

1822

1822: *Cain*; conflict with Canning; plot to make Burdett the Whig leader; Isaac sent down from Oxford, but gets into Cambridge. Trip to Europe; the battlefield of Waterloo; journey down the Rhine; crossing the Alps; the Italian lakes; Milan; Castlereagh's suicide; Genoa; with Byron at Pisa; Florence; Siena, Rome; Ferrara; Bologna; Venice; Congress of Verona; back across the Alps; Paris, Benjamin Constant.

[Edited from B.L.Add.Mss. 56544/5/6/7.]

Tuesday January 1st 1822: Left two horses at the White Horse, Southill (the sign of which, by the way, was painted by Gilpin),* took leave of the good Whitbread, and at one o'clock (about) rode my old horse to Welwyn. Then [I] mounted Tommy and rode to London, where I arrived a little after five. Put up at Douglas Kinnaird's. Called in the evening on David Baillie, who has not been long returned from nearly a nine years' tour – he was not at home.

Wednesday January 2nd 1822: Walked about London. Called on Place, who congratulated me on my good looks. Dined at Douglas Kinnaird's. Byng [was] with us – Baillie came in during the course of the evening. I think¹ my old friend had a little reserve about him, and he gave a sharp answer or two to Byng, who good-naturedly asked him where he came from last – “From Calais!” said Baillie. He says he begins to find some of the warnings of age – deafness, and blindness, and weakness of teeth. I can match him in the first. This is rather premature for thirty-five years of age.

Thursday January 3rd 1822: Walked about London. Dined at Douglas Kinnaird's. Chantry, Chambers, Baillie of the party. We had a long discussion after dinner, which prevented us from going, as we intended, to the play. Chantry laid down his law respecting single figures in repose being preferable to groups in action. I think Baillie was too peremptory on the other side. We had, however, an agreeable evening on the whole.

Chantry does not think much of my bust of Lord Byron by Thorwaldsen,² nor does he think much of Thorwaldsen – he prefers Canova infinitely.

1: “thing” (Ms.)

2: This is the first reference in the surviving diary to the Thorwaldsen bust, for which B. sat at Venice in May 1817: the volume for that period is missing.

1822

Friday January 4th 1822: After much thought I sent off a letter to Lord Byron³ in friendly terms but remonstrating with him on his conduct towards me about this *Cain*. I read the letter to Kinnaird and kept a copy of it.

I called on Chantry and sat with him an hour. He told me some characteristic traits of Tooke and Burdett which had passed under his own notice. He said, "I always said of Burdett that he had a good heart, but wanted being told what was right". Chantry blamed Burdett's conduct about not burying Tooke in his garden.⁴ Burdett had highly approved of the plan in Tooke's lifetime, and in Chantry's presence had asked Tooke to have the vault made large enough for Burdett also. "No," says Tooke, looking up sarcastically, "*Nobody shall scratch with me!*" I told Chantry that Burdett had given to me as a reason for not burying Tooke in his garden that no-one would buy the place. "Then," said Chantry, "Burdett ought to have bought it himself – what was two or three thousand to him?"

Chantry gave me a proof print of Tooke by R. Smith, and another of Burdett by the same – they were published by subscription. Tooke put his name down for twenty of Burdett, and Burdett for twenty of Tooke. When Smith sent the twenty to Burdett, Burdett sent them back, saying that his family did not care for that sort of thing. Tooke was much hurt, and was obliged to write a letter to Burdett on the subject, which done, Burdett took back the engravings. Now this was very inconsiderate, but Burdett's mind is not framed so as to feel the impropriety of these trifling inattentions, and it is possible that the very absence of some virtues is, in human composition, necessary for the formation of some other, and greater, qualities.

Chantry told me that the funeral of Tooke was put off from time to time until they buried him at last in his family vault – at Ealing, I think: Chantry, who was prepared to attend had he been buried in the garden, would not sanction the infraction of Tooke's wishes.

Tooke used always to talk with the greatest scorn and dislike of "the fortune-tellers – the conjurers," as he used to call the parsons. Tooke was at the point of death a year before he died. Chantry, not knowing his danger, called, bringing with him in a wagon the great slab to cover the garden vault. He wished not to be shown upstairs, but Tooke insisted upon his coming,

3: BB 320-3. There are numerous erasures recorded, and the text there may be H.'s copy, indicating that B. destroyed the primary text as he did that of the previous letter about *Cain*. B.'s reply, dated Jan 18, is at BLJ IX 88-9. In it he asks H. for news of the publication of *VoJ*, a work to which H. seems never to refer.

4: Tooke died at his Wimbledon home on August 18th 1812. He was to have been buried in his garden, beneath a black marble slab designed by Chantry, and with an oration by Burdett – but it was felt the grave would decrease the value of the property.

1822

and when Chantry awkwardly mentioned his having brought the slab, Tooke, then in agonies, was highly pleased. One of his daughters was reading the *Times* to him: when a paroxysm of pain came on he made a sign, and his daughter ceased reading. When he felt better he made another sign, and his daughter resumed.

Chantry said that in conversation Tooke's great art was saying strong things without shocking people's feelings – although he was sometimes very virulent and abusive, and swore violently. Chantry told me that Tooke was very anxious to get him patrons from the Tories: "You can do nothing or little," said Tooke, "to help us – your purpose should be to make your fortune, and live comfortably and reputably".

A favourite maxim of Tooke's was not to omit doing a small kindness on account of any man's insignificance – the odds are that every individual may have it in his power to hurt or help you once in seven years. Chantry told me that he found Tooke's character gaining ground with the men on the ruling side – of these Chantry sees a great deal.

Chantry's bust of the King is finished. It is a fine thing, but the wig is a wig, as I told him. "Damn that wig," said Chantry, "he had it upstairs." He mentioned to me that the King had a very fine throat, without those dewlaps which he gives himself by tying up his neck-cloth so tightly.

Chantry is modelling a statue of Lady Liverpool.⁵ Her favourite gown and bonnet had been sent to him for the purpose of helping him in his model.

[I] believe Kinnaird and I dined at his home alone.

Saturday January 5th 1822: This day went to Whitton, and had the delight of seeing all my dear sisters in health. There was a stranger in the room, so I could have but a cool greeting from these charming girls. I have not seen them for more than three months.

Sunday January 6th 1822: At Whitton.

Monday January 7th 1822: Rode up to London. Dined at Henry Shephard's* – met Baillie and Cullen. Lady M.S. told me she was like Sardanapalus⁶ – she liked pleasure, but she would import as much as she felt!!!

Tuesday January 8th 1822: Dined at Kinnaird's.

5: The Prime Minister's wife.

6: B.'s play had been published the previous month.

