

December 14th 1819-December 31st 1820: Newgate, Cato Street, and
the Trial of Queen Caroline

**1820: Newgate Diary, the 1820 Westminster Election, Byron's
ballad *My Boy Hobby, O*, the execution of the Cato Street
Conspirators, and the Trial of Queen Caroline**

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Edited from B.L.Add.Mss. 56540 and 56541.

In the notes, "I.G." indicates assistance from Ian Gilmour, to whom I'm grateful.

In 1819 Hobhouse contested the parliamentary seat of Westminster, which had become vacant on the suicide of Romilly. He stood as a radical, supported by his father and by Burdett, but was defeated on March 3rd by George Lamb. Riots followed, and a breach opened between him and the Holland House Whigs.

Westminster was an unusual constituency. It extended from Temple Bar to Hyde Park, from Oxford Street to the Thames, and three-quarters of its voters were middle-class: shopkeepers, skilled artisans, printers, tailors, and so on. It was the only constituency in the country in which each of its 17,000 rate-paying householders had the vote, which fact made it a headache to any administration, Whig or Tory, which was based upon, and served, as all administrations were and did, the landed gentry. At Westminster, candidates had to stand on the hustings and speak deferentially to people whom they'd normally expect to speak deferentially to *them*.

At this time Hobhouse wrote several pamphlets, and an anonymous reply to a sarcastic speech of Canning's, written by him and some of his friends in the Rota Club, attracted attention. In 1819 he published another anonymous pamphlet, entitled *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*. To the question "What prevents the people from walking down to the House, and pulling out the members by the ears, locking up their doors and flinging the key into the Thames?" he answered that "their true practical protectors ... are to be found at the Horse Guards, and the Knightsbridge barracks" (*A Trifling Mistake* pp. 49-50). The Commons ignored the answer (which in itself asked for trouble), read the question as rhetorical, and found Hobhouse guilty of breach of privilege ...

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The diary of one falsely imprisoned by a bullying administration – even though in relatively luxurious conditions, allowed to exercise on the jail roof, free to receive and dine almost anyone he likes – is bound to excite our sympathy, and Hobhouse’s succeeds. His stoicism is admirable. He gets up early for a change, and works non-stop at researching his defence and writing protests, though to no avail. It is only the prorogation of parliament which frees him.

The friendship he receives from so many people contrasts with Byron’s mistimed and irrelevant ballad (which gives this website its name). Byron does not understand Hobhouse’s politics, and his jokes miss the mark. Hobhouse, as we can see, is as hostile to “the Mob” as Byron, and the idea (shared by Wellington), that he is a follower of Tom Paine, is foolish. Byron is, perhaps, jealous at seeing his friend suffering in a good English political cause, while he (Byron) stays away, playing the empty games of the Carbonari.

Extra drama is provided in the diary by the departure from England of Scrope Davies, and by the so-called “Cato Street Conspiracy”, about the true nature of which no-one has any doubts.

As the year progresses and the events of the first half give way to the “Trial” of Queen Caroline, Byron fades from Hobhouse’s mind.

It’s sad to think, given their co-operation here, that by the mid-1830s Francis Place was referring to the by-now-reactionary Hobhouse as “live lumber”.

Tuesday December 14th 1819: I saw by the papers this morning what a sad mistake Ellice¹ had committed – Kinnaird² agreed something should be done, so he drew up a letter to the Speaker. Whilst he was drawing, in came Bickersteth³ with a petition to the House, or rather a remonstrance, stating the case simply,

1: Edward Ellice (1781-1863) friend of Burdett, H. and B. – a radical Whig. The “sad mistake” he has made is to suggest to the Commons that H. “... should be spared the annoyance of an interrogation at the Bar, and that whatever [is] to be done on the occasion should be done at once” (*Recollections*, II 115). He did not realise at the time that this would involve H.’s arrest: he does now.

2: Douglas Kinnaird (1788-1830) friend of B., whose banker and literary agent he was during the poet’s exile, and of H., whose 1813 journey round Europe he had in part shared. Now MP for Bishop’s Castle, a seat he loses in March this year when a select committee declares him “not duly elected”. Had offered himself as Westminster candidate in 1818, but stood down in favour of H. Loses his temper a lot.

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

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and calling upon them not to persevere in their injustice. The whole enormity became more apparent the more we thought of it – we agreed on the petition as dignified and proper. We sent to have it engrossed and transmitted to Burdett⁴ at the House tonight, immediately after my arrest.

About four o'clock, a dreary evening, came Bruce⁵ and Ellice, and then Burdett. What Ellice had said had made it necessary that I should give myself up. He very generously said that if I chose to go,⁶ he would take the blame upon himself, and say he had exceeded his commission. Burdett advised me again to go, but I recollected how in his own matter⁷ his note to the Serjeant-at-Arms had been misconstrued. All I could do was to let Ellice tell the Serjeant-at-Arms where he might find me, but at the same time to let him know that I should yield to *force* alone – he must come with men – I would not yield to one person.

I left Kinnaird's then, not to return. This night I had a sort of shyness about telling my boy Richard⁸ to take my clothes to *Newgate*, and I did not tell him. Walked to No 1 New Street – Ellice's – shook hands with Burdett and Kinnaird – Burdett still pressing me to go to France. Went into Ellice's with Bruce – there sat ourselves down – this was about five o'clock. We chatted and talked in his little room – Ellice went down to the House to tell the Serjeant where I was – the interval was about an hour. I felt as if waiting for a dentist coming to take my tooth out – every now and then fancied the people came.

At last Ellice's butler came and said, "Some persons from the House of Commons, Sir!" – "Show them up", said I, and rose up. In came a short man.⁹ He knew Bruce, and addressed me as "Mr Hobhouse." He said he was sorry to come on so unpleasant a business – he had a warrant from the Speaker to apprehend me – with that he pulled out the warrant and the copy. I took both – read the warrant – and said "I cannot obey this – had I been called to the bar, I should have

4: Sir Francis Burdett (1777-1844) very rich radical Whig MP. To be H.'s partner in several Westminster elections. H. will propose without success to two of his daughters. Place found him snobbish and distant.

5: Michael Bruce (1787-1861) traveller, friend of H., with whom he witnessed the Hundred Days, sometime lover of Lady Hester Stanhope, Lady Caroline Lamb, and of the widows of both Marshal Ney and Admiral Sir Peter Parker.

6: That is, fly the country (as, for example, John Wilkes had, in not entirely dissimilar circumstances, in 1763).

7: In 1810, on Burdett's release from the Tower, where he too had been confined for breach of Parliamentary privilege, he had tried without success to bring an action against the Commons Serjeant-at-Arms.

8: H.'s valet.

9: H. pleased to be arrested by a man shorter than he is.

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demurred to the tribunal – I now object to the warrant – it is not a legal instrument – I shall not go without force – I presume you are not come alone?” – The messenger said he wished to know what *force* meant. “I do not mean a regiment of dragoons,” – “Of course,” said the messenger – “well then, I have two men with me below.” – I answered, “I shall not go with you – take back the warrant to the Speaker, and tell him so”. – “Sir” said the little fellow, “I cannot do that – now I have seen you I cannot quit you.” – “Very well,” said I, “then use force – I shall not go without”. The messenger went out, and soon appeared with two tall fellows having certain badges on their breasts, they being other messengers. They waited in the other room – he came in again, and asked me if I should go – “Not without force.” – He seemed to hesitate, and not know what to do. “I am not going to shoot you,” I said. “Oh”, replied the man, “you are too much of a gentleman I am sure”. This made us both laugh. The man said – “Well then, Sir, you are my prisoner,” and saying so, laid his hand gently on my arm. I made a bow. “Very well – I yield to force – but recollect – I say it before Mr Bruce – that it is to force only, and that I desire you to tell the Speaker the warrant is illegal, and the arrest illegal, and that I appeal against it.”

The man promised he would tell the Speaker – I put on my great-coat, and walked downstairs. Ellice’s two servants stood bowing at the door, and seemed as much distressed as if their brother had been carried off. I desired my compliments to Lady Hannah,¹⁰ and shook hands with Bruce, and stepped into the coach. The two *alguazils*¹¹ followed. I called out to the man who arrested me, “Remember you carry my message to the Speaker”. He said he would – “You are not afraid of a rescue?” said I to the other men – “Oh no, Sir!” The coach drove on – we discoursed of various topics – until we came to Newgate – there my *body*¹² was delivered over in form to Mr Brown¹³ who said he *was sorry to see me come*. I smiled – we went into the parlour, and whilst Brown was giving the messengers a *receipt* for my body, I wrote a short letter to Place,¹⁴ giving him an account of the *violent arrest* and desiring him to insert it in the papers. Also a note to Richard, telling him to come to *Newgate*. I arrived about half-past six, I

10: Lady Hannah unidentified.

11: “Constables” (Spanish).

12: “Corpus” as in Habeas Corpus, the elementary democratic rule here being flagrantly violated.

13: Christian name unrevealed. The Governor of Newgate.

14: Francis Place (1771-1854) radical reformer; a tailor, he is H.’s campaign-manager in the next election. A much more important figure in early nineteenth-century radicalism than H. Lady Dorchester cuts every reference to him from *Recollections*.

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think.

When the messengers went away, having given me their names, Brown and I began talking about affairs. I had a note from Alderman Ward¹⁵ in my pocket, stating the bargain he had made with Brown for me. After some preliminaries, I agreed to give him ten guineas a week for my lodging – coals not included – he to keep a cook for me.

We had much conversation – I ate no dinner, but took a dish of tea,¹⁶ and, at ten o'clock a mouthful of bread and cheese. He told me stories which rather diminished Mrs Fry's¹⁷ credit in my eyes. Two characters he said irreclaimable – an old whore and an inveterate thief. About eleven o'clock he asked me to take my hat and walk with him. I did so, and went into the jail porch, hung with irons and other implements [] []. Presently twenty-five convicts came clanking down the long passage and were pushed into a caravan, which was to take them to Sheerness.¹⁸ Brown spoke to the men – some were convicts just escaped hanging – others who had stolen to prevent starving – but all doomed to the same punishment.

I own I did not feel quite comfortable – I had a feeling as if I should never get out of jail – indeed, having resolved upon making no submission whatever, I have taken up my quarters for seven months at least.¹⁹ I returned to Brown's parlour, and in a little time was shown upstairs to a good bedroom²⁰ – where I went for the first time in my life to sleep in a prison, and having no regrets for the cause, slept well. In the night indeed I awoke and felt a little odd. I thought that this time last year I was sure of being member for Westminster, and now in Newgate.

Wednesday December 15th 1819: Cullen²¹ called before I was up – enquired if I could sleep. Place called. My mother²² and three of my dear sisters²³ called.

15: Ward unidentified.

16: “tea pot” (Ms.).

17: Elizabeth Fry (1780-1845) the Quaker prison reformer whose social focus is also queried by B. at *Don Juan* X Stanzas 8-5.

18: In Kent, on the south coast of the Thames estuary. They are destined either for the prison ships, or for transportation to Australia (see *Great Expectations, passim*).

19: The remaining life of the arresting Parliament. In fact the King's death at the end of January shortens H.'s anticipated stretch by five months.

20: It was here that the Marquis of Sligo, B.'s friend, had lodged when he had been imprisoned in 1813.

21: Cullen unidentified. At Apr 6 20, H. calls him “Cullen of Knightsbridge”.

22: Lady Hobhouse is in fact H.'s stepmother.

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Ellice and Burdett, and many others. The keeper of the prison made a complaint that upwards of sixty people had called before twelve o'clock to enquire, and he was rather gruff thereupon. Place told me that there had been a very full meeting, and quite spontaneously, of the Electors last night at the Crown and Anchor²⁴ – 200 at least present to resolve upon a public meeting in the great room to express their attachment, &c. to me. The whole city he said were alive upon the gross injustice of the proceeding. I found myself very well lodged as to sitting-room and bedroom – dined at six – Burdett sat with me in the evening – well at night.

Thursday December 16th 1819: Place came and Burdett – Place read the address intended to be proposed to me this day, at [the] Crown and Anchor. We liked all except a fling at the Whigs in the address, allusive to the proceedings in the late Westminster election.

Several people called – Lord Tavistock²⁵ came – whilst he was here, about a quarter past four came Sir Francis Burdett, Joshua Evans,²⁶ and four Westminster gentlemen departed from the public meeting with the address. Sir Francis delivered it into my hand, saying it came from a very numerous and respectable assembly. Lord Tavistock had rather damped me before by saying that he had been there and thought there were about 200 in the room – this is a Whig way of spiting a friend. I asked Burdett – he said it was false – the meeting might have had about 400 at first, but the room was afterwards as full as it could hold. Ottey of the Tavern²⁷ says there were 1,600 at least there. I learn that there were no placards or handbills out until four o'clock yesterday evening – the printers were afraid of being taken up under the new laws.²⁸ All this considered, the meeting is

23: Charlotte Hobhouse (H.'s only sister, *not* one of his half-sisters) wrote as follows to him while he was in Newgate: "F. [an unidentified friend] wishes that she were here in London that she might see you, for there is no den so dark where the world would not visit the child of her friend. I really believe she thinks that you are chained to a wall in a dungeon, eating bread only moistened by your tears. I have tried to lessen her 'impression'" – *Reminiscences*, 24.

24: The Crown and Anchor tavern was the principal meeting-place for the Westminster electors, Westminster having the widest franchise in the country. It had a huge dining-hall.

25: The Marquis of Tavistock was the son of the Duke of Bedford. A Trinity friend of H.

26: Joshua Evans was a radical barrister.

27: Publican at the Crown and Anchor[??].

28: The events in this section of the diary occur in the shadow of the totalitarian Six Acts, passed in winter 1819. They were (i) the Training Prevention Act, which made any person attending a gathering for the purpose of training or drilling liable to arrest. People found guilty of this offence could be transported for seven years; (ii) the Seizure of Arms Act, which gave power to local magistrates to search any property or person for arms; (iii) the

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thought to have been very fully attended, and it was very well-dressed indeed – not a gentleman, save Evans and Blackburne,²⁹ besides the Chairman there – *my friend* Douglas Kinnaird did *not*³⁰ go. He has made a failure in the House of Commons, and is ashamed – or his partners³¹ wish to keep him from public meetings – or he has some sinister view or the other – yet is he *honnête homme jusqu'à la vérité*. It was mentioned in the *Chronicle* that he was at the meeting, and he took care, or someone took care, to contradict it from authority in the *New Times*.

Murray³² sent me *Anastasius or Memoirs of a Greek*³³ – a delightful book, I think – it seems to me quite a new and yet a likely view of the manners of the East, and shows the Levanters living very much in the same way as we Westerns do – the same dissipation and intrigue, passions and everything, set off by that extraordinary contempt of life which is certain[ly] the most striking feature in the Oriental nations, at least that I have seen. The man himself is a real man – must have been a strange creature – very vicious and headstrong – but having courage and generosity.

I was sure at first reading that our good folks would think of Lord Byron in reading it – and I have since found that the work has been attributed to him – neither he nor any Englishman could have written a page of it I think.

Friday December 17th 1819: Begin to settle myself. Receive a great many visits and letters, and generally speaking everybody is very kind. Burdett dined and sat with me until eleven, the hour at which my keeper tells me he wishes to lock up and out. He (Burdett) informs me there is a talk of sending him³⁴ to the Tower for signing the Westminster address to me, which is in the *Times* of this day and in that paper alone; for the *Morning Chronicle*, as honest as usual, slurs over the

Seditious Meetings Prevention, which prohibited the holding of public meetings of more than fifty people without the consent of a sheriff or magistrate; (iv) The Misdemeanours Act, attempting to reduce the delay in the administration of justice; (v) the Blasphemous and Seditious Libels Act, provided much stronger punishments, including banishment, for publications judged to be blasphemous or seditious; (vi) the Newspaper and Stamp Duties Act, which subjected certain radical publications which had previously avoided stamp duty by publishing opinion and not news, to such duty.

29: Blackburne may be John Blackburne, MP for Newton 1807-18, and for Warrington 1835-47. He was certainly “a gentleman” but probably too right wing (I.G.).

30: Underlined twice.

31: Kinnaird was a partner in the bank of Ransom and Morley (later Barclay's).

32: John Murray (1778-1843) B.'s publisher.

33: Oriental novel by Thomas Hope (1769-1831) published 1819. B. admired it and wished he had written it; see BLJ VII 138 and 182, and Blessington 51.

34: “sending me” (Ms.).

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whole proceeding. Burdett said perhaps it would be as good for the cause if he did go to the Tower. He added that he always contemplated a tyrannical close of his life, but that he might better be *expended* that way than any other. I felt seriously hurt at the notion of having brought this upon him, but his noble kindness and generosity completely relieved me from any *feeling that he felt*, although I did not the less regret his risk. We talked upon what was best for me to do about answering the Westminster address. I showed him a sketch of an answer – he said “Better wait – write something short and not insulting – and let me make a motion about you in parliament”. We seemed to agree to this, and after he went I wrote a short address – toothache at night *pour sarcrât de bonheur*.

Saturday December 18th 1819: Sent my letter early to Place – he returned it, having consulted Mill,³⁵ and told me it was in rather a subdued tone. I did not mean this – I only meant not to embarrass any motion Burdett might make. I wrote another, whilst Sir Robert Wilson³⁶ and Ricardo³⁷ were in the room talking, and sent it off to Place. Tavistock called – he and everybody I see open-mouthed about the intention of sending Burdett to the Tower. Wynne,³⁸ Courtenay,³⁹ and Phillimore⁴⁰ are the conspirators – Castlereagh⁴¹ is asked to do it. Some think it will be done on Monday, some think not.

Good people call and write – Sturch, Cartwright, Woolesley, Pearson and Wooler⁴² called the first day – Wooler’s *Black Dwarf*, spurring me on with praise – *he indeed!* day and evening as usual. Scrope Davies, oh the rogue!⁴³ dined with me –

35: James Mill, author of the *History of British India* (1817-18). Father of John Stuart Mill.

36: Sir Robert Wilson (1777-1849) soldier and future Governor of Gibraltar. Currently Whig M.P. for Southwark. H. had got to know his sister, Mrs Bailly Wallis, in Paris. In 1821 he is removed from the army for failing to fire on the mob at the Queen’s funeral.

37: David Ricardo (1772-1823) economist and M.P. for Portarlington.

38: Charles Watkin Williams Wynn was a Tory politician, rising briefly to be Secretary of War in 1831. He was a lifelong friend of Southey’s. No friend to radicals.

39: Courtenay was later the Earl of Devon.

40: Joseph Phillimore (1775-1855) jurist.

41: Robert Stewart, Viscount Castlereagh (1769-1822) the unpopular Foreign Secretary.

42: All unidentified except Major Cartwright, for whom see below, 26 Dec 1816, and Thomas Jonathon Wooler (1786-1853) publisher of the *Black Dwarf* and the *British Gazette*.

43: Scrope Berdmore Davies (1783-1852) fellow of King’s College Cambridge, *close* friend of no-one, but well-acquainted with B. and H. from their Cambridge days. Self-destructively compulsive gambler.

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Sunday December 19th 1819: The cursed bills continue going through parliament – opposition rather diminishes than otherwise – nothing stout said in either House, except I think by Lord Grosvenor and Denman.⁴⁴

Bickersteth, Kinnaird, Burdett, Evans, and Cullen dine with me. My *answer* generally approved – The Douglas⁴⁵ said it was good!!!

Discussion on the probability of Burdett's confinement.

Monday December 20th 1819: Removed yesterday to bedroom downstairs – took a walk on the top of the jail, which with permission I shall do every day the weather will let me. Sherriff Rothwell and that madcap Sherriff Parkway⁴⁶ have both called. I write something for second edition to letter to Castlereagh, which I hear has all sold – it was published only a week ago.

I continue reading *Anastasius* in the evening, but I have very little time, for there is generally somebody with me half the morning and all evening.

Tuesday December 21st 1819: Writing a preface concerning the *Bars* of honourable House – get it printed, but alter my mind afterwards. Think it more dignified and better for the cause to take no notice whatever of the transaction except in a note, and that very shortly – so I end my preface another way.

Company – time taken up as usual.

Wednesday December 22nd 1819: Nothing to record except the same as before. I saw my father on Monday, when he signed a bond, which Burdett had also signed, payable on my escape or escapes – for £10,000!! He was not well at all.

I think it was this night that the keeper Brown broke in upon me to show me a death warrant for men to die next week.

Bills going on, and Burdett makes no motion respecting me. I think it was this day that a deputation of eight or nine parishioners of St Clements, headed by Mr Prat,⁴⁷ called and made me a set speech testifying their attachment and that of their parish. I explained it would be useless in me to take the line Burdett had taken, in bringing actions. I could do nothing but move Habeas Corpus and that I would move. They seemed much pleased – and here must I confess the fact that my false imprisonment has created no effect whatever through the country. The press [writing] against me or neglecting me, and the nation having too much to think of to think of me. Were it not for Westminster I should drop to the bottom

44: Grosvenor unidentified. Thomas, afterwards First Baron Denman (1779-1854). Whig M.P. who was soon to defend Queen Caroline.

45: “The hot and fiery Douglas” is B.’s nickname for Kinnaird at BLJ VI 136.

46: Conjectural reading. Rothwell and Parkway unidentified.

47: Prat unidentified.

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like a stone in the water. I have still something at home which applauds me.

Thursday December 23rd 1819: As before – Scrope Davies walked with me on the top. Sir Richard Philipps⁴⁸ came – he recommended me to prosecute the Sheriff for false imprisonment, but this could not bring the question before a jury. Had some friend with me during the evening. Burdett called and went away without moving – forgot it I suppose.

Friday December 24th 1819: Getting preface ready – second edition of letter to Castlereagh – a poor thing. Only a record – the Den⁴⁹ adjourned until Monday.

Saturday December 25th 1819: My Xmas in prison. Preface out, dated Newgate, “December 24th 1819”.⁵⁰ Today dined Kinnaird and Irvine⁵¹ and Davies with me.

Sunday December 26th 1819: Nothing to record. Finished *Anastasius*, I think. Read Clifford’s argument in the Exchequer Chamber on Burdett’s case⁵² and made notes. Walked on top. Bickersteth dined with me.

Major Cartwright⁵³ called and sat with me – he told me a curious story about Bristol Mills⁵⁴ telling Hunt⁵⁵ that Burdett had told Mills that Sir C. Wolesley had told Burdett that Hunt had a protection from government, whereupon Hunt blackguarded Mills and ended by knocking his hat off. Mills went away and challenged Hunt, but received no answer. Cartwright was⁵⁶ very gentlemanly and agreeable to me for the time I saw him. He said he came to thank me for the *noble stand* I had made for the liberties of my country. He told me that when Pitt lost his reform proposition by only twenty, he met King, now Dean of Rochester,

48: Sir Richard Phillipps. William Hone and Sir Richard Phillips were among the more talented radical publisher-booksellers to become bankrupt at this time. (I.G.) .

49: “The Den of Iniquity” or “A Den of Thieves” (see Luke 19, 46); that is, the House of Commons.

50: Notice the speed at which the printers work.

51: Irvine unidentified.

52: Note pending.

53: Major Thomas Cartwright (1740-1824) had been a famous reform agitator since the 1790s, demanding annual parliaments and the vote for all tax-payers. B. had made his third Lords speech in favour of one of his petitions, on 1 June 1813 (CMP 41-6).

54: Mills unidentified.

55: Henry “Orator” Hunt (1773-1835) radical agitator. H. wants nothing to do with either him or Cobbett; Place thinks him ignorant and mischievous.

56: “is a” (Ms.)

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then private secretary to Lord Rockingham, next day. King ran across the road and said how unlucky Lord Rockingham forgot the question of Reform was coming up last night – “But,” said Cartwright, “he did not forget to keep Burke from the House, whose impetuosity would have betrayed all”.

Cartwright heard Eldon⁵⁷ say that if the King were to consent to a reform of parliament he wished the King might die – this was at Tooke’s⁵⁸ trial. Tooke asked him if he had said so – Scott leant down to Whitford and asked, “Did I say so?” – “Yes indeed you did brother Scott.” – Cartwright said that Lord Grenville in parliament said that King Lords and Commons together could not disfranchise a borough.

Cartwright said that of all the Whig Lords desired to present the Middlesex resolutions only one, Leinster, acceded. One said they were libellous, others unconstitutional – Byng⁵⁹ was present when they were passed.

Cartwright told me that Pitt was certainly averse to the war in 1793. Dundas told a great commercial friend of his (Cartwright’s) that Pitt would not go to war with France. A person who reported it to Cartwright heard the King say one day to the Austrian Ambassador at Court, “We’ll join you soon – we’ll join you soon – can’t yet”. Cartwright talked of his *departure*, that is, death – and of his intention to finish his bill for national defence before that event. He said Romilly belonged to the society for Constitutional information – his name is not [known] to that society. He said that Sir William Jones said that the declaration of that society should be written in letters of gold – it was written by Cartwright.

On the whole I was much pleased with him – though knowing what a tricky man he is and how he would do anything for his object, *per fas et nefas*⁶⁰ – preferring rather, as Burdett says, the *nefas*. Charles Fox said he studied patience under Cartwright for three years – then he saw him for more than an hour at a time, or saw him too often, for the Major is not tiresome in private conversation.⁶¹

Bickersteth dined with me.

Monday December 27th 1819: I wrote a letter to Lord Grosvenor for the Westminster Electors, asking him to make an exception in the Seditious Meetings Bill in favour of Westminster, which Place thinks cannot meet at all under the act. Place got a petition to the Lords, which I wrote – in great part. Lord

57: Lord Eldon (1751-1838) Lord Chancellor 1801-27. An enemy of reform.

58: John Horne Tooke (1713-1812) clergyman and radical politician.

59: George Byng (1764-1847) M.P. for Middlesex. In theory a reformer.

60: “By fair means or foul”; Horace, *Carmina* I 18 10 (should be “atque nefas”).

61: This favourable judgement does not stop H. from referring to Cartwright as “Old Prosy” in a letter to B. of 31 Mar 1820 (BB 286).

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Grosvenor presented and spoke in favour of the petition, but the ministers shuffled it off as being too late at the third reading. Now Lord Harrowby had made a pointed exception in favour of Westminster meetings as compared to those at Manchester. "'Tis true indeed," he said, "the meetings which Mr Fox addressed". But these meetings were the same that Burdett now addresses, and twenty years hence he would have said, "The meetings which Sir Francis Burdett addresses"⁶² for the sake of depreciating some reigning popular favourite.

Scrope Davies dined with me this day – Ricardo – Wilson called.

Tuesday December 28th 1819: Snowy weather – could not walk. Ellice came – we had some talk about a motion in parliament for my discharge. Wilson had said he would do it yesterday. Ellice objected to Wilson – said nobody listened to him. Wilson had in the same way objected to Ellice – Ellice told me that Peel⁶³ had said I might get out at Xmas and Ellice said that there was a general feeling that way – Ellice promised to stir himself – Bickersteth sat with me this evening.

Wednesday December 29th 1819: A man was hanged this morning for an unnatural crime. I had my windows fastened up, but could not sleep – they began putting up the scaffold at four o'clock – the tolling of the bell at eight was frightful – I heard the crash of the drop falling and a woman screech⁶⁴ violently at the same moment – instantly afterwards the sound of the pie-man⁶⁵ crying "*All hot, all hot!*" – 'Tis dreadful hanging a man for this nastiness. There are two, a man and boy now in jail, who were caught *in flagrante delictu* – and yet only sentenced to two years imprisonment. The poor wretch was half dead, so they told me, before he was hanged.

This day I thought I had better stop Wilson and Ellice from doing anything in the House tomorrow, so I wrote to them, but I still thought it better that someone should ask whether I was to be kept in during this long adjournment of seven weeks – as long as a prorogation. I wrote accordingly to Ricardo, as one who had weight, and who would not blunder out anything about me. To be sure it was to be expected that someone would say a word for me – my desiring the thing not to be done, as from me, had nothing to do with someone thinking the thing should be done as a matter of justice. I own I expected some one would move.

Read *Ivanhoe*.⁶⁶ Very good, but I do not know enough of the manners of

62: "addressed" (Ms.)

63: Sir Robert Peel (1788-1850) future Prime Minister, is currently out of office. M.P. for Oxford University.

64: "screech" (Ms.)

65: "pye man" (Ms.)

66: Scott's novel, just published.

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Richard I's time to know whether the portrait is a likeness – it seems as if it were like. Do not feel well at all – my head sings and rings very badly at night, and in the evening too sometimes – yet I walk on the top for two hours almost every day.

Thursday December 30th 1819: Disturbed by visitors. The Den meet – and adjourn at half-past four until February 17th. Douglas Kinnaird dined with me, and told me nothing had been done in the Den about me. I thought he might have come away before the time, and depended on Ricardo. Evans called in evening.

Friday December 31st 1819: Two men, Wildish and Booth, hanged at eight o'clock – they had a psalm sung under the gallows – I looked out a moment after they dropped – could not discern any motion except a little tremor in the hands of one of them – I am quite certain that the contemplation of these scenes frequently would very much diminish in me the fear of dying on a scaffold – I felt much less shocked this day than I did on Wednesday last.⁶⁷

Place called in a great rage that nothing had been said about me in the Den – “Pretty friends!” cried he – “Where was Burdett? where was Kinnaird? where was Tavistock? where was Ricardo – where was Ellice? pretty friends – damn your gentlemen – they have no more feeling than the table – what, dine and sleep and talk and live with a man – and then let him lie in jail without a word for him when a word might be of service?”

It appears Place had been with Wilson, and got him to own that the thing ought to be done, although I had requested him not to do it. Wilson promised he would do it. He then met Place after the House was up and said *it would not do* – “It would have been a good thing for Castlereagh to move”, and such trash.

Place said he was sure Wilson had been with the Whigs – and that those gentlemen had dissuaded him – I think so too – but not because they wanted to keep me here – only because they thought the motion would not get me out, and would have the effect of making the country talk of me, which they *do not want, of course*. I received a humbug letter from Ricardo. Place told me that Mill, author of the History of India, would dine with me on Wednesday. Place had spoken about this before – now I thought it a ticklish thing not to ask Place to come, but considering my relations with Westminster, this would never do – and so I must e'en run the risk of offending Place, who, I hope, however, has too much sense to be offended. He is a very extraordinary man – some doubt his honesty – but as his dishonesty, if dishonest he be, never can hurt me, I care not

67: A reaction similar to that of B. when he sees three men guillotined in Rome (BLJ V 230).

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what he is. Having no project beyond what every man in the street knows or many know, he cannot betray me.

Place told me that when there was fear of the French raft invasion, some scoundrels had actually formed the project of plundering London if the French landed, and had drawn up a paper with all their names to it. They came to Place – Place spoke to Colonel Despard,⁶⁸ and the two together drew up a sort of proclamation which they intended to placard if anything had happened. The proclamation denounced the whole conspiracy, named the conspirators, and recommended every citizen to shoot them wherever they dared to <attempt> effect their honest scheme. “Now,” said Place, “after this I was much surprised to hear that Despard had engaged in a plan of insurrection – and yet he had certainly engaged in it – he was guilty. I did not know him for three years before his death, on account of a good-for-nothing son who quarrelled with him” – so said Place. Place said Despard was a very mild man – never swore – never talked vehemently.

I took a good deal of exercise late in day. Certainly much better for it. Drink only wine and water. Bickersteth sat all the evening with me – mentioned a strange thing said by Charles Fox about parliament.⁶⁹

Heard the bellman crying in the New Year – nearly finished *Ivanhoe* – the introduction of Robin Hood Little John and Friar Tuck at the close rather ridiculous.

Saturday January 1st 1820: Got up at nine, and intend, if possible, to begin a new life about getting up at least. I shall now set to work about my motion for a Habeas Corpus – write a note or two. The *Times* has had a sharp bash with Canning⁷⁰ respecting *the Letter* to him.⁷¹ Canning, in his speech on Friday week, said the *Times* praised that letter and recommended assassination. The *Times* rejoined in Saturday’s paper by one of the best articles ever written. Thrashed Canning to chaff – the foolish *Courier* defended Canning – the *Times* replied in a tone of complete scorn. The *Chronicle*, then being praised by Canning, attacks both *Courier* and *Times*. The *Times* now attacks both *Courier*, and *Chronicle*,

68: Colonel Edward Marcus Despard (1751-1803) plotted to kill George III and seize the Tower and the Bank of England. He was drawn on a hurdle and beheaded.

69: Fox’s “strange thing” not recorded.

70: George Canning (1770-1827) now M.P. for Liverpool; Foreign Secretary after Castlereagh’s suicide in 1822.

71: *A Letter to George Canning* was widely supposed to be by H. *Recollections* (II 114) says that it was a group effort by him and other members of the Rota Club.

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and Canning. Well done the *Letter* – Canning will never forget it – *haeret lateri lettalis arundo*.⁷²

Courtenay, who sent me here, is Canning's friend – his brother is Canning's secretary at the Board of Control – who knows but he does this thing to me to avenge the letter? For everybody suspects me of being the author. I have half a mind to write another letter to Canning – his trashy speech “sacrificing himself to save the institutions of his country” – that is, exposing himself to a paragraph in the newspapers – would make a good subject for a poem – I have written fifty lines thereupon.

Ricardo calls – I say nothing to him about his stammering and stuttering, which prevented him, so he said, from moving my discharge. S.B.Davies called and left me a pamphlet on the genius of Lord Byron and on *Don Juan* by one Coulton,⁷³ author of *Hypocrisy, a Satire* – there are one or two good things in it – he agrees with me that the Fourth Canto⁷⁴ is the first of Byron's works; indeed, he says it is the first of all poems – he believed in the Devonshire ghost.⁷⁵ When Scrope last saw him he asked him if he had “*given up the ghost?*” – “No.” – “Ah, you will never *give up the ghost till you die!*” – Also brought me Cobbett's⁷⁶ *last TUPPENY*,⁷⁷ which is very good indeed, and especially in Mackintosh's⁷⁸ fulsome eulogy on Perry⁷⁹ and, on the *respectable* part of the press. Walking on the top, a dire day – Dr Chambers,⁸⁰ good fellow, joined me.

Dined, and alone, all evening – read half first volume of 8° Leo X.⁸¹ It certainly is inferior to Lorenzo, and very much so – the chapter re[]ing learned men is to my mind not good – anybody might do it out of Tiraboschi.⁸²

72: VIR. AEN. IV 73 (“fast to her side clings the deadly shaft”). My thanks to Chris Little here.

73: Conjectural reading.

74: Of *Child Harold's Pilgrimage*.

75: “Hinky-Punk” of Somerset and Devonshire; it carried a light, and led travellers into bogs.

76: William Cobbett (1763-1835) great radical journalist and, at this time, would-be M.P. Both H. and B. dislike him and fear his politics, and Place is afraid he might teach the common people insubordination!

77: Cobbett's 2d *Political Register* was nicknamed *Tuppenny Trash*.

78: Sir James Mackintosh (1765-1832) Scots philosopher and Whig M.P. for Nairn.

79: James Perry (1756-1821) editor of the *Morning Chronicle*.

80: Chambers unidentified.

81: *Life of Leo X* by William Roscoe (1805). Translated into French, German and Italian. On the Index.

82: Girolamo Tiraboschi (1731-1794) author of *Storia della Letteratura Italiana*, a standard work much used by B. and H.

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Sunday January 2nd 1820: Bad night, and got up very late. Wrote a little respecting Privilege.

H.W.Jones,⁸³ from Bradford, called – he brought me a sermon preached at Frome, and sold by Longman for one shilling. It recommends passive obedience and non-resistance, and preaches the Divine Right of Kings. Deputation from Committee appointed to give Burdett a piece of plate in St James' Parish – asking me to write the inscription.

Bickersteth walked on the top with me – frost gone – he talked to me of his Cambridge studies, and delightfully of Neaton,⁸⁴ I felt ashamed to know nothing, but glad to hear about such noble subjects.

When I came down, Scrope Davies came – he told me he was come to take leave – he must leave England – he had changed his lodgings frequently, but was afraid of being dodged – he had just £130 to start upon the continental world with, and no more. He knew not whither to go. He thought of enlisting in a West India regiment. I asked him to dine – he said no, he could not bear that – he was as gay as he could be, poor fellow, and so was I, in order to prevent him thinking I mourned more for my £250 than for the loss of my friend's company. He has been very kind to me in his prosperity, and I should be selfish and savage indeed to nourish any disagreeable sentiments or horrible feelings towards him – although the sum cuts deeply into £800 per annum – and although there was a want of morality and principle in the way in which he took me in, which must not be thought lightly of by any man pretending to honesty. But it is a sad finale. He tells me he was in 1815 worth £22,000, and a good income besides. He did not tell me how much he owes – Kinnaird says £10,000 – in this Burdett, myself, D.Brown⁸⁵ and Kinnaird suppose – Andrews⁸⁶ for a large sum, Atkinson, his servant, something, his lodgings £80 – in short, a complete smash – he traces all to a request made by Lord Jersey to come to London instead of going to Cambridge – he went to the Union – lost £150, and looking after that, in a few nights lost almost everything. When he went to Switzerland with me he had £5,000, about, left. He has left Byron's picture in my hands, and the Third Canto of *Childe Harold* Mss in Kinnaird's.⁸⁷ He has desired Kinnaird to take his name out of Brooks's. He tells me the chances against his return are 100 guineas to a shilling.

83: Jones unidentified.

84: Neaton unidentified. Could be "Newton" (Isaac – the suggestion is by I.G.).

85: D. Brown unidentified.

86: Andrews unidentified.

87: This manuscript was discovered where Kinnaird had left it, in a Barclay's vault, in 1976. With it was, *inter alia*, Mary Shelley's fair copy of *The Prisoner of Chillon*.

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Such is the end of this man whom I have known now for fifteen years at least – almost half my life – he was in his day certainly the most agreeable man for *every day*, in London, and was so esteemed by all who knew him. He was, up to his last misfortune, signally honourable in all his dealings, and has been guilty of one or two indiscreet, that is, very generous, actions towards those with whom he played successfully. He did not know much – but what he did know he knew well, and from perpetually turning over Shakespeare and Bacon’s essays, particularly, had a fund of agreeable quotation and ingenious remarks ever at hand. His gambling habits left him without much real feeling, yet he was a warm assertor of his friendships <he fought a duel for Lord Lowther’s honor> – although for a joke he would perhaps sacrifice one friend to another. He prided himself most on keeping a secret, as indeed he told me at parting. Unfortunately he kept the secret respecting his own fortunes too well, for had he been explicit and told the truth when they were on the turn, his friends would certainly have done him as much good as lay in their power. As it was, he tricked first Burdett, who did not like to lose £500 in such a way but I am sure would gladly have lent him or given him £5,000. I should think him to be thirty-eight years of age – but even in this particular he was so close that no-one knew the fact. I dare say that his father knows nothing about his misfortune. The good parson of Tetbury⁸⁸ has another son, Tom Davies – a great rogue in the Bench – I believe Scrope assisted him much. Scrope still says he can go into the church and get a college living from £1,500 to £3,000 a year – why not do this? Heaven knows whether this is the fact.

He took leave of me a little before six o’clock. A strange termination to our intercourse – he running away from England leaves me in Newgate.⁸⁹ Byron will be sorry to hear this. By the way, Byron has changed his mind – he says he will not come to England now – everything was packed up on the 4th of December – but now his illegitimate daughter Allegra – by Godwin’s wife’s daughter – is ill,

88: Could be “Tatbury.”

89: To jump ahead: the end of the tale is told in H.’s diary entry for 6 July 1851: “... on Saturday the 28th of June, going out of my house at half-past eleven in the pr[], I was accosted by an old man, shrivelled and bent, who in a feeble voice asked me if I knew him – I told him I did not. He said “Scrope Davies” – I was much shocked to see <my/>the robust, active, lively companion of my youth shrunk to such a remnant of himself, but I had not seen him since he parted from me when I was in Newgate in 1819 [sic] – I asked him to come into my house, or walk with me. He could not do either, but said he would call on me on the following Friday. He did come on Tuesday last, early, but I was not up, so I have not seen him. He is still obliged to live abroad, and continues to retain his King’s fellowship. He will not want it long ...” (B.L.Add.Mss. 43756 17r.-v.)

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and he will not come.⁹⁰

Dined and passed evening alone – read first chapter of Hatsell’s precedents⁹¹ – and commented. Read the remainder of first volume of Leo X, and a dissertation to prove Lucretia Borgia not incestuous. Perhaps not, but she certainly looked on with her father and brothers whilst fifty naked women were hopping about on all fours after chestnuts – and were afterwards covered by the male guests for a prize. Roscoe⁹² is certainly feeble – I learn nothing new except that the character of Charles VIII was very weak and dissolute. At the battle of the Tarro the Italians took the King’s memorandum-book containing pictures of the women he had had in his expedition. Roscoe, in dissertation, remarks an error in Gibbon respecting Lucretia’s marriage with [the] Duke of Ferrara – I suspect Gibbon more and more to be a very inaccurate writer.

Monday January 3rd 1820: Reading and writing about privilege. Reading Leo X in the evening, when Evans called and sat with me. He tells me the High Bailiff’s action comes on next week – I am to pay £100 there too. How I shall get through everything I know not, what with one expense and another and losses by friends ...

Tuesday January 4th 1820: Privilege continued. Walked on uppers late – Grey Bennett, and Jones came – Bennett told me that Markham, who was hanged on Wednesday last, had committed his crime *with a pauper in a workhouse on a coffin*.⁹³ He said Brown was a good man, but rough with the prisoners. He said a friend of his was told by Wilberforce⁹⁴ that he (Wilberforce) had no fear of the radicals – he was “afraid of nothing but a despotism”!! – “Why then vote for the bills?”⁹⁵ said the other. – “Oh,” [he] replied, “that is another affair”. – I suppose

90: B. was within minutes of leaving Venice, Italy, and Teresa Guiccioli; but, as Fanny Silvestrini wrote, “He was ready dressed for the journey, his gloves and cap on, and even his little cane in his hand. Nothing was now waited for but his coming down stairs, – his boxes being already on board the gondola. At this moment, my Lord, by way of pretext, declares, that if it should strike one o’clock before every thing was in order (his arms being the only thing not quite ready) he would not go that day. The hour strikes, and he remains! ... It is evident he had not the heart to go” – Moore (1832) IV, 265-66, and 266n.

91: John Hatsell’s *Precedents of Proceedings in the House of Commons* (1785).

92: William Roscoe’s *Life and Pontificate of Leo X* was translated into both French and Italian.

93: Compare the sex-in-a-coffin anecdote H. hears in Venice on 11 Oct 1817.

94: William Wilberforce (1759-1833) abolisher of the slave trade. A Tory.

95: The despotic Six Acts of early 1819.

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the man is a fool, and therefore Wilberforce talked nonsense to him. – Bennett is a very weak and *inaccurate* man. He quoted Swift's words to Bettesworth⁹⁶ and called them Johnson's, and added an oath which neither Swift nor Johnson would have used. He said to me – “*Well – we did all we could for you*”!! Meaning the *Whigs* – scoundrels, they did nothing, but vote me into the custody of the Serjeant-at-arms, and I do believe that the other day they stopped Wilson from doing anything. Bickersteth sat with me in the evening – his kindness is without measure. I read Clifford's argument in Flower's case. I was ill last night – took calomel in the evening and salts next morning.

Wednesday January 5th 1820: Very la-la-ish – write notes – amongst others to White, the editor of the *Independent Whig*,⁹⁷ who wants me to subscribe to his new paper – the other day Thelwall⁹⁸ wanted me to write for his *Champion*, and announce it!! The fool is offended because I did not consent.

Read some of Bacon's essays⁹⁹ – delightful! Never read them before – in short, Heaven knows how I have got on at all – with so very little reading – if I have got on – which I doubt. Recollect always Thomas Hobbes's saying “*if I had read so much*”,¹⁰⁰ and one always finds an excuse for every deficiency. Surgeon Box of the prison visited me – he says my singing in the head, which is abominably bad in both ears, is foreunner of gout – he is all for the Colichum in gout – but then he drinks a bottle of wine *per diem*!

Mill, author of the *History of India*, dined with me and Bickersteth. Mill is a very precise – hard-headed, well-informed and agreeable man – totally emancipated, as they say, from every prejudice in politics and religion. He told us that Brougham,¹⁰¹ his intimate friend, was *in private* just as ourselves. He lamented that the worship of good company should make such a man quite useless. I dated his falling-off to the death of Horner,¹⁰² who left a knife and fork

96: Conjectural reading.

97: White suffered several prosecutions for seditious libel and was given three years in Dorchester prison. Trying to gain Whig patronage, he occasionally moved to the right (I.G.).

98: John Thelwall (1764-1834) radical campaigner and journalist, had bought the *Champion* in 1818.

99: Which formed a staple of Scrope Davies' reading; see 2 Jan 1820.

100: Thomas Hobbes (1588-1679) author of *Leviathan*. Aubrey reports him as saying, “if he had read as much as other men, he should have knowne no more than other men” (*Brief Lives*).

101: Henry Brougham (1778-1868) politician; great enemy of B. See *Don Juan I*, cancelled stanzas.

102: Francis Horner (1778-1817) economist. Co-founder of the *Edinburgh Review*.

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for him at Holland House – Mill agreed to this. Mill repeated with delight part of the poem of the *Legion Club*,¹⁰³ and noted a passage in *Voyage to Laputa* respecting the parliament. I will have them both.¹⁰⁴ I fear Mill and Bickersteth must think I talked too much of my own condition – not that they showed any impatience, nor that I was very selfish – but that I feel I am liable to err on this side.

I felt better at night – read the *Popiana* in Spence's *Anecdotes*,¹⁰⁵ just published – little new but all very agreeable considering who the interlocutors are – Spence himself a very humble poet – slept well ...

Thursday January 6th 1820: The *Monthly Review* puts down Place's address to Westminster Electors, as well as *Defence of the People*, to me – and says, "Quite cleverly, but not like a gentleman" – *cazzo!!*¹⁰⁶ what does the man mean by "Writing like a gentleman"? I write a letter to Griffiths,¹⁰⁷ but not send it.

This day called a Mr Wheeler, with an address to me from the Liverpool Reformers, Colonel Williams, who proposed Lord Sefton¹⁰⁸ in the chair; Shephard, Crampton, and Rushton and Roscoe's¹⁰⁹ name among the signatures, which amount to more than 400. This put me somewhat in spirits – my darling sisters Mell and Sophy called, and sat with me some time. Don't recollect what I read in evening, but believe I was employed in sketching an answer for Liverpool address – William Smith¹¹⁰ called. He told me I put my commitment in a new light to him.

Friday January 7th 1820: Wrote answer to address – sent the address to be copied by William Hone,¹¹¹ who had offered to be useful, but who was a little sulky upon being put to work. Sent off answer to Colonel Williams, Gateacre,

103: Satirical poem by Swift (1736).

104: Indicating that H. has never read *Gulliver's Travels*.

