clarke of St James's said he would "pull him from his throne". I was in a great disturbance at this – desired S.B.D. to call on Place and show him the folly of always telling the truth. He agreed that Place was misled by the wish of publishing his own writings, and entered into my views of expediency. I besides was angry at the intention to implicate me in an attack on the Whigs, which would bind me if I came into parliament,¹⁰⁵ particularly against Grey and Lambton, who have behaved kindly towards me personally.

I went off to Bickersteth – saw him – he [was] very kind and considerate, and said that if the Report was to cause dissension it should not be published – he would go to Place. I walked with him to Charing Cross, and thence went to Davies, who agreed to go to Place. He told me that a conference between the complaining committees and the managers was to be held that night – I was in a great flurry.

Dined at the Royal Society Club – Barrow there, very civil, and gave me to

104: Note that the double-dealing Kinnaird does not drink with them.

105: This unwillingness to be "bound" by a public commitment to principle probably motivated H.'s decision not to attend the Committee the previous day. Yet he wanted the Committee to decide for an attack on the Whigs, and sent Kinnaird to fix it for him – which Kinnaird failed to do.

1819: *Don Juan*, Westminster, and Peterloo

understand [the] government would start nobody. Lord Lowther has told Davies that Lord Powis and the bigwigs of St George's offered to subscribe £20,000 for Maxwell – but a “great man” set his face against the struggle. Mr Tweddle told me that at the last election they collected a guinea apiece from the clerks at Somerset House, and asked him to subscribe the like, for Sir Murray Maxwell.

I went to the Royal Society and heard a dull paper read – walked to Bickersteth's – did not find him at home. Being very uneasy I went to Wattier's and supped, and drank punch, and then went to bed.

Friday January 22nd 1819: Lord Tavistock called this morning – I had a very explicit conversation with him. He said he saw I was not satisfied with him – I answered, it was very difficult for a man in his situation to do his duty. He told me Sam Whitbread was most active for him in Bedfordshire, and the least he could have done would have been to stand neuter between us. I asked him if he would suffer private feeling to interfere with public duty – he said he might have thought it was his public duty to prefer Sam Whitbread to me – I answered, in that case he had only to say so, and the matter was settled. I told him that the Whig aristocracy and the people would never come together – he agreed with me, as indeed he did in all I said. I asked him if a pure Whig administration would propose *even triennial parliaments* – he said *not* as a cabinet measure. – “Then what is the good of their coming in?” – He agreed that the people were right not to forget the Whig misconduct in 1807, and that in spite of what the good Whigs might wish to do, they could only judge of what the bad Whigs had done.

Scrope Davies came in. We continued our conversation, and S.B.D. told that I behaved most manfully and explicitly with my friend, and that Tavistock looked most confused when he went away. I did not wish to confuse him, but to show that I could not pretend a conformity of sentiments with him, nor would accept the services which he offered me at entering into the room, and to which I replied, “The work is done”.

Scrope showed me a letter from Fisher of the St James's committee, such as would do honour to any man – in the warmest delight, informing him that the parochial committees had been “convinced of their errors and that all were now happy and united”. Here are men for you – who but a Westminster reformer would ever own himself wrong? I learned after from Service that Mr Clarke had begged pardon of Place, and shaken hands with him. The conference lasted three hours, and Place convinced the committees of the expediency of the Report – which, however, it was agreed not to publish so soon as originally intended, the spirit being sufficiently alive without this appeal. Bickersteth was present at the conference.

1819: *Don Juan*, Westminster, and Peterloo

Surely Mr Place is a very extraordinary man, and the Westminster Reformers are the most singular of all Englishmen. Although I am against the publication of this Report, yet it is impossible not to admire these noble-hearted, spirited politicians.

I forgot to mention that Sir Robert Wilson called on me this morning, and that he talked quite a Reformer. I told him to take care, and that the Reformers of the Borough had a lookout upon him.

I rode to Bickersteth's – not at home – and to the Crown and Anchor, and talked with Service. Hear Hunt says he will stand. Tavistock told me that perhaps Macdonald would be talked of, on account of his speech yesterday.

I rode down to Whitton – could not sleep for terror.

Saturday January 23rd 1819: I rode up from Whitton – at Brooks's, Lord Holland came up, “to catch me,” as he called it. He told me that he suspected I thought Lady Holland had denied herself to me – [I replied,] “To tell you the truth, I did think so” – he protested against this – and Tavistock had, indeed, told me that Lord Holland, writing to the Duke of Bedford,¹⁰⁶ had said “it would be wrong to oppose Hobhouse” – and in a fit of absence, signed himself, “Yours ever, Hobhouse”. I confessed to Tavistock I had thought otherwise, and told my reasons. The Whigs are monstrously civil – and perhaps it may be necessary to take care they do not boast of giving me help. However, Burdett showed the Rota a passage in a letter in which Lord Thanet said, “Hobhouse is not popular with the Whigs”. I told Tavistock my opinion of Bennett, and to confirm it, cut him (Bennett) at Brooks's. This I did before Tavistock, to defend myself, not to insult Bennett.

I dined at the Rota – went to Brooks's. Read Cobbett's *Twopenny*.¹⁰⁷

To bed, and slept as well as fright would let me. I am in a horror which nothing can equal, and perhaps all about nothing. I wish this Election was settled one way or the other, for it paralyzes me.

Sunday January 24th 1819: Wrote journal – I cannot read or do anything till my mind is at ease.

A Mr Buck called upon me to ask leave to take my picture.

Sir Francis Burdett, Scrope Davies, Douglas Kinnaird and myself took a walk in Kensington Gardens and called on the Duke of Sussex. We stretched out mainly. Douglas Kinnaird took Burdett to task about politics manfully, and stood

106: Tavistock's father.

107: Interesting that such a radical rag should be taken at Brooks's.

1819: *Don Juan*, Westminster, and Peterloo

out that Reform was everything. Burdett was for paring the lion's nails and drawing his teeth and taking away the military force which protected the abuses – when we had a true peace establishment the voice of the people must be heard.

We all dined with Douglas Kinnaird – met Drs Young and Chambers and Major Wildman – heard that Dr Fenwicke had found out spirit of turpentine to be a specific against the tapeworm, given in a large dose. Dr Fenwicke is the Northumberland and Durham Reformer. Dr Young is called “Phenomenon Young” on account of his scientific acquirements – he has an exceedingly mean look, however.

Went to the Oxfords, and sat up half the night.

Monday January 25th 1819: Burdett, Davies and I dined in a private room at Brooks's today.

Tuesday January 26th 1819: Walked about London with Burdett, after thinking what I should say to my electors today. Went with Robert Knight, Burdett and Davies to the Crown and Anchor, where I was invited to dine by the united parishes of St Anne's, St James's, and St George's. We had a most respectable meeting – two hundred at least – Adams in the chair, I on [the] right, Burdett on [the] left. I made a *very good* speech,¹⁰⁸ I think, and received the rapturous thanks of Adams instantly, and the stewards told me I had set the electors crying with delight. I had taken pains, to tell the truth. Burdett only spoke a few words. Major Towers spoke well, Thelwall, as usual, like an *energumens*.¹⁰⁹ Mr Fisch got coffed down for trying to give the history of reform in the parish of St Anne's.

Went in a Hackney coach with Burdett and Davies and Bickersteth to the Oxfords. Find that Bickersteth, though he praises my speech vastly, is angry at my saying “the *great* Mr Fox”. The others, to my confusion, agree with Bickersteth – so here I am in another scrape. Burdett's excuse was, “Why, he feels it – and cannot help it – but he still says I am wrong”. For my part, I know that I am right in my own eyes, for he was a great man in his opposition to the <American> French war. However, there is no satisfying the Reformers. The greater part of my speech was an attack on all parties, and on the House of Commons at large – they are perhaps right to be jealous.

Wednesday January 27th 1819: I wrote a copy for the *Examiner* of my speech, and sent it. S.B.Davies called, and told me, as a secret, that he was sure Burdett

108: Reported at *Ex.*, pp.78-9.

109: Someone possessed by a devil.

1819: *Don Juan*, Westminster, and Peterloo

was jealous of the success of my speech last night – he had watched his eyes and cheek when the applause came. I told him I hoped not, indeed. I hardly think it possible, but certainly I had observed him unusually silent. Davies told me that I had tried Burdett's own way with the electors – a story – a simile – a quotation from Shakespeare – and all (so he said) excellent. "It was," said S.B.D., "a damn'd good speech".

Wilson called this morning – he tells me he has made his debut, and offended both parties. I congratulated him on offending the Whigs, whom he now begins to abuse again, as jealous, &c. *Euge belle recte!*¹¹⁰ – Going out, I find Wilson has done himself great mischief by making a set speech on an unusual occasion – and went down in a *laugh*, fatal to fame. After all, his great offence was against the Whigs, and his speech is not ridiculous to read.

I walked with Frederick Douglas to the House of Commons, and heard his arguments against any reform.

Dined on a mutton chop and a bottle of sherry at Wattier's – read and wrote from the *Edinburgh Review*. The article against universal suffrage is by Mackintosh, I hear.

By the way, Tavistock has remonstrated with me for not speaking to Bennett. Now I do not want to cut this poor creature,¹¹¹ but I will not go out of my way to speak to him – and so I told Tavistock.

Thursday January 28th 1819: I went in the morning to Chauntrey's, and saw my father's bust – it is inimitable. I went to Mr Buck, and sat for my profile at his request. He showed me drawings from Etruscan vases which he is about to publish.

I went down to Whitton and dined, &c. I begin to feel a little more tranquil about the election, and indeed more indifferent to it.

Friday January 29th 1819: I read speeches on reform – Fox's in 1797 – Mackintosh's letter to William Pitt in 1790 – signed "an honest man"!! mind, and quote, Fox about "his death blow to the miserable distinctions of Whig and Tory". Rode out with Harriet – walked out with Sophy. A lovely day. Dined, &c.

Saturday January 30th 1819: Rode up to London – dined at the Freemasons' Tavern with an immense party – the Covent Garden Fund, at which I had been

110: "(I'm feeling) Just fine! Great! Terrific!" (words from a Latin conversation book, here sarcastic).

111: Yet that's, by his own account, what he did (see 23 January).

1819: *Don Juan*, Westminster, and Peterloo

asked to be a Vice-President – Duke of York¹¹² in the chair. I was placed on the right hand of Lord Holland, who was at one end of the long cross table, Douglas Kinnaird on his left – he was curiously nitched. The stewards thought themselves most notable at arrangement, not knowing that Lord Holland *cuts* (I believe) Douglas Kinnaird. However, Douglas Kinnaird got on nobly, and Lord Holland was most civil to me – he is vastly entertaining, but no great politician, I think. I told him of Fox’s “Whig and Tory”!! – he denied it,¹¹³ but there it is. He whispered to me (but desired me not to tell) that Fox had told him that he was never for Reform so decidedly as he seemed. He added that Fox was afraid of despotism, and therefore supported the popular cry. I quoted to him a saying of Fox’s on the right of resistance, even to an act of parliament – he said, “Then that was very foolish of my uncle”. Lord Holland whispered to me, “Now take this advice from an old friend – don’t you give any pledge as to the *plan* of a parliamentary reform. I recollect, this Reform was up once before, and then went down for ten or fifteen years. It will be so again, mark my words, and you should not hamper yourself”.¹¹⁴ I thanked him, and told him in reply that I had pledged myself to no plan, had been asked for no pledge, [and] had been treated very handsomely – had only promised [that] I was attached, and could be attached, to the principle.

We had a tiresome evening until twelve o’clock – £1,500 collected – only £900 at [the] last dinner. I gave ten guineas, and Burdett twenty-five guineas. Seeing the Duke of York’s red face splitting at Matthews’ songs, I thought of Mirabeau’s character of him: “Grand rieur, puissant buveur,” &c. The Duke of Sussex spoke well – to be sure, he is always making tavern speeches at charity dinners.

Sunday January 31st 1819: Walked in Kensington Gardens with Kinnaird – dined at the Rota – and had a very unpleasant day – being set upon by the whole party for my “*great Fox*”. Quarrelled with Scrope Davies, and called him “*infidus scurra*”,¹¹⁵ which was very wrong and rude – and the more so for being true. I did not mean to offend him, however – and on his claiming reparation, frankly told him the next day. Hunt¹¹⁶ says he will start somebody.

112: The future William IV.

113: Holland was Fox’s nephew.

114: H. doesn’t consider that Holland, being leader of the Whigs, may have an ulterior motive in giving this advice. Holland may be more of a politician than the trusting H. realises.

115: “Witty bastard”: see 16 May 1820.

116: Henry “Orator” Hunt.

1819: *Don Juan*, Westminster, and Peterloo

Monday February 1st 1819: Tom Moore breakfasted with me and read *Don Juan* – he perfectly agreed with me that it could not be published¹¹⁷ and told me to tell Byron his opinion.

Meanwhile I drew up a petition respecting the Westminster Hustings bill, which Bennett is now renewing for the purpose of throwing the expense on the candidates.¹¹⁸ Rode to Bickersteth's, and left it with him and Francis Place – rode at their request to Bennett's in Upper Grosvenor Street – asked him if he would put off his bill – he said that the third reading was not until next day – and accordingly declined pretending that he did it to hasten *my* election and keep off Hunt.

I rode back to Bickersteth – he mighty sulky – had done something to my petition – would do no more – told me that my “*great Fox*” would bring me into trouble. He was not quite certain that I should not compromise my personal dignity by petitioning – but Place was for it if the proposition came from me.

I rode to my father's – he is drawing up a petition to be signed by Electors – agreed to have mine ready. Saw Joseph Hume¹¹⁹ at Kinnaird's – he agreed to oppose the Bill – spoke to one or two other members – took a luncheon of cold turkey at Kinnaird's – coffee afterwards – then walked home – drank tea – read *King's Anecdotes*.¹²⁰ There is nothing very singular in them – except that Pope hastened his end by draw-drinking.¹²¹

Bed, and sleep well from not drinking wine – finished petition to House of Commons.

Tuesday February 2nd 1819: Advanced Jack Beale¹²² five pounds more – advanced him five before. Wrote “Rota” book, and **journal from Sunday January 26th** – did not send petition to House, as Burdett opposed it – forget where I dined.

Wednesday February 3rd 1819: I went to Whitton.

Thursday February 4th 1819: I came up from Whitton – dined with the

117: See Moore's *Memoirs* (ed. Dowden) I 137, 139 and 140.

118: Note pending on the Westminster hustings bill.

119: Joseph Hume (1777-1855) Scots oriental linguist and radical; a Benthamite.

120: *Political and Literary Anecdotes of his Own Times* by Dr. W. King (1819).

121: Note pending on Pope's death by draw-drinking.

122: One of his servants. See 3 Jan 1819.

1819: *Don Juan*, Westminster, and Peterloo

parishes of St Margaret's and St John's, and entered[??] at Gun Tavern, Pimlico. Had an excellent dinner and much good singing.

Report of Hunt's standing – or starting Cobbett.

Friday February 5th 1819: Brougham moved the new writ for Westminster today – I forget where I dined.¹²³

Saturday February 6th 1819: I rode down to Whitton. Dined and slept, &c.

Sunday February 7th 1819: Came up to London – dined at the Rota.

Monday February 8th 1819: Employed thinking about what I should say at the general meeting appointed for reading the Report tomorrow – forget where I dined.

Tuesday February 9th 1819: Went with Sir Francis Burdett at one o'clock to the Crown and Anchor. The proceedings of the day are given in the papers.¹²⁴ The Report did not take – my speech did – I attacked party, and *the* Party. Hunt proposed an amendment which went to re-amend [“recommend”?] Major Cartwright, whose pamphlet against Burdett was circulated at the door. The amendment was negatived, <by/>but twelve hands only for it – though Sir Charles Woolesley and Wooller spoke for it. Burdett got a complete triumph over Hunt and all. Place was in great glee, and thought his Report and the meeting had settled all things, crushed the Major, and dumbfounded the Whigs. I was sensible that the proof of this remained to be shown, and that my speech would create an uproar at Brooks's and the Whiggery – to say nothing of the Report.

Dined with Burdett, Davies and Kinnaird at Brooks's.

Wednesday February 10th 1819: High Bailiff Morris called on me today. I declined giving any decisive answer about the hustings – he seemed to talk as if there would be no opposition.

I went to the Committee – to Brooks's, and saw the room full of Whigs, conning over my speech.

My father showed me two letters, [one] announcing that my brother was coming home, and another that Isaac had been sent away from Harry Drury's.¹²⁵

123: H. also forgets that he wrote to B. on this date: BB 263-4.

124: See *Ex.*, pp.109-111.

125: That is, Isaac has been sent down from Harrow.

1819: *Don Juan*, Westminster, and Peterloo

Misfortune never came single. “Now,” [I] said, “I suppose [if] I lose the election¹²⁶ there will be notable work”. I rode to Whitton – saw Isaac, &c.

Thursday February 11th 1819: Employed writing a long letter to Drury about Isaac – rode up to London. Found an attack on me in the *Chronicle*. This looks like a Whig starting. I dined at the Royal Society Club, and afterwards went to a meeting of our Committee. The Major Cartwright, they say, is resolved to start – but all are steady and resolved ...

Friday February 12th 1819: This morning Lambton and Ferguson called on me,¹²⁷ and had a sort of remonstrance about the Report of the Committee, and my speech. They came to retract their promise of voting for me and to state the necessity of the Whigs making some reply to the attack on Lord Grey. I told them that I would not disclaim the Report, although it was not mine. Lambton said that after Lord Grey’s behaviour on the present occasion, he thought I might have left out the attack on him. I then made Ferguson and him promise not to tell, and I mentioned the fact of my having done my utmost to keep away the attack on Lord Grey.¹²⁸ I added, “Now, you must not act on this intelligence, but do what you are going to do”.¹²⁹ Both of them were very much pleased, I thought, Ferguson particularly, who shook hands repeatedly with me, and said he wished me to come in after all – so said Lambton.

Davies came in, and they shortly went away. Of course I knew that a Whig would be started, and sent to the Committee incontinently.

Received a letter from Drury, consenting to take Isaac back.

Davies, Kinnaird and I dined at the Piazza Coffee House – went afterwards to the Managing Committee at Fisher’s Rooms, King’s Street, Covent Garden. Place thought we should have a Whig, the others did not. Went to Brooks’s.

In spite of all, slept ill, cursing Master Place’s Report, which is so true it can never be pardoned, &c ...

Saturday February 13th 1819 [*first day of election*]: About seven o’clock received a note from Hodgson of the Piazza Coffee House, telling me that applications had been made to him at one last night to let a committee room for conducting the *Election of the Honourable George Lamb!!* – so, the murder and

126: “now said. I suppose I loose the election” (Ms.)

127: “called Lambton and Ferguson on me” (Ms.)

128: The diary gives no hint of H. having done anything to modify Place’s Report.

129: That is, “tell everybody”. It looks as if H. is mendaciously currying favour with the despised mainstream Whigs.

1819: *Don Juan*, Westminster, and Peterloo

mischief being out, up I jumped with alacrity, and began to buckle-to for a fifteen days' contest with a Whig – which I had foreseen, and which I had told the Management Committee they would bring upon me.

I went to Scrope Davies's and told him – breakfasted with Burdett at Kinnaird's – went by *nine* to the Committee – at half-past we in a strong party to a temporary scaffolding, erected at the hustings spot. At ten, the High Bailiff read the usual papers. Burdett then proposed me, and was, with three or four dissentient voices only, wonderfully well received by an immense multitude. So was Kinnaird, who seconded – and so was I when I made my speech. I read a declaration respecting Parliamentary Reform, in order to prevent [the] lies of reporters. When I said I had not made a pledge respecting Universal Suffrage I expected great opposition, but there was very little.

[NOT IN DIARY: HOBHOUSE'S DECLARATION ABOUT PARLIAMENTARY REFORM (from *The Examiner*):

"I have been questioned, or rather to use the right word, tortured, upon the great question of Parliamentary Reform. Those who have been busy to injure me and your cause, have represented or rather misrepresented me as having given a pledge to support Annual Parliaments and Universal Suffrage. I gave no such pledge: I was asked for no such pledge: the Gentlemen who nominated me, proposed me as a man fit to advance "the just claims of the people to parliaments of a short duration, and to a full, free and equal share in the choice of representatives." It may be necessary to explain myself still further, and to be more precise. I have put my words upon paper. Annual Parliaments and Universal Suffrage have been mixed together for the sake of confounding the question, but these are two distinct and separate subjects, upon each of which I solicit your separate attention. Upon the latter of two, I think it right to say, that I consider the *extension of suffrage* to be not only of secondary, but even of third rate importance. The first object for the people of England to obtain, is *equality of right of suffrage*, in other words, that there be one and the same qualification, be that what it may, for every elector in the commonwealth. The second object is, that *equality of numbers* elect each representative. These objects attained, then, if I am asked whether *security for misgovernment* be a real representation may be obtained by an extension of suffrage short of universal, I answer *yes; by an extension far short of universal*. How far short is a question for fair discussion and honest difference of opinion. In such a discussion, the course of my judgment would be towards the *largest* extension. I have not hitherto been able to feel alarm at the notion of a free people being really the choosers of their own Representatives. But I should think myself unfit to claim the character of a man of sense, or your support, if I denied that with *equality of right of suffrage*, and *equality of number of constituents*, there might be various limits inconsistent with our object. With regard to *Annual Parliaments*, I should think myself the greatest coxcomb that ever pretended to political knowledge, were I to say that 12 months is the precise golden time, within which Elections must

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periodically recur in order to secure your liberties. Were Elections to take place every 13, 14, 20, or 24 months, the object of keeping the Representatives properly identified with their Constituents might perhaps be sufficiently secured. But it is my opinion, that every Parliament is too long that can usefully be made shorter; I own, that I see no well-founded objection to Annual Parliaments, but I am very willing to admit, that with Parliaments of a longer duration, you may be both great and free.” – (*Much applause.*) *The Examiner* (Sunday February 14th 1819) p. 104. Leigh Hunt (*Ibid.*, p. 113) describes this as a “strange Syblline leaf,” and suggests that Cartwright is the only reforming candidate.]

A Mr Nicholson proposed Major Cartwright, and my “friend” Bowie seconded him amidst cries of “No Bohea!¹³⁰ No turncoat!” – they were scarcely heard.

Then came James Macdonald, and proposed Lamb – he was scarcely heard – “No Whig!” was the word. Then Evans the bookseller, who seconded [Lamb] and attacked me. He was *worse* heard, or rather, not at all. George Lamb was better heard, but not much – cries of “Baa!” and “No Whig!” almost drowned his voice. I was put first in nomination, and the whole air was blackened with hats; then Cartwright, who had about fifty hands; then came Lamb – I declare I only saw *seven* hands out of the vast multitude assembled. There was a general laughter and clapping – I returned thanks – Evans demanded a poll for Lamb. I retired to the Committee, where a large number were assembled, and all were in great glee at the consequences of the nomination.

I dined at the Rota.

Sunday February 14th 1819: In the morning, employed thinking on tomorrow’s speech – walked to the Committee Room – dined with Kinnaird – Tavistock there – young Heathcote – Mr Macleod – Burdett – Davies. We trimmed the Whigs and had a jovial evening.

Monday February 15th 1819 [*second day of election*]: Spent the morning chiefly at home. Hear the polling is very languid. Go to the Committee Room – a little before four, mount the hustings – am very well received¹³¹ – majority for me very small – 140, about. But, Burdett having promised to come up with the St James’s people tomorrow, I plucked up heart. I made my speech, which Davies told me was excellent. Robert Knights said it was as good as Tooke’s. Lamb was

130: Bohea was tea of the lowest quality. See *Don Juan* IV, 52, 6.

131: *Ex*, p.114.

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ill heard, from the “Baaing” – and no Whig. An immense crowd, and all but a few, packed near Lamb, favourable to our cause.

Dined with S.B.Davies.

Tuesday February 16th 1819 [*third day of election*]: Rainy weather. Burdett and Scrope called, and I found the St James’s party had been very poor and small – not above forty-eight. We began to be despondent, and I was really unwell. Went on the hustings, however, and spoke with great cheering,¹³² but not so well as I spoke [yesterday] for a handbill which Kinnaird had given me. His damned declaration is not understood, and the treacherous Whigs actually describe me as not so much a reformer as themselves. Hunt, and all Cartwright’s people, who play into the hands of the Whigs, encourage this notion.

The numbers were: Hobhouse 469; Lamb 560; Cartwright 26. Sir Francis Burdett made an excellent speech, which we printed afterwards, and distributed.

Dined at Scrope’s, ill and out of sorts.

Wednesday February 17th 1819 [*fourth day of election*]: Stayed at home thinking of speech in the morning – in short, I did nothing, as at the last election, but seemed, like everybody else, torpid. Went to the hustings – always well-received – and spoke well today.¹³³ The numbers were: Hobhouse 622; Lamb 615; Cartwright 29 ... so that the coalition got up wonderfully – the union between Whig and Tory was indeed decisive.

Lord Palmerston canvassed; [the] Commissioner of the Navy voted; Lord Liverpool gave his clerks permission to vote;¹³⁴ the Select Vestry Men went into action for Lamb; Lady Caroline galloping about, and half the dandies in London in motion. Lord William Russell, the uncle, very active, and describing me as a Tory, which I mentioned from the hustings without naming him. Filthy ballads out against me, abusing me as a “place-hunter”¹³⁵ – in short, every Whig trick

132: *Ibid.*, pp.114-15.

133: *Ibid.*, pp.115-16.

134: The Tory Prime Minister tells his employees to vote Whig.