1822

Wednesday January 9th 1822: Dined at Frederick Byng's. Young Grenville,* two Mills,⁷ and Lord Alvanley* there – the latter very agreeable – he drank like a fish. He told me that Talleyrand, with whom he had been living at Vallancy, never spoke of Bonaparte except in terms of great respect. Talleyrand considered himself as ill-used, and therefore fairly entitled to do all he could to dethrone Bonaparte. Talleyrand told Alvanley that just before the campaign against Austria he came into the room where Napoleon was talking to the Russian ambassador in a fit of madness – stamping and jumping on the chairs, and performing other freaks. When the Russian ambassador went out of the room, Talleyrand asked Napoleon why he was in such transports of rage. Napoleon told him he had put on that *mien*⁸ to make the Russian write to his court and advise <them> it to keep to its neutrality. “I never was cooler in my life,” said Napoleon; “Tatez mon pouls” – “Which I did,” [said Talleyrand,] “and found the pulse quite as usual, which was very slow”.

Alvanley told us that during the Queen's trial he told the Lord Chancellor⁹ he had a project to stop the proceeding. The Lord Chancellor began to swear violently that the trial would kill him, and he wished it was stopped, one way or the other. Alvanley then put a paper into his hand, which he begged him to look over and give his opinion tomorrow. The paper contained a motion, regularly drawn up, “Die Ven.^{is} &c, House of Lords / That her Majesty the Queen &c &c, should be called to the bar of this House, —————, and discharged.” The blank here was filled up with the obscene word¹⁰ at length. The Lord Chancellor was in fits of laughter. He once told Alvanley that he never had been happy but in two years of his life. He was intended for the church for two years after taking his degree at Oxford: during those two years he did nothing. Since he began to devote himself to the law, he has been at constant labour, which he detests, so he says – his greatest inclination being to do nothing. During the Queen's trial he sent down this question to the judges: “Why is a Scotchman like a fart?” They gave no answer. His answer was, “Because he never returns to the place from whence he came”. James Mill assured me this was a fact.

Thursday January 10th 1822: Dined at Williams's* the banker and solicitor, partner of Kinnaird.

7: James Mill and the seventeen-year-old John Stuart Mill.

8: “mine” (Ms.)

9: Eldon.

10: “fucked”.

1822

Friday January 11th 1822: Went to Whitton, Kinnaird with me.

Saturday January 12th 1822: Hunted with the Berkeley Stag Hounds. Moreton Berkeley, who is and will not be the peer, and who looks like a servant, hunts the hounds, and [his] brother and young Harry Wentwell¹¹ whip them in. A singular set out. We had no sport – the deer would not run.

Bought a horse, called Alien, of Shackle, the dealer in Piccadilly – forty-five guineas – thoroughbred – was second favourite for the Derby.

At Whitton.

Sunday January 13th 1822: At Whitton.

Monday January 14th 1822: At Whitton. [The] Marquis of Buckingham* [was] made a Duke on Saturday last.

Tuesday January 15th 1822: Hunted Alien with [the] Berkeley Hounds. Dined at Miss Byng's.

Wednesday January 16th 1822: **Journalising**, riding, or walking.

Thursday January 17th 1822: At Whitton, doing nothing.

Friday January 18th 1822: Ditto, ditto.

Saturday January 19th 1822: Ditto, ditto.

Sunday January 20th 1822: Ditto, ditto.

Monday January 21st 1822: The same – reading *The Pirate*¹² and *Favourite of Nature*.¹³ The first a failure of Scott's I think, and the second a good sentimental novel said to be written by Lady Dacre.*

Tuesday January 22nd 1822: Rode up to London. Dined with Joseph Hume – a large party. [The] Bishop of Norwich¹⁴ there. He is a hale old man of seventy-seven. [He] said he had never been confined in his life. Before dinner he introduced himself to me, and, asking after my health, said every

11: Conjectural spelling.

12: Scott's novel had been published in October 1821.

13: *The Favourite of Nature. A Tale* (1821) by Mary Ann Kelty.

14: Henry Bathurst, Bishop of Norwich 1805-1837.

1822

friend of his country must be interested in that health. I record this compliment on account of the excellent person from whom it came. He said many civil things to me besides. Lord Alexander Hamilton, there – [the] late Lord Mayor,* Thorpe,* Shaw,* and Alderman Wood. Hume certainly has an eye for the city – or someone has an eye for him. We drank out of the Herefordshire cup presented to Hume for his public services – or rather, drank the cider.

Slept at Kinnaird's.

Wednesday January 23rd 1822: Went about looking at lodgings – called on Murray and had a talk about Lord Byron – I find Murray has retained the Attorney General in case he should be prosecuted as threatened for publishing *Cain*.¹⁵

Murray tells me Lord Holland does not like *Cain* – Bartle Frere¹⁶ said he should not read the last volume of Byron's poetry but treat him with the same contempt as Lord Byron treats the public.

Murray tells me the volume does not sell, although he printed only 6,000¹⁷ instead of 12,000 – – – Thus I am more and more convinced of the correctness of my judgement concerning this publication – Lord Byron has answered Kinnaird's letter;¹⁸ he is still angry with me, but he has agreed to cancel the indenture respecting the memoirs. This good has at least been done, let what will come of our friendship.

I rode back to Whitton.

Thursday January 24th 1822: Read Creevey's pamphlet on [the] last session of parliament – some good things in it relative to the Finance Committee of 1817, and to the Pension Retreat Bill – but it is a lazy performance, and Creevey cautiously abstains from the great and only remedy – Reform of Parliament.

Walked out, dined, &c.

15: Though *Cain*, which Murray published in December in the same volume as *Sardanapalus* and *The Two Foscari*, met with almost universal disapproval, Murray was never prosecuted for it. He was, however, refused an injunction against its piracy.

16: Brother of John Hookham Frere and father of Bartle Frere the English colonial administrator.

17: In fact 6,099 (see CPW VI 648).

18: The letter to Kinnaird about Moore and the Memoirs seems that printed at BLJ IX 84-5, which is postmarked January 19th – in the context of this entry, a postal impossibility. Byron expresses anger about Hobhouse in a letter to Kinnaird of November 28th 1821 (BLJ IX 71-2) so perhaps time is being telescoped here.

1822

Friday January 25th 1822: Walking – had a dinner party and ball at night.

Saturday January 26th 1822: Hunted – [on] Alien, who refuses his leaps – Kinnaird and Baillie came down to Whitton – pleasant day.

Sunday January 27th 1822: Took a long walk with Baillie and Kinnaird – they dined and slept here.

Monday January 28th 1822: Hunted from Virginia Water with the King's Stag Hounds – had a tremendous run of seventeen miles, to between Guildford and Farnham. I was on my old horse, and well carried – nearly the only horse with the hounds. Kinnaird was hurt by a fall, and was bled when he came home. He and Baillie left us after dinner.

Tuesday January 29th 1822: Idled, walked, dined, &c.