105: Joseph Spence (1699-1768) Professor of Poetry at Oxford. His *Anecdotes* of Pope and others were not published until 1820.

106: "Prick!" (Italian).

107: Editor of the *Monthly Review*. Otherwise unidentified.

108: 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. In 1817 he sent Hone a letter congratulating him on his escape from the Crown Prosecution and giving him a cheque for £100 (I.G.).

109: Wheeler, Shephard, Crampton, Rushton and Roscoe all unidentified.

110: William Smith, Whig M.P. for Norwich, enemy of Southey, who wrote *A Letter to William Smith Esq* in 1817. While at Trinity, H. had toured the Hebrides with his son.

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near Liverpool. Hone called, and showed me a thing with wood-cuts called *The Man in the Moon*.¹¹² Ben Flower of the *Cambridge Chronicle*¹¹³ called – he is a very odd-shaped [and] -headed old man, very deaf. Courted his wife in this gaol – he told me that he was the only editor (almost) who dared to attack Erskine’s attack on Williams¹¹⁴ – that just after he visited Perry in the room where I am, that Perry said, “If you had been here five minutes before, you would have seen Erskine – I have read the *Cambridge Intelligencer* to him, and he says, ‘By God, I believe the fellow is right!’” – “Now”, says Flower, “only think of the baseness of this man the other day, praising Erskine for his conduct respecting Williams.” Flower told me that Hall of Cambridge¹¹⁵ was once a rank Jacobin – he went round at once. When mad, some friends visited him – he prayed most eloquently for twenty minutes, then jumped up, applauded himself, and said he should have had a crown of glory but that fellow the angel Gabriel had made it so small it could not fit his head.

Dined alone. Kinnaird not coming as promised in evening. Had Evans with me.

Saturday January 8th 1820: Writing in morning. Walked out for first time since Tuesday – found myself wonderfully better therefore. A Mr James Williams walked with me – he is a stationer in Farringdon without – great Waithmannian, friend of Burdett – said Waithman wavered last session – found little spirit in the city – people frightened. He told me that he had dined in company with a Mr Prince, who had been a purser on board some king’s ship, and dismissed for his civility to Napoleon – that Napoleon had told him that he thought many more improbable things had already happened to him than his escape from St Helena. By the way, all accounts from France denote a change immediately on [the] death of the King. I have had a letter from Hortense, Napoleon’s daughter-in-law,¹¹⁶ thanking me for the *Last Reign*,¹¹⁷ which I sent her by Henry.¹¹⁸

111: William Hone (1780-1842) radical journalist and satirist. H. becomes on excellent terms with him. Lady Dorchester cuts every reference to him, too, from *Recollections*.

112: A satire by Hone, published 1820. The woodcuts are by George Cruikshank.

113: Flower otherwise unidentified.

114: Thomas, Lord Erskine (1750-1823) brilliant advocate. In June 1797 he had been prosecuting counsel in the case of a bookseller called Williams who had publishing Tom Paine’s *The Age of Reason*.

115: Hall unidentified.

116: Hortense Beauharnais, daughter of Josephine, made Queen of Holland by Bonaparte.

117: *Letters*.

118: Henry Hobhouse, H.’s brother.

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Kinnaird came for a few minutes – he talked the strangest politics – said, when I told him I was very ill, “Well – you won’t submit”!!! How the deuce could such a thing enter his mind? Called down to speak to Mr Sheriff Rothwell,¹¹⁹ who showed me an advertisement saying that the subscribers to the Manchester Fund¹²⁰ and others would meet at Mr Hobhouse’s apartments at Newgate on Monday. I told him I had written about the matter and supposed it a hoax.

Presently comes Service and with him Sir R. Philipps,¹²¹ telling me it was a hoax – someone had paid three guineas for the advertisement in the *Chronicle* and *Times*. I had long conversations with Sir R. Philipps – he is a most impudent and annoying fellow. He goes to Cobbett and Hunt,¹²² and I dare say reports progress of me, &c. Cobbett has actually desired 60,000 of his admirers to subscribe twopence apiece for him – he will not say why, but he must have the money in the third week in February – excellent. The *Times* seems to think he is gone mad. After dinner came Bickersteth – charming fellow. I wrote to Burdett today – the Whig White asks me to lend him £50.

119: Rothwell unidentified.

120: For the victims of the Peterloo Massacre (16 Aug 1819).

121: Service and Philipps unidentified.

122: Henry “Orator” Hunt (1773-1835) radical agitator. H. wants nothing to do with either him or Cobbett.

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Sunday January 9th 1820: The *Whig* has Liverpool address to me. The *Examiner* the address and answer – and a leading article about my letter to Castlereagh, which it praises to the skies. Seaton¹²³ calls, and walks with me on the top. He dissuades politics – says the people will always resist government enough without gentlemen and better without gentlemen, and that the sacrifice is too great and useless to boot. He thinks the late bills passed on account of gentlemen joining the people. Tavistock told me ministers said so. Seaton gave me capital quotation from Phædrus¹²⁴ – prologue to third book – for my defence in King’s Bench. He is still as he used to be. I find not him, but myself, altered – alas! alas! my head is getting totally unserviceable – memory quite gone – no “life of life” – observed a housemaid *washing her teeth* in attics opposite.

Dined alone. Bickersteth in evening – wrote today commenting on the sermon of one Cassan, curate of Frome, recommending *passive obedience* even when against the word of God.

Monday January 10th 1820: Wrote against Cassan – sent it to the *Times* – see that paper has not inserted the Liverpool address to me – in short, I have no chance of any play at all here. Place called – very kind indeed – seemed to say things were looking well in Westminster – sisters called, and sat with me – dear girls. No walking today – Kinnaird dined with me – he in good sorts, and better temper, so I talked about myself, more than I ought, to him. We communicated about Scrope, who has behaved in a most swindling way indeed. Read Swift’s characters,¹²⁵ and tried similar thing in my own times. Not good, and too dangerous. Read memoirs of John Crichton.¹²⁶ How much Swift seems to have hated Burnet.¹²⁷ The man who got Lady Cherry Tree’s Daughter with child, who hid in her bed whilst Crichton was looking after him, was called “Master John

123: Seaton unidentified.

124: Phædrus (1st century AD) translator into Latin and adaptor of Aesop. The passage is (probably), “... if any other than Sejanus had been the informer, if any other the witness, if any other the judge, in fine, I should confess myself deserving of such severe woes; nor should I soothe my sorrow with these expedients”. Sejanus was the corrupt soldier and statesman who ruled Rome in the absence of the Emperor Tiberius. Not a parallel well-calculated to appeal to the Justices of the King’s Bench.

125: Swift wrote occasional characters: of Henry II, the Earl of Wharton (1710), Dr Sheridan (1738), and “an Irish Squire”.

126: *Memoirs of Captain John Creighton* or *Creichton*, not “Crichton”, as H. would have it.

127: “Burnett” (Ms. – H. confuses “Burnet” with “Burdett”). The first sentence of Swift’s *Short Remarks on Bishop Burdet’s History* is, “This author is, in most particulars, the worst qualified for an historian that ever I met with” (Scott’s edition, X 251).

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Williamson"¹²⁸ – in the notes may be traced the author of *Old Mortality*¹²⁹ – I read Scott's edition.¹³⁰

Tuesday January 11th 1820: Up a little early, half-past nine. Working hard at *East* all morning. A Captain Briquet de la Fleurie, who went, or said he went, to Elba with Napoleon, came here – begging. Gave him a pound, though I think he lied. Letter from Burdett – very, very kind!! Could not walk – snowing – head ringing. In the *Scotsman*, Ricardo's plan is solemnly recommended – the capitalists are to give up only twenty per cent!! Not a word said about reform – who would resign his property except on the condition that no more taxation [be] brought about, by [a] corrupt parliament? Address from Lambton¹³¹ to some of his constituents, saying all, or nearly all, evils flow from corrupt representation. Letter from my father, telling me he shall pay for my lodgings here and sending me £50 – *cage belle* here. Hibbert¹³² called – told me S.B.Davies is at Ostende. After dinner read Roscoe – Leo X. I shall forget it, every word – but never mind – *sic itur ad umbras*.¹³³ **Journalised after.** I should write to Byron, to Mary Hobhouse, to several others. This day my father wrote to me enclosing a £50 note and saying he should pay for my lodgings whilst here – oh rare!! ditto, twice over.¹³⁴

Wednesday January 12th 1820: Paid Mr Brown this morning £43 4s for four weeks' lodging and four bottles of wine (24s).

Working on as usual – walked, and slid, at the top – very hard weather. The *Times* newspaper is filled with nothing but subscriptions for the houseless in London Wall, a charity set up by himself, which has subscribed £9,000 in ten days – our miserable subscription for the Manchester people cannot get above £3,000 in five months and more – hear great complaints against the manner in

128: He is actually called Master David Williamson (Scott's edition, X 117-18).

129: The *Creighton Memoirs* are those of a soldier who took delight in persecuting the Covenanters in late seventeenth-century Scotland – the theme of Scott's *Old Mortality*. At X 192 of his edition Scott deplores Swift's seeming endorsement of Creighton's cruelty and fanaticism.

130: Scott's nineteen-volume edition of Swift was published in 1814.

131: John George Lambton, Lord Durham (1792-1840) reformer. Future Governor-General of Canada.

132: Hibbert may have been George Hibbert, MP for Seaford 1806-17. Except on the Slave Trade, he was fairly radical (I.G.).

133: "Thus everything goes into the shadows"; reverses Virgil, *Aeneid* IX 641 ("sic itur ad astra").

134: H. suddenly realises that he wrote about his father's gift only two lines previously.

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which that subscription has been conducted.

Thursday January 13th 1820: At work for case – walked on top – slid – got hot. Got ill.

Friday January 14th 1820: Woke ill, but worked on. Mrs, Miss Latham,¹³⁵ Melly and Sophy dined with me. I was very <unwell>, but made the [meal] agreeable – took calomel, and sick half night, but diminished fever and sore¹³⁶ throat. Wrote away, this day and yesterday, a piece of poem, *Pandemonium*, in style of *Legion Club*¹³⁷ – *furor arma ministrat*.¹³⁸ I wrote 160 verses in the course of day, with extraordinary facility, walking and sitting – and I think good.

Saturday January 15th 1820: Took salts ... better today but far from well ... working at case –

Sunday January 16th 1820: On Tuesday last – the great Westminster cause, Cullen versus Morris,¹³⁹ came on – for which Burdett and I are to pay. Cullen's vote allowed by Chief Justice to be a good vote, but he thought malice not proved – a juror withdrawn, after jury out two hours – working as usual ... not well –

Monday January 17th 1820: McCreevy called with an address from the Concentric Society. I wrote an answer and sent it off by post. Mr. W. Shepherd, Poggio Bracciolini, Place (by his own invitation), Mill, and Bickersteth and Richter¹⁴⁰ dine with me – I sick – and all dull, I think.¹⁴¹

135: The Lathams unidentified.

136: "sour" (Ms.)

137: *A Character, Panegyric and Description of the Legion Club* (1736) is almost the last poem Swift wrote before his mind gave way. It is a scabrous, octosyllabic attack on the Irish parliament, and thus well-calculated to attract H.'s attention at this time. See Scott's edition, X 547.

138: "Anger gives one strength"; Virgil, *Aeneid* I 150.

139: Note pending.

140: Richter was probably John Richter, a prosperous sugar refiner and Spencean radical. In June 1814, at a meeting of Joseph Lancaster's West London Lancasterian Association, Burdett moved that Place and Richter, as suspected government spies, be expelled and replaced by Evans and three friends" – amongst them Thistlewood! (I.G.).

141: Shepherd and Bracciolini unidentified.

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Tuesday January 18th 1820: Write to Byron.¹⁴² An odd fellow, one Crosbie,¹⁴³ wants to see me and render me, he says, an important service. I half suspect, and will have nothing to do with him. Feel better today – write and read in the evening.

Wednesday January 19th 1820: Walked out this day – open weather, and a genial breeze – delightful – felt quite another man. This day, Wilson called – told me how disgusted he was with public life, and how he was resolved almost to take the Chiltern Hundreds and live in France. He said want of money in this country sunk a man below his level – he told me if the Whigs came in they would do nothing. He was sure Holland House would not support Lambton's¹⁴⁴ motion – here is a man who sees right and acts wrong – he has lost all weight in the House.

This day I finished my reading and noting for motion of discharge.

Thursday January 20th 1820: Began writing my King's Bench speech and argument. Excellently well, I feel, to what I have been. Sophy called and sat with me, then the Forbes's,¹⁴⁵ then I walked with Francis Cohen¹⁴⁶ on the top. Cohen tells me that in the old Swedish laws the words of Magna Charta, *Nullus liber homo*¹⁴⁷ &c. are given almost verbatim, and though the Swedish laws are later than King John, yet, by universal tradition, they only embody the old law of the country.

William Hone came and sat with me till ten o'clock – he is quite mad about a jury – he thinks he would get into the heart of any twelve men – as he says. He told me a rascally thing of Mudford, acting writer of *Courier*.¹⁴⁸ Hone was

142: BB 280-5.

143: Crosbie unidentified.

144: John George Lambton, later Earl of Durham.

145: Forbeses unidentified.

146: Cohen was a Murray associate and an expert in Italian poetry. He was the father of F.T. Palgrave. It was he who, having read *Don Juan* on its first day out, wrote to Murray, "we are never drenched and scorched at the same instant", provoking B.'s famous response (BLJ VI 207).

147: Article 29 of Magna Carta, which in Latin begins with these words, goes: "No Freeman shall be taken, or imprisoned, or be disseised of his Freehold, or Liberties, or free Customs, or be outlawed, or exiled, or any otherwise destroyed; nor will we pass upon him, nor condemn him, but by lawful Judgment of his Peers, or by the Law of the Land. We will sell to no man, we will not deny or defer to any man either Justice or Right". The article is, in effect, a law of Habeas Corpus, relating directly to H.'s case.

148: Mudford otherwise unidentified.

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printing a sixpenny life of Bonaparte in numbers – he wanted half a guinea a sheet more for the work – the bookseller refused, and Mudford undertook it – but lo! – the latter part of Bonaparte’s life was quite in the contrary tone to the former, and down went the book. Hone gave Stoddart¹⁴⁹ the name of “Slop” – he says that the *Times* fell 700 in a week – when his *Buonapartephobia*¹⁵⁰ came out. Stoddart was dismissed the week after by Walter, and lost £1,500 a year. When “Slop” was tried, “Slop” accused him of selling obscene books. Hone in court said “Slop” was a villain to the backbone. I wrote till one o’clock – slept well.

Friday January 21st 1820: Up half-past eight – oh, if I could keep to this! A mite or two, and **journal** – walked – and wrote and dined ... I think it was today that Place was with me, and told me some very curious things as to the change of manners in the tradesmen of London. He says that formerly – all their daughters were whores and many of their sons hanged. Thirty *decent* families, who used to frequent his father’s public house in Arundel Street, went off in this way. Now all the rogues and whores come from a much lower class – the tradesmen seldom get drunk – and never gamble, which all did formerly.¹⁵¹ Place’s father lost three good fortunes, and his mother ended by supporting him by taking in washing.

Place is a most extraordinary man – he talked to me of the new notion respecting the whole of our system gravitating towards the constellation Hercules, and of the parallax of the fixed stars, &c. He seems a very ingenious mechanic – he is an *esprit fort* in every sense of the word. He told me the efforts he had made to introduce some sense into the lessons of Sunday Schools and others, instead of the trash taken at hazard from the Bible, but it was resisted by the superstitious.

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This day Petrie¹⁵² and Kinnaird dined with me.

Saturday January 20th 1820: Working at argument¹⁵³ very hard – walking, &c. – nothing but argument.

149: Dr John Stoddart was the editor of the *New Times*, and a supporter of the right-wing Constitutional Association. Hone hated him and lampooned him often.

150: Hone’s *Buonapartephobia: the Origin of Dr Slop’s name* achieved ten editions in 1820.

151: Place seems anxious that H. should understand that the freeholders of Westminster are all respectable bourgeois.

152: Petrie unidentified.

153: H. is preparing a statement for his appearance before the Court of King’s Bench, scheduled for 2 Feb.

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Sunday January 23rd 1820: At argument – and as usual – – –

Monday January 24th 1820: At argument – hard work – – – walking, &c. –

Tuesday January 25th 1820: Also – also – as before – – –

Wednesday January 26th 1820: Ibid. Writing hard. My father, Doctor Chambers, and Seton¹⁵⁴ dined with me. Charles Seton told me that one Whitmore had written a book on *the disorder of death*!!!¹⁵⁵ He says putridity is often a sign of health returning. My father looking very ill – but he is convalescent – he is most kind indeed.

Thursday January 27th 1820: Writing hard at argument. Walked on top, &c. Mr Berger¹⁵⁶ called – a very agreeable man indeed.

Friday January 28th 1820: Writing hard, and make myself ill. Cullen dined with me and I read to him, *come in asino*,¹⁵⁷ snaps of my satires – I never can keep my own secrets, and have the greatest difficulty at keeping other people's but there are secrets I have never let slip an hair of. Such was the cause of quarrel between the Duke of Devonshire and Lord Tavistock¹⁵⁸ – and several others – Kinnaird is very rimose¹⁵⁹ indeed.

Saturday January 29th 1820: This morning, finished my argument, which is one hundred and thirteen sheets of letter paper on one side, and I do think is a decent monument of my power of application, and is good in other respects considering the circumstances of the case, I without books and being sick at times, and much interrupted.

Webster Wedderburne (as he now calls himself) walked on the top with me – a very strange creature, miraculously blind to his own defects. He said he should like to be a barrister, and thought he would gain great reputation by opening on a

154: Chambers and Seton both unidentified.

155: Note pending.

156: Perhaps Berger, the London manufacturer of optical instruments. See 21 Oct 1809, and BLJ X 82.

157: "Like an ass".

158: Quarrel unknown. H. kept it secret.

159: A botanical word which actually means "full of fissures or chinks". H. intends it to combine "morose", "remorseful", and "lacrymose". Kinnaird is probably depressed by his failure as an M.P., and by the general failure of H.'s friends to plead his case in the Commons.

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crim con cause. This from the greatest ass and cuckold in London.¹⁶⁰ Bickersteth with me in evening.

[End of B.L.Add.Mss. 56540; start of 56541.]

Sunday January 30th 1820: Up at nine – Mr Brown tapped at my door – *King Dead*.¹⁶¹ Begin new book with George IV. Brown again came in. News at the Mansion House – King died at *half past eight o'clock* last night.¹⁶²

George the *Fourth*¹⁶³ on the throne – his father having died last night at half past eight o'clock. Well, we shall see. All my labours will be nullified, almost, by the King's death – for in the universal hubbub, who will care about the Habeas Corpus? – so no good will be done. Still, I have gained knowledge on this subject – and that is something. The bell of St Paul's now tolling for the late King – twelve o'clock, about. I go on my way. It makes no difference to me. Bickersteth called and walked with me – dined and as usual.

Monday January 31st 1820: King George proclaimed at twelve o'clock. I heard the cannons, and continued my labours – walked on top, &c.

Tuesday February 1st 1820: This day, Joshua Evans applied for a Habeas Corpus writ for me in the King's Bench, and procured it, but with great difficulty. Justice Best¹⁶⁴ said the writ was not a writ of course: but Evans read the act threatening a fine of £500 to any Judge *refusing it in the vacation*: by how much more then must it be necessary to grant it in term time!! This persuaded Abbott.¹⁶⁵

Walked, &c.

Wednesday February 2nd 1820: After dinner today, Bickersteth and Evans came and heard me read my case. They made so many objections to the first twenty pages that they drove me nearly mad, and I could hardly sleep a wink ...

160: James Wedderburn Webster had not been cuckolded by B., but had been by the Duke of Wellington.

161: Written in large letters.

162: Here ends the book now numbered BL. Add. Mss. 56540. That now numbered 56541 continues the entry for 30 Jan 1820.

163: Underlined twice.

164: William Draper Best (1767-1845), judge. Often incapacitated by gout.

165: Charles Abbott (1762-1832) was Chief Justice of the King's Bench. Presided also at the 1824 trial of John Hunt over *The Vision of Judgement*. No friend to radicals.

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Thursday February 3rd 1820: ... but I got up early the next morning and rewrote the first ten pages. Bickersteth came and approved. Evans came and heard in the evening. I did not go out today – worked like a horse.

Friday February 4th 1820: The whole of this day employed in correcting case. Bickersteth with me in afternoon, Evans in the morning. Got ready after infinite fatigue, and went to bed terrified at the approaching struggle. To be sure it is something to go down to a court, having the Bench and the Bar against me, to do a thing which I never tried to do before, and especially when it is very doubtful whether the Court will hear my five-hour speech – I all apprehension –

Saturday February 5th 1820: Got up at eight, pale as death and trembling – drank a glass of wine – and at half-past nine stepped into a hackney coach with Brown and Hayward,¹⁶⁶ and another. Went to Westminster Hall and got fairly seated on the Attorney's bench in the King's Bench. Kinnaird came – *Grimgrillers* came in and took their seats – the Bar as full as it could hold. My old schoolfellow Ben Bright,¹⁶⁷ amongst the spectators, came to shake hands. Place opposite. Cursed Pauper-Cases came on, one after the other, tedious and about twopences. I went out of court twice and felt quite exhausted.

Evans not called upon until half-past two, when the Return to the writ was handed up and read. Then I stood up, and it being very late and I tired, asked to have the Return filed and the cause argued another day, as in Flowers' case.

Then followed a disgraceful scene indeed. Chief Justice Abbott led me to believe that if I told my principal points of objection I should be heard on Monday. The whole court believed the same – I hesitated about telling my objection to there being no *publication* mentioned in the warrant, but did tell it. I saw a great sensation produced – when I sat down Kinnaird told me that what I had done was done well. Scarlett¹⁶⁸ said to me, "That is a good point," and he added that if House of Commons could call writing a breach of privilege it could call drinking a glass of wine a breach of privilege. He recommended me to read

166: Keeper Brown accompanied his prisoner. Hayward unidentified; presumably a colleague of Brown.

167: Ben Bright otherwise unidentified.

168: James Scarlett (1769-1844) famous advocate. In 1824 he defended John Hunt in the case of B.'s *The Vision of Judgement*. Attorney-General under Canning. Born in Jamaica, went to Trinity.

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the act reversing Algernon Sydney's judgement.¹⁶⁹

The judges consulted some time – I am sure several present thought they were going to discharge me – I almost thought so myself – but lo, Lord Chief Justice Abbott began – and soon the gross trick and injustice came out. I was to be *remanded without any future hearing*. I tried to speak after Abbott, asking him if I might be permitted. He said, “*No, Sir! we have heard your points!!*” Then Bailey and Hilroyd¹⁷⁰ and Best followed – all of them mis-stating and thundering. Best made a political speech, and quoted the newspaper against me – his brothers corrected him once or twice. After he concluded I made another effort to speak, but was stopped – so I walked out of court.

Those outside clapped their hands – and a crowd attended me cheering into Palace Yard, where I got into a hackney coach, and with the party returned to the place whence I came.

So ends my toil of seven weeks.

Blackburn and Evans called. They almost cried. They said it was the grossest fraud and injustice ever heard of. They said there was but one opinion about it. Bickersteth came and dined with me. He said it was all for the best – it was a palpable fraud, but all for the best; the judges had resolved that I should not be heard – they had come down with ready-made judgements, and would have stopped me at every page. He said I spoke very well and clearly, all except at the part about *publication*. He said I had got a great deal of useful information, which it was as good to keep by me. I fear that he does not think much of my case, and more than that, I fear he is right. But I shall not be able to contain myself.

I should have mentioned that one day this week I heard from Place that Wilson had told Service that there was an inclination in the Whigs to withdraw George Lamb,¹⁷¹ and that George Lamb himself would have no objection, if he could be sure that he would not be crowded over by the Reformers. Service went to Place to know what the Reformers and he meant to do, that he might tell Wilson. Place said that he had an attack on Whigs ready which would not be published unless necessary, and that there need be no fear of the Reformers behaving unhandsomely to Lamb, if Lamb behaved handsomely to them. No answer as yet received – I cannot help suspecting Wilson to be either dupe or rogue in this matter.

169: Algernon Sidney (1622?-83) friend of William Penn; beheaded on no evidence for complicity in the Rye House Plot. Exonerated 1689, the case to which Scarlett refers.

170: Justices Bailey and Hilroyd otherwise unidentified.

171: George Lamb (1784-1834) Lady Melbourne's fourth son (perhaps by the Prince Regent). Wrote prologues for Drury Lane. Beat H. in the 1819 election; loses to him in the 1820 election.

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Sunday February 6th 1820: Avery good report in the *Observer* of all the proceedings yesterday, but exaggerates the crowd and the applause. I sat down and wrote a letter to the editor of the *Times*, asking him if he would insert my argument – he said “Yes”, in a very civil answer.

Blackburne and Blaquiére¹⁷² dined here, and Hone came in the evening. Only one opinion about Abbott’s conduct. Hone told me that Wooler made *Abbott* Chief Justice. Abbott showed, by snapping a verdict on Wooler, that he would do any dirty trick.

Spent a pleasant evening for first time in a long time.

Sunday February 7th 1820: Sent case to *Times*, and a public letter attacking Abbott and Best. Hayward called. Held consultation about carrying case into Exchequer, or Common Pleas, but the writ of Habeas would be refused there, and the Common Law write must be argued. So I should not be brought up. Cullen came after dinner. *Times* sent proofs to correct.

Tuesday February 8th 1820: *Times* has got the letter, and the first section of [the] Argument. Employed preparing the remainder of case and sent it to *Times*. Walked on top, Chambers with me. He says everybody is disgusted at the conduct of the judges – excepting only the High Flyers. I heard Copley¹⁷³ was – at first – and that Jonathan Partridge¹⁷⁴ was the only man who was not. Even Boyce Coombe¹⁷⁵ said it was horrid.

Dine alone – correct for *Times*. McCreery¹⁷⁶ came – I put into his hands the case for a pamphlet. Blackburne and Evans came. They are sanguine about Westminster – I cannot say I am now. I hear Cobbett has been attacking me in his *Evening Post*. Says *I fail* in everything – too true!! Read *Taming of the Shrew* and some of *Merry Wives* – enchanting – makes one forget all troubles. Bed, and slept very well.

Wednesday February 9th 1820: Rumour of dissolution on the 29th. *Times* has

172: Edward Blaquiére, later co-founder with H. and others of the London Greek Committee.

173: Copley was probably John Copley (son of the painter) MP for Ashburton 1818-26. A very eminent lawyer, he was successively Solicitor General and Attorney General and from 1827 to 1830 he was Lord Chancellor as Lord Lyndhurst (I.G.).

174: Conjectural reading.

175: Copley, Partridge and Coombe all unidentified.

176: “M’Creary” (Ms.). John M’Creavy was a printer and a colleague of Place. He had printed *A Trifling Mistake*.

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my argument continued. Place calls – he in spirits about Westminster. There is to be a meeting on Friday. Money, after all, must come from me and Burdett – £500 apiece, about, I take it.

A Mr James Dignam¹⁷⁷ called and sat. Now he is gone I know not but he may be a spy, but he told me several things against Lamb's people – *Mother Butler*¹⁷⁸ gave a man £10 to vote for Lamb. He says that Prescott¹⁷⁹ is employed again, and that Lamb certainly starts. Very well, let him – I care not about the event, but wish it were over – **write journal.**

Wednesday February 9th 1820: Forget what I did, but worked, certainly – corrected proof sent from *Times* – dined, &c.

Thursday February 10th 1820: *Chronicle* and *New Times* copying the argument from the *Times*. I employed in cutting out columns from the *Times* in order to make a pamphlet of the argument, and in writing a preface or account of previous proceedings. Walking, &c.

My father and Kinnaird and Cullen dined here.

Friday February 11th 1820: Employed much as before. Saw Fisher of St James's¹⁸⁰ this day. He talks rather despondingly of Westminster. Walked and dined and did little. Read a little Shakespeare.

Saturday February 12th 1820: Anniversary of my nomination for Westminster.

Whilst I was employed about my argument, came in Place and Pullar,¹⁸¹ and presented to me a letter. I opened and read, and found that it announced my having been chosen last night, at a meeting of Electors of Westminster, as a fit person to be put in nomination for the city and liberty of Westminster. Daddy Sturch¹⁸² proposed Burdett, Place proposed me. Sturch was not for me, but hardly against. He said the Electors should find another man like Burdett, or should be content with Burdett. He is supposed to have an eye to himself. All the others were most strong in my favour, and Sturch did not hold up his hand against me. I was not much elated with the news, having my apprehension, and moreover being much more indifferent than formerly to the honour of

177: Dignam unidentified.

178: "Mother Butler" unidentified.

179: Prescott unidentified.

180: Fisher unidentified.

181: George Pullar was one of Place's radical colleagues at Westminster. He was a currier.

182: William Sturch was a leading Westminster radical.

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representing Westminster. I hear, however, that everything looks prosperous, and certainly Lamb is far from decided about his measures.

It rained – I walked, however. Bickersteth called in the evening – he told me how things went at the meeting last night – he suspects Sturch meditates a trick.

Sunday February 13th 1820: The argument continued. Blackburne walked with me. He gave cheering news of Friday night – he said that Brougham told Evans Lamb was bound in honour to stand. This does not look strong.

Sir Robert Wilson dined with me alone. Not a word about Westminster. He confessed Calvert¹⁸³ was a poor jealous creature, and said he could turn Calvert out at any time. Wilson will have no contest – he certainly regrets the half-honest line he has taken, for his wants and his family are large. He finds that the aristocratic system here prevents any equality between men of very unequal fortunes. He is disgusted with the little figure he has made in the House, and, said he, “You will be sick of it in half a year”.¹⁸⁴ He told me the other day that Brougham was against Lamb’s standing, and that he had hoped there would have been no contest. Wilson talked about the great humbug with me – he was not dull, and went away at nine o’clock.

The Prince gave Lady Wilson £300 a year, which Wilson gave up when he became member for Southwark. Wilson told me that he was the only general officer that rode following the retreat of the French from Moscow, and that the Emperor Alexander spoke to him about it and said¹⁸⁵ he wished his officers would follow his example – the Emperor himself did. Wilson told me that nothing was more common than to cut pieces of flesh off living horses for food. He himself shot a hundred at least, out of charity. Wilson is all agog about the Queen.¹⁸⁶ Alderman Wood¹⁸⁷ tells me that he is her correspondent and adviser. She thinks Brougham has given her up, and said so in one of the letters lately published, but the passage was left out. Westminster business announced in Sunday papers.

Monday February 14th 1820: Employed about Argument. Walked on top, &c. Wrote Preface for Cullen and Morris Trial. Evans called – he told me that Brougham told him Lamb was only a stop-gap. Hobhouse was not fit to be M.P.

183: Charles Calvert was MP for Southwark, 1812-30; for part of that time his co-member was Sir Robert Wilson (I.G.).

184: H. stays an M.P. until Feb 1852.

185: “set” (Ms.).

186: The first reference to Queen Caroline, whose “trial” for adultery will monopolise everyone’s attention during the second half of the year.

187: Sir Matthew Wood, Lord Mayor of London 1815-17.

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for Westminster. He would not *stand the ship*. They say Brougham will.

Tuesday February 15th 1820: *Times* concludes my argument today – which has thus taken up sixteen of its columns – shabby *Chronicle* did not insert it on Monday and announced that *Lamb was bound in honour to stand*.

Walked on top with Place and Bickersteth. Place tells me that a deputation from Middlesex waited on Brooks¹⁸⁸ to know if he would support Lord John Russell¹⁸⁹ – “That depends on [the] conduct of [the] Whigs in Westminster”, was the answer.

Coming down from the top, found a note from Richter saying that the Ministers all resigned their places last night, after a quarrel with the King!!! Ellice called. He says the rumour is strong, also that King George is mad, and must die soon.

Murray and Foscolo¹⁹⁰ dined with me. Rumour confirmed by them – and/but¹⁹¹ the former is very abusive of King George IV, which looks as if his rogueish friends were going out – the Queen the cause, so they say.

Murray was entertaining – but told all the secrets of all his friends,¹⁹² and abused them partially one after the other. Foscolo had a gumboil and was almost silent. He made some very shrewd observations, however, about England. He mentioned as two singularities, one, that when a Ministry came in, all their friends, old and young, rich and poor, think themselves neglected if they have no places – e.g., old Wilbraham¹⁹³ thought it hard Fox did not give him something. I answered that it was not the love of place so much as the fear of being thought a person whom it was not worth while to secure. He agreed. The other was that a miserable gentleman may debauch a farmer’s daughter with impunity – in Italy he would be stabbed. He knew two fine girls, sisters at Moulsey so treated, and

188: Brooks unidentified.

189: Lord John Russell (1792-1878) future framer and mover of the Great Reform Bill of 1832. Now M.P. for Huntingdon.

190: Ugo Foscolo (1778-1827) is H.’s most distinguished visitor. Famous Italian poet, author of *Dei Sepolcri*, self-exiled in England because he would not collaborate with the Austrians. In March 1824 he proposes to Matilda, one of H.’s sisters. H. is disgusted at the idea.

191: One word (“but”) is written over the other, (“and”), neither appearing to have precedence.

192: None of them, alas, recorded by H.

193: Roger Wilbraham (1743-1829) friend of Fox: the literary Whig at one of whose dinners Hobhouse had first meets Foscolo on 23 Mar 23rd 1818.

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poxed by a wretch of a fellow,¹⁹⁴ who came to live opposite the father's house next year – and no-one spoke to him about it.

Wilbraham made love to Lady Holland, when Lady Webster. She gave him a box on the ear, and his cheek rings with it now. Foscolo agreed with me that vanity is the great mover of many men. A *monaco* who lived with Foscolo in Pavia for two years affected great austerity – he had good clothes but never wore them; money, but never spent it; a watch, but hid it; wrote an answer to a criticism against him, but without his name; and when his books did not make the noise he wished, he cut his throat.

Foscolo gave a singular picture of Will Spenser.¹⁹⁵

Murray tells me that Thomas Hope actually wrote *Anastasius* – I do not believe it. It is evidently a translation. He has a Greek servant – I would sooner believe the servant wrote it.

After Murray and Foscolo went I corrected argument for the pamphlet, and went to bed. Slept well.

Wednesday February 16th 1820: Rumoured change of ministers in the *Times*, but nothing certain. The Spanish insurrection not quelled, nor *increasing*.

The King George III buried today. Shops shut – a great fog. A very good thing when all the stuff the *Times* inserts about George III is done with. One would think he was a Marcus Aurelius; but this is the way the *Times* preserves the mass of its readers, and preserves the balance, so as to be enabled to attack the Ministry and acts of tyranny.

Paid Mr Brown for five weeks' more lodgings up to yesterday – also paid Richard for [a] fortnight, up to Saturday last.

Thursday February 17th 1820: Burdett came to town today, and joined me in walking on top – looking very well, noble fellow – dined with me.

Ministers not out – Den met.

Friday February 18th 1820: Occupied about preparing a pamphlet of my argument and case – Burdett dined with me.

Saturday February 19th 1820: I think it was today that the news of the duc de Berri having been assassinated¹⁹⁶ reached us, but I do not quite recollect. Burdett

194: Foscolo may be speaking of himself.

195: William Robert Spenser (1769-1834) wit and poetaster.

196: Charles Ferdinand, duc de Berri (1778-1820) second son of the Comte d'Artois;

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dined with me.

Sunday February 20th 1820: Nothing particular – ministers not going out – Parliament to be speedily dissolved. Employed on my pamphlet, which is advertised for tomorrow, but will not be out. Burdett dined with me, and I think Cullen.

Monday February 21st 1820: The man who killed the duc de Berri is called Louvel¹⁹⁷ – a most determined fellow. The French journals say he was so cruel that he contrived to have such a dagger and give such a wound as left his victim no chance of life!! To be sure, if he did contemplate such a murder he was not to stab the Duke like the man in *Tom Thumb*.¹⁹⁸

Employed on pamphlet. Burdett dined with me, and in the evening we had discussion, both with him and Cullen and Evans, whether Burdett should defend himself at Leicester,¹⁹⁹ or let Denman do it. Evans inclined to [the] latter – I doubt – Cullen the former – it is a very ticklish affair indeed – either Burdett takes the High Ground and []s his cause with Leicestershire sheep-breeders who may think Church and State depend upon their verdict – or he takes apologetic ground and loses his character. Then, as to Denman, he is not [a] great advocate, although a spirit[ed] speaker at times. We adjourned the debate until the next day.

George Lamb's advertisement in paper – such a thing.

nephew of Louis XVIII. Assassinated at the Opéra on 13 Feb.

197: Louis Pierre Louvel (1783-1820); his intention was to exterminate the Bourbons, an idea which amuses H. Guillotined.

198: *Tom Thumb the Great*, burlesque tragedy by Fielding (1730); see final scene.

199: Burdett was being prosecuted at the Leicester assizes for publishing a seditious libel, namely, his 1819 pamphlet *Address to the Electors of Westminster*, about Peterloo. He lost, was fined £2,000, and imprisoned for three months. Here is a quotation from his pamphlet: "... would to Heaven they had been Dutchmen, or Switzers, or Hessians, or Hanoverians, or anything rather than Englishmen, who have done such deeds. What! Kill men unarmed, unresisting, and, gracious God! women too! – disfigured, maimed, cut down and trampled on by dragoons! Is this England? This a Christian land? A land of freedom? Can such things be, and pass by us like a summer cloud, unheeded? Forbid it every drop of English blood in every vein that does not proclaim his owner, bastard". The quotations from both Shakespeare and Blake are impressive.

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Tuesday February 22nd 1820: Wrote something for Committee – our friends advertise – operations commenced.

Burdett, Bickersteth, Blackburne, Evans and Cullen dine here. We have a long debate on the aforementioned subject – nothing concluded.

Wednesday February 23rd 1820: Rumour that parliament will dissolve on Friday. I begin to pack up books, &c.²⁰⁰ Place came to me whilst walking on the tops and read the Address from the Committee to the Electors of the General Committee. There is a large meeting tonight. Coming down from the roof, found this note – “Mr Cobbett, who is at Mr Hone’s, wishes very much to see Mr Hobhouse”. I scarcely believed my eyes, and not being sure it was this fellow’s writing, and resolved not to see him, I wrote to Hone to come to me in the evening, as I had received a note which I did not exactly understand.

After dinner Hone came, and sat with me all the evening. He told me that Cobbett had been with him – had praised me very much – had said he wanted to speak with me about Coventry,²⁰¹ and about the electors of Westminster. When my note came, Hone handed it to him. He read it, and said, “Oh there is some mistake then,” and went away shortly. It seems his first wish was to take Hone with him to his meeting at the Jacob’s Well, Barbican, on his Coventry business. He told Hone he should be in the Den certainly. “Then”, said Hone, “either you will change the Den or the Den will change you”. – “Oh,” said Cobbett, “I will change the Den!”

Hone told me that Cobbett said he would never forgive Burdett for neglecting Hone. Said Hone, “I wonder, Mr Cobbett, you should say so – Sir Francis Burdett did not neglect me – he did quite the contrary²⁰² – I said so in print”. – “No, did he?” said Cobbett – “I never heard it till this moment”. But what is more abominable, Cobbett owned that it was he who sent Hone the *Litany*, for which he was prosecuted²⁰³ – now he has directly charged Burdett with being the man, and with neglecting Hone afterwards. This is unparalleled. Hone told me that he republished a life of Cobbett, written by himself,²⁰⁴ because Cobbett

200: The dissolution of parliament would automatically mean H.’s release from Newgate.

201: Cobbett was planning to stand as radical M.P. for Coventry.

202: Perhaps a reference to the celebrations, organised by Hone, which should have followed Burdett’s release from the Tower on 22 June 1810. Burdett claimed illness, and was taken home secretly by the river.

203: Hone’s *The Political Litany*, with illustrations by Cruickshank, had led to his prosecution in 1817; he had been acquitted.

204: *The Life of William Cobbett, written by himself* (1816).

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played him a shabby trick about taking his *Tuppenny Register* from him.²⁰⁵ This is not quite so agreeable to hear of Hone. Hone made it up with Cobbett by sending him George Rose's *Rumsey Register*, which he had bought for waste paper.²⁰⁶ Cobbett, the day he cut up that *Register*, sold 72,000 tuppennies!! Cobbett was tipper for all the paper of the tuppennies,²⁰⁷ but he did not get paid from all the country vendors.²⁰⁸ He tells Hone he has got £1,800 – I desired him to tell Cobbett that if he had anything to say to me he must put it upon paper.

Hone is writing a parody²⁰⁹ – I promised to help him.

Thursday February 24th 1820: This morning in the *Times* say Arthur Thistlewood²¹⁰ proclaimed a traitor and a murderer – £1,000 reward offered for him – also a denunciation of High Treason against those who harbour him.²¹¹ This is against [the] law – a man must be arraigned or convicted before it is High

205: Note pending.

206: Note pending.

207: Note pending.

208: I do not know when all this happened. Anyone got any ideas?

209: Hone's *The Apocryphal New Testament* (1820), reviewed in the *Quarterly* of October 1821.

210: Arthur Thistlewood (1770-1820) leader of the Cato Street Conspiracy, which had been thwarted the previous day. The cabinet was, it was claimed, to have been murdered as they dined at the house of the Lord President, Lord Harrowby's, at 44 Grosvenor Square. Coutts' Bank, the Mansion House, Bank and Tower were then to have been assaulted, all paper money burnt, and the coin distributed to the poor. During the arrest of the conspirators a Bow-Street runner had been killed. In fact there was no dinner, and the event had been inspired by an *agent provocateur* called George Edwards, who was in the pay of the Home Office. For B.'s reaction, see BLJ VII 62-3: "... but really if these sort of awkward butchers are to get the upper hand – I for one will declare *off* ...". Thistlewood claimed intimacy with H. A Bow Street magistrate named Richard Birnie recorded one of the conspirators, William Simmons, as saying, "Thistlewood [...] says he will introduce me to many respectable at his end of the town friends [...] some of whom will surprise me, that he had lived in Sir Benjamin Hobhouse's family and knows the younger one the member for Westminster, and has often conversed with him and that he is a perfect republican, and that he Simmons thinks that Mr Hobhouse will be the man who will gain this Country its Liberty ... [H.] will see what can be done among the higher orders of people [...] and that he will tease oppose and punish the Borough mongers" (Home Office file HO 44/6, quoted John Gardner, *From 'Poverty to Guilt'*, KSR 16, 2002, pp.121-2). If H. had ever met Thistlewood (the Duke of Wellington thought he had – see note below), he never lets on.

211: The report and the offer of the reward had been issued within four hours of the "conspiracy" being "foiled".

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Treason to harbour him. People coming in the morning tell the whole story: a plot to murder the ministers at a cabinet dinner. The conspirators met in a stable in Cato Street, Edgware Road.²¹² They fought desperately – Thistlewood killed one Smithers, a Bow Street officer. He was taken in bed this morning, about half-past nine, I believe. This is, as Brown my jailer says, a trump card for [the] ministers, just before the election.

My father, Sophy, and Burdett dined here – Cullen came in the evening. We talked over Burdett's business²¹³ my father [is] rather for Denman's²¹⁴ doing it. I am now employed in cancelling comments on judges' speeches in my case – on account of suspicion of danger in these vile times, when truth is libel.

Friday February 25th 1820: *Times* full of the assassination plot. The *Morning Post* attributes it to Lord Fitzwilliam,²¹⁵ the *New Times*²¹⁶ to Cobbett and Burdett!! Doubtless I shall come in for my share.²¹⁷ I see from the *Guardian*, a

212: A mews off Crawford Place, near Edgware Road W.1; now flanked by Harrowby Street and Castlereagh Street. Re-named Horace Street in 1827, it was given its original name again in the twentieth century; the building still stands – with a blue plaque – next to a low-rise apartment block named Sidmouth House, after Lord Sidmouth (1757-1844) the Home Secretary, George Edwards' employer.

213: Burdett was being prosecuted for seditious libel as the result of a letter he had sent to the Westminster Electors after the Peterloo Massacre. In April 1821 he was fined £2,000 and imprisoned for three months.

214: Thomas, afterwards First Baron Denman (1779-1854). Whig M.P. who was soon to defend Queen Caroline.

215: William, second Earl Fitzwilliam (1748-1843) had briefly been Lord Lieutenant of Ireland in 1794-5. He supported Catholic Emancipation.

216: The *New Times* had been the only newspaper to carry the false information about the Cabinet Ministers' dinner which had encouraged the conspirators to assemble at Cato Street.

217: "The Duke of Wellington came to ride with us, which he always does of a Sunday. He brought me to shew me the deposition of a man of the name of Hall, one of the Cato Street conspirators who was not tried but confessed his share in the transaction and told all he knew upon the plot. Among other curious things he said that Thistlewood, at one of their meetings, had informed them of an interview he had had with Mr. Hobhouse, in which he had stated to Mr. H. their intention of effecting a revolution and asked him whether, in the event of their succeeding, he w^d place himself at the head of the provisional Government, that Mr. Hobhouse had said he w^d! Hall also stated in his affidavit that Thistlewood had gone again to see Mr. H., when he was in Newgate for contempt of the House of Commons, but had been refused admittance by the jailer. I asked the Duke if he credited this statement; for I confess I doubted Mr. Hobhouse being such a fool as to commit himself with such a man as Thistlewood. The Duke said he dared

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sort of Sunday *Courier*, that I am a *Ruffian*, and am suspected of being the author of the letter to Canning.²¹⁸

Employed about election – hear folks are stirring in all quarters for both parties – Burdett, Bickersteth, Blackburne, and Evans came, and took leave, telling me I should be out tomorrow – I had ordered my horses up to town.

Saturday February 26th 1820: Find that Houses adjourned to Monday. Sent horses back, sat down and wrote an address to Electors, which Place says is *most excellent*, Bickersteth, *admirable* and Burdett, *capital*. I think it is good. Service called, and told me how much Pearson the attorney²¹⁹ has mismanaged the Manchester affair – Place writes for money.

After all – they have named a managing committee and named Richter upon it, though he had seven black balls – this is madness.

Bickersteth came after dinner – tells me *Chronicle* is praising ministers and recommending coercive measures!! This is all a vile election trick to prevent ministers from having too much weight. Burdett came very late at night. Bickersteth read to me an address which he has written to the Electors – it is capital, but it is *touch and go*, for Lamb and the party are handled roughly, and I am praised. The Whigs will clamour out – “Dictation – dictation!” However, we shall soon be all together by the ears.

Sunday February 27th 1820: The *Examiner* takes a bold tone about the assassination plot, and Cobbett has very justly observed that those who made light of the Manchester Massacre have reserved all their sympathies for a constable killed in a fray. There is something about Thistlewood being able to prove an *alibi* – but this is too good a joke.

I write a note to Place and burn it – copy end of Address – **write journal, and so waste the morning**. Frost yet – this is the hardest winter since 1813. Burdett dined with me.