135: For example: “Sir Benjamin Hobhouse, a Place-holder, and his Son, John, a Place-hunter. / GLORIA HOBHOUSE! / To the Father and Son, / All glory be given, / The spirit is *one*, / And their *ratting* is *even*. / The Father *rats* well, / The Son *rats* as clever, / They’ve *ratted*, they *do rat*, / And will *rat* for ever” (*Ex.*, February 21st 1819, p. 121). Leigh Hunt, editor of *The Examiner*, wrote the following in 1828: “Mr. Hobhouse was once called upon by the electors of Westminster for an explicit statement of his opinions on the subject of reform. He gave a statement which was thought not to be explicit, or even intelligible; and I had the misfortune, in “*The Examiner*,” to be compelled to say that

which treachery can suggest. Alderman Wood canvassing against me – and I have only Davies and William Petre for me. The *Chronicle lying most outrageously*, and scarce a single paper giving a tolerable representation of what passes at the hustings.

I was very much depressed, and so were all the Committee. Dined with Kinnaird. Burdett and Bickersteth there. Bickersteth took down Burdett's yesterday speech from his mouth. Expect to be in a great minority by the end of the week.

Thursday February 18th 1819 [*fifth day of election*]: At home in the morning – went to Committee late – found a tremendous majority against us – but plucked up courage. Went on the hustings – no change in popular feeling, except perhaps for me. I spoke well,¹³⁶ and remarked upon the folly of Sir Charles Wolesley and Mr Northmore coming down to London to pull down Sir Francis Burdett, for that is the aim of all. The Cartwright folks recommend the Whig candidate, and the scoundrel Bowie works in the Whig Committee Room. Hunt is daily more unpopular. Breakfasts given by the Whig candidate today.

Hobhouse 826; Lamb 1,207; Cartwright 32.

Dined at Piazza with Kinnaird, Burdett and Davies. Went in the evening to the Parochial Committee of St James's, St Anne's, and St George (all of us) and harangued, a spirit rising evidently – but *my declaration* keeps people back – the villain Whigs represent themselves as opposition men and me as the court candidate.

Friday February 19th 1819 [*sixth day of election*]: Rode with Burdett about Pimlico and Chelsea quarters, to show ourselves – went to Committee, and put a good face on matters. Burdett went with me to [the] hustings – [the] people all for us. I spoke without notes, and tolerably.¹³⁷ Lamb got in a great rage at my having confronted him yesterday with a citizen who asked him his opinion on parliamentary reform – Sam Clarke has turned the tide about parliamentary

I was among the number of the dull perceptions. A few days afterwards, meeting him in Saint James's-street, he said he wondered at my coming to that conclusion, and asked me how it could happen. I did not enter into the origin of the phenomenon, but said that I could not help it, and that the statement did appear to me singularly obscure. Since that time, I believe, I never saw him till we met in the Casa Lanfranchi". (*Lord Byron and some of his Contemporaries*, second edn. 1828, I, pp.92-7). See below, entry for Sep 15, 22. H. does not mention his 1819 meeting with Leigh Hunt.

136: *Ex.*, p.116-17.

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reform against Lamb – and I made a short speech today which I think has set that matter right. Burdett spoke, and nobly. Lamb lost his temper entirely.

Hobhouse 1,016; Lamb 1,542; Cartwright 36.

Dined with Davies [and] Burdett. S.B.D. and I and Kinnaird went to parochial meeting at St Martin's, St Mary's and St Anne's, and [the] Gun, Pimlico. The spirit seems getting up. Kinnaird spoke very well at all three meetings ... tea'd at Kinnaird's.

Saturday February 20th 1819 [*seventh day of election*]: Canvassed Newport Market at nine. At eleven, rode with Burdett to a public meeting [at] Broadway, and then paraded with him over all the lower parts of Westminster, with flags and drums, and an immense crowd.

Came home. Went to hustings. An organised mob there, sent by Lamb's people, prevented me from being heard.¹³⁸ Lamb stepped forward, and the air was rent with curses and hisses. I stepped forward once or twice – in vain. At last I got a hearing. Then Lamb tried, but was driven back in two minutes, and retired. Hunt tried, but was pelted. Then Burdett came forward and was received with universal applause, all Lamb's blackguards being gone off with him. Burdett made a very fine speech, and our cause is evidently afloat still – our minority 691.

Dined at the Rota – all went to parochial meetings in St Clement's, and St Paul's, and tea'd at Kinnaird's.

Sunday February 21st 1819: Wrote journal of last busy week. I am not altogether without hope of final success. If I do succeed, God give me moderation in my prosperity. I called on Tavistock, and found him Whiggish in the extreme, and certainly changing with the majority. His brother Lord John came into the room and made a sort of expostulation with me, which I soon showed him was founded in a misreport of my speech. I told him that the "person of rank" to whom I alluded as having called me a Tory was Lord William Russell, the uncle.

I walked up and down with Peg Wharton. Dined at Kinnaird's with Burdett and Davies ... came home late and found a letter from Lord William Russell, desiring me to deny publicly that he had called me a Tory. Well done Lord Tavistock for telling. I did not know what to do, but waited till next morning.

137: Ibid. p.117.

138: "Mr. Hobhouse could not be heard by any but those immediately about him" (Ibid., p.118).

Monday February 22nd 1819 [*eighth day of election*]: Called on Kinnaird with Lord William Russell's letter (<all this happened next day>). He advised me to write, and tell Lord William Russell that I would say I was misinformed as to the "person of rank" (without mentioning names). I was to have breakfasted with Davies – [but] went at nine, *canvassing* Newport market – at least being *introduced*, just to save principle. Then to the neighbourhood of Clare Market – then came to St Anne's Committee Room to meet Burdett, and a party going to the poll. All was in confusion, our tricky adversaries having issued a handbill putting off our meeting. However, we marched off to the poll, I having a young man on my right who afterwards turned out a Lamb spy.¹³⁹

We were in great spirits today – 305 ahead on the poll, but this was not so much as I expected – we did not poll 600. The gross numbers this day were: Lamb 2,088; Hobhouse 1,702; Cartwright 37. Burdett made a very proper attack on the *Chronicle*, calling it "the lying Chronicle" – and lied it has during the whole of the election – always giving Hunt's and Gale Jones's speeches verbatim, as if they were heard – talking of "Mr Lamb" being "very well received, except by the organized interruption of the yellers," and putting answers into the mouths of people against me, which were never used. We have got the people most completely with us, and each day confirms the popularity of Burdett, notwithstanding the conspiracy of the Whigs and the Tories and the Huntites and the Cartwrightians like Charles Wolesley and Exeter Northmore against him, who publicly declare their preference of Lamb to me.

We all dined at Kinnaird's as usual. In the evening went Burdett, Kinnaird and I to parish meetings to fan the sacred flame – great hopes, or rather certainties, entertained.

<It was this night that I fo>

Tuesday February 23rd 1819 [*ninth day of election*]: This, as the gods would have it, was a wet morning, but Sir Francis Burdett and myself rode by appointment to Knightsbridge to see some voters – heard there of the cause being slack. Came back – went afterwards to some other place to meet voters, I believe, at the usual time – to the Committee – thence to the hustings.¹⁴⁰ Our majority on [the] day's poll: Hobhouse 334; Lamb 180; Cartwright 0. Gross poll: Hobhouse 2,036; Lamb 2,269; Cartwright 37.

Dined with Kinnaird – all of us; and then Burdett and all went to evening

139: *Ibid.*, p.130.

140: H.'s speech is at *Ibid.*, p.131.

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meetings. Burdett refuses no labour, and has completely done up his Huntite opponents on the hustings. The *Times* has taken a turn for us, in consequence of a compliment from Burdett.

Saw my brother Henry today – just come home.

Wednesday February 24th 1819 [*tenth day of election*]: Burdett and I went to a body of Electors going to [the] poll from St Martin's parish – went to Committee – things looking very languid indeed – it is Ash Wednesday, and the public offices are vomiting forth their people against us.¹⁴¹

Went on the hustings in a snowstorm.¹⁴² Lamb polled 390; Hobhouse 261; Cartwright 0. Total: [Lamb,] 2,658; [Hobhouse,] 2,297; Cartwright, 37. I made a very good speech, which the Committee printed.

Dined with Kinnaird, all of us. In the evening went about, trying how to get our electors up to the poll. A strange apathy – and yet promises in plenty, and the general inclination not dubious at all. But we have been too long in the field; the electors are suffering under the privations caused by the last election – loss of customs, &c. The great thing against us is the decision of the High Bailiff respecting the Poor Rate, the non-payment of which he makes a disenfranchisement, although the right of voting must naturally belong to the *liability* to pay.

Thursday February 25th 1819 [*eleventh day of election*]: This day neither Burdett nor I went to any parties of electors – our only gentleman canvassers are Scrope Davies (a little), Douglas Kinnaird (a little), William Petre, and my brother. MacNamara also (a little). Against these we have half the dandies belonging to the great families on both sides of the question – lords and ladies, and Lady Caroline Lamb most active.

I am sorry to say that I find my presentiment correct, and that the principle of Reform in Westminster is confined to a few hundreds. The great mass of electors will not vote without asking, and many will vote for anybody with asking. There is, however, a strong feeling in favour of Burdett. Lamb this day polled 292, Hobhouse 248, Cartwright 0. Totals [Lamb,] 2,950; [Hobhouse,] 2,545; [Cartwright,] 37. We were actually put in spirits by the small majority of our opponent.

I spoke, as the *Times* put it, “feelingly” today.¹⁴³ We have the field

141: Public employees had to vote the way the government told them.

142: H.'s speech is at *Ex.*, p.131.

143: *Ibid.*, p.132.

completely: but it is a misfortune the people will not hear Lamb – it takes away topics. Great hopes entertained by the Committee. We harangue in Fisher's rooms, and before the door from the window.

After the poll, dine together at Kinnaird's. In evening, go to meetings as usual, in a hackney coach, followed by lads screaming "Burdett for ever! Hobhouse for ever!" – various voices. Tea at Kinnaird's.

Friday February 26th 1819 [*twelfth day of election*]: This morning we did nothing in the way of beating up for volunteers, except, I believe, go to Dignam's in Houghton Street, Burdett and I. This Dignam is an Irishman, and keeps a pot-house, but he brought up 180 votes for Burdett on the last election, and is universally respected. He was made a politician, so he tells us, by Sir Richard Ford and the Duke of Portland, who threw him in jail, and by Burdett, who relieved him. He is an honest soul.

The day was bad and cloudy. I made a good speech.¹⁴⁴ Lamb polled 301; Hobhouse 282; Cartwright 0. Total: Lamb 3,251; Hobhouse 2,827; Cartwright 37. Hunt driven away; indeed, he had been repeatedly pelted, and obliged to run for it. We were in great spirits today owing to the small majority of Lamb – all friends very sanguine.

Went through the usual scene after the poll – dined at Kinnaird's, then Burdett, Kinnaird and I and Evans took a tour in the pothouses of Westminster, properly so called. All great appearance of enthusiasm, and hopes for tomorrow – tea at Kinnaird's – – – we had thoughts of a dinner, but on examination of promises in canvassing books, the Managing Committee really thought we were certain of success.

Saturday February 27th 1819 [*thirteenth and last day of election*]: This morning Tavistock called – to tell me that his father and others had begged him to go on the hustings and publicly disavow any connection with the Committee. I found the Whigs were staring mad at Burdett's speeches, and especially at having been accused of subornation of perjury – I advise Tavistock not to do any such thing as nobody supposed he had been for me. He said he thought it hard Burdett should attack the Whigs without making exceptions. I took up the paper and showed him that Burdett did make exceptions – in short, the Whigs always speak out of ignorance or malice.

I went to St Anne's, and canvassed for five hours – scarcely got a refusal, but I saw much lukewarmness. Went to the Committee – thence to the hustings – our

144: *Ibid.*, p.132-3.

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opponents polled very heavily today, the government people bestirring themselves. Lamb 442; Hobhouse 250; Cartwright 0. Total: Hobhouse 3,077; Lamb 3,693; Cartwright 37. There was a hired gang of Lamb's friends today, making a noise – I spoke shortly, and so did Burdett – Lamb was absolutely driven down by shouts.¹⁴⁵ Then stepped forward Lambton – I got a partial hearing for him by stepping forward, although the *Chronicle* said I was hissed back – an atrocious lie. Lambton attacked Burdett and myself – I answered him, and was told did it very well indeed – the people thought so – the Committee published the speech. Came back to [the] Committee Room – was told not to lose my spirits, but I declare that after third day I have had uniformly gay spirits, and nobody has caught me despairing, whatever I might think.

We dined at the Rota – various opinions as to probabilities, not knowing what to think of matters – the victory very easy if the electors will come forward. But the Committee did not count upon being beaten [by] more than 120 today, and then they counted on polling 2 to 1.

Kinnaird gives up. The deuce take him and his declaration, which are alike unlucky to me. He tells me he shall stand himself another time, independent of the Committee. If so, all his speeches at *pothouses* are accounted for. Tailor Place keeps up his spirits. Burdett goes manfully forward, but has less hopes.

Sunday February 28th 1819: A meeting of the General Committee at the Crown and Anchor – very fully attended, about three hundred there. Put down names to bring up voters during the remainder of the election, and had great promises for tomorrow. Burdett in the chair. Things certainly were talked over flourishingly. The people take great interest in the business, and Lamb [is] very unpopular. He was sent as a wit, and really thought to have the audience his own in a week.

Wet weather. Dine with Kinnaird. Evening there.

Monday March 1st 1819: Looked at the weather, and saw that it was wet – the gods on the winning side. Burdett and I went to Dignam's – sent up a few voters – came to Committee Room and heard Lamb had got a very large gang, and that some of our people had been dreadfully bruised – Lamb's people armed with sticks, axes and cleavers. We got information from some of our own people who had been enlisted by Lamb's folks.¹⁴⁶

Went on the hustings with a Mr Manby, who had been pursued by some of

145: "The multitude imitated the bleat of the Lamb very admirably" (*Ex.*, 1819, p.133).

146: Evidence that H.'s party have roughs and bruisers employed too.

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Lamb's ruffians. Made regular complaint of the violence, which Manby confirmed. Lamb's gang hurled and hooted, and I was ill-heard. When Lamb tried, he was driven off with shouts: the people cried out against his hiring the mob, which retired with Lamb, and left all quiet for Burdett, who made an admirable speech.

We were only 99 ahead – Lamb 296 – Hobhouse 395 – Cartwright 0. Total: 3989 – 3471 – 37.

From this time I made up my mind and only thought how I might die decently. Both Burdett and I continued inspiriting the people with hopes of success, and I never let a single frown be seen on my face; on the contrary, I may say that I smiled on, and with, every one of the many blank faces that I saw in the Committee Room.

Dined with Kinnaird. The whole party as usual. I believe we did not go anywhere this night, the parish meetings having failed. Somehow, however, I still pretended to appear hoping [for] success; and it might have been procured very easily, that is certain, for we had the good wishes of a great majority.

Tuesday March 2nd 1819: Raining hard this morning, which confirmed the defeat – I did not go to the <poll> committee until late – found everybody looking blank and black – kept a merry face upon the business. Went to the hustings, spoke in a shower of rain, Lamb's gang hooting – Lamb still pretends to say the people are hired by Burdett.

Lamb polled 300, Hobhouse 209, Cartwright 0. Total: 4289 – 3681 – 37. So the job was up, but Burdett and I still told the people they might win if they pleased – and I looked merrier than ever, and somehow or the other really did not feel sad.

Dined at Kinnaird's. The Oxfords¹⁴⁷ there. Did nothing this evening notwithstanding Hone¹⁴⁸ had wished Burdett and I to make a last effort in the parishes – this was thought throwing away popularity.

Wednesday March 3rd 1819: Dry weather – got up, in heart – dressed in clean leather breeches, which as Burdett said, none but a popular candidate would dare to wear¹⁴⁹ – sat at home writing a valedictory address – went to the Committee Room. There heard that there had been frays all the morning between Lamb's

147: The Earl and Countess of Oxford – Byron's (and Burdett's) ex-mistress and her complaisant husband.

148: William Hone, radical and satirist.

149: Note pending on leather breeches.

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gang and the people, in which the former had been considerably worsted. Just before going to the hustings heard that twenty or thirty gentlemen on horseback with buff and blue favours¹⁵⁰ had ridden up to accompany the chairing – but they, being identified with the gang, were attacked and dispersed – the committee room of Lamb was beaten in. There was an immense crowd – all for us.¹⁵¹

Went a little before three to the hustings accompanied by Burdett, Kinnaird, Robert Knight – Mr Clarke,¹⁵² and my brother were enthusiastically received – the fighting seemed by the waving crowd to be going on in Henrietta Street¹⁵³ – When the board was exhibited the gross numbers were: Lamb 4,465, Hobhouse 3,861, Cartwright 38. I had polled 209 this day, Lamb 201, Cartwright 1.¹⁵⁴ At the sight of the board the whole multitude groaned and hissed – then came forward the High Bailiff, and declared Lamb returned – but not a word he said was heard – Lamb tried to say something but was hooted back – he had come through the Church¹⁵⁵ for fear of the people whom his ruffians had excited – he retired through the Church.

We all put on gay faces, except for Harry whose eyes were full of tears, so I begged him to step back. I then uncovered and walked forward. The vast multitude received me with shouts, waving hats, clapping hands – and I made my farewell speech, which was printed from my copy next morning. Burdett also was most warmly received and he spoke. We then bowed, and retired to the Committee Room, where I bid them again farewell in a short speech out of the window – Burdett and Kinnaird spoke – I mounted my horse and rode away amidst the shouts of the people and came home.

And so ends this eventful history of the Westminster Election. I had been engaged in it one way or the other since November the third – but the

150: See *Don Juan*, Dedication, 17, 4. Byron's and H.'s politics are diverging. H. wrote to Byron on 27 April, "... England sees the Whigs to be the meanest and shabbiest of mankind – 'Twould have done your heart good to have seen them pelted all the way from Covent Garden to Grosvenor Square ..." (BB 266-7)

151: But not enough of H.'s supporters have the vote to make their support effective.

152: Note on Clarke pending.

153: Two blocks north of the Strand, leading into Covent Garden.

154: The arithmetic here does not tally with the votes recorded in the previous day's entry. Thorne writes, "[Lamb's] stronghold was in the wealthier western parishes, Hobhouse's in the areas east of St. Martin's Lane. Analysis of voting by occupation in the parish of St. Clement Danes reveals that the leisured classes and higher professionals overwhelmingly supported Lamb, the small artisans and labourers Hobhouse, who was also preferred by those engaged in the domestic and luxury trades" (Thorne II p.281).

155: Church unidentified.

presentiment which I see then came over me¹⁵⁶ has not been verified as yet – I am not as yet member for Westminster – but I may be.¹⁵⁷ It has been a busy anxious time with me for more than three months – and considering the brilliant prospect of that which was only not attained, and the many difficulties which I had got through successfully, the disappointment might certainly weigh hard on some young men of ambitious views – it might weigh the harder upon me, who knew that if my own advice had been followed about not attacking the Whigs I should inevitably have been member for Westminster – yet I certainly did not feel at all proportionally depressed – but was as gay as ever.

My topics of consolation were these: first – Lamb having completely failed in making himself and his Whigs popular¹⁵⁸ – and having made them in fact so unpopular as not to allow of his being chaired – for buff and blue¹⁵⁹ was pelted whenever seen at Westminster – and Sefton,¹⁶⁰ Ferguson,¹⁶¹ Lord William Russell,¹⁶² and young Lambton¹⁶³ got handled rather too severely. Secondly that our minority voted all on principle, and their majority were driven to the poll by all parties combined against the people. Thirdly, that I felt tolerably safe that I had lost no character but should in time be approved by everybody. Fourthly – that if I had succeeded, a great deal would have been expected of me in parliament and I might have failed – indeed I should have failed, I think. Fifthly, that I should have been obliged to fag hard, and I like being lazy. Sixthly, that if I had come in without a contest now, either the Whigs would have claimed some share in me and if I had not allowed it they would have turned me out next time, or I must have compromised my Reform principles to please the Whigs.

These considerations and a springy spirit kept and still keep me from being downhearted, and nothing but the thought how some private enemies will be

156: The entry for 3 November 1818 includes "... nothing done about Westminster Election".

157: He is returned on 25 March 1820.

158: A paradoxical statement, given Lamb's victory; but H. means that Lamb's majority was a result of corruption among voters who had yielded to "influence".

159: The colours of the traditional Whigs.

160: Lord Sefton was an Irish peer and therefore eligible for the Commons, where, as William Molyneux, he was MP for Droitwich 1816-31. A follower of Brougham, he opposed repressive measures in 1816 and 1819.

161: Note on Ferguson pending.

162: Note on Lord William Russell pending.

163: John George Lambton (1782-1840) later Earl of Durham, son-in-law to Lord Grey and architect with him of the First Reform Bill.

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pleased, and perhaps some friends,¹⁶⁴ at all makes me look with[out] a sorrowful eye upon this defeat. The loss of time is the worst thing about it – and there is a vast body of the world who thinks success everything.

I walked quietly about Westminster, “Hurraed” whenever recognized.

Dined with Kinnaird, Burdett, Davies and the party as usual, very merry and finding reasons for congratulation. Heard that the people were up committing violences in consequence of Lamb’s mob of armed fellows in the morning – Lamb obliged to have soldiers out in the evening. Castlereagh’s and Sefton’s windows broke – *Morning Chronicle* also¹⁶⁵ – Wishart’s¹⁶⁶ – Lamb sneaked home well-guarded.

Went to bed and did not sleep well – but that not owing to defeat – but to a dish of tea.

Thursday March 4th 1819: This morning a letter and deputation from the St James’s Committee, thanking me for my conduct, and promising to stand by me as long as I deserve it. Walked and rode with Burdett along the Harrow Road, as if nothing had happened, in much glee. Dined at the Oxford’s and passed the evening – Bickersteth there. I first said to him that “I expected some little expression of thanks from the General Committee.” He said he heard nothing of it – and walked away. Now this is very well for one of those who, by forcing the Report, forced me to stand all these shots, and now denies a little empty praise. But this is stern virtue, I suppose.¹⁶⁷ I owned frankly I expected praise, and Burdett kindly hinted at it in the same way.

Friday March 5th 1819: Lamb’s thanks out – a growling, insolent advertisement attacking me, not congratulating the electors or himself. I employed in writing my address, and in writing a letter to the *Chronicle*, in which all the rioting is laid to our speeches, and the Whigs made the insulted sufferers on the occasion.

Called on Davies – read my letter to him¹⁶⁸ – then on Place – came back to Davies. Sent copied-out letter to the *Chronicle*. Took tea at Scrope’s, and punch at Wattier’s, where I wrote letters of thanks to the parochial committees.

Slept ill.

164: A brief glance at Kinnaird and Burdett.

165: The *Morning Chronicle* was perceived as reactionary in Westminster.

166: Wishart unidentified.

167: H. means that “stern virtue” needs to be stoical.

168: “& to him” (Ms).

1819: *Don Juan*, Westminster, and Peterloo

Saturday March 6th 1819: My letter in the *Chronicle*. Burdett and Kinnaird called – both said it was capital. Showed my address to [the] electors to them. Burdett suggested and helped, and I re-copied. Took it to Place – he much pleased. Showed me a document proving *Sturch* to be a scoundrel.

I took a long solitary walk in Hyde Park. Met Lord Holland, and, to avoid a cut, cut him twice.

I forgot to say that Tavistock called yesterday, and told me the Whigs were angry, chiefly with Burdett – not so much with me. This is only a trick to separate us – I told him I hoped the Whigs would be angry with me some day or the other – I should try to make them so. He told me Lamb had turned out the soldiers, though Lambton had made him promise to do no such thing. He owned how wrong the Whigs were in hiring ruffians, and said Lambton knew of it, for he had told Lord William Russell that “they had taken care to have the charring properly protected”. The Whigs were so foolish that they went to Covent Garden expecting that three or four thousand of the people would be friendly, and follow the triumph – Macdonald sent two messages to stop the horsemen from coming, but they missed them.

It is a new thing for the Whigs to be unpopular – but no people were ever more so in Westminster.

Burdett dined with me at Wattier’s, and then drank tea with me. I had caught cold in the wind and sun today.

Sunday March 7th 1819: Bad cold. **Employed [the] morning in writing journal from Sunday February 21st – the most eventful period of all my past life.** Perhaps “the fair occasion is gone forever by,” and I have not seized, as Byron told me to do, the time and tide. But a man may be as happy in private as in public life, especially when his conscience prompts him to take no other public line than that which must inevitably render him odious to all political parties, and assailable by all the press of the country. Perry’s scurrilities are bad, but his lies are worse. I do not think the jokes have done much against me – “The Rump Candidate” – “’Tis his Hobby” – “Baron Munchausen” – are but poor things. Lamb accusing me of attacking the unprotected female and unprepared passenger – or rather, advising others to do it – is rather worse, and very shabby and very lying indeed. I trust, however, that my address is worth two of his – it is in some of the papers today.

I dined today at Kinnaird’s.

1819: *Don Juan*, Westminster, and Peterloo

Monday March 8th 1819: I rode down to Whitton today, and there talked over my defeat – *sed quali rediita* – I recollect saying that when I next came back I should come back Member for Westminster, or nothing.

Tuesday March 9th 1819: I rode up to London – dined at S.B.Davies's. There was Kinnaird, and Lord Lowther, and Burdett. Lowther told me that Michael Angelo Taylor, on the day of Lamb's return, ran into the Home Office, crying out that "the two regiments must be ordered out" – that "Sir Ronald Ferguson was wounded," &c.

Scrope and I went to a public meeting of the parish of St James's, called for the purpose of giving a piece of plate to Sir Francis Burdett for his conduct in the late struggle. I spoke, and Kinnaird spoke. My friend Douglas's conduct begins again to be equivocal – he asked Burdett, "Who the Westminster people would take at the next election?" – "Who?" said Burdett – "why, who should they take but Hobhouse?" He says I want taste, and point, and the Lord knows what. He has also been saying that the dinner on Tuesday next should be as small as possible!! – I find that he still is very friendly and true when he suffers his own feelings to predominate, and does not let Westminster politics interfere.