Wednesday January 30th 1822: Read a speech or two – **journalised**. Recollect in the letters intercepted on board the Admiral Asslin in 1803,¹⁹ that mention is made of the Rotten Borough faction, and that the French translation, knowing nothing of the matter, calls it “Bollen-borough” and “Rollen-borough” – see vol. XIV of *Political Tracts* – read there Greville's opinion of Pitt and Addington.

Thursday January 31st 1822: At Whitton.

Friday February 1st 1822: At Whitton as before.

Saturday February 2nd 1822: Ditto, ditto.

Sunday February 3rd 1822: Ditto.

Monday February 4th 1822: Went up to London. Removed three horses to Mason's stables. Set up staff at Kinnaird's – dined there – Burdett with us – talked about what should be done at the opening of parliament tomorrow. I thought of moving an adjournment of consideration of the King's speech for two days, previously to Hume's amendment recommending repeal of taxes.

19: The Admiral Asslin was an English ship captured by the French, with documents on board.

1822

Tuesday February 5th 1822: No-one knew what line [the] opposition would take – but after the King’s speech, which, though in the House of Commons, I did not hear, I learned at Brooks’s from General Fergusson that Burdett would move the amendment to adjourn. I went down to the House of Commons at the usual time, a quarter to four – [the] King’s speech [was] read by the Speaker – a mere nothing. Clive²⁰ and Duncombe²¹ [were] mover and seconder of [the] address. Burdett moved adjournment, in a speech which entered too much, I thought, into the speech from the throne. I seconded Burdett²² – the only point was that no-one now feared the revolutionary plunderer, but only the plunderer who came backed by an act of parliament. Duncombe had said something about “evil-disposed people still waiting opportunities for mischief”: but – curious change – no-one cheered, and many smiled.

Castlereagh answered Burdett and me in a very civil speech and subdued tone, saying [the] address pledged no-one and nobody to anything, and that he purposed to take the agricultural districts and the Irish part of the King’s speech into consideration immediately. Old Tierney turned round to us and wanted us to be satisfied with this, and not divide – Burdett would have given way, but I insisted on dividing. Tierney went away. Macdonald²³ and one or two others voted against us – we had fifty-eight – Burdett and I [were] tellers.

Hume then moved his amendment, [and] had fifty-eight against 171, I believe. Tierney vote with us, and country gentlemen, with the exception of Davenport,²⁴ the two Burrells,²⁵ and Curtis,²⁶ [were] against us, so that we do not seem likely to mend much by the agricultural distresses. Tierney said in the lobby that the division was impolitic – that we had begun too soon – but Burdett told me that it was always reckoned a ministerial object to unanimous first night. Creevey told me he never remembered such a thing – ministerial bench on a king’s speech.

Very few members from Ireland were present.

[The King’s] address passed in the Lords without a division.

20: Either Edward, Henry, Robert Henry, or William Clive, all MPs in 1820.

21: Charles Duncombe (1764-1841), MP for Newport, Isle of Wight.

22: *Hansard (New Series), Vol. VI, 1822, pp.32-6.*

23: Probably Ranald George Macdonald (1788-1873), MP for Plympton Earle.

24: Davies Davenport (1757-1837), MP for Cheshire.

25: Sir Charles Merrick Burrell (1774-1862), and Walter Burrell (1777-1831), MPs respectively for New Shoreham and Sussex.

26: Sir William Curtis (1752-1829), MP for the City of London. See *AoB*, 770.

1822

Wednesday February 6th 1822: Ministers did not take care to make a house – which is strange enough considering it is to be for [the] report of [the] <King's> address. Burdett and Baillie dined at Kinnaird's – and we all went into the orchestra to see Kean play Othello – he was very great but I do not think I was so much struck with him as on the first night I saw that play.

Forgot to mention that I have had a letter from Lord Byron, who now turns his menaces to a joke and says he meant nothing – so far so well.

Lady Noel is dead.²⁷

Thursday February 7th 1822: Went about looking at houses. At the House of Commons, [a] debate upon [the] Irish Insurrection and Suspension of Habeas Corpus Acts. [The] ministers wanted to pass both bills in one night, but Denman stopped them at one o'clock in the morning. Burdett spoke. Great expectation was excited by Charles Grant, the ex-Irish Secretary²⁸ – he voted for the bills, but I thought made a trimming speech.

I dined at [the] Royal Society Club but came back with Gilbert Davies²⁹ to the House of Commons.

Friday February 8th 1822: Another debate on Irish business. Acts passed – both of them – Lords sat next day on purpose to expedite the bills – I dined at Lambton's. Lady Elizabeth Grey, a fine young woman, there – I said a few words today on Hunt's imprisonment,³⁰ and complained of severe sentences on political offenders – one four years and a half imprisonment. [The] Attorney-General said I alluded to “the much-injured Carlisle” – I told him I did not, but added “I knew well enough why he coupled my name with Carlisle's” – there was a tremendous cheer. Mr Attorney got up, and assured me upon his honour he had no improper motive. I took his apology of course, though everybody must have seen he lied.

I find in *The State of the Nation*, a government pamphlet written either by Tom Courtenay or a Mr Holt,* that I am coupled with Hunt and Cobbett, and in this way: “*The moral and religious purity of Mr Hobhouse*”. In the first edition it was “*the candour and directness of Mr Hobhouse,*” but the change took place in subsequent editions. Now this is villainous – my morality and religion I take to be much about the same as those of other

27: B.'s mother-in-law died on Jan 28 1822.

28: Charles Grant had been Chief Secretary for Ireland, 1818-21.

29: Gilbert Davies (1767-1839), MP for Bodmin.

30: **Hansard (New Series), Vol. VI, 1822, pp.157-8.** Henry (“Orator”) Hunt had been jailed for two years in May 1820. He was released on 30 Oct 1822. John Hunt, soon to be B.'s publisher, was also jailed, in Feb 1821, but H. never mentions him.

1822

people in my situation – but why sneer at me? 'Tis to give me a bad name in a way to which no reply can be made.

Saturday February 9th 1822: I rode down to Whitton – evening there.

Sunday February 10th 1822: At Whitton – walked to church with Matilda and Amelia – heard a most abominable sermon.

Monday February 11th 1822: Rode up to London – at Kinnaird's – went to House of Commons – Brougham made his speech for relief by reduction of taxation – spoke three hours and a half. Considered as oratory, it was a very wonderful performance, but Ricardo told me there were many wrong points in it. Ricardo said, in a short speech on Hume's motion on [the] address, that taxation was not [the] cause of distress, because it did not cause low prices. Bennet of Wilts³¹ well answered him, that the farmers could bear low prices if taxes were not high. Ricardo would have voted against us on that night, had not Burdett prevented him, by observing that he was for reduction as well as Hume, although not precisely for the same reason. This is what Burdett called being righteous over-much. I agree with him, that without some concert 'tis impossible for opposition to work well together.