Monday February 28th 1820: Rumour that the Den will be adjourned this day – I write to my father to know. Blaquiere called – walked with him on the top. A letter came from my father saying that he knew *for certain* the House would be

say Thistlewood had made the most of the story in reporting it to his confederates, but he had no doubt of the interview having taken place and that, whatever Mr. Hobhouse had said, he had no doubt of his inclination to place himself at the head of any revolutionary Government” – (*Arbuthnot* p.17: entry for May 8th 1820).

218: H. may in part be its author.

219: Pearson unidentified.

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prorogued today at three o'clock. I looked at the clock, and saw it was near the time. Continued walking with Blaquiere on the leads. About half-past four comes up Mr Hardy, Clerk of the Papers to the Keeper, and presents a letter, telling me at the same time *I was at liberty* – the doors were open to me – the letter merely stated that the House had been prorogued, and it came from Bellamy.²²⁰ Blaquiere shook hands with me. I gave the watchman a pound, and descended to my apartments – sent my boy for a horse to Mason's – put on breeches and boots – packed up letters, &c. – sent my Address to the Westminster Electors to the Westminster Committee, now permanently sitting at the Rainbow, King Street, Covent Garden – Berguer called – my horse came – and at half-past five p.m., after shaking hands with Mr Brown *I repassed the door of Newgate*, got on my horse and trotted away.

Such has been the close of my imprisonment of eleven weeks, all but one day. I was imprisoned for saying that if the soldiers did not protect the House of Commons the members of that House would be pulled out of it by the ears. I was imprisoned by the offended party without a trial – without being heard – without being even seen – and this monstrous injustice has been committed with the approval or at the least without the opposition of those who call themselves the, and are called the, “friends of popular rights”, but who think that some such power should reside in the House of Commons. Several of my friends, Ellice, for instance, thought thus.²²¹

I gave in the names of a dozen gentlemen who might act as stewards at the dinner to be given to me – *they all* contrived to refuse, upon one pretext or the other. Ellice said it would hurt his interest at Coventry. So that it is to the People alone that any man can trust for the assertion of popular rights. An advocate of the People will have few or no coadjutors. It is well if even the People themselves understand him.

I rode down to Whitton, and was most affectionately received by my dear sisters and by Lady Hobhouse, who is uniformly most kind to me – I felt quite queer at being at liberty.²²²

I wrote to my father a day or two ago, asking him to borrow £500 for me to carry on the election at Westminster, for I knew that with an exception of a few hundred pounds, the whole expense would fall on Burdett and myself. This expense I estimate at about £800 apiece. Trifling as this is, it is still necessary

220: Bellamy unidentified.

221: It was Ellice's faith in the justice of the Commons that got H. arrested in the first place.

222: Compare B.'s *The Prisoner of Chillon*, last line.

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that the whole should be given by somebody, and the thing is, how to do it without the fact being generally known, for although these expenses are wholly for legal objects, and although it is nothing wrong for the candidates to dispense them, yet as it has been the usage to do otherwise in Westminster, it is for the public good that the transaction should remain a secret. My father answered me that he would *give* me £500, and would pay for the hustings beside. Very generous truly – he is very kind in all things to me.

Tuesday February 29th 1820: Stayed at Whitton, and rode out with my dear Harriet – very happy times, these.

Wednesday March 1st 1820: Employed thinking what I should say at the dinner to be given to me tomorrow at the Crown and Anchor on my liberation. Wrote something for that occasion. Did not ride.

Thursday March 2nd 1820: I rode to London a little before five p.m. Went with Sir Francis Burdett to the Crown and Anchor. Received in a most affectionate manner by all my Westminster friends. The most respectable company (about 450), ever assembled at dinner there, met me. Everything passed off most agreeably. No *soi-disant* great folks there, but a great many strangers, all most respectable.

“The Victim”, as Lord Nugent called him, was received with thunders of applause when his health was drunk. His speech (which really was a good one, and had two or three capital hits!!!) was cheered most rapturously. The *Times* newspaper gave a most favourable report of the whole – and indeed that paper has become friendly throughout to me.

The dinner gave an auspicious prospect of the event of the ensuing election. Burdett made a long speech, part of it very beautiful. Thelwall spoke, not so ill as usual. All went off admirably.

Stationed in 43 Clarges Street.

Friday March 3rd 1820: Called on some of those who had called on me in Newgate. Went to a meeting of the Westminster Committee, which is in great activity, and assisted by more friends than usual. Dr Maclean, who has lately become notorious by asserting the plague is not contagious, and has written what he called *Specimens of Systematic Miracles*, is employed as he was in 1807. William Petrie also, and a great number of gentlemanly-looking young men. I forget where we dined.

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Saturday March 4th 1820: Called on folks in the morning – rode down to Whitton, dined, &c. Found my old friend Emily Petrie, now Emily Espinance, and her husband, a special pleader, brother to the Colonel there. The whole Espinance family dined there.

Sunday March 5th 1820: Stayed at Whitton, idling, and contemplating the agreeable prospect of a fifteen days' struggle in Westminster.

Monday March 6th 1820: Rode up to London with the Espinances. At one o'clock, went canvassing with William Petrie in Shepherd's Market and the neighbourhood – nothing very flattering there, but hear of great success in other quarters. Dined with my father at [the] Atheneum – went in the evening to the Committees at various places – all in good spirits – good reports from all quarters.

Tuesday March 7th 1820: Election, I believe, fixed for Thursday next. Went canvassing with a party in Pimlico and Chelsea. Tolerable success. [I] believe dined at Cuthbert's. Employed on election business after dinner.

Wednesday March 8th 1820: Employed in election business all morning and evening, attending public meetings in parishes as before. Forget where dined – at Cuthbert's.

Thursday March 9th 1820: Fine morning. Went to Burdett's. Repaired with him about half-past nine in the morning to the Committee – Rainbow. Thence, at ten, to the usual place, in front of Covent Garden Church. Hustings only half erected – an immense crowd – most enthusiastically received. Sturch proposed Sir Francis Burdett – an elector seconded him. Sturch said nothing one way or the other about me, so it was agreed beforehand.

Before we came forward, George Lamb came forward and offered me his hand in a friendly way. I gave him mine, although knowing in what way he had been talking of me in a private letter to a Government elector, I did it reluctantly. Mr Evans the bookseller begged to have the honour (as he called [it]), of shaking hands with me. Wishart proposed Lamb, Evans seconded him.

Burdett in his speech attacked Lamb for the way in which he had seconded his Reform proposition in the last parliament. Lamb was foolish enough to answer this by saying that he had helped Burdett as much as anybody on that occasion. Just as I was proposed, Joshua Evans came to me with Lamb's letter to

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the government contractor in which he called my friends “the lower classes,” approved of my imprisonment, and called the pamphlet “a flagrant insult and libel”. Evans told me I had permission to make use of the letter. I had refused to do this before, unless the person to whom it was written, and who was disgusted with Lamb’s duplicity, would permit me.

T.T. Clarke of Middlesex proposed me – Mr DeVear seconded me. I made a speech which I must say was a most capital one, and completely produced its effect. I read Lamb’s speech seconding Burdett – I read his shabby letter – and, in short, was never a man so exposed altogether.

The High Bailiff put the nomination, and declared the show of hands in favour of Sir Francis Burdett and myself. Indeed, there were not a dozen hands held up for Lamb – Mr Evans demanded a poll for Lamb. We retired. I was hailed most warmly in the Committee Room. Place said, “By God you have done the thing”. I went home.

The polling began at three o’clock and closed at four. In that one hour, our friends came up with unexampled alacrity. The numbers were:

Burdett: 167; Hobhouse: 164; Lamb, 44.

Lamb made a poor defence of his speech, cautiously abstained from all declarations about Reform – owned he thought the House of Commons the constitutional representative of the people – and talked big about reading his “private canvassing letter”. I answered him, speaking without notes, a practice which I continued, and without preparation, throughout the election. I found it easiest and best, and that I had profited much by practice, or that it was a great advantage to answer Lamb, who really performed very ill indeed. His whole art was to say nothing to offend the court, whose help he wanted, and to say nothing to offend the Burdettites, whose second votes he wanted. This made him never profess one public principle, and made him truckle to Burdett, and lick his hand after the thrashing given to him. Lamb’s whole attack was constantly directed to me – I trust I gave him as good as he brought. It was indeed but a poor triumph, yet I must say it was most complete – I was told on all hands that I cut him to ribbons.

Burdett, Jones Burdett,²²³ Evans, Napier, Bickersteth, Cullen and myself dined at the Piazza. We then learned that in consequence of something said by Boyce Coombe to Joshua Evans about delivering Lamb’s letter to me, the latter

223: Brother to Sir Francis.

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had challenged the former, and the poor wretch had made an ample apology therefor, before the High Bailiff – we were all in great spirits.

Friday March 10th 1820: Fine weather – I went about now and then, canvassing. All our friends much on the alert, and the Managing [Committee] now called the Special Committee, with Place and Richter at their head, working like horses, and all in good humour. We published and distributed thousands of [copies of] Lamb’s letter – it produced a great effect, as indeed it ought, for it completely belied his pretensions to conduct the contest in a “candid, liberal manner,” which he had said he would do in his second advertisement in answer to Burdett’s address. The people as usual “Baa-ed” at Lamb, and cheered us.

The numbers²²⁴ were this day:

Burdett, 463; Hobhouse, 417; Lamb, 273.

We attacked Lamb furiously. He was placed between two fires, in a most ridiculous position. Burdett indignantly repelled Lamb’s hint about a violation of private confidence in reading the letter, and set that question at rest. After [the] husting[s were] over, I spoke to the people out of the Rainbow’s windows.

Dined at the Piazza with Burdett and party – went to several meetings, I believe, with Burdett – was made a member of a benevolent society called The Antelopians. Went to a great meeting at the Black Jack, Clare Market – very much struck with the gentlemanly appearance of the company.

Saturday March 11th 1820: Canvassing in St Anne’s parish, Newport Market, &c. Great success. Ride as usual to the Rainbow amidst the shouts of the people.

This day’s polling, contrary to expectations on Saturday, excellent:

Burdett: 396 (in all, 1026); Hobhouse: 364 (in all, 944); Lamb: 290 (in all, 607).

The speeches were as usual, Burdett and myself rapping Lamb, and he making a most pitiable defence. We put the question upon Reform, as that which the electors would have to decide – and Lamb’s attachment to arbitrary imprisonment was not forgotten.

I galloped down to Whitton – met Whitbread, drawn by the populace in Brentford – they cheered me – I stopped and wished him success. Whitbread has

224: “members” (Ms.)

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been forced by the Reformers to declare himself for a thorough Reform in Parliament, and our friends are helping him – Whig as he is. This is very noble in them, but it is very shabby for the Whigs to attack us in Westminster. It must, however, be told that all the Whigs are not for Lamb, and that his strength lies in the aristocracy generally, rather than in any particular party amongst them, and in his being the old member. He says now nothing about the Revolution – or the Whigs – or Sir Samuel Romilly – or anybody. He stands on the Anti-Reforming, or Anti-Radical Reforming interest – that is all.

All at Whitton delighted with my good news. I really thought the election as good as gained. So thought we all – very happy at home.

Sunday March 12th 1820: Alarmed about prospect of wet weather for tomorrow, but only a little rain fell. Stayed at home, &c.

Monday March 13th 1820: Fine day – rode up to town – went to Burdett's. Only 65 ahead at one o'clock – this did not look well, but on going to Committee, better news, and on hustings, numbers declared, amidst thunderous applause, were:

Burdett: 629 (total 1655); Hobhouse: 605 (total 1549); Lamb: 282 (total 889)

Lamb said in his speech that I was disappointed by being only 323 ahead on the day's poll – I was far from disappointed – I did once think that I should be a little ahead.

We talked of a great day for tomorrow – dined with Burdett.

Tuesday March 14th 1820: This was not so great a day with us as we expected, although the Newport Market people came up – indeed, we were rather alarmed at first, so were well pleased to see the numbers at last:

Burdett: 520 (total 2175); Hobhouse 502 (total 2051); Lamb 356 (total 1245).

Burdett did not come to the hustings on Monday, but he reappeared this day – all in great spirits, but expecting greater efforts than we had a right to expect. Indeed, we seemed running away with the election. Richter told me that Birnie the magistrate told him that Lamb would give in tomorrow. Lamb, however, said that those who came to hear his farewell speech would be disappointed, and avowed his intention of going on. This is obstinacy. Joshua Martin, one of [the]

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conductors of Whitbread's election, has written and spoken to Lamb, begging him to give in – but he won't – his speeches are now regularly to get government support.

Dined at Burdett's.

Wednesday March 15th 1820:²²⁵ The *Chronicle* has taken no part in this election. The *Times* has been exceedingly impartial. The numbers polled this day were much fewer than we expected. But we forgot that we had polled so many, and were raised from former success to hope for too much, so that we were almost depressed to find me only 800!!! ahead on the poll. The numbers were:

Burdett 396 (2571); Hobhouse 361 (2412); Lamb 306 (1551)

This day Lamb made a furious speech – charged me with writing my *Trifling Mistake*, and getting into jail, for an election trick – said that the road to the temple of honour used to be through the temple of virtue, but that now it seemed to be through the gates of a prison.²²⁶ The people hissed most violently, but I stepped forward and got him a hearing to finish his sentence. Then I stepped forward, and gave him, I flatter myself, as complete a dressing as ever man had. I resolved to bring this bantering to a close, so, amongst other hard things, I told him that his statement was false, and I added afterwards that he knew it to be false. I said I did not appeal to Mr Lamb, I appealed to men of honour – and so went on in that strain – a little heatedly, it is true, but deliberately – to bring the quarrel to a close.

Stepping from the hustings, Burdett said, “By God, he can't stand that!” I expected a message²²⁷ any moment whilst dining at the Piazza, and thought to find a letter at home for me – but no message – no letter. I felt ashamed of having struck so poor a creature, and resolved never to allude to him again on the hustings. The line I have taken in this election has been not to attack the Whigs, because so many of them have behaved well lately, and to praise such as have declared strongly in favour of reform – Lambton, Tavistock, for example.

Thursday March 16th 1820: This morning called on Burdett, and went with him to Brooks's, to look over newspapers about his trial. A Mr Irby, known in town by name of The Dirty Dandy, came in, and said he wanted to speak to me in

²²⁵: “Wednesday. March 14” (Ms.)

²²⁶: H. knew that Newgate might get him into parliament, but he didn't court imprisonment. He'd rather not have gone.

²²⁷: A challenge.

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private. I went into a room with him, and he pulled out a letter, saying he was very sorry to be the bearer, &c. – “Oh,” said I, “don’t mention it”. I found it a challenge from Lamb, written in a most trembling hand indeed. I said, “Certainly,” and I would go find a friend directly. Mr Irby trembled and looked pale,²²⁸ and I asked him where my friend would find him. He said at the Committee. I told him his own house would be better, and he gave me his card. I promised to send my friend to him at two o’clock, and, opening the door for him very politely, let him out.

I told Burdett what I had received, and said I should go to Napier and ask him to be my second. He said, “A very good man,” and off I galloped to Sloane Street. Colonel Napier²²⁹ was at home – he said he was very sorry, but he was bound over to keep the peace, and could not. I rode back. Found Burdett at Brooks’s – we were at a non-plus. Sir Robert Wilson was there, so we asked him. He said he had just been out with Lord Donoughmore, and refused. He recommended Bruce – so off tripped Burdett and I to Bruce. Bruce shuffled – said he liked me – but he was a friend of Lamb’s mother, and would rather not. We went to Cuthbert – he, good man, accepted at once. I told the story, and, considering what I had said, neither of us had the least doubt but that it would come to a fight.

Burdett had previously gone home with me to St James’s Place, and had got out his pistols. We thought of fighting on the Harrow Road somewhere – and today if possible. I told Cuthbert what Lamb had said of me, and that I would never retract what I said in answer until he retracted his charge – but as the whole tenor of my speech had been such as no man of honour could brook, he we all expected a *recantre*.

Burdett and I went to my house. In a short time, Cuthbert came. He said he had been to Irby – that Irby stated the expressions complained [about] were, “That Lamb’s statement was false, and he knew it to be false”; but Irby added that he was sure Mr Lamb would retract anything he had said that was disagreeable – in short, Cuthbert’s impression was, that “It was peace”. Now this was ridiculous – first, Lamb had waited a whole night before taking notice of the offence; then, he had sent a regular challenge; and then seemed not to wish to fight. I sent by Cuthbert to Irby, to say that if Lamb would retract the charge, I would retract my answer to it.

Cuthbert went away. Burdett and I went to Burdett’s house. Presently

228: *Hamlet*, I i 53.

229: This *could* be the future historian of the Peninsular War. Is *not* the future Resident on Cephalonia.

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Cuthbert returned, and said that Irby wished me to say that I was sorry for my words. I hesitated. Cuthbert said that I was justified in saying the statement was false, but not that Lamb knew it to be false, and that he would not go out with me unless I stated my regret for those words – I still refused. I applied to Burdett – he hesitated, and both of us, knowing the hard things I had said to Lamb, thought his conduct most paltry. At last I took up my pen and wrote, “If Mr Lamb chooses to say that he regrets having said that Mr Hobhouse, by his committal to Newgate, and his subsequent conduct, was guilty of an electioneering trick, Mr Hobhouse, in his part, will say that he regrets the expressions he used in answer to that charge”. Burdett agreed that this would do. Cuthbert would not consent to harder terms, and I, having shown him how to load Burdett’s pistols, took leave of him, quite convinced that Lamb could not accede to the proposition. This was my ultimatum, and I agreed that this might be said on both parts privately – thinking Lamb would like this best, as he was to begin the apology.

Cuthbert went away. Burdett and I walked towards Covent Garden. Cuthbert overtook us near the Committee Room, and said Irby had consented, and that Lamb was to make the apology from the hustings. I scarcely believed my ears – Burdett was equally astonished. Thus Lamb had told a lie – had taken the lie – and had to make an apology for the insult received by himself. But the case was worse than we had imagined, for Lamb, at the close of his speech, made a regular appeal to the people to hear him because he said he was going to do an act of courtesy and justice to Mr Hobhouse – and then actually read my words from a paper in his hat. Burdett whispered, “By Jove you can’t say too much after this!” and I thought of saying something more than I had agreed to, as Lamb had volunteered so much. But on second thoughts I determined to stick to the letter of my bargain, and answered exactly as I had agreed.

Such was the end of this affair. The general impression was that I had challenged Lamb, and that he had asked pardon of me. Finnerty of the *Chronicle* had guessed the truth, and said it was a new way of settling a quarrel. Anything so like a poltroon as Lamb I never heard of. As for myself, I must say that knowing myself not to be bold by nature, I conducted myself well – my indignation supplied the place of cool courage, and I should have been not sorry to fight Master George Lamb, that’s certain.

Lamb had a majority this day – of ninety-two:

Burdett 286 (2857); Hobhouse 261 (2673); Lamb 353 (1904)

... and the next day he put out an advertisement stating that “the tide had turned

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in his favour”.

Burdett took leave of the people, as going down to his trial at Leicester ... we did not like being beaten ... after so great a triumph on other days, began to entertain apprehensions.

Dined at Burdett's.

Friday March 17th 1820: This day Jones Burdett went with me to the hustings, and spoke for his brother – not well and not ill. I made what all said was a very good speech – hardly touched on Lamb. We were beaten this day again, but Lamb did not poll heavily, and his majority diminished:

Burdett 248 (3105); Hobhouse 224 (2897); Lamb 313 (2217).

Heard complaints in the morning, at different parishes, that the electors would not come up to the poll – frightened for the next day.

Dined with Burdett.

Middlesex election began. Whitbread, Mellish, and Byng. Whitbread declared for thorough Reform, so we Westminster people wish to help him – but it is sinful [that] whilst the Whigs attack us in Westminster we help them in Middlesex. Service is secretary to Whitbread's committee. The advertisements are drawn up quite in the Westminster way, and in short, if Whitbread succeeds, Burdett and the Westminster men will have been his makers.

Saturday March 18th 1820: This dreaded day did not do so much against us as we thought it would. Lamb's friends go about canvassing for “Burdett and Lamb,” and catch votes in every way. The numbers were:

Burdett 215 (3320); Hobhouse 193 (3090); Lamb 311 (2528)

... leaving me a majority of five hundred and sixty-two, with only six more days to poll, and a Monday amongst them – we had great promises for Monday.

I made a very good speech without any preparation, and I had the satisfaction of hearing from Bickersteth and others that I have given general satisfaction to all friends, and the people at large, during the election. Lamb's friends talk largely of certain success – they are beginning to be very active in the lower parts of Westminster and in St George's. That brazen Caroline Lamb is come to town, and is in mischievous activity.

I rode down to Whitton – met Whitbread's procession, composed chiefly of

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Westminster Reformers – they all cheered me. Passed day at Whitton.

Sunday March 19th 1820: Passed the day at Whitton. Walked out with my sisters. Talked of election, and conjectured thereupon.

Monday March 20th 1820: Came up in a hurry to go to several places to meet electors. Found none. Lost my temper, and behaved, for the first time in this election, foolishly. Did not poll as many as was expected by any means:

Burdett 434 (3754); Hobhouse 411 (3501); Lamb 281 (2809)

...but I put a good face upon it, and recollected that 692 was a respectable number to kick down in five days.

We took the desponding tone in our advertisements, but Place said, "The Election is gained". I did not know what to think

Dined, I believe, at Cuthbert's, and went to parish meetings.

Tuesday March 21st 1820: Things wore a bad face today. Riding about the streets, I saw Ben King. He flourished his card at me, and, going to the hustings, [I] found [myself] 150 below at three o'clock. This, for three o'clock, was bad. Several decided ministerialists voted today for Lamb. The marks were:

Burdett 290 (4044); Hobhouse 258 (3759); Lamb 258 (3201)

The people were as much, or more, decided, for us than ever. Evans told me that nothing but myself could lose²³⁰ the election. He alluded to my conduct of yesterday. We looked a little black in the Committee Room, but we exhorted an early attendance of canvasses the next morning, and made arrangements for increased activity. An over-confidence, we thought, had done the mischief, and the Committee took that tone in their advertisement. Our friends were certainly frightened – the enemy talked confidently. Although the ministers have not interfered, yet the whole aristocracy of both sides is in motion as before. Lord John Russell has come on the hustings with Lamb. This is shameful after proposing Whitbread.

Forget where [I] dined.

230: "loose" (Ms.)

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Wednesday March 22nd 1820: Canvassing this morning, in St George's I believe – this parish has polled 1,000 against us.²³¹ Find a great activity among our friends. All reports of the morning's poll against us, but Lamb's poll [is] diminishing. On coming to hustings, most agreeably disappointed by finding that Lamb was in a very small majority, and that I had polled heavily. This put me in spirits – I made a very good speech – read a letter recommending Lamb as a member “fit for the attorneys,” and all went off admirably.

Burdett [is] to be tried tomorrow.

Burdett 394 (4438); Hobhouse 349 (4108); Lamb 386 (3587)

I own I thought this day decisive, but in so important a struggle great anxiety still prevailed. The other side talked of a certain triumph – Lamb still held that language. We continued our exhortations to early canvass – the fright had certainly done good.

Dined at Cuthbert's.

Thursday March 23rd 1820: Continued canvass ... found at Committee Rooms that Lamb was not so much at one o'clock this day as he had been yesterday. Our canvass swarmed. Fine weather, as indeed it has been during the whole election. Recognized, and so crowded everywhere that I could hardly move. Came to the hustings at the usual hour, first dropping in at the Committee Room for a minute:

Burdett 305 (4743); Hobhouse 264 (4372); Lamb 313 (3900)

Many stories of threats and influence: amongst others, the Cavendishes tried to get their tenants of the Burlington Arcade – but without success. Lamb still spoke of certain success – but to get down a majority of 472 in two more days did not seem very likely.

Kinnaird and I dined at Burdett's – went to three parish meetings – exhorted to activity and early canvass – there was evidently a great spirit abroad. My father told me today by letter that a government department had been canvassed for Lamb – no doubt Lamb's friends would do anything. He has never once made the slightest declaration of public principle, and, being a lawyer, and allied to the Cavendishes, and a reputed bastard of the King, and the old member, is a most dangerous competitor. He and Mellish at Middlesex have much the same

231: In the absence of the ballot, such statistics are readily available.

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advertisements.

Friday March 24th 1820: This morning Mason the stalls-keeper came and told me in a fright there was news come of Burdett's conviction. Soon after came the *Chronicle*, and confirmed it. I cried like a child, and had resolved not to canvass or make any efforts today – but soon thought better of such folly, and saw the necessity of rather redoubling than dropping exertion.

Went out, and witnessed the poignant affliction of many people – but that ass Gally Knight said he was glad. We soon found the conviction had roused the people – I had the kindest reception in every quarter – many promised to come up who before had not thought of it. Many hundreds would have come forward, had the contest been continued. I called and sat with Bickersteth, who was much affected.

Burdett 330 (5073); Hobhouse 286 (4658); Lamb 311 (4211)

Lamb still said he would keep open the poll to the last hour, and had promises enough to beat us – but some of his committee owned that all was up.

I said a few words on Burdett's conviction, but was so much affected I could not go on. Nothing could exceed the enthusiasm amongst the people, and the activity of all our friends.

Dined with Kinnaid, or Cuthbert. Did not go to parochial committees tonight, the triumph being reckoned certain. We had some doubts whether the chairing should take place tomorrow – we knew not whether Burdett would return in time.

Wrote to my sisters to come up.

Saturday March 25th!!! 1820: This morning prepared for a victory – but Burdett's conviction damped my satisfaction – hearing he was arrived, I went to him and was very much affected as was he, noble fellow. However he was delighted at the success in Westminster – at eleven found I was 22 behind Lamb – and at twelve, 40²³² – or some such thing – but then Lamb had polled only 119 at eleven o'clock,²³³ so I felt safe from tricks and bad votes, which I thought he would try – for Mrs Ridgeway²³⁴ had told Fisher²³⁵ that the Whigs were resolved

232: At noon he was forty votes behind Lamb.

233: Lamb had 119 on that day's vote. The poll had been open since March 9th.

234: The wife of the radical publisher.

235: Fisher unidentified.

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Lamb should be returned. We, however, had taken every precaution – had doubled the inspectors, had told the collectors we would pay them if Lamb dismissed them and had spoken to the High Bailiff. Lamb put out a persevering paper this very morning.

At one o'clock I found *eight* girls from Whitton²³⁶ here – I was in a sad pucker to get them to see the close of the poll – and after much doubting sent them in their carriages to the hustings.

Arriving at Covent Garden found an immense multitude – saw all our flags and placarded boards moving up covered with laurel, all announcing victory. The shabby Whigs had put out false numbers at two o'clock by which I was headed²³⁷ – but the polling was small on both sides. Burdett and Tracy voted for me just before three – Burdett received with thunders of applause.

An enormous crowd almost prevented me from reaching the hustings. When I came and showed myself at close of the poll [I] was most loudly cheered – the great multitudes in perfect good humour, and not the slightest injury done to anyone. I was alarmed for my sisters – one of the carriages was drawn near the hustings, but no accident happened – Ellice, Kinnaird, J.J. Clarke, Colonel Jones &c. accompanied me. At the close of the poll the numbers were

Burdett 254 (5327); Hobhouse, 224 (4882); Lamb, 225 (4436)

The board was hailed [with] tremendous cheers – Lamb did not appear – he sent Bryce Combe and two or three ill-looking men – Stent the Collector – a swindling attorney and one or two such fellows. Considering Lamb had kept the poll open so long this was very shabby. We waited some time until the High Bailiff came forward and read the return – how different the scene from the 3rd March 1819.²³⁸ He was listened to and cheered – and recommended a cessation of hostilities. Burdett then came forward – I never witnessed anything like such a scene in my life – his popularity was surely never so great. No-one spoke for Lamb. I came forward and was also most loudly cheered from all quarters. The speaking done, we withdrew through the immense crowd to the committee room – there such squeezing and congratulation as might be expected from so glorious a victory. I spoke from the window to the vast crowd – terrified to death at seeing my sisters' carriages in the midst. Burdett spoke – Kinnaird spoke. I franked first letter for Francis Place – with great difficulty got through the people to our

236: His sisters and step-sisters.

237: Lamb was twelve votes ahead of H. according to Lamb's fake figures.

238: When Hobhouse had lost the same seat to Lamb.

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houses. In going through streets – Burdett, Kinnaird and I had an enormous body of people – cheering and hurraing and clapping hands. They insisted on our passing down by the Palace²³⁹ and there cheered loudly. It was a very imposing spectacle. Burdett and I slipped off by St James's Palace into the park and then rode in Hyde Park – we returned to Kinnairds'. Burdett's horse fell.

A party. Evans, Bickersteth, Tracy, Cullen, Burdett and I dined at Kinnaird's.

Thus has concluded the Westminster Election and thus at the age of thirty-three, and never before having been in parliament, have I been chosen, without great family or fortune, or friends, or any help except from my own exertions on behalf of reform, to represent the city of Westminster: to represent the constituents of Fox²⁴⁰ and Burdett – the most enlightened the most independent and the most numerous body of electors in the kingdom – I shall not congratulate myself on this event until I know what I have done to justify the great expectations raised of me – I am sure I have gained character by this election – I hope I shall lose none in the House of Commons.

A vile tooth ache comes to remind me I am mortal!!!

Sunday March 26th 1820: Thought of going to Whitton, but did not. **Wrote journal.** Dined at Cuthbert's. Rain came, just as election over.

Monday March 27th 1820: Went to Burdett's. Rode with him to Palace Yard and Crown and Anchor. Got hurt by a cart. Headed, with Burdett, a great procession of carriages and horsemen down to Brentford, with colours &c., to vote for Whitbread and Reform. Great cheering all the way. Arrived at Brentford. Went on hustings – thence took a luncheon, returned at close of the poll.

Saw Byng today – he is a poor creature – find he told George, a Westminster freeholder, that if the Reformers put Whitbread at the head of the poll he would give up his seat to Mellish.

Whitbread spoke outright about Reform. I shook hands with him thereupon. He spoke about [the] union of all friends of Reform. If he gains the election, his triumph is ours. He was two hundred ahead on this day's poll. Burdett spoke. Enthusiastically received. There was a great call for me, but not being a freeholder I did not speak. Burdett and I returned in cavalcade as before. The multitude increased mightily as we got near London. It was a glorious sight – such cheering, and real congratulations – but it was all “Burdett!” or

239: St James's Palace.

240: Charles James Fox had represented Westminster.

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“Hobhouse!” – I never heard Whitbread’s name. A great multitude accompanied us home. I spoke to them out of the one pair of stairs window[s] in Clarge’s Street – so did Burdett.

We dined at Cuthbert’s.

In the evening came the Persian Ambassador. He is a lively, simple-mannered, gentlemanly person. He [had] long wished to see Burdett, and told him so. He is writing his account of his travels, which are to be published in Paris. He intends to expose this government. He said, “Good people – but never saw such a government in my life”.²⁴¹ He said he had written thirty-two notes to Castlereagh, without an answer. Castlereagh “gone hunting,” or when he did see Castlereagh, “My lord in a hurry to go and answer the opposition”. He perfectly understood how matters went here: “King no power – Castlereagh, or Lady Castlereagh, to be consulted. House of Commons take up all ministers’ time”, he said. “King not care for people here. In Persia, when famine come, King goes to the mosque,²⁴² pray God Almighty for harvest – he cry and hold up hands – here people starve – King not care – go eat himself – and go hunting”. He said, “English people called free – not free – can’t write can’t speak – soldiers killed them” – not so free as when he was in England in 1810. He mentioned that his King had sent our King presents to the amount of £30,000, and that not a sixpence had been sent in return, and that now he was going away. Sir Benjamin Bloomfield wrote to say the King would thank him for his gray horse to give to Lady Cunningham – this he had refused – and indeed a shabbier request I never heard. He told me he had been to the hustings in Covent Garden, and had heard me say, “I not violent, but House of Commons violent with me”. He had his audience of leave with the King – the King offered to shake hands – he refused. King said, he hoped he was satisfied with his mission. “No,” said the Persian, “I am not satisfied”. King often talked to him about women, which Persian resented, and said they were both too old to talk on that subject. He came over to get £300,000 due from East India Company – half has been offered, and he will not accept it. He talked of the enormous taxation in this country – said that the King of Persia could not induce his subjects to bear it. Their taxes simple and very few. He goes to war with his own money – he would be killed if he took away property.

It should be told that the Ambassador has had seventy of his own family put to death, and narrowly escaped himself.

241: H. writes the Persian Ambassador’s conversation in pidgin English.

242: “mosqué” (Ms.)

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Douglas Kinnaird read to him two or three things out of the *Edinburgh Review* for his book, and befooled with him. Ambassador seemed highly pleased with Burdett, and shook hands with him at parting.

Tuesday March 28th 1820: At home in the morning, walked with Burdett in the Green Park, and dined with him alone. He [is] going to Warwick, being subpoena'd in Cartwright's trial.

Wednesday March 29th 1820: Rode down to Whitton – Whitbread getting on at Middlesex. Remained at Whitton.

Thursday March 30th 1820: Rode with Harriet to Brentford. Met an old woman, who said, "Mellish has gi'ed it in!" – I thought she said, "Is getting on," but found Mellish had indeed withdrawn. I went to [the] hustings, and saw the return and the charring. Byng looked very mean, Whitbread very pleased. *Ma petite personne* [was] recognized, and [there was] great cheering, indeed much more so than for either of the members.

So finishes this contest. The Reformers have carried a member for Middlesex, as well as Westminster, and their services should not be forgotten, although doubtless they will be forgotten at the first convenient opportunity.

Mellish's leave-taking speech [was] very handsome – much handsomer than Lamb's shabby conduct.

Came home. Tooth-ache at night.

Friday March 31st 1820: Good Friday – at Whitton doing nothing.²⁴³ Tooth-ache. Today [I] believe [I] refused to take the chair at a meeting in honour of Hunt.

Saturday April 1st 1820: At Whitton. Tooth-ache. Riding with Harry.²⁴⁴

Sunday April 2nd 1820: Resolved to have tooth out, and walked to Twickenham to one Watson. He put me in a chair, and tore out my tooth. He said he sweated like a bull – did not know whether I did. I "bore the operation manfully," as he said – walked home – and then found he had half-raised²⁴⁵ my

243: In fact, writing to B. See BB 286-9.

244: Harriet.

245: "raised" (Ms.)

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next great grinder. I replaced it as well as I could. Had pain in the evening.

Monday April 3rd 1820: At Whitton. In the evening, great pain, and put boiled bread and milk in my mouth, which did no great good.

Ellice called one of these days – he told me a long story about Coventry – amongst other things, that Cobbett had been supported underhand by the Corporation, and ninety votes with Captain Clore.

[CHECK] Cost Whitbread's people near £4,000.

Tuesday April 4th 1820: Old Brooks called today, trying to get a chairman for the dinner on Thursday. Whitbread has been asked, I think foolishly, and has refused – indeed, how could he²⁴⁶ come to a dinner to rejoice over the fall of the Whigs in Westminster, when almost all the money subscribed for him in Middlesex has been from Whigs? But his committee are coming.

It was today that Ellice called. Brooks²⁴⁷ went over to Sam Clarke, and found²⁴⁸ that I was abused at Hunt's meeting by Gale Jones.

Holla'd²⁴⁹ about a little today. Jaw better, but not well.

Wednesday April 5th 1820: I am not so well. I send to town about chairing – find it positively fixed for tomorrow – a very fine day this. Doctoring my jaw for a long ride with my hat off.²⁵⁰

Thursday April 6th 1820:²⁵¹ Pouring with rain this morning for the first time these six weeks. Went in a post-chaise to N^o 134 Sloane Street – Colonel Napier[?] – and found Burdett. Breakfasted there [until] ten o'clock. Rain ceased for an hour, then came on. Old Brooks called – he said that they had printed bills deferring the chairing, "All on our account". The words were, "It being impossible the lives of our representatives in an open car," &c. Bills not placarded. We said, "Never mind us," and so [the] chairing was to go on.

We waited and waited. I fidgeted. At last, a little after two, came a hackney

246: "how he could he" (Ms.)

247: Looks like "Banks".

248: "find" (Ms.)

249: Could be "it rolled".

250: The entry terminates, "hat off – an"

251: On this, the day of H.'s triumph, B. writes four separate letters (BLJ VII 68-72), to Annabella, Hanson, H. ("I suppose you are in by this time"), and Kinnaird. They are almost entirely about money matters.

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coach, and took us up to near the Cadogan Arms in Sloane Street. The car drew round, we drew up close to it, and at half-past two, Burdett and I mounted. There was a considerable assemblage, and the procession was inimitably contrived and arranged. [The] weather held up. We proceeded at a foot's pace, seldom interrupted. Crowd increased – heard a few hisses in Sloane Street – nowhere else. It was a very grand spectacle going through Hyde Park turnpike. I said to Burdett, "I did not think when I first dined with you at Stevens' Coffee House in company with Graves, Clifford, and my friend Baillie, that we should ever be riding in this way together".

The procession moved quietly along, owing to there being so many carriages for the electors, instead of all walking, and the horsemen being behind instead of before. There was less interruption, the cheering not being so frequent as in 1818 – but then it should be recollected that Kinnaird and Bruce and I headed and led the cheering, and there were so many stops that there was time for more applause. As it was, the multitude was very great, especially in the Green Park. The windows [were] everywhere full of women, and passing Mackay's, the oilman's in Piccadilly, saw all my family – father and mother, &c., and sisters. It was, I believe, a very happy moment for them. I kept my hat off as much as I could, and bowed wherever it appeared necessary.

We had no rain until we got to St Martin's Lane – there it began to pour, but luckily we had passed all the gay parts of our course, and here were amongst our friends, whom nothing could daunt. The windows were crammed full of ladies waving handkerchiefs and drinking wine to us – we bowed and kept our hats off in spite of torrents. The people cried, "Put on your hats!" and threw us umbrellas. We tried the umbrella a little but found it would not do, so bore the weather.

The scene in Covent Garden was most animating, the shouts tremendous. The rain did not damp our friends in the least. The same delight appeared in every face during the whole remainder of the way to the Crown and Anchor, where we arrived about four, and dismounted amid thunders of applause. Thus had we performed a longer course in one hour and a half than had taken us four hours to perform in 1818 – not a single accident happened, not a single squabble – all in greatest good humour through the whole of the vast assembly.

The account in *The Times* next day very fair and favourable.

Arrived at the Crown and Anchor. Cullen of Knightsbridge and Joshua Evans and others of our kind friends eagerly helped us off with our wet clothes. Nothing can exceed the friendly affection of these excellent people. To desert or betray them would be the vilest of all baseness. Not to do one's utmost would be ignominious cowardice. I will try at all hazards.

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Lamb has published his address at last – a mean, half-lying story, in which he pretends to quote me to prove he had no ministerial help. He is as dirty a fellow as a man of honour can have to deal with.

The great room was quite full – 530 tickets issued and many others might have been sold. Shaw Lefevre, Junor, Martineau, and Adam Smith there. Hunt there at head table – but said he came to conciliate – he sent, or his committee sent to me to say, “They did not participate in Mr Gale Jones’s abuse of me”.

My jaw plagued me, but I managed to eat and drink a little, and to make a long speech – some good points in it, but nothing very particular. Reception more cordial, if possible, than ever. Burdett spoke two hours, I am sure. He commented on Canning’s Liverpool speech against Reform, which the ministerialists are crying up as a *capo d’opera*, and which is the most ignorant thing I ever read. Shaw Lefevre spoke shortly and well – he owed to me privately that he thought the Whigs worse than the Tories, and that he should do his best to prevent young Whitbread being debauched at Brooks’s.

Burdett and [the] chairman (Mr Roundthwaite) and I retired at eleven – there was a great call for Hunt – we found the next day that he had refused to take the chair, but had mounted the table, and amidst hisses and cheers had bespattered Burdett and me with praise. Indeed, Burdett had, at my suggestion, said he thought Hunt should be disbursed for his expenses at York. This I said to Haydon and Parr at Whitton, and told them that I could not say more because I did not think Hunt entitled to any tribute of national gratitude.

Thus ended this triumphant day, which, if I come up to my own wishes, I dare not call them hopes, will form a memorable æra in my life, and, I may perhaps say, in the annals of Westminster. If it were not for my *jaw*, I should be for the time happy, but a pain wearing and wearing like mine, would disturb a Pharsalian²⁵² triumph.

Went in hackney coach with Burdett and took leave at his door.

Friday April 7th 1820: Walked about with Kinnaird – called on Bruce, whose father²⁵³ is dead. Called on a *Piece* with Kinnaird. *She* poor girl said she should not care if she died tomorrow – I asked her why? – She said “*I am tired!!!*” This is the best reason I think, and I am sure this poor creature was sincere in what she said. Called on Chantry²⁵⁴ – he told us anecdotes of Horne Tooke²⁵⁵ and showed

252: At Pharsalia, Caesar beat Pompey.

253: Bruce’s father had financed the trip in which Bruce encountered Lady H. Stanhope.

254: “Chantry” (Ms.) Sir Francis Leggatt Chantry (1781-1841) sculptor. Did Pitt, George III, and so on.

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us his inimitable head of Tooke, which he said had brought him in one year orders for £12,000. Tooke was hurt that Burdett did not order it to be made in marble ... Tooke would have prolonged life for a thousand years – but he died boldly. He said once, “It matters little to me whether I go up or whether I go down – though to be sure I should like to go up that I might have the pleasure of *pissing on these scoundrels*”.²⁵⁶ Chantry dined with him on the Sunday before he died which was [on] a Tuesday. He was attacked with a paralysis in his arm at dinner, and screamed out – he sent his daughters, Miss Harts, and Burdett who was there, one after the other for eau de Cologne – and because they could not find it at once was in a tempest of passion,²⁵⁷ pretending that they delayed on purpose to torture him – when the eau de cologne came he drank some of it without water. He would sit at table in what he called his Thurlow,²⁵⁸ an armchair, and said it was for the last time. Chantry said he was but little understood and not fairly appreciated. He caught him one day, burning his papers, “packing up for a long journey” said Tooke – he looked wistfully at them as they as they burnt. He had high notions of honour and particularly in money matters. Chantry’s bust is not the least like Banks’ in Burdett’s room.

I dined with Kinnaird, and passed the evening with him alone.

Saturday April 8th 1820: Called on Cuthbert. Went to Dumergue’s – had a gag put on one of my teeth. Heard about Sir Walter Scott, and that the Scotch did not like to marry in May. I did not know that the ancients objected to this month – it is amongst Plutarch’s *Questiones Romanae*.

Rode down to Whitton – dined, &c.

Sunday April 9th 1820: At Whitton. Great pain at night with jaw.

Monday April 10th 1820: Write an answer to the paragraph in the *Times* about

255: John Horne Tooke (1713-1812) clergyman, radical politician, friend, then enemy, of John Wilkes, enemy of Junius, defender of the American colonists, metaphysician; imprisoned for treason, but gained the seat of Old Sarum, from taking which he was excluded. Author of *The Diversions of Purley*.

256: *TVOJ* 84, 6, it is implied by Sathan that Horne Tooke is one of the damned who have licence to move about the world, and who may be interested (along with George Washington) in testifying against George III at Heaven’s gate, to determine his fate in the afterlife. However, the action of the poem does not allow Tooke time to appear.

257: *Hamlet*, III ii 8.

258: After Edward, First Baron Thurlow (1731-1806) the Lord Chancellor who presided at the trial of Warren Hastings.

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Cicero's wishing to reform the calendar – he did not. I was right. Sent the answer to the *Times* – fare better. Rain all day.

Tuesday April 11th 1820: Dined at Miss Byng's at Twickenham, and danced the evening.

Wednesday April 12th 1820: Rode up to town. Dined at [a] public dinner by invitation at City of London Tavern, Bishopsgate Street, given to Alderman Waithman by Livery. Byng, Whitbread, Bennett, Williams, M.P.s, there, and about three hundred. Everything very inferior to Westminster dinners – little about principle. Bennett and Calvert, and [the] members for Middlesex, *drunk* before me, although, as a gentleman steward told me, it was determined otherwise by [the] sub-committee last night. I took no notice, but spoke as usual – was very well received. Sheriff Parkins made an attack on me – I was obliged to intercede to get a hearing for him.

These city dinners are very different and inferior to the Westminster. There was a great noise and confusion – no music – and in short much below *my* constituents. Galloway complimented me on my speech – said it would do good. I stuck to principle – said nothing of myself, nor of Westminster – indeed, I could not well without offending some people. All were most friendly to me – Calvert, Bennett, and Byng, particularly – the Livery also.

Came away at ten, rather disgusted.

Thursday April 13th 1820: Journal from Monday, March 27th. Remained in town, forget where I dined – believe at the Royal Society Club, where I was surprised to find a Sir Alexander Johnstone²⁵⁹ congratulating me on my success – he has been employed in Ceylon.

I there first heard of a ballad, which, it seems, Lord Byron has sent over to me on my imprisonment – the news surprised me – but I did not think much of it at the time. Went to the Royal Society, and to the Antiquarian Society.

[NOT IN DIARY: *MY BOY HOBBIE, O*:

New Song
To the tune of
“Where hae ye been a’ day,

259: Johnstone unidentified.

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My boy Tammy, O?
Courting o' a young thing,
Just come frae her Mammie, O?"²⁶⁰

1.

How came you in Hob's pound²⁶¹ to cool,
My boy Hobbie, O?
Because I bade the people pull
The House into the Lobby, O.²⁶²

2.

What did the House upon this call,
My boy Hobbie, O?
They voted me to Newgate all;
Which is an awkward Jobby, O.²⁶³

3.

Who are now the people's men,
My boy Hobby, O?
There's I and Burdett – Gentlemen,
And blackguard Hunt and Cobby, O.²⁶⁴

4.

You hate the House – why canvass, then?
My boy Hobbie, O?
Because I would reform the den
As member for the Mobby, O.

5.

260: This traditional air was published with an accompaniment by Haydn, published 1792. The lyric expresses the singer's happiness at wooing a young girl away from her love for her mother – whom he promises to shelter as well (N.B. this is a romantic reading of the lyric).

261: Newgate.

262: This is just what H.'s enemies asserted, falsely, that he had done in *A Trifling Mistake*.

263: I have derived the comma from the Scots ballad *Edward*: "Why does yer hand sae drap wi' bluid, / And why sae sad gang ye, O?"

264: But H. refuses to associate with either of these.

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Wherefore do you hate the Whigs,
My boy Hobbie, O?
Because they want to run their rigs
As under Walpole Bobby, O.²⁶⁵

6.

But when we at Cambridge were,
My boy Hobbie, O,
If my memory don't err,
You founded a Whig Clubbie, O.

7.

When to the mob you make a speech,
My boy Hobbie, O,
How do you keep without their reach
The watch within your fobby, O? –²⁶⁶

8.

But never mind such petty things,
My boy Hobbie, O –
God save the people – damn all Kings –
So let us crown the Mobby, O!
Yrs truly,

(Signed) *Infidus Scurra*.