The people in St James's parish are jealous of the St Anne's people. I have received a letter of invitation to dine with the electors on Tuesday next, and promising to support me on the next occasion for Westminster. The St James's people sent me a very handsome letter to this effect the day after the poll closed. I wrote letters to all the committees, returning thanks for their support.

Wrote to Byron today.¹⁶⁹

Wednesday March 10th 1819: Wrote some poetry this morning – called at Crown and Anchor, and found Puller in a pucker about the dinner.

The "Hobhouse for ever!" is not yet dropped by the little boys.

Dined with Kinnaird, and sat with Burdett till late.

Thursday March 11th 1819: Idling all morning. Went down to Whitton, after going into Brooks's for the first time since the civil war with the Whigs. The scoundrel Perry in his Chronicle says that Burdett and I are objectionable, not for our principle only, but as men – we cultivate the friendships of those in private whom we traduce in public. Burdett well observes that the mean fellow does not

169: This letter is missing.

1819: *Don Juan*, Westminster, and Peterloo

see that it is the converse of this conduct which is bad.¹⁷⁰

Friday March 12th 1819: Sat at Whitton pottering over poetry – walked with my sisters – dined, &c. So lazy I can do nothing. This damned election has disjointed me.

Saturday March 13th 1819: Procrastinating – rode up to London – went to St George’s Hospital and saw Baptista¹⁷¹ – the hospital is clean and airy, but so many persons in disease is a shocking sight. Called on Place – heard him read some observations on Erskine’s *Short Defence of the Whigs*.

Dined at the Rota – the Whigs are very sulky after their victory – make nothing of it. The London press [is] for them except for the *Sunday News*, [the] *Champion*, and [a] bit of [the] *Examiner* – the country press against them.¹⁷²

Sat at Rota till late.

Sunday March 14th 1819: Dreadfully late and idle – **write journal from last Sunday. Burdett called** – dined with Douglas Kinnaird – Burdett, Robert Burdett, Davies, and Colonel Hughues there.

Monday March 15th 1819: Did nothing. Dined with Kinnaird – Burdett there, &c.

Tuesday March 16th 1819: [Spent] this morning thinking what I am to say at dinner. Went to Kinnaird’s – found Evans, our lawyer, and Bickersteth, and Burdett, there.

The whole party seem to determine on a petition against Lamb’s return – but counsellor Evans most sanguine. Our bribery cases [are] three – against Sefton, Bryce Coombe, and Justice Birnic; but the proof of agency [is] difficult. We have made out the *rioting* completely – the agency of peers [is] not difficult to be proved – Lord Craven’s and Lord Grosvenor’s stewards were active – then we had nearly four hundred voters rejected on account of non-payment of poor rates. All these considerations seem to make a case.

Burdett and I went to the Crown and Anchor at five o’clock to dine with the electors, who gave us a dinner on our late defeat. “Honest” Tom Clarke was in

170: That is, private hypocrisy is evil – public hypocrisy is normal.

171: H.’s servant. Why he’s in hospital we don’t know.

172: The “country press” is Tory.

1819: *Don Juan*, Westminster, and Peterloo

the chair, and made an *honest*, foolish speech. There were 271 present, which *The Times* calls “near four hundred”. All were in excellent spirits – we had music – Burdett [was] rapturously received. I also was most warmly hailed, and made what Burdett and Clarke thought a good speech. I sent it to the editor of the *Statesman*, who put it in the Constitution of Sunday. Everything went off very well, and we went away about eleven o’clock. Richter announced that we should petition – this is my clue, perhaps, of my connexion with Westminster.

Wednesday March 17th 1819: Hardly any notice taken of the dinner in the morning papers. Burdett presented the petition, signed by *four* electors. There was a laugh in the house, when the violence of the bludgeon-men was mentioned, as if our men were in fault.¹⁷³

Dined at Kinnaird’s with Burdett.

Thursday March 18th 1819: Called on Bickersteth – he tells me that Place and Brooks¹⁷⁴ will be the sureties on the petition – that is, [they] will engage for £1,200 in case the petition shall be adjudged frivolous and vexatious.

I went to the Crown and Anchor, and found little doing. Rode down to Whitton – dined, &c. Found my old ally May Perry – also May Garnier [Garnier??] there, with her husband, and a tall daughter. A party at dinner and in the evening.

Friday March 19th 1819: Stayed this day at Whitton – walked with Sophy and her friend Bessy Wood, a nice girl. Henry there in the evening. Tavistock asked me to dine with him, and so did Ellice this week: but I resolve to keep out of Whig houses, though friendly – it is best and most seemly.

Saturday March 20th 1819: Rode up to London – walked into Brooks’s and there found a man shaking hands and asking how I was – it was George Lamb. I trust I showed no sort of silly emotion.

Went to Crown and Anchor, enquiring how matters were going on, and found little doing. Dined at the Rota with Bickersteth alone – found that Place will have nothing to do with the petition, except guaranteed safe and sound, and that in all probability the whole charge will be thrown upon me – sat till twelve.

173: See 1 March, first note.

174: Burdett’s agent, not the owner of the Club.

1819: *Don Juan*, Westminster, and Peterloo

Sunday March 21st 1819: Up late as usual – walk to Place's – he not at home – ride in the park with Kinnaird – walk with Burdett – dine at Kinnaird's with him and Pearce – Burdett is now against the petition.

Monday March 22nd 1819: A note from Bickersteth telling me that the presenting of the petition depended upon my guaranteeing the sureties, and desiring me to call on Place. I went to Bickersteth – he desired me on the whole not to engage in the petition. I said I would subscribe five hundred pounds towards it, but could not do more. Bickersteth said that was enough, and too much. I went to Place – he was against my making any such sacrifice – he said there was but one man who could and ought to do the whole, and that was Burdett: he added that it was folly to engage in the business without £2,000 in hand, and said they had spent £1,000 in Paul's petition before they knew where they were.

I left Place, and went to the Crown and Anchor – there I found no-one but Hayward the solicitor to be employed – he talked of more than £2,000 being necessary for the expenses – £4,000 or £5,000 might be wanted. This day or the next was the last in which recognizances could be entered into – and yet nothing was done, or doing. The electors are naturally very excellent in the action of an election, but for perseverance when the dispersion takes place, they are of course not so good as gentlemen.

I dined with Kinnaird.

Tuesday March 23rd 1819: Burdett called – he had two letters on the subject of Lamb's bribing and hiring. I told him of the state of the petition, and he quite approved of my not going beyond £500. He said not a word regarding his own willingness to assist – and I did not throw out a hint. It remained for him to throw out the offer if he liked.

I went to Place. Found there Richter and Hayward – and afterwards came Bickersteth. I found that Kinnaird had been sent to find peremptorily from Burdett whether he wished to assist, or rather, to take the whole on himself. After a long time came Kinnaird, and reported that Burdett did not make any offer – so it was agreed to let the petition lapse. I offered to bear the expenses of an action against the High Bailiff, but Place did not think it was certain an action would be admissible. Richter had summoned the general committee for tomorrow to consider how the petition might be carried on – he now asked Kinnaird and me to attend for the purpose of standing by him.

I dined with Kinnaird and Burdett, &c.

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Wednesday March 24th 1819: Wrote a letter to be read to the electors, renewing my offer of supporting an action. Called on Bickersteth – read it to him – he approved. Went to Crown and Anchor – found Richter and Hone there – they wished me to stay, and so I did stay – and [I] attended at the meeting, against my better judgement, and instead of sending the letter. Kinnaird and Bickersteth there – Richter in the chair. Kinnaird was in one of his worst moods – made excuses for Richter where none were wanting – offended half a dozen electors – made an offer of paying the expense of an action himself, though he knew I was going to make the offer – in short, was quite beside himself.

There was only one out [of] seventy against the approval of dropping the petition, and that one went on the knowledge of a case which turned out to be Lord Sefton's bribing a Mr George with *ten* pounds. There was a general wish of prosecuting the High Bailiff, and an offer of subscribing thereto – Place said we could not do so in public – it would be a combination¹⁷⁵ – besides, there remained about £200 of arrears¹⁷⁶ to pay. These arrears did not please anybody. The evening went off in a very unsatisfactory way: Kinnaird and Bickersteth quarreled in the private room – and I walked home by myself to avoid hearing complaints from either.

Sat up at Brooks's till late – no-one spoke to me scarcely but Colonel Ponsonby – but I am resolved to stand out – dauntlessly. The Club is as much mine as that of the Whigs. Poor Bob Adair, who thinks himself the repository of Mr Fox's reputation, is most surly. I hear that with Burdett they have resolved upon a "war to the knife".

Thursday March 25th 1819: Baptista came from the hospital – they have been stealing his clothes in his absence – suspicions fall on John Beale,¹⁷⁷ my groom.

I rode down to Burdett to Botham's at Salt Hill. Spent the evening there. He talked a great deal of his son, of whom he seems to entertain a high idea. Mr Burdett has lately assured his father that he does not feel opposite to him in politics.

Pleasant evening.

Friday March 26th 1819: Went on one of Burdett's horses hunting with the King's Stag Hounds – bad sport. Returned, and visited Chisenden, a beautiful

175: That is, contrary to the Combination Act of 1800.

176: Arrears on the Poor Rate.

177: But on 3 January H. had given Beale his marching orders as from 1 February.

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spot indeed, much finer than Richmond Hill – house burnt down twenty-six years ago. Here the King was brought up – 431 acres, 200 of which [are] wood – and they ask £60,000 at least for it!!! Full of game.

Walked down to the springs on the bank of the Thames. A lovely spot, where parties are allowed to land and dine. Rode to Mr Craufurd Bruce's hard by – also a pretty place – thence to Dropmore, which Lord Grenville has made, and made very tastily.

Returned to Salt Hill and dined. Burdett slept – I read some of Pope and Swift's letters. I find myself tranquilized by returning to my old pursuits. I read a little of Robertson's America – it appears to me he is overrated as an historian.

Saturday March 27th 1819: We set off to hunt with the Berkeley Hounds – arrived at Gerard's Cross and found that the Hounds had gone to Watford – so we came to the resolution of returning to London – arrived at Uxbridge – I turned off, and went to Whitton – lounged about all the morning – dined – did nothing, &c.

Sunday March 28th 1819: Came up to London – walked into Brooks's – sat alone, and except a word from Lord T[avistock??] and Sir T. Stepney, spoken to by no-one.

Dined at the Rota – came home – read newspapers – in a fever from drinking a dozen glasses of wine.

Monday March 29th 1819: **Write journal** – forget what I did – but dare say dined at Kinnaird's.

Tuesday March 30th 1819: I went down to Whitton today and dined.

Wednesday March 31st 1819: Stayed at Whitton, and employed writing a reply to Erskine's *Defence of the Whigs*.

Thursday April 1st 1819: I think I rode up to London today. Dined with Bidwell. Met there Colonel Cooke and Byng – went to Brooks's – had a long conversation with Tavistock.

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Friday April 2nd 1819:¹⁷⁸ In the morning, preparation for departure from London.¹⁷⁹ I paid off John Beale, my groom, and hired a young man on trial for a fortnight. Dined with Kinnaird; met Davies, Pearce and Poodle Byng, and passed a pleasant evening.

Saturday April 3rd 1819: Passed the evening in packing up and paying off my lodgings, &c. Took leave of N^o 43 Clarges Street – I believe, for ever, for this place is too much concerned with the turmoils of Westminster to be very agreeable again. Sent away Baptista to Whitton. Dined at the Rota, and rode to Whitton at night – there I found Sir Francis Burdett

Sunday April 4th 1819: Passed the morning in talking and walking with Burdett – lounged along the Twickenham meadows beyond Richmond Bridge – lovely weather – *Alexander Iden* in our mouths – agreeable day.

Monday April 5th 1819: Burdett and I rode to Gerard's Cross and there [Burdett] mounted his hunter¹⁸⁰ – had good sport with the King's Stag Hounds – but I twisted my thigh and Burdett hurt his hand – came back to Whitton.

Tuesday April 6th 1819: Burdett's hand in the gout. I wrote *answer* to Erskine.¹⁸¹ Sir Francis Burdett did not get up till late.

After dinner I read aloud part of a thing called *The Vampyre*, said to be written by Byron,¹⁸² but which I am positive was for the most part written by Polidori. Perhaps the story, and a word or two here and there, may be *Byron's*.

Wednesday April 7th 1819: Sir Francis Burdett went away in the gout¹⁸³ to attend the Den¹⁸⁴ where Sir William Congreve¹⁸⁵ has been disposing of one of

178: After midnight on this date, at Countess Benzoni's at Venice, B. falls in love with Teresa Guiccioli.

179: H. is returning to Whitton.

180: And H. his, we must assumed.

181: Thomas, first Baron Erskine (1750-1823) brilliant forensic counsel, often defending radicals. He was Lord Chancellor, a post revived especially for him. H.'s *Defence of the People* was an answer to his *Defence of the Whigs*.

182: *The Vampyre* was published in *The New Monthly Magazine* of April 1819; it was referred to in Galignani's *Messenger*, to which Byron wrote on 27 April (BLJ VI 118-19) denying authorship.

183: Burdett was prone to this very painful complaint.

184: The Commons, so named after Jesus's words (Matthew 21, 13): It is written, *my*

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Burdett's *orders*,¹⁸⁶ a very unprecedented insolence. The *Chronicle* has been attacking Burdett for his absence – I wrote answer. Walked with Bessy Wood¹⁸⁷ and Sophia ...

Thursday April 8th 1819: Writing answer and walking out – lovely weather – the Miss Forbes's¹⁸⁸ came here ...

Friday April 9th 1819:¹⁸⁹ Writing as before and walking out, and riding. Saw young Grattan¹⁹⁰ – “the father of his country” as Plunkett¹⁹¹ calls him – is at Twickenham – I suppose preparing his speech on the Catholic question.

Saturday April 10th 1819: Writing answer – missed the Rota for the first time, and stayed at Whitton – – – – –

house shall be called the house of prayer; but ye have made it a den of thieves; also Mark 11, 17; Luke 19, 46.

185: Sir William Congreve (1772-1828) inventor of the Congreve rocket (see *Don Juan* I, 129, 6). He was MP for Plymouth, but not until 1820. A friend of the Prince Regent.

186: Note pending.

187: Unidentified. A friend of one of his sisters.

188: The Miss Forbes's unidentified.

189: More went on on this day than H. records. On “Friday Eveg.” Augusta writes to Annabella: “... but a moment after I had dispatched my letter I had a long visit from H[obhouse] – the first for ages – I confess I felt very anxious to hear what he w^d say about the new *Work* [*Don Juan*] – he talked of little else but that and its Author – and appeared vexed and worried to death – his acc^t – as far as it went – was like what I had always heard – *Nothing can be worse*, he had written to *insist* on the Publication – and they supposed it must be Phd *anonymously* – and with *considerable omissions* – H[obhouse] – said he should still do all he could – and drive it off and insist on omissions or *he* would have nothing to do with it – He had *his own character to preserve* – really dear A – he spoke as if sincerely vexed and hurt about it – he had only that day given it to Murray to read and consult his Oracles upon it – one's fear is that if *they* are peremptory in refusing that it may be transferred to those who wde not have the same regard for the consequences – I ventured to say to H[obhouse] – I thought *he* could do more in the way of persuasion than any one else – his reply was, if I was *there* [underlined twice] I could – but not *here* – ‘I w^d not hesitate to burn it before his face but I can't behind his back’ – I replied he had better go to him – He told me he thought, his chief reason for persisting was the *money* – that on *that* subject he was *quite insane* and gave me certainly some late strong instances which look very like it ... (DLB 82. 15-17).

190: See 9 May 1814.

191: William Conyngham, first Baron Plunket (1764-1854) Lord Chancellor of Ireland.

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Sunday April 11th 1819: Writing answer – walked out. Kinnaird came – showed him my letter to de Breme¹⁹² which is playing the devil at Milan, and which hurts my character for morality and decency, so Lord Kinnaird writes – god damn this infernal Essay.

Kinnaird came to ask my father about being a partner in his (Kinnaird's) bank,¹⁹³ which my father had refused by letter – he went home in the evening. All observe him altered much – he certainly is not quite what he was before the Westminster election – that has disjoined him.

Sit up latish – read Life of Lord Chatham¹⁹⁴ in bed – he calls himself a Whig. I do not feel quite certain that the people can do anything unless backed by a body of men in the higher classes: but then these Whigs are so treacherous and tricky – such shabby fellows.

Monday April 12th 1819: Write a scanty journal for a fortnight – stay at Whitton, writing answer.

Tuesday April 13th 1819: Writing answer to Erskine – walk or ride out – dine, &c.

Wednesday April 14th 1819: Writing answer, and employed as before mentioned.

Thursday April 15th 1819: Ditto – ditto – ditto.

Friday April 16th 1819: Ditto – ditto – ditto.

Saturday April 17th 1819: Ditto – ditto – but rode to London and dined at the Rota. Bickersteth alone there. Called on Burdett before and after dinner – he still confined with the gout. Rode home at night.

Sunday April 18th 1819: Writing answer to Erskine, and day as before.

Monday April 19th 1819: Writing. Went to London. Put up at Scrope Davies's

192: H. wrote two letters to di Breme defending his (in fact Foscolo's) *Essay on the Present Literature of Italy*, which had been printed as part of his *Historical Illustrations of the Fourth Canto of Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*. See BB 263-4.

193: Messrs Ransom and Morley; swallowed later in the century by Barclay's.

194: *Authentic Memoir of the Rt. Hon. the late Earl of Chatham* (1778).

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... went to the St Patrick's Day charity dinner at the Freemasons' Charity, in consequence of Mr Nangle of the late St Anne's committee requesting me. The Duke of Sussex was in the chair, and conducted himself very well, with the exception that, after late events, he would not speak with me!!! It was a beautiful sight, seeing the children to the amount of four hundred at least, boys and girls, and affected me much. The Duke of San Carlos was there – also the Archbishop of Jerusalem, whose speech was nobly misinterpreted by a Dr Collins. I gave ten guineas. Knew nobody there but some of my elector friends.

Tuesday April 22nd 1819: Called on the Oxfords.¹⁹⁵ Called on Place, with £100, which he will not take.

I learn from Bickersteth that the Committee do not wish to “bind themselves to me” another time – so here is jealousy again, and very ridiculous I think, when the parish committees and Place himself in his reply to Erskine have said they should turn to me again – so that the action, like the petition, will probably be dropped – and all because they will not take Kinnaid's money, or mine, and Burdett does not choose to come forward.

I went to Brooks's – walked about with Bruce – dined with David Ricardo, at whose house I met Mr Mill,¹⁹⁶ Mr Malthus, Mr Warburton, a Mr Tooke, Mr Ricardo's brother, and Mr Kinnaid.

We talked of nothing but the bullion question. Malthus seemed to think [that] capital [had been] much increased during the war, on account of the sign of it in luxury. Mill canvassed this, I thought, successfully. All agreed that the bank would pay in *specie*, at least in ingots, according to Ricardo's plan – and the bullionists plumed themselves on the great change taken place in public opinion. They were formerly decried as wild visionaries – who knows but that Reform may have the same triumph?

Went upstairs to Mrs Ricardo – she told me that Malthus and her husband would sometimes sit up till three in the morning, defining “rent”!!

Walked home with Kinnaid ... read some curious things in a book of Southey's called *Omniana*.

Wednesday April 21st 1819: Yesterday sent to Place the Mss. of my answer – told him to tell nobody. Walked about London trying to find Sir C.Hawkins¹⁹⁷ at

195: H. is cut by Sussex, alienated from the Hollands, but still on visiting terms with the Oxfords. Lady Oxford – B.'s ex-mistress – probably agrees with his politics.

196: James Mill, father of John Stuart Mill.

197: Note pending on Sir C.Hawkins and the Cornish scheme.

1819: *Don Juan*, Westminster, and Peterloo

home, relative to a Cornish scheme – did not find him.

Went to Murray's – saw the Sismondi¹⁹⁸ who has just married a sister of Lady Mackintosh's. Byron has written to Murray resolving on publication¹⁹⁹ – and to me, also, a second canto of *Don Juan* sent.²⁰⁰

Brande²⁰¹ told me of Davy²⁰² that he wrote something to show he was not idle, and did show that he was ignorant. It is true Davy did wish to be in parliament. His friends were agreed of his incapacity, but more of his temper – I rode down to Whitton again.

Thursday April 22nd 1819: Spent morning writing, and making up Rota accounts. I find by my own accounts that I have spent at least £1,100 this year, but then £345 [is] lent to Foscolo, and some £100 on politics, besides £100 lost on [the] Cornwall scheme – which makes my expenditure within my income ...

Rode out or walked, and evening as usual, doing nothing, chattering &c.

Friday April 23rd 1819: Continuing answer ... ditto – ditto – as usual.

Saturday April 24th 1819: Answer. Rainy day. Did not go to the Rota. Mr Ticknor,²⁰³ the American whom I saw at the Rota, called, and stayed dinner and evening. He told us American news. Almost everybody but Quincey Adams is against Jackson – the Senate's report has ruined him. He is guilty of beating up for volunteers without a commission, which is a crime, but not high treason.

Fearon²⁰⁴ is a liar. He sets out with a lie about his lodgings in New York – he had a servant's room, because the hotel was full, and he then gives an account of

198: Sismondi the historian?

199: BLJ VI 105-6.

200: Seeing that there was more to *Don Juan* than a *Beppo*-type anecdote, Byron started Canto II on 13 December 1818, and finished the fair-copy at the beginning of April. He had sent it to Murray by 3 April (BLJ VI 104).

201: Brande unidentified.

202: The Master of Caius, Cambridge: see entry for 8 Jan 1819.

203: George Ticknor (1791-1871) American scholar.

204: H. has been reading Henry Bradshaw Fearon (1770? – 18??) *Narrative of a Journey of 5,000 Miles through the Eastern and Western States of America* (1818, second and third editions 1819). Fearon describes his boarding-house at pp.6-7; and at pp.137-48 he reports, among other things, a passage of overheard dialogue which implies American elections to be open to management, if not fixing. He is observing the election of the State Governor of Pennsylvania. He is impressed by the fact that all the votes in the state are cast on a single day. The phrase "I guess" is often heard in his book.

his chamber as if of the usual accommodation. Also he tells of a sum of 1,700 piastres being refused by a committee of Congress to an old public servant on account of some irregularity – but he does not tell that the same committee awarded a pension of 700 piastres to the same person. Fearon's account of the Caucus is perfectly false. The Caucus is nothing but the trial, generally on a Sunday evening, of the popularity of the candidate nominated. Speeches are made on all sides by the friends of the respective candidates – sometimes 5,000 are present – often the persons supported by the committees are beaten by a single individual who lays hold of public opinion.

The next day the polling begins at nine o'clock. It closes at three generally, and an hour before it closes all the bells ring to give notice, then the various committees or caucuses drum about the different wards to get up their voters – in short, a complete Westminster popular election, except that five or six thousand vote in one day. A fortnight beforehand the voters come in, and register their names. Friends of both, or all, parties are generally at the town hall to see this done, and to object to those who have no votes; but as there is someone from every ward, the voters are generally known to all parties. The qualification of £45, goods of all kinds – so that suffrage is nearly universal where it is not quite universal, and very seldom anyone objects to a voter. Lists of the voters are then printed, and stuck up at the town hall and the several wards, so that on the polling day, nothing is necessary but for the voters to appear and ballot, which they do in whole strings, one after the other.

Ticknor said he wondered that Lord Grey could talk such nonsense respecting Fearon, and that when he was at Edinburgh, a young American was spirited on, I think he said by Sidney Smith, to write to Lord Grey about it. Sidney Smith wrote the article in last *Edinburgh Review* about American travellers – so he told Ticknor – I do think I will go to America.

Ticknor lives at Boston. His name is George.

Sunday April 25th 1819: Writing answer, which I finished. Place is pleased, and says it will pose the Whigs – it will throw away the scabbard, that is certain.

Ride with Harriet, &c.

Monday April 26th 1819: Begin giving an account of the election, &c. Walked out with Charlotte to Twickenham and Richmond. Lovely spring – green and fine – home, &c.

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Tuesday April 27th 1819: Wrote a letter to Lord Byron²⁰⁵ and to Service,²⁰⁶ late Secretary of Committee, and who by the way told me that the Report would not have been carried had not Place said Burdett was for it, which was a *lie!*

Rode out with Harriet to Bushy Park, and back – danced after dinner.

Boccaccio says at the end of a bawdy story²⁰⁷ – “... and so they

Wednesday April 28th 1819: enjoy'd their loves” – God grant we may enjoy ours – **Wrote journal from April 12th**

Thursday April 29th 1819: Went on with the election – riding – and walking &c.

Friday April 30th 1819: Writing – today Place sent to me Erskine's answer to him²⁰⁸ – sad stuff indeed. Employed as usual – at press.

Saturday May 1st 1819: Correcting proofs. Rode up to London – went to Brooks's – J.G.Lambton acts²⁰⁹ poor fellow – “pale boy-senator.”

Don Juan going through the press. I do not think it so bad or so good as I did, not so indecent and not so clever.

205: BB 265-9, including the following, which again shows what H. often excludes from the diary: “My dear Byron – / The lord's will be done – You are resolved that the pomes shall be printed; and printed the pomes shall be; aye, and published too. The first sheet has gone through my hands and has been transmitted to you for final approbation. The marginals are mine: and humbly I beseech you to consider them attentively, as you may depend on it that my hook shall not be a desperate one and shall only be employed where your luxuriance is absolutely too rich. I think I have marked but three in the first sheet, including the *dry bob* [Dedication, 3, 7-8] and a line about a piss-bucket [I 24, 7-8] and also god-damn [I 14, 8 – H. marked a lot more in later proof-sheets; see BLJ VI 125 for Byron's reaction]. That I should ever live to see you come to this! On my stars and garters! Since I have such ill luck from the one I wish was hanged with the other – However I shall delay dangling at the bed post until I see the Don fairly before the world and then I will lay my death at your door and leave myself to be wept by the Reformers and avenged by the Eclectic Review” [see Canto III 66, 3-4].