Dined at the House of Commons – we did not divide 100 – and caught us no new country gentlemen. That class said they ought to wait till Friday to know what the ministerial specific was.

Castlereagh made a most insolent speech – about nothing.

Tuesday February 12th 1822: Did nothing at House of Commons – dined at Brookes's with Lord Kensington,* &c, Motteux* and Burdett.

Wednesday February 13th 1822: Attended Westminster meeting in Covent Garden – fine day – large meeting. Grey Bennet, Whitbread, Wyvil,* Honeywood,* Barrett,* Fyshe Palmer, [and] Hume there. A man named Nicholson, a Cobbettite, came to embarrass us with a proposition that we should move the repeal of certain taxes, and help Hume, &c. This proposition was a long time without a seconder, and it passed at last without much applause of the people. I said that I would do what I was ordered, but time and manner must be left to me. The petition was for Reform – drawn up by Place – a very good one indeed.

At the House of Commons Wilson made his statement, in a very sensible, modest speech, which I believe convinced everybody that he had

31: Henry Grey Bennet, (1777-1836), MP for Shrewsbury.

1822

been ill-treated, and actually made three or four votes – [an] unheard-of effect in that house. Palmerston³² spoke abominably – put all on prerogative. I tried to answer him – but Lambton got the start – Castlereagh made an impudent speech – Bennet spoke – Horace Twiss spoke vilely – Burdett then got up and spoke most nobly and effectually – Hume spoke ill – we divided 97.

Thursday February 14th 1822: No House of Commons today. I dined at [the] Royal Society Club, and heard at the Royal Society a dissertation on some hyæna's bones, found in a cave in Yorkshire – antediluvian.

Friday February 15th 1822: At House of Commons – very full in consequence of expectation of ministerial scheme for agricultural relief – Burdett presented [the] Westminster petition – I seconded it,³³ and for the first time got coughed at – I had chosen a bad time, for what I said was good, as I was told by Bennet. This annoyed me excessively.

Lord Londonderry made his statement – such a thing was never heard before – he boggled dreadfully – his reduction little or nothing – Brougham answered him, and cut him up – but I think made the contest too personal to himself. Huskisson then spoke – then Hume. No division.

Saturday February 16th 1822: I hear country gentlemen are satisfied with plan – all except the []³⁴ parish rates, which was given up by Huskisson two hours after it was proposed by Castlereagh – what a ministry!! Peel³⁵ took his seat as Home Secretary, but did not speak.

Today I entered upon a set of chambers at N^o. 6 Albany Court Yard. Took them of Mr Legh, the traveller* – give £241 per annum, and £326 for furniture, for two years. Borrowed £500 of [] Bank.

Dined at Beef Steak Club. Duke of Sussex and Brougham there, and Arnold in chair – had a deal of fun. Brougham was put into a white sheet – we had all sorts of pastimes. Club established 1731 – several relics of Garrick's there – wandered about till half-past one.

Sunday February 17th 1822: Dined at the Speaker's. Sat next to Creevey, who talked to me a great deal about Sheridan – “a very wicked, heartless fellow,” he said.

32: Viscount Palmerston (1784-1865), MP for the pocket borough of Newtown, IoW.

33: *Hansard (New Series), Vol. VI, 1822, pp.348-9.*

34: Word cramped. Looks like “lenchington”.

35: Robert Peel (1788-1850), founder of Bobbies. MP for Oxford University.

1822

Saturday February 18th 1822: At House of Commons – debate on agricultural relief. Dined at Lambton's. Went back – sat up half-past twelve.

Sunday February 19th 1822: Walked into City – *no* House – came down to Whitton.

Monday February 20th 1822: Stayed at Whitton, walking, &c.

Tuesday February 21st 1822: Rode up to London – evening at House of Commons.

Wednesday February 22nd 1822: Day in the usual unprofitable state – rode with Burdett, however, which is so much gained. Old Coutts, at eighty-seven, dying – Lady Burdett and Lady Guildford³⁶ with him. Left Burdett at his door and went to House of Commons, where I dined and did nothing but vote against something, I forget what – Navy Estimates, I believe.³⁷

Thursday February 23rd 1822: Dined today with Dr Chambers. Lennard, Baillie, Dr Warren,* Rolfe and Seton there – pleasant evening.

Friday February 24th 1822: A note from Burdett tells me Coutts died this morning at ten o'clock. A sad scene, he says – and calls Coutts an unnatural father. I found by calling on Burdett afterwards that Coutts has not mentioned a single name in his will save that of his wife – which is very singular, considering that he and his daughters were on good terms for the last years of his life, and that he died, as it were, in their arms – Burdett also being present. It seems Mrs Coutts has told Antrobus & Coutts Trotter that she intends to divide the property into four parts, and share with the three daughters, leaving her share at her death amongst the daughters: but this she said she would do amicably, without any bond of obligation. Burdett told Coutts Trotter that Lady Burdett would not accept anything in this way, and Lady Bute had told Coutts so by letter a year ago. It seems that old Coutts wished his daughters to look up to his wife by making them pensioners on

36: Coutts' daughters.

37: *Hansard (New Series), Vol. VI, 1822, p.543.* H. is correct. The Admiralty had asked for £1,781,325.

1822

her bounty. Mrs Coutts has taken care that everything should be known, even now.³⁸

I rode down to Whitton – found a Mr Macdonald* and Dr Roget* there – a very agreeable evening.

Monday February 25th 1822: Rode up to London – at the House of Commons, did not vote with Mr James³⁹ that it was a breach of privilege to open members' letters at jails.

Dined at House of Commons.

Tuesday February 26th 1822: No House – so I tried to get into the Adelphi Theatre to see a farce which has made a great noise (*Tom and Jerry*)⁴⁰ but could not get in.

Dined at the University Club – sat at home.

Wednesday February 27th 1822: At House of Commons all evening till past twelve. Creevey made a very good and agreeable speech on the remuneration of high and efficient public servants by the Act 57th of George III. I thought of speaking, and rose with Bennett, who caught the Speaker's eye. Lord Londonderry alluded to this in his reply to Bennett, and said Bennett had better have availed himself of my offer.

I voted afterwards with Hume, for naval details. This night Hume, by help of Ricardo, Bernal⁴¹ and Parnell,⁴² but chiefly Brougham, who showed wonderful readiness, completely overthrew Croker,⁴³ who had for a night or two been quizzing Hume about an alleged mistake of eleven millions in the Naval Estimates.

Saturday February 28th 1822: At House of Commons from five till two in the morning. Voted and spoke on the Knightsbridge riot.⁴⁴ Voted with Calcraft for the repeal of the Salt Tax: 165 to 169. I was sitting close to Woodhouse and Stuart Wortley, and I think from their manner that one

38: Coutts' fortune descends to Burdett's daughter Angela Burdett-Coutts (1814-1906), one of the most important of all nineteenth-century philanthropists.