March 23rd 1820.]

Friday April 14th 1820: Rode down to Whitton and stayed there – a party at night.

Saturday April 15th 1820: At Whitton.

Sunday April 16th 1820: Came a letter from Murray, including a copy of Lord Byron's ballad²⁶⁷ – very bad and base and wanton indeed – but signed "*Infidus Scurra*,"²⁶⁸ the name we used to give to Scrope Davies ... I am exceedingly

265: The corrupt administration of Sir Robert Walpole (1721-42).

266: But see Place's reassuring words to H., 21 Jan 1820.

267: *My Boy Hobbie-O*: my text.

268: The phrase signifies "treacherous but stylish parasite and buffoon".

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unwilling to record this proof of the base nature of my friend – he thought me in prison; he knew me attacked by all parties and pens, he resolved to give his kick too – and in so doing he alluded to my once having belonged to a Whig Club at Cambridge. This to curry favour with the wretched Whigs, and help me downhill.

Now I believe this to be wantonness as much as anything – and to have mistaken the nature of my imprisonment, and of the line of popular politics which I have thought it my duty to adopt – yet for a man to give way to such a mere pruriency and itch of writing, against one who has stood by him in all his battles and never refused a single friendly office is a melancholy proof of want of feeling, and, I fear, of principle. It has at any rate rent asunder the veil²⁶⁹ through which I have long looked at this singular man, and I know not that it is in the power of any circumstances hereafter to make me think of him again as I thought of him before – *sic extorta voluptas*.²⁷⁰

As for the conduct of Murray the bookseller, nothing can be more impertinent and ungrateful. But I shall not complain to myself of this poor creature, but remember Foscolo's advice, to have as little as possible to do with these *demi gentilhommes*.²⁷¹ This man receives the ballad with this direction – “Give the enclosed song to Hobhouse. I know he will never forgive me – but I cannot help it – I have no patience with him and his ragamuffins for getting him into *Quod* – as he is now in the Flash Capital he will know what I mean.”²⁷² Well, what does Murray? he shows the song about to everybody – a mutilated copy of it gets into the *Morning Post*, with the heading – “written by a noble poet of the first poetical eminence on his *quondam* friend and annotator” – and then sends me not the original, but a copy made out by a Clerk!! ———

I wrote a letter to Murray, telling him what I think of the ballad if ordered to be circulated or published, and asking whether Lord Byron ordered him to circulate or publish it. This affair made me very uncomfortable indeed – to be undeceived respecting a man in whom I had “garnered up my heart”!!²⁷³

269: “viel” (Ms.)

270: Horace, *Epistles* II ii 139: “... *cui sic extorta voluptas / et demptus per vim mentis gratissimus error*”: “... thus you have robbed me of a valued pleasure and the dearest illusion of my heart”. The words are imagined as said by a man who has been cured of the delusion that he has been delighting in a troupe of tragic actors, when in fact the theatre has been empty.

271: The phrase describes Murray in a letter of Foscolo to Hobhouse of 14 Oct 1818 (BHF 41) and in a letter of Hobhouse to Foscolo of 17 Oct 1818 (BHF 43).

272: BLJ VII 59, slightly mangled.

273: *Othello*, IV ii 58; Othello's words describing the importance to him of Desdemona's love, which he thinks he has lost.

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[NOT IN DIARY: HOBHOUSE'S LETTER TO MURRAY:

No. 2, Hanover Square –

Dear Sir

I have received your letter and return to you Lord Byron's –

I shall tell you very frankly, because I think it much better to speak <to> little of a man to his face than to say a great deal about him behind his back, – that I think you have not treated me as I have deserved, nor as might have been expected from that friendly intercourse which has subsisted between us for so many years – –

Had Lord Byron transmitted to me a lampoon on you, I should, if I know myself at all, either have put it into the fire without delivery or should have sent it at once to you – I should not have given it a circulation for the gratification of all the small wits at the great and little houses where no treat is so agreeable as to find a man laughing at his friend – In this case the whole coterie of the very shabbiest party that ever disgraced and divided a nation, I mean the Whigs, are, I know, chuckling over that silly charge made by Mr Lamb on the hustings, and now confirmed by Lord Byron of my having belonged to a Whig club at Cambridge <-> such a Whig as I then was I am now – I had no notion that the name implied selfishness and subserviency and desertion of the most important principles for the sake of the least important interest – I had no notion that it implied any thing more than an attachment to the principles the ascendancy of which expelled the Stuarts from the throne – Lord Byron belonged to this Cambridge Club and desired me to scratch out his name on account of the criticism in the Edinburgh Review on his early poems: but exercising my discretion on the subject I did not<t> erase his name – but reconciled him to the said Whigs . – .

The members of the Club were but few and with those who have any marked politics amongst them I continue to agree at this day – They were but <xxx/>ten and you must know most of them – Mr W. Ponsonby, Mr George O'Callaghan, the Duke of Devonshire, Mr Dominick Browne, Mr Henry Pearce, Mr Kinnaird, Lord Tavistock, Lord Ellenborough, Lord Byron and myself – I was not, as Lord Byron says in the song, the founder of this club – on the contrary, thinking myself of mighty importance in those days, I recollect very well that some difficulty attended my consenting to belong to the Club, and I have by me a letter from Lord Tavistock – in which the distinction between being a Whig party man, and Revolution Whig is strongly insisted upon –

I have troubled you with the detail in consequence of Lord Byron's charge, which he, who despises, and defies, and has lampooned the Whigs all round,

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only inserted out of wantonness, and for the sake of annoying me – and he has certainly succeeded – thanks to your circulating this filthy ballad – As for his Lordship's vulgar notions about the mob – they are very fit for the Poet of the Morning Post and for nobody else – nothing in the ballad annoyed me but the charge about the Cambridge club – because nothing else had the semblance of truth – and I own it has hurt me very much to find Lord Byron playing into the hands of the Holland House sycophants for whom he has himself the most sovereign contempt, and <to> whom in other days I myself have tried to induce him to tolerate –

I shall say no more on this unpleasant subject except that by a letter which I have just received from Lord Byron I think he is ashamed of his song – I shall certainly speak as plainly to him as I have taken the liberty to do to you in the matter – He was very wanton and you were very indiscreet – but I trust neither one nor the other meant mischief – and there's an end of it — Do not aggravate matters by telling how much I have been annoy'd [-] Lord Byron has sent to me a list of his new poems and some prose all of which he requests me to prepare for the press for him – The monied arrangement is to be made by Mr Kinnaird[.] When you are ready for me – the materials may be sent to me at this place where I have taken up my abode for the season –

I remain very truly yours

John Cam Hobhouse.

John Murray Esq –²⁷⁴]

I know nothing worse in life – It is the worst way of losing a friend –

Walked about and unbosomed myself to Sophy – but resolved not to mention the circumstance to any other of my family, or to any friend except Burdett – I do not wish the termination of my friendship to be announced like the dissolution of a partnership in the gazette.

Monday April 17th 1820: Rode up to London – went to a meeting at Willis' rooms respecting the water-companies' monopoly.²⁷⁵ Heard a Mr Weall harangue,²⁷⁶ Mr Wilmot MP,²⁷⁷ Sir H. Englefield²⁷⁸ – <Colonel> Mr Freemantle MP.²⁷⁹ was in the chair. Towards the end of the day, I was called upon to speak,

274: John Murray Archive (National Library of Scotland).

275: Note pending.

276: Weall unidentified.

277: Robert John Wilmot was MP for Newcastle-under-Lyme, 1818-30. He seems to have been good on criminal law and Catholic relief (I.G.).

278: Englefield unidentified.

279: William Henry Fremantle was an MP from 1816 to 1827, and MP for Buckingham

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and said a few words to the effect that I came only to listen, but that if a bill was to be brought into parliament to regulate the Water Companies I should be happy to assist its progress. This was a great relief to the Chairman, who, when had got up, looked as black as his wig, fearing that I should spoil sport, and compound the anti-monopolists with the Radical Reformers. This Freemantle is a poor fellow – a Grenville rat, a mere nominee, and as mean as one.

I rode afterwards to the Mermaid at Hackney where a public dinner was given to celebrate Sam Whitbread's return.²⁸⁰ Shaw Lefevre²⁸¹ was in the Chair – 300, almost, present. Ellice the only other M.P. The Whigs had given the Middlesex committee to understand that if Westminster or Burdett or I were toasted, they would not attend. Burdett and I were invited, and so no Whig came, but the day passed off very well. Lord John Russell's health was *not* given, though he proposed Whitbread. The Westminster healths were given, and rapturously received, as were my thanks in return, and last and best, Whitbread declared he was *not a party man*.

I had a raging toothache, otherwise should have been most happy – rode back and slept at N^o 2 Hanover Square, a house which my father has taken for the season, and where he has given me apartments very kindly, as usual with him.

Tuesday April 18th 1820: Forget what I did this day.

Wednesday April 19th 1820: Still tormented with the toothache. Went down to Whitton.

Thursday April 20th 1820: At Whitton. I have had a letter from Byron²⁸² in which he talks of the song – I think half ashamed – and very friendly and kind, poor fellow, in every respect. I hear from Murray, who sends the original ballad and makes light of it. I return what I think a becoming answer to such a man,²⁸³ and drop the affair, which I believe has made but little noise. Write to Byron telling him he is a shabby fellow²⁸⁴ and leaving him to chew without any other comment – House of Commons met.

at this time. He was a Grenvillite. What H. says about him is accurate, and his presence is therefore surprising (I.G.).

280: Son of Sir Samuel Whitbread. I do not know where he had been.

281: Lefevre unidentified.

282: BLJ VII 62-4.

283: See above; also at LJ IV 499-500.

284: BB 290-4 (dated April 21st); much funnier than H.'s letter to Murray.

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Friday April 21st 1820: At Whitton – Sir Francis Burdett came down and dined with us.

Saturday April 22nd 1820: Rode up to London with Burdett – went to Westminster Hall, expecting every moment that his cause would be called on – that is, that Denman would move for a new trial today – but after pacing about till four o'clock, found everything deferred till Monday.

In the meantime, took my seat in the House of Commons. I qualified as “heir-apparent”. I knew not how it was, but I trembled during the ceremony, so much that when called upon to write my name under “Civitas Westmonasteriensis,” as I think it was written in the roll, I could hardly write. Henry Bright, MP for Bristol, Legh, the Nubian traveller, and one or two others, spoke to me, but I thought I was generally shunned. This might be fancy, but so it seemed to me. The members had the air, generally, of low people. I saw Horace Twiss and Tulk there – the first a man with whom it is not safe to sit down in company, the second a vulgar enthusiast who actually professes himself to be a Swedenborgian.

I dined at Hanbury Tracy's with Burdett and several others, amongst them Dr Lushington – a very agreeable, and, I think, good man. He defended Mrs Fry's discipline, and told some horrors of the condition of prisoners in the Giltspur Street Counter.

Stayed up till past two o'clock.

Sunday April 23rd 1820: Rode down through Chiswick with Burdett – he turned back at Brentford, and I went on to Whitton – dressed, and went in [a] carriage to Ellice's at Wyke. Young Shaw Lefevre there – he told me that the Whigs had hinted that they had subscribed to Whitbread as a Whig, but that as he chose to say that he was no Whig, they must have their money back again. However, they seemed next day ashamed of their hint, and half retracted it.

Dull day at Ellice's. There were two Spanish South American patriots there – General Vergeras, and another, but who did not join in the conversation.

Back to Whitton. Did not sleep from tooth-ache.

Monday April 24th 1820: Rode up early to London. Walked down with Burdett to Westminster Hall, where, after walking about for some time, we (Bickersteth, Burdett and I) were called into King's Bench, and presently heard Denman argue Burdett's case before the four judges. Never was there such a scene, hardly. It was clear the judges had come down determined to refuse the rule – but the law was so strong as to boggle them. They tried, however, to get over every objection made by Denman as to non-publication in Leicestershire – and Abbott drew a

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distinction between “causing to be published” and “published”. He also actually laid down a distinction of Lord Holt’s – that writing without publishing was a crime – and in short the whole bench seemed anxious only how they could defeat the motion – there was not the least show of impartiality. As for Best, he seemed writhing – but he distinctly laid down that he had directed the jury to find guilty of publishing in Leicestershire, under the presumption that Burdett delivered his letter *open* to Bickersteth in Leicestershire. Now Denman showed that this presumption had no foundation whatever, and that the words in the envelope of the letter were presumption to the contrary. This seemed to puzzle Bayley,²⁸⁵ but Abbott tried to get over it.

A notable proof was this day given of the ignorance of the judges and the bar. Scarlett told Denman to quote the words of the reversal of Algernon Sidney’s attainder, to show that writing was declared no publication, and no crime – Denman did so, and said the fact was known to every lawyer and every politician. Abbott said, “Have you the words of the act?” – Denman said “No,” but Abbott and the bench seemed to admit the fact – now there is not a word about the matter in the act reversing the attainder.

Another remarkable thing occurred this day. The judges quoted no law. They quoted only judges’ opinions against the defendant. Denman then quoted an opinion of *Abbott’s*, tending in favour of Burdett. Abbott said he had given that opinion incorrectly!!! So the subject has now no chance with the King.

Denman stated three reasons for a new trial: the venue; the refusal of evidence to prove [the] Manchester Massacre; and the charge of the judge to the jury. He did not make the most of the last point, and would not say anything of Best supplying the *innuendoes*, which were not stated in the information.

The judges finally resolved that for the present they saw now reason for granting the rule, but that they would give their final decision until after more consideration. This delay was certainly Bayley’s doing. The general impression I had on coming out of court was that I should be loath to be tried for my life by any one of the four, even had I never committed any act of any kind. English Justice seems to me a name – like English Liberty.

Burdett and I dined at Kinnaird’s, and then went to see Kean act *Lear* – a wonderful performance, but Tate and Garrick have made this astonishing tragedy end like a fairytale.

Tea at Kinnaird’s, late.

Tuesday April 25th 1820: Burdett and I rode down to Whitton – took cold meat – and I returned to London, he going on to Salt Hill. Family came to Hanover

285: Sir John Bayley (1763-1841) judge of the King’s Bench. He’d condemned Carfile.

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Square today.

Wednesday April 26th 1820: At London. Forget where I dined, but I believe at home – no, with Burdett at his home.

Thursday April 27th 1820: King opened the parliament – no hissing, no applause. There was such a rush of members with the Speaker into the House of Lords, that I did not strive to get in.

Walked about with Kinnaird – went down to the House – sat behind, in Bankes's bench – I heard Knatchbull and Wilmot move and second the address – one talked of “reducing” the country, the other called the Reformers “revolutionists”. Wilmot's was a miserable performance indeed. Tierney was very bad – he said he was as much against machinations as anybody, and praised “the forbearance and temperance”!! of the mover and seconder, and hoped the House would be always equally unanimous.

Burdett rose. I ran up into the gallery opposite, having agreed, if he moved an amendment, to second it – but Burdett only said he would not disturb unanimity, but must differ from every sentiment of the address, except those of condolence and congratulation. The Whigs were very glad this was done, although Tierney had made such a shabby speech, and several said, “That's right!” No division – house broke up.

Burdett came home and dined with us.

Friday April 29th 1820: Dined with Mendicity Society – gave twenty guineas. Pleased Wrothesley and Wilmot, MPs, two shabby fellows, by my speech in returning thanks for health. Sat late, hearing catches and glees.

Saturday April 30th 1820: Burdett and I rode by Brooke Green towards Uxbridge – I returned, and dined with Ellice – nobody there but Sam Whitbread, and young Sam Leigh.²⁸⁶ I think the first a good, and the last a clever fellow. Thought of asking the Attorney-General in his place why he moved the court against Clement for publishing the State Trials, and so got him fined £500 on Friday, when the Cato Street men were condemned to death as traitors.

Monday May 1st 1820: Rode up to London. Thistlewood,²⁸⁷ Ings,²⁸⁸ Brunt,²⁸⁹

286: Looks like “Lajid”.

287: An ex-militiaman (like Hobhouse) Thistlewood had been acquitted of sedition on 15 Nov 1816 in connection with the meeting at Spa Fields, which “Orator” Hunt had

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Davidson,²⁹⁰ and Tidd²⁹¹ executed this morning at the Old Bailey. Their heads were cut off by a man in a mask.²⁹² The people hissed violently during the operation – soldiers were in readiness everywhere. The men died like heroes – Ings perhaps was too obstreperous in singing *Death or Liberty*, and Thistlewood said, “Be quiet Ings, we can die without all this noise”. They admitted they intended to kill the ministers, but without malice,²⁹³ and as the only resource.

It is certain that Edwards, a government spy,²⁹⁴ was the chief instigator of the whole scheme. The people cried out for him during the execution. The government will gain nothing by this execution.

I went down to the House, and sat some time. The Attorney-General²⁹⁵ did not come down, and if he had I think I should have been afraid to speak.²⁹⁶

Came home. Dined with Cuthbert,²⁹⁷ Burdett, Lord Thanet,²⁹⁸ and Bainbridge²⁹⁹ there. Three of the company had been in jail – Lord Thanet, Burdett, and I.³⁰⁰

I walked about a long time with Burdett talking over the fate and conduct of these men who died this morning.

addressed.

288: James Ings (???-1820) a failed butcher and seller of political pamphlets.

289: John Thomas Brunt (???-1820) occupation(s) unknown.

290: William Davidson (???-1820) was black, and according to some stories son of the Attorney-General for Jamaica.

291: Richard Tidd (???-1820) shoemaker and radical.

292: The headsman was probably Tom Parker, an expert resurrection-man and mortician; though several respectable surgeons were assaulted, and in one case almost castrated, on suspicion of having performed the decapitations.

293: Ings had fantasised (as had B.: see *H.V.S.V.* 124 and 126) about having Castlereagh’s head off.

294: George Edwards (???-???) had been employed by Sidmouth (and by Hobhouse’s cousin Henry, who worked at the Home Office) as *agent-provocateur*; he gave no evidence at the trial; and was last heard of trying unsuccessfully to keep a false identity in Jersey.

295: The Attorney-General was Robert Gifford (later Baron Gifford: 1779-1826).

296: Last sentence not in *RLL* (II 127). H.’s implication is that the executions had scared him into silence.

297: Cuthbert unidentified.

298: Sackville Tufton, 9th Earl of Thanet (1767-1825) had spent a year in jail in 1799 and been fined £1,000 for allegedly abetting the escape from Maidstone Courthouse of Arthur O’Connor, the Irish patriot.

299: Bainbridge unidentified.

300: Burdett’s first incarceration had been in 1810: he was imprisoned again in 1821.

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Tuesday May 2nd 1820: Nothing in the morning. Down to the House – there Alderman Wood,³⁰¹ moved, by Brougham’s advice, to bring Edwards to the bar of the House for a breach of parliamentary privilege, he having proposed to blow up the House of Commons. There was a discussion. Brougham actually spoke against Wood’s motion, [and] *defended* the use of spies.³⁰² Canning said he would be willing to rest³⁰³ the use of spies not only here, but in all civilized countries, on Brougham’s defence!

Wood withdrew his motion. I burnt with indignation. I had half a mind to get up and attack Brougham, and I found my feeling common to others. Tavistock was at my right hand: he told me that when his father was Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, the use of spies was recommended to him, and he was told he could not carry on the government without them – he did not employ them, and did very well. I was horror-struck at Brougham, and, walking home, with Sir Robert Wilson, I found him also disgusted.

Dined at home. Saw Burdett in evening – sat at Brooks’s. Some few Whigs speak to me – amongst them Tavistock most friendly – I heard he was gone over to the enemy.

Wednesday May 3rd 1820: Had business with Westminster Electors in the morning. Went down to the House with Burdett. Divided on a motion of Hume’s, relative to the Civil List: 60 to 113. The scoundrels trooped out of the House like sheep.

Dined at Hanby Tracey’s with Burdett and Mr Petrie.

Thursday May 4th 1820: **Write journal since April 13th.** Went down to House of Commons.

Friday May 5th 1820: Dawdling. Went about doing nothing. At House of Commons, long debate – divided on a motion of Brougham’s, chiefly referring to *Droits* of Admiralty. Minority, 155. Brougham spoke well – Canning very ill. House up at twelve.

Saturday May 6th 1820: Saw O’Meara³⁰⁴ today. He told me that Bonaparte³⁰⁵

301: The former Lord Mayor is now M.P. for the City of London. A liberal Whig.

302: By “spies” is meant here not just agents, but *agents provocateurs*.

303: “rest” – “stop”.

304: Barry O’Meara, author of *Napoleon in Exile*, an important subtext for *AoB*.

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praised my book on the Hundred Days very much, and prepared a comment upon it, which he thought of sending to me. He mentioned several things that Bonaparte told him – amongst others that Talleyrand advised him to assassinate all the Bourbons in England, there being persons who would undertake them at a million francs a head, and drag them to France or kill them. O’Meara told me that he had seen the mother,³⁰⁶ who was willing to petition the English parliament, and desired O’Meara to draw up the petition. O’Meara asked me to help him. Madame Mère has grown quite devout. The principle object of this is to show Napoleon that he has nothing to expect from the English nation, and must do what he can for himself. O’Meara brought me a letter of congratulation from Count Las Casas – the Count tells me that when Bonaparte heard him read my book he said, “Voilà! Les libelles finies, les bons livres vont commencer!” O’Meara seems a clever, modest man.

I walked about – met William Bankes, whom I have not now seen for many years, since 1812, and who has been a very great traveller since. Great shakings and congratulations *de part et d’autre*.

Rode down in the rain to Whitton – dined and slept.

Sunday May 7th 1820: At Whitton – rode out with Harriet – Burdett came – dined, and passed evening.

Monday May 8th 1820: Rode up to town, partly by the banks of the Thames, with Burdett. Late night at House of Commons – Lord John Russell – motion about Civil List – divided – minority, 157; majority of 98.³⁰⁷ Canning again, leader.

Tuesday May 9th 1820: Writing something. Went to House of Commons – Wood’s motion, relative to Edwards, the Cato Street spy – he moved for a secret committee. Sir Robert Wilson seconded, in a speech – and Bankes opposed, and quoted Cicero for [the] use of spies. I, who had swallowed half a dozen glasses of wine and a biscuit,³⁰⁸ resolved to speak, and being a little prepared, did so, but scarcely said a word of what I had got ready, confining myself chiefly to

305: Bonaparte, now on St Helena, dies on April 5th 1821.

306: Bonaparte’s mother.

307: Sic Ms.

308: The preceding clause is cut in *Recollections*.

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answer.³⁰⁹ Was in a great fright, but did not seem so. Spoke about ten minutes – was heard in silence, now and then a “Hear!” and when I sat down, Ricardo said, “You have done very well”. Wilson told me the same, and in [the] course of the evening Lambton said he had heard I had made a good speech.

I did not try much, but what I said was not bad. I protested against spies. Canning made a mad, insolent speech, and at the end let fly at me – he talked of “a rhodomontade from Suetonius,” and used the expression, “the Honourable Baronet and his man”³¹⁰ – there was a general cry of “Order!” – I drew up, but I flatter myself did not look confused: I was only thinking what to do. Presently Burdett rose to explain – he attacked Canning furiously – and had sat down, when I whispered, “Ask him who he means by ‘your man’”. Burdett did, and then added that if Wood was drunk with popularity, Canning was “drunk with insolence”. Canning shortly after went out with Palmerston. I made sure there would be a fight, and was in an agony thinking I had brought it on – I thought of marching out after Canning and challenging him first; [but] several people – Hume, Wilson, and others, told me I could not stir – I could not make the cap fit. Canning had said that he alluded to speeches made in the recess. ’Tis evident he meant an insult, and could not control himself when the first occasion of attack occurred. Sir Robert Wilson rose, and desired an amnesty – the Speaker named Burdett and Canning – both of whom swore they were not offended – and so the thing ended. And so it turned out that Canning would have allowed himself to be told he “was drunk with insolence”. Sturges Bourne told Bennett he did not mean to insult me.

I went to Brooks’s. Drank tea. People very civil. Burdett tells me all say I spoke very well. Kinnaird says so. All say I was right not to notice Canning’s attack.

Could not sleep all night.

Wednesday May 10th 1820: Foscolo sends to me a book of his – *History of Parga*³¹¹ – to translate. Dine at home. My father tells me that he hears everybody praise my speech and abuse Canning’s violence. I went to smoke a Turkish pipe

309: H.’s first speech is at Hansard (New Series), Vol. I, 1820, pp.255-60: “I know that there is a very general feeling abroad that the plot for which the unfortunate men have lately suffered, has been got up by the agents of our police departments.”

310: Canning implied H. to be a creature of Burdett. **Hansard, op.cit., p.285.**

311: Parga is the Ionian island sold by the English in 1819 to Ali Pasha. What H. translates may have formed an article in the *Edinburgh Review* for October 1819, which forms subtext for part of *The Isles of Greece* in *Don Juan III*.

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at Captain Fyler's and there met a tall man without hair who told me he had played the valet to my Acres³¹² at Westminster School – his name Thomas. He saw the conspirators executed and said Thistlewood was by far the hero of the party.

Thursday May 11th 1820: Translated a little of *Parga*. Chambers called to congratulate [me] on [my] speech. Went down to house, and found that malicious ass Bryce Coombe had a petition against my return – he showed it to me. General Ferguson presented it, but told me he knew nothing of it. Lord John Russell discussed it also. I heard Tierney state his surprise at it, and I feel persuaded the thing has been got up solely by Coombe himself. I walked to Lincoln's Inn, and sent Haywood to retain Harrison for me. Was in a fidget about this fool.

Dined at Hanby Tracey's. Met Creevey,³¹³ a most agreeable man.

Friday May 12th 1820: Busy in morning at House of Commons – presented a petition from Oldham, against [the] military.³¹⁴ At first the House were going to reject the petition without reading it, but this was too bad even for Vansittart and Canning, so after some talk, I brought the petition up, and ordered it to be printed. Wilson told me the Whigs positively would *not* support the petition against me, and it would be dropped – and Sefton said he would not subscribe a farthing.

Dined at Cuthbert's. Write for *Times* about Burdett.

Saturday May 13th 1820: Write for *Times* in morning. Walk down to Westminster Hall. Judges expected to give judgement against *rule* for Burdett today, but nothing done.

Dined with Burdett, Bickersteth, Cullen, Evans, and Blackburne, at Piazza. Discuss there what is best to be done about laying a charge against Best on [the] table of [the] House of Commons. Walked home with Burdett and Evans. Hear Evans deplore my using Harrison when he and Blackburne and Bickersteth would do the whole gratis. I have retained Blackburne and Evans. Evans laughs at the petition – so does Hayward – but I feel uneasy.

312: In *The Rivals*.

313: Thomas Creevey (1768-1838) M.P. for Appleby.

314: *Hansard (New Series), Vol. I, 1820, pp.334-5.*

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Sunday May 14th 1820: Translate from *Parga*. Ride out and call on people. Story in the paper of my having bribed a man with a suit of clothes. Dined at Robert Knights' – walked about with Burdett until two in the morning.

Monday May 15th 1820: Up very late – must cure myself of this habit. **Write journal from Friday May 5th.** At the House of Commons, Hunt condemned to two and half years' imprisonment! Woolesley, one year and six months. Burdett serves³¹⁵ notice of a motion on Manchester.

Tuesday May 16th 1820: Up late again. Forget what I did – but went to the House, I know.

Wednesday May 17th 1820: Went with Burdett and Robert Knights to court. Introduced to King George IV by lord-in-waiting, and kissed his hand. He said not a word to me, but spoke to Burdett, saying, "I hope you are in good health, Sir Francis". Long colloquy with divers there, amongst others with Tom Erskine, who said, "I suppose we must forget and forgive". I enquired after, and sent a message to, his father. After [the] levée I went down to the House and altered Burdett's motion, fixing it for June 8th.

Think I rode to Whitton and slept there.

Thursday May 18th 1820: Stayed at Whitton. Rainy day. Did not go out. Read a little.

Friday May 19th 1820: Rode up to London. Went to the House of Commons. Served with a notice from Bryce Coombe's agent stating that Hernon, a tailor, and Hughues, a printer, were to be his sureties, and to be examined on Wednesday 24th next. Lord John Russell's motion for disfranchising Grampound and giving representation to Leeds – Castlereagh declared against [the] latter – so ends this "pernicious trifling", as the *Examiner* calls it. I spoke a few words at the end of the debate,³¹⁶ putting in the claim of the radicals as not being "bigots", and thanking Lord John for what very little he had done. When I sat down he turned round and said, "Thank ye".

I gave notice of a motion relative to publication of the proceedings of [the] Court of Justice for the 14th of June.

315: "sure" (Ms.) the entry for May 15th is cramped, as if added later.

316: *Hansard (New Series), Vol. I, 1820, pp.516-17.*

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Saturday May 20th 1820: Walked into City. Saw Bickersteth and Evans. Find I have done a very foolish thing in retaining Harrison – never do such a thing in a hurry again.

Burdett's daughter Clara [is] very ill – he [is] in great alarm at Ramsbury.
Dine at home.

Sunday May 21st 1820: Dine at Colonel Hughues with a large party. I believe that this day I called on Lady Stepney. She sees the royal dukes, and others connected with [the] palace. She tells me that the King speaks openly of his dislike of his ministers, and says that *they* have made the people hate him – he being formerly very popular. Lady Cunningham [sic: for "Conynghame"] at Brighton the other day talked of a note from the King, "written with his own dear fingers," she said, in which the King told her he had not written to his ministers "*these four days*". The great joke at the Palace now is Lady Warwick mimicking the old set, Harford, Cholmondeley, and others, waddling across the room.

Monday May 22nd 1820: Walked with Kinnaird in Kensington Gardens. Dined at home.

Tuesday May 23rd 1820: Burdett returned. We dined at his anniversary at Crown and Anchor – about three hundred present, I think. [I] made a *lively* speech – did not allude to the petition against me. Drank tea with Burdett, Evans, Bickersteth, and Blackburne. Drank Lambton's health three times three, and success to his motion for Reform – this was my proposal, and seconded very heartily by Burdett.

Wednesday May 24th 1820: A little before three, Hayward, [the] solicitor, called to tell me he had been at the Recognizance Office all the morning, and *Boyce Coombe and his sureties had not appeared*. "Good!" as the *Examiner* says; but I did not feel quite secure, so said little about the news. Dined at home, I think.

Thursday May 25th 1820: My father sent me a note from Rickman, [the] Examiner of Recognizances, saying the Speaker would report *no recognizances* tomorrow – "Why not today?" thought I.

Went down to the House. There saw an election committee struck, and really trembled for what might have been my chance of justice. There were several petitions for further time to procure sureties. I thought my Boyce Coombe might

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try still further annoyance, and waited to hear until half-past seven.

Came home. Made myself a fool about a bad dinner. Went to a concert with Melly and Sophy at Mrs Hughues'. Saw several.

Friday May 26th: Saw no notice about another petition from Coombe – went to House of Commons. Just as I came in, Sir John Shelley³¹⁷ said, “Your petition has just been withdrawn”. So here is an end to this foolish and vexatious job, which has kept me in very hot water twenty-four days, and cost me at least twenty pounds. Voted against building two new churches at Newington, in a minority of 28 against 206 – hypocrisy for ever!

Came home and dined. Went again to House, and voted for Lord Milton’s motion [for the] repeal of [the] Wool Tax. Minority, 128; majority, 202. Stuart Wortley [voted] with us.

The thing, we know, is neither rich nor rare,
But wonder how the devil it got there.³¹⁸

Saturday May 27th 1820: Journal and letter-writing. Thought of going to Whitton, but did not. Paid wages of Richard and William this day up to April 1st.

Sunday May 28th 1820: Went to Whitton – dined and slept.

Monday May 29th 1820: Collected books for Reform and other parliamentary questions – rode up to London – went to House of Commons – sat up all night on Holme Sumner’s motion for referring the Agricultural Petitions to a Committee. Voted against corn, with Castlereagh, Ricardo, Baring and others – and beat, 101 against 150. Great commotion in the division. Wilson said a Corn Bill “could not pass without cannon,” &c.

Walked home at four o’clock with Wilson – [we] thought ministers must be shaken by such a division against them.

Tuesday May 30th 1820: At the House of Commons, a great struggle made against [the] agriculturalists – many that had voted for them the night before came over. [A] question [was] put into Robinson’s hands by Sir Robert Wilson, that the Committee should confine itself to inquiring³¹⁹ into the averages.

317: 1772-1852. M.P. for Lewes. Husband of the diarist Lady Shelley.

318: Pope, .

319: “inquire” (Ms.)

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Brougham spoke for [the] corn people on both nights, and fell foul of his oracle, Ricardo, and his friend, Ellice, and was very unfair and very clever. This night the agriculturalists were beat all to pieces³²⁰ – ministers and most of the opposition voting together, 200 against 112. So, no Corn Bill this year.

I was afraid Burdett might have spoken the other way, but he voted with us. I took some pains to understand the subject, and had made extracts from the review on Taxation and the Corn Laws in the *Edinburgh*.

Divided at one o'clock.

Wednesday May 31st 1820: Employed drawing up a petition from Madame Letitia Bonaparte to the House of Commons on behalf of Napoleon. O'Meara is to send it over to her, translated into French, for her signature.

Went to the House of Commons – saw Lord Kinnaird. Douglas Kinnaird tells me that Brougham said, if the damned Whigs would have seconded him, he would have turned up the ministers on the Corn question – and so indeed I think he might, if anything could turn them out.

Dined at Brooks's with him and his brother and Burdett.

Thursday June 1st 1820: Employed reading on parliamentary Reform. Dined at W. Faux's with Burdett. Lord Belmour there also, who has been up the Nile in a pleasure boat – he told me several singular things; but this new occupation completely upsets me, and whatever little sense and spirit I had seem quite evaporated. I know not if I shall ever shake off this incubus which oppresses me whenever I enter, or think of, the House of Commons.

Friday June 2nd 1820: Reading on Parliamentary Reform for Lambton's motion on Tuesday.

Saturday June 3rd 1820: Ditto – dined with the Middlesex freeholders at the Mason's, to celebrate the return of Whitbread and Byng – a complete failure – all head and no body. Thirty-four Whig gentlemen at upper table, and not above 130 in all. The people feel no interest in Byng, or anything Whiggish – that is the truth. Burdett and I had the part of honour – and the Members for Westminster were drunk after the Members for Middlesex. Burdett gave them a little, and not a little, caviare,³²¹ as usual in his bold style. I said only a few words. "Lambton!"

320: Could be "prices" – is in fact either "picees" or "pricees".

321: "warning" (Latin). Not sturgeon's eggs.

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and “a thorough Reform!” were given. Lambton spoke out manfully. Tavistock (I thought) attacked Burdett and me – and I told him so – but he denied [it], and said that, on the contrary, he was defending Whitbread against Lord Grey and others, who had assaulted him for appearing attached to Burdett. Shaw Lefevre, the chairman during the election, absented himself in disgust, thinking the cause of Reform bitched – but I must own that if the Whigs will come forward to help the Reformers in any way, 'tis worth while to sacrifice a dinner to obtain their aid.

Burdett boldly called for, and in behalf of, Hunt.

Went to Brooks's, and walked about with Burdett till late at night.

Sunday June 4th 1820: Parliamentary Reform – dined with Burdett, Evans, and Bickersteth at Burdett's.

Monday June 5th 1820: At Reform again – in the evening went down to the House of Commons on Lord John Russell's Grampound disfranchisement bill – heard young Smith's anti-radical speech cheered by Mackintosh, who in his *Vindiciae Gallicae*³²² attacks the French for not admitting universal franchise – thought of saying a word or two. Went home to dine – came back at eight, and found the House dispersed. News that the Queen was on her way to Dover – cabinet council sitting, and members running every way.³²³

Motion put off until Monday next.

Tuesday June 6th 1820: Parliamentary Reform – in a great agitation at contemplated speech. Went down to House of Commons with Burdett – House as full as it could hold – some said there would be a message from the King relative to the Queen, others that there would not. Burdett and I went up to dine at Bellamy's – started down on hearing that Castlereagh had just read a message. Found Creevey speaking – warm words. King refers the Queen's conduct to a select committee in both houses. Sends down a sealed Green Bag full of papers against [the time when] he, and ministers, propose consideration of the question tomorrow. Lambton put off his motion till the 27th. I felt a load off my mind.

Returning from the House, saw the Queen coming over Westminster Bridge in an open lumbering landau, with Alderman Wood sitting at her left hand, Lady

322: *Vindiciae Gallicae, Defence of the French Revolution and its English admirers, against the accusations of Edmund Burke* (1792).

323: The business of Queen Caroline may, like Cato Street, have been another government ploy to divert attention from the Reform agitation.

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Anne Hamilton and another lady opposite, [and] a black woman in a turban on the box!! She was preceded by twenty or thirty horsemen waving their hats. A Greenwich stage came galloping behind, then carts – hack chaises – then a post-carriage of the Queen’s – the whole looked like a party coming from a fight. There was not much hurraing. The Alderman kept his hat off, the Queen bowed – she looked well, I thought.

She drove to Alderman Wood’s house in South Audley Street, and there the Queen of England took up her abode – not an English nobleman to offer his palace.

I went home and then came back and drank tea with the Ellices. Lady Hannah told me of a Whig lady saying the other day when she heard that Burdett had made a good speech at the Freemasons, that “She was sorry for it”.

Returning, saw a dozen link boys calling out “Lights!”

Heard that windows were broken – part of the town was illuminated.

Wednesday June 7th 1820: Went to prayers at the House, and took a place for Burdett and myself. At the usual hour, the House being quite full, Castlereagh made his proposition to refer the Green Bag to a secret committee, in a speech of two hours – absolutely incomprehensible. Nothing like it except Cromwell’s. I could not sit it out, important as the occasion was, but went upstairs to dine with Burdett, Bennett and Lambton.

Came down just as Brougham rose. He made a capital speech, and certainly exculpated himself from the charge of having betrayed his client at St Omer.³²⁴ Canning answered him in a most extraordinary speech in which he gave up the cause – spoke in praise of the Queen – said he had an affection for her – and ended by saying that he would take no more share in the question. He accused “someone” of having, in July 1819, given the ministers a set of propositions to which he said the Queen would consent, and on which the St Omer propositions were founded verbatim. This was clearly enough. Brougham, who made some reply but did not, I think, quite clear himself of the charge. Tierney spoke next, and gave Brougham a sly rap.

Then got up Wilberforce, and proposed an adjournment of the question till Friday – upon pure motives of charity, to save the public the “horrid and disgusting details” of the King’s Green Bag, and of the Green Bag which the Queen might bring against the King. Buxton seconded the motion – it caught like wild fire. Stuart Wortley, and country gentleman after country gentleman, rose to support the proposition. Canning went under the gallery to speak to the Duke of

324: See also 30 Nov, 1820.

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Wellington, who was there. Huskisson was sent to Lord Liverpool. In the meantime it was clear what the House would do, and at twelve o'clock Castlereagh was obliged in a sulky fit to consent to an adjournment.

In any other times, ministers would resign on such an occasion.

Sir Robert Wilson was the person who proposed, through Buxton, the adjournment to Castlereagh.

Thursday June 8th 1820: Windows broken last night – called on Murray today and told him my opinion about Byron's poems in Mss.³²⁵ Heard from Byron a day or two ago³²⁶ – he excuses his ballad but poorly I think.

Nothing at the House – rumours of accommodation and no accommodation between King and Queen. *Times* takes a violent part in favour of Queen. Westminster electors eager to have a meeting.

Dined at home.

Friday June 9th 1820: Westminster electors with me all morning. Went to House of Commons at prayers. Opposed Kent Coal Meter's bill and divided the House. 14-25. People nearly crushed in the gallery. Rode back to find Burdett. Returning, found Castlereagh had adjourned the Queen again till Monday, a proposition having come from Her Majesty, but too late that day to give an answer.

House broke up. Dined at home.

Saturday June 10th 1820: In morning went to Burdett's, having heard his cause³²⁷ was to come in today – in great anxiety as to the result, it being rumoured the judges had resolved against granting the rule. I was walking down to Westminster Hall to hear, when [I] saw Evans and Horner³²⁸ coming up with smiling faces – rule granted. I ran back to Burdett's – hearty congratulations. Went home – told Tierney and Brougham of the news. The latter very glad.

Rode in park with Harriet. Came to Brooks's. Bruce told me that Brougham was in Lord Hutchinson's power – that Brougham carried the propositions in his pocket – that when at Calais, on his return, he had signified to Hutchinson that he

325: The translation of Pulci's *Morgante Maggiore*, and *The Prophecy of Dante*. H. does not record his opinion of them.

326: BLJ VII 99-100.

327: Burdett has a charge of seditious libel against him for a post-Peterloo pamphlet to the Westminster electors. In the event he spends three months in jail and is fined £2,000.

328: Could be "Harmer" or "Hamer".

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should resign his Attorney-Generalship – that coming to Dover he found the Queen the favourite with the people, and coming to London found her the favourite with the Commons, so that he went round, and made that speech – that Hutchinson could blow him in the air at once, and Brougham trusted to his magnanimity.

I conclude Bruce had this from Lord Hutchinson, who told him the King was *determined* to proceed. I hear from Alderman Wood that the Queen is determined to proceed – so that it is possible still we shall [have] *fun* on Monday. I own I do not think the matter of much importance except so much as it may aid the progress of Reform. Bruce told me that the King had sent to Canning to resign, or explain his speech. In the meantime the Lords concert, and name a secret committee which is to open the Bag on Tuesday – here is a *mess* indeed. Matters can not last long as they are. I had prepared to say something on Friday. I shall yet speak if possible – shall defend Alderman Wood – shall attack secret committee and call for justice.

Dined at Robert Knights'. A large party. Foscolo there. He has been to see the Queen by command. He says that [] to have confidence in Denman, but not in Brougham.

Went to Brooks's. Bed late.

Sunday June 11th 1820: Up late – must change this brutified life. My head feels quite gone. **Wrote journal for some time** – read *Examiner* and Cobbett. Forget where I dined – think with Burdett.

Monday June 12th 1820: It was expected the Queen's business would come on this night in the House, but it did not. Great expectations – House full. I dined in the City of London Tavern, with the Master Bakers' Orphan School charity – a large party – 260. Was in the chair, instead of the Duke of Sussex, who did not come – gave ten guineas. Many Westminster Electors amongst the body. Queen's business adjourned till Monday.

Tuesday June 13th 1820: Reading in the morning – business in the House of Commons – Lord Nugent made an amendment for reducing 15,000 from the standing army of 92,000 in time of peace. I spoke³²⁹ – said that I would have

329: In fact H. gives this long speech on June 14th. Hansard (New Series), Vol. I, 1820, pp.1084-93: "The noble lord gravely tells us that ... we have some thirteen or twenty men plotting in a hay-loft to upset the state – and this machination requires an additional eleven thousand soldiers to resist".

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voted for disbanding the whole army – a great cheering from ministers – spoke pretty well, and very strongly – divided, 49 against 101.

Wednesday June 14th 1820: Went down to the House, but nothing was done – dined at home. Rumour of disturbance in the Second Battalion of Foot Guards at Charing Cross Mews. Nothing known about the Queen, except that negotiations are going on.

Thursday June 15th 1820: Rumour about the Guards again – went down to the House, but did nothing – dined at home.

Friday June 16th 1820: Queen's business further postponed by Castlereagh until Monday next, as he said positively, "for the last time". [I] said a few words this night on the Miscellaneous Estimates, relative to £40,000 for law charges.³³⁰ Coming home, [I] saw a crowd before the Mews, and [the] Horse Guards out.

Saturday June 17th 1820: Forget what I did today – except that I rode in the Park with Harriet – dined at home. Went to the opera in the evening – to my father's box.

Burdett's case argued today – against expectation.

Sunday June 18th 1820: Rode in the park with Burdett and Wood. Wood told us some singular things of Her Majesty – her courage – her resolution not to give up the insertion of her name in the liturgy – her discontent at her lawyers, or at least with Brougham – negotiations failed.

I had a party to dine here. Bickersteth, Blackburn, Evans, O'Meara, Ricardo, and Burdett. Conversation on the paper money system.

Monday June 19th 1820: Great expectations again excited at [the] House of Commons. House full. Castlereagh brought down papers relative to conferences between the King's government and the Queen's lawyers – ordered to be printed and taken into consideration on Wednesday next.

Came home ... dined. Went to British Gallery with sisters. Went to Douglas Kinnaird's. Found Burdett and Lord Kinnaird. The Lord seemed to think Brougham right in his hesitating conduct respecting [the] Queen – as if he knew something fatal to her cause. The general opinion, however, is otherwise, and Cobbett in two letters has shown exceedingly how ill the Queen has been advised

330: Hansard (New Series), Vol. I, 1820, pp.1133-5.

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by her lawyers, and how well by Alderman Wood.

Tuesday June 20th 1820: *Times* contains the “protocols,” as they call them, of the conferences. The moment I read them I made up my mind that the Queen’s lawyers were not standing firm for her – Wellington and Castlereagh on [the] part of the King’s government being infinitely more true to their master.

Went down to the House – got the printed papers – returned from House and dined with Ellice, Lady Hannah and Mrs Ellice, and Burdett. There seems a general impression of the Queen’s guilt, but no-one cares – the injustice she has suffered, and her bravery, do away with this. Ellice said, “What would you think if the most intimate friend you had in the world said he had just come from — the Princess of Wales and she was the most lascivious woman he had ever had to deal with?”

Went to Brooks’s. Found a violent altercation there on the subject of the conferences. Lord Grey there, very civil. General opinion that papers injure the Queen’s cause. Lord Grey said to me, “If innocent, she has lost by these transactions – if guilty, she has gained – but the conferences have been so managed as to make her look guilty”. Talked of the motion, of which I find Wilberforce has given notice for tomorrow, of which the purport [is] said to be a recommendation, given by the House to the Queen, to accept the propositions offered by government.

Scarlett and Brougham had a violent altercation, the former generally looked upon as a traitor to the Queen. I spoke to him on the impolicy of letting it get abroad that the Queen would consent to live on the continent. He agreed, and said he had only hinted it negatively – but it is clear the King’s government make it the basis of the negotiation. Seems no agreement between the parties.³³¹

Wednesday June 21st 1820: Early at the House – found it as full as it would hold, in expectation of Wilberforce’s motion, which was to take precedence of Castlereagh’s Order of the Day. Wilberforce [was] called by [the] Speaker – did not appear. At last came, and said he begged to put off his motion until next day – something had occurred – he would not say what³³² – there was a cry of “No, no!” – but the House finally consented. Wilberforce put off his motion till next day, and Castlereagh defended his Order of the Day – all business at a stand.

Came home in a hackney coach with Wood and Burdett. Wood showed us a

331: “party” (Ms.)

332: Wilberforce has put off his motion at Brougham’s suggestion. See Nov 30 1820, below.