206: See 30 June 1819; otherwise unidentified.

207: Boccaccio, *Decameron*, Day Three, Story Seven.

208: Lord Erskine's *A letter to “an elector of Westminster,”* [Place] author of “a reply to the ‘Short defence of the Whigs’ (1819).

209: Could be “cuts”.

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Met Place in the streets. He tells me the action shall be brought²¹⁰ – Burdett will give £100, I will give 100 – Kinnaird will give something.

I walked about a little – annoyed by little boys crying “Hobhouse for ever!” Dined at Rota – Bickersteth and Burdett there – we had pleasant day – Burdett, talking of Pearson the attorney²¹¹ abusing him, said, “As for that – I know that when a man happens to have nothing to do, or has the whim, he attacks me”.²¹² This is not affectation – Burdett really does not care about abuse.

Rode down to Whitton at night late – one o’clock.

Sunday May 2nd 1819: Continued writing an answer to Erskine’s answer. Employed the usual way – but the spectre of the departed Representation of Westminster haunts me – and yet –

The ship indeed may make a better figure –
But I that sail am neither less nor bigger –²¹³

I ought to be very happy – I have everything – but then comes the thought of the fair occasion gone forever by.

Monday May 3rd 1819: Writing²¹⁴ – riding – eating – and lounging.

Tuesday May 4th 1819: Ditto, ditto. Correcting press – I have got into a correspondence with Polidori about *The Vampyre*,²¹⁵ which he wrote and got vamped-up, and then attributed to Lord Byron. I knew it was Polidori’s. Murray sent me a letter from the editor of it – giving up Polidori. I wrote to Polidori about it – he returned for answer that he had never said the tale was Byron’s – it was entirely his own – then appears a letter in the papers,²¹⁶ attributing only the *ground* work to Lord Byron, and not the tale in its *present* form. I remonstrated

210: The action protesting against George Lamb’s being returned for Westminster.

211: Pearson unidentified.

212: Burdett perhaps echoed Falstaff at *Henry IV II* i ii 6: “Men of all sorts take a pride to gird at me ...”

213: Quotation (?) unidentified. Could be spontaneous poetry by H.

214: Including a letter to B.: BB 270-1.

215: Murray to Byron, April 28th: “My Lord / I inclose another Proof – Mr Hobhouse tells me that he has written to your Lordship fully – and he has taken Polidori in hand, with equal propriety and judgment ...” (JMA).

216: Perhaps at Hobhouse’s insistence, Polidori acknowledged his authorship of *The Vampyre* in a letter to the *Courier* of 5 May.

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with the Doctor on this and now (Sunday) he sends me an insolent letter.

Wednesday May 5th 1819: At the usual work against Erskine, and recreating as before.

Thursday May 6th 1819: Ditto – ditto. Walking with Sophy. I cannot sleep at night, so I read *L'Orpheline de la Chine*²¹⁷ for the first time.

Friday May 7th 1819: Employed writing as before. Ride out – dine – sleep ill. Read Voltaire at night in bed for four hours.

Saturday May 8th 1819: Finished my pamphlet, and sent it to London. Rode out with Harriet – lovely weather! Dined at home, not at Rota. *Zaire* at night. Settled with Baptista.

Sunday May 9th 1819: Rota book **and journal**. My father tells me that Hart Davies has failed. He trembles for the bank a little, and talks of Bradford Estates being hurt, &c. – this would be the devil indeed.

Monday May 10th 1819: Employed correcting proofs of pamphlet – riding, or walking, or both.

Tuesday May 11th 1819: Ditto – ditto.

Wednesday May 12th 1819: Ditto – ditto – ditto.

Thursday May 13th 1819: Ditto – ditto.

Friday May 14th 1819: Ditto, ditto – also correcting *Don Juan* second Canto – which I really do not think clever, at least not for Byron. The rage of the day is for Dandy horses,²¹⁸ a ridiculous amusement, I think – London never known to be so full.

Saturday May 15th 1819: The same employment. Lovely weather – a party at

217: Book unidentified.

218: Dandy Horses were velocipedes propelled by the feet: pedal- and chain-less bicycles.

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Whitton.

Sunday May 16th 1819: Ditto – ditto ... riding or walking.

Monday May 17th 1819: I sent the last revise of the *Defence of the People* to London – this makes now a large pamphlet – 204 pages. Hone was to have published it, but he would not without knowing the author, so Stodart (N^o 81, Strand), publishes, on Wednesday. I have taken a deal of pains – God knows whether it will repay me by utility, or whether we can push it or not.

Tuesday May 18th 1819: Begin to think of what I shall say on the anniversary of the Triumph of Westminster on Monday next, for which I have received an invitation.

This day the Opposition try their strength on Tierney's motion for a committee on the State of the Nation.

At Whitton, doodling – *epicuri de grege porcus*.²¹⁹

Wednesday May 19th 1819: Read the debate in the *Times* – Whigs completely knocked up. Ministers: 359; Whigs: 179. Canning taunted the Whigs with their want of popularity at the Westminster election, where they were covered with “ribbons and rubbish,” with laurels on their heads and brickbats at their heels – he called them “a pelted administration”. To this Tierney answered that when Romilly was returned, there was nothing but joy; but that now the Tories had encumbered the Whigs with help²²⁰ the Whigs came in for their share of unpopularity.

Here then we have the coalition owned,²²¹ and poor George Lamb compared with Romilly, most scurvily. Burdett made a gallant speech – he forced Tierney to own he was as much for Reform as ever, but could not get others to act up to his notions. He [Burdett] voted with [the] opposition, but said he was indifferent to who was in and who was out. Canning complimented him highly, and said that “For talents,” (the opposition cried out, “Hear!”), “Aye, for talents,” repeated Canning, “rank, situation, and character, Sir Francis Burdett must necessarily have a distinguished post in any new administration”.²²²

On the whole, everything turned out to the confusion of the Whigs on this

²¹⁹: Hor. Epis. I, 4, 16: “a hog from Epicurus's herd”.

²²⁰: Tierney quotes Dr Johnson's letter to Lord Chesterfield.

²²¹: The coalition whereby the Tories helped the Whigs beat H.

²²²: Burdett did eventually join the Tory party.

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occasion, and to the glory of Burdett. The Whigs are angry at Tierney for trying his motion now, and bringing the weakness of [the] opposition to a test. Tierney's speech was a war speech, against America and against the predominance of France. Castlereagh made a triumphant answer, one of the best of his bad speeches.²²³

Thursday May 20th 1819: Thinking of speech for Monday – rode and walked, &c.

Friday May 21st 1819: Ditto – ditto – received a copy of the *Defence*. Cartwright sent me another address of his to the electors of Westminster.

Saturday May 22nd 1819: I write a letter to Cartwright, requesting him to contradict something he said in his address, of my not answering a letter which I “had received” – I never did receive it.

Rode to London – walked about with Sir Francis Burdett, who was in high spirits. Told me the triumph of [the] ministers on Tuesday was complete. Dined at the Rota. Bickersteth told me he liked my *Defence*, of which copies had been sent to several.

Rode down to Whitton very late at night. Sent my note to Cartwright.

Sunday May 23rd 1819: At the speech. Walked out. Sir George Staunton²²⁴ dined with us today. We had a long conversation. He told me many very curious things. The Emperor of China is a slave to etiquette – he must not lean back in his chair – he must not fan himself – he can only wipe his face – he must not smoke and the present Emperor²²⁵ was desperately fond of smoking and did smoke till forty, when he was [made] Emperor. He is in public from eight to eight – twelve hours a day. He is a species of vice-god under the Lama, who is, however, governed by four Chinese commissioners – his religion and that of the great people is the Confucian – which Staunton could not explain – not atheism, but still not founded on [a] future state. The great body of the people are of the religion of Boo-dah or Fo – a species of Hindu religion. There are about 150,000 Christians dispersed over the whole Empire, but they have no place of worship,

223: Castlereagh is ferociously attacked in the Dedication to *Don Juan*, which B. has agreed to cut.

224: Sir George Thomas Staunton (1781-1859) Trinity graduate but not H.'s contemporary. Expert on China.

225: The Emperor in question is Yongyan of the Qing (Manchu) dynasty (reigned 1796-1820).

nor indeed is there any public worship in the whole country. The priests, or rather monks of Fo, live in societies of two hundred – they are, some of them, supported by the Emperor. When the Emperor issued a decree against Xtianity, he said, “We have one false religion here already which came from a distance – but how much more false must that be which comes from so much farther off?” The Fo people have some notion of future punishments – Staunton has seen pictures of hell – but lucky and unlucky days are the great article of faith throughout. Staunton thought Confucius had been formerly too much cried up, and now too much cried down. He lived about the time of Pythagoras and talks much of the “degeneracy” of his countrymen.

The Chinese history will go back as authentically as that of Greeks and Romans – 4,000 years. Staunton has seen a map of the world of China – a square in a circle – the corners are the rest of the world. The Chinese regard all nations as barbarians – their language is not so difficult as supposed – Staunton met a professor at Paris who could read it well, but could not speak [it].²²⁶ Several of the English factory can now speak and read [it], which is a great advantage in our commercial affairs.

Staunton says the present Emperor is a fool. He sent away the Embassy in a pet,²²⁷ and then was very sorry for it. He ordered all sorts of civilities to be paid them in their four months tour home. Someone persuaded the Emperor that the English fomented the discontents.

Taunton talked slightly of Ellis’s book – done in a hurry to prevent an Anderson from coming out before him. He showed it to Staunton, who made a few remarks, but Ellis would alter nothing. Staunton has in all made ten voyages. He told me he could not stay long at a time at Canton being afflicted with a nostalgia. He is a very modest and agreeable man indeed. He has purchased a seat in parliament, which he says is independent, but he votes with ministers and has their circulars sent to him – he has a very fine fortune.

Monday May 24th 1819: Rode up to London in the rain. Went to Brooks’s – found a humbug letter from Major Cartwright – spoke to Lord John Russell, who asked me what I thought of the *Bank* question!!

Dressed at Davies’s. Went with him to the Crown and Anchor – Burdett and I agreed to say nothing about Cartwright. Small company – 230 or 300, all but

226: Staunton’s Chinese, both spoken and written, was fluent.

227: Staunton refused to kow-tow to the Emperor when Commissioner of the English embassy in Beijing (1816-17). The privilege was granted, but then other difficulties were manufactured and he had to return to Canton.

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nine, speaking and singing as usual. I made a speech which was excessively²²⁸ applauded, and had “some good hits” – so said Burdett, and Bickersteth said it was capital. Fyshe Palmer was there, and spoke well. I committed a blunder in alluding to Major Cartwright’s pamphlet, and that in very harsh, although qualified, terms. Burdett and Davies remonstrated with me.

Drank tea at Scrope’s and rode down to Whitton.

Tuesday May 25th 1819: Got ready a corrected speech for the *Sunday News*, and thought of sending one to the <*Examiner*> *Statesman*, but did not. I shall recollect at another time the necessity of doing everything at once.

Wednesday May 26th 1819: Only Burdett’s speech in the *Statesman*. Bank resolutions passed last night. Finished speech, and sent two copies, one to [the] *Examiner*, one to [the] *Champion*.

Rode out, &c.

Thursday May 27th 1819: Saw in *Statesman* my *not* corrected speech – in this it is put that I said Cartwright’s pamphlet told “absolute falsehoods”. I immediately rode up to London with a letter to the *Statesman*. Called on Kinnaird. Dawdled there, and so arriving at Salisbury Court, Fleet Street, found the *Statesman* had been locked up five minutes before, and locked up with a letter of Cartwright’s in it – a very insolent one indeed. Sampson Perry, the editor – a great ass – would not stop the press and put in my letter, but sent it down with a note to Cartwright.

I rode back to Kinnaird, and sent him to Cartwright, to mention that I had come to town to contradict the report of the speech. I then returned to Whitton to dinner.

Bickersteth, whom I saw at Place’s today, told me he liked my pamphlet much – Mill says that there is not a sentence in it of which he would not be proud to be the author. Burdett is highly pleased – he praised it in his speech of Monday – but I do not see it advertised yet.

Friday May 28th 1819: I receive a letter sent from Cartwright to Kinnaird in which he seems very sorry, and presumes the *Statesman* suppressed his angry note. Walk out, &c. – but it was in – and mine not. Perry got it in the *Chronicle*.

228: “exciserly” (Ms.)

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Saturday May 29th 1819: Rode up to town. Cartwright's letter to me [is] in the *Times*, with a comment laughing at the Major for sending a challenge. Consulted Place, and laughed.

Sat for a profile at [] of man in the Strand. Called on *Examiner* and *Champion* to insert some words in the report of my speech relative to Cartwright.

Thelwall has married a young, pretty girl, his pupil.

Called at Mr Buckes' and had my picture finished. Called at Warne's, 43 Clarge's Street, and asked him whether he had told Cartwright that I neglected my correspondants – he said he had not, but told [me that] the Major had tried to make him say he thought I had received the letter.

Dined at the Rota – Kinnaird and Bickersteth quite satisfied that I was not damaged by the Major's "challenge".

Came home at night.

Sunday May 30th 1819: After long debate with my father and Mr Wilmot, sent a letter which I wrote to the editor of *The Times*, settling this business with Cartwright.

Walked out with Sophy – a party here – sacred music²²⁹ in evening.

Monday May 31st 1819: Dined early – went with my sisters to Drury Lane to see Kean in *Rolla*²³⁰ for his benefit. When I came into the house, several voices cried out, "Hobhouse! Hobhouse!" Many in the pit rose, wave their hats and cheered me. There was a hiss or two, but drowned in the cheerings. I at first did not know what was meant, but soon recovered and bowed once or twice. I am not aware of this notice being conferred upon any but a general or one of the Royal family for some time.

Rolla was poor. Kean acted Diggory Duckleg in the farce of *All The World's a Stage*²³¹ – did it, I thought, neither well nor ill. The papers, however, say it was a complete failure and Kean says so too.

Saw Douglas Kinnaird, who tells me that my letter to the *Times* is good, and has finished the business. Came home at night.

Tuesday June 1st 1819: A long letter in the paper (the Statesman) from

229: "music sacred" (Ms.)

230: "to seek Kean not Rolla" (Ms.) Either *Rolla, or the Virgin of the Sun*, by Kotzebue tr. Benjamin Thompson (1800) or *Pizarro, The Spaniards in Peru; or, The death of Rolla*, tr. Anne Plumptre.

231: A farce by Isaac Jackman. See *Dardanelles*, 27 Apr 1810, and BLJ II 29 and 192.

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Cartwright, which settles him completely. I shall learn prudence another time. Working at election history.

Wednesday June 2nd 1819: The election – employed as usual – riding, walking, and dawdling.

Thursday June 3rd 1819: Ditto – ditto – ditto.

Friday June 4th 1819: Ditto – ditto – ditto.

Saturday June 5th 1819: Writing hard from newspapers for the election – employed in recreations, &c.

Sunday June 6th 1819: Ditto – ditto.

Monday June 7th 1819: The same as before – Whitton life – ride to London.

Tuesday June 8th 1819: Dine in London at Kinnaird's – meet there Burdett, Powel[],²³² a barrister, Pearce – pleasant day. I rode home to Whitton.

Wednesday June 9th 1819: Election working – employed otherwise as usual.

Thursday June 10th 1819: Ditto – ditto.

Friday June 11th 1819: Ditto – ditto.

Saturday June 12th 1819: Ditto – ditto. Rode up to London – dined at Dignum's pot-house in Houghton Street – present Burdett, Kinnaird, Davies – Bethel the mad Irishman,²³³ and Irvine,²³⁴ whom I knew five years ago. Good dinner, pleasant day. Bethel gave us imitations of the Irish bar, the subject being his attempt to cash a note for ten pounds – we had a union piper in the room who played to us.

I came away at ten and rode down to Whitton.

This day went to Murray's and found Kinnaird had just bargained to give

232: Could be "Paul".

233: Bethel unidentified.

234: Irvine unidentified.

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2000 guineas for *Don Juan*, *Mazeppa* and the Ode. Lord Byron is determined to publish at all events anonymously – and without castration²³⁵ – I have given due warning, and can do no more.

Sunday June 13th 1819: At election jobs – riding – walking, &c.

Monday June 14th 1819: Writing in the morning – rode up to London in the rain – dined at Mr Cockburn's with a small party. A Captain Lewis there told me that he was told by a man, who heard it, that when the Persian Ambassador was showing the Prince, at his first audience, a picture of a mare, the Regent said, "I understand you have got a two-legged mare with you". The courtiers drew up. The Persian readily replied, "Yes, Sir – but she is too thin – she won't suit Your Royal Highness at all." This silenced the Prince, who looked blank and stately.

Came back with my sisters to Whitton.

Tuesday June 15th 1819: Writing on election – riding, &c.

Wednesday June 16th 1819: Ditto – after stool was taken with a giddiness – resolved to consult somebody. Rode to Richmond, and visited Sir D. Dundas. He recommended me to be cupped.²³⁶ I went to Twickenham and got cupped by Etherington, who took ten ounces from me – drank no wine – better. Read Boswell's *Life of Johnson*.

Thursday June 17th 1819: Writing as before – far from well – walked out.

In the evening read Boswell and laughed heartily. Lady Holland and Julia and Sophia were at court today – the Regent saluted the girls – they tell me that the populace huzzaed the Prince – this is a token of the downfall of the party.

Johnson told Sir John Hawkins that the conduct of Pultney and his party had done more for the court than all the ministerial writers could do – it had taught the people to have no confidence in the Opposition – this is true now.

Friday June 18th 1819: Writing – I wrote to Lord Byron by Wednesday's post.²³⁷ Rode with Harriet to Richmond, to Sir D. Dundas's. He prescribed for me – seems to think it is my stomach which is out of order. He tells me that the

235: Last two words omitted from *Recollections* (II 112).

236: Compare Aug 19, 21.

237: BB 272-4 (dated June 16th).

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French emigrants who were in his neighbourhood used to remark to him upon the short-lived ages marked on the tombstones, and he said the French certainly live longer than we do – he attributed it to our wine, which contains (red and white), eight ounces of refined spirit in every bottle – just double what common French wines contain – and also to climate.

Tolerably well in the evening – drank no wine. Took a pill, which made me unwell.

Read Hawkins' *Life of Johnson* at night. Sad dog, Hawkins.

Saturday June 19th 1819: Far from well. My head feels odd. Walked out, and rode out. At night, read *Lives of the Poets*. Remember that Waller, in his speech in favour of episcopacy, concluded thus: "I would wish to reform, that is, not abolish, episcopacy" – this is a good quotation for a Reformer.

Much more malevolence against public men formerly than now. Shaftesbury had the dropsy, and was tapped – the taverns then had like wooden barrels to hold wine, with a cock to them – these were called "Shaftesburies".

Sunday June 20th 1819: At election history. Walked out with Sophy. My head still ill – deuce take me if I know where it will end – it affects my brain.

Dined at Wyke. Nobody there but the Ellices. Lady Hannah Ellice tells me that Lord and Lady Grey are all but dead cuts to her – send formal cards, nothing else. Here is proscription. This is because she performed her promise to me. Ellice tried to check her story, but she honestly spoke out, and said thank God she was independent. Ellice showed me the map of his 270,000 acres in Canada, which bring him in £2,000 a year.

Brougham said, "We will have a man against Hobhouse if there is not another man to be found in the world". This was when Sam Whitbread was talked of.

Monday June 21st 1819: Got up early. Read *Lives of the Poets*. Walked for first time before breakfast. Took leave of dear Sophy and Melly, who are gone to Hampshire. Walked with Charlotte – heard grievances. Rode with Harriet – exceedingly uncomfortable about my head. Drank a little wine.

Wilmot, Mrs Wilmot, and two Miss Stratton here.

Defence of People cost £71 printing.

Tuesday June 22nd 1819: Slept well. Got up, better, at nine. A visit from Service. Wrote a note to Burdett including a letter from Place, in which he objects to Burdett's having praised Lamb at our dinner, and desires me to tell

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him so. Long talk with Service.

Wrote journal for three weeks. This day the borough and electors met to celebrate Wilson's return. I [was] not asked, and I see by [a] paragraph in [the] *Statesman* that George Lamb is asked.

Day as usual.

Wednesday June 23rd 1819: Election work ... *Times* arrives. An elector in the borough apologized for my absence – he had asked me, but received no answer – so I fancy that Wilson resolved I should not come, and I write to him a half-jocular note accordingly ... day as usual.

Thursday June 24th 1819: Wrote to the borough stewards. Went to London. Showed my letter to Place and Kinnaid – [the] latter cut out half, as being too free with my opinions. Place approved mightily, but I stood by Kinnaid's taste.

Dined with Kinnaid. Rintoul there. Went in the evening to the opera – saw Duport – returned at night with my sisters. The Easton Grey Smiths [are] here.

Friday June 25th 1819: Election work, and day as usual – ride with Harriet.

Saturday June 26th 1819: Ditto – ditto – how foolish all my tantrums about the borough dinner!

Sunday June 27th 1819 dies natalis 33: Election – ride with Harriett. Did not recollect until the afternoon during the ride that this is my birthday – gave Harriett *Mazepa*²³⁸ as a token thereof.²³⁹

This has been the most important year of my past life – whether for good or for evil, time alone will decide. It has given a complete turn to my fate, as should appear to all eyes. It has thrown me out of what is called *society* in London, and has thrown me into what is called political life. The line which I have adopted is that in which there are the fewest of all possible attractions – almost without a coadjutor – entirely without impartial or capable judges – with no chance of contemporary²⁴⁰ estimation from those who are, as it were, the guardians of the temple of fame – exposed to the attacks of all the retainers of political literature on every side – the advocate of a cause defeated, misrepresented, and contemned

238: Underlined twice.

239: Despite any adverse feelings which the book may awaken: see 1 July 1819. *Mazepa* was officially published on 28 July; this must be an advance copy.

240: “cotemporary” (Ms).

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– and having some of the most active partizans of that cause in oblique or direct opposition to me; with the prospect, even if most successful, of no other reward than that of being placed upon an eminence where I shall be more than ever exposed to the shafts of envy and malice – under all these discouraging circumstances do I perceive that I shall have to fight my way up this hill. But nevertheless I will persevere to the last, and if that which I pursue be, after all, a shadow,

nonante revellar”

“. et inanem prosequar umbram”²⁴¹

Let me have only health – I fear that this year has made inroads on my constitution. I am not able to read and write as formerly for eight or ten hours without rising from my chair, and of late my head has been very unpleasantly affected. If I could but get up early this year I think I should brace my nerves. I am resolved habitually to drink very little wine, and to mix that with water. If I could effectively cure myself of one or two very bad habits I think I should make something of myself. It is not too late, and though the event of the next Westminster Election has pushed me back not a little, still with perseverance there is time to do much.

Dined at home and had a pleasant evening with our friends.

Monday June 28th 1819: Burdett has given notice of a motion on Reform. Election work, and ride.

Tuesday June 29th 1819: Ditto. Ditto. Ditto – read Johnson’s *Lives*²⁴² in the night when I cannot sleep.

Wednesday June 30th 1819: Rode up to London – called on Burdett – heard from him that he had told Wilson that he would not go to the Borough dinner unless I was asked, that Wilson had assured him I was asked, and lastly that when

241: The words of Cato at Lucan, *Pharsalia*, II, 301-3: ... *non ante revellar / Exanimem quam te complectar, Roma; tuumque / Namen, Libertas, et inanem prosequar umbram* (“I shall never be torn away before I embrace the lifeless body of Rome; and I will follow to the grave the mere name and empty shade of Freedom”). Cato is welcoming the prospect of civil war: his words have necrophile overtones, and relate intimately to Mazeppa, bound to the corpse of his equine erstwhile companion.

242: Samuel Johnson, *Lives of the English Poets* (1779-81).

he did go he made a point of desiring the electors to account for my absence. This they readily did, “And,” said Burdett, “would have been more glad to see you than they were Wilson – whom they laugh at”. The man who gave his health called him “Sir Bobby”²⁴³ to Burdett.

Burdett went over the topics of his speech for tomorrow; he moves a resolution only that Parliament will take the question of Reform into consideration, next session early. He has got one or two new *hits* – particularly that the house is a fair representation of *its constituents* but not of the *people*, and that the parliament is *h[]ly* to all but the few popular constituencies,²⁴⁴ since every man who differs from his patron vacates his seat instantly. He was in great spirits.

I walked to Place’s. Paid him seventy-one pounds for printing *Defence of the People*.²⁴⁵ Had a long talk – find he does not like Service – says he is lazy. This is the worst of these sort of people – one never exactly knows who and who are really friends. Not that there is any hypocrisy of apparent friendship, but that one is inclined to think that those seen much together must be bound by ties of mutual esteem and respect. I do not think it is so, in this line of life.

I called on Foscolo – he told me that his opinion of the Whigs was fixed – he said in a letter to me that they sacrifice their principles to their party and their party to some individuals of their party.

He told me that the opposition to the cession of Parga²⁴⁶ had been crushed on account of Lord Lauderdale’s brother,²⁴⁷ and that Monk²⁴⁸ had refused to continue his motion merely because he had heard from Gilburn²⁴⁹ that Gilburn had heard that another man knew that Parga was ceded. “Now,” said Foscolo, “if

243: The joke implies Wilson’s promiscuity.

244: “constituents” (Ms).

245: H.’s anonymous pamphlet *A Defence of the People*, in reply to Lord Erskine’s *Two Defences of the Whigs*, London, 1819, 8vo. Another edition of this pamphlet was published in the same year with his name on the title-page.