39: No-one with this surname sat in the Commons in 1822.

40: *Tom and Jerry, or Life in London, a musical extravaganza in three acts* (1822).

41: Ralph Bernal (1784-1854), MP for Rochester.

42: Henry Brooke Parnell (1776-1842), MP for Queen's County.

43: John Wilson Croker (1780-1857), MP for Bodmin. His *Quarterly* review of *Endymion* had "killed Keats".

44: *Hansard (New Series), Vol. VI, 1822, pp.808-14.*

1822

(Wortley), if not both, would have joined Acland,⁴⁵ Knatchbull,⁴⁶ Lethbridge,⁴⁷ and the other country gentlemen, had it not been for an injudicious speech of Brougham's at the end. I spoke to Tierney, and many others who were much vexed, and Brougham himself saw his imprudence. Afterwards, sixty-one placemen voted against the repeal of the Salt Tax.

Friday March 1st 1822: At the House of Commons from five till half-past one in the morning. I presented a petition from Blackburne, signed by five thousand, in favour of Hunt, and made a long speech on the case of that ill-used man.⁴⁸ I was given to understand that [the] government would send orders to prevent the restrictions of Hunt being continued – in fact they did so next day. Hunt wrote to thank me for something I said in his behalf before. Sir M.W.Ridley⁴⁹ brought in his question as to the Lords of the Admiralty, and beat [the] ministers by 182 to 128. The shabby country gentlemen tried to make a merit of saving the country £2,000 a year. Londonderry declared against these piecemeal reforms. We had afterwards five or six divisions on [the] Navy Estimates.

Saturday March 2nd 1822: Dined with Lambton – an immense party, and splendid dinner. I sat next to Ricardo, who told me he never thought of political œconomy, till happening one day during an illness of his wife to be at Bath, he saw an Adam Smith in a circulating library, and turning over a page or two ordered it to be sent to his house. He liked it so much as to acquire a taste for the study.

Lambton took me to the Speaker's levy – afterwards I went to the opera.

Sunday March 3rd 1822: Rode down to Whitton – dined and slept.

Monday March 4th 1822: Returned to London. Went to the House of Commons, and stayed there till twelve at night. Voted with Hume to reduce 10,000 of the regular army of 68,802 men.⁵⁰ Calcraft voted against this reduction – *Mr Under-Secretary Wilmot!*⁵¹ treated us to a bit of Latin – “Si vis pacem, para bellum”⁵² – he attempted to be severe upon Hume.

45: Sir Thomas Dyke Acland (1787-1871), MP for Devon.

46: Sir Edward Knatchbull (junior: 1781-1849), MP for Kent.

47: Thomas Butler Lethbridge (1778-1849), MP for Somerset.

48: *Hansard (New Series), Vol. VI, 1822, pp.862-3.* Not very long.

49: Matthew White Ridley (1778-1836), MP for Newcastle-upon-Tyne.

50: *Hansard (New Series), Vol. VI, 1822, pp.892-3.* In fact, about Hunt.

51: One of the burners of B.'s memoirs in 1824.

52: “If you want peace, prepare for war”. Vegetius, *De Rei Militari* III.

1822

Tuesday March 5th 1822: I rode down to Whitton to take leave of Sophy, who is going on a visit to a friend – stayed the night.

Wednesday March 6th 1822: Rode up to London – at House of Commons till past twelve – Bennett brought forward his motion on [the] Queen’s funeral – Mr Secretary Peel spoke, and was rather severe on Hume. Lord Londonderry called the Queen’s friends “a faction” – I answered very warmly, in a speech which I was told was the best I ever made in parliament⁵³ – it was not, but it had a good deal of effect, and was loudly cheered. It was ill-reported in the *Times*. I divided afterwards against going into [the] Army Estimates at eleven o’clock – [we] had only twenty-eight with us. In fact the Whig leaders, if there are any who may be called such, seem to set their faces against these divisions and delays.

Thursday March 7th 1822: A short time at the House of Commons. Dined at Brookes’s after – a great party, to celebrate, as Lambton said, the withdrawing of the Duke of Buckingham and the Grenvilles from the Club – a dull dinner and a dear one. Palmerston alluded to it in last night’s debate. Londonderry alluded to Coke’s marriage* [in] this night[’s] debate, and indeed these personal jokes are becoming common on the other side. Gooch actually told a stupid story of his gamekeeper saying to him, “Lord bless you Sir, a hare is the most enticing vermin in the world – except a woman!” – and this in the House of Commons.

Friday March 8th 1822: At House of Commons. Dined with Douglas Kinnaird. Returned to House, and sat up till past one – on a debate respecting nay⁵⁴ five percents.

Saturday March 9th 1822: Burdett and I rode down to Whitton – stayed there at night (saw R.O’Connor).*

Sunday March 10th 1822: At Whitton. Burdett dined with us.

Monday March 11th 1822: Rode up to London – all evening at House of Commons on the Superannuation Act. [The] King gives up £30,000 a year: Calcraft and Ridley gave him unqualified praise – the others of Rotten Row did not come down. Bloomfield is turned out, and the Holland House people

53: Hansard (New Series), Vol. VI, 1822, pp.970-4.

54: Could be “may”. Meaning unclear.

1822

are foolish enough to think there is a chance they may come in. Sir James Graham told me that all the ministerialists were in a rage at the Grenvilles being bought so dear, and said that if there was any opposition in parliament the ministry would not stand a week. Charles Wynne spoke tonight, and said that if there were no provision for public servants except from parliament, the monarchy would be changed into a republic!!

Tuesday March 12th 1822: Walked about with Baillie – went to House of Commons intending to speak on Mutiny Bill – but it did not come on till half-past three, so Bennett asked Hume to put off his resolution respecting the dismissal of officers. Bennett fired into Rotten Row – which was empty – and talked of popular leaders shirking a great constitutional question.

Wilson told Burdett and me that Lord Grey and the Whigs are excessively angry at the question of prerogative being marked now, when they think there is a chance for their coming in. Burdett spoke – there were some angry words, on account of Hume saying the officers of army were slaves – Burdett repeated the word, and quoted Blackstone to prove it. Palmerston was flippant in reply.

Wednesday March 13th 1822: Wrote journal – saw Colonel Duverguian,⁵⁵ who told me that General Berthon's* revolt in France was by no means a trifle.

Yesterday I saw Colonel Maurne,* who wanted me to find someone to advance him £1,500 on an American estate – all for the purposes of liberty!!! – to effect a landing in Calabria, or some such scheme. I of course was civil and refused any such operation.