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letter which the Queen had written to Wilberforce, wondering that so religious a member had thought of the possibility of her consenting to resign the point of the liturgy, and most strongly expressed. Wood also showed us a copy of a note which the Queen had transmitted through Mr Denman to Brougham, conveying in very strong language her surprise at certain portions of the conferences – particularly that which seems to admit the probability of the Queen going abroad. She complained in most angry terms to Denman of Brougham’s conduct, and particularly of his publishing the conferences before showing them to her. She told Wood she had expected a resignation from Brougham. Wood told us that Brougham had refused to go to the same hotel as St James’s with the Queen, who had prepared beds for him, and was much disappointed. Brougham was the bearer of the propositions – Hutchinson had no official part – he went to back Brougham. When the Queen “escaped” from St Omer’s to Calais, and had got on board the packet, a letter came from Brougham which Wood received at one in the morning – but the Queen was asleep and Wood would not wake her. About three he sent down the letter, which was an exhortation for the Queen to wait. I recollect the remarkable words, “All may yet be well”. Certainly Brougham’s object was to stop the Queen.

Wood read us a note from Lord Liverpool to Brougham, earnestly pressing his departure to meet the Queen, and saying, “Not a moment is to be lost”. As to Denman, he was not a party to any proceedings previous to the Queen’s arrival. Brougham had not shown Denman his instructions or papers of any kind – Wood asked Brougham at St Omer’s if Denman had seen them – Brougham said, “Yes – when in England”. Wood taxed Brougham with the untruth, and violent words ensued. Wood says he would expose Brougham most completely – the Queen complains of [the] conduct of James Brougham, who was sent to check her accounts in Italy.

In short, Brougham seems a most consummate scoundrel.

Dined at home.

Thursday June 22nd 1820: This to be the great day. Went to prayers at the House of Commons. House quite full – it is said, 560 members present at one time. Wilberforce spoke from [the] opposition bench – made a bad speech – proposed resolutions begging the Queen to accept the “large concessions” made. Brougham made a speech half for the Queen, half for himself, against his own party. He was taken ill. Castlereagh spoke as usual. The hero of the night was Burdett – he was magnificent, and bore down all before him. Lord Archibald Hamilton proposed a clause about [the] Liturgy, but withdrew his amendment,

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and [the] House divided on the resolutions, 391 for, 124 against, at five o'clock in the morning. Wilberforce, Stuart Wortley, Bankes and Acland [were] appointed to carry [the] resolutions to the Queen.

Thus has the House completely stultified [the] Ministers who brought down the Bag, by saying that it cannot be examined into without bad consequences derogating from the dignity of the Crown, and the best interests of the People. Yet ministers support this resolution, [and] some of [the] opposition voted with Wilberforce – William Smith – Cavendish – Bennet of Wiltshire.

Friday June 23rd 1820: Up late as usual. Nothing done at the House of Commons. Walked there and back with Lord Tavistock, who told me he knew that Lord Liverpool had refused some time ago to carry down the propositions now made to the Queen. The Lords, with their Bag Committee, are in a pitiful condition. Lord Grey has given notice of a motion.

Dined at home.

Saturday June 24th 1820: Went down to the House. Queen's answer to the resolutions read by Stuart Wortley, with Wilberforce for prompter – they boggled, and looked foolish. Hear that Wilberforce was hissed at Portman Street, and called "Dr Cartwell" by the people". [The] Queen's answer [is] not very good – she calls [the] House "a faithful representative of the people" – Denman told me that Brougham had put that, but it meant only "an organ of popular feeling" in this instance. I believe, however, he did it maliciously. Macdonald and other Whigs talked to me of Brougham's roguery.

[The] Queen's refusal puts ministers in as bad a plight as before.

Walked with Burdett in the park. Brougham said, in Bickersteth's presence, that the King had said he (Brougham) was "the only man who had acted like a gentleman". To talk like this seems absolute madness in the Queen's Counsellor.

Dined at Burdett's Cullen, Bickersteth, Blackbourne, and Evans. Lovely evening in his garden. Went to Brooks's. Report that Bag is to be opened. Walked about with Burdett. Have read a little of Tacitus – Nero's murder of Agrippina.³³³

Sunday June 25th 1820: Cartwright called – brought a petition for the House of Commons – told me that the King had had a doll from Paris to dress up in order to see how ladies would look without hoops. Also that Carlton House was

333: But Agrippina was Nero's mother, not his estranged wife.

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barricaded the day the Queen came.

Wrote journal. Rode out with Harriet in Park. Had a party to dine here. Sam Whitbread, a very fine unaffected young fellow, Burdett, Cuthbert, Knight, and Dr Pearson. Walked to Brooks's at night.

Burdett has seen the Queen today. She had nothing in particular to say to him. She said, "Nobody can tell me what to do – I must tell myself. Nobody is Queen of England, or can be exactly in my place. I do not regret so much what people think now – I am thinking what they will think a hundred years hence". The Queen complained bitterly of Brougham. Brougham, when he arrived at St Omer's, sent to say he was sick and could not come that night. In fact he did not go to the Queen until dinner-time the next day. The Queen spoke to Burdett as determined not to relinquish one of her claims, and resolved to stay in England. She said that, not knowing the English language, she was obliged to trust to Brougham. When Wood went out of the room, she said, "There goes an honest man," or, "*That is an honest man*".

Monday June 26th 1820: Got up very late. Went to prayers at House of Commons. Dined at Kinnaird's. Went to House of Commons. Castlereagh put off the consideration of [the] King's bag and message until Friday se'ennight, in order to allow time for proceedings in the Lords. Enquiry is now the order of the day – the country gentlemen take their turn round, Wilberforce with them, and pretend the resolutions of last Thursday were mere words of course: "Disappointing to the hopes of parliament – derogatory from the dignity of the crown, and injurious to the best interests of the Empire" – all mean nothing. Western³³⁴ moved an amendment, "This day six months". I spoke³³⁵ – not successfully, for it was too late, and most of my good things had been said before, so, like a fool, I came away rather disconsolate. Division: 100 against 195. House begins to be sick of the question.

Tuesday June 27th 1820 – *dies natalis*: I am now *thirty-four years*³³⁶ of age – the last year has been a very eventful one for me. I have been sent to Newgate and brought into parliament for the metropolis. The first event, I know, did me good – whether the latter will turn out well remains to be proved. I fear that I

334: Charles Callis Western (1767-1844) M.P. for Essex.

335: **Hansard (New Series), Vol. I, 1820, pp.1383-9: "If, Sir, we are to substitute these strange proceedings for the common law of the land, I would ask, who would be safe?"**

336: Underlined twice.

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shall never make a speaker in parliament, but whether I do or not, I shall never make a dishonest man with Haman's example before my eyes. I am still confident in my public virtue – whether this will satisfy the electors of Westminster I know not; but in spite of some temporary regrets and rebuffs it will finally satisfy myself. I see the *Times* gives a favourable report of my speech, and puts down more “cheers” than fell to my share. All I can hope to do is to keep my audience tolerably quiet – I have succeeded as yet, but know not how long I shall continue to do so. I have great difficulties to contend with – no friends, and a sort of nervous sensibility about reputation which may go far to prevent my having any reputation – added to this a large family of vices and bad habits – late rising, idleness, and other things which if not conquered will conquer me. I have so often “resolved and resolved” on these matters that I begin to lose all hope of success in the final accomplishment of my wishes and fear I shall “die the same”.

As to position, I suspect I am now placed too high – indeed if I move it must be lower; for, for one of my way of thinking, there is no rising higher. I have attained the utmost object of my ambition: except indeed one eminence, and that is the showing that I deserved being placed where I now stand. Labour may do much, my intellects will never improve – pray only that they may not decay – which my present course of life will inevitably tend to effect – *Incipe* I was not up till near one, though I went to bed at one, but I cannot sleep. I am obliged to drink wine to take away my fright in the House and that makes me feverish.

I write this on the day (the 27th). Went to the House of Commons. Forget what I did or where I dined.

Wednesday June 28th 1820: Think I rode down to Whitton this day. Came back, and say up in the House of Commons until half-past two. Heard Charles Grant make an excellent speech against extempore laws of violence which were proposed by Daly, the member for Galway, Vezey Fitzgerald, and other Irish gentlemen ultras. Castlereagh made a *Whig* speech. J.W.Wood told me that this was a Peelite conspiracy against Charles Grant – negatived without a division.

Thursday June 29th 1820: At the House as usual. The Queen's business [is] now taken up in the Lords, who resolve to go on with opening the Green Bag – Lord Grey speaks against. Lord Erskine and Lord Lansdowne decline acting on [a] select committee. Lords Hardwicke and Ellenborough accept. [The] Queen answers the Nottingham address impudently – that is, declines any sympathy with the Reformers – this is Brougham's doing.

Friday June 30th 1820: At the House – and as well as I recollect, a late night.

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Expecting Alien Bill – but [it was] put off.

Saturday July 1st 1820: Doing nothing – dined at home.

Sunday July 2nd 1820: Ditto, ditto ...

Monday July 3rd: At the House of Commons. Sat up late.

Tuesday July 4th 1820: Went to a public meeting of *my* constituents assembled in Covent Garden to congratulate the Queen on her arrival, &c. Met at the corner of the Old Hummums, as many as could well crowd there. Thelwall moved the resolution, which was his own, and bad; some electors the address, which was Place's, and very good. Proceedings lasted but a short time – only an hour. I spoke well, I think – at least produced an effect. Took care to say that whether the Queen were innocent or guilty she had been ill-treated, and the ministers were guilty – I believe this is the just, as well as the safest method, of putting the question.

Burdett and I were followed by a crowd all the way home, to our great annoyance. I could not escape from his house, so sent for my horses and rode to the Montpellier Gardens, Camberwell, where I dined with about 250, a benefit society – many electors of St Mary and St John's – honest fellows, dreadfully noisy.

Rode to the House of Commons in expectation of the Alien Bill – found that House of Lords Council had returned their “verdict” from the Green Bag, of “guilty” against the Queen – of adulterous connection with Bartolomeo Bergami, and a long course of licentious conduct.

Sat up late, but [the] Alien Bill did not come in. Divided with Hume – 99 to 124 on his motion for collecting the revenues more economically. If Parliament will not vote on this occasion honestly, it never will.

Wednesday July 5th 1820: At the House, presented a petition from one Thomas Jones, confined in Lancaster Gaol.³³⁷ Lord Liverpool brought a Bill of Pains and Penalties against the Queen – divorce and degradation the effect of this bill. Lord Dacre presented a petition from the Queen, to be heard by counsel at once, against the Bill. Lord Liverpool refused, and the Bill was read a first time.

I went to Drury Lane and saw Kean in Shylock.

337: Not in Hansard.

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Thursday July 6th 1820: At one o'clock I took Sir Francis Burdett and Arthur Morris, High Bailiff of Westminster, in my father's carriage to the Queen at 22 Portman Street. We went alone. Found no-one but Lady Anne Hamilton in the room – two valets below – and a black waiting at the head of the stairs. Lady Anne said Her Majesty would come directly. Presently she came down, placed herself by the corner of a table in the larger of the little drawing-rooms, and curtsied to us very gracefully. She looked well – not so fat as formerly. Lady Anne Hamilton stood at some distance from her.

The High Bailiff said, "I have an address from the inhabitant householders of Westminster. Would it please your Majesty to hear it read?" – "If you please, Sir," she said. Morris then read the paper, the Queen all the time looking calmly and steadfastly at us. She was to the full as dignified, alone in her little lodgings, as her husband, surrounded with his stars and swords in Carlton Palace, and I trust that we three in our court dresses paid her as much deference and respect as if she had been on the throne. The scene was a peculiarly touching one – the bravery of this forlorn woman had something irresistible in it. When the address was read, the Queen said, "I am much obliged to the People of Westminster," or some such expression, and handed her written answer to the High Bailiff. She then advanced a little – the High Bailiff knelt and kissed her hand.

Burdett hesitated a little, till she came forward – he then knelt and kissed her hand. She said, "I am glad to see you, Sir Francis". I then knelt and kissed her hand. She said, "Mr Hobhouse, I have not seen you yet – I was glad to hear you had been made member for Westminster – you will be useful to your country." I answered, "I am proud to have met with your Majesty's approbation".

She then stepped apart with Sir Francis and said, "You have heard what they did against me in the Lords last night ..." I heard no more, but saw that she conversed a minute or so with him as tranquilly as if she had been only an unconcerned spectator.

We both took our leave, and got into the carriage amidst the huzzahs of the crowd. Went back to Burdett's – read the Answer to the Electors – very good in sentiment, but too wordy – I believe Wood had a good deal to do with it. She has given up taking Brougham's advice in this matter.

Went down to the House – presented Cartwright's petition, against interference of Peers, with a short speech – ordered to be printed, table and all. Dined upstairs. Ferguson made his motion about the Milan Commission. Tierney said he should divide against him, so the general did not divide the House. Creevey made a speech that made me tremble with delight and apprehension: it

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was so strong and true I feared they would not let it pass. Then Castlereagh moved that the consideration of the Green Bag message should be deferred until the 16th of August, Sir M. W. Ridley moved "Discharged". Bennett made a speech as strong as Creevey, and was called to order and interrupted by Castlereagh. Tierney made a speech, for place, I think, against Bennett and Creevey and Ferguson, and so disgusted me that I walked out of the House upstairs into [the] Lords. Coming back, [I] found Castlereagh had consented to have the order discharged – so there is an end of our Green Bag.

In the Lords, Lord Dacre presented a second petition from the Queen, praying to be heard by counsel against the Bill of Pains and Penalties – after some paltry objections, [the] Lords consented. Brougham made an admirable speech – so did Denham – praying that the trial might proceed immediately. Lord Liverpool said there must be time for "necessary arrangements". Lord Holland decisively asked whether it was to be understood that the accusers were not ready with evidence. Lord Liverpool gave a bullying, fallacious answer; said, "It was not a Bill of Divorce, but of Penalties including a Divorce," or some such nonsense. Burdett and I groaned, "This is worse than our House." The Bishop of Exeter tried to interrupt Brougham – when Reckoning Day comes, bishops will be recollected for this.

Only nineteen peers voted for an instant proceeding, fifty-six against it – and yet these fellows nominate or influence the return of nearly two hundred of our House.

There is not the least semblance of justice in this proceeding – yet they compare the Select Committee to a Grand Jury!! The Lord Chancellor quoted false law, and when contradicted by Lord Holland, sat shamelessly silent.

Lord Ellenborough, when the Queen prayed to be heard at once against the Bill, said the forms of justice were not to be violated for the highest any more than for the lowest individual!! Shameless this, too – as if every form of justice had not been violated by the proceedings already.

This evening I went to a ball at Robert Knight's – introduced to many ladies – all of whom seem interested for the Queen – up all night.

Friday July 7th 1820: I went to the House. Dined – prepared to speak on the Alien Bill – but did not. [The] House [was] impatient, and divided at seven o'clock, 65: 113. J.W.Ward spoke well against it.

Came home early. Met Belsham, and a Mr Lascelles.

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Saturday July 8th 1820: Up very late – did nothing. Rode in park with Harriet – dined at home – large party. Foscolo with us.

Read volume II of *The Monastery*, which I like.

Sunday July 9th 1820: Up late. **Wrote journal for ten days.** Going to dine with old Cartwright to celebrate [the] meeting of [the] Spanish Cortes. Did dine with Cartwright. Met a Spanish liberal, Captain Williams, George Dyer, a poet, and a lady or two – an agreeable day rather. The old fellow very gentlemanlike and agreeable. He showed me his naval pillar, which is really very ingenious, surmounted by the Statue of Liberty. A male, with a sword, not a mountain nymph, but “an armed citizen”.

The Spaniard told me that the Cortes were chosen originally by *all sane males*; in thirty years, only those who can read are to have votes – this, it is supposed, will be a spur to instruction. The parochial voters choose electors for the districts: the electors from the districts chose electors for the provinces: the provincial electors choose the members of the Cortes, who are about 170 in number. The Spaniard told me that all these, with [the] exception perhaps of thirty, are decided liberals, and that the whole nation is inspired by the same feeling. I have since had a letter from de Blaquièrre at Madrid, dated July 3rd. He confirms the fact of the present spirit of freedom throughout Spain, and adds that the English are hated.

I have had a letter from Henry at Alexandria, who says the Turks think less of the English than [of] the French. The same account comes from all quarters.

Monday July 10th 1820: At the House of Commons – forget what passed – believe I dined there – no, dined at Cuthbert’s with Lord Thanet, Burdett, and W. Howard.

Tuesday July 11th 1820: <With Ferguson at the House of Commons – his motion on the Milan Commission> At the House of Commons – expecting something on [the] Alien Bill, but nobody cares about it – it went through a committee.³³⁸ I dined at the House of Commons.

Wednesday July 12th 1820: At House of Commons. Dined at Holmes’s. Went

338: In fact H. makes a short speech on this date, about government paranoia. Hansard (New Series), Vol. II, 1820, pp.394-5.

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to House, and at eight o'clock made my projected speech against [the] Alien Bill³³⁹ – third reading. Did not look at notes – spoke nearly an hour, and I thought well – those near me said so. I divided the House on an amendment, had only 24 against 63. House very attentive. Bennett said I was too loud – perhaps I was, but the speech was a good speech I am sure. To mortify whatever little vanity I might feel, I was answered by Alderman Christopher Smith, and the next day my speech was reported very shortly in all the papers but the *New Times*.³⁴⁰

Could not sleep all night.

Thursday July 13th 1820: At the House as usual – forget where I dined, but I believe at home.

Friday July 14th 1820: At the House – nothing particular passed.³⁴¹

Saturday July 15th 1820: Went to the House. Dr Lushington³⁴² gave notice of a motion respecting some plate which has been refused to the Queen – she says the King gave it to her when at Kensington. [I] supported a petition of James Mill's against Members returned by Peers³⁴³ – names mentioned, and read at length, the Speaker's amongst them. We had a good deal of sparring. At last [the] petition was got rid of under [the] pretext [that] it was an election petition. I was the only "Aye" for the petition being laid on the table, and the only "No" against its rejection. Bright presented it.

I rode with Isaac down to Whitton – the Farless / Forless family there – spent an agreeable evening.

Sunday July 16th 1820: A beautiful day – enjoyed myself very much at Whitton, strolling around the walks which when one is not familiar with them, are very pleasant.

Monday July 17th 1820: Rode up in the rain to London – went to the House of Commons. Lushington made a bad job of the plate, which turned out to be a loan only. Castlereagh was very triumphant, and was greeted by the most savage

339: Hansard (New Series), Vol. II, 1820, pp.405-16.

340: *The New Times* was the government newspaper.

341: H. writes to B. on this date: BB 295-7.

342: Dr Stephen Lushington (1782-1873) had been the Noels' principal legal adviser during the Byron separation. Now he is one of the Queen's principal advisers.

343: Hansard (New Series), Vol. II, 1820, p.480 and 483.

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cheers when he talked of the Queen “lending herself to the passions of the basest populace”. No one supported Lushington except Lord Archibald, and the motion was negated without a division. Opposition kept out of the way. Castlereagh brought Decaze, the new ambassador from France, to be witness of his triumph.

We divided against the Barrack Bill tonight. I dined at home.

Tuesday July 18th 1820: At House of Commons, divided against [the] Barrack Bill – House adjourned until Monday next. Dined at Wilson’s dinner in [the] borough. Paid Frank Place for books – £25. Howell’s State Trials, and other things to the amount of £38 [and] odd shillings. My father made me a present of £50 the other day, for subscription to Westminster charities.

Wednesday July 19th 1820: Employed writing my speech on [the] Alien Bill for Wright’s Parliamentary Debates. Dined at home. Went in evening with Tom and Kinnaird to the Haymarket – saw *Pigeons and Crows*, and laughed outrageously.

Thursday July 20th 1820: Took an affidavit before a Master in Chancery relative to *Hours of Idleness*, which Sherwin has republished. I have heard from Byron a few days ago – he tells me he never will employ Murray as a publisher again, and desires me to bargain with Longman. I go to Murray to act as peacemaker – though the Dog used me scurvily respecting the</his> ballad.

I found that Hunt has begun to abuse Burdett and the Westminster Rump again. *Revolution at Naples!!!* Subscribed £10.0.0 to an Infirmary for Children’s Diseases. To Harris, Savile House, Leicester Square.

Dined at home. My father has the gout. Saw Panoramas.

Friday July 21st 1820: Finished Alien speech – walked in Hyde Park with Sophy and Isaac. Dined at home. Went at night to two balls with my sisters – up all night.

Saturday July 22nd 1820: Up very late – do nothing. Call on Queen, to know when I shall present an address which the / some inhabitants of Morpeth have sent to me. Was shown into passage with many apologies, the Queen’s dinner being at three in the little parlour. Lady Anne Hamilton came down and made a thousand apologies – showed me into the little parlour, where were preparations made for a dinner such as a tradesman’s wife sits down to – with blind drawn down, to prevent the people staring in. I wrote a note to Lady Anne Hamilton, in

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which I offered to send or present [the] address.³⁴⁴

I came away. Walked in park with Sophy and Charlotte and boys. Went to Brooks's. Wrote letter to Ord, MP for Morpeth, as a civility, respecting [the] Morpeth address. He returned for answer that [as he had] not [been] called upon, [he] had no right to join in [the] presentation of it.

I dined at Robert Knight's. Good dinner as to calaltes and drinkhalles.³⁴⁵ Captain Clive of the Guards there tells me that the citizens are in a great fright about the troops, and come to him to know if there is any danger.³⁴⁶ He is on guard at the Tower. The military revolution at Naples will add to this fright.

Sunday July 23rd 1820: Up late. **Wrote journal for a fortnight.** Dine at home. Sent Morpeth address to the Queen, resolving not to present it myself for fear of alarming the jealousies of Ord and Howard, the members for that place, and making the Queen odious to them and [the] Whigs.

Monday July 24th 1820: Went to House of Commons, and thence to the Lords. Saw Dr Lushington. He approved of my letter to Lady Anne Hamilton, declining to present the Morpeth address in person, but said that he did not see why I should object to publishing the address, and he said that the Queen was a resolute one, and he thought it better to give way to her about trifles, that he might sway her in essentials. This day Lord Erskine moved the Lords to grant the Queen a list of places and times where and when her alleged crimes were committed – refused as usual.

I dined at home.

Tuesday July 25th 1820: Walked down with Tavistock to House of Commons, he told me that his father³⁴⁷ said [the] British Monarchy was at an end – owned that all were in great alarm – asked me to Oakley – agreed with me to vote against Wetherell's motion this night for punishing the *Western Luminary* for saying the Queen was as notoriously addicted to Bacchus as Venus.³⁴⁸ Wetherell

344: It looks as if Queen Caroline cuts H., for fear of being associated with his "radicalism". See next day.

345: Sic. Meaning obscure.

346: The citizens remember Peterloo, the previous year.

347: The father of the Marquis of Tavistock was the Duke of Bedford.

348: *Flyndell's Western Luminary* had asked, "Shall a woman who is notoriously devoted to Bacchus as to Venus – shall such a woman as would, if found in our parent, be committed to Bridewell and whipped – be held up in the light of suffering innocence?" (quoted Fraser 405-6).

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made one of the worst speeches I ever heard – [].³⁴⁹ Lord Ellenborough³⁵⁰ thumped his book and bounced about as if at the bar – Castlereagh read passages from other papers on the other side just as I foresaw – Tierney³⁵¹ moved the previous question and the motion was withdrawn. The *Times* and *Chronicle* rather applauded Wetherell, not seeing whither this doctrine would lead.

Had it come to a vote I should have spoken. As it was, I went to Kinnaird's. I dined there – then went with him and his brother to Little Theatre³⁵² and saw Madame Vestris³⁵³ act Macheath – I was delighted – Lord Kinnaird was told by Madame Vestris that Lady Caroline Lamb had sent for her to ask to her to go to a masquerade, and had frightened her with certain testimonies of personal admiration – such as squeezing, &c. *Heureuse qui près de toi.*³⁵⁴ I saw Castlereagh in [the] back row of [a] public box over the way, smiling and clapping – some of the company recognized me and cried “Hobhouse for ever!”³⁵⁵ – I ran back and kept out of sight – this was worth something for Castlereagh. I do not know how it was, but I rather liked to see the man unbending. Morris the proprietor came into our box and told me that Lady Castlereagh had been to see the opera three nights running.

Wednesday July 26th 1820: Passed this day at home. Did not go to the House of Commons, which adjourned until the 21st of August. Went in the evening to Vauxhall with Kinnaird and W. Petre. Saw Madame Saqui, which is a sight. Vauxhall not so full as I expected. English more decent in their manners than they were.

349: This word looks like “culoquail”. Could be “colloquial”.

350: Edward Law, First Earl of Ellenborough (1790-1871) Tory M.P.; subsequently Governor-General of India.

351: George Tierney (1761-1830) Whig politician; one of the few Gillray subjects not to be caricatured.

352: The small theatre in the Haymarket, licensed for the summer only.

353: Lucia Elizabeth Vestris, *née* Bartolozzi (1797-1856) English actress equally successful in tragedy and burlesque.

354: “Happy she who is near you”: H. quotes Boileau's translation of the opening of Sappho's *φαινετα μοι: Heureux qui, près de toi, pour toi seule soupire ...* He puts Boileau's adjective into the feminine, as fitting Caroline's case. This is the Greek poem Longinus' criticism of which had the previous year been the subject of controversy between H. and B. in the proof of *Don Juan* at I 42, 4-6. See 1 June, 1814 for Caroline's assertion that Madame de Staël enjoys embracing *her*.

355: Compare 1 May, 19.

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Thursday July 27th 1820: Went with Isaac and Tom to Exeter Exchange – beautiful sight. The large elephant magnificent – a little elephant there.

Dined at Hanby Tracy’s – a large, ill-assorted party. Cuthbert there, angry because a Colonel Hare asked him to drink a glass of port wine with him after his cheese. Cuthbert is a rather fine gentleman.

Sat up too late. Did not sleep at all.

Friday July 28th 1820: Got up at six – breakfasted. Went with Isaac in a coach to Tower Stairs. Went in the *London Engineer* steam yacht³⁵⁶ to Margate – 270 people on board. A magnificent spectacle altogether. A few years ago I recollect laughing at the notion of applying steam to these purposes.³⁵⁷

Galloway of Holborn, one of the proprietors, on board. He showed a letter from Lord Cochrane, in which he abused Edward Ellice for his conduct as to the *Northern Star* steam vessel – if he had had that vessel with him, he would have been able to break the chains thrown across the American rivers. Galloway praised Fox – said that Fox in 1798, speaking of Burdett to Galloway, said, “My whole life has been a struggle between duty and gratitude: let Burdett avoid splitting on that rock, and he will do”. Galloway was four years in prison before he was twenty-five, confined under seven continued suspensions of the Habeas Corpus Act. He was let out when Addington came into office, and no charge made against him.

Approaching Margate, found that Burdett had been expected, and that Galloway had resolved to puff his yacht by making much of me. I endeavoured to resist – they signaled me – we found the quay crowded. I felt much annoyed, but could not help laughing, [and] was accompanied by a crowd of huzzahers to our inn, [the] Royal Hotel. Kinnaird, who was with us, behaved decently about it, but I was seriously hurt – it looked like an arrangement.³⁵⁸

Kept in until dark and then walked on the pier.

Saturday July 29th 1820: Dawdled about this day, pleased with Margate. Captain Clough M.C. called – told us I was a great favourite at Margate – [they were] all very anxious about the Westminster elections.

Bathed in hot bath.³⁵⁹

356: H. always spells this word “Yacht”.

357: Before steam, the trip from London to Margate could take between eight hours and three days.

358: H. is by now in his field as much public property as B. was. Compare Nov 23, 14.

359: A rare indulgence. If H. records every bath he takes, he must have very severe B.O.

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Dined – Cuthbert the Younger with us – then walked on pier – a penny paid by each. Asked to patronize a play.

Sunday July 30th 1820: Walked over to Stone House – to Broadstairs – back by the sea coast: a very dangerous path. Cuthbert, and his young tutor Grimwell with us. Dined. Had a foolish argument about materialism, which the young men might mistake.

Went in evening to sacred music³⁶⁰ in the Great Ballroom – all very quiet and genteel.

Monday July 31st 1820: Set out at eight in the *Eclipse* steam yacht. Beautiful sight leaving the shore: boats, spectators, bands of music on board the yachts playing.

We arrived by this extraordinary mode of making progress at Tower Stairs, [at] a quarter to four in the afternoon, passing by all sailing boats as if they were at anchor. I admired the *Eclipse's* engines much more than the other – more compact. The vessel has made the passage in six hours and a half – eighty-eight miles by water. Passage money: fifteen shillings; music: one shilling; sailors: one shilling. Eighty passengers pay the expenses. All above – profit.

Met on board Chabot of Malta³⁶¹ – he told me I was not altered since 1810 – congratulated me on my eminence. We shall see if it is a subject of congratulation. [He] told me that Sir Thomas Maitland was a kind friend, and a bitter enemy – suffered no resistance – in the habit of dunning his officers – one objected to this, and was put on half-pay.

During this trip I told Douglas Kinnaird that I suspected his bastard was a child of Irvine's,³⁶² from the likeness. He had never thought of it, but this hint put the whole fact in a new light, and he is now persuaded of it. I believe I did right, for I find Douglas Kinnaird had left the child all his fortune. S.B.Davies was convinced of the truth of this. I know nothing, but the likeness is most striking.

Got in a boat at the Tower Stairs – passed bridges to Hungerford Stairs. This trip cost me, for two, about thirteen pounds.

Came home. Dined. Went to Forbes in evening.

Tuesday August 1st 1820: Walked with Tom and Isaac to Chantry's. Saw him – he as clever as usual. Told me that he was thinking of a Satan for Lord Egremont;

360: H. is never interested in recording what the music was. It could have been *Messiah*.

361: H. last saw Chabot on September 8th 1809.

362: Irvine unidentified.

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that Bankes, M.P., had told him that he had been thinking of his design – that Chantry would fail. Chantry agreed, but said, “Bankes, you had better choose some part of Satan’s history, and so make your work more easy – take for instance his *conflict with Sin and Death!!* Chantry told me this as a real fact – the proposition was made in hearing of a large learned body. I told him of Bankes having written a thirteenth book of the *Aeneid*, to complete that epic, in which he married Æneas to Lavinia.

Chantry said the ancients almost always chose single figures for sculpture – the reason obvious. The middle figure [is] lost in the side figures on account of their being made more prominent by change of substance next to them, whereas the middle figure, standing next to similar substances, is more lost in them. In the Laocoön the artist has made the children very small, in order to show the principal figure. Chantry said Michaelangelo had not struck him as a sculptor – he thought his Moses fine – but not like Moses.

Chantry said Blake, who had illustrated Blair’s *Grave*,³⁶³ believed he had often seen Moses.

I dined this day at Hanby Tracey’s and met Dr Parr³⁶⁴ for the first time, in a private room. He came up to me with a compliment – he congratulated me as a member of his university, but could not acknowledge me in any other capacity. I laid in wait for his Greek – quoted in English a Greek proverb: *μωω μνημονα συμποτην* – he gave the Greek directly.

I sat next to him at dinner. He had a velvet frogged coat on. We sparred a little. He talked with Kinnaird and Chester as if he had known their families, [and] whispered to me if Chester was a man of family. He spoke eloquently but pedantically. After dinner we went into another room, and he smoked. He there told young Tracey some Greek proverb, adding “If you say it in the Doric, it is thus ...” He talked very liberally with me – said Castlereagh should be knocked in the head – he would not furnish facilities, but he would not add obstructions. [He] told us the Queen’s answers were written by one Rev. Mr Fellowes, in whose house Parr was living. Parr admired them – I can’t say I did – they are too long and wordy and sublime.

He went away about eleven – he shook me by the hand and said, “I always knew you were a very clever fellow but now I see you are a very agreeable and a

363: Blake’s engraved illustrations to Robert Blair’s 1743 poem *The Grave* were published in 1803.

364: Samuel Parr (1747-1825), parson, pedant, classicist, and schoolteacher, “the Whig Johnson”. Supporter of Queen Caroline.

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good man. I admire very much what you have done in parliament – I see we are the same way of thinking. I thought we should have differed”.

This is pretty well from *Philopatris Varvicensis*³⁶⁵ – but more addressed perhaps to my luck than to me. However, he has been of the same principles for sixty years. He told Kinnaird he took to his present Whig way of thinking at fourteen years of age. I should record something more of him, but I cannot say that anything he said struck me.

Wednesday August 2nd 1820: Wrote journal this day – went down to Whitton. Found Harriet rather better, but I fear consequences. I read part of Ramsay’s *American Revolution*³⁶⁶ – the description of Washington’s resignation of his command after his victory made me cry like a child. I find that the names Whig and Tory are given there to the Republicans and Royalists as familiar epithets.

Thursday August 3rd 1820: At Whitton, reading Ramsay and other things, and idling about very luxuriously. Dined. Girls came after dinner. Read in evening *Life of Curran* by his son – saw in a letter from Curran an account of a dinner at Burdett’s in 1814, which I recollect very well being at³⁶⁷ – Curran thought about being M.P. for Westminster, and adds that Burdett wished him well. Little did he think that the future M.P. for Westminster was dining with him on that day.

It is strange that Curran should say that the Westminster Election would be a race of bribery and corruption – he knew nothing about it.

Friday August 4th 1820: Went to Hounslow Heath, intending to see [the] King review [the] cavalry regiments – but was too late, for His Majesty had come earlier than expected. I have since heard from Lord Forbes that he was Lord-in-Waiting that day, and was, like all the rest of the household, too late. The thing was contrived on purpose – H.R.H. does not like to face his subjects. Very little shouting, I hear – the Twelfth gave a pretty breakfast at the barracks.

I was much struck with the beauty of the women – saw young Burdett – he seemed drunk.

Came back to Whitton – spent the day.

365: Parr’s two-volume work *Characters of the late Charles James Fox, selected and written by Philopatris Varvicensis* (1809).

366: David Ramsay, *The History of the American Revolution* (1790).

367: See July 1, 14.

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Saturday August 5th 1820: At Whitton reading old Edinburgh Reviews – in [an] article on Reform in 1812, [I] see that Westminster electors are praised for abolishing corruption in their city.

Strolling about, &c.

Sunday August 6th 1820: Intended to go to church, but it rained. Read miscellaneously. Ants do not lay up heaps of provisions – they keep a sort of insect cow to milk, called [an] aphid.

Dined, and spent the day.

Monday August 7th 1820: Rode to London – Dr Pearson and others (Gwatkins) dined here, Hanover Square.

Tuesday August 8th 1820: Burdett called, and took me to the Middlesex County meeting, appalled on [the] Queen's business. Peter Moore, Dr Parr, Whitbread, Ward, and Waithmann there. We [were] received very well. I spoke quite off-hand – said little, but that strong and true – foretold the Queen would be condemned by the House – and that “injustice” was to be done “by force”. This is the only line to take. Wood said [the] Queen would not be found guilty, and told an anecdote as to the Queen's spirit, namely, that she said she would not change places with any woman – she instanced the Duchess³⁶⁸ of York, adding, “Let the worst come to the worst, I have seen the world”. Burdett wanted to cut up Lord John Russell's letter to Wilberforce in which he tells him [the] Whigs can do nothing but harm, and Wilberforce alone can save the country. Strange that such a conviction should not bring the noble Lord to a Reform of Parliament. I prevented Burdett, just for [the] sake of our appearing to act together with [the] Whigs as long as possible, though to be sure this letter and petition is a most inept and presumptuous performance, notwithstanding the *Times* is taken in by them.

Burdett dined with us.

Wednesday August 9th 1820: Went about Westminster matters. Subscribed £30 to [the] Westminster Infirmary. Went to the *Morning Chronicle* office about Bruce, transported for life. He has written to me for money, and referred me to one Woods of the *Morning Chronicle* office. [I] gave one Ware, a wig-maker in Bird Street, £5 on recommendation of Powell, 288 Oxford Street. The man is

368: “Dutchess” (Ms.)

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stated by his neighbours to be a very deserving person.

Dined at Kinnaird's with Burdett, Colonel Cooke, Byng, Bidwell, and a large party. Beautiful night.

Thursday August 10th 1820: Write journal – think of going down to Whitton and Ramsbury. Ride with Burdett down to Whitton – dine and sleep.

Friday August 11th 1820: I ride with Burdett through the forest to Windsor. Walk about the noble terrace till dinner-time. No sticks [are] allowed to be carried by persons walking on [the] terrace. The King does not live here, but is now at the cottage. We could not see the apartments, owing to the death of the Duchess of York.

After dinner we rode through the forest to Reading – slept at the Crown Inn.

Saturday August 12th 1820: Rode after breakfast to Ramsbury – found no-one but a woman servant there. Dined. Walked out in this charming place. Talked with Michael Duncce / Dance the Shepherd, who told us some of the secrets of shepherding, and the instinct of his dog. Fine corn season.

Here an alarm, as if gout coming in my left foot – but perhaps the symptoms coming only from a tight boot. I should feel ashamed to have the gout at my age.

Read Doddington's diary at night – find the expression "Hanover and Hampshire," which Fox was blamed for, is Bubb's.

Sunday August 13th 1820: Took salts for my gout – A. Meyrich called {next day}. He told us that four Methodist parsons had come on two light carriages drawn by kites of canvas eight feet high, two kites to each carriage, all the way from Bristol to Ramsbury. Over Salisbury Plain they went at the rate of twenty miles an hour – on the road, [they] went at five miles an hour. A Mr Pockocke, inventor – he and his brother and father, all preachers, were part of the flight. Say that they can go with the wind at right-angles.

Long ride with Burdett in the Forest of Lavernmake, now looking most lovely. Dined as before, *tête-à-tête*. Lounged after dinner in the park. Bull at night.

Monday August 14th 1820: Strolled about with Burdett in the park, &c. Took a long ride again in Lavernmake. Coming home, found Crabtree, Burdett's steward

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– he told us that the twelfth lainers³⁶⁹ coming from London to Bristol had expressed themselves very decidedly for the Queen, and had sworn they would not go farther than Bristol – they would not go to Ireland. Great apprehensions entertained of some disturbance on the 17th, the day the Lords proceed with the 22nd reading of the Bill of Pains and Penalties.

Tuesday August 15th 1820: This morning received *Times* newspaper of yesterday, containing the Queen's letter to the King – this I read aloud to Burdett – it appears to me exceedingly well written. The language is radical in every respect, the portraits of the two houses perfectly correct, and the protest against the trial, whatever may be its verdict / effect, admirably put forth. Her Majesty is truly *La Reine des Halles* – but what else has she to do for it?

We were delighted with the letter. The King refused to take any notice of it, nor have the ministers answered it.

I took leave of Burdett and about eleven mounted my horse – rode to Reading – changed my horse – rode through Windsor Forest to Whitton, where I arrived before five in the afternoon – sixty-one miles. Found Harriet certainly a little better – dined, slept &c.

Wednesday August 16th 1820: Stayed at Whitton all day – rode out with Harriet – read miscellaneously – gout not decided.

Thursday August 17th 1820: Rode up to London – find no disturbance has taken place. The Queen [is] at the house next door to Castlereagh's in St James's Square. She was attended by an immense multitude, both going to and coming from the House, but no mischief done. Indeed, Palace Yard looks like a camp. Happy Agricola!! *Non vidit obsessam curiam et clausum armis senatum.*³⁷⁰

Duke of Leinster moved against the bill – 41 to 260 – odd. Lansdowne and Grey voting with the Majority!! The Peers were very near not hearing counsel against the principle of the bill – Brougham spoke, they say, well.

Dined at Number Two. After dinner Kinnaird and I and two sisters walked in the Park, then came home and tea'd. Kinnaird declaimed – talked well.³⁷¹

369: "Twelfth lainers" unidentified.

370: Tacitus, Agricola, 45: [He] *did not live to see the Senate-house under siege, surrounded by a cordon of troops.*

371: More likely Kinnaird sang; but H. would hate to praise Kinnaird for something he could never do himself.

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Friday August 18th 1820: I rode down to [the] House of Lords – was cheered by people as I passed the barrier, where the constables on horseback are drawn up. The military array there [is] most striking – it is all up with us. Went on the throne – House of Lords well contrived for the business. Scarcely saw the Queen – she was veiled. Lady Anne Hamilton sitting behind her, both near the bar. I heard Denman’s speech, which was very masterly and eloquent – evidently prepared, and some passages got by heart. The Attorney-General answered. His vulgar little bullying manner, his pimpled face and folded arms, [were] disgusting. I went away quite satisfied with what I heard.

Walked about. Heard that the Duke of Wellington was much annoyed at being hissed yesterday. The Duke of York was much cheered both days, notwithstanding his conduct is so derisive. This is meant, I suppose, merely to spite the King. I saw the procession of the Queen coming back, a great crowd, and much cheering, and St James’s Square nearly filled. Singularly enough, Lady Harford,³⁷² the other Queen neglected, was standing on the balcony of the Union in the same square, and saw the Queen pass.

I dined at home and stayed home all evening.

This day I saw Lord John Russell with Tavistock – asked him if Wilberforce had answered his letter. He said “No,” [and] said I hoped that some one would move to stop the bill of pains and penalties, and that if no-one would, I would.³⁷³ He said that Bennett would if no-one else did.

Tavistock, in answer to a letter of mine asking him to be a steward at a dinner celebrating the Spanish devolution, said yes, he would. I find that the Duke of Bedford has been asked to take the chair – declines on account of ill-health. Burdett wrote to the Duke of Leinster, who says he will come, but not take the chair, he being an Irishman. The question is, who will take the chair? Lord Erskine has been spoken to and seems as if he would come – I shall write to him.

Saturday August 19th 1820: I stayed in London only till dinner-time, then rode down to Whitton and spent the evening.

Sunday August 20th 1820: Thought today of what was to be done in the Den tomorrow – resolved to say something about the military employed in protecting the Peers³⁷⁴ – walked about – did nothing.

372: The Marchioness of Hertford, George IV’s mistress.

373: It’s not clear whether Russell, or H., said this.

374: This would echo the “incriminating” passage in *A Trifling Mistake*.

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Monday August 21st 1820: I went up to London in a post-chaise – went down to the House of Commons – Lord James Osborne moved an amendment to Castlereagh’s proposition of adjournment, which went to move an address to the King to prorogue the parliament. I seconded the amendment, in a short speech chiefly directed against the military.³⁷⁵ Tierney and Brougham opposed, “*For the Queen’s sake*”!! and Lord John Russell, although he had made the same proposal to Wilberforce in his letter (which by the way is now rather laughed at), said something which I thought was an objection to the prorogation, but which he told me afterwards was not. Lord Francis allowed his amendment to be negatived without a division – for which I was very sorry – we should have divided forty at least, and with them some of the best men in the House. The thing was to get rid of this vile bill in any way. If I had been an old member I would have divided the House.

We adjourned at six o’clock to September 18th. I dined at Colonel Hughues’, with a family party. C.C.Western M.P. came in in the evening.

Heard that one Theodore Majocchi,³⁷⁶ formerly servant to the Queen, has been examined this day, and sworn hardly against her that at first seeing him she cried out “Theodore!” and started away into the retiring room. This start made a great noise in London, and was variously interpreted: some said surprise and fear – others said indignation. The Courier told a lie afterwards about Sir Thomas Tyrwhitt not suffering anyone to go near the Queen’s retiring room – for fear of hearing some incoherent expressions said to be uttered by her in her surprise – all false – she uttered none – no-one came near her – Sir Thomas Tyrwhitt prevented no-one.

Agreed to go tomorrow early to the Lords to hear the cross-examination of Majocchi.

Tuesday August 22nd 1820: Went at twelve to the House of Peers – there found Brougham cross-examining Majocchi. Majocchi, who had recollected everything yesterday, now recollected nothing – he said “Non mi ricordo” to everything. The words were quite ridiculous, and made the Peers laugh at last. My impression was that the witness was quite destroyed. Spinetto, one of my old Cambridge Italian masters, was one of the interpreters – one Cohen³⁷⁷ was the Queen’s. The whole sight was strange, and, I thought, disgusting – the laughter indecent

375: Hansard (New Series), Vol. II, 1820, pp.826-7.

376: Teodoro Majocchi, dismissed by Caroline in 1817, now “testifying” against her.

377: Perhaps Francis Cohen, who had reacted to *DJ* the previous year.

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whenever any blunder or a little smut dropped out.

I resolved to go no more. Returning, I went to Burdett's – found him come to town having mistaken the day. He was delighted to hear of the turn taken by Majocchi's cross-examination.

I dined at Kinnaird's with Burdett.

Wednesday August 23rd 1820: The *Times*, which³⁷⁸ is making a tremendous fight for the Queen, chuckles most amazingly on Signior Majocchi's "Non mi ricordo," and today I find that the public, who were much depressed by his evidence, are now in great spirits. I went to Place's and saw the Queen come back from the Lords. It was a triumphant procession – immense crowds – and very respectable people.

I went to Whitton today – I think.

Thursday August 24th 1820: Believe I was at Whitton today.

Friday August 25th 1820: As well as I recall, came up to London with a party – the Gwatkins – at N^o 2 Hanover Square. I found that Mr James Mills, commonly called Bristol Mills, is determined upon having a dinner to celebrate Spanish Independence in his own way, and that Major Cartwright has drawn out huge resolutions to be passed thereat – so I withdraw my aid and interference, after some sharp words with the said Mills in presence of Bowie, the Westminster elector.

The Queen goes and returns most days to the Lords – the crowds greater and more enthusiastic than ever – St James's Square blocked up with carts and wagons – people come a hundred miles to catch a glimpse of her – addresses pouring in from all quarters to her. Brougham was silly enough in his speech to complain of the publication of evidence. Now it is true that the Lords intended the publication to do the Queen harm – but it has done her good. The people care not five farthings what is sworn by "them Italians," and as the evidence has fallen so short of the Attorney-General's exaggerated charge in his opening, the impression is very much in the Queen's favour. The character of the witnesses – the enormous sums of money they have received – the means used to drag them to England – the whole of the transaction – the more it is made public the more odious it becomes. Besides which, Brougham should never have objected to publication. This is the principle which is never to be forgotten for temporary advantage, but Brougham does this sort of thing always.

378: "Who" (Ms.)

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The Lords have begun to behave more decently to the Queen's counsel. They have not interrupted them so often, nor cheered the Solicitor-General so often – but this is owing to the contempt with which Brougham has treated them. The Chancellor, on the whole, has behaved decently. Liverpool's manner has been bad – he looked like a pettifogger, watching his pleader and witnesses with the caginess of a billiard-player, wriggling as his ball waddles to the destined pocket. He has kindly given the Lords leave to vote according to their conscience, but Wetherall writes to me from Hastings that he has seen a letter from Liverpool to the Marquess of Ely, requesting his attendance at the trial, as a personal favour. "Mahomet's dance" has confounded Mr Attorney – it turns out to be nothing more than every traveller has seen in the Levant, and is not half so bad as open dancing. They have no positive evidence of anything.

Saturday August 26th 1820: Believe I rode down to Whitton.

Sunday August 27th 1820: At Whitton.