246: Parga, on the coast opposite Corfu, had been ceded by the English to Ali Pasha earlier in the month for £124,000, a fact of which many Whigs, including Mackintosh and Scarlett, voiced their shame. The whole population was evacuated in advance of Ali’s occupation, even those buried in the cemeteries. Jeffrey adapts an essay by Foscolo on the subject in the *Edinburgh Review* for October 1819 (pp. 263-93) which Byron may have read, and which may have inspired *The Isles of Greece* in *Don Juan* III, written later in the year. See below, 22 March 1823.

247: Sir Thomas Maitland, “King Tom” of the Ionians; see 14 September 1816.

248: Note pending on Monk.

249: Gilburn unidentified.

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they could not save the honour of the English government, they could have saved the honour of the English nation – but no – they would not”. Ali Pasha had given this lady a shawl, and that lady a compliment, and the Pasha was found to be a very good sort of a fellow, who ought to have what he asked for in a civil way. Foscolo told me that the English submitted to the most extraordinary indignities in the persons of their Ionian subjects. A butcher going over to Prevesa from Santa Maura was seized by Ali, who told him, “I am in love with your nephew of fourteen years old. Tell your brother to send him to my Seraglio or I will keep you here all your life”. The butcher writes to his brother the baker, “If you love me send your son to the Pasha” – the baker consents – sends the boy, who is circumcised &c., and the butcher is released. In 1812 – two soldiers of *Ali's* shot a Greek named Suli on the parade before the English commanding officer at Santa Maura – they were arrested and sent to Zante, but escaped the first night. The French used to hang up *Ali's* Albanians like dogs.

Foscolo is in nice apartments [at] 154 Bond Street, for which he gives £100 a year. I spoke to him about translating his *Thyestes*²⁵⁰ – and about his giving me hints for an essay on Italian tragedy,²⁵¹ but I must take care and be open and above board with him about the latter – he is not a man to accept favours from.

Coming to my lodgings in Clarge's Street, found the invitation from the borough Electors – found that Foscolo's bill of £200 has been honoured – so I am richer than I thought – rode back to Whitton.

Thursday July 1st 1819: Election writing, and correcting Byron's *Don Juan* – *Mazeppa* is making a great noise²⁵² – now suppose anyone else had written it. It contains certainly some fine passages – but I can not make out what the devil Byron means by tacking a poor piece of prose²⁵³ to the end of his volume.

250: *Tieste* (1797).

251: H. never writes the article. One on Italian tragedy by Henry Hart Milman appears in the *Quarterly* for 1820, which refers to Foscolo's works as well as those of Pellico and Manzoni.

252: Murray published *Mazeppa*, with *Venice: an Ode* on 28 June. Such was his marketing skill that many bought it on the assumption that it was *Don Juan*.

253: Written in the company of Shelley, Polidori, Clare and Mary on 17 June 1816, and printed at the end of the *Mazeppa* volume. See CMP 58-61 and 329-34. It contains many echoes of H.'s and Byron's experiences at Ephesus on 13 March 1810 (see notes to that entry, in *Smyrna and the Dardanelles*). H.'s brusque dismissal may be occasioned by the pain the piece caused him, for it clearly places him in the role of narrator, Byron in the role of Darvell, and describes the beginning of their friendship thus: “My advances [towards Darvell] were received with sufficient coldness; but I was young, and not easily

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Burdett's motion²⁵⁴ today.

Friday July 2nd 1819: Election. Burdett's motion supported by between fifty and sixty – Grenfell, a *Whig*, moved the previous orders of the day – Lord John Russell spoke and voted against the enquiry as throwing a slur on the House.

Georgy Lamb made a vulgar, bantering speech, half seconding, half opposing Burdett, but I think he said rather laughingly²⁵⁵ that the Radical Reformers had been "marking time," raising much dust and making no progress. My brother tells me that nobody listened, and the House thinned out as he spoke. He spoke from Fox's seat. Tavistock made a shabby, sly blow at Burdett by speaking first on presenting a petition. Wilmot, Byron's cousin, made his maiden speech *against* the Reformers, and got a good dressing from Burdett – my brother tells me that Burdett was very triumphant indeed. Waithman²⁵⁶ spoke very well, and took Burdett's line – Wood also – a Mr Williams also – Wilson was silly about the time chosen – Byng recommended the *assistance* of the aristocracy, but praised Burdett, and boasted of his "friendship" – this is for his Middlesex electors.

I wrote something for the *Statesman*, but am afraid it went too late. The Whigs should be understood, for, in fact, they were the only opposers of Reform.

Saturday July 3rd 1819: Election – rode out with Harriet. A Mr and Mrs Baillie dined with us – she sings beautifully – cousins of David Baillie. Heard from Miss Twiss a good joke: "How can you spell 'archipelago' with three letters?" – 'Ægean Sea' ('E., G., and C.'). Music in evening – bed – take Hyacinus, or henbane pills, and sleep.

Sunday July 4th 1819: Letter from Borough stewards – very handsome. Up and walk before breakfast. **Write journal since June 22nd.** Day at Whitton.

Monday July 5th 1819: Rode up to London with Henry. Entered into a long explanation with him touching his cursed match, which turns out worse even than was expected by me. Found Burdett at his house, "Just coming down," he said to

discouraged, and at length succeeded in obtaining, to a certain degree, that common-place intercourse and moderate confidence of common and every day concerns, created and cemented by similarity of pursuit and frequency of meeting, which is called intimacy, or friendship, according to the ideas of him who uses those words to express them". (Text from first edition, pp. 61-2).

254: Note pending on Burdett's motion.

255: "laughedly" (Ms.)

256: Robert Waithman (1764-1833), reformer. In Oct 23, made Lord Mayor.

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me. Agreed to dine with Scrope B. Davies – walked about. Called on Mayer the engraver about his engraving of Buck's profile of me – met, at Davies's, Dominick Browne and Burdett. Much talk on Reform, and find Browne, like the rest, absolutely at his alphabet on the subject. It is quite disgusting to have to talk out of one's abundance against any shabby-pated fellow who is crammed with prejudice.

Rode down late ... Kinnaird gone to Bishop's Castle²⁵⁷ ... General Robinson²⁵⁸ being dead.

Tuesday July 6th 1819: At election matters ... walking about with Tom and my sister Harriet. Went to the sea yesterday – Hastings ...

Wednesday July 7th 1819: Writing as usual – though I believe that this day I sent up my Authentic Account of the Westminster Election to Francis Place, finished. It is to be read and approved by the Committee and published by their order.

Thursday July 8th 1819: This day the trials of Burdett and Place as hundreders come on. We hope to expose the Whigs for the hiring [of] ruffians, at least.

Walked about or rode with Tom.

Friday July 9th 1819: Much disappointed at hearing the account of the trial, and thought our lawyers had behaved ill. Wrote a foolish letter to Place, taking him to task for trusting them.

Rode out with Tom, I believe.

Saturday July 10th 1819: Forget what I did – I believe, nothing. Today came a long letter from Place in which he defends himself and [the] lawyers, and put down the failure, if a failure it may be called, solely to the partiality of *Abbott*, the Chief Justice, who encouraged Macdonald in his lying evidence, and will not let the jury go out to consider their verdict. The language of Place's letter is such as I deserve for having told him my mind too freely. He talks of my "noddle"!! Well done, the Tailor. He is right and I am wrong. *Memento* ...

Woodcutting with Tom.

Sunday July 11th 1819: Rode with Tom over to Murray's at Wimbledon²⁵⁹ with

257: In Shropshire.

258: Lt.-Gen. John Robinson II (?1757-1819) brother-in-law of Clive of India.

259: At Murray's private house.

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the last sheets of *Don Juan*, having resolved at my own risk to leave out what Byron has written about Romilly's suicide.²⁶⁰

Dine &c. at home.

Monday July 12th 1819: In the afternoon a note from Burdett, telling me that he is coming down this evening, and – Oh, brave! – “*Kinnaird* is returned – however, [the] numbers [were] 87 to 83.²⁶¹ Honest fellow!”²⁶²

The Douglas being now safe, it is to be hoped our little secret coyness will melt down. He is a kind fellow, but Westminster was too strong a temptation for his honesty. His return I take to be a very auspicious event, and he may make it a very important one; but what he wants is *genius* – he has none whatever – no liveliness – no stretch of general information – no classical learning, nor even historical, to any extent whatever – yet he gets up a subject well, and explains with perspicuity what he understands correctly. His voice and manner are good, his elocution ready, and generally correct. His fault is confusion, and when he has got beyond his tether, there is nothing happy in his mode of retreat.

Burdett came after dinner, in his white coat – he is the universal delight of all our women – indeed, of all who see him. He is in spirits from his Reform speech,

260: Canto I Stanza 15. For Romilly's error, and subsequent change of direction, over the Separation, see entry for 15 Mar 1816. H.'s chance to contest the recent election was a direct result of Romilly's suicide – hence doubtless his decision to censor and be damned. On May 28th Murray had asked B. to remove “the verses on Romilly whose death should save him”: but on June 29th B. had been adamant: “You ask me to spare *Romilly* – ask the Worms. – His dust can suffer nothing from the truth being spoken – and if it *could* – how did he behave to *me*? – – You may talk to the Wind – which will <at least> carry the sound – and to the Caves which will echo you [*The Critic*, II ii 447-8] – but *not* to me on the subject of a villain who wronged me – dead or alive.” H. wrote to B., on the day of publication: “I have taken no other liberty than to leave out a stanza which did not come in my copy but was sent afterwards and called forth a critique from me which you have not received. It is about Romilly – The man has left children whom I know you did not mean to annoy; and though we must both of us think that he has been bepudded at a terrible rate yet the death of both father and mother has left six poor creatures and three or four of them grown up with little support except their father's reputation; and whether that reputation be overrated or not, I am convinced that at this moment you would not wish to impair the legacy as far as they are concerned – At any rate the stanza can be inserted in a subsequent edition if you please – The poet's vengeance like the King's suffers nothing by lapse, ‘nullum tempus occurrit &c..’” (BB 275).

261: But according to Oldfield (IV, 405), Bishop's Castle had only sixty voters.

262: *Kinnaird* seems to win Bishop's Castle again in the March 1821 election, but is declared on appeal not to have done so. He makes no more attempts at parliament.

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and has received sundry complimentary letter thereupon from strangers and others.

Tuesday July 13th 1819: I received Nangle, late schoolmaster to the St Patrick's charity in St Anne's parish, and one of our most active reformers. He comes in great distress. Some of the Catholic board, who exerted themselves for Romilly and Lamb, continued to expel Nangle, and he having spent £7,000, which he received with his wife, he says, by over-good nature, is now in great embarrassment. Place and Adams have given him five pounds each. I thought a little on the subject, and gave him fifty pounds – a great deal more than I can afford, but still, as the poor devil has been ruined partly on my account, I could hardly do less. Eight hundred a year will, however, not produce many such sums. The schoolmaster was quite overcome. He told me he had no funds amongst the Irish, now the Catholics had turned against him, "For," said he, "my family is protestant, and I turned catholic not out of any principle but because my wife was catholic and I fell in love with her". This honest avowal (if he did not turn catholic for the £7,000) is to my mind much in his favour, and for my part I see no reason so good for changing religion as love of a pretty woman.

Poor Nangle shook hands with Burdett, who heard his case with horror, and, doubtless, did something handsome for him.

Burdett and I rode to Ottershaw Park, two miles beyond Chertsey, which the masquerader Mrs Boehm,²⁶³ having failed in trade, is now going to sell. A most vile place in point of taste – an enormous portico at the back entrance, and close to it a church steeple, surmounting, for all I know, a dairy. One glance was enough for Burdett, and we rode home again, dined, &c. Burdett read Foscolo's review of Pius VI. He seemed not so much pleased as I had been, and was right. Foscolo talks of the "corruption of the people" – an idle word: "corruptibility" is the word. Bad government is the source of all corruption – in a good system there can be little or none, and as to luxury – good houses, fine parks, sumptuous fare, never can do harm. If for the attainment of these advantages men suffer themselves to forget the real interest of their country, such a depravity can only show itself in such a system as allows the deviation of individuals from the real law, and the spirit of the institutions of the state. For instance, a nobleman now, for the sake of a place or a garter, will dispose of his two seats in parliament, or for the sake of a fine equipage and a good table – but the blame is not to be

263: See Byron, *Beppo*, 56, 4-6: "... when your mind's made up to go / To-night to M^{rs}. Boehm's Masquerade, / Spectator or Partaker in the Show ..."

thrown upon the poor passions for show and good eating – by no means – but upon the system, which makes parliamentary influence a marketable commodity, and administrable to the said supposed wants.

Burdett's views seem to me generally very striking, but not the less very correct. There is an originality, savouring at first sight of paradox, in what he says; but a little examination seldom fails to show that his criticism is just. When it is recollected that the whole course of his political life has led him to the attack of received and long-established errors, this particular turn of mind, and the success with which he applies his tests, will appear the less remarkable. He is by no means assertative, and yet no man's mouth was so seldom open for offence. He differs without asperity, and although pertinacious about principles, has more candour with respect to persons than was ever found in a political disputant. The air of kindness to individuals, and accommodation to their peculiarities, has permitted some unfair and indiscriminating party men to accuse him of inconsistency, and I well recollect hearing Lambton, or Bennett, accuse him of "not differing with them in private".

The general ignorance prevailing as to the real state of the question of Reform makes the poor party reasoners unable to perceive that, having once established yourself upon the broad but unshakable basis of that principle, a much greater surety in plan and mode of action may be allowed than is safe with him who acts merely for party purposes. The height of the folly here is that the Whigs are angry with Burdett for having acted with them – as if he could help it, when they opposed ministers.

This morning I had a frank: "Douglas Kinnaird – Ludlow".

Wednesday July 14th 1819: Burdett went away early. I rode up to town. Called on Place, and saw his remarks on the *Authentic Account*, to all of which, of course, I assented. I found that Bickersteth had taken my note to Place, and Place's long answer relative to the late trial to Burdett, and them to him. Now this is not fair; but when I called on Bickersteth afterwards, I took no notice of this – I see the necessity of understanding associates who sacrifice those with whom they are less intimate to those with whom they are more intimate, or, if they have a point in view, even vice versa – for surely Bickersteth was less interested in defending Place and Place's lawyers than in defending me. However, it is well that I understand him – and his morality. Place made no secret of the thing, but Bickersteth did. He therefore thought it wrong.

Walked with Burdett to Kinnaird's – congratulated the new member – rode home.

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Wrote to Byron yesterday.²⁶⁴

Thursday July 15th 1819: Employed this day in picking up and sorting letters, newspapers &c., so that if any accident happens to me²⁶⁵ my papers may be ready for burning, or for such purpose as may seem requisite.

Rode up to London and dined on turtle with Douglas Kinnaird. Present Fysche Palmer,²⁶⁶ Robert Gordon, – Powell the solicitor²⁶⁷ Robert Knight, Burdett, [and] Rintoul – We sat talking on Reform. Powell and Gordon showed themselves, as usual with anti-reformers, most wholly ignorant of the question – Kinnaird did not shine – he was prosy.

At eleven we walked out to look at the outside of Carlton House,²⁶⁸ where the Prince was giving a fête – present amongst others Lady Caroline Lamb – and young Burdett²⁶⁹ in a suit of complete armour. He is now of the Tenth Hussars again, and is behaving well with his father.

Burdett and I walked about the streets talking politics till two in the morning, when I mounted my horse and rode to Whitton.

Don Juan published yesterday.²⁷⁰

264: In fact, on the following day – 15 July (BB 275-7).

265: See last sentence of entry.

266: Fysche Palmer unidentified.

267: Powell the solicitor unidentified.

268: Home of King George in Pall Mall; see *Don Juan* X, 85, 3.

269: See 6 August 1818.

270: In fact the poem was published *on* July 15th; H. perhaps writes after midnight. He also wrote this day to Byron, despite his anxiety, “Whitton. Thursday July 15. 1819. / My dear Byron – / *Don Juan* is this day published, and three handsome copies are come down to me by the coach – it is in quarto very superb. In order to increase the mystification there is neither author’s name nor publisher’s name – only T. Davison, Printer, White Friars, London – This will make our wiseacres think that there is poison for King Queen and Dauphin in every page and will irritate public pruriency to a complete priapism – Your directions have been followed as far as they have been received and I have taken no other liberty than to leave out a stanza which did not come in my copy but was sent afterwards and called forth a critique from me which you have not received. It is about Romilly – The man has left children whom I know you did not mean to annoy; and though we must both of us think that he has been bebuffed at a terrible rate yet the death of both father and mother has left six poor creatures and three or four of them grown up with little support except their father’s reputation; and whether that reputation be overrated or not, I am convinced that at this moment you would not wish to impair the legacy as far as they are concerned – At any rate the stanza can be inserted in a subsequent edition if you please – The poet’s vengeance like the King’s suffers nothing by lapse, ‘nullum tempus occurrit’ &c..[.] The stanzas giving a short biography of the pox

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Friday July 16th 1819: Employed sorting letters and newspapers. Rode out with Tom and called on William Petre, who is ill with a phthisis[c]al complaint, I fear.

Saturday July 17th 1819: Settled with my Siennese Battista, who is obliged to quit me for ill-health, which seems not calculated for our climate. Paid his fare to Paris, and gave him twenty pounds over his wages, wishing him well. He is as honest as a servant and an Italian can well be, but I learn since his departure that he told my father that his twenty pounds was twenty guineas.

At half-past seven I set off in a post-chaise with Kitty, my sister, for Hastings, and at half-past seven in the evening arrived at Hastings, having travelled through a lovely country. Found Harriet in a miserable nutshell of a lodging, and ill of a cold.

Sunday July 18th 1819: Writing letters. Walking. Dine at four. Walk out with Kate and Matty through hop-grounds, and other beautiful scenery in this neighbourhood, which is delightful.

Monday July 19th 1819: Took a house in Wellington Place for ourselves – wrote a note on Sturch for the *Authentic Account*. Dine early. Walk out with Kate and Matty – read poetry at home in the evening. Harriet [wrote a] letter.

Tuesday July 20th 1819: Finished *Anti-Sturch*²⁷¹ – wrote several letters. See by papers great preparations for Smithfield Reform meeting tomorrow. Henry Hunt in the chair – *Times* full of it – 10,000 special constables said to be sworn in. [The] Lord Mayor wished to know if he could stop the meeting – Sidmouth²⁷²

have also, partly at your desire, been amputated – and may at your desire be inserted at any time. I think, however, the book looks as well without the said syphilis – and the asterisks are wonderfully better calculated to inflame curiosity than any display of your medical learning. And now I shall go to London this day to hear what the world say – you may depend upon a great sensation – It was announced thus. *Don Juan..tomorrow* [underlined twice] There's a way for you!! *To morrow* [underlined twice] *The Comet! to morrow!* Mr Murray managed so well that Mazeppa was taken for Don Juan and greedily bought up like 'that abominable book the scandalous magazine.' But 'Don Juan tomorrow' undeceived those who thought they had got their pennyworth to day. You shall hear what is said if what is said is handsomely said – and so be satisfied that you have had your wicked will of your best friends – (BB 275-6).

271: His current pamphlet, against a fellow Westminster radical.

272: The Home Secretary.

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said, “No”.

Called on Blaquièrè,²⁷³ the author of *Letters from the Mediterranean*²⁷⁴ – he told me that he had lately been on a mission to see what the Bonaparte family would do for O’Meara.²⁷⁵ Lafitte²⁷⁶ has large sums of Napoleon’s, which he will not refund at all. Eugene Beauharnais has millions, and suffers himself to be a catspaw of the Emperor of Russia, with the hopes of being in the Regency when *the Bourbon dynasty fall in France*. The whole family seem to know him. Hortense, living at Constance on £4,000 a year, is selling her diamonds. She sent her compliments to me, and eternal gratitude for *The Last Reign of Napoleon*.²⁷⁷ Napoleon also told O’Meara that it was the only tolerable account of his Hundred Days – others of the family express themselves infinitely obliged. Blaquièrè says that the French translation has been suppressed in Paris. Blaquièrè actually hinted that it would be *worth anything* to the Bonaparte family to have *me* in parliament – I took notice of this remark. Blaquièrè is an Irishman²⁷⁸ – he evidently meant that a few thousand to buy *me* first and a seat *for me* afterwards would not be thrown away!!! This shows him to me at least.

Walked in the evening after dinner.

Wednesday July 21st 1819: Reading *The Bride of Lammermoor*,²⁷⁹ a very beautiful novel – I like it perhaps next to *Waverley* – a good quotation there about the Whigs:

To see the corn upon the rigs
And a gallows built to hang the Whigs
And the right restored where the right should be
“Oh that is the thing that could wanton me.”²⁸⁰

273: Edward Blaquièrè, subsequently co-founder with H. and others of the London Greek Committee.

274: *Letters from the Mediterranean; containing a civil and political account of Sicily, Tripoly, Tunis, and Malta: with biographical sketches, anecdotes, and observations, illustrative of the present state of those countries, and their relative situation with respect to the British Empire* (1813).

275: See 12 July 1824.

276: Jacques Lafitte (1767-1844) Governor of the Bank of France.

277: The popular title of *Letters*.

278: “And therefore prone to fantasising and exaggeration”.

279: Volumes 1-3 of Scott’s *Tales of my Landlord*, third series (1819).

280: Cut from later editions of *The Bride of Lammermoor* (Chapter VII).

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There is also a piece of prose in the page opposite very good also for the anti-party purpose.²⁸¹

I bathed in warm bath²⁸² – a lazy day – removed after dinner to Wellington Place. Walked out by myself along the sea shore, wild and melancholy. I thought I would walk in for two pence²⁸³ – accordingly, seeing a little girl in great agony about her bonnet that was blown in – I did walk in nearly up to my breech, and pick it out for her – this was better than drowning, but it was not good nature.²⁸⁴

Came home, read some of Spenser's *Faery Queen* aloud – bed at eleven. Lead a tolerable rational life – drink little wine – but still there *remains!!*

Could not sleep for a cursed jack²⁸⁵ – removed to 6, Wellington Place.

Thursday July 22nd 1819: Letters from Kinnaird, from my father. News that Palmer will give his daughter *nothing* till his death. Wrote to my father – wrote to Melly – read some of *L'Asse Italiana*, an Italian periodical paper published in London.²⁸⁶ See honourable mention made of the *Essay*²⁸⁷ there.

Hear from Blaquièrè that Foscolo is not liked by the Italians in London – he won't help the essayists – from what I see I think he is right.

Rode out with Harriet to Fairlight Down²⁸⁸ – lovely views on all sides – dine – then walk out with *chits*²⁸⁹ to Fairlight Down – too far for them – saw, I think, a little of the comet²⁹⁰ tonight.

Friday July 23rd 1819: See by papers that the Smithfield meeting went off quietly – only Hunt there, not Cartwright, not Wolseley, nor Northmore – Hunt seems to slur at the absence of “certain gentlemen” – whom does he mean?

Letter from Place – calls my *Anti-Sturch* “admirable” – sends [the] list of

281: Ravenswood's words: “I hope to see the day when justice shall be open to Whig and Tory, and when these nick-names shall only be used among coffee-house politicians, as slut and jade are among apple-woman, as cant terms of idle spite and rancour”: also cut from later editions.

282: An unique occurrence; no wonder H. seems unlucky in love.

283: Via a bathing-machine.

284: Not that rescuing the little girl's hat was ill-natured, but that sea-bathing is unnatural.

285: Perhaps H. has been taught that self-abuse leads to blindness and insanity.

286: Italian periodical unidentified.

287: Foscolo's uncredited Essay on Italian Literature in *Illustrations*.

288: Eastwards up the coast from Hastings.

289: His half-siblings.

290: The great comet of July 1819, seen throughout Europe that month.

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those who voted for Maxwell and Lamb – 2,755 – somewhat more than 300 Maxwellists voted for me – of them, one hundred plumpers – pressed votes in [the] election of 1818.

I write journal this morning from July 4th.

Saturday July 24th 1819: I write and read a little in the morning – sometimes Reform prose – sometimes verse, which I have long meditated, *de omne scibili*, &c. and which I think of calling *The Fire of London*, alluding to what the Lord Mayor some days after this, namely, that the Reformers had a plan for burning the City of London.

I dine at four. At six I ride out in this beautiful country with Harriet. Bed at eleven. Toothache, dreadful, for several nights.

Sunday July 25th 1819: Ditto – ditto – ditto.

Monday July 26th 1819: Ditto – ditto.

Tuesday July 27th 1819: The same – same – toothache better – walking and riding. In the evening, Campbell's *Specimens of Poetry*.

Wednesday July 28th 1819: The same – the same – nothing to record.

Thursday July 29th 1819: Nothing to record – never dine out.

Friday July 30th 1819: The same – read Fearon's *Sketches of America* at night – He gives what appears to me a most faithful account of what he saw, but he does talk nonsense about the Caucus.

Saturday July 31st 1819: Ditto, ditto – fine weather, always.

Monday August 1st 1819: Ditto, ditto.

Tuesday August 2nd 1819: Ditto, ditto.

Tuesday August 3rd 1819: Ditto – sometimes walk about and sit with Blaquièrè, whom I assist in something he is writing about – Sandt, the killer of Kotzebue.²⁹¹ He, Blaquièrè, is a downright bookseller's hack in the pay of

291: August Friedrich Ferdinand von Kotzebue (1761-1819) German satirist and

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Colburn the bookseller.

Wednesday August 4th 1819: Ditto – little reading – beautiful country.

Thursday August 5th 1819: Ditto. I believe Henry came this day – or last Thursday.

Friday August 6th 1819: Going on as before – one of these days I wrote a long letter to Baillie.

Saturday August 7th 1819: Walking about – hear Henry's case – Palmer will do nothing for him – I, at the risk of appearing unnatural, advise him to go to India.

Sunday August 8th 1819: Ditto – drank tea with Blaquièrre at Foster's farm – a Mr Wetherall there.