I see Riego is president of the new Cortez in Spain.⁵⁶

At House of Commons this evening till eleven. Lord Normanby* brought forward his reduction of one Postmaster General – in a good speech for a young man. Robinson,* Peel and Castlereagh all defended the existence of useless places as necessary to keep up the influence of the Crown in the House and Country. Even H. Bankes* revolted at this, and called [it] a monstrous and unheard-of proposition. It was thought that we should beat [the] ministers – but we had only 159 to 184. Great efforts were made to whip up votes – the Port Admiral came from Leith* – Lord Salisbury's* friends were very active – Lord Sefton* would not vote with us on account of Lady Salisbury – others were in the same predicament. Lord

55: Spelling conjectural – word cramped.

56: Rafael del Riego y Nuñez (1785-1823), revolutionary Spanish general. Executed when France invaded Spain the following year.

1822

Duncannon,* afterwards at Brookes's, reckoned 64 staunch oppositionists who were not present – Lord Milton* has declared he will come only to Reform questions!!! “Quantum mutatis ab illo,”⁵⁷ &c.

Peel said tonight that the intelligence of the people increasing required increasing <intelligence> influence in the Crown!!!

Thursday March 14th 1822: I heard yesterday from Kinnaird that Lord Glengall* has called on him to tell him that he had heard from a friend of George Canning's that George Canning intended to attack me in the House on the first opportunity, and that he “could not *live* under my assault last session!” Lord Glengall wished me to be on my guard and prepared. I made up my mind what to do, being rather eager than otherwise to bring to a conclusion my difference with a man whom I consider as little better than an assassin after his attempt on Burdett.

Burdett and I rode to the Mermaid at Hackney, and attended a Middlesex meeting on distress and for Reform. Burdett spoke well in answer to a Sir I. Gifford, who exposed himself sufficiently. The room was full – Byng spoke out boldly.

Returned in rain. Dressed, went to House of Commons thinking that Canning might chose this – the night of Creevey's motion against the Board of Control – for assailing me. I got a place on the third row, and sat there all the evening. Creevey made a very funny speech, chiefly against the Grenvilles, and quoted a speech of Sir W.W.Wynne's, the grandfather, against the present Wynnes. Sir W.W.Wynne was in an ecstasy of Welsh rage, and slapped his bosom like a bully in a play.

Tierney spoke for half an hour against Creevey. Canning <answered> then rose and made a very efficient speech, but part of it was in his worst taste – he defended the increase of Courtenay's salary on the plea of his having been ten years in office and having *had his tenth child*. He attacked Creevey, calling him “the lazy loitering newspaper-reading secretary – the park window-gazing secretary”.

Creevey begged no-one to answer him, and replied in very personal language, calling Canning “the idle apprentice from Lisbon” – also reminded him of his “revered and ruptured,” and of his trying to supplant Castlereagh. I believe I cheered a little too loudly at this, for the ministerialists laughed. But Creevey did not make a good reply. He omitted answering the weak parts of Canning's speech, and the House felt the omission.

Canning made no allusion to me, but had a fling or two at the Reformers. He talked of “the base insinuations of those who imputed

57: “How changed from what he once was”.

1822

pecuniary motives to public servants,” although this motive had been assumed and justified by three ministers the other night.

We had only 88 against 273 – the ministers, unused to these majorities, gave a cheer.

Friday March 15th 1822: At House of Commons. Dined with Lambton. Came back, and voted on Army Estimates. This day Lord John Russell, in his most slow and solemn manner, brought forth a letter signed “C.Arbutnot”,⁵⁸ a sort of Treasury circular, inducing members to come up on the ground that motions like those of Lord Normanby, Lord Althorpe, and Creevey were tending to destroy the best institutions of the country. Foolish to write such a letter (which was betrayed to the Duke of Bedford), but more foolish to notice it as Lord John did. It made these Whigs look like tyrants, as Stuart Wortley said, crossing the house. Arbuthnot avowed the letter.

Voted against Army Estimates.

Sent my two horses yesterday to Bedford.

Saturday March 16th 1822: Rode down to Whitton. Passed evening, &c.

Sunday March 17th 1822: At Whitton – rain.

Monday March 18th 1822: Rode through Richmond Park to London – fine day. At House of Commons, dined with Edward and Lady H. Ellice, and came back to House, where voted on Navy Estimates.

Tuesday March 19th 1822: No House made. Rode about with Kinnaird – dined with him. Met there a Major Craigie,* sent over by Lord Hastings⁵⁹ to operate some reforms in the military department of India. He showed us a letter of Lord Hastings in which it appeared that Lord Hastings was discontented with the few marks of favour shown him by the Directors, as also by the Board of Control – he attributed this to *Canning!!!* who, it appears, employed, or is thought by Hastings to have employed, a Mr Robinson in the direction to have written such dispatches as were sure to disgust Lord Hastings – Lord Hastings was so, and to that degree that he sent his resignation immediately to the King, through Colonel Doyle.⁶⁰ Doyle kept back the communication for some time, but at last presented it to His

58: Charles Arbuthnot, sometime ambassador to the Porte. Husband of Mrs Arbuthnot the diarist. Friend of Wellington.

59: Lord Hastings (1754-1826), Governor-General of India 1813-23.

60: Doyle, with Wilmot (see Mar 4), burns B.’s memoirs in 1824.

1822

Majesty – communications were afterwards made to the Court of Directors, who then did everything they could to induce him to stay. Canning, being aware that Lord Hastings suspected foul play, has hesitated, or appeared to hesitate, about accepting the Governor-Generalship – but the truth is the frigate is appointed to carry him out, although only yesterday Courtenay, at the Board of Control, denied the probability of his going out.

Major Craigie told me that there was a board held at the control yesterday!! First time God knows when.

He mentioned that Canning had not moved, thanks to Hastings, for his Civil Government of India.

It was determined between Craigie and Kinnaird that Randal Jackson* should ask the directors at the Quarterly Court tomorrow whether Lord Hastings was coming home. The major lauded Lord Hastings' government, and said he had been either thwarted or neglected by everybody at home, except the King, who had very lately written him a most gracious letter with his own hand.

By the way. [I] forgot to note that Sir B. Bloomfield has been turned out of office (*see I have noted it*).⁶¹

I went to the opera – The Speaker there – scandal says he is very intimate with Mrs —, a kept woman. Baillie introduced me to his sister, a Mrs Maberley.*

Wednesday March 20th 1822: Dined with the Duke of Sussex at Kensington – we had a large party: Lord Albemarle,* Lord King,* Lord Folkestone,* [the] Duke of Hamilton, Lord Alexander Hamilton, Creevey, Ellice, Lord Bury,* G.A. Browne,* the A.D.C.s, Stephtman,⁶² &c.