Monday August 28th 1820: I rode up to London – heard how matters were going on in the Queen's case – witnesses swear to nothing positive but stains of sheets, tumbled beds, and similar nastiness there is alluded to – yet only from suspicious people. No-one in the country cares about the evidence.

Think I dined at home – a great meeting today in Marylebone to address the Queen.

Tuesday August 29th 1820: In London, looking over papers and preparing to leave Hanover Square. I believe that about this day Mlle. Dumont's evidence came on – the chambermaid, three years with the Queen, but who can swear to nothing against her. The exhibition of her letters to her sister, another chambermaid now in the Queen's service, completely overthrew her. This happened on Friday next, so that thus Majocchi to begin, and Mlle Dumont to end the charge, have altogether knocked up the prosecutor's case.

I dined at home, and in the evening went to Drury Lane. Saw Kean in *Reuben Glenroy* – stupid play.

Wednesday August 30th 1820: This day my father's family left Hanover Square for Whitton. I rode down to Whitton in the evening.

Thursday August 31st 1820: At Whitton – my father had a party today – Old

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Wilbraham, George Isted – both very agreeable.³⁷⁹

Friday September 1st 1820: Doing nothing in particular. Reading the *Times* newspaper is quite an occupation for an idle man, and I am dreadfully idle. I have lately read again *Guy Mannering*, *The Antiquary*, *Waverley*, [and *The*] *Black Dwarf* – charming novels indeed – they improve on second reading.

Saturday September 2nd 1820: A note from Kinnaird: “Mlle Demont³⁸⁰ diddled complete” – and indeed the cross-examination of this creature by Williams is complete. For myself, whatever doubts common fame might have induced me before to entertain on the character of the Queen, I now do think her innocent. She must have committed some act, in six years, of adultery, which would have been seen, surrounded as she was by spies – but not an act has been sworn to.

I stay at Whitton, eating venison. *Epicuri de grege porcus*.

Sunday September 3rd 1820: I rode up to London. Found a note from the Marylebone committee, inviting me to go up to the Queen tomorrow with their address.

Dined at Kinnaird’s. Present, Lord Foley, Lord Duncan, [the] Duke of Leinster, Creevey, Colonel Hughues, Lord Kinnaird – a very pleasant day. The peers all agreed that the decision in the Lords depended on Liverpool – there was no sort of justice to be hoped from the majority. General disgust at young Lord Ellenborough’s prominent behaviour, considering his youth, and his connection with Castlereagh. Lord Morton’s question about [the] salt rate bothers.³⁸¹ Creevey owned to me that the Whigs had behaved most foolishly – that Grey in the Lords and Tierney in the Commons certainly gave every reason to believe that they were hanging out for place. Lord Lauderdale’s³⁸² conduct [is] so decided that he is called “public accuser<-general>”. Lord Donoughmore’s [is] equally partial. Creevey owned that the Whigs, by backing the people in this, and speaking out, might have come in – Erskine’s conduct [is] noble, and Lord Holland’s good, considering that Lady Holland is like an *enragée* against the Queen.

Creevey agreed to write to Lord Francis Osborne to come up and propose his

379: H.writes to B. on this date: BB 298-300.

380: Louise Demont had been Caroline’s secretary / maid.

381: Could be “bathos,” “bathers,” or “bathes”.

382: Lauderdale is brother to H.’s future father-in-law.

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motion for prorogation. I agreed to second it again, and to write to Burdett to come up. We resolved to stir up a breeze – Creevey said he would take the moneyed part of the question.

After tossing and talking, we went to Brooks's. There [we] saw Lord Grey. He told Wilson that Mlle Demont's evidence was for the most part intact!!! Wilson jumped up in a rage and left him. Indeed, Lord Grey allows his first notion of the Queen's real guilt to sway all his conduct – he forgets the iniquity of the measure – he forgets the rascality of the witnesses, and holds a language rather fitter for a brothel than the House of Peers, for he condescends to go into all the dirty *minutiae*, as if it mattered a fig what the witnesses said. Yet I do believe that it is perversity rather than profligacy that has been the spring of Lord Grey's actions in this matter. Whatever it is, I am sick of his conduct and of the folly of the Whigs as a party. Wilson behaves well.

Monday September 4th 1820: Did not go up with the Marylebone address, which was performed in great style. A hundred and forty carriages and an immense crowd. Whitbread, Hume, Lord William Fitzgerald,³⁸³ and Noel,³⁸⁴ M.P.s, attending the Queen at Brandenburg House.³⁸⁵

Employed all the morning in packing off my books and papers from 2, Hanover Square, to Whitton. Called on Place. Saw Wilson. He told me that Denman wished me to assist in presenting the Derby address to the Queen. I consented.

Rode down to Whitton. Met the Marylebone crowds coming back. Much cheered, and obliged to ride cap-in-hand almost the whole way to Hammersmith. Evening at Whitton.

Tuesday September 5th 1820: Spent the whole of the morning in arranging my books,³⁸⁶ come from London. Beautiful weather.

Wednesday September 6th 1820: Dawdling and doing nothing – received invitation to a public meeting at the Crown and Anchor relative to the Queen's plate – read a volume of *The Abbott*, a new novel by [the] author of *Waverley* –

383: Lord William Fitzgerald (1793-1864), M.P. for County Kildare. Nephew of Lord Edward Fitzgerald.

384: Gerard Noel Edwards (1759-1838), M.P. for Rutland.

385: Caroline's current residence was a seventeenth-century house on the river at Hammersmith, belonging to the Landgravine of Anspach.

386: H. can't have that many books if it only takes a morning to arrange them.

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[a] continuation of *The Monastery* – the chief incidents concern the escape of Queen Mary from Loch Leven. I cannot say that I like either of these novels so well as the others by the same hand.

Walked in fields with girls.

Thursday September 7th 1820: Great eclipse of the sun – a fine day to see it. When at the greatest obscuration, a little after two pm, I observed that the streets of London looked as if in moonlight. There will not be so considerable an eclipse again until 1847. If I should live so long, how shall I look back upon the days of this eclipse!!

I resolved to go to the meeting at the Crown and Anchor, so rode up fast to London. Saw everyone looking into pails of water, and through burnt glasses. Moore in his Almanack talks about the moon's shadow traversing the earth: it does not touch the earth. My sisters observed that under the trees the shadows took a circular form. I cannot account for this. I mentioned this to Daniel More,³⁸⁷ the astronomer – he could not account for it either – perhaps it is not true.

Went to Place – he recommended me to go to Brooks's in the Strand, and send there to enquire what sort of meeting there was at the Crown and Anchor. I did – [and received a] report that no-one was at the meeting but Sir Gerard Noel in the chair, so did not go.

Saw the Queen pass in a city barge towed by a steam boat, and accompanied by many boats with flags and music and guns. The ships below London Bridge [were] all dressed out. It is a fact that the King has been staying down at the cottage at Windsor with Lady Cunningham during the trial. A Boodle-ite³⁸⁸ said to a friend of mine, "There is no saving this man." The trial, at least the case for the prosecutor, is closing, with the evidence of Sachi, or Milani, courier to the Milan Commission, who swears that he saw the Queen's hand in Bergami's breeches and Bergami's hand on the Queen's —, both being asleep in a traveling carriage. The villain did not see whether there was anyone else in the carriage – though he could see the hands!! The monstrous folly of bringing up such a witness – a discarded servant taken into the pay of the prosecutor – the fellow had three names but would not tell more than two.

Yesterday the Attorney-General asked for more time in order to bring up Lugano witnesses. Lord Erskine very properly qualified this as a monstrous

387: Perhaps John Frederic Daniell, F.R.S. (1790-1845) physicist and meteorologist.

388: A member of Boodle's club, then as now in St James's.

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injustice. Today the matter was dropped, although Lord Liverpool seemed inclined to grant it yesterday; and the Solicitor-General made his summing-up of the evidence against the Queen. I hear [he] did it weakly – but the Lords (judges) cheered his conclusion!!!

I rode back to Whitton. Daniel [was] there, the astronomer, F.R.S. [We] dined there with the Napiers of Whitton Dean. Napier is a Tobago planter. He owned to me that Hoskins' case was a bad one – they put him in prison, and forgot to take him out – he was a troublesome man. So was Capper. Moore talked to us of the eclipse. He mentioned that Davy³⁸⁹ once believed that the stones which fall from the sky were formed in the air, but he now denies that he ever held that doctrine – he did to me – he is a shabby fellow, a violent abuser of the Queen, and will be President of the Royal Society without opposition – his manners are meaner than those of any man I ever saw.

Friday September 8th 1820: I dressed in court dress, and went in my father's carriage to Brandenburg House. The Queen was not yet arrived from London. Presently Sir Robert Wilson came, *en grandes termes* with a Mr Strutt, the bearer of the Derby address – Strutt told me that Sir William Gell told him that Bergami once confessed to Gell that he (Bergami) had lost his virility in the Russian campaign. Wilson said it was very probable, for he had nearly lost his by not buttoning his breeches close after making water. Wilson told me that the Queen's friends would contradict almost all the evidence, even by proving alibis. I heard with surprise that the Queen did not intend to ask for more than eight or ten days' delay previous to going on with her defence. It was generally supposed she would ask for three months.

After waiting some time, the cheers from without announced the Queen. Alderman Wood came in – he asked me to present an address from Halifax, and asked Wilson and me to be present when the Aldersgate and Cripplegate addresses were present[ed]. Thinking it would swell this unfortunate woman's little court, and add to the appearance of Lady Anne Hamilton and Alderman Wood, her only supporters, we consented.

Presently the Queen came to us attended solely by Lady Anne Hamilton. She made many apologies for having left us waiting. She said Mr Brougham had sent for her to the House of Lords in order to receive her final orders as to the time which she should ask for preparing her defence – so she went and came away as soon as she could. She introduced Wilson to Count Schiavini, and another ill-

389: Sir Humphrey Davy.

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looking Italian – called Wilson her “*héros de la liberté*,” and talked about Lavalette³⁹⁰ – she is still attended by that black boy, the deuce take him. Presently we went into the long gallery – Wood, the Queen, Lady Anne Hamilton, Wilson, I, and Mr Strutt. It seemed half full of respectable-looking people in black, chiefly set with white roses – they were the Aldersgate deputation, I should think two hundred. The address was read and the answer given, but not read. I saw many of the citizens looking on the Queen with tears in their eyes. They all kissed her hand. She went through this tiresome ceremony with much grace and ease.

Before the Cripplegate deputation came up, we waited a little, and went into the other room. She took me apart. She asked me after Lord Byron – was he coming or not? I said he had talked of it in a letter, but that he had persuaded the Gambas of Pesaro³⁹¹ to come and speak to their opinion of her majesty. She said she knew it. I asked after her health. She said well, but she had been in a great fright yesterday about a boat upsetting at London Bridge. She then spoke of the case. I congratulated her on the exposure of the evidence, and said I thought she might rest her defence on the accusation alone – I was sure that the great mass of the people thought so. “Yes,” she said, “so should I – but it is better to be on the safe side; one cannot be too sure.” I said that I lived with [and] saw more of the people perhaps than he counsel, and that it mattered but little what the men at the Club said. “Yes,” she said, “that is very true – I know Brooks’s and Boodle’s, and I have suffered formerly by caring so much about them – I will never do so again.” She said, “Do you not think he is mad? He must be mad to have made this attack upon this evidence.” I said that if not mad, her triumph would make him so. She said, “I can prove, and Count Schiaviani will swear it, that he was offered £3,000 at Milan to speak against me – they did everything but *affiche me*³⁹² all over Italy – I was to be sworn against at so much. “As for Dumont, *elle est folle foutre, madame*,” said I. – “*Oh oui, pour ça*, but she must have been mad to come against me when her sister was living with me, and I had the letters. I have many more, much stronger”. I talked to her about the defence – she said, “Oh, they wanted me to put it off, but I would not. There is a French saying: “*Il faut frapper quand le fer est chaud*” – I see how it is. There are some things in which people must judge for themselves – nobody can judge for them. I know what the feeling is as well as my counsel – I would have gone on at once.”

She did say one or two other things in the same determined way. After what

390: Whom Wilson, Bruce, and Hely Hutchinson had helped spring from jail in 1816.

391: Teresa Guiccioli’s family were of Ravenna, not Pesaro.

392: “Put bills up about me”.

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she said of the King, I added that it was pretty well known he was the sole mover, and not the ministers. She said, "Ah, poor Liverpool – but Lord Castlereagh, yes, perhaps on account of his brother, Lord Stewart". She did not express the least indignation against any of the ministers – she, in that, confirmed Burdett's report to me.

When I had done speaking with her, Wilson came up and introduced Strutt as going to Greece. She said, "It was a fine voyage, and by no means so difficult – not so difficult as Germany, nor so annoying – they do not ask for passports, as in Germany – that is what I hate. I hate passports. The climate is fine – oh, I cannot bear your climate! Mr Hobhouse, you must forgive me if I say that of your country."

I talked with Lady Anne Hamilton, a stiff, foolish woman, I think. She asked me if I approved the language of the Queen's answers to the addresses, and if it would not be as well to stop now. I said yes to both. "Perhaps", said I, "there may have been some bad taste in some answers, but on the whole the tone has been good, and I think politic." She said the Queen's counsel object to the language, and some say that the Lords would have rejected the bill if the Queen's answers had not made it a matter between the revolutionary feeling and the friends of the system – I said I did not believe it – I believed that nothing but fright would make the Lords act. She said, "However, do you not think that we had better stop now?" – "Oh, you may stop now if you like, but I am glad the Queen has taken her line. Brougham is a great genius, but ...!" – "I know what you are going to say," she said; "We know Brougham. His conduct at first was enough for that – but at present he acts very well."

Wood now announced that the Cripplegate deputies were waiting. The Queen was just then talking of her fright yesterday. Lady Anne Hamilton said, "I hope your Majesty will never go into a mob again". I should like to have hinted, that then the Queen would never go amongst her best friends again.

We walked in. The same ceremony was gone through as before, and the Queen had her hand kissed by two hundred more mouths. Wood read the answer, then Wilson presented the Derby address with Strutt and me. We kissed hands. Wilson said aloud, "Perhaps it may seem out of place, but I beg leave to congratulate your Majesty on the exposure of the foul and illegal conspiracy which has been formed against your honour and your life".

The Queen smiled but said nothing.

I then read an address signed by 8,000 women at Sheffield. Wood presented an address from women at Halifax. I presented an address from men at Halifax; but neither were read – we were all tired. The Queen curtsied to us all and then

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withdrew, but Wood brought her out again and made her curtsey at the window to those below, who hurraed and waved hats and handkerchiefs. I then got into my carriage and drove back to Whitton – finished *The Abbott* by the road.

[I] agreed with Wilson that we would try to get up a Spanish dinner, and that if Tavistock would not take the chair on my asking, Wilson should take the chair, and continue to prevent old “Prosy”³⁹³ from passing his resolutions. I came home, and wrote to Tavistock, and Burdett and Place thereupon. Dined, &c.

Saturday September 9th 1820: Set off at six in the morning with my father in his post chariot for Easton Grey – arrived at Easton Grey half-past six – we stopped an hour at Maidenhead to breakfast – my father the most agreeable man I ever traveled with. It is extraordinary to observe what a twist he has taken in politics – he now talks against trial by jury, and thinks Hardy ought to have been hanged – but he is just and conscientious.³⁹⁴

Found our friends³⁹⁵ well at Easton Grey. Dined, and talked till eleven o’clock. Slept well.

Sunday September 10th 1820: Write journal from August 19th. See by the papers that on Friday the Lords, by a great majority (165 to 60) decided that the Queen[’s] counsel should not, as they requested, proceed at once with the Queen’s defence, and then delay production of witnesses, or not as they pleased. It was determined that they must proceed at once, and go on consecutively, or delay altogether. The minority keeps to its members – so it is clear that this will be made a party question with the ministers. The Lord Chancellor was most decided against Brougham. Brougham then proposed to be allowed to comment on the Solicitor General’s summing-up, but this was refused, 170 to 49. The *Morning Chronicle* well observes that this is of a piece with the refusal of the names of witnesses, and the specification of the places where the crime has been committed – I am resolved to speak out on the 18th.

Spent the day at Smiths. Mr Thomas, the Malmesbury attorney, dined with us. Smith told me that dining at Lord Suffolk’s this year he met Lord Lansdowne, who told him the following story: Lord Lansdowne was looking at Copley’s picture of the Death of Chatham at the British Institution, when he was

393: Major Cartwright.

394: Thomas Hardy (1752-1832), was tried for treason and acquitted to universal acclaim in 1794. For Sir Benjamin to wish him dead indicates extraordinarily reactionary thought; not a sign of justice or conscientiousness at all.

395: The Smiths.

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interrupted by Lord Sidmouth,³⁹⁶ who said, “Perhaps you do not know the immediate cause of Lord Chatham’s being taken ill – Lord Chatham was accustomed to take with him into the House a bottle of julep, which he swallowed just before he spoke. This day he heard the Duke of Richmond’s speech with great anxiety, swaying up and down as was his custom, and waiting eagerly to see him sit down – just as the Duke seemed closing his speech, Lord Chatham put his hand in his pocket for the julep – he missed it. The Duke sat down, Lord Chatham kept fumbling for the draught, and could not find it, but in his eagerness rose up to speak. The anxiety increased by missing his medicine made him fall back in a fit. He told Dr Addington so, and added, he found he had put the julep in the wrong pocket.”

Lord Lansdowne’s observation was, what a strange man Lord Sidmouth must be to volunteer such an anecdote – if Canning had got hold of the anecdote, what a story for him!! My father owned that Sidmouth was very loose and rimose in his talk, even about state matters, in company.

Pleasant day.

Monday September 11th 1820: Went out shooting with Smith, but shot very ill, and killed only a brace of birds and a hare. Very hot weather. Read [*The Car[e]less Husband*]³⁹⁷ – dialogue excellent – but the sleeping scene abnormally indecent – I do not wonder that Madame Tallinnoschi told me at Paris that she never could comprehend how an audience would bear it.

Tuesday September 12th 1820: Went out shooting again and shot equally ill as before. Dined, and spent the evening in [the] usual way. This place looks very beautiful. Yesterday Edmund Cresswell came to Mr Smith with a story of his father George having shot at him – a strange family this, of Pinkney. My father has a mortgage of £14,000 upon the estate.

Wednesday September 13th 1820: At twelve o’clock set off with my father to Bath – passed by the Cross Hands Inn – saw the Little Sodbury Clump, and many scenes familiar to me in my boyish days. Put up at N^o 13, Camden Place – Mrs Stratton’s – dined at Dr Charles Parry’s – met his agreeable wife, Dr Bedford, and his wife and daughter ... nothing said that I recollect. Called on friend Broadhurst.

396: The Home Secretary.

397: 1765 comedy by Colley Cibber.

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Thursday September 14th 1820: This day went to Sion Hill and saw Dr Parry – a dreadful wreck. One side gone – his voice scarcely articulate – he breaks out into frenzies of passion at the slightest cause, and consumes the health of his daughter Matilda in making her draw fruit from the life. His great pleasure is his garden, of which he has got a plan, and refers to it, to know what fruit trees his fruit is picked from. Yet strange to say his family keeps up their spirits – Gertrude looks well, and not unhappy. If this is to be borne, anything is tolerable. His circumstances are bad. He appears to have been a very bad manager of his fortune, and the longer he lives, the worse for his family, who will benefit from the insurance at his death ... poor man, I shall not forget the obligation I am under to him. At taking leave, he said he should never see us again ... I found Caroline absorbed in taking care of the last child of her sister Emma Wilmot, who commended the infant to her on her deathbed ... a sad but not unpleasing sight.

Dined at Dr Charles Parry's again. Met a Mr Chain,³⁹⁸ a very agreeable man, and Broadhurst and Mrs Stratton – pleasant day.

Friday September 15th 1820: My father and I went in the morning to see Kelston Park, the seat of Sir John Hawkins, which is to be sold, and which we thought we might possibly purchase by selling Bradford, &c. The place [is] pretty, but too confined, and too near Bath.

At two o'clock left Bath and went to Marlborough. Passing by Atworth, saw all the places round Cottles, and Cottles itself amidst the trees – our time passed in recalling little anecdotes attached to these well-known spots. At Marlborough we had not the pitchcocked eels we promised ourselves – but we had some veal cutlets. Slept not well. Set off at eight.

Saturday September 16th 1820: Breakfasted at Newbury. Found the feeling of these parts very much for the Queen, at least if my host Botham is to be trusted. Indeed, even at Gloucester, 150 of Cooper's³⁹⁹ Tory friends say they will vote for him no more, because he did not take up their address to Her Majesty.

Arrived at Whitton about five pm – dined, spent evening, &c.

Sunday September 17th 1820: Spent the morning preparing something for

398: Could be "Chair," "Chovin," "Choin," or "Clovin". Is in fact "Chvin".

399: Robert Bransby Cooper (1762-1845) M.P. for Gloucester.

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tomorrow – day at Whitton.

Monday September 18th 1820: Went up to London in my father's carriage.⁴⁰⁰ Met Mr Northmore and Dr Gilchrist at 18 Regent Street, Sir Robert Wilson's – relative to Spanish dinner – agreed upon preliminaries – I hope we shall have no row.

Hurried down to the House of Commons, and found [the] Speaker reading Vansittart's motion for consulting the Lords' journals. Sergeant Onslow said something about allowing us to examine upon oath. Bernal opposed it, as did Creevey, and then I rose and spoke. The Speaker interrupted me when I came to speak about the divisions in the Lords, which I had a right to do. I appeared to yield, but continued my topic.⁴⁰¹ I was considerably cheered throughout, and I concluded by moving as an amendment an address to the King to prorogue the parliament ... Burdett seconded me.

I left out several of my good things, as I spoke without notes, but I succeeded – I am sure I took the right line. I did not enter into particulars about the violence against the Queen, but contented myself with stating the disgrace of continuing such an investigation, and the improbability of the Queen having a fair trial. Wilson and Bennett spoke strongly, [and] called the attack on the Queen a conspiracy, and said the Attorney General had disgraced himself by his charge. This put Gifford into a dreadful rage. Hume made a bad speech – said that the Attorney General had charged the Queen with adultery during six years and “proved it for only three”. Castlereagh spoke confidently, but ill – we had, unfortunately, no-one to answer him, the lower bench being empty, and the leaders keeping away. Some friends voted against me, not understanding the question, and thinking the Queen would be hurt by stopping here.

I was teller: 12 for, 66 against – but Coke of Norfolk, Lord Francis Osborne, Sam Whitbread, and other good men, for me. Sam Whitbread told me I had made a capital speech. Castlereagh owned that the ministers had sent out the Milan Commission – remember that.

After warm debate, [the] House adjourned at eight, to 17th November. I went to Brooks's, and took cold meat. Bennet said, “Thank you for your speech – a very good one”.

400: Note that H. does not possess a carriage of his own.

401: Hansard (New Series), Vol. III, 1820, pp.52-8: “The degradation was not merely at home, but abroad – it was here, there, and every where; our ambassadors, our officers, and our lawyers, had become spies, eaves-droppers, and suborners of perjury”.

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Afterwards I went to Kinnaird's. Found a party dining there – amongst them Pigou, whom I knew at Venice. We sat up till late – took leave of Lord Kinnaird. Conjectures as to bill – I think it will pass, but modified.

Slept at 2 Hanover Square.

Tuesday September 19th 1820: Messrs Gardner and Hayward called, to talk to me about a meeting at the Freemason's Tavern – question, who was to take the chair?

I went to Brooks's – read my speech – best given in *Times* – indeed, better given than I spoke it, but with [a] mistake or two. Walked down by Richmond to Whitton to dinner. Passed evening as usual – no-one at home but Charlotte and Matilda.

Wednesday September 20th 1820: Writing letters this morning, about meetings, and other politics. Dined at Ellice's – Hat Vaughan, Charles Calvert, Motteaux, John Grey and Countess Grey there – stupid party. Hard rain – cold – weather quite changed and autumnal.

Thursday September 21st 1820: Writing letters as yesterday. Dined with Wilbraham – he congratulated me on my speech – said it showed fact and judgement and that he had heard much in praise of it at London. Jones Burdett, Mr Vials, and Mr Brent there – pleasant day. Wilbraham instanced the fact of the Grand Duke Leopold⁴⁰² and his court going to see camels copulate at La Monte near Pisa, to show how differently we look at manners, and how unjust to try the Queen for “manners”. He told a story of a Count Gages, governor of Barcelona, who, when a Frenchman said, “J'ai l'honneur d'être françois,” said, “Foutu l'honneur!!”

He told that Sir Humphrey Davy said perhaps he was more qualified than another for the chair of the Royal Society, on account of [his] knowledge of languages – whereas Davy knows no language but his own. Davy told a story of holding a three-quarters-of-an-hour conversation with Neapolitan *banditti* – now Foscolo says *he* could not.

Wilbraham said that the Duchess of Devonshire and Lady Elizabeth Forster used to *tribadize*⁴⁰³ – he knew it, he said – he heard the Duke of Devonshire once say that he had *ratéd* at⁴⁰⁴ more women than any man in England – but then he

402: The Grand Duke of Tuscany.

403: Gay female sex where one partner takes a quasi-masculine role.

404: Implies emission without copulation.

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went to a bawdy house every night of his life ... yet this is called a good man!!

Friday September 22nd 1820: Write journal from September 10th. Note from Bickersteth. He says, "I congratulate you on your noble speech". This is much from him. Jones Burdett called – walked with him and the girls in Twickenham meadows – dined at home, &c.

Saturday September 23rd 1820: At Whitton.

Sunday September 24th 1820: At Whitton.

Monday September 25th 1820: Dressed in court suit and went to Brandenburg House – there, in unison with Major Cartwright and Wooler of the *Black Dwarf*,⁴⁰⁵ presented the Manchester address to the Queen. Her Majesty had Gell and Keppell Craven⁴⁰⁶ in dress there, and her little court looked gayer than before – Sam Whitbread – Hume and Ellis there. The Queen asked me if Lord Byron was coming over – nothing particular passed. An immense crowd of carriages and fours with some city addresses – great shouting.

Came home, dined, &c.

Tuesday September 26th 1820: Rode to London – went to [the] Freemason's Tavern, where was assembled an immense meeting in the large room, to congratulate the Queen on the close of the case against her. This was a great trial – nothing yet had been said as to the evidence, and it was likely that some good English folks might think the swearing hard and strong – but the triumph was complete. I never saw such a meeting. The galleries were crowded with well-dressed ladies – so were the seats in the room. The door was shut, and the whole assembly as quiet as a church. The whole thing was got up by two Westminster men, Hayward and Gardner. Place wrote the address – Sam Brooks presided in the committee room. Hume, Peter Moore, Wood, Sir Gerard Noel and a Mr Rigby⁴⁰⁷ and others were there. I was called to the chair – I made what the *Times* called "a powerful and eloquent speech". Charles Pearson, the swindling attorney, and Haydon, wanted to make a row, but I maintained order and all went off admirably. Pearson made a most excellent speech against Parson Cunningham

405: Thomas Wooler (1786?-1853) a radical journalist who composed his articles straight into type without any intervening ink and paper.

406: Keppel Craven was son to the Landgravine of Anspach by her first marriage.

407: Could be "Ryl".

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– Hume very tiresome, ditto Peter Moore – Wood very short and to the purpose – he said he had good news from Italy.

I returned by half-past seven to Whitton.

Wednesday September 27th 1820: Another ride to London – went to a meeting at the Brewer Street assembly rooms to address the Queen in St James's parish, Baker Beaumont Esq. in the chair – a full meeting. I spoke, and called on Kinnaird.

Went down to Whitton, or rather Twickenham, and dined with the Miss Byngs, Calvert, Parson, Proby and others there – stupid enough. Parson not allows of people speaking in favour of [the] Queen in his presence, but [is] glad enough to drink wine with Charles Calvert, who keeps a whore here in the midst of respectable families.

Thursday September 28th 1820: At Whitton, writing letters. Rode over to Ellice's. Walked to Ham Common.

Friday September 29th 1820: Ditto, ditto. Went in the evening to Miss Byngs. Saw old Mrs Damer there. She talked to me about the Queen, whom she has visited and received, being, with Lady Tavistock and Lady Elizabeth Whitbread, the only ladies of quality who have done so – she agreed with me that if the Queen has been guilty, it is not with Bergami.

Saturday September 30th 1820: Writing letters, and rode over to Richmond – saw Wilson. [I] see that old Cartwright has been trying to cram in some resolutions respecting Reform, and Sir Francis Burdett, at our Spanish dinner, dictated to Wilson a letter to Cartwright refusing to act as chairman if such resolutions were passed.

Came home in rain. Joanna Forbes, and two sisters from school, here.

Sunday October 1st 1820: Wilson called – showed me letters from Cartwright, by which I find that even his committee have rejected the Reform resolutions, but that a friend of his, Dr Gilchrist, is resolved to propose said resolutions. Wilson wrote a letter which he intended to read to Gilchrist this evening, refusing to take the chair if there were to be such disturbance.

Wrote journal. Pleasant day at home. After riding to Twickenham Green to see Old Brooks, my chairman of the Strand, found him in a comfortable little mansion – a worthy little person whose word will pass for more than he is worth.

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The Westminster electors look up to him very much indeed – his name at the bottom of the bill ensures confidence and exertion.

Monday October 2nd 1820: After a night without a wink of sleep, got up at seven. Dressed in court dress, breakfasted, and set off in carriage for London. Arrived at Freemason's Tavern a little before ten – found there a number of respectable, well-dressed females – tradesmen's wives – waiting in a room for their carriages, which were drawn up in Lincoln's Inn Fields. After some time, Peter Moore and Sir Gerard Noel came, in court dresses also. A great crowd before the door. The police sent the horse patrols to take care of us. I had four greys put to my father's carriage – the other carriages, in number eighty-six, had all four horses, except Brooks and the Committee with the address, who went with six. A very magnificent body – coachmen, &c.

The procession set out, I leading it, alone, about eleven. Paraded very slowly down to [the] Strand – then Pall Mall – St James's Street – Piccadilly. Shouts of "Hobhouse for ever!" and all sorts of demonstrations, similar to the chairing,⁴⁰⁸ all the way. Those whom we met [were] forced to doff their caps. A fine day – great crowds. One man said, "Hobhouse, while you live, Burdett will never die!" which, bating the exaggeration, pleased me more than any compliment ever paid to me – and it is fine too.

We did not reach Hammersmith and Brandenburg House till near two o'clock. Immense crowds there – and ballad singers amongst them, screaming about Theodore Majocchi and "Non mi ricordo!"

I first went up with the St James's address, presented by Baker Beaumont and a deputation filling twenty-nine coaches and four. Then came the Metropolitans. Whilst they were unloading I passed into the great drawing-room and had some private conversation with the Queen – I cannot recollect it all, or accurately, for it was long and desultory – but here are parts of it:

I asked her how her health was – she said, "Why, so-so – pretty well, considering – but your climate kills me". I should not be astonished if this were made an excuse for her leaving England again.⁴⁰⁹

Of Eugene Beauharnais she said, "He is a *polisson*, and I have told him so to his face – which he has not had done to him by many ... you may judge him by his riches, and his prosperity under the present people." She talked in the strongest terms against Austria [and] called the court "the valets of England". I

408: His and Burdett's triumph of Apr 6.

409: Caroline dies on Aug 7, 1821.

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told her that I had heard from Lord Byron that something was likely to break out shortly in Italy. "I am glad of it," she said. "Poor Italians – I hope they will be free – I do not like to see a people slaves, or live amongst them".

She told me that Lucien Bonaparte had advised her to live at Pesaro, a species of republic where many persons lived without *gêne* – she would not live at Naples – no, she could not bear the Bourbons. "I always said," she added, "that I was for Murat – I was a Muratiste; this is why Gell and I parted – you know we may like one another very well without living together. We never quarreled, but wrote to one another often – yet they said we had quarreled – he came at once of his own accord – he will be a good witness – he is a clever man – you knew him in other times – and Mr Craven is a very good young man".

I ventured to ask her about Dr Holland. "Oh yes, he is all right – he came forward at once". I said I hoped that she would not let her counsel call many witnesses. "Oh no," she said; "I might have plenty – twenty-one came yesterday, but two or three good ones will be better than all". She told me that she had sent a message to the witnesses to say that she was glad that they had arrived safe, that they should have plenty to eat and drink, but that they had better not come near her. Hieronymus, her chief butler, came in. She asked him how late he had been out last night. He said, "I did not come home till three in the morning, your Majesty". – "Ah well, I wish you joy," said the Queen to him in a familiar manner. I at once saw what sort of manner she was likely to have with her confidential Bergami – but is a Queen to be tried for words? I asked her where he had been – he had been with her counsel and the witnesses, acting as an interpreter. He is a very respectable, good-looking, middle-aged man.

She praised Lucien Bonaparte, and said the Prince of Peace was a very clever man. She said that if Napoleon had followed Lucien's advice he would not have lost his throne in 1815. She said she was for the little Napoleon coming to France with his mother. I said Marie Louise was a weak woman – she said, "Oh yes, for that certainly". She then told me of a long conversation she had with Marie Louise at Basle in 1814. Marie Louise said to her, "Vous savez que les personnes de notre rang ne connoient point leurs maris avant de les marier. Elles ne sont aimées comme les autres femmes – mais je peux vous assurer que l'Empereur m'a très bon traité – il m'a été un très bon mari sur tous les rapports". The Queen said, "Eh bien, Madame, volus irez donc le chercher à l'isle d'Elbe, sans doute?" – "Oh oui, je le ferai!" – "But," said the Queen, "n'hésitez point – faites-le toute de suite – c'est votre devoir – allez-y! – Quand une femme le veut, elle peut tout faire". – "Oh," added the Queen to me, "if I had been Marie Louise, when Napoleon wrote to her to leave Paris, I would have done no such thing – I would

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have said, 'It is very well for you to advise this, but not for me to follow it' – I would have taken the little King of Rome," she added, gathering up her shawl in her hand like a doll, "I would have dandled him⁴¹⁰ at the window to the people, and would have kept the allies easily out of Paris". – "Madame," said I, "although it is high treason almost to say it, your Majesty would have made a very good king". She smiled, and rejoined, "A woman may do anything – I could make St Paul's come to me if I liked". – "Indeed," said I, "your Majesty has made St Paul's come to you".

The Queen continued, "I made some impression on Marie Louise – those about her saw it – so it was ordered we should never be alone a second time". She would do [CHECK] for France – but to let Neipperg go with her – no, no.

She spoke highly in praise of Burdett.

She then spoke a word or two about her own case, and the people. "What do you think?" she asked me. I told her the people were unanimous almost, but I never counted on them, as they had been so often opposed to government, and always failed. "Well," she added, "and the *troops*?" I answered, "I do not believe the stories told of them – I have heard of only two regiments, the Twelfth Lancers and the Nineteenth, who have expressed discontent – I do not believe anything beyond this". – "Nor I neither," she said. "I believe the Duke of Wellington has been to the Nineteenth". This was delicate ground – I said no more – indeed I knew no more, and the Queen herself certainly seemed to think with me that it was very idle to think upon the soldiers. She had as much right to ask the question as the King would have, for she is contending for her crown. I said I thought the ministers might go to war to prevent public attention – perhaps against Naples. "I think Lisbon rather," she said. She expressed great dislike of [the] Duke of Wellington – said Waterloo was a drawn battle – said he was her greatest enemy.

[She] expressed indignation at the confinement of Napoleon at St Helena.

I said that she had none of the nobility or higher gentry for her, but that they and all the Whig aristocracy would come to her if she triumphed. She said, "I will not let them then!" snapping her fingers.

We had more talk. When Wilson came up afterwards, Keppel Craven spoke to me and told me that Majocchi had said of Ompteda,⁴¹¹ that if he caught him at the Princess's he would kill him like a dog – "L'ammazzarei come un cane!" Afterwards he said at the House of Lords that he did not recollect Ompteda's

410: "it" (Ms.)

411: Baron Friedrich Ompteda was employed by the ministers to spy on Caroline.

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name. Ompteda had a new house made on purpose for him, namely, Hanoverian envoy at Rome.

We waited some time, and then went into the saloon, which was quite full of the Metropolitans. Sir Robert Wilson, Hume M.P., Sir Gerard Noel, Alderman Wood, &c. supported the Queen, who stood on a sofa, with Lady Anne Hamilton, Gell, Craven, and the Rev Mr Fellowes on her left. I read the address, kissed hands, and then the poor Queen went through the tedious ceremony of having her hand kissed by the hundreds present. I introduced Brooks, Hone, and Thelwall particularly – she had a kind word for each. The women almost all said, “God bless your Majesty!” and burst into tears as they looked at her. I was obliged gently to push them on.

When this was over I went into the inner room with the Queen and then presented an address from the St John’s union society, five of whom had kissed her hand. She received the address at the window in the sight of the rest, and of a great multitude who cheered violently. When I had done this, the Queen said, “Poor Mr Hobhouse!” seeing me look very fagged, and then, when I bowed out of the room, added, “God bless you!”

I drove away amid cheers, as hard as I could, to Hanover Square – dismissed the carriage – dressed – got into a hackney coach, and went to the Crown and Anchor to dine with the celebration of the Spanish Patriots. Found none of the Grandees or Whigs there but Bennett – he complained to me of the unaccountable supineness of the Whigs, who never will come forward – [he] said their absence today was jealousy of the Westminster *levée*. The Duke of Leinster, I afterwards learned, was dressed – how he came not to go, I know not. Hume, Sir Gerard Noel, and Wood were there – also Cartwright, who was placed at left of the chair, I on the right. We had two busts of Quiroga and Riego crowned with laurel.

Wilson made a good chairman – he *déjoué*d the Cartwrightians, who had resolved upon a disturbance. I gave Lafayette’s health, was much fagged, and made a poor speech, but [was] affectionately received. We had a Spanish song from one Romairo, who made a deal of fuss to begin but conjured himself at last into a fury, and performed so nobly with a chorus of his countymen that he was encored.

We came away after some little disturbance at eleven o’clock. On the whole the dinner was a failure – the fact is, the Cartwrightians cannot get up a dinner, or anything else. Slept at Hanover Square.

Tuesday October 3rd 1820: Up very late – went to Brooks’s – heard that

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Brougham had opened the Queen's defence and spoken strongly to four o'clock. All mighty civil to me – know not why, for I have not made any compromise of character. Lord John Russell pointed out to me a paragraph in the *Moniteur*, detailing the birth of the Duke of Bordeaux, and mentioning at what moment the *cordon umbilical* was cut – here are manners!! Suppose the Queen had indulged in such conversation. I found a letter from Burdett dated the 20th September, highly praising my speech of the 18th in the House of Commons.

I rode down to Whitton, dined, &c.

Wednesday October 4th 1820: Wrote a letter to Jeremy Bentham about Townshend of Pursey. **Wrote journal from Sunday last.** At Whitton, dawdling about.

Thursday October 5th 1820: At Whitton doing nothing – cannot read – walked a little with my sisters before dinner – after dinner idled – read a little at night.

Friday October 6th 1820: Writing letters to various people – doing nothing.

Saturday October 7th 1820: Same account of loss of time – try to read a little but cannot.

Sunday October 8th 1820: Ditto – walked alone into Osterley Park – sat down by the water, being in sad spirits, thinking of my darling Harriet, who I fear is in a very bad way. I composed some verses, which in spite of all that has been said, is the very natural resource of grief. I did not put them on paper till I came home – here they are:

1

Not time itself shall e'er⁴¹² assuage
The grief I feel for thee my dear
But friendly still from youth to age
Shall flow the never ceasing tear

2

For how can others reconcile
With all their charms, thy loss to me?
Midst all their charms I think the while

412: "ere" (Ms.)

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Alas! how little like to thee

3

Death & its terrors all I'd brave
One precious hour of thine to spare
But since I cannot fill thy grave
At least ah let me let me share

4

Not shady bower for lovers drest
Nor couch for downy slumbers made
Invites to such delightful rest
As the cold earth where thou art laid

5

Then come the day & come the hour
Together let us dare thy dart
Oh Death! thou lovest⁴¹³ all thy power
When cheated of thy power to part

The verses are far from finished, though perhaps they are tolerably good. I
walked back from Osterley, dined, &c.

Monday October 9th 1820: My time spent in reading [the] *Times* newspaper –
evidence for the Queen – which surpasses my expectation and completely knocks
up all the horrid fabrications (for so I think them to be) against her. Peers who
take the most decided part against her – Lauderdale, Donoughmore; and young
Lord Ellenborough, Carnarvon and Erskine the most decided leaning towards
justice and abhorers of the whole measure – Grey and Lansdowne pretty
impartial – Lord Holland seldom asking a question, but very decided against the
whole proceeding.

Walked out – dined with Matilda, as usual, alone.

Tuesday October 10th 1820: Very anxious that my sister Harriet should remain
at the sea, and doing everything for that object. Write letters, &c. Walk and dine.

413: "loosest" (Ms.)

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Read Hume at night.

Wednesday October 11th 1820: Rode up to Brandenburg House – immense crowds going there in procession – recognized, and almost cheered off my horse. The Kensington address [had] gone when I arrived. Rode to Kensington, spoke to my friends there, and read the Queen’s answer to their address aloud. Heard their opinions – one man said that he hoped to see Castlereagh punished capitally – I never heard this kind of language before – the feeling gone abroad is most intense.

I rode to London – spoke to Place, who gave me some hints as to the roguery of James Mill,⁴¹⁴ who has gone about accusing Burdett of shamming the gout – and still writes to him.

Thursday October 12th 1820: At Whitton as usual, writing and reading the *Times*.

Friday October 13th 1820: Ditto, ditto.

Saturday October 14th 1820: Ditto, ditto.

Sunday October 15th 1820: Ditto, ditto.

Monday October 16th 1820: Ditto. The Lords now seem to be boggling about the law points – the question now is whether they will admit proofs of witnesses for the bill – the evasion of Rastelli, through Powell’s help, has been a godsend – but still the ministerialists stick to every straw.

Lady Hobhouse came home – Harriet left as Hastings.

Tuesday October 17th 1820: Rode up to London – House of Commons met. I went there. It was rather full. [I was] given to understand that Tierney and Scarlett meant to move an amendment.

Hume brought forward the business of Fletcher or Franklin, the placard-writer, who has a son in the Guards, and who has been proved to be the author of the most violent bills issued these two years⁴¹⁵ – he wrote the letter to the Leicestershire jury – he wrote the Smithfield handbill – he it was who sent the

414: “Mills” (Ms.)

415: Fletcher, or Franklin, was suspected of being a government agent.

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invitation to the Manchester Committee for a general meeting at my rooms in Newgate – lastly it was he who wrote the handbill purporting to come from the Queen’s Plate committee, calling on the people to “make a strong pull, a long pull, and a pull altogether”.⁴¹⁶ Hume did not do the thing well – he began too high – he did not prove the connection with government, and he made an assertion or two which ministers were able to contradict. I seconded the motion ... motion withdrawn by Tierney’s desire.

Castlereagh moved the adjournment until November 23rd – Sir Gerard Noel moved till next day – Peter Moore seconded – then came the Whig amendment – adjournment for three weeks!!!

“And is this all you can do?” Creevey very properly said he was astonished at the way in which Tierney met the question. Creevey spoke out nobly – said the Queen’s trial was over, [and] they were now trying ministers. I prevailed on Lord Folkestone to speak – he also spoke out about conspiracy. Calcraft spoke out – Scarlett also spoke out, and on the whole a very different tone was taken, and a higher tone. If Tierney could but have been decisive, he would have had a noble following. I said a word or two in answer to Wellesley Pole,⁴¹⁷ who had attacked Calcraft for praising Eldon as a judge, but damning him as a politician. I quoted Dryden’s Shaftesbury over him,⁴¹⁸ and said a sentence about Rastelli, asking Castlereagh whether he would stop the evasion of the other witnesses – he did not answer. I put the question after the adjournment was carried, and he then gave his honour no other witness should evade. Western, Bennett of Wiltshire, Bright of Bristol, all said to me they thought the Queen innocent – I verily believe that to be the prevailing opinion – now, even among the gentry, would they own it.

Going home with Hume I had a word with Tierney. He said the bill would not pass the Lords – but what would the Queen get? “She will get her name in the Liturgy,” said I. – “Oh yes – for that – but all will be forgot and quiet in six months.” – “What?” said I. “Won’t you hang these ministers?” – “Ah,” replied Tierney, “I wish I had my life on as good a tenure as the ministers have their places”. And so we parted.

A little after I overtook Pat Holmes. I said laughingly, “Back out, my friend, as far as you can”. He laughed. “Come,” said [I], “you know your friends do not mean to pass the bill”. Holmes owned they did not, but added, “They will find

416: Compare *TVOJ*, 1, 7-8. The phrase was common on board ships.

417: *Hansard (New Series), Vol. III, 1820, pp.804-5.*

418: H. quotes, “In Israel’s court ne’er sat an Abdethin / With more discerning eyes or hands more clean” (Dryden, *Absalom and Achitophel*).

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some good friends in the Lords who will help them out". I said, "A resolution of censure, I suppose". He said, "Yes".

I rode home at eleven o'clock.

Wednesday October 18th 1820: Wrote some letters – walked out – a deputation from St George's, Hanover Square, called.

Thursday October 19th 1820: Rode up to London and presided at a meeting in St George's Hanover Square – poor meeting – Peter Moore made a long speech – went to Brooks's – peruques all mighty civil – it is wonderful they should suffer themselves to be led by such a fellow as Tierney. Rode home again.

Friday October 20th 1820: Letters from Byron⁴¹⁹ – he is a Queen's man. It is satisfactory to think that the Italians, who set out with thinking the Queen guilty,⁴²⁰ now think her innocent. He sent me some intelligence which I sent to the *Times*⁴²¹ – desires me to read his new tragedy *Marino Faliero*.⁴²²

Saturday October 21st 1820: Dawdling – reading *Times*, &c.

Sunday October 22nd 1820: Ditto, ditto. Cobbett attacks me for praising the Lord Chancellor – I *praise him!!!*

Monday October 23rd 1820: Examination of witnesses on part of Queen closed. Attorney-General asked for time to send for Colonel Bourne. Chancellor took a day to think of it – and then came down – *not content*. For this he is praised – as if it was not all settled before.

King's Counsel only examined one witness against defence – Captain Briggs. I employed writing letters and dawdling and reading *Marino Faliero* – I think it will *act well*.

419: BLJ VII 177-9.

420: See 16 Oct, 16.

421: The information related to a gold chain which Queen Caroline placed around Bergami's neck in Venice; however, BB has it appearing on Sep 21, the day B. wrote his letter. He subsequently re-opened it (BLJ VII 180) to "enclose you one which contains some hints which may be useful to Queeney": the enclosure is from Hoppner.

422: Started Apr 4, 20; finished July 16, 20. Sent to Murray July 24-Aug 17. H. never seems to read it as some modern critics would, as a comment on Cato Street.