Monday August 9th 1819: As usual. One of these days I rode with Henry to Pevensey, and saw the old castle – very old – record of it in [the] time of Rufus²⁹² – bay where the Conqueror landed – very interesting country.

Told Hal what I thought of his faults.

Tuesday August 10th 1819: Ditto – ditto. Employed writing – walking – riding, &c.

Wednesday August 11th 1819: In the same way – walked out with girls – Henry rode with Harriet.

Thursday August 12th 1819: Henry went away to Whitton ... occupations as before.

Friday August 13th 1819: Ditto – ditto, &c.

dramatist (see *Mansfield Park*) had been stabbed on 19 March by a student called Sandt for his ridiculing of the high-minded and patriotic *Burschenschaft* university movement. As a result, Metternich suppressed the movement, with which H. would have been in sympathy.

292: William Rufus, 1056-1100.

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Saturday August 14th 1819: Ditto – ditto.

Sunday August 15th 1819: Ditto – ditto. Remember the beautiful glen. Rode and walked there.

Reading Shaw's *Travels*. Recollect what he says of the Arabs inviting everybody to eat with them, though there shall be nobody within a hundred miles to hear them: like a speech from The Throne inviting The People to tell what they want, &c. [The] style of Shaw's preface to George II [is] free, though very loyal. I think priests do not write so now.

Read also a most extraordinary book just published in France – Dumont's *Slavery*. His incredible hardships [are] quite laughable from horror. He was in the Koubal Mountains 34 [years]. All the events from the siege of Gibraltar up to the taking of Algiers by Lord Exmouth in 1816 [were] told to him at once. He walked about with the Legion of Honour appended to his button, not knowing what it was. [He was] so wretched at Paris [that] he thought of going back to Algiers. [He is] now at the Hospital of the Invalids. Remember the catastrophe of the *famille Etienne*.

Monday August 16th:²⁹³ Ditto – ditto.

Tuesday August 17th 1819: Ditto. Letter from Henry, telling me that my father says "Well-judging men expect a struggle!!" I told this to Blaquièrre – all looking up to see what Burdett will do. Settling accounts, paying bills – horses £10 10s 0d. Lent William two pounds. Battista has turned out a rogue – writes to my father for five pounds.

Wednesday August 18th 1819: Rode by Ninfield and Lewes to Worthing. Beautiful country to Lewes. Set off at half-past eight – arrived about two – distance fifty miles. After some time found a house taken by my father at N^o 2, Landon Terrace. Dined at Sea Horse Hotel – girls came late.

Thursday August 19th 1819: I believe this day's post brought news of the dreadful Manchester massacre – which took place on Monday last. Hunt and his confrères seized on their hustings – sabering and shooting of the multitude – five killed²⁹⁴ – no-one knows how many wounded – some say 200, some 300 – done by Yeomanry – regulars guarded the ground. Most horrible event of these days –

293: The Peterloo Massacre occurs on this day.

294: In fact fifteen people were killed at Peterloo.

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this is a struggle indeed!! The end of it will be either a reform of parliament or a despotism.

I write appendix for the *Authentic Account*.

Ride out in evening with Harriet and walk out on sands – very fine here.²⁹⁵

Friday August 20th 1819: This day, after great agitation, I resolve to write a letter to the *Statesman*²⁹⁶ expressive of my horror at the massacre, and sending £100 to the sufferers for redress. I write the letter – and enclose it to Bickersteth – or advice instead of Place – this I conclude to be as bold a step as ever man took – Burdett has not yet come forward.

Ride, &c. – –

Saturday August 21st 1819: This day a meeting at the Crown and Anchor – one Waddington in the chair – Major Cartwright will not take it. I can do nothing, being in continued agitation about this atrocity – the *Times*, the *Chronicle*, all the papers except the *New Times* and *Courier* and *Post* attack the Massacrers.

I would have gone to today's meeting had I known of it in time.

Sunday August 22nd 1819: Letter from Bickersteth. He says I may or I may not. I resolve to do it, so enclose my letter to the *Statesman*, expecting certain martyrdom – – – as well as loss of money. Write appendix – lounge about – ride, &c.

Selden²⁹⁷ born at Salvington near here.

Monday August 23rd 1819: Writing appendix. See a good deal of Mr Forbes and family – he is an intelligent man. Ride and walk a little – write to Place.

Tuesday August 24th 1819: In the *Statesman*, see my letter, with grand encomiums!!! Expect attacks without number in other papers.

Writing, &c – riding, &c. Smithfield meeting said to be put off.

Wednesday August 25th 1819: Not a word in any paper!! This shows me that I have still to fight hard to get even abused – Hazlitt is going to attack me for

^{295:} H. writes in Worthing.

^{296:} The *Statesman* was published between 1806 and 1824.

^{297:} John Selden (1584-1654) English antiquarian and moderate Parliamentarian. Author of *Table Talk*.

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cutting out the notice against him in <*Childe Harold*> *Don Juan*²⁹⁸ – strange. He says I did it *to sink him*!! How came he to know it at all? What a scoundrel!!²⁹⁹ This atrocious massacre in everybody's mouth. Nothing else talked of – Smithfield meeting held – by the ultra ultra Reformers, who attacked Cartwright and Wooller!!³⁰⁰ All went off quietly. The same day appears the Prince Regent's approbation of the Manchester massacre, signed [by] Sidmouth. In some day's papers, an address from Sir Francis Burdett to the electors of Westminster!! such a performance – he calls for a public meeting.

Family arrive here – all well.

Thursday August 26th 1819: Burdett's address – I do not know what to think of it. I wrote to Place, offering to come to London and do any thing the reformers wished. Dined – rode out with Harriet to the Downs – in the evening came a parcel and letter from Place – he tells me he shall not help me at the next Westminster Election, at least not ostensibly, and thus is glad I did not ask his advice about the £100 – this is all I get for my "magnanimous" effort!!! He tells me that Sidmouth sent for Brook³⁰¹ to tell him the government intend *to prosecute* Burdett's address!! This shook me at first, but afterwards I see nothing but good can come of it – proofs of authentic account.

Long letter from Byron today,³⁰² dated Ravenna.³⁰³

Friday August 27th 1819: I answer Place's letter at length and keep a copy thereof. I write to Perry of the *Statesman*, and **a miserable journal from July 24th.**

Saturday August 28th 1819: Went, on the outside of the coach, at half-past five³⁰⁴ to London – a most beautiful ride indeed. Arrived at the Elephant and Castle about twelve. Took a hackney coach and went to the Hummums – bathed – took up my quarters there. Called on Frank Place. He told me that the Reformers wished me to draw up an address to the Regent, for the adoption of

298: A Freudian error. H. is trying to dismiss *Don Juan* from his mind.

299: B.'s note on Hazlitt, attacking him for impugning B.'s consistency in his attitude to Napoleon – is at CPW V 682-3.

300: Cartwright and Wooller are normally thought of as "ultra ultra reformers".

301: Samuel Brooks was Burdett's agent in Westminster.

302: BLJ VI 200-1.

303: Where he had been, with Teresa, since June 10th.

304: Five-thirty in the morning. H. arrives in London at noon.

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the meeting which was fixed for Thursday.³⁰⁵

I went home – walked out – found my brother Henry – dined with him and S.B.Davies (I believe) at Brooks's.

Sunday August 29th 1819: Breakfasted at the Imperial Hotel, drawing up the address. Called on Bickersteth – found that there is no news of Burdett, whom Fisher has gone down to find, but that a letter has arrived desiring Brooks to give Burdett up as the author of the letter. Read my rough draft³⁰⁶ to Bickertseth.

I went with Davies and Henry in Davies's carriage to Wyke, and dined there with Ellice, Lady Hannah, Lady Grey, and Lady E. Whitbread. Heard nothing, except that Lord Grey has written to old Lady Grey to let him know how matters are going on, stating he is very uneasy, and not liking to write to Ellice – poor man! like a spoiled, fretful, anxious child!

Returned at night.

Monday August 30th 1819: Early this morning, S.B.Davies burst into my room and told me he had a favour to ask – £370 for a week to help Bob Bligh. I consented, although I knew not what would come of it, and although I had my £100 to pay to the Reformers – but if a man is not to help his friend at a dead lift, what is he good for? Matters must be in a sad plight with friend Scrope – this is the first application he ever made to me since we were at college.

Got up. Re-wrote the address – went to Place's, where met Bickersteth – read it – Place approved – gave it to Bickersteth to look over.

Burdett arrived. Saw him – dined with him, Henry, and Davies, at Brooks's. Went at eight to the Crown and Anchor, where was a public meeting of the Requisitionists for the public meeting [??] – very well received – much cheered. Found them discussing about the day. Someone – Wilson of St Margaret's – wanted to give the Whigs time to come, but the postponement to Thursday was thought long enough. Ellice promised to come, but he will not. I spoke, and spoke ill, but strange to say, every paper made a favourable report, because Reform is not the question, though I took care to bring it in.

Came back and drank tea with Burdett – bed – slept well.

Tuesday August 31st 1819: Preparing what I should say at the meeting. Called on Bickersteth. He made some alterations in the beginning of the address. Jones

305: This large meeting at New Palace Yard on Thursday, September 2nd, is the subject of *A Third Canto*, supposedly William Hone's parody of *Don Juan*.

306: "draught" (Ms.)

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called³⁰⁷ – walked to Burdett's – laid the address before him – he, supported by Davies, [was] much against the introduction of Reform at all into the proceedings at the meeting. The *Times* and *Chronicle* take the same tone. But Bickersteth and I know that if we do not mention the Reform, the Cartwrightians will think we have abandoned it. The said gentry are now crying up Burdett and myself – they own the conduct of both to have been most handsome. Wooler has made the *amende honorable*. Hunt, in a letter to Mrs Vince, speaks with regret at having used violent language – this is all very well for the present.

I left the address with Burdett, "For him," as Bickersteth said, "to put down some of his strong words". Coming back in a couple of hours, I found Burdett had done nothing – he said he could not alter – everything had been said strong enough. He wished to leave out the last paragraph about Reform, and insert something about dismissing ministers. Dined at <S.B.Davies's – an ordinary at 7s 6d a head – he gave wine> {the St James's Cobbett only}³⁰⁸

Bickersteth and I, after discussing the Reform part with Burdett, then went to a meeting of the Management Committee at Place's. Present: Henry Brooks, and Richter, and Puller. Went back for the address – told Burdett the news that Cartwright and Thistlewood³⁰⁹ and the Universal Suffrage gang had resolved to come down on Thursday. Cartwright has been manoeuvring to get his "bill" recommended – he has written to Bentham, who sent the letter, unread, to Place.

Returned to Place's. Found *Mill* there – we discussed the resolutions – struck out something against "the two parties". Read the address – Mill approved it much – all of them insisted that Reform must be introduced. They would have nothing to do in a matter where Reform was not discussed. We shall have great difficulties with Cartwright.

Returned to Burdett. Told him the result. He said, "Well, if it must, it must". Walked home with Bickersteth and went to bed.

Wednesday September 1st 1819: Speech. Transmitted address at half-past eight to Place, to be copied. Busied about business. *Times* and *Chronicle* still deprecate any introduction of Reform.

Dined at Scrope's *ordinary* – letter from Cartwright, telling me he shall propose certain resolutions at the meeting if not content with those prepared, which resolutions he encloses. He signs himself "with much respect".

I went to a meeting of about twenty-two at the Crown and Anchor, consisting of the principal Requisitionists. Place in the chair. Found Bowie there, as the

307: "Jones Burdett called" (Ms.)

308: Conjectural reading. Text unclear.

309: Arthur Thistlewood, leader next year of the "Cato Street Conspiracy".

Major's advocate – we had a tough debate with this drawling Scotchman. Place managed the question of the Major's bill most admirably – he asked how many had read it – only four out of twenty-two – “Then we could not recommend it”. Bowie gave up. Galloway, the engineer, objected to the word “subjects” in the address. We did not finish until half-past eleven, when the resolutions and addresses were all agreed upon – but we still thought it possible Cartwright might make difficulties.

Thursday September 2nd 1819: A fine day. Up early, looking at what I was to say. Walked to Henry's, 43 Clarges Street. We hear that Government will not interfere – but we know that every preparation is made by the soldiers. Burdett and [I] had a conversation whether it would be better to offer himself up at once lest the ministers should serve the warrant on him at the hustings – after some debate it was resolved he should not take any step.

Went with Burdett in a hackney coach to Palace Yard. Henderson's Coffee House. An immense crowd at the back door. Cheering found in the Committee Room. Major Cartwright. I was introduced to him by Barrie and shook hands. Burdett and he shook hands. Burdett had before written to him a kind letter when he heard the Major was prosecuted – to which the Major returned a “querulous” answer. We had, even in the Room, some discussion about the Bill, and were obliged to promise the Major another meeting before we could get rid of it.

At one o'clock we went out of the window upon the hustings. A magnificent spectacle indeed – such as I had never seen at the same place before. The whole area and quite beyond were full of people. The hackney coaches at first interrupted a little, but they were walked off by ye people crying “Off and off!” – this was the only interruption to Burdett's speaking, or to anybody's, for never was so orderly a meeting.

I was on Burdett's right hand, Clarke³¹⁰ and Major Cartwright on his left. No *Whigs* present!!! Seven reporters for the *Times* there, five for the *Chronicle* &c. The wretched band of Universal Suffrage people with their two banners and white sticks, which did not amount to twenty-five people, instead of Thistlewood's 70,000, made no impression whatever.

There was cheering. We were nobly received. The papers give a very fair account of the proceedings of the day. Hunt certainly was the most cheered, but then the signal was given from the hustings by the man who had proposed him at the last election but one.

Burdett spoke very ably. Familiarly, but ably. He said not one word of reform. His speech was repeated almost verbatim in every paper. The *Chronicle*

310: Clarke was a radical colleague of Burdett and H.

1819: *Don Juan*, Westminster, and Peterloo

gave the best account of mine. Cartwright held up his hand *alone* against the Resolution about Reform – he did not speak, but Walker spoke of him. Thelwall spoke.³¹¹ Some attempts were made by Mr Gale Jones,³¹² but he was kept back, and chiefly by Tyas³¹³ of the *Times*.

Everything was over by half-past three. Richter lent over and cried, “Home! Home!” and the word was repeated by the crowd, which dispersed in floods most tranquilly. Burdett and I mounted horses and rode off amidst loud shoutings which pursued us as far as Pall Mall. We then rode in Hyde Park.

Burdett remarked that the people were much changed. He recollected that it would have been useless to speak to them as we spoke today. Fox and Sheridan used to joke and talk *down* to them. As for myself, I certainly, according to my humble power, try to speak my best at all times – I quoted Tacitus and Montesquieu by name today.³¹⁴ Certainly *I* am the most popular man in Westminster after Burdett – but what of that? Though I do not think the people so mutable as they are said to be, yet change they may – and if a better man [than] I should arise, they would be right to go to him.

Burdett, my brother, and Bickersteth dined at Scrope’s ordinary. In the evening I went and prepared my speech for the papers. It was too late for the *Times*, and went to the *Statesman* and the *Star*, very near as I spoke out.

Came back, drank tea &c.

Friday September 3rd 1819: Papers today very fair. The *Chronicle*, however, regrets there was anything said about Reform – says that it was clear “the Committee continued to make the meeting subservient to Mr Hobhouse’s electioneering interests,” but still claims that Burdett and I spoke moderately, and that the Address was powerfully written. If a man is never to come forward without exposing himself to the charge of a private motive, what will be the result? The fact is, the Committee made nothing of my effort, which was the first. It was not known – even the *Morning Herald* observed that my “good gift had been kept out of sight”. But who was to help the Reformer? The Whigs would not, and if they employed me, it was but fair that I should be thanked. The fact is, the People would have thanked me, I think, if there had been no thanks in the

311: “de more saw” (Ms.)

312: John Gale Jones (1769-1838) much-prosecuted radical.

313: John Tyas, a reporter for the *Times*, wrote an account of the Peterloo Massacre, at which he was arrested.

314: Neither writer is mentioned by name in H.’s speech as reported in the *Morning Chronicle*.

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resolutions. The *Chronicle* owns that “the definition of Reform in the Resolutions is a good one”. Now this definition is Uniform Suffrage³¹⁵ – the very uniformity which the *Chronicle* in March last said the Whigs rejected.

Called at Burdett’s – find him gone – called at Place’s.

Received today a message from Mr Hunt and Mr Ireland, thanking me “for my handsome conduct towards him”. I said that I had done it from a principle of justice – I added that I hoped Mr Hunt would keep aloof from those who blackguarded all the Westminster Reformers. Mr Ireland said he would – and he stated that Mrs Vince, his mistress, was much hurt at Mr Gale Jones, who, it seems, has written a letter in the *New Times* abusing the conduct of the Burdettites at the meeting.

I sat for my profile to a Mr Gaugain at the desire of the St Martin’s Committee – a poor stick, but he made a likeness at last. Henry and I dined at the Piazza together, and then went to the play at the Haymarket – *Pigeons and Crows* – rather laughable.

Saturday September 4th 1819: [A] modest request from Mrs Perry of the *Statesman* to ask Burdett to lend her husband £1,500.

I hear that Cartwright is offended again – that he has written to Burdett, saying that he will have nothing to do with the Treasurership of the Committee – that it was an insult not to put him on the Committee – but he still wishes to know when Burdett goes up with the address, that he may give orders to his tailor in time. Burdett is hurt at the appointment of the Major to go with him, and, I believe, would rather I did not go. As for me, I do not care about it at all, and would willingly keep back to prevent Cartwright from going.

S.B.Davies pays me my £370.³¹⁶

I go to Whitton on his chestnut mare, with my brother – dine there – melancholy night. Read in *Edinburgh Review* of 1807 an article on Cobbett, in which I see that Burdett is there thought to be for Annual Parliaments and Universal Suffrage!

Sunday September 5th 1819: Pass this day at Whitton – looking like a deserted vault. Write a letter to Hammer, for my brother, who has resolved to go overland to India, and has made all the preparations therefor.

315: The principle of Uniform Suffrage – equal voting rights in all constituencies – still leaves unanswered the question, who should have the vote in the first place?

316: Davies’s cheque bounces. See 11 October 1819.

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Monday September 6th 1819: Rode up to London – sat again to Mr Gaugain – went to Place. Corrected last proofs of *Authentic Account*. Gave my £100 for Reformers, and £10 more for election business since. Receive a letter from one Giles, asking me to come to Crown and Anchor to take into consideration respecting a triumphal entry for Mr Hunt. Not I. The papers are full of his correspondence.

Dine at the Piazza with Harry, who is beginning to get out of spirits. Tried to go to a play, but did not.

Tuesday September 7th 1819: Thought of going to Worthing today. Henry came – in dreadful sorts – talked of suicide, and all sorts of horrors. He owned his weakness. I laughed and reasoned, but in vain – at last I believe he was aware that he was sick indeed. Poor fellow – his servant has run away – this is good riddance.

No coach today – I resolve not to go, but to dine with Henry and his wife – I do not dine with him. Stroll about. Dine with Scrope at the St George's Coffee House – drink tea at Parliament Coffee House with Henry, and Mary, and Mary's two sisters. Mary very well, and well-behaved – said I was [to] show her and her sisters about Cambridge at Xmas next.

Home. Bed.

Wednesday September 8th 1819: Tried to go off at half-past eight, but the coach full, and so I went to Clarge's Street and breakfasted with Henry. Wrote two letters for him.

Wrote to Byron,³¹⁷ from whom I had a letter in which he talks of coming to England in the spring – or going to South America.³¹⁸

Set off in coach at two p.m. for Worthing – read the new *Quarterly* by the way: a most interesting number. I am quoted, and, for a wonder, in a review written by Southey – without censure.

Arrived at half-past nine. Found all dear girls well – slept well.

Thursday September 9th 1819: Journalising for ten days. I read the *Statesman*, and find that after all my own speech was not inserted.

317: The letter is dated 10 September (BB 278-9).

318: BLJ VI 211-12 (20 August 1819).

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Friday September 10th 1819: Riding, walking, dining, and going out in the evening, sometimes to the play, sometimes to a party or ball. In the morning, write a little poetry of my intended satire,³¹⁹ and read newspapers – now a serious employment for those who are in public life.

Saturday September 11th 1819: No record to make different from the foregoing. Went to the play – *Heart of Midlothian*.

Sunday September 12th 1819: Ditto – ditto ... I believe that I dined with Michael Bruce today.

Monday September 13th 1819:³²⁰ The same – the same – a lazy, luxurious life.

Tuesday September 14th 1819: Also the same. This day my mother gave a ball for her girls, and I danced a country dance with Miss Cole – Worthing a gay place indeed ...

Wednesday September 15th 1819: Writing and riding. Dined with Dr Young, commonly called, as his silly wife said to Bruce, “Phenomenon” Young. He seems to have a strange hotchpotch in his head, but he pretends to know more than he does know. He always contradicts, and that at hazard, too. Sir George Staunton was there – the modest man was silent and abashed. Michael Bruce, and Lady Parker, his widow-wife,³²¹ a very nice woman, so I think.

I read out of a volume of Shakespeare at night: *The Tempest* – *Measure for Measure* – the last my favourite play ... Henry came here today.

Thursday September 16th 1819: Employed as usual. Rode with Henry ... he is better in health, but still unwilling to proceed on his journey.

Friday September 17th 1819: Ditto – ditto. Went to the play tonight I believe, and this day received a letter from Tavistock, telling me he had sent £50 to the Manchester Fund, but wishing me to distribute it among the wounded solely. I write to him telling him to reconsider his verdict, and remonstrating against the

319: Perhaps the poem known as William Hone’s *A Third Canto*. See 23 February 1820.

320: On this date Orator Hunt is given a hero’s welcome by Londoners.

321: Bruce had in 1818 married Marianne, the widow of B.’s cousin Admiral Sir Peter Parker.

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conduct of the Whigs in the *Chronicle* in attributing all the stir made in Westminster to an electioneering trick in my favour ...

Saturday September 18th 1819: As usual. Nothing to mention – but I believe either this day or yesterday dined with Holmes, whipper-in to the Treasury. He said he was a “ministerial hack” at his own table. He said that Lamb’s speech about the Jury acting against law had settled him in Westminster with all the “loyal” people. There was a Mr O’Callaghan³²² there, an agreeable man, a member of the Irish parliament apparently.

Sunday September 19th 1819:³²³ I think that I this day received some disagreeable intelligence from Lord Byron³²⁴ – he seems afraid of going out of his senses. It is dreadful to think of the consequence of his overstrained debauchery. He owns the course. I write to Murray, and he returns an answer, more than confirmatory of my fears. Poor fellow, I cannot bear to contemplate such a catastrophe. If he should really be ill, I shall go over if possible.

Monday September 20th 1819: As before ... went to the play, “By desire and under the patronage of Lady H. – *The Rivals!*”

Had not the heart to take leave of Henry, who goes tomorrow to London, thence to Calais, and so to Vienna and Constantinople – so I went to bed without seeing him.

Tuesday September 21st 1819: As usual ... letter from Tavistock – coinciding with my views.

Wednesday September 22nd 1819: Letter from Place, with a long one written by him to one Mr Hodgskin at Edinburgh, on the conduct of the Whigs, particularly. He points out how they waited to stir in the Manchester business, and how the poor “visionary” reformers (with Mr J.C.H. and his £100 at their head) came forward for justice ... and now comes Tavistock with his £50, and Bennett with his £5, accompanied by a benevolent letter. Ellice has sent £25. The *Chronicle* says the Whigs “will be found at their post”.

Place tells me that the contradictory accounts of Hunt’s entry at London on Monday 13th are true – but he appeals to the dinner for the small personal

322: Probably James O’Callaghan (1743-1836) MP for Tregony.

323: On this date Keats composes *To Autumn*.

324: BLJ VI 213-15 (letter of 23 August 1819).

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consequences of Hunt – only three hundred to a 7s 6d ordinary. Hunt has quarrelled with Preston and Thistlewood and Watson, because the “Rump” has the purse – he has refused to attend meetings at Bristol and Leeds.

I have an engraving of me, sent from H. Meyer from the portrait by Buck.

Thursday September 23rd 1819: As before – go out in the evening, I believe, yesterday. There is a stir in Yorkshire – a meeting called at York – but as Whigs, the party do not come forward.

Friday September 24th 1819: Poetry. Reading <*Aikins Life of*> *Memoirs of the Court of Queen Elizabeth*,³²⁵ a good lounging book, but the style puerile – too many quotations from poetry in the text – yet a very creditable performance, and things worthy of observation. It is striking what a mixture of hardihood and subservience prevailed amongst the great men of those times – some traits very free, others very mean – it is, however, quite clear [that] the parliament represented the people, although means were found to intimidate them. Queen Elizabeth owned the difference between their spirit in her time and that of Henry VIII. I cried like a child when I read Queen Elizabeth’s speech to her troops at Tilbury: “Let tyrants tremble!” The variety of the family memoirs confuse my poor memory, which is as weak as water, and getting worse daily ... what to do I know not. I sleep ill now.

Bruce and Lady Parker passed the evening with us.

Saturday September 25th 1819: As before. Dissipating in Worthing gaities. Begin dancing quadrilles at my time of life!!

Sunday September 26th 1819: The *Chronicle* excuses the Whigs for not calling county meetings &c. because not sure of the people answering their call!!! Here is a confession!! [The] Duke of Leicester has subscribed 100 guineas to us – Lord Grosvenor £50, with a letter – and the meeting at York has taken place – also [a] Borough meeting – now. The County of York seems coming forward with Lord Fitzwilliam – whatever is done, the Reformers will have led – “the wild, visionary Reformers”!

325: *Memoirs of the Court of Queen Elizabeth* (1818) by Lucy Aikin (later Anna Letaetia Barbauld).

1819: *Don Juan*, Westminster, and Peterloo

The *Chronicle* in a few days after has a paragraph owning the “apathy and indifference of the aristocracy”. What do we say, more than this? Send a quiz to the *Courier*.