Creevey and I sat together. We had a deal of talk about Burdett – Creevey said he was the best speaker in parliament, but not a clever man. He condemned his conduct to Fox, who, he said, loved him like his child. He said Burdett could not write, and could not talk in company. I made such observations as were fitting. I thought 'twas but a dull party on the whole, but the Duke was very friendly as usual. Creevey told me that Lord Duncannon got Orford's⁶³ Memoirs from Colonel Ponsonby,* who got them from his fellow soldier, Lord Waldegrave* – that Lord Duncannon gave them to Lord Holland – that Lord Holland avowed he had cut out parts unfavourable to his own family, and that Lady Holland was showing about

61: On Mar 11.

62: Conjectural reading.

63: Horace Walpole (1717-97). His memoirs were not opened until 1818.

1822

the parts not fit for publication, in Mss. Creevey said he heard this avowal at Holland House.

I have read part of the first volume of these memoirs, and think them very dull indeed – Walpole’s attempts at fine writing are execrable, and his parliamentary details totally uninteresting, at least to me. I have read a good part of the memoir of the duc de Laudun,* about which such a fuss has been made – certainly the ladies, both in France and England, have no reason to be pleased with the exposure, but I can’t think that the duc appears to answer exactly to the high character given to him by Talleyrand in the Chamber of Peers – which was the chief cause of publishing the memoirs. The duc, however, appears to have been gallant, generous, courageous, and a highly polished gentleman, without any mixture of vanity. The most curious part of the memoir is that in which he speaks of the intrigues of the Marquis de Choiseul and Madame de Grammont,* his sister, who, it seems, was *et soror et conjux* – a circumstance mentioned by the duc without comment.

—
—

Returned to the House of Commons. Voted twice against the Army Estimates.

Thursday March 21st 1822: At House of Commons. Dined with Royal Society – sat next to Mr Babbage,⁶⁴ the great arithmetician. He remarked to me that he had observed how much mechanical skill had of late taken the direction of improving printing. He told me that a tolerable-sized octavo volume cost, *as far as types and ink were concerned, only eight pence!!*

Came home and read Walpole’s memoirs – find my head very bad, and know not how to cure it. Gave twenty-five pounds to the Manchester trial. Sir Robert Wilson talked to me a long time today on the propriety of his not receiving the subscription intended for him, and wished me, on his part, to meet Lambton and Ellice the next day to discuss the matter. I asked his objections, and heard only one that sounded like sense – that was, that it might prevent the Duke of York from reinstating him.⁶⁵ He requested me to sound my Westminster friends. I suspect that he was determined to have the money, but thought an apparent reluctance would be good looking on his part.

Friday March 22nd 1822: Went at one to Lambton’s – met Ellice there, [and] unanimously agreed that Wilson must take the money and that the

⁶⁴: Charles Babbage, future friend of Ada Byron / Lovelace.

⁶⁵: When the Duke of York becomes king, Wilson is reinstated.

1822

trustees should pay it over to his bankers without a word more. Ellice tells that Wilson has only £1,200 a year, and that he owes £4,000. Lord Grey came in, and agreed that we had determined quite rightly.

I thought that Wilson might like to have our determinations under my hand, as something to show in case of future complaints, so I offered it to him. He was much pleased, and accepted it. I am sure my suspicions are well-founded, but the feeling is natural. Place, whom I consulted, was decisive as to the acceptance of the money.

Went to House of Commons – spoke and voted for a petition in favour of Hunt, from Newcastle.⁶⁶ [The] petition was insolent enough – we had 22 against 123. George Lamb (MP for Dungarvan),⁶⁷ went out with the majority.

Dined with Ellice. Returned to House of Commons and sat out the Army Estimates, which finished this night. Hume was detected in, and owned, an error he had made in half-pay. There certainly is a general feeling of weariness on all sides respecting these details of Hume's, and he daily produces less effect. This was to be expected, but he may rise again.

Saturday March 23rd 1822: Wrote journal. Rode down to Whitton – evening there.

Sunday March 24th 1822: At Whitton.

Monday March 25th 1822: At Whitton.

Tuesday March 26th 1822: Rode up to London. No House made for Lennard's motion to repeal two of [the] Six Acts. Dined with Kinnaird.

Wednesday March 27th 1822: Canning this day appointed Governor-General of India.*

At the House of Commons, voted with Creevey against the misapplication of the 4½ per cent duties. Up late at Brookes's afterwards, where Mackintosh and one or two others had a *coze*.⁶⁸ We talked of the character of the Pretender. Mackintosh mentioned the account given by Hume in his letter to Sir J. Pringle.* The Pretender certainly changed his religion – he was at the coronation of George III. Mackintosh told me there was a dispute similar to the present between laity and clergy as to bearing

66: Hansard (New Series), Vol. VI, 1822, pp.1234-6.

67: George Lamb had got in for the Irish pocket borough of Dungarvan.

68: "cause" – French for "chat".

1822

the expenses of paving, and a monk quoted from the Vulgate, *isti paveant ego non pavebo*.⁶⁹

Burdett put off his motion respecting Hunt till next Tuesday.

Thursday March 28th 1822: At the House, a petition from Bethnal Green in favour of Hunt, rejected before read – 17 majority. [I] voted in that, and a second minority against the Military College. Up till eleven at House of Commons. Spoke against the Receiver-General's bill in consequence of a communication with [the] Parish of St James's tax board.

Friday March 29th 1822: Burdett and I rode down to Whitton. He dined at Lady Dysart's,* and came to us in the evening.

Saturday March 30th 1822: Burdett and I rode to the Oaks, and went out with Lord Derby's stag hounds. We had a long, bad run, and rode home tired, horses having been wet through several times.

The Byngs, Baillie, and Mr Macdonald dined at Whitton – [the] two latter stayed.

Sunday March 31st 1822: Baillie showed me a letter from Terrick Hamilton* stating that Ali Pacha's head arrived on the 23rd of last month at Constantinople and that an English merchant wanted to buy it of the Capidgi Basha to make a show of it in London. The best account of the end of this extraordinary man has appeared I believe in the *Chronicle*. We all walked about, dined &c. Baillie told us some of his foreign adventures.

Monday April 1st 1822: Read this morning a review of Buckingham's travels in the *Quarterly*, by William Bankes – also of de Lauzun's memoirs, which he pronounced to be a half forgery, and detestable. Buckingham is *barely* accused of irreligion. This is the last way in which an honest critic would write, even against a man who had forestalled him, which seems to have been Buckingham's crime towards Bankes.

Sir Alexander Boswell, son of James Boswell, has been shot in a duel by Mr Stewart for writing a lampoon in the *Sentinel*, a Scotch *John Bull*.⁷⁰

Burdett and I rode up to London. Burdett put off his motion respecting Hume until after the holidays. I dined at the Athenian Club. Went to the

69: A pun from Isaiah 12, 2: Ecce Deus salus mea: confidam, et non pavebo ("Behold, the Lord is my salvation: I will trust, and not be afraid / lay paving stones".)

70: For the result of this trial see Jun 14.