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Tuesday October 24th 1820: Went up to London – dined with Mrs Forbes – slept at N^o 2 Hanover Square. Denman opened his defence.

Wednesday October 25th 1820: Dressed in court clothes. Received Mr Gardner – talked with him about a dinner of the Rump tomorrow at [the] Freemason's – told him freely my objections to going there – might lead to more – Burdett never does it.

Went in procession, heading fifty carriages, to Brandenburg House, through immense crowds – a foot pace – and took three hours to go. Thirty depositions went up today. I presented four addresses: Lanark, Wotton-under-Ridge, and Haverfordwest.⁴²³ Had some private conversation with the Queen. She introduced [me] to a Count just come from Bologna, saying that I “represented the most independent place in England”. She then took me aside – I told her that I had just been saying a word to Lady Anne Hamilton, relative to the propriety of her Majesty not receiving any more addresses in person. “You think so?” said she. “So do I – we had better leave off whilst we are well – we must not keep squeezing the orange till all the juice is out. Do pray speak to Mr Wood about this.” I told the Queen that it would be necessary to keep her council on this subject – that there were a certain set of men who thought they could never have enough of a good thing, and who were very jealous of any prudent advice given to her Majesty. I said this pointing to Cartwright. “Oh, I understand you,” she said; “Yes – he would go on to the Day of Judgement”

I told the Queen that I thought popular feeling had been so manifested that if the addressing were to go on forever, it could not be more clear than it was now, and that after a certain time, all exhibition became futile and ridiculous. She agreed with me. We talked of the bill – I told her I heard it would not pass the Lords, but that there would be a censure. She snapped her fingers, and said, “*That* for their censure!” She then asked me what I thought the Commons would do. My answer was, “Any dirty thing they were desired by Castlereagh”. – “I quite agree with you,” said she. “Some about me tell me otherwise, but I think as you do”. She then repeated, “I wish you would settle with Mr Wood, and let my determination be announced immediately”.

Soon after we went into the great room, and I presented the St George's address. Hume and others presented addresses. When the kissing hands had been performed, the Queen withdrew. Mr Fellowes came up to me and said that he very much wished speak to me as to the manner in which some use might be

423: If there was a fourth petition, H. does not mention it.

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made of public feeling. I said that the great thing now was to take care, and not to exhaust it. He agreed with me, and said that he had often told *Wood* so, but he was a vain man, and liked the continuation of the shows.

Keppel Craven came and said he was commanded by the Queen to come to me and ask me to assist him in drawing up a notification that the Queen would receive no more addresses in person. Whilst we were talking, up came Wood, and said there were opportunities for Wednesday next, and her Majesty had better appoint that for the last day. Craven said his orders were positive. Hume came up – he inclined first for another day, and then for this being the last. I recommended that the announcement should be made in the *Gazette*. All agreed. Craven said he would write to me.

Shortly afterwards I went away. The carriage was a long time in getting away from the crowd. [There were] cries of “Gin!” “Bear!” and “Apples!” like a fair.

Walked from Sion to Whitton.

Thursday October 26th 1820: Lushington this day closed the Queen’s defence. I see by the papers that the Queen has made the announcement – none received publickly after Monday. On Monday last I wrote to Byron⁴²⁴ and to Lord Kinnaird. I was to have dined to day with the Rump at the Freemasons, but did not go. They are excellent men, but I do not think it would add to their party if I dined with them – nor to my respectability – perhaps this absence may do me much harm – I cannot help it.

Walked out – read two acts of *Marino Faliero* aloud.

Friday October 27th 1820: Attorney-General began his reply. Prince Leopold called on the Queen. I walked about – dined – read another act. Read *Memoirs of Peter Henry Bruce Esq – Russian General*⁴²⁵ – very funny.

Wrote journal this day – disappointed at not seeing some young ladies⁴²⁶ who were to dine and stay a day with us.

424: BB 301-2; not actually sent till November 6 Nov, 20.

425: *The Memoirs of Peter Henry Bruce Esq., Russian General, containing an Account of his Travels in Germany, Russia, Tartary, Turkey and the West Indies* (1782).

426: Perhaps the “half a dozen girls from 15 to 25” to whom H. reports himself as having read *Marino Faliero* in his letter of 6 Nov: his sisters and half-sisters.

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Saturday October 28th 1820: Wrote a letter to Murray with opinion of the tragedy. **Wrote journal** – prepared for going out into Sussex. Walked out, dined, &c.

Sunday October 29th 1820: Did not go as I intended, for it rained hard all the morning, but stayed at Whitton.

Monday October 30th 1820: At twelve, set off on horseback with my groom for Battle Abbey, having received messages from Sir Godfrey Webster⁴²⁷ and the Duke of Sussex through Kinnaird and Cullen requesting me to join the party at the Abbey. Rode by Bromley and Sevenoaks to Tonbridge, about thirty-nine miles – a most beautiful ride, particularly down the hill upon Clavering. I do not recollect to have seen anything more lovely. Came to Tonbridge about five – put up at the Crown (Parker's) – good inn – good bed. Wrote a long answer to [the] lies that Hunt has been circulating in Manchester against Burdett and me.

Tuesday October 31st 1820: Dispatched my answer to Place, telling him to publish or not as he felt right.

At twelve, set out for Battle. Remarked Summer Hill, now Mr Alexander's, on the left. Beautiful ride all the way – twenty-eight miles – to Battle. Saw the flag flying on Battle tower – entered this fine old place. The hall [is] magnificent, a great picture of the Battle of Hastings covering one end: one face – the bishop's – said to be good, but the whole not good. One Wilkins, I believe, painted it, and it cost nearly £2,000. Two wretched⁴²⁸ busts of Sir Godfrey and Lady Webster – the whole effect, however, of the hall [is] very grand. Also a drawing-room, fitted up in a Gothic cellular apartment, in very good taste. The dining room gaudy but good.

Webster came, and welcomed me as an old college acquaintance should – he abused the Whigs of his county: said that the Cavendishes might have carried him and Charles Cavendish⁴²⁹ for £15,000, whereas they spent £23,000 to lose

427: Sir Godfrey Vassall Webster (1789-1836), son of Lady Holland by her first marriage. Until recently, M.P. for Sussex. Sometime lover of Caroline Lamb. He married Charlotte Adamson (1791-1867), in 1814. They had four children, and separated in 1828. He was profligate and unstable.

428: "reached" (Ms.)

429: Charles Compton Cavendish (1793-1863), sometime M.P. for Aylesbury. Son of

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one seat. Lord George⁴³⁰ gave out that “God forbid he should be identified with Webster and the Reformers”. Webster says he can command seven or eight hundred votes as long as he sticks to Reform. He is an odd man – it may be said, half a mad man. He sits up ordinarily all night, smoking and reading, and lies in bed until six in the evening.⁴³¹ He seldom sees Lady Webster except at dinner, for a short time, and scarcely cohabits with this fine and lovely woman, who bears all inimitably. He told me that repairing the Abbey had cost him £70,000. He (so Kinnaird tells me) succeeded to £16,000 a year, of which he has spent half. Lady Webster has persuaded him to tie up the other – whilst dressing.

Burdett arrived. Great and mutual salutations – he looked very well. Cullen also came, and Kinnaird. Burdett and I talked on [the] Queen’s case. He [is] dissatisfied with the defence – he, as I, thought Lushington’s defence the best. [He] objected to the counsel having kept back Schiavini, Demont, Mariette and Hieronymus – [he] thought the Attorney-General’s a damaging speech in so far as it answered the defence.

I find that Burdett feels really diffident about identifying himself in any way with the Queen – thinks her unsafe, but believes her innocent. I told him what I had respecting her – he approved – agreed with me that it would have been better to have made no defence at all, but to have tendered witnesses of a conspiracy.

Ellice came in. He told us that he knew the ministers were making up lists and canvassing regularly for the bill, but that they would have only [a] fifteen majority. The Duke of Sussex has been to see the Queen, Prince Leopold⁴³² twice, Lord and Lady Fitzwilliam, Lord Milton, Lord Darlington, and several others have also been; but I learn from my Westminster friends that the persuasion is [that] the bill will pass the Lords.

I walked downstairs and was introduced by the Duke of Sussex⁴³³ to Lady Webster – a very charming woman. The party was: those mentioned, Lady Cecilia Buggin,⁴³⁴ Mr Keppell, and Mr Gore, the Duke’s aides, and Lady Hannah Ellice. Our dinner was most magnificent – French, and wines to satiety, gold

430: Lord George Cavendish (1754-1834), M.P. for Derbyshire.

431: It was Webster’s boast that he breakfasted just before going to bed.

432: Widower of Princess Charlotte. Caroline’s son-in-law.

433: Augustus Frederick, Duke of Sussex (1773-1843), sixth son to George III. A progressive in politics. Grand Master of the Freemasons. Much-travelled. Alienated from the royal family.

434: Lady Cecilia Buggin (1793-1873), Sussex’s future wife.

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plate, &c.,⁴³⁵ but all in an odd way – only one family servant in livery. The conversation [was] very easy, and not perhaps quite reserved enough, for much of it referred to some personal fun between Kinnaird and others, which I own I do not enjoy.

The Duke's harsh, loud, high voice [was] not heard so much as I could have wished, for he is a very well-informed man, quite liberal, and now begins to be radical. I shall put down some few things he said [during] the two days. He was a strong Queen's man – he stated that the difference of manners abroad and at home had not been enough insisted upon by the Queen's counsel – and he reprobated the ignorance and brutality of the Lords in passing sentence without making allowance for this difference. I mentioned the menagerie at Pisa – he said that he recollects when the present King, *with ladies*, used to go the Duke of Cumberland's stud house in Windsor Park to see the horses and mares copulate. He said that he recollected having heard so early as 1796 that a lady of the court desired another lady, then about the Prince of Wales's person, to take care to always to have someone to sleep in the room with her, as otherwise "It would be sworn that she had a man with her". The Duke of Sussex told us he reminded the Queen of this on his late visit, and she said it was very true – here, then, we begin the conspiracy; but unfortunately both the ladies are dead, and the Duke would not tell their names. He said, "I put you on the scent – you may follow it up, but I do not wish you to have it from me". This he said frequently when telling us anecdotes. He said he thought[t] the Queen very much altered – and [that she] wore false teeth.

He told us that it was he who advised the Princess Charlotte to go back to her father, because unless her lawyers could show the Regent had no right to her – she must go back, therefore it was better to yield with a good grace.

Kinnaird gave us Brougham's history of the matter – he was present, and the Princess was in fits of laughter at the bishops and judges coming after her.

The Duke justified the late Queen – said she was a person very much mistaken – was often made to bear reproaches for what she was not answerable – did not make a purse – and disposed of the property she had, very properly, amongst her daughters. The Duke said he knew his father had not left a large fortune – the common account was true. He said of himself [that] he seldom if ever put anything upon paper, whereas his brother, the Duke of Kent, always

435: In a letter to B. of Nov 6 (BB 301-3) H. writes, "I have just just been at a jollification at Webster's, Battle Abbey – Lobsters" [underlined three times] "– Champagne – drank like fishes, ate like wolves. D. of Sussex chief performer". That's his entire section on the house-party.

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answered every letter, and had three copies of every letter of his own.

The Duke mentioned [that] he had lived eighteen years abroad. He strongly reprobated Lord Bathurst for examining Lord Guildford⁴³⁶ as to a private conversation he had heard at his own table from Lord Guildford. Also Mr Lindsay's letter being brought as evidence against Lady Charlotte L.

The Duke told us a story of Eldon when Attorney General – how *he* treated *him* respecting *his* marriage with Madame D'Ameland⁴³⁷ – it was most villainous – but I do not recollect it well enough to put it down.

I thought I recollected a great deal more, and indeed the Duke told several interesting anecdotes which I forget now, but may recollect another time – he was vastly good-humoured, very attentive to the M.P.s for Westminster, though not so familiar with them as with the others. Sir Francis Burdett did not speak much – the Duke evidently tried to give us materials for attack on ministers in our den. He mentioned the stupidity of the Lords, mistaking the Italian Columbine for the English Columbine.

The great drawback on our party was the smoking – this occurred at all hours and in all rooms, much to the annoyance of Burdett and me, and a pity for Lady Webster. The Duke sat down to whist, and kept up the whist party until four o'clock – he pulled off his coat and waistcoat, put on a dressing jacket, took a pipe, and then played.

I went to bed at twelve – could not sleep – either Burgundy, or a bad bed, the cause.

Wednesday November 1st 1820: The party waited an hour for breakfast, and, the Duke not coming, sat down at twelve o'clock – he came soon after. Papers read – Ompteda's letters – stories were told of his alliances – one person mentioned that he was a swindler, and had cheated a friend of his out of two thousand *louis*. It was remarked that Ompteda wished to persuade the Queen⁴³⁸ to embark *without any Englishmen* – and that this was proof of the ultimate design and conspiracy.

We went out shooting – the Duke joined in his carriage and was then lifted on a grey pony – very fat – and, incredibly, a *Jäger* carried two guns – he put a pipe in his mouth – carried a bottle of brandy – and was attended by a servant carrying

436: Sic Ms. "Guilford" may be intended.

437: In 1793 Sussex had married Lady Augusta Murray; the marriage had been declared invalid, and she assumed the name of D'Ameland.

438: "Princess" (Ms.)

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a great coat and stick. He got off at every grip,⁴³⁹ and was put in an open place now and then to shoot. He had, I believe, only one shot. This he bore very good-naturedly, and said to me, "I know I make a damned ridiculous figure – but I don't care a farthing for it!"

We had but poor sport, there being, as Burdett said to me, three keepers and three pheasants. We killed five braces, I believe, overall.

Had a christening⁴⁴⁰ of Webster's second boy – the Duke stood sponsor – a Dr Birch, Dean of Battle, performed. Lady Webster asked the Duke whether the Dean should dine with us – he said, "By no means". We had a similar dinner – intense gourmandize – I can't say I enjoyed it, but the Duke's conversation was very agreeable.

The same sort of thing in the evening as before – smoking and whist – I copied out of a collection in the possession of Webster called *English Miscellanies*, made during [the] Civil War, which Rolph the historian had in his possession as a loan from Sir Thomas Webster, and intended to republish. What I copied was a parody on the commandments and creed and paternoster, made to ridicule the parliament. I sent it to Hone for his history of parodies. The collection is very curious indeed. Webster also has many of the tracts from which Somers' collection was made. He showed me a little book transcribed from an autograph of Sir Thomas Fairfax by "H.F." in 1676 – probably one of the family – I read the greater part of it – it is a short memoir of Sir Thomas Fairfax's command of the parliament army. He seems to have been a good sort of person, totally unimplicated in the designs of the Cromwellians – and indeed not even an advocate for a change of government. He talks as if he were for the King – greatly reprobates the agitators who seized him and the judges who beheaded him, and he mentions that he sent after his Majesty when taken by Joyce, and would have brought him back to Holmby, but the King "would not," and afterwards Charles I told Fairfax he had as much interest in the army as Fairfax – by which it was clear [that] Cromwell and his friends deluded the King.

Fairfax mentions his ordering Sir Charles Lucas and Sir George Lisle to be shot with great indifference. The town had surrendered at mercy – the court martial had called him in to know his interpretation of the surrender – he gave it – some [to be] spared, some punished – he chose to transfer Lord Capel and others to be tried by their peers, but Lisle and Lucas were adventurers, he says, and he might do as the court martial determined. He says he might as well be

439: A grip is a trench, drain, or enlarged furrow.

440: "Xtening" (Ms.)

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questioned about his conduct at the siege of Bristowe, or any other time. Nevertheless we may say it was a bloody and an impolitic execution. Fairfax does not, as far as I read, mention Cromwell by name – he calls him once “the Lieutenant-General”. He is called by “H.F.” “the Lord Thomas Fairfax”.

Thursday November 2nd 1820: This day the second reading of the Pains and Penalties Bill comes on. After breakfast, the Duke of Sussex departed. He wished us all goodbye without “Mistering” us. The Ellices also went. I went out shooting. Did not kill one pheasant, and had only two (double) shots.

Small party at dinner: Burdett, Kinnaird, Cullen, host and hostess and I – all the grandeur gone, which made us think how much better it is for a gentleman to live always in the same way.

At night I played chess, and beat Webster – inglorious triumph indeed.

Friday November 3rd 1820: The whole party set out for Tonbridge except myself. Heard from a Mr Capron, a partner of the late attorney Dawson, that Sir Murray Maxwell had not yet paid what he owed Dawson for the election in 1818.

At one, about, I took leave and rode to Hastings – found my sisters in a miserable little house in Hill Street, to which they had been suffered to go by Dr Christopher Pegge, who had turned them out of the house he had before “kindly” let them have – well done, Sir Rob. I find all the girls very naturally incensed against him.

Poor Harriet is looking very ill, and coughing very much, but in better spirits than when at Whitton. I know not what to think of her staying here, especially as Pegge seems such a false loon, and in order to get her out of his house, said the place would not agree. I saw the man, and judged at once that he is a poor creature.

Dined, and spent the evening – melancholy enough.

I have a letter from Place – he has wisely not published, but his reason is curious – he says thousands are determined to run all risks for the Queen, and that the fate of all things might depend on a single regiment. This sounds serious – but after all it is mere hearsay and conjecture – nor do I see how it applies to my letter, except he thinks Hunts will be uppermost, and cut my throat. However, I am glad it is not published.

I slept nobly.

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Saturday November 4th 1820: Up at nine – read *Times* of yesterday,⁴⁴¹ and noted [that the] Chancellor [is] for [the] Bill – weak speech. Erskine against – taken ill, poor fellow. I wish I was in town to enquire after him. Lauderdale for the bill, Rosebery against, Redesdale for – and a very weak speech.

I write journal from Saturday last. *Discovery* ships returning, or returned – not got through the Sound, but passed Ross, and gone far enough to get £5,000 reward from the Board of Longitude.

Mem: Place told me that the father of the present Sir John Elley, a great favourite of the King's, kept a pot-house in Furnival's Inn. Place has seen Elley drawing beer there – he went into the army and was made a quartermaster, and rose to be an officer. It is not long ago since he thought it fit to drop the acquaintance of Place, who recollected "Jack *Alley*, the pot-boy". Now this is a parallel Place has given for Bergami's elevation.

Walked out on the hills here – dined, and spent the evening at home.

Sunday November 5th 1820: Read *Times* – and noted Lord Harewood against the Bill – Lord Grey made a very able speech – Lord Liverpool followed [with] vile special pleading – and what is monstrous, a great deal going in Demont and Sachi, and the other *blasted*⁴⁴² evidence. [The] ministers seem resolved to go through thick and thin with their measure. Hownam's evidence [is] made the pretext for passing the Bill.

I wrote letters – walked out, and evening at home. Read lives of Haydn and Mozart by Bombet – exceedingly entertaining, particularly for the new sort of world which the writer discovers to those who are not musical. He tells some extraordinary stories of the composers – for example, Gluck wrote in a meadow with a bottle of champagne on each side of him – Anfossi's⁴⁴³ brother surrounded with *fowls and sausages!!!* All the great composers appeared about the year 1730.⁴⁴⁴

Monday November 6th 1820: Wrote letters⁴⁴⁵ and walked out.

[NOT IN DIARY: Hobhouse's letter to Byron, November 6th 1820:

441: It takes a day for a newspaper to get from London to Hastings.

442: "blasted" means "discredited".

443: Pasquale Anfossi (1727-97) Italian composer. His brother seems unknown.

444: So much for Bach and Handel.

445: Including one to B. (BB 301-3).

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(Source: text from National Library of Scotland Ms.43443; BB 301-2)
[Pour le très honorable Milord / Milord Byron / à son hotel / Ravenne / en Italie
/ par Calais]

[*letter concludes at top of first sheet.*] As to the being called to order – you know it is nothing – & in this case, the Speaker was palpably wrong – for I pursued the same line afterwards, though I pretended to have dropt it – but you shall not have politics from me as well as Douglas. I have just been at a jollification at Webster’s – Battle Abbey – Lobsters⁴⁴⁶ Champagne – drank like fishes, ate like wolves.” D. of Sussex chief performer⁴⁴⁷ – I shall write again very soon – J. C. H.

Hastings Novemb. 6. 1820

My dear Byron,

I had yesterday a letter from you dated Octob. 17 announcing two other letters which had not arrived – but wait at Murray’s for me – I have sent for them in great eagerness – Tell your friend not to fear exposure – However rimose in small matters I would not in things touching fortune or honor let out a secret though in the bull of Phalaris – The Attorney General was fool enough to deny the story about the chain when lo! the Times published the very certificate given by Fanno – who sent it to him I know not – The Lords are trying to carry the bill – which, however, I think must fail one way or the other – if it succeeds then will come the Reform I am persuaded – for the people are actually mad – the black blackguard Lauderdale and the Irish blackguard <Lauderdale> {Donaghmore} are the great partizans against Queeney – I never see her without her sending some civil message to you – It is, indeed, a pity you come not

1:2

here to do an act of justice to this unfortunate woman – However, as you are not here, do not act amongst the Sausage eaters of the Exarchate, any one of who would betray you for half a paul – If you will not act for us write for us – You have done so already & very well – I have read your tragedy⁴⁴⁸ twice & with great attention I think – Foscolo is right – it is very good Venetian – so good indeed that I think the very admirable & just picture of the sort of solitary grandeur of a Doge will not be quite intelligible except to a travelled or a learned

446: “lobsters” underlined three times.

447: The Duke of Sussex was a radical Whig; H. and friends have been discussing reform, but he does not tell B. about it.

448: *Marino Faliero*.

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man – My opinion is most decisive, that, with Kean for Marino Faliero, and with some little alterations – the play would succeed completely on the stage – You have fallen into an inadvertence at the close – Those in the last scene see over again what happened in the last scene but one – Do you recollect it? There are two sensualities in it that you should omit – I think – namely the comparison

1:3

of women's robes to fleecy clouds "twixt us & heaven"⁴⁴⁹ – and the inference you draw from pretty "extremities"⁴⁵⁰ – These whether considered either as prettiness or as impurities are unworthy of such a poet & such a play – I presume also to object to the long account which Lioni gives to himself of a Venetian masked ball – It may be poetic but I doubt whether it is dramatic or comes within the latitude of soliloquizing – I tried your play by what I imagine a good test – I read it aloud to half a dozen girls from 15 to 25⁴⁵¹ – They were highly delighted & interested by the management of your plot simple as it is – Indeed the pedants cannot quarrel with you about the unities – you have been quite strict to that of time and as to place you have been much more particular than any of our dramatists except Addison – I have looked out the Hints – by heavens we must have some "cutting and slashing" in order to qualify them for the present state of your

1:4 [*above address*:] friendships literary & others – but as I said before the hints are good – good to give though not likely to be taken – Prose & all shall be overhauled & when this cursed affair about the Carolina is over you shall come out either with the Xmas pies or the butterflies – [*below address*:] I have written strongly today to the Douglas touching Hanson. If that will not do I will write to Hanson himself – You are not "helpless" – I will do any thing you like, so will Douglas – damn his radical politics – You have hit him – were he in parliament, he would have another vent – Also are you right, look you, about my speech & motion for prorogation – Every body said it was very good & very right [*letter concludes at top of first sheet.*]

... Saw my old acquaintance Mr Weatherall – he told me some curious

449: *Marino Faliero* IV i 57-8.

450: *Ibid.*, 1.61: "... the fair forms which terminate so well".

451: His sisters and half-sisters.

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anecdotes, true or not I cannot say, but he bade⁴⁵² me remark, talking of the Queen's manner, that Mrs Delaney, in her letters, tells that when first introduced to the Queen Charlotte, she found her in bed, with a bishop, and other men, standing beside her. He pointed out a quotation from Wharton's *Ode on the Banishment of Atterbury*. Here it is:

Thy mighty ruin to effect
What plots have been devised
What arts and perjuries been used
What laws and rights despised
How many fools and knaves by bribes allowed
And witnesses by hopes and threats secured.
And yet they act this dark deceit
Veiled⁴⁵³ with a nice disguise
And form a specious show of right
From treachery and lies
With arbitrary power the people awe
And coin unjust oppression into law.

see Nicholl's Collection, 1782, vol v p 32.

Hear that Lord Lansdowne when here sent for Whistler the parson, to ask him what the popular feeling was in the Queen's case!!

Dine, &c., at home. I learn that Bishop Horley used to live in this house. Procession of Guy Fawkes still continued here.

Tuesday November 7th 1820: Read yesterday's / Saturday's⁴⁵⁴ debate in the Times – Liverpool's speech concluded – Lord Arden against second reading – Lord Falmouth also, on account of divorce clause – Lord Lauderdale said, to entrap his vote, that he, Lord Lauderdale, intended to be heard against that clause in the committee. Lord Ellenborough declared *against* second reading on account of the almost universal feeling against the measure – but he thought the Queen guilty. Lord Asburton against. Lord Erskine finished his speech – most noble – against all together, as Grey's had been – “not guilty”. Lord De Dunstanville for – he made use of Brougham's threat as others had done. Lord Manners (Irish Chancellor) for – Duke of Newcastle outrageously *for*, without having heard the defence, which he owned – Lord Lansdowne against *in toto*, and lashed the Duke

452: “bid” (Ms.)

453: “veiled” (Ms.)

454: Ms. allows both readings.

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of Newcastle. [The] Queen went to the House of Lords, but did not attend the debate. The Lords meet at ten, and adjourn about four.

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Employed day as before – writing letters, walking, reading in evening, *Siècle [de] Louis XIV* – recollect what Voltaire says about the treatment of [the] Queens of France – Anne of Austria, &c.

Wednesday November 8th⁴⁵⁵ 1820: Read debate of Monday. Lord Lansdowne concluded a most forcible speech – I think, the best made – no immorality proved – some improprieties, but against the bill *in toto*. [The] Duke of Northumberland [was] for [a] second reading – called this “a chaste and moral country,” whereat their Lordships laughed. Lord Howard [was] against; Lord Enniskillen against, and strongly, though voting for [the] first reading; Lord Calthorpe against, but on expediency – he disapproved of the Queen, and called on Lord Ellenborough to make good his suggestion of a censure, or something. Lord De Clifford agreed to [the] impropriety of [her] conduct, but nothing else – [he was] *against*; Lord Grantham would not say “not guilty,” but he would not say “not content;” Lord Gosford – “guilty” – but “*not* content,” on account of [the] divorce clause; [the] Duke of Athol – “guilty and content;” Lord Grenville, in an artful, undertoned speech, begging to influence no-one, and influencing many, “guilty and content” – he talked of the circumstantial evidence on which men are convicted of murder – “Yes, but then murder has been committed” – even the Lord Chancellor was obliged to say afterwards there was no analogy in the case.

Lord Roslyn, in a capital speech, “not guilty and not content”.

[The] House divided on [the] second reading at three o’clock. The peers delivered their vote, standing one by one. Majority for second reading: 28. Contents, 123, non-contents, 95. All cabinet members, that is, [the] prosecution, voted for. [The] Dukes of York and Clarence [were] for. [The] Archbishops of Canterbury and Tuam – and ten bisohops, for; the Archbishop of York [was] the only prelate against the Bill. [The] Duke of Newcastle, Earl Sheffield, and Earl Hume (who did not hear the defence), for.

What to think of this majority I know not, nor how⁴⁵⁶ the ministers would press it. It was evident that several peers had voted for the second bill under a notion that great alterations would take place in the committee, and particularly that the divorce clause would be thrown out. It seems that no-one knew exactly

455: “7” (Ms.)

456: “how” (Ms.)

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what the majority would be – for I had a letter from Wilson of that date (Monday), stating some said 25, and some 50. The canvassing has been very earnest. Canning’s friends are against the Bill.

The Queen’s friends, to judge from the *Times*, hardly know what to think of the division.

I wrote a letter yesterday to Lord Mayor Thorp, regretting I could not dine with him and Sheriffs Waithman and Williams. There is to be a great display of Queen’s friends. All [the] cabinet ministers refused to go.

Walked and dined and read as usual.

Thursday November 9th 1820: Received a letter from my father in which he told me that yesterday [the] divorce clause [was] carried in committee, Lord Grey and others voting for it in order to ensure rejection of the Bill.

Read in *Times*’ report of the] debate of Tuesday [that] Lord Dacre present[ed] a protest from the Queen against the prosecutors voting, and against those [who had been] absent from [the] defence voting. After some wrangling, this protest was entered, but with a caveat before it. Lord Liverpool proposed, Lord Darnley opposed. Lord Liverpool proceeded to read [the] preamble, [and] moved that “Pergami” should be written instead of “Bergami;” that the clause about the titles, knighthoods, &c., should be omitted. Grenville, Lauderdale, [and] Ellenborough seemed to object, but [the] “amendment” [was] carried, on [the] ground that the circumstance was “not clearly made out”!!! – as if an attempt was “clearly made” to omit the adulterous intercourse clause,⁴⁵⁷ as also the indecent familiarity clause, by Lords Darlington, Orford, Calthorpe, Erskine, and Saye – but opposed by Donoughmore, Lauderdale and Liverpool.

Lord Carnarvon then moved that these words be added: “and subsequent to her return, refused £50,000 a year of public money, and the proffered homage of both houses of parliament” – a good joke – turned off.

Then came the debate on the divorce clause. [The] Archbishop of York spoke strongly against, but thought [the] Queen guilty. [The] Bishop of Chester [was] against, though he thought [the] Queen guilty. [The] Archbishop of Canterbury [was] for, and [thought the] Queen guilty. Lord King said that it was generally understood [that the] divorce clause was to be omitted. [The] Bishop of Worcester [was] against [the] divorce clause, but [thought the Queen] guilty. [The] Bishop of Llandaff [was] for – [the] Bishop of London for, and said the King could not only no wrong, but not even a folly!! Lord Lauderdale [was]

⁴⁵⁷: “as if were clearly made out an attempt was made to omit the adulterous” (Ms.)

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against the divorce clause; Lord Darnley said he was against [the] Bill with ye clause and without it. Lord Donoughmore for the divorce clause.

[The] Bishop of Chester [said] nothing should make him vote for the Bill with the divorce clause. Lord Harrowby [was] against; Lord Fitzwilliam against; Lord Liverpool saw no objection to it, but if an objection, a “prejudice,” prevailed in the religious part of the community against the divorce clause, he had no objection to give it up. [The] Lord Chancellor made a strange humbugging speech, saying he would not give his opinion until he had heard their Lordships’. Lord Grey asked if he meant “*all*;” Lord Duncan said the whole was a conspiracy – adjourned at four.

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I see by the paper that Burdett’s and my absence at the St Giles’ and Bloomsbury meeting on Tuesday was noticed – so that here have I attended heaven knows how often, and when by accident I cannot write or come to *one* meeting, invidious notice is taken – but a man must make up his mind to this. I thought of writing to the *Times* newspaper, and actually did write two letters – but burnt both, thinking that to correct every misrepresentation would be endless.

Spent the day as usual, walking with Weatherall, &c.

Friday November 10th 1820: This day decides the Bill. I wrote a letter to Lady Anne Hamilton, enquiring after the Queen’s health. Wrote to Wilson about a man who has offered to help him in fighting for the Queen, saying, “I am six feet high and have a good leg”. It turns out that the man is mad, but a gentleman and a scholar – named Slegg.

Read the debate of Wednesday – [which] continued on [the] divorce clause. [The] Archbishop of Tuam [was] against – he said so much had already been said on the “thirty-second verse of the fifth chapter of St Matthew,”⁴⁵⁸ &c. – this will show to what the House of Lords has been tu[r]ned by this famous Bill. He referred to the second chapter of Malachi!⁴⁵⁹

[The] Bishop of Peterborough proposed to cut off the civil, and leave the religious part of the contract!! [The] Archbishop of York [was] stronger than

458: “But I say unto you, that whosoever shall put away his wife, saving for the cause of fornication, causeth her to commit adultery: and whosoever shall marry her that is divorced committeth adultery”.

459: The chapter includes “... the Lord hath been witness between thee and the wife of thy youth, against whom thou hast dealt treacherously: yet she is thy companion, and the wife of thy covenant ... let none deal treacherously against the wife of his youth” (Malachi II, 14-15).

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before. Lord Redesdale – for; [the] Lord Chancellor – for, but said he “would yield his opinion to the religious impressions of others;” Lord Lansdowne thought the clause belonged to the Bill. Lord King ridiculed the whole proceeding, and said that Liverpool and the Chancellor of the Exchequer had played at Blind Man’s Bluff at Blackheath with the Queen when Princess – Liverpool denied it – Lord King said, “About the time of the Regency”. – “Upon my honour, *No!*” said Liverpool. – “Well then,” replied Lord King, “It shows how little reports are to be trusted”.

Lord Grey should vote for the clause in order to get rid of the Bill. Lord Donoughmore, for; Lord Ellenborough, for, because the Bill without the clause would be a seditious libel on the King. Lord Somers, for; Lord Limerick, for; Lord Essex, for – on Lord Grey’s grounds – he stated the whole to be a conspiracy; Lord Ancon, for, on the same grounds – Lord Carnarvon also; Lord Holland, for; [the] Marquis of Buckingham, for [the] bill and for [the] clause; Lord Glasgow, for both; Lord Manners, for both; Lord Falmouth, against [the] Bill, but for [the] clause; Lord Darnley, against both; Lord Hampden, for both; Lord Belhaven voted against [the] clause.

[The] House divided. Contents, 129; non-contents, 62. All the cabinet ministers in the minority. Scarcely any alteration is this made in the Bill, the chief being the leaving out the word “the” before “various countries” in which the adultery was charged and laid. The fate of this manoeuvre of Lord Grey’s I own I did not foresee, although it was (lately at least) my opinion that the Bill would fall somewhere.

After walking about with Weatherall, I went to the library and read the papers of the day, which give [an] account of the debates yesterday. [The] House met at ten, and sat only till twelve. [The] Bill [was] reported.

[The] Duke of Hamilton objected to [the] adulterous clause, but was stopped as informal amendments were read. Lord Ellenborough stated that the amendments modified “nothing,” the omission of “the” being the principal – he called on all those who voted under [the] impression that modifications would take place for [the] second reading to vote against [the] third. Lord Lauderdale called Lord Grey’s conduct “a trick” – Lord Grey answered angrily. Lord Liverpool agreed that if any peer had voted for [the] second reading under [the] impression of alterations, he might vote against [the] third reading. Lord Ellenborough begged no-one to abstain from voting – “if his absence caused what his presence might prevent, he committed a crime”. Lord Calthorpe defended both Lord Grey and Lord Liverpool, but should be against [a] third reading. Lord Donoughmore spoke in praise of Lord Liverpool.

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The Lord Chancellor declared himself, both as to religion and politics, for the Bill, divorce and all.

[The] Duke of Hamilton moved that the adulterous intercourse clause should be left out – negatived without discussion – Lord Fitzwilliam said the adulterous intercourse had not been proved. Lord Carnarvon moved his clause, respecting the refusal of the Queen to take £50,000, &c. – negatived. Lord King moved that the Milan Commission should be the parties punished – negatived with laughter – Lord Renyon moved omission of the divorce clause – negatived without a division – adjourned.

Such was the close of this day (Thursday). I saw by the *Times* that the Queen's friends doubted whether or not Lord Grey's scheme would succeed.

I came home – dined and read, &c.

Saturday November 11th 1820: I thought of hunting this morning, but did not go.

Heard bells ringing. Thought, "What if this should be for [the] rejection of the Bill?" but soon dismissed this idea. When getting up, saw flags flying – I turned to Richard – "What are the bells ringing for?" – "*The Queen has gained it – by a majority of nine!!*" Well done – though her triumph has put off that of radical Reform.

Came downstairs, and saw these words on the back of a letter from my father: "*Bill carried, 108: 99 – Bill withdrawn by Earl Liverpool*".

Weatherall soon called – he told me everybody here was in delight. Whistler, the clergyman, permitted the bells to be rung. I heard afterwards at the library that this is the first time that public events of this opposition nature have been celebrated here.

I did little but walk about. Called with my sisters on old Mrs Newnham at Bohemia Cottage. The papers did not come in until late – read them in company with the Rev. Valerian Wellesley ([the] Duke of Wellington's brother). The news all as reported true.

Debate on third reading: Lord Morley spoke *against* – attacked the evidence. Lord Somers for; Lord Fortescue sorry to differ from Grenville, but was against it, not, however, entirely acquitting [the] Queen. [The] Duke of Bedford, strongly and nobly, not guilty and not content. [The] Lord Chancellor "could not disengage himself from the moral obligation he felt to vote for the Bill".

[The] Bishop of Chester declaimed against [the] language of others – he could not bear to think about flinging the Prayer Book at the King's head, rather than exclude [the] Queen from the liturgy, nor that George IV should be

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compared to Nero (“horresco referens,” said he), but he could not vote for the divorce – he should withdraw.

Lord Grosvenor defended himself and was as strong as ever. Lord Erskine [made] a short speech, as strong as before. [The] Duke of Grafton, not guilty and not content – [the] Marquess of Huntley, guilty and content – he wondered peers did not take their wives and daughters to the Queen. Donegal, against the bill, but not guilty. [The] Bishop of Gloucester, against, because of [the] divorce clause. Lord Alvaney, against. Lord Ellenborough, against, but stated that the Queen’s own witnesses bore hardest against her. Lord Darnley was the last who spoke; as before, against – in great cries for question.

Strangers were excluded. The Queen was in her room near. Mr Brougham told her the news of the majority against her – she received it with fortitude. Immediately she signed a paper protesting against the majority of *nine* – composed of eight cabinet ministers, her declared prosecutors – and prayers [were] to be heard. Lord Dacre rose with this in his hand, when Lord Liverpool rose also, and said he might prevent the presentation of this protest by saying his Majesty’s ministers would have pressed the Bill, had they had the same majority as on the second reading; but now, as the House was so nearly divided, and the opinion of the country was so strongly expressed, he should not press the Bill; but more – that the question “that it do pass” be read this day six months – this was received with thunders of applause. The Queen’s counsel ran in and told the Queen – she received the news tranquilly – was handed to her carriage amidst the shouts of the people, and (the *Times* hints), the soldiery. The *Times* adds that after she had proceeded a few steps she burst into tears. Mr Vizard had before announced the fact from the leads of the chambers near the House of Lords to the people – “The Bill is rejected!”

In the mean time Lord Grey denounced [the] ministers – Lord Erskine congratulated the House on the close of the case, and ended with a fine quotation from Hooker, in praise of *law*. The Duke of Montrose said the Queen should never be his Queen. The question was then put – some “non contents” were heard on the ministerial side, but it was carried by acclamation. Lord Liverpool then adjourned the House till the 23rd of November.

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Such has been the close of this monstrous proceeding – as far as the Bill is concerned – but it is to be hoped that the authors of it have not yet terminated the part they are to play, on account of their baseness and villainy.

There was an illumination in London – not general. The people were almost mad with joy – some windows were broken, but little harm was done, except by a

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man who stabbed several people near Charing Cross, and then got away.

It is to be remarked that eight bishops, and the Archbishop of Canterbury, voted for the Bill – this will never be forgotten. York and Tuam, and the Bishop of Gloucester, against. The blackguard Duke of Clarence, for; and [the Duke of] York, for; [the Duke of] Gloucester, against.

I wrote a letter today to Lady Anne Hamilton, desiring her to congratulate the Queen for me.

Dined, &c., at home.

Sunday November 12th 1820: Wrote journal of last week – observe what I have written is from the *Times*, by way of memorial of this great event.

Prepare for going away from this place tomorrow. Walked with my sisters – home, dinner, &c.

Monday November 13th 1820: Harriett and my sisters set off in carriages, I on horseback, at a little before twelve. Raining, or rather snowing, hard. Arrived wet through, a little after four, at Tonbridge – Rose and Crown (Parker's) – excellent inn. Dined, and slept well.

Tuesday November 14th 1820: Saw the girls off and then walked about the town. In the church, saw the monument of Sir Sidney Denton, Gentleman of the Band of Pensioners to Queen Elizabeth and James I – with this epitaph:

Christ's death my life – my death to life was portal
So through two deaths I have one life immortal.

At eleven, I set off – rode all the way without stopping, thirty-nine miles to Whitton. Met many people in carts, &c., with laurels on themselves and horses. The papers tell of the illuminations. The Lord Mayor lighted up the Mansion House on Saturday and Monday, by notice, and on Monday there was a most general display of lights – some mischief done – not much. Found all at home looking well. I never am so happy as at Whitton ... but then I am so idle that I must discontinue living there.

Wednesday November 15th 1820: At Whitton, idling, writing letters, amongst others to a second Mary Wolstonecraft, who has sent me a manuscript on the wrongs of woman to publish. I had a letter from Lady Anne Hamilton, returning to me the Queen's thanks for my congratulations. One Prince, the landlord of the

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White Hart, Bromley, whom I asked to forward my letter to Lady Anne, thought so good an opportunity was not to be lost of getting custom, so what does he do but write a note to Lady Anne Hamilton, stating that he had my orders to forward my letter, and begging the Queen's custom. He would not put the letters into a coach, as I had told him, but sent them *express*. The postboy fell off, and was taken up insensible – my letter was found in his pocket and sent to Lady Anne.

If the other friends of the Queen were not a little more disinterested than Prince!!

Walked about, dined, &c. My father tells me that even the ministerialists are very glad of the abandonment of the Bill.

Thursday November 16th 1820: This morning came a letter signed Gardner and Harry Brooks, telling me that there were rumours amongst the people that I did not show myself enough amongst them – that Lamb was canvassing, and that they wanted to learn from me what to do, in case Burdett was shut up. Now this is a little too much. I have not been absent from my post since I was elected in March. I have gone to every public meeting where there was the least excuse for my appearance. I have headed processions to Brandenburg House – and all this whilst Burdett has not been seen – but when I go to the sea for a fortnight, and miss one meeting and one dinner where I was not wanted, then begin our friends to cry out. However, they will doubtless see the justice of this complaint in time.

I mounted my horse, and rode to Brandenburg House. I first saw Lady Anne Hamilton – found her in great perplexity. She, under injunctions of great secrecy, told me that the palace was divided between two sets – Brougham and Wood – and she could speak to neither in confidence. That besides these there were the Italians – Vassali, Olivieri, Sacchini, &c. – hangers on and sycophants living on the Queen. She excepted one as an honest man, namely the Marquis whom her Majesty introduced to me from Bologna.

Lady Anne stated her fears that the Queen would go abroad. She thought Canning would return, and give that advice. She thought Brougham would second it. Brougham, she said, was, after all, the real adviser. She said that Wood was headstrong about the Whigs, and communicated his prejudices to the Queen; that she advised the Queen to name the Duke of Bedford as her chamberlain – as yet, nobody visits – then, everybody would come. The Queen answered, “I do not want to become a party woman”. The Queen last night at supper said, “You will see the funds rise in a day or two”. She said, in French, “They have offered me £200,000 independent of parliament”. She also said, “I shall stay here a little”. Now from these expressions Lady Anne thought her Majesty preparing a flight.

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Lady Anne is a weak woman, but I think it very possible that her fears are well-grounded.

The Bologna Marquis came in – Lady Anne desired him to tell the Queen I was in waiting. Her Majesty soon came in, attended by Olivieri and another Italian. Lady Anne retired. She received me very graciously – thanked me for my congratulations, and continued walking up and down the great room with me for twenty minutes – the Italians retired soon, and left us alone.

She was in great spirits. She said, when I asked her after her health, that she was pretty well, adding, “You did not think that I had so much courage, but I am of the family of that man there – you know who he is?” – “Yes, madam – Frederick the Great.” – “He is my uncle,” she said.

“I am going to St Paul’s,” she continued. I asked her when. “Oh – perhaps in a week. Mr Wood will settle all that with the Lord Mayor”. I said Wood was an honest man. “Yes,” she replied, “and Waithman too”.

“I told your Majesty when I was last here that the ministers would not carry their bill – I own I did not think they would do as much as they have done.” – “Oh!” she said, “they would have crucified me if they could. I think they must go out,” she added. – “Do you, madam?” – “Yes, indeed I do. Canning is coming home. They cannot keep in without him. I think he will leave them for the sake of coming in with some others.”

“I have written to Lord Liverpool for a palace. I sent Mr Craven with the letter – it is some days ago. I have had no answer – they wait for Canning. However, I have a palace of my own to go to – that’s one comfort.” – “Indeed, aye,” said I, staring. – “Yes. Carlton House – I will go there.” – I stared again. “Upon my honour will I – and I should like to see who will keep me out. I have spoken to Brougham, and he says I am right”. I said, “I will accompany you – but when will you do this?” – “Oh, there’s no hurry – perhaps after I return from St Paul’s.” I laughed; and then it was [that] she spoke about her courage, which I have put down in the wrong place. I said to her that the greatest anxiety prevailed relative to her residence in England – this I said on purpose. Her answer was, “Well, I have written to Lord Liverpool, as I told you, and you may tell everybody you like of it”.

Now this was nothing positive, and I cannot help thinking, from something in her manner to me, that she did not wish to be positive to me, for fear she should afterwards appear to have deceived me.

I told the Queen that I proposed making a motion in parliament for the recall of Lord Stewart on account of his conduct to her. “Ah, but my dear Sir – I am afraid they will not let you meet. They are going to prorogue the parliament, I

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believe.” She added, “I am very sorry for this, for I think it a great shame”. I told her that I did not see how they could prorogue before they gave her her establishment.

Whilst we were talking, in came Lady Anne Hamilton with a newspaper in her hand, in half an hysterick, saying, “It is quite shocking – it is too bad – one cannot bear it! Mr Hobhouse, pray show her Majesty this abominable, horrid thing – it really must not be suffered to go on!” She put the paper into my hand and retired. It was the *Morning Post* of Wednesday – the paragraph called the Queen “a convicted harlot”. I looked at it, and said, “This is too much – your Majesty will do right never to infringe upon the liberty of the press in any way – but I am not prepared to say that this does not go beyond the limits. ’Tis not worth your Majesty’s looking at”, said I, flinging it upon the table. All this time the Queen said nothing, but at last, “Oh! The poor man has had his house pulled down!”

I thought this very magnanimous.

We talked of Lord Byron – I told the Queen of the interest he took in her success. [I] also mentioned the intended insurrection in Italy, which the Bolognese stopped by not coming forward as they had agreed to do. She said she knew it all. After some other turns about the room, I said I was going to London, if I could take any message for her. She thanked me, and said, “Will you mention that” (pointing to the paper) “to Mr Brougham?” I replied, “Certainly.” She added, “And mention about the witnesses – I hope they are going to proceed against them”.

Making my obeisance, I took my leave.⁴⁶⁰

It is my present intention not to have any more private interviews, for if I mistake not, she will play the patriots a trick – it is very natural she should hate England. Very few people have visited her – Lady Fitzwilliam, Lady Jersey, [the] Duchess of Somerset, Lady Tavistock and Lady Hood the only persons of rank.

I rode to London – found the King’s Bench sitting in the Sessions House – the barricades not yet removed from the parliament. The Court [was] trying Burdett’s case – Philipps speaking. I saw Brougham – he said to me that the case had not been strongly argued yet. He hoped Blackburn and Evans could do better. Now this censure included his solicitor, Denman, who spoke before Philipps.