Monday September 27th 1819: Reading Lucy Aikin. Not ride today, on account of equinoctial storm, which is blowing violently.

Tuesday September 28th 1819: Lucy Aikin again. No ride. A ball at home. I danced a quadrille for the first time in public ... the *Chronicle* exulting in the York meeting – the *Times* also – but trying to keep distance from Radical Reform, which is “trash and rubbish!” *Courier* calls both “Jacobins”.

Wednesday September 29th 1819: Lucy Aikin. Dine with Michael Bruce and Lady Parker. See that at [a] Southwark meeting Wilson shook hands with Hunt!! But Hunt has done himself up by relapsing into blackguardism, and taking the chair to thank himself.

Went to the play.

Thursday September 30th 1819: Ride after reading papers and Lucy Aikin – up all night at a ball.

Friday October 1st 1819: Letter from Burdett. He says “the country is up”. I hope so – for all good purposes. *The Times* [is] full of [the] inquest at Oldham, which gives the best account of the Manchester Massacre, and of the proceedings in the City on the choice of Mayor: Thorpe, Wood, and Bridges – the latter [is] the court man. Election now going on. I plot a removal, for I am ill here, and do nothing but what is bad.

This morning write journal from September 10th.

Saturday October 2nd 1819: Finish *Queen Elizabeth*.

The rest of the October 2nd entry consists of Hobhouse making notes from his reading of Lucy Aikin's book.

Sunday October 3rd 1819: Riding and idling as usual. *Authentic Account* comes down. The book looks well – the portrait very tolerable.

1819: *Don Juan*, Westminster, and Peterloo

Monday October 4th 1819: Make preparations for leaving Worthing. I must go – not quite sure why, nor where – but I do worse than nothing here, and am not well. Spend a pleasant evening with Harriett and Sophia, reading aloud from Crabbe's *Tales of the Hall* in the <Quarterly> {Edinb[urgh]} Review.

Tuesday October 5th 1819: Set off at half-past eight in the morning and rode one horse to Horsham – twenty miles. There stopped, and breakfasted, then mounted another and rode to Whitton – thirty miles, about – arriving at about four. No-one there. Dined alone. Read *Life of Ripperda* by one George Moore, Esq.³²⁶ Ill-written, but what there is is curious.

The rest of the entry for October 5th consists of Hobhouse making notes from his reading of Moore's book.

Wednesday October 6th 1819: Lounged about Whitton. Called on Wilbraham, and afterwards walked and dined with him. Present, General Sam Isted and Captain and Mrs Wilbraham. Wilbraham told me that the Cheshire magistrates did not all approve of the Manchester outrage, and that the others who did were afraid of discussion and would not hazard a meeting on the subject. Wilbraham is going fast – he cannot sit up beyond nine o'clock.

Thursday October 7th 1819: Stayed at Whitton, reading and writing and lounging all alone.

Friday October 8th 1819: Rode up to London having sent one horse off to Salt Hill, thinking to go tomorrow to Burdett's. Called on Kinnaird. Find Erskine has written a preface in answer to *A Defence of the People*³²⁷ – puffed in the *Chronicle*.

Call on Galloway in Holborn touching the Manchester Outrage Committee. Find (the next morning) [that] he has written to me to sign my name to something drawn up by the Committee about the outrage and the proceedings of the Committee – agree to draw up something myself from Galloway's authority, and to be in town on Monday to preside at the Committee. I find that Galloway and the Committee have had every difficulty to prevent Major Cartwright from breaking out – he has insisted on having his name at the head of the subscription

326: *Lives of Cardinal Alberoni, and the Duke of Ripperda, etc* (1806, rptd. 1814).

327: It is H.'s answer to Erskine's pamphlet which gets him into Newgate.

1819: *Don Juan*, Westminster, and Peterloo

list. Vain old man. I told Galloway that if he pleased he might put mine at the bottom. To please Cartwright they propose to alter the name of the Committee in order to get rid of the “Rump” imputation. This I think an absurd condescension – the whole movement came from the Westminster electors, and this should not, in justice, be forgotten.

I dined at Kinnaird’s. Called on Place – found it too late to return to Whitton, and slept at the Hummums.

Saturday October 9th 1819: Visited Galloway, and had recorded conversations with him and “Secretary” Service. Called on Foscolo – rode down to Whitton. Sat up till two o’clock writing an answer to Erskine’s preface.³²⁸

Sunday October 10th 1819: Passed almost the whole of this day till two next morning writing my answer to Erskine.

Monday October 11th 1819: Rode up to London. Called on Place – read my answer to Erskine to him – he much pleased – it is not bad.

Dined with my father at Holme’s Coffee House – told him of the chance of my losing £250³²⁹ to my friend Scrope Davies, whose bill for that sum has been returned to me – “no order”. Went to Crown and Anchor. Took the chair. Some business being done, I read my resolutions, which were approved. Mr Hunt sent to say that he should be happy to come. This was late in the evening. We passed a resolution saying we should be glad to see him at any future time about business. Meeting broke up in great harmony. I rode down to Whitton late.

Tuesday October 12th 1819: Passed this day lounging, writing verses, walking, &c., at Whitton – alone.

Wednesday October 13th 1819: I took Richard into my service – paid [my] groom his wages up to October.

At nine, about, rode down to Reading – mounted again and went to Ramsbury – took up my quarters at Sir Francis Burdett’s – found the family all as usual.

328: *A Trifling Mistake in Thomas Lord Erskine’s recent Preface. Shortly noticed and respectfully corrected in a Letter to his Lordship, by the author of the “Defence of the People”.* “The courses of his youth promised it not.” King Henry V Act 1, Scene 1. London: Published by Robert Stodart, 81 Strand. 1819, 8vo (reprinted, ed. Malcolm Kelsall, Cardiff 1984).

329: In fact £370. See 30 August and 4 September.

1819: *Don Juan*, Westminster, and Peterloo

Thursday October 14th 1819: Lolling about in the morning, dining, talking, doing nothing. The papers will not insert the Committee Resolutions, I verily believe, because my name is at the bottom of them. The *Times* contains a puff against my *Defence of the People*, and praises Erskine just for his blunder. I write to the *Times* to point out the blunder, and appeal to his “candour and fairness”.

Friday October 15th 1819:³³⁰ Go out shooting – see a great many partridges – shoot ill. Day passed as usual – folks to dinner.

Saturday October 16th 1819: Shooting again, I believe – but excepting Burdett’s gay and sensible conversation, this residence is a loss of time – the women part of the family nothing can stir.³³¹ Bickersteth came.

Sunday October 17th 1819: Doing nothing. Walking about. Hallett and Fulwar Craven dined. After dinner we drew up a requisition for a county meeting of Wilts on the Manchester Massacre. Burdett signed first, though unwillingly – he wanted the thing to be done by others. Craven agreed to take the active part, Burdett and I knowing no-one – but I write to the Duke of Somerset the next day – Fulwar Craven to write to Lord Holland and Lord Suffolk and to speak to the bench of magistrates.

Monday October 18th 1819: I believe I went out shooting ...

Tuesday October 19th 1819: Bickersteth went away ... Shooting, I fancy – day passed idly.

Wednesday October 20th 1819: A letter from Secretary Service, beginning “Hunt is himself again”.³³² It appears that this man has insulted the Committee, and that the Committee have resolved to have no further intercourse with him. [The] Committee ask me to go to Manchester to enquire into the character of the

330: On this date Murray writes to B., “No less than *two* – THIRD Cantos of *Don Juan* have been advertised” (JMA); to which B. responds in a letter to Hoppner of 29 Oct, “Murray sent me a letter yesterday – the impostors have published – *two* new *third* Cantos of *Don Juan* – the devil take the impudence of some blackguard bookseller or other therefore” (BLJ VI 237).

331: H. may fancy his chances with one of Burdett’s daughters.

332: From Colley Cibber’s *Richard III*: “Off with his head! – Richard is himself again”.

1819: *Don Juan*, Westminster, and Peterloo

Manchester Local Committee: I, seeing no good and much evil and obloquy, refuse to go, and write accordingly. Burdett [is] positive I should not go.

Oldham inquest suspended!!!

Thursday October 21st 1819: Either shooting, or losing time some other way – read and write nothing.

Friday October 22nd 1819: Ditto, ditto – I believe pheasant shooting at Palmer’s – *snow*.

Saturday October 23rd 1819: One of these days Secretary Service came down to Ramsbury to try and persuade me to go to Manchester on behalf of the Committee; but, Burdett and myself being still positive, I answer “Nay”. Burdett said, “These men must not make a puppet of you, and the sooner they know that the better”. Service told me my Westminster friends were discontented with me for the refusal. I cannot help that.

Sunday October 24th 1819: The scoundrel *Chronicle* and *Times* [are] now turning against Carlisle since his conviction for blasphemy, though [the] *Chronicle* had prayed for his acquittal before. [The] *Chronicle* says, “It is remarked that the writers Hobbes, Hume and Gibbon, against Xtianity, were Tories. Whigs, Addison and Locke, &c, for Xtianity”. Here is a shabby folly. The Examiner gives a very good answer to the cant of the *Times*.

I believe Robert Burdett came down here today.

Monday October 25th 1819: Shooting – rest as usual.

Tuesday October 26th 1819: Ditto, ditto – some communication with Craven about the Requisition.

Wednesday October 27th 1819: I think today [I] heard from the Duke of Somerset, that he will sign. But Burdett tells me Craven has sent in the Requisition. This is a pity – but we had waited long enough, to be sure. Lord Holland has a sick daughter, and cannot come – Lord Suffolk declines, by letter from Lord Andover. The whole bench of magistrates decline. Methuen³³³ will not

333: Paul Methuen (1779-1849) MP for Wiltshire.

1819: *Don Juan*, Westminster, and Peterloo

sign. I write off to the High Sheriff, adding the Duke's name, and T. Smith's of Easton Grey, and Mr Craven's, to the Requisition.

This day, or Friday, I believe, [I] find that Place has added a blundering note to my *Trifling Mistake*, the answer to Erskine. I am in a great pucker about it, and write off in a hurry to make cancels.

Thursday October 28th 1819: Shooting all the morning. In the evening Burdett gave his tenants a ball – sixty men and women present – a charming sight. Sophia Burdett opened with Farmer Canning. Burdett danced all night, laughed and talked and made everybody happy. A farmer said to me he was “pleased to see the Baron Knight so pleased”!! as if he had given the ball for his *own* amusement – this shows his part was well played.³³⁴ I love him more and more. He tells me that he gives Robert £2,000 a year – Robert asks £3,000. He is an odd but a clever fellow, I think – Burdett owned to me he had brought him up ill, having to take care of a son at an age when he could scarcely take care of himself. The boy was very quick as a child.³³⁵

I ought to record some of the opinions of this great and good man – but will take some other opportunity. His great political maxim is, “No Freedom without Arms or the Country is Lost”. It is useless to prompt people to resistance when they have no arms: all that can be done is to wait – never move except when government makes a blunder – then take advantage of it. Time and accident [is] the great chance in popular favour.

Lord Erskine, I find in a letter from Place, has been scoundrel enough twice to falsify his speech against Williams for blasphemy. Fox told Burdett that Erskine asked him if he should take the place of Attorney-General under Addington. Fox answered, “Yes, if you please” – “For what,” said he, “could I say?” Erskine was, and perhaps is, afraid of meeting Lord Grey – and he now talks of “the unsullied path of his public life”.

I wanted to put this motto to the *Trifling Mistake* – “’Tis poor Mad Tom!” – but Place thought it too gross.

Friday October 29th 1819: Either riding with Burdett, or shooting – day as usual.

334: The idea that one *might* give a ball for one's own amusement is foreign to H.

335: In 1809, when the police broke into Burdett's house to arrest him for breach of parliamentary privilege, he had been discovered reading to his son from Magna Carta.

1819: *Don Juan*, Westminster, and Peterloo

Saturday October 30th 1819: Ditto, ditto – read Langbaine’s *Lives of the Poets*³³⁶ – in part. Nothing, but the little said of Shakespeare [is] singular, and his popular plays [are] some of his worst.

Sunday October 31st 1819: Robert Burdett goes. Think it is time for me to go, but do not like it. Ride out with Burdett.

Monday November 1st 1819: Come down ready to go, but only sent my groom off to Methuen’s, telling him I should come the next day, and sending *him* also to John Long, High Sheriff, at Monkton Farleigh, who has answered Craven, saying that he declines calling the meeting because he has received a counter-requisition, very “respectable,” and more numerous signed. Craven came here today. Hallett and Craven dined here, determined I should ask the High Sheriff what he would do if he received another requisition, more numerous signed than the counter-requisition. Hallett is a strange, unpopular man.

Tuesday November 2nd 1819: Up half-past seven. Burdett rode with me across the downs to Reveley. I jogged through Archery to Calne. There saw one Atherton, an attorney, and the Salisbury paper [] the counter-requisition, signed by 971 names.

Rode on to Methuen’s – breakfasted with him and Mrs Methuen at Corsham. He wavered about his own conduct. I told him what I thought of his conduct in Wiltshire, and the poor fellow’s eyes were filled with tears. He assured me that Astley³³⁷ had spent £43,000, Bennet³³⁸ 18 + 35. Eight subscribed for him, Wellesley³³⁹ as much. He owned Wellesley was a disgrace to the country, but he would still support him against Bennet, who was a liar, and a “coward,” he added.

I took leave of him, and rode over well-known ground not seen these five years, to Monkton Farleigh, now the property of John Long, once attorney at Melksham, now High Sheriff. I got there about half-past [], and found the man out shooting. I sat down impatiently and waited, reading Crabbe’s *Tales of the Hall* (dull and tiresome), until five o’clock, when my Sheriff arrived, accompanied by a little gentleman. I opened my business, and asked him the question. He boggled and hesitated, and said he could not speak without

336: Gerard Langbaine, *An Account of the English Dramatick Poets* (1691).

337: Perhaps Jacob Henry Astley (1756-1817) MP for Norfolk.

338: This is not Bennett, but Henry Grey Bennet (1777-1836) MP for Shrewsbury.

339: Pole Tylney Long Wellesley (1788-1857) MP for Wiltshire.

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consulting a friend. At last I got from him that he declined giving an answer. He asked me to dine, but I went away.

It was past dark, and I had a headache. Instead, then, of riding back to Ramsbury, I rode to Bath and put up at the White Lion – thence walked to Broadhurst's,³⁴⁰ drank tea and ate cold meat with him – a vile life, this at Bath.³⁴¹

Called at Dr Charles Parry's – found him saying "Yes, yes!" at every other word – very dull and dogmatical – and complaining of men who have no religion. Someone, by way of hoax, proclaimed a radical meeting in Queens' Square today – nobody went in this loyal town.

Slept at White Lion, a sordid inn. I begin to hate sleeping at an inn – this is a lazy sign of increasing years.

Wednesday November 3rd 1819: Breakfasted with Broadhurst. Walked about with him. Called at Dr Parry's on Summer Hill. Saw Mrs Parry³⁴² and Mathilda – a woeful change in that once-flourishing family. Walked about in Pulteney Street, pondering whether I should call on the Duke of Somerset. I had written to him, trying to get him to a meeting, although the Sheriff should not call one – resolved, then, not to go.

Set off at one o'clock. Rode through Atford and Melksham to Devizes. Changed horse – rode on to Ramsbury – most kindly received by Burdett and family, who treat me like themselves – dined, and very happy time.

Thursday November 4th 1819: Letter from [the] Duke of Somerset. He declines attending [the] meeting, and answers rather reproachfully. I write a letter to him, letting him know a piece of my mind, approved by Burdett and Craven.

Ride with Burdett.

Friday November 5th 1819: Craven came to breakfast. Resolve to make one more effort for a meeting. Write an address to the county – Burdett's resolution added to it, to show we were not violent. Ride to Marlborough, and send the paper off by express to the Salisbury paper – so we shall do all we can.

At dinner Craven told a story of an Irishman of consequence who changed his religion to get an estate. His conversion made a noise. A sort of synod was held to receive his recantation, [with] the Archbishop of Dublin present. My Apostate

340: Note on Broadhurst.

341: H. had satirised it in 1811 in *The Wonders of a Week at Bath*.

342: Mrs Parry had kissed H. out of compassion on November 5th 1811.

1819: *Don Juan*, Westminster, and Peterloo

comes into the room. Says the Archbishop, "What do you come for?" – "To get my estate." – "Aye, that, of course – but what is the immediate object?" – "To renounce my religion." – "The errors of it, you mean." – "Yes. Transubstantiation and the Trinity." – "No, no, not the Trinity!" – "Well, well, your Grace knows best. I renounce whatever your Grace pleases." The story threw me in a fit.

Passed a pleasant evening.

Saturday November 6th 1819: More uncertain whether I should go to Leicestershire and hunt with Burdett, or go to Tom Smith's at Easton Grey. Resolved the latter.

Letter from Byron³⁴³ – says he will go to Venezuela.

Took leave of my kind friends and left Ramsbury with Burdett. Rode on as far as Wantage with him – found myself in the rain and forty miles, nearly, from Easton Grey; so I resolved to stay and dine with Mr Goodlake, who invited me to a farmer's ordinary, to celebrate the establishment of a *pitch* market at Wantage. I shook hands with my dear Burdett and went to a long table at two o'clock – a public dinner. Toasting, speeching, bawdy songs – all in the truest taste. The yeomanry I thought dull enough, and though in Berkshire, very little politics yet in them. They presented an attorney, one Brewer, with a piece of plate for his services. He made a prepared speech before the plate was given, and forgot to leave out his description of the present, but no-one found him out. Goodlake spoke twenty times in praise of himself in his various relations as a husband, father, friend, and magistrate. My health was drunk with enthusiasm, though no-one knew anything of me – a good correction for vanity, if I had it at the time. I spoke ten words, and gave Burdett's health.

Retired, well fumigated, at seven o'clock, and rode over to Letbury (a cold night), to Goodlake's house. Found an active old woman and a dry, tall maid there – tried to say something agreeable – perfectly neutral, all faces – so gave it up, and amused myself thinking of the vile life a country magistrate and sportsman leads. Heard a bad character of Reformer Hallett – he seems a cruel fellow – picquetted a man once [for] forty-eight minutes.³⁴⁴

King Alfred [was] born at Wantage – his face on the bank notes – called "Golden Wantage" – this is in the Vale of [the] White Horse.

Went to bed – slept well.

343: BLJ VI 225-7 (letter of 3 October 1819).

344: Picquetting was a military punishment involving a pointed stake.

1819: *Don Juan*, Westminster, and Peterloo

Sunday November 7th 1819: At near eleven mounted horse [and] rode on Ridgway – a noble Down ride, many miles, to near Wroughton. Thence crossed country to Wootton Bassett. Horse threw two shoes and I stopped to have fresh one[s] put on. Talked to the blacksmith about Horace Twiss,³⁴⁵ who stood for the place. [The] blacksmith said he was a fine speaker, and [was] happy to hear he had a good situation: a specimen, this, of provincial patriotism.

Reached Easton Grey at two o'clock – saw my dear sister Charlotte – not looking well. Poor girl – she cried to see me. All well and kind here. Dined, chatted, &c. A Mr Thomas, an attorney of Malmesbury, here – a most sensible and radical reformer, talking broad Wiltshire. Told me how the loyal requisition had been got up – by the borough-mongers, headed by Lord Pembroke.³⁴⁶

Pleasant evening.

Monday November 8th 1819: Went out shooting, and, oh Wonderful! killed, [with my] first five shots, three rabbits, a woodcock, and a pheasant.

Fine day. Dined. In the evening read aloud Cicero on old age. Melmoth is a Cicero after all – allows there is a time when life is wearisome, and not worth having – this is giving up the point. His garrulity is [as] delightful as Cato[']s].

Tuesday November 9th 1819: Rode over to Charlton with Attorney Thomas to see Lord Andover.³⁴⁷ Followed him over to a mere he is draining and planting. Came back and found him at home. Saw him – asked him what he would do about the meeting – he said he would attend if it took place, but he would not sign – he thought the meeting inexpedient – he could give no reason. He said now was the time Burdett and I might have come halfway to the Whigs. I told him that we³⁴⁸ had come all the way – he appeared quite ignorant of all we had done – thought [the] fault of disunion all on Burdett's side, yet said he was a deep reformer and not a party man. [He was] civil – said Lord Suffolk was so ill he could not ask me to dine – reminded that he had met me at Bow Wood, which I had forgot quite. [He] gave me leave to mention his intention.

345: Horace Twiss (1787-1849) MP for Wootton Bassett, but not until 1820. Mrs Siddons' nephew.

346: Note on Pembroke.

347: Note on Andover.

348: Pronoun ambiguous: "<I/we/we/I>".

1819: *Don Juan*, Westminster, and Peterloo

I took my leave. [I] hear that Lord Andover is bringing up his sons under Dr Carpenter, a dissenting minister at Bristol – he is [a] good man, and does good, and is much liked.

Rode back. At dinner, a Mr Carter and son, an agreeable old man, once Secretary of State under Lord Suffolk.

Wednesday November 10th 1819: This morning wrote a piece of county politics for the *Chronicle*, and **this journal from October 6th.**

Thursday November 11th 1819: I believe that I this day wrote to Lord Holland, *formally*, respecting the Wiltshire meeting, asking him if he would sign a declaration, and desiring him not to answer me, but to answer Lord Andover.

Either walked with a gun, or rode.

Friday November 13th 1819: It was this day or yesterday that Smith and I went over to The Ridge – a magnificent prospect – [and to] the house of Shepherd, a clothier, High Sheriff for the county of Gloucester.³⁴⁹ Went shooting in the morning – poor sport – dined there. A Mr Winter, a Manchester gentleman, was present – one of the Special Constables on the 16th.³⁵⁰ He tells that he saw two thousand on the ground at once – he also tells that three of the common people took money out of his hands a few days before the meeting, saying “It would be all up with the gentlefolks on Monday”.³⁵¹ One man offered to disguise Mr Winter in a working jacket for the occasion. But Mr Winter does not state that any violence was offered by the people before the military charged.

Tom Estcourt³⁵² and his wife were there – both most civil – as indeed the Tories are in general ... returned late in the evening to Easton Grey – a tedious drive.

Saturday November 13th 1819: Writing this morning relative to the Wiltshire declaration – find that many [who are] not freeholders [have] signed the counter-requisition.

Dined, &c., at Ricardo’s at Gatcombe – excellent man! Slept there.

Sunday November 14th 1819: Walked to Tetbury, and rode home.

349: “Gloster” (Ms.)

350: That is, 16 August – Peterloo.

351: Peterloo occurred on a Monday.

352: Thomas Grimston Estcourt (1775-1853) MP for Devizes.

1819: *Don Juan*, Westminster, and Peterloo

Lord Andover called with a letter from Lord Holland for me, and another from him. He will sign a certain sort of declaration. I drew up one, in Lord Andover's presence, founded on the resolutions which appeared in the Salisbury paper, written by Burdett. Lord Andover approved, and said he thought Lord Holland would. He asked me to write to Lord Holland again – I consented – he added, "And tell him that you think no more of your Westminster differences". I rejoined, "Indeed, I will do no such thing". My Lord Andover, before that, said, "I like temperate men, because those who begin violently generally last but a short time". Said I, "Your Lordship should put that remark into a new edition of Swift's *Tactical Essay*". He answered something which I did not understand, but I replied, "If you attack me I shall retort". – "Well, well," said he, "all that is fair give and take". He is a good-natured man, but I did not suffer his good nature to seduce me into any improper complaisance for him or for his party, nor will I suffer anyone to do so.

Lord Holland chooses to reply, to my "My Lord ...", "Dear Sir ...", but ends, "I am, Sir ..." – all one to me. I have got out of Whig trammels, and will never get into them again – the air is freer in the people's atmosphere.

Attorney Thomas, two Pauls, and a Tetbury apothecary dined with us. This Doctor Philkins had said to Charlotte, "I venerate your brother for writing his *Last Reign of Napoleon*" – I fear the veneration expired with the sight of the author. By the way, I see two Frenchmen have been fined 1,000 francs each and have received six months' imprisonment for translating *The Last Reign*. If I were rich I would send them the money.

John Estcourt invites me to shoot and dine at Estcourt.

Monday November 15th 1819: Employed this day writing to Lord Holland. I keep a copy of my letter on this occasion. Wrote a declaration, which I sent to Lord Andover for his approval before I enclosed it to Lord Holland. Lord Andover approved, with a very trifling alteration. I made an appointment to meet Burdett at Fulwar Craven's at Chilton tomorrow – but felt much inclined not to go. Burdett is to be at the Reading meeting today – but I suspect he will not come on tomorrow.

Tuesday November 16th 1819: Sent on my servant to Chilton – rode by Malmesbury, Wootton Bassett, Wroughton, and across the Down country, to

1819: *Don Juan*, Westminster, and Peterloo

Ashdown Park. There saw³⁵³ the great coursing meeting. It is a very pretty sight, and noble, and gentlemanly, like the Flemish pictures of sporting – something.

Rode back with Fulwar Craven to Chilton. Dined with him on goose – the fare of a pampered, unhealthy stomach, I think. Burdett, as I suspected, not there – he went back after the meeting to Northampton the same night. He³⁵⁴ says Burdett spoke nobly – he was in the chair. The member for the county, and the Whigs, not there. We resolved a meeting would be inexpedient, and agreed the Declaration signed by the Whig Lords would have more effect.

To bed, and slept well.

Wednesday November 17th 1819: Employed in the morning in writing letters, relative to the Declaration, to those who had sent us names before – agree the county is incorrigible – no understanding of politics whatever. Mere county politics absorb the little soul they have. Bennet, MP, a vulgar rogue and a complete humbug. I wrote to extract his opinion from him

Tom Clutterbuck³⁵⁵ told me at Ricardo's that he was at the bottom of the counter-requisition, together with that honest man Lord Wellesley, the other member.