1822

House of Commons and spoke shortly⁷¹ and voted against the Secret Service grant of £40,000. Up till one.

Tuesday April 2nd 1822: In morning had a talk with a Mr Marshall,* on finance. He has written much, and is a systematist, but he will help me with my projected motion on [the] Window Tax, &c. He says he has worked hours with Hume, and found him the slowest man in the world.

I had a long talk with a Mr Anderton,* and agreed to bring on the question of the Insolvent Debtors' Relief Court. Walked about with Burdett – went down to y^c House – moved for returns connected with Insolvent Court. Dined at Ellice's – Denison there. Heard old stories of [the] Coalition of 1806. Samuel Whitbread [was] furious because he had not a cabinet place – and more furious because it was hinted he might be made a peer. Samuel Whitbread moved an amendment on Grey's address respecting the negotiations in France, and took the words of Grey's amendment to some former address.

Denison said that the baseness of the Whigs in Mrs Clarke's business⁷² was beyond anything – he alone supported Wardle and was cut, almost, for it. I was told some unpleasant things about Creevey. Also about Lambton's parsimony and ferocity in his family. Sorry for both.

Bed at one.⁷³

Wednesday April 3rd 1822: **Wrote journal.** Dined in London, rode to Whitton late. House adjourned till Wednesday 17th.

Thursday April 4th 1822: At Whitton. Hunted with Berkeley Stag Hounds. No sport.

Friday April 5th 1822: At Whitton, idling.

Saturday April 6th 1822: Ditto, ditto.

Sunday April 7th 1822: Ditto, ditto.

Monday April 8th 1822: Went out with Berkeley Stag Hounds, stag dressed in ribbons – a capital run – my horse, Cambridge, carried me capitally.

71: Hansard (New Series), Vol. VI, 1822, p.1431.

72: Mrs Clarke was mistress to the Duke of York, and had in 1809 been accused of trafficking in Army commissions.

73: This phrase actually goes after “unpleasant things about Creevey”.

1822

Baillie came down to us today.

Tuesday April 9th 1822: Idling as usual. Baillie told some curious stories about his travels.

Wednesday April 10th 1822: At Whitton, doing nothing but read, lounging, books &c.

Thursday April 11th 1822: Rode to Hackney – dined with Middlesex freeholders – spoke, of course. Rode back to Whitton, then dressed, and went to Miss Byng's at Twickenham. On the way, it being very dark, my horse started, ran on to the pathway, and struck my right knee a violent blow against a post.

Friday April 12th 1822: Laid up – leeches – could not put my leg to ground. Baillie returned. Read on parliamentary Reform.

Saturday April 13th 1822: Laid up – ditto, ditto.

Sunday April 14th 1822: Was to have dined with Henry Cavendish* at Chiswick, but could not go – laid up still. My dear sisters so kind to me.

Monday April 15th 1822: Laid up still. Henry Pearce* came down to us. Baillie very entertaining.

Tuesday April 16th 1822: Laid up still. Baillie and Pearce left us.

Wednesday April 17th 1822: Managed to hobble round the garden on crutches, my sweet Matilda with me. I read Madame de Staël's *Considerations sur la Revolution française*⁷⁴ – a most excellent work, full of noble sentiments and fine writing. What she says of England she, of course, cannot say so truly as when she speaks of her own country – but even then she is admirable.

Thursday April 18th 1822: Getting better. Reading Madame de Staël. Also thinking of getting a barrel ready for George Canning in case he should attack me on Lord John Russell's motion on the 25th.

74: Published posthumously, 1818.

1822

Friday April 19th 1822: Hobbling about with Matilda – reading and writing, &c.

Saturday April 20th 1822: Ditto, ditto.

Sunday April 21st 1822: Ditto, ditto.

Monday April 22nd 1822: Ditto, ditto. Got my materials for Mr Canning.

Tuesday April 23rd 1822: Able to hobble without crutch. Determined to go to the House of Commons tomorrow at all events.

Wednesday April 24th 1822: Settled with my groom, and arranged to send him off with two horses tomorrow to Leicestershire, thence to turn them out. Took leave of my dear sisters, and mounted [my] old horse – rode with some difficulty to London.

Went to House of Commons – found the call of the house had been discharged. Lord Titchfield,* presenting a petition for Hunt from Lynn, attacked Wynne, and talked of his charge⁷⁵ in the most placid tone possible. Burdett did not rise to bring on his promised motion, for an address to the Crown to liberate Hunt, until eight o'clock, and was very nervous. He made a strong case, but did not make a very powerful speech. Young Dawson,* Under-Secretary of State to his brother-in-law Peel, answered Burdett in a foolish speech, and talked of the scandal of Mrs Vince* being suffered to visit Hunt. I had no intention of speaking, but thought I could answer Dawson. I did so,⁷⁶ and was very much cheered throughout the whole speech, and was afterwards told by Lord Ebrington and others that I had made a capital speech.

I told Dawson that he had better not denounce adulterers – the censure might reach higher than he intended. This was followed by shouts on our side, though I heard next day some people [had] said I had better not have said it. Lord Nugent* told me that going upstairs with Lord Graves* (a King's equerry or something), he said, "Who the deuce could Hobhouse mean by his hint about adultery?" – "I do not know," said Lord Graves, "He could mean nobody – it was damned stupid of him".

Secretary Peel spoke, and made a poor, pompous speech, calculated for the days of French terror, and ended by saying that even were the House to come to an unanimous vote, he should think himself bound still to advise the

75: Could be "change".

76: *Hansard (New Series), Vol. VII, 1822, pp.32-6.*

Crown not to liberate Hunt. Mackintosh answered Peel, and remarked this flight – and Burdett in his reply told Peel 'twas a vapour. Peel does not train on, I see – he can't keep his temper. Still, he strings words together, and being the Head of the Intolerants, is well listened to. The Duke of York says he is a Peelite.

We divided 89, I believe, against more than two hundred. Up till two.

Thursday April 25th 1822: I got ready all my ammunition in case of an attack from Canning, and went down to the House still very lame. The House very full. Lord John Russell spoke two hours and three quarters – very well indeed. He proposed one hundred new members to be added, and one hundred old members to be taken away from rotten boroughs – this was a great step for him – he had taken great pains – his details were curious. In short, it was an excellent statement. No powerful arguments – no such combinations as the great men of other days produced in favour of Reform, but an excellent and appropriate statement which it was very difficult to touch – and so the whole House felt. Robinson seemed as if going to answer him – but who should get up but Horace Twiss. I went to dinner, and heard afterwards that Horace was not listened to at all.

Lord Folkestone spoke afterwards, and spoke long and ill – he attacked Canning's Liverpool speech, *à propos* of nothing. I heard afterwards that Lady Folkestone was in the ventilator. I went upstairs, and sat in the tearoom whilst Wynne and Robinson