I never saw such partiality in the Bench – they would wilfully misunderstand

460: “I replied certainly & making my obeisance took my leave – she added and mention about the witnesses. I hope they are going to proceed against them” (Ms.)

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the argument – and Best was, as usual, brutal. Blackburn was strong, and better than Philipps, I thought. The Court stopped him, and put off the further hearing *sine die* – so that there is hope this term will pass without a judgement.

I gave Brougham the Queen's message, telling him the facts. He seemed inclined to take it up, and added, "Poor thing – she never would be angry at anybody". I told him that I trusted he would not imagine I had interfered – I had only gone to congratulate. He said, "I understand you – but I wish to God you interefered more.

I mentioned that the Queen was anxious about proceeding against the witnesses. "Oh," he said, "we have got them, and I shall go on directly".

Leaving the court, I went with Cullen to Place's – showed him my letter from Gardner and Brooks. He said, "Town all over" – the intelligence had come from him. Lamb's friends had been canvassing, when they heard of Burdett's death – as for my absence from meetings, &c., the regret was that I was not at the Lord Mayor's dinner, but that nothing was the matter, and I need not call on Brooks.

Place told me he had been at the meeting yesterday, summoned by Wilson, Noel, and Baker Beaumont, and that the common people completely beat the gentlemen – that the Whigs got "showed up". In short, that a complete evidence was given of the force of public opinion and the progress of intelligence – no leaders wanted.

I went to Brooks's – saw Bruce, Lambton, Wilson and others. Two persons called, and engaged me to go to a meeting of the St Giles and Bloomsbury people tomorrow. Perhaps this is the best answer to Brooks' letter – so I go. Lambton asked me to dine with him – he [is] going to Paris. [We] talked of a Westminster meeting. I asked Wilson if the Whigs would go – he said yes, and called Lambton. I said no – he was going to France, and did not act out of Durham – "You never help the people – how can you expect the people to care about you?" – "I don't want them to care about me," said Lambton. "Ah," said Wilson, "you are a pack of *fainéants!*"

I rode down to Whitton in moonlight, &c.

Friday November 17th 1820: Rode up to London in the wet. Went to Freemason's – found the Committee, and Lord John Russell – we had some talk previously to going into the room. I found the people staunch Reformers – they were afraid I should not think them enough so, and were anxious not to resolve upon the dismissal of ministers without resolving about Reform, for fear that circumstance, and their chairman, should make them look less Whiggish. One of them said, "The Whigs are like the elements – good servants, but bad masters".

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– “Oh,” said one gentleman, “you have a Whig in your chair, and you must not abuse them now!”

A very stormy resolution about Reform was put into my hand to move I showed it to Lord John – he said he could not approve. “You have only to say so at the meeting,” I said, “and that will do”. Some people wanted the resolution to be modified, but Lord John said, “I think Mr Hobhouse’s plan is best”.

We went into the room – it was tolerably filled, [but] nothing like our great meeting on September 26th. Lord John [was] very well received – he spoke slowly and softly as usual – but very bravely. Peter Moore spoke as usual; Thelwall very well; a Mr Mann very well. Old Cartwright proposed a resolution; I brought up the rear – was received as usual. I gave my quotation from the Duke of Wharton.

Lord John and I walked to Burlington Street together. We had some talk on politics, in a friendly way – he allowed that Tierney was grown hypish about politics, and that the *Morning Chronicle* was getting very ill-conducted, and very wrong in attacking the people, and saying that the Queen should be rescued from them.⁴⁶¹ He told me that Lord Fitzwilliam told him that Jebb was an honest man, but that Cartwright was not – I saw he was displeased with Cartwright for having been at the meeting. He is a very good young man,⁴⁶² I think, but overrated.

I spattered down to Whitton through rain and mire – did nothing in evening.

Saturday November 18th 1820: Wrote to Burdett and to Kinnaird – see by the Times that Liverpool has his Majesty’s commands to *refuse* the Queen a palace – but that her allowance will be continued!!!

My speech [is] reported well, except the qualifying phrases respecting the House of Lords, which are left out, and so make my attack more violent. I said I would not attack the character of that house because amongst the blessings of our present system was the facility with which any two scoundrels might swear a man into prison; but that I might say of their verdict – as Lord Erskine had said – that no twelve men of common sense of common probity would have said guilty upon such evidence, or would have even heard such evidence out.

Walked about with Sophy. Dined – read Anthony à Wood’s life of himself – he had his ears affected, like mine, with noises, and ended with being very deaf.

I have paid Isaac’s debts, £14.2s.0d., at Bland’s – he had promised not to do this – and now he promises again. He has a taste equal to ten thousand a year.

461: It is the *Chronicle*, not Russell, which says the Queen should be rescued from the people.

462: H. is six years older than Russell.

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Knowing my own delinquencies, I do not like to be very angry, and yet if I appear not to think very much of these things, he will always be in scrapes, because he thinks I can extricate him.

I paid McCreevy's bill – £71 odd – also gave Place ten pounds for Evans of the *Manchester Observer*.

Sunday November 19th 1820: **Wrote journal for a week** – walk, dine, &c.

Monday November 20th 1820: Letter writing and idling – walking, &c.

Tuesday November 21st 1820: Rode up to town and dined at the Freemason's with a party of St Giles and Bloomsbury people, about a hundred – I was in the chair. Whitbread (Sam), Peter Moore, Sir Gerard Noel there. It was a sort of Whig dinner. Lord Grey's health drunk. I prefaced by saying that the toasts were put into my hands by the Committee. The Editor of the *Times* there – I praised him as he deserves for his conduct in this affair. Drank too much wine – rode back at twelve o'clock at night.

Wednesday November 22nd 1820: At dinner today received notes from Kinnaird and Wilson, telling me the opposition were about to attempt a surprise, to get in a message from the Queen before the expected prorogation – that forty of them intended to be in the lobby by ten o'clock, send for the Speaker, and proceed to business. I was begged to come up.

Thursday November 23rd 1820: I was on horseback by half-past eight – rode to London in the rain – was in the lobby of the House of Commons by ten – not a soul there. Went up into the Writing Room and found Harboard, who was in waiting on the same scheme in consequence of a letter from Lushington. We waited till eleven, and then went away. I went then to the Courts of Law to enquire into Burdett's case – not on. W.Adams, the "little Scotch lawyer," Romilly's man, told me that some thought well of it – he thought the judges against.

I went to Brooks's – Lord Ossulton told me that the Speaker would take the chair at a quarter to two, and the Black Rod would come at two precisely. The faction were to meet in the House at half-past one. It had been found out that for two years the order respecting the House meeting at ten in the morning had been done away with – so, nothing else left.

I hurried down to the House in a hackney coach – found the "faction" in force

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in [the] body of the House, particularly the Mountain: Creevey, Folkestone, Bennett, Ferguson, Lambton, Gordon, Hume, and also Lord Francis Osborne. Everyone seemed to expect a scene. The ministerialists mustered thinly – I should think we were about 70 to 30.

The Speaker came at a quarter to two⁴⁶³ – no-one was admitted into the gallery, it being a call of the House. Prayers were read – two new members were sworn (Chalomer for York and —). [The] Speaker acquainted the House that the King had appointed Ley clerk of the House. Swann moved a new writ. Lord Ossulton moved a new writ. Castlereagh, Vansittart, and Charles Long were on the Treasury Bench – Tierney, Calcraft, and one or two other “leaders” on the opposition. I saw Castlereagh looking very anxiously at the door, whilst Ossulton was moving. The moment he had done, and the Speaker put the question, we heard the door locked. At this instant rose Denman, with a paper in his hand (it wanted two minutes to two). There was a great shout – “Mr Denman! Mr Denman!” We faintly heard the taps at the door. The Sergeant-at-Arms bowed up and took the mace – still the same noise – “Mr Denman! Mr Denman!” – the Speaker saying, “Order!” – the Deputy Usher came in with his rod and advanced near the table. He delivered his message amidst shouts of “Withdraw! Withdraw!” and “Mr Denman!” – he looked pale; the Speaker said nothing. The moment the Usher finished Tierney said, “I’m sure, Mr Speaker, not a soul has heard a word that man has said”. The Speaker rose, and walked down the House. Bennett jumped up as red as fire, and exclaimed, “It is a disgrace to the country!” – The whole opposition shouted “Shame! Shame!” and these cries followed the Speaker and Castlereagh, and the ten or twelve that accompanied them, far beyond the door.

The utmost confusion prevailed. Everybody was exclaiming in one way or another against the proceeding. “By God!” says Creevey, “we shall have a revolution!” – “Never anything like it!” says another. I proposed to run after the Speaker and hoot in the Lords – Wilson said he would – two or three cried out, “No! No! let us keep on our dunghill and hoot them when they come back!” – Wilson looked pale with rage, and I verily believe would have used personal violence if a word had been spoken.

Presently Lord Folkestone came from the Lords, saying, “Not a word, by God!” It seems my Lords and Gentlemen had been dismissed without a single word – this is the end of the first session of King George IV!!!

After lingering some time in the House, we made the best of our way out of

463: “½ to 2” (Ms.)

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the Chapel. I went to Kinnaird's – called on a friend or two – and spent the evening at Kinnaird's with Cullen, who told me that Douglas Kinnaird had some notion of supplying Burdett's place if he were sent to prison. I wrote to Burdett, giving him an account of the proceedings in [the] Den.

Friday November 24th 1820: Called on Bickersteth. Walked with O'Meara, who told me he had recommended Lady Anne Hamilton to tell the Queen she could not have a better adviser than myself. I said I feared she would run away. "No," said O'Meara, "she will not. We have discovered that Bergami has cheated her, and that will keep her here. Lady Anne Hamilton alluded to this in a note to me, in which she said that the question was who should tell her this. As for myself, I feel shy of having anything to do with Brandenburg House, beyond my official communications as M.P. for Westminster.

I see that Cobbett praises Lord Grey, and promises a letter to him. O'Meara told me that James Perry had told him that Cobbett had had an interview with Lord Grey, and that Grey had told Cobbett that he could not bring into a demonstration with him, friends who would make the change he wanted, and therefore did not wish to come in at all. I do not know what to say of this interview – Kinnaird said it had not taken place. Lambton is very indignant at Cobbett praising Lord Grey, and had written to Lord Grey to that effect.

I rode down to Whitton – dined at Colonel Espinance's with my family – Campbell there.

Saturday November 25th 1820: Employed writing letters, &c. at home – reading, &c. – reading a little.

Sunday November 26th 1820: Cobbett's letter to Lord Grey – excellent – a change, yes – but not without Reform of Parliament.

Parr of Russell Street, and another Westminster elector, called here today, about a meeting of St Paul's parish.

Wrote – walked – dined, &c.

Monday November 27th 1820: Rode up to London. At one, went to a meeting in the parish of St James's, Brewer Street – Barber Beaumont in the chair – Gerard Noel there. Spoke well – congratulation[s] to the Queen, and address to the King to dismiss ministers. Lambton had talked of coming, but would not, because the resolutions were too strong – the Reformers will be left to do it all after all.

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Called on Kinnaird – dined at five. Went at six to a public meeting in St Paul's parish – Fisher's rooms – Lord William Russell in the chair, but only stayed to make his speech, then went away. He said he had been misinformed as to [the] time. If the Aristocracy never make any sacrifice, I do not know how the people are to become attached to them. I was moved into the chair – a long Whig speech [was] made by a bookseller, one Northhouse, who was interrupted with cries of "No Whig! No Whig!" I was obliged when making my speech to say that no change of men would do any good without change of system, and that if Lord Grey came in and tried a reform, his partisans would turn upon him. I said that I agreed with that powerful writer, Mr Cobbett, in this, and that Lord Grey should pledge himself to try reform and he would be driven into place by the People. I said I had no intimate acquaintance with Lord Grey and Lord Lansdowne, but wished them too well to wish to see them in without a change of measures. I talked of their late exertions as meritorious, and that I would not wish to embarrass them – but that a change of system was indispensable. I attacked the parliament, and said it would do no good as now constituted, and I gave a little advice to Mr Northhouse.

After the meeting was over I drank a dish of tea at the Piazza. Douglas Kinnaird came – we went to Drury Lane together – [in] the upper boxes – where I was afraid of being recognized. Saw Sir Richard Philipps, who has lately written me a most abusive letter. I answered I should wait for time and chance to rectify myself in his opinion. He sent the copy of his letter to Francis Place.

The play was *Pizarro* – the farce *Don Juan*.

Tuesday November 28th 1820: Did nothing today but walk about with Wilson, who was in a sad *pucker* about leading the cavalcade tomorrow, which is to accompany the Queen to St Paul's. He wanted to get me to go with him – I would not, and tried to enquire whether he could be off his bargain. I called, however, on Wood, who told me Wilson could not recede: so I wrote to Wilson, who had already written to me to the same effect. I resolved to go in my father's chariot, full dressed.

C.C.Weston spoke to me – he said he would try to persuade the Whigs to go – but I saw a letter from Brougham to Wilson in which he said that the Queen positively declined the attendance of any member of parliament. This I take to be Brougham's own opinion – but I shall go.

Benbow has published a pamphlet in which I am called a Whig!!!

I dined alone at Kinnaird's.

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Wednesday November 29th 1820: I dressed in court dress – went in my father’s chariot to Hyde Park Corner, where Wilson, Hume, Noel, and their body of horse made a very imposing appearance. I saw none of the confusion of which the *Chronicle* speaks. I went through the Turnpike and met the Queen at Kensington Gore. She had a body of Hammersmith horse with her, and Craven in one of her carriages. I went next to Craven. I never saw anything quite so fine by way of crowd – perhaps not at either of the chairings. The mustering of the banners in St James’s Street was very beautiful – the papers give a faithful account on the whole. The grandest part of the spectacle was that presented when we came out of St Paul’s.

Maddox and Peter Moore were in a carriage behind me, at some distance – no other M.P.s followed – but “The People, sure the People were the sight!” Forty guineas given for a balcony, with sixty places, in Fleet Street.

I was cheered most rapturously all the way. Dr Hughues did what he could to have the doors of the cathedral opened before the Queen came, so that every annoyance might be afforded, and perhaps even blood spilled. The choir were dressed in common dresses, and every care was taken that in the inside of the cathedral a complete contrast should be afforded to the delight and triumph without – no carpet was laid for the Queen, although the Lord Mayor offered to provide one. The orders of Van Mildert⁴⁶⁴ were strict – to make no sort of difference between the Queen and any common visitor – so kind, however, were the magistracy and people that the Queen went and returned without any difficulty – a lane was made, and she leant on the Lord Mayor’s arm. I walked by her side to keep off the crowd – one woman touched her rather hardly, out of curiosity – I pushed her off, but the Queen said, “No, no – it is all as it should be”.

Thorpe was very respectful and gallant. Keppel Craven handed Lady Anne Hamilton. During the service Wilson was at the Queen’s left hand, I next to Wilson. Wilson had his hat on the cushion, till a canon told him to put it off. The Queen sat most of the time while others stood. She did not lift her veil⁴⁶⁵ – she was very quiet and decent, but some scoundrel spy observed that she did not know when to kneel and stand, &c ...

Wilson went out before the service was over. When it was over the Queen called me to her. She said, “May I go now?” I told her that she had better stay whilst the voluntary was playing. We had a word or two about the procession –

464: William van Mildert (1765-1836) Dean of St Pauls. Later Bishop of Durham.

465: Caroline wore white furs and silk, and a white, veiled turban (Fraser 449).

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she remarked how glorious it was to see such a multitude without a soldier to keep the peace. She called me to her again: "Do you know that Lord Grenville has told the King he can do nothing for him without a change of system?" I stared. "You do not believe it?" she said. "It is true. Canning", she added, "will not keep in with these men – you will see – they will go out – Canning will go out first, and then they will go out, and he will come back".

She said, "How do you like my letter?" meaning Keppel Craven's answer to Lord Liverpool, refusing the money offered by Lord Liverpool. She seemed in good spirits, and looked well; she had her carriage open – it was a dry day as usual. Nothing happened except that my brute of a coachman drove over two people, and some fifty fell down in Ludgate Hill – but without any material damage.

Wilson told me that a fellow at the Sun office called out, "Bergami! Bergami!" The people looked up, [but] Wilson said, "He is beneath your notice," and they passed on. Here is forbearance. The fellow was Goldsmith, the Antigallican, a government spy. It was said ministers wanted a disturbance – the guards, horse, and foot were under arms at seven in the morning. A young officer (the Hon. St. John), stopped me the evening before – I did not know him, but I believe we had dined together at Robert Knight's. He said to me, "Pray, Mr Hobhouse, is it true that Lord Grenville is coming in?" – "I do not think he is," said I. After some talk I said, "Well, I suppose you are prepared for us tomorrow?" – "Oh yes," he said, "but never fear – our men won't fire – the non-commissioned officers tell me so." – "You had better not say so," I added. – "I don't care a damn," said he: and so we parted. It is very impudent in this young man, and besides, I do not believe what he says – they would fire. The people pelted the guards' club because two or three young men in the windows did not pull off their hats. I put my head out of the carriage and stopped them – this was the only sign of ill-humour I saw.

I accompanied the procession to Hyde Park. The horsemen drawn up gave me cheers, and I then drove through by-streets to Kinnaird's – *vesicam dui laborantem exonerabim*. Undressed – went to Brooks's – all eager to know how things had gone off in St Paul's. Brougham, *entre autres*, asked about the liturgy, and about the thanks handed in from the Queen. I told him [I] had heard nothing of the sort – indeed, nothing took place.

Bennett told me that Creevey kept a regular account of passing events.

Williams, Kinnaird's partner, told me that Powell the Milan Commissioner, who is his partner as a solicitor, had been ill-used by [the] government – that ministers would never open a single dispatch about [the] Queen, but sent all to

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Powell in Lincoln's Inn, as if pestilential. That Powell had no idea when he was at Milan that the business would be proceeded in – that he had never received a farthing for his trouble – that he verily believes Lord Liverpool heard him say he was going to send Rastelli as Courier to Milan – that ministers resolved to put off everything upon Powell – that Powell, for twelve hours, had thrown up his brief, and had resolved to declare everything at the bar of the Lords – in short, that Powell perceives he has been duped, and will be abandoned.

I see now that Colonel Browne also complains of ministers!! and that they have got him to go back to Milan. I know that the Chancellor has been eager from the beginning to shift the whole from himself upon Leach – who, however, only laid the first informations he had received from Court Ministers [Count M????] and others before the cabinet, who then sent out the Milan Commission.

I dined alone at Kinnaird's.

————— called in the evening, and told me that he had been resolved, if the Bill had passed, to have taken up arms against the government, and that he had provided means of keeping up a guerilla war. I owned that my politics did not go to that extent, nor were of that nature – I hoped a peaceful Reform.

Thursday November 30th 1820: Went to a meeting of the Parish of St Anne's – spoke from a tombstone.

Brougham, Cullen, a Mr Mills and a Mr Anderson dined at Kinnaird's today. Brougham mentioned [that] it would have been folly for him to advise the Queen at St Omer to come to England – his advice could come from no grounds whatever – it would give no strength to the conviction in her favour – whereas her coming without his advice did give a great strength to that conviction. This was true enough, but I might have said that it was no excuse for his advising her *not* to come. He said that Wood had nothing to do with bringing her over.

We talked about Wilberforce – he said that Wilberforce moved his amendment in consequence of a communication with Brougham – that the minister sent over to Brougham to do it, but that he thought it would come better from Wilberforce. I asked how Wilberforce came to think that the Queen would follow the advice of the House of Commons – Brougham said it was very natural she should, and told us this story:

On the 21st of June, Wilberforce's motion was to come in, and was delayed. Brougham was sent for, and found Lady Anne Hamilton in a hackney coach alone. Lady Anne Hamilton said that the fat was in the fire. "I suppose so," said Brougham, "and so you send for me as usual." Lady Anne Hamilton told him that the Queen, hearing of Wilberforce's motion, had written to him, saying she was

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astonished that so pious a man as Mr Wilberforce should propose submission to her without inserting her name in the liturgy. This letter had made Wilberforce hesitate what to do – but Lady Anne Hamilton thought that if the motion were carried unanimously, as some thought it would be, the Queen would be forced to do that with a bad grace which she might do with a good grace. At Charing Cross the pair saw Lord Archibald Hamilton, and called him into the coach – there they communed, and the result was that Brougham agreed to see if matters could be made up before Wilberforce’s motion, which Brougham undertook to get Wilberforce to put off until next day.

Brougham said that Lady Anne Hamilton was as good as a man to the Queen – that she insisted on⁴⁶⁶ walking home alone, and sending Brougham and Archibald in the hackney to the House of Commons.

Brougham accordingly spoke to Denman, who spoke to the Queen, and persuaded her to allow him to write a second letter to Wilberforce, in which she desired him to consider the first letter as not received. “Now,” said Brougham, “this it was that made Wilberforce, and very naturally, think the proposition of the House of Commons would be accepted – this made him taunt Burdett with lack of foresight – at the same time I confess that the Queen, in her second letter, never positively said that she would accept the propositions.” Wilberforce, however, thought himself hardly treated – Brougham told us that Wilberforce was getting more liberal – he was not frightened at sedition – he only shuddered at blasphemy. Brougham said he considered⁴⁶⁷ Burdett’s speech a great godsend for the Queen – he added that Burdett was a very unequal speaker.

Brougham was very agreeable and apparently very open – I thought too much so. It showed a man of no fixed principles – he called Denman a “Queenite,” in a sort of contradiction to himself.

He seemed to believe the story of Bergami being impotent, and told us that a physician who had attended Bergami, but who had judged only from general symptoms, was ready to swear at the bar of the Lords that such was his opinion. Someone mentioned, and Brougham confirmed it, that Lauderdale, after seeing the Bag, had gone about saying that after the trial not a soul in either house would doubt of the Queen’s guilt – it is a just retribution that this man has now been burnt in effigy on his own estate, and that Mr Balfour has lost his election for Berwick, partly for being Lord Lauderdale’s son-in-law

We had a very pleasant evening. Brougham went away about eight, and we

466: “in” (Ms.)

467: “He said he {(B)} considered” (Ms.)

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went to the play at the Olympic Theatre, where Oxberry, Wrench, and other funny comic actors are now performing. Saw a pretty woman, kept by Byng, who shook hands with all of us at parting, and being asked by Byng why she did so, said she wanted to shake hands with Mr Hobhouse, and so thought she would do so with all, in order avoid being particular. "See," said Byng, "the advantages of notoriety!" – I owned this was an advantage.

The Lord Chamberlain now will license any theatre, and suffers the great theatre to fight their own battles. We saw a piece called *Rochester*.

Friday December 1st 1820: Dined at Kinnaird's this day – [the] Duke of Leinster, Leicester⁴⁶⁸ Stanhope, Robert Gordon, and Lumley there. Leicester Stanhope [has] just come from India – had been twelve days at St Helena – had not seen Napoleon. Lowe will not allow Lowe to act in any official capacity, and Napoleon will not let anyone be introduced except through Bertrand. Stanhope lived in Lowe's house. He owned that Lowe might relax much of his severity without any danger of Napoleon's escape. He added that nothing would have prevented Napoleon from making complaints.

We went to Covent Garden and saw a stupid singing piece. I observed that when some allusion was made to the Queen, there was some clapping, but there was some hissing also. This convinced me that it would be unsafe for the Queen to go to the play. Brougham yesterday told Kinnaird that they were determined to fight à l'outrance – the Queen should go to the play, and should keep the spirit alive.

Saturday December 2nd 1820: I left Kinnaird's today and rode back to Whitton, taking with me a little black mare which he lent me for Charlotte to ride – found all well at home, and Harriet going on tolerably.

Sunday December 3rd 1820: Rode out with Charlotte, who liked the little mare very well – idled my time walking and writing and doing nothing.

Monday December 4th 1820: Rode out with Charlotte, who was less pleased – did nothing ...

Tuesday December 5th 1820: This morning received a letter from Place, telling me I must come up – Cobbett's friends had go the High Bailiff to call a meeting

468: "Leicester" (Ms.) This seems to be B.'s "typographical colonel".

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tomorrow, and had refused to erect a stage as usual, or to show the resolutions prepared – so our Committee intended to erect the stage and to prepare resolutions and addresses of their own. The note was very pressing – so off I trotted – arrived in London – took up my quarters at Kinnaird’s – called on Place – found he was at the Court of King’s Bench attending the trial of Cleary v. Cobbett for a libel.

I afterwards saw Place – he said Cleary had shown great ingenuity and great readiness, and had completely beaten Brougham – the jury gave only forty shillings damages – but then Cleary had twice challenged Cobbett – had written abusively of him – had suffered no damage – so that I do not see how he could get more damages. I could not see the great merit of Cobbett’s speech – it was a tissue of impudent lies – he compared the “Rump Committee,” as he called Adams and Place, &c., to the Milan Commission and to Ompbeda, and assimilated the showing the letter he wrote about Hunt to breaking open the Queen’s locks. This shows what he thinks the Queen’s case good for – namely, to advance his objects.

The villain crowed exceedingly in his next Saturday’s *Register* – but he had an odd paragraph, disavowing any imputed sarcasm on Major Cartwright, Sir Francis Burdett, or any cordial friend of Reform – the man had to be tried again in a day or two, and was afraid his jury might be Reformers. Place was much tickled at being treated with respect by Cobbett when examined by him. Such is the power of talents.

A letter has appeared in the *Morning Chronicle*, complaining that Lord William Russell and myself, at the St Paul’s meeting, said we did not wish for a change of ministers – we said no such thing – but this is some old fool or rogue of a Whig. Cobbett attacked this letter.

Went to Brooks’s. Burdett came in, looking thin, but I thought well – he dined at Kinnaird’s. We had a large Dandy Party – Byng, Lord Forbes, John Cockerell, Mills, and others. Lord Forbes talked a good deal with me about the King, to whom he is aide-de-camp or some such thing. He said he knew from headquarters that the King was much pleased with what the Queen had said in her last letter respecting the King’s good disposition if left to himself. His Majesty saw the Queen’s procession from Carlton House when she went to St Paul’s. Lord Forbes told me that those who surrounded the King would not let him know the truth of anything, and that they represented all those who opposed his measures as so many Jacobins and republicans. Lord Forbes told me that, going one day to Carlton House, he recognized a sentry who had served under him in Ireland. The soldier came to him in a day or two – Lord Forbes asked him if he

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could do anything for him – “No, my Lord,” said the man, “but I came to tell your honour that all is not right in our regiment ...” The man then went on to explain that he thought the guards disaffected.

Lord Forbes told me he did not think the Irish cared much about the question of the Queen. I told him I heard they were delighted with the idea that the English were about to cut each others’ throats. He said he thought that was true. He said Peel was liked better than Grant. Peel was a man of his word – Grant, not.

I did all I could to convince Lord Forbes of the good intentions of the Reformers – thinking that good might be done by his report. I have since heard from Lord William Fitzgerald that he was much pleased. Burdett was in good spirits, and talked about horses – said he was going back to hunt with Northamptonshire on Thursday morning – a rogue ...

Wednesday December 6th 1820: Burdett and I went to the Rainbow, King Street, a little before twelve. The Rump [were] in great force mustered, expecting an attack from Cobbett’s gang. R.Gordon, Ellice, Gerard Noel, and Grey Bennett there – but it turned out quiet – the Cobbettites amounted only to two – Benbow his publisher and one West. No address, no resolutions, were prepared by them, so that Place produced the needful – one to [the] Queen, one to [the] King, praying dismissal of ministers, Reform, change of system, &c. It was a rainy day, but a tolerable meeting. Burdett, I, and Bennett spoke. Burdett said ministers ought to be *hanged*. Benbow came at the end [and] moved that the meeting should instruct Burdett to impeach ministers – this was well received at first, but when Burdett said it was ridiculous, and I begged them to reconsider the motion, the people cried “Withdraw,” and the resolution was withdrawn by Benbow.

Bennett spoke well. He said he did not approve of all the address to the Queen, but he did of all the address to the King.

Burdett and I were shouted all the way till we could get into a hackney coach. The papers observed Burdett looked ill, and the *Statesman* drew a really pathetic sort of parallel between Burdett, the love of the people, in the decline of life and health, threatened with an imprisonment which might shorten his days, and all this for denouncing a massacre of the people, and between, Parson Hay,⁴⁶⁹ execrated by his countrymen and rewarded by the government for presiding at that same massacre. The contrast is strong, and I think speaks what sort of government we have.

469: The Rev. William Robert Hay (1761-1839) was the magistrate who ordered the Riot Act to be read at Peterloo.

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Burdett resolved to stay and visit the Queen tomorrow, and go to the Middlesex meeting on Friday – so he and I dined at Kinnaird’s. He talked of his imprisonment – told me that Mr Woolaton, one of his jury, had told him that he never intended to find the libel a libel in Leicestershire, but that he and his brethren always thought that was a reserved point – they only meant to say “guilty of a libelous writing”. Also, Burdett could establish that Forrester, and a Mr Green (jurors) were asleep during the trial – the whole twelve were members of the Leicestershire Pitt Club. Burdett is quite gay about the subject, although he has often told me that he would rather be hanged than imprisoned for two years.

Mr Tripp told me at Brooks’s that Bayley’s dissent would operate powerfully in Burdett’s favour – some thought, would get him off. It is wonderful indeed how the other three can decide in the face of Bayley’s speech, which is absolute demonstration – indeed, so were all the speeches – they go on the presumption that the letter was delivered open to Bickersteth in Leicestershire, whereas the presumption is directly contrary, and the fact is directly contrary, as they well know. Here are times.

A Mr Barstow, a young solicitor of Gray’s Inn, has written to me begging me to bring the case of Davison before the House of Commons, and offering to assist me. I have answered to say I will.

Thursday December 7th 1820: I met Joshua Evans today. He told me that it had been agreed amongst all the Queen’s Counsel that Mariette, Demont’s sister, should not be called as evidence – that whilst Brougham was making his speech, he turned round to his colleagues and said, “I will call Mariette,” and then told the Lords he would – but he did not. Evans said he could not understand how Brougham could have left the Queen’s case so defective, except for fear if she came out quite innocent, he should lose⁴⁷⁰ character for having trembled and shuffled at the beginning.

Burdett and I called at Brandenburgh House – asked for Lady Anne Hamilton, but were shown straight to the Queen, who was in her great room with three or four Italians about her. She ran up to Burdett – “Ah, I am so glad to see you – and so much obliged to you, Mr Hobhouse, for bringing him!” Burdett kissed her hand. She took him to a window and desired him to sit down, where they talked together. I stayed at a little distance, talking with a Bolognese Marquis Antoldi about the passage of the Austrians into the Neapolitan territory. [I] said I thought it would not take place. Lord Kinnaird writes to that effect from

470: “loose” (Ms.)

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Naples.⁴⁷¹

Afterwards I spoke to the Queen. She was in great spirits. She said she was resolved not to go to the play – asked me my opinion – I said by no means – someone might be killed, and then the blame would be laid on her. She said she had written a long letter to Brougham, and thought she had convinced him. I told her what the King said of her praise, adding, if that pleased, her Majesty could very easily do that again. “Yes,” she said, “to be sure – as Kings and Queens are necessary evils, they should be treated civilly – we should give them a back door to go out at”. She said she was as badly off as if she had been condemned by the Lords – she abused the climate. Count Vasali came in – she introduced him to Burdett, calling Burdett her “très grand ami”. She asked me after Lord Byron. She said parliament would be prorogued until May 25th, as ministers did not want money till then. She asked Burdett and me to dine with her when we came back to town. She showed us a picture of Alderman Wood.

We took our leave, Burdett again kissing her hand. I should mention that she said that she had, through Keppell Craven’s kindness, been able to rent Brandenburgh House for some time longer – otherwise she would be absolutely in the streets – and she said she was sorry that she had not taken Lord Oxford’s house in Halkin Street.

I went to a meeting of the Kensington parishioners, some of whom are my constituents. Address to Queen, and House of Commons, voted.

Coming back to London, walked with Ellice, who showed me a letter he had had from Lord Grey, desiring Ellice to tell him whether or not it would be expected, if Grey was sent for by the King,⁴⁷² he should pledge himself to Reform, and to what Reform? and whether Ellice thought a ministry should refuse to come in and do all the good they could, merely because they could not carry Reform. This is a curious letter, but I think Lord Grey is an incautious man – or perhaps he really wants to know what Burdett, myself, and others, who he knows herd with Ellice, say on those subjects.

I dined at the Royal Society Club, Sir Humphrey Davy for the first time in the chair.⁴⁷³ Twenty-eight people there. Mr Babbage,⁴⁷⁴ whom I do not know, talked

471: Lord Kinnaird is wrong. It does take place, and the way the Italians retreat before it signals the end for B. of his hopes of an Italian insurrection.

472: Grey isn’t called by the King until 16 Nov 1830.

473: Sir Joseph Banks had died on June 19, and Davy (1778-1829) had been elected President on Nov 20.

474: Charles Babbage (1792-1871), “inventor of the computer” and future friend of Ada Byron.

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a good deal with me on Perkins' bank note,⁴⁷⁵ and offered to take me to see it, and him. [I] saw Captain Parry,⁴⁷⁶ and congratulated him – he [was] looking well.

[I] went afterwards to the Royal Society. Sir Humphrey Davy took the chair – [he] did not know what to do with his cocked hat. Sir Alexander Johnstone observed to me that none but a Frenchman's head seemed made for a cocked hat. Davy did not look well at all in his part, but he read what I thought a very good inaugural oration on the state of the sciences. He compliment[ed] the discoverers of the new Polar Sea – Parry was present. A paper was then read on the spleen, the use of which Sir E. Howe [Hume?? Hare??] says he has discovered at last – as well as I could catch it, the spleen secretes the serum in the blood.

Friday December 8th 1820: Thought of going to the Middlesex meeting, but Burdett being subpoena'd on the trial Wright v. Cobbett, did not go.

Saw the Lord Mayor going up with the loyal address of the *eight* aldermen, three of whom are bankrupts. The people cheered the Mayor at the gate of Carlton Palace – the next day the Mayor went up with the Common Council's⁴⁷⁷ address to dismiss ministers. It is said the courtiers behaved very indecently, and it is certain the king's answer was very indecent. As to the eight aldermen, it should be recollected that in former days there were twenty-two addressing aldermen (ready for any occasion).

This day, a dinner at Kinnaird's. Richards, the apothecary of St James's Street; Richards' brother, a solicitor; Stevenson, a Chancery barrister, *homme d'affaires* to the Duke of Sussex and bastard to the late Duke of Norfolk, who left him only two hundred a year after acknowledging him all his life; Old Walsh, and older Captain Morris; Burdett, and I, and Cullen. All the first five are members of the Beefsteak Club, and meet at what they call a "blue parlour" once a week – that is, a small room where they have port, a leg of pork, and pipes, and say⁴⁷⁸ rude things to one another. I liked Morris the best of all – he sang⁴⁷⁹ some of his songs very pleasantly – he is very healthy – and never had the gout, although I think he has drunk a great deal of wine – he attributes this to walking most

475: Angier March Perkins (1799?-1881), had invented a new way of engraving bank notes. Later he patented methods of central heating.

476: Sir William Edward Parry (1790-1855), Arctic explorer. See *TVOJ* 27, 8; and *Don Juan* VII 2, XIII 39, 5, XIV 22, 4, and XII 82.

477: "Common's Council's" (Ms.) The Common Council of the City of London.

478: "say" (Ms.)

479: "sung" (Ms.)

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days.⁴⁸⁰ It is ludicrous enough to hear him comparing himself to Horace in most of his songs – very like Horace indeed. I think he said he was born in 1744. Old Walsh trembled out a stave or two. It is very singular to hear these old fellows singing away the close of their lives – I do not like it⁴⁸¹ – Burdett remarked to me afterwards what an uncomfortable effect it had upon those not used to it. We smoked and smoked – and drank too much – Burdett and I then aired ourselves in St James’s Street.

Saturday December 9th 1820: Headache. Burdett rode down to Whitton with me. In the evening we had a long talk of the unaccountable credulity of y^e English respecting religion. Burdett said he really felt almost bewitched when sitting amongst a set of people notoriously propagators and partizans of the absurd and mad doctrines of our faith. When I recollect that a better man than Burdett never lived – a kinder, a more strictly honourable – a more indulgent and at the same time a more highly principled – a more humane in the most enlarged sense of the word – I am more than ever convinced of the folly of supposing a religious feeling indispensable to virtue and good conduct – or indeed at all necessarily connected with it. Should anyone ever read this, I beg him not to notice it – such an opinion would send a dog down to posterity with a cannister tied to his tail.

Sunday December 10th 1820: A wet day, but Burdett and I took a long ride. Peter⁴⁸² dined here.

Monday December 11th 1820: The trial Wright v. Cobbett being postponed until today, and Burdett being subpoena’d, we rode to London at eight in the morning. Burdett went down to the King’s Bench at ten, and stayed there until nine at night. He was not called, for Cobbett did not justify. All the credit Cobbett got in the former trial, he lost here. Scarlett belaboured him excessively – he bespattered Burdett with praise – owned he had libeled Burdett – but [said] that Burdett was of too noble a nature to recur to law. He concluded by putting his two sons, of about twenty-two and twenty, in the box, to perjure themselves by owning that they had written the offensive parts of the libel.

Jury found damages [of] £1,000!!!

Abbott summed up without a word of remark, except begging the jury to be

480: “most days” conjectural reading.

481: Kinnaird, a gifted amateur singer, probably sang too. H. never sings at all.

482: “Peter” unidentified. Could be “Pater”.

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tender and not misled by prejudice. Had this been a political libel, what would he have done and said!!! Burdett stayed on purpose to hear Abbott sum up.

I called on Mr Barstow, 8, Holborn Court, Gray's Inn – a very young man – [he] said that he had his bread to gain, but that Best's conduct to Davison had made him a politician. [He] agreed to send me hints for my projected motion in parliament.

I called on Bickersteth – thank heaven, that noble fellow is getting on well.

I dined, with about thirty of my constituents of St Paul's, Covent Garden, at the Rainbow Coffee House, and took the chair for them. Sat till ten, and then went to Brooks's, and read the papers. Slept at Douglas Kinnaird's. Read about Hislop's hanging the Killular of Talner.⁴⁸³

Tuesday December 12th 1820: Burdett, Kinnaird and I called on the Duke of Sussex at Kensington. I rode on to Whitton, dined, &c.

Wednesday December 13th 1820: This day year, *quem semper acerbum, semper honoratum, &c.*,⁴⁸⁴ I was sent to Newgate. Passed it now tranquilly at Whitton, writing, walking, &c., reading a little of Miss Aikins' *Court of Elizabeth* in the evening – it is not well written – but it is interesting⁴⁸⁵ ...

Thursday December 14th 1820: Received a letter from Henry Matthews, the author of *The Diary of an Invalid*,⁴⁸⁶ asking me to give him some hints for a Memoir of his brother, my poor friend Charles Skinner Matthews. I wrote an answer saying I would, but recommended some caution as to the publication of his compositions, which, consisting for the most part of college exercises, would not come up to the character of the writer. I wrote to Milnes and Bankes for materials.⁴⁸⁷

I rode out with Sophy, then walked with others. At night sat up till two, **writing journal.**

483: In Dec 1817 / Jan 1818 General Thomas Hislop had hanged the Mahratta governor of Talner, near Hyderabad. The case became famous, with Wellington defending him.

484: Virg., Aen., V 49-50. *iamque dies, ni fallor, adest, quem semper acerbum / semper honoratum (sic di voluistis) habebo*: "That day I shall always recollect with grief, with reverence also, for the gods so willed it".

485: H. echoes Dr Johnson on women preaching and dogs walking on their hind legs: "It is not well done, but one is surprised to see it done at all".

486: Published by John Murray, 1820.

487: William Bankes was, like C.S. Matthews, gay.

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Friday December 15th 1820: Writing journal. [I] see by the *Times* that the Congress of Troppau is broken up, and that hostilities will not, probably, be commenced against Naples. Middlesex grand jury found a bill against *Fletcher* for writing the letter to Burdett's jury. Mrs Perry of the *Statesman* writes to me for money. The other day Preston the cobbler wrote to me for ten pounds, enclosing his letter to Castlereagh about the Cato Street plot. Yesterday, I had an anonymous letter, warning me that a snare was laid for me by Hone. I do not know how anyone can lay a snare for me. I have sometimes thought I would keep all the odd letters sent to me – the other day a man wanted me to patronize his son at the Regency Theatre – a boy of four, who was to dance a hornpipe in chains. A woman signing herself Boadicea sends me an MS. about the Rights of Woman to publish.

Today I receive thanks from the inhabitants of Worcester, for promising to present their address to the Queen. Also an invitation to dine with the addressers of Islington on Monday next.

Walked or rode and spent the day as usual – called on Mrs Damer.

Saturday December 16th 1820: Another letter from Henry Matthews. I looked out my late friend's letters, and began to see what could be done by way of memoir.

Walked out with a gun – dined, &c.

Sunday December 17th 1820: Matthews' letters – Cobbett attacks the Rump and Burdett and me for refusing to impeach ministers – a very poor, broken-down performance he was. The £1,000 damages have made him ship a sea.

Riding, &c.

Monday December 18th 1820: Dressed in paraphernalia and went with William Petre to Brandenburgh House. It was a great day – a great show of M.P.s – the highlanders in arms, about forty, presented their address. There is no abatement of zeal, that is certain. I was introduced to Countess Oldi – a very plain woman with a large face and mouth – a coarse, large figure. The inner room is still half-filled with foreigners. I had but a short conversation with the Queen – presented my Worcester address – our St Anne's people were gone, owing, as an anonymous correspondent informs me, to the ambition of Mr Fische, who wished to have the reading of the address himself.

Returned to Whitton – dined, &c. – Petre with us.

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Tuesday December 19th 1820: Matthews' letters – walking or riding – dining and idling.

Wednesday December 20th 1820: Matthews – walking or riding, &c. – dined with Mrs Damer at York House in Twickenham, where Queen Anne was born. That singular man Sir W. Waller there – how such a man should have had the choice between two widows, Lady Sligo and Lady Howe,⁴⁸⁸ is unaccountable.

Mrs Damer is a fine old lady for seventy upwards – her teeth good – she is a great Queenite – [she] was at Brandenburgh House on Monday. She still works at her sculpture. She had Strawberry Hill for her life,⁴⁸⁹ but left it – she did not like to live in a place where all the furniture was ticketed. She is [the] daughter of Marshal Conway.

Mrs Baillie sang.

Thursday December 21st 1820: Matthews' letters – It will be very difficult to make anything of the business. Robert Milnes, to whom I wrote about it, sends me an answer that he has nothing to assist the business. He talks of our other “departed” friend S.B.Davies – an unfeeling puppy.

*Canning resigned.*⁴⁹⁰

Walk, dine, and do nothing.

Friday December 22nd 1820: Up very late as usual – indeed, if I continue my present way of living I shall find my soul subside most lamentably. What with reading the newspaper and answering letters I have scarcely any time for study in the morning – and the evening is a pure loss, except an hour when all are gone to bed, when I read something I have read before.

Continue to write about poor Matthews. I find to my surprise that he was a great Reformer – hated Whigs and Tories and honourable House. This, in 1807, is a proof of his original and vigorous mind. It seems I was a Whig then – like other dunces.

488: Lady Sligo (mother to B.'s friend the Marquis of Sligo) had married Sir William Scott, not Sir William Waller. She was the daughter, not widow, of Earl Howe.

489: Horace Walpole left Mrs Damer Strawberry Hill in his will. She sold it in 1811.

490: Canning had gone abroad to avoid the Queen's trial: see 15 July, 23, for the suspicion that he had been one of her lovers. He resigned on his return, objecting even to the measures with which the government were still threatening her.

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Saturday December 23rd 1820: Matthews, as before. Cobbett of this week talks of “the Westminster Don and his true and trusted Sancho at his heels”!⁴⁹¹ This annoyed me at first, although I was sensible that I deserved no slur from the people in whose cause I labour to the best of my capacity. As for dependence upon Burdett, I am not ungrateful for services – but he owes his election in 1818 to me as much as I owe my election to him; and I defy anyone to mention an instance in which I have displayed any undue deference for him. On the contrary, I have more than once brought him to act where he would otherwise have been supine. I always shall be ready to own that I look up to this great man as the model of modern patriotism. Detect him in doing anything base, and me in following him,⁴⁹² then indeed William Cobbett will not have shot his bolt in vain. I am, heaven knows, animated with no other wish than to be serviceable to my country, and through that service to obtain a fair reputation – for this object I have borne all calumnies from all men – and trust that my constancy will not be diminished by my experience.

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I read over this evening some of my own work – *Illustrations of Childe Harold* – and am surprised at my former labours. The antiquarian part is well done, I am sure.

Sunday December 24th 1820: Matthews. Today I ran round the garden in a little less than three minutes – and was seized with a giddiness in the head, which made me feel sick and unwell the greater part of the evening, and taught, or, as the Gospel⁴⁹³ says, “signified to me the death by which I should die” – apoplexy or nervous paralysis will be my fate – pray only that this may be decisive, and not leave me to linger on in fatuity.

I read some of Anthony à Wood’s diary and Aubrey’s *Lives*. The latter is my delight – see the letter in which mention is made of Compton, Bishop of London,⁴⁹⁴ riding into Oxford at the time of the revolution in 1688, in military attire, with his sword drawn, and *Nolumus leges angliae mutari* on a scarf. He rode before the Princess Anne with 1,200 horsemen. Here was a Bishop of London for you – here is a contrast to Hurley.

491: That is, Burdett as Quixote and H. as Sancho. H.’s pedantic dissection of Cobbett’s joke shows his limited sense of humour.

492: H. has already forgotten the joke. Don Quixote is incapable of baseness.

493: “gospell” (Ms.)

494: Henry Compton (1632-1713), Bishop of London. Tutor to James II’s daughters.

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Bishop Jenkins intended to be buried with the Bible under one arm and Magna Carta⁴⁹⁵ under the other.

Monday December 25th 1820: **Wrote journal for ten days** – Matthews – live as usual.⁴⁹⁶

Tuesday December 26th 1820: As usual – walk out shooting fieldfares in this frosty weather, with Isaac and Tom.

Wednesday December 27th 1820: As usual – Burdett writes very kindly to me, wishing me to come to Bath. Walk out shooting.

Thursday December 28th 1820: No change – remain at Whitton, idling.

Friday December 29th 1820: About this time my father sends me £100 present for some land enclosed and allotted to the Bradford Estate by the commissioners. I pay my two servants' bills. Employed as usual – pay Mason liv. 29.0.0.

Saturday December 30th 1820: As before – no variation in mode of life – quite stupefied, and feeling a sort of horror at the approaching meeting of Parliament.

Sunday December 31st 1820: Ditto, ditto, ditto ...

495: "Charta" (Ms.)

496: Note the absence of all references to Christmas.