Rode with Craven to Ashdown – saw the courses – came away, and rode over the county to Wotton Bassett and Malmesbury, and so to Easton Grey, where the kind host and hostess received me as usual. Dined, &c., at home.

Thursday November 18th 1819: Received this day an answer from Lord Holland, with a Declaration drawn up by himself – he says he could sign mine, but he thinks his more likely to gain his friends – meaning the Whigs. The difference consists in the words, “without adverting to the object or expediency of the meeting in Manchester” in putting “all” confidence in “parliamentary” investigation – and in confining the wish for a meeting to the interests of the freeholders only – I hesitate therefore much about signing; but I feel that whether I sign or no, this Declaration is better than none. I write to this effect to Lord Andover, who I find has also heard from Lord Holland, desiring him to write to Lord Cameron, the Duke of Somerset, Lord Arundel, &c. – for Lord Holland *will not* do it himself, because not a resident – as if that had anything to do with the matter. But thus it is – Lord Holland alters the Declaration to gain his political

353: “say” (Ms.)

354: “He” is Fulwar Craven.

355: Clutterbuck untraced. Not a Wiltshire MP.

friends, and then refuses to apply to those friends – “*not from lukewarmness*,” he adds. This sort of *bienséance* ruins a man for politics.

So that, after all, the trouble of writing and doing everything in this affair is to fall on myself ... dined at home, &c.

Friday November 19th 1819: Employed all this morning in writing letters touching the Declaration. Wrote to Lord Holland, stating my objection, or rather hesitation, about signing his paper, for fear I should seem to discountenance any Reform meeting.

Rode over to Gatscombe – dined – met Lord Ducie, Tom and Mrs Estcourt, and others. Sat next to a lovely young woman, Mrs Osmond Ricardo, and admired her *à longs traits*. Ricardo [is] more and amiable every time I see him. He told me that during the Westminster election in 1819³⁵⁶ he was dining at Lord Holland’s. Mrs George Lamb was there. They were talking of my Reform Declaration, and how incomprehensible it was – Ricardo said it was quite clear to him. “Oh,” says Sidney Smith, “here is Mr Ricardo – he had gained the £2,000 reward – he understands Mr Hobhouse’s declaration!” – and so the joke went round. Presently Ricardo whispered to Sidney Smith, “You do not mean that everybody does not understand it?” – “Pooh,” said Sidney Smith, “As well as you do!” It was only an electioneering hoax.

Ricardo told me Sir James Mackintosh looked in the *Vindiciæ Gallie*³⁵⁷ as if he had never written it – he had quite changed his opinions. Also that his article on universal suffrage in the Edinburgh was written in consequence of a conversation with him, Ricardo. Mackintosh at Brooks’s was depreciating Bentham’s Reform Catechism – Ricardo defended it, and offered to argue the point – this they were prevented from doing by Philipps, MP, [CHECK: NOTE ON PHILIPPS] taking Mackintosh away. When they met again Ricardo offered to renew the argument – Mackintosh said that he would hear his argument some time or the other – hence the article.

Ricardo is a radical reformer, for uniform and equal, but not universal suffrage. Very strong for the ballot. He takes infinite pains with himself – writes and extracts when he reads – is daily improving. He defends Carlisle and all free discussion on behalf of any doctrine, anti-Xtian or otherwise, and agrees with me this is an age of cant and hypocrisy.

356: “1719” (Ms.)

357: Mackintosh’s 1791 book in defence of the French Revolution.

1819: *Don Juan*, Westminster, and Peterloo

The *Times* inserts a letter stating that Carlisle was sent to Coventry in the King's Bench Prison before he was sent off to Dorchester Jail. Also against the exorbitant punishment of Sir Manassah Lopez and Swann for bribery.³⁵⁸ It is shameful and unjust in the extreme – but everything is humbug and cheat now. I tried to exhort Ricardo to speak on the Manchester question – he said perhaps.

Tom Smith hears from Wishaw that the differences expected between the Whigs on the Manchester question have been made up – Mackintosh was for some restraint at first!!! Well done, Apostate Jimmy.

Saturday November 20th 1819: Ricardo changed his religion. His father and family went in mourning for him as if he was dead – the Jews, to their honour, did not abandon him – when his father died he left him a hundred pounds in token of forgiveness – but Ricardo then was very rich. His wife was the daughter of an apothecary, either at Easton or Windsor, a beautiful girl whom it was a lounge to look at. He made a love match with her. She, poor woman, weighs many stone more than she did, but preserves a sort of romantic manner as if those who married for love were always in love when married. Ricardo bears with her simplicity very wisely.

I asked him what he thought the best elementary book on political economy. He said, "J.B.Savy's"³⁵⁹ – his own book was far from elementary.

Took leave of him. Rode to Easton Grey – dined, &c.

Sir W. Guise³⁶⁰ dined with us. His prosy apoplectic manner almost made me faint.

Sunday November 21st 1819: Employed writing to Wiltshire freeholders. Read some of *Vindiciae Galliae*. "Radical Reform" exalted and preferred (p.107). "Fortunate would it have been for England if the person of James II had been retained, while his authority had been limited" (p.193). Other notes I shall make on this book, which is a complete Reform apology – in the exact spirit of my *Defence of the People*. I wish I had recollected it before, but I had not the book at Whitton. Vastly eloquent it is, but I think too antithetical.

Read after dinner half of Trotter's *Life of Fox*³⁶¹ – very odd, but out of taste and hardly fair, but still exceedingly interesting. He praises Fox at the expense of

358: Lopez and Swann were convicted of election bribery in the second week of November.

359: Jean-Baptiste Savy, *Petition des Courtiers de change ...* (Paris, 1791).

360: Sir Berkeley William Guise (1775-1834) MP for Gloucestershire.

1819: *Don Juan*, Westminster, and Peterloo

Lord Holland – owns that his coming into power [in] 1806 hurt his reputation. Says he was not a party man, and Lord Holland is, &c., &c. I do not know whether he is to be relied on. I should fear not – he tells an anecdote of Burdett saying at Calais in 1802 that he was not *l'ami de Fox* but *l'ami du peuple*, and argues thereupon. I do not know that Burdett was at Calais in 1802, or during the short peace.

Hear Isaac is shut away from Harrow again!!!

Monday November 22nd 1819: Fine weather. Went out shooting – I shoot much better here than at Ramsbury.

Came home. Called on Cresswell at Pinkney – he would not see me. My father has a mortgage of £18,000 on Pinkney. I wished to get him to sign our Declaration – I mistook his butler for him, and addressed him as such.

Report of the King's death in Gloucester paper copied from *Star* – dined, &c. Read *Castle Rackrent*.³⁶² I do not know how it is, but I was not half so much entertained by it as when I first read it. Is the fault in me, or in the book?

Tuesday November 23rd 1819: The den meets today. **Write journal since the tenth instant.** I forget what I did – suppose dine at home.

Wednesday November 24th 1819: Employed in usual way – partly upon the Wiltshire Declaration, &c.

Thursday November 25th 1819: This day the debates in the Houses on the opening of the session. They made me sick. Tierney's a very good speech for a Whig – owns he is much for Reform. New measures in agitation – some say very severe, others not so severe.

Friday November 26th 1819: Employed about the Wiltshire declaration. Debates in Commons – a most noble speech from Burdett – he sat down amidst repeated cheers from both sides of the House. I thought of departing, but did not go next day.

Saturday November 27th 1819: Received a letter from Wansay of <Salisbury> Warminster which made me stir, and send off my servant express to stop the

361: John Trotter, *Memoirs of the Latter Years of the Right Honourable Charles James Fox* (1811).

362: Novel by Maria Edgeworth, published 1800.

1819: *Don Juan*, Westminster, and Peterloo

Declaration in Sunday's paper. Some fools refused to sign the Declaration, though they were for the meeting.

Dined with Admiral Young – saw Sir W. Young, Rear-Admiral of the Fleet, a very gentlemanly person indeed. Pretty Mrs Osmond Ricardo next to me.

Sunday November 28th 1819: Employed about the Declaration. Rode to Tetbury. My groom came back – he was in time to stop the publishing [of] the Declaration ... Newspapers dreadfully interesting.

Monday November 29th 1819: As usual – rode – walked a little – read a little – Declaration.

Tuesday November 30th 1819: The hard truth declares itself in the papers. The ministers resolved to put down public meetings – to make the libel law much more severe – to prevent [the] accused in misdemeanours traversing – to prevent drilling and training – and to seize arms by night or day – *actum est per libertate*.³⁶³

I find myself affected in a manner of which I can give no description. I feel that all efforts are useless. The Whigs are making a great stand. They divide 150 against the Address. Lord Grey is himself again. He answers Greville, who has returned to his vomit. The great mass of the people are against the measures, but the ministers have all the official and sub-official civilians – a million, at least, dependants reckoned – they have the army – they have neutralised the alarmists, all but the noble Fitzwilliam – what, then, can be done? Succumb, and die.

I think of going to town tomorrow, but Smith detains me to meet some friends.

Wednesday December 1st 1819: The debates more oppressive – they break my heart. Smith's friends, the Rustins, come – sensible young men, staunch Reformers – but I could not speak – no public event ever depressed me in this way. I am sure it is all over with our liberties – all struggle vain – nothing remains but for every honest man to enter a protest, that we may not be thought to lick the hand just raised to shed our blood.

Thursday December 2nd 1819: At twelve o'clock took leave of his hospitable and excellent friends, mounted my steed, and with a heavy heart turned towards

363: Institutes of Justinian, Book IV; should be "pro libertate".

1819: *Don Juan*, Westminster, and Peterloo

London, knowing I could do nothing but come in, as it were, at the death of the Constitution. Rode on through Malmesbury – took leave of lawyer Thomas – good man – and of Tom Smith – then went to Swindon – then over downs to Alburn and so to Chilton. Saw Craven – showed him letters respecting the Declaration.

Rode on to Hungerford, changed horse, and rode on to Reading in the moonlight, arrived about half-past six at Bear Inn. Dined. Read debate of December 1st: proposal of new bills. Douglas Kinnaird's maiden speech. The atrocious projects of ministers going on, and strenuous but useless opposition.

Friday December 3rd 1819: Set out about eleven. Jogged on to Whitton. Found all the family as kind as usual, except my father, who was very ill indeed – he was much affected when he saw me, on account, I imagine, of Isaac's *désastre* – found my dear Harriet looking much better, and able to walk about easily.

Dined, and spent a happy evening.

Saturday December 4th 1819: I sat down to write a letter, with my name, to Lord Castlereagh – not as of the least service, but under the impression that every man should on this occasion do something to leave a record that these tyrannical measures were opposed, and that liberty was not extinguished with the consent of all the nation.

I walked out a little – dined – sat up late writing.

Sunday December 5th 1819: Writing pamphlet all the morning, except an hour's ride with Harriet.

Received a letter from Place, telling me that there is to be a Westminster meeting, the High Bailiff in the chair, and that the electors wish me to come up to town immediately. After dinner sat up late – finished my letter – a mere declamation, with quotations from the newspapers ...

Monday December 6th 1819: Packed up a few things, and removed to London with horses and servants two. Put up at Douglas Kinnaird's – went to Place's. Heard his resolutions, and a long address or petition for the House of Commons – which I did not like – it did not particularise the bills enough at the request of the electors.

I met the Sub-Committee after dining at the Rainbow Coffee House, and there told my opinion of [the] resolutions and address. They told me that the fifty electors who originated the meeting left the whole to me. Just as we were

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breaking up came Mr Bowie and Mr Fish, and a quarrel ensued. I left, anxious not to obtrude myself, and did not determine anything about the resolutions and petition.

Came to Kinnaird – sat up late – went to a hard bed.

Tuesday December 7th 1819: This morning wrote an address or petition to the House for the electors, and remodelled [the] resolutions. Went to Hayward's, the attorney's, and read them – he approved. Called on Sir Christopher³⁶⁴ Hawkins³⁶⁵ by appointment – he had some cursed borough scheme, which would not do for me.

Went to Brooks's – Whigs civil, I think. Jones told me that he had heard something about a violent pamphlet, of my writing, called "A Trifle, or something" – this happened yesterday. I forgot to mention that Place told me Stuart Wortley³⁶⁶ had been to Stodart the bookseller – had bought the *Trifling Mistake*, and had told Stodart he should move the House of Commons against the publisher, &c. I felt nothing about the matter, but only plotted what I should say. Place told me that Stodart would give up M'Creevy³⁶⁷ – that M'Creevy would give all the trouble he could to Honourable House before he gave me up – but that give me up he must. I did not hesitate a moment, but on the contrary, though I knew that neither Stodart nor M'Creevy could prove me to be the author, and had never seen me to my knowledge, still I would not suffer Place's name to be brought forward, as I knew it would be he having given the Mss. to M'Creevy.

On this day (Tuesday) I find no mention made of the pamphlet in the House last night, [but] on the contrary, hear it has been given up. I think I felt rather disappointed.

I dined at Kinnaird's, after riding down to Harrow and back, and having a conversation with Drury about Isaac – a very unpleasant one.

At eight, set off for Crown and Anchor, where was a meeting of electors to prepare proceedings. We had long discussions; my petition and resolutions were adopted, Mr Bowie talking and talking, and producing some lucubrations of the Major's. Mr Galloway proposed that one of the resolutions should be advice to the minority in both houses to *secede*. I was against it, but yielded to the majority, and to what I heard. I proposed an insertion of thanks to George Lamb, together with Burdett – all said this was very handsome in me. I drew up the

364: "Xtopher" (Ms.)

365: Sir Christopher Hawkins (1758-1829) MP for Penryn.

366: James Archibald Stuart Wortley (1776-1845) MP for Yorkshire.

367: M'Creevy was the printer of *A Trifling Mistake*.

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thanks to the minority also. I was asked whether Mr Lamb might see the resolutions. He had sent to know whether he could see them, that he might know whether he could approve them. I answered, "By all means let him see them, early tomorrow". I preached up reconciliation.

I forgot to mention that on Saturday³⁶⁸ last at Whitton, seeing by the papers that Lord Grey was very ill, and had talked of his "last efforts in favour of liberty," I was really very much affected, and wrote a note to him asking him how he was – said not a word about politics – merely a note of enquiry. I have an irresistible liking for this haughty man. Received a very kind answer from him – he is really very ill.

Wednesday December 8th 1819: Went to Burdett's. He [had] not come back from Leicestershire. Meeting at one. A little after eleven, in comes Burdett, to Kinnaird's great greetings – he is my heart's delight. At half-past twelve, went to Richardson's Coffee- House in Covent Garden, before which hustings [had been] erected – found the Whigs in a room: Lamb, Lambton, Lord Althorpe, Graham of Netherby,³⁶⁹ Boyce Combe, and others. Lambton [was] very civil. He said Lord Grey was much please with my note, adding "any offer of reconciliation from me was agreeable". I answered that I had written merely to ask after his health – that I did so from [a] sincere feeling of regret. Lambton said, "I am sure I should have been happy to have informed you on the subject".

Mr High Bailiff took me aside. He said he had made a regulation against Hunt, and that none but householders could speak on the hustings – he had not made the regulation against me. I cut him short by telling him I was a householder – indeed, Mr Jeremy Bentham, at Place's suggestion, had written a note to me, formally letting a house to me in York Street, Westminster. I shall keep the note – it is a handsome one. Lamb told me he should object to the resolution respecting the secession of the minority – Burdett said it did not matter. I carried the news upstairs to the Reformers' Committee – they all seemed inclined to have it proposed – I said it should be.

News came that the High Bailiff had gone to the hustings. I hurried down – got on the hustings – Burdett on the left, Lamb on the right – I just behind Burdett, Lord Althorpe, Lambton, and Whigs behind Lamb. A very public meeting indeed – cold day. Burdett spoke – Lamb spoke – very handsomely received. I spoke, and proposed the resolutions. Burdett and Kinnaird (even) said

368: Conjectural reading. Could be "Sunday".

369: James Robert George Graham (1792-1861) MP for Kingston-upon-Hull.

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my speech was good – it had hits – I spoke without notes. Lord Althorpe spoke – [he] opposed the secession – so did Sturch, and told a lie about it. When Lamb returned thanks, he opposed it. The people who had applauded most of all at the resolution proposing the secession were now against it. We made no struggle, or could have got it passed most easily. It was negatived. Major Cartwright tried a resolution out of Granville Sharp. What happened then I know not, for some fifty fellows bearing flag then appeared from the Smithfield meeting, where Hunt had been preaching to some three hundred children, so I heard.

The High Bailiff dissolved the meeting after returning thanks, and away we went. The flag was soon furled.

Burdett, Kinnaird and I got into a hackney chaise. In St Martin's Lane the mob pulled off the horses and wanted to draw us. Kinnaird got out of [the] window, and Burdett and I soon after struggled out at the door. *I had my watch stolen*³⁷⁰ – *Burdett lost a petition out of his pocket*. We were followed by a crowd shouting all the way to Burdett's house.

I think I dined at Ellice's today, with Burdett and Kinnaird.

Thursday December 9th 1819: Did nothing particular this day. Burdett presented the Westminster Petition. Lamb said "It was a most respectable meeting"!!!

Dined at home with Kinnaird ...

Byron is coming home directly – so he writes to Kinnaird and to me ...

Friday December 10th 1819: See by the paper that Stuart Wortley, member for Yorkshire, read a part of the *Trifling Mistake* in his speech last night. The passages he selected were:³⁷¹

What prevents the people from walking down to the House of Commons and pulling out the members by the ears, locking the door, and flinging the key into the Thames?

This he read without taking into account the note of interrogation, and said, "God forgive him," that the author actually recommended violence against the parliament. He read the passage out *fully*, [about "bully"??] and commented on the word "brute force" – said that was a *recommendation*, and then said he was

370: "When to the mob you make your speech, / My boy Hobby, O, / How do you keep without your reach / The watch within your fobby, O?" (Byron).

371: H. only quotes one passage.

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given to understand the pamphlet was written by the late candidate for Westminster. At the end of the debate Mr Courtenay,³⁷² a Master in Chancery, got up and asked Mr Wortley whether he meant to found [??] any proceedings against the pamphlet? Wortley answered that he did not. Courtenay then said that he should, and gave notice of a motion to that effect for the next day. Brougham begged him to sleep over it. Courtenay said he should persevere.

So here was I, likely to be sent to prison for an imputed meaning which no man in his senses could fancy I had – indeed, I had read the very passages to Burdett at Ramsbury, and had asked him whether he thought they looked like incitement to violence. He said “No,” and he actually revised the last proofs. However, I made up my mind what to do at once, and so quietly set off to Whitton to spend a day or two at home with my family before any accident. I had revised my letter to Lord Castlereagh and read it to Burdett and Kinnaird – it will be published tomorrow.

At Whitton I found my father better – [and] an old friend, Clara Lathmore. Dined and made merry in spite of all. My sisters could scarcely believe me when I told them I should certainly be sent to prison.

Saturday December 11th 1819: Papers did not come down – so I knew not what had happened in the House last night. I rode out with Harriet – danced in the evening with Clara and my sisters.

Sunday December 12th 1819: Papers came, being Friday night’s debate – the long and short of which was that the gentlemen of the House of Commons were resolved to understand the pamphlet in the sense of recommending violence. Bankes³⁷³ said that the passage about resisting the law if I could was “nothing short of rebellion”. Now Lord Rancliffe and Sir Robert Wilson said decisively the same thing, only a night or two afterwards, about the Seizure of Arms Bill – they said they would shoot any man who searched their houses under a warrant from that bill, and yet not a soul said a word against them. Wynne³⁷⁴ took a prominent part. Kinnaird could not be heard. My friend Burdett, to my astonishment, owned the language was coarse – though he had approved of it at Ramsbury – and the whole ended by Mr Robert Stodart being ordered to attend at the bar on Monday night.

372: William Courtenay (1777-1859) MP for Exeter.

373: Henry Bankes (1756-1834) MP for Corfe Castle. Not William Bankes.

374: Sir Watkin Williams Wynne (1772-1840) MP for Denbighshire. Friend of Southey. Later recommends that H. be deprived of books in Newgate.

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Michael Bruce came down in a chaise to give me advice. He told me that even my friends hoped that I should be sent to Newgate, as they were afraid a Jury would find a verdict against me if prosecuted by the Attorney-General. He added that everybody said I should go to France, and give myself up a short time before the end of the session. My father advised me not to do it. I must say I never thought of it for a moment, first of all because the people should see that there are some of the gentlemen who will stand the shot. Secondly because if I did run the publisher or printer might be punished. Thirdly because that hypocrite Wilberforce³⁷⁵ said in his speech that “These libellers never intend themselves to be the victims,” &c. He afterwards said something as if he applied only to those who wrote for money, but nevertheless I know the fellow would, if I went away, apply it to me.

The *Times* openly names me as the author. The *Post* alludes to me.

Well, I packed up a few books, *jam certes eundi*,³⁷⁶ and set off with Bruce in his chaise. Was put down at Bruce’s – saw Lady Parker – she talked about my “distresses” – people cannot understand that Jack Wilkes thought his fortune made when the House imprisoned him.

I went to Kinnaird’s again. Dined with Burdett – Bickersteth, Cullen, and Tracey there. Spent the evening in talking about proceedings for tomorrow. First one plan uppermost, then the other. Burdett wanted me to try Tooke’s plan, and plead not guilty – then we were afraid of Place’s name being brought in. Then we thought of my going to Newgate, and writing a quizzing letter to say I had anticipated the proceedings of Honourable House. Then I mentioned a scheme of carrying the messengers before a magistrate – but Place had told me no-one would execute the warrant. At last we all agreed upon a form of words, which, when called up, I was to use, amounting to an objection to the tribunal, as incompetent – and so we parted, after a most unsatisfactory discussion.

Monday December 13th 1819: Told my servant to pack up my things, fully expecting to lodge in Newgate this night. Walked with Kinnaird – called on Bickersteth. He altered my formula a little. Went on to Newgate – spoke to Mr Brown, the keeper – he denied the possibility of my having rooms in his house, and said “If I came tonight, I must sleep in the same room as Mr Burke, a very gentlemanly man, confined for a fraud for three years”. This was a disagreeable prospect, to be sure – but what was to be done? I walked back to Kinnaird’s,

375: William Wilberforce (1759-1833) MP for Bramber. The great abolitionist. For further slurs, see *Beppo* 543, *Don Juan* IV 915, and BLJ IV 327 and VI 97.

376: Note on *iam certes eundi*.

[and] went with him to Ellice's. Got into Ellice's carriage and went down to the House of Commons, ready to give myself up the moment Mr Stodart appeared.

I should have mentioned that M'Creevy, the printer, came this morning – I saw clearly he did not intend to make any stand if I had required him so to do. I authorised him to tell Stodart I was the author, and to desire him to tell the House so.

When Kinnaird and I came into Mrs Bennet's room, there we joined Burdett and Ellice. Ellice begged me to let him say I was the author – it would get me a day more out of prison. I asked Burdett. He said he saw no objection. I told Ellice then to say I was the author – that I made the answer to save the publisher and printer, and that I would confirm the avowal at the bar. Ellice told me to go to his house in New Street, Spring Gardens, and if I was wanted at the House he would send for me.

I went away. Stopped at Place's – found Mill with him. Told them what I was going to say – they thought the beginning of it not sufficiently decisive – I left it out, and had thus prepared a complete and short denial of the jurisdiction of the House.

I went to Ellice's. There, after waiting some time, came in Bruce. He said, "Hobhouse, they have sent you to Newgate". He gave a sort of confused account of the business. It appeared that Lord Nugent, out of a sort of compunction for having said that the author of the pamphlet was a "victim fit for the House to strike at," had moved the Tower instead of Newgate – that about 199 had voted for Newgate – and 65 for the custody of the Sergeant-at-Arms, Burdett being the only man to give a loud and decisive "No" against all the resolutions, as to the libel and as to the commitment.³⁷⁷ Thus was I accused, tried, condemned, and warrant of execution made out against me, without being cited, without being heard, without being seen – here's Law, and Justice, and Freedom.

Kinnaird, Burdett and Ellice came in and dined with us, Lady Grey and Lady Hannah being of the party. Burdett very much out of sorts. It seems Ellice had said very much more than I had told him – had said that I wished to save the time and trouble of the House – that I would obey the orders of the House – that I had gone out of town to see my father, who was dangerously ill. In this Brougham made a sort of eulogium on filial piety – and I do believe that it was not out of kindness that the Speaker said it was not necessary to have me before the House. What the deuce made Ellice fit so I cannot think: kindness at the bottom, but he left a vile impression respecting me – it appeared I yielded without a struggle.

³⁷⁷: Hard to believe Kinnaird voted for H.'s imprisonment.

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The *Times* said so the next morning, and added that it was a needless exposure on my part, unless I had resolved to try the constitutional question.

It seems the House was much embarrassed at their arbitrary power – they were in sad confusion. One man said this should be done, another that. Ellice stated Newgate was so full I should have to be in the same room with a convicted felon. Mr Alderman Wood said that he would take care I should be “accommodated” in a place he could not exactly mention – devil fetch him! – so there was no excuse for the Tower. Dick Martin of Galway said that if imprisonment made me sick, I might petition the House for removal – that there should be the same punishment for the rich and the poor – here the saints cheered – to be sure, because against a Reformer. There never was such a confusion on the face of the proceedings, and Burdett said he had never seen anything like it. He strenuously advised me to go to France and laugh at them. So did most if not all my friends – even Place had said so.

After dinner Burdett was called downstairs. He told me that Fisher was below – that the Westminster Boys were alive – intended a public meeting, and asked him to take the chair, which he wanted to do. Kinnaird said, “By God they are wrong!!!” This needs no comment – I do not wish to sprinkle this journal with the failings of my associates.

Went with Burdett and Kinnaird home to his house. There took pen in hand, and thought of a sort of letter or petition or something in order to set matters right about the [] and [] of Ellice’s blunder.

Burdett still said, “By God, go – go and laugh at them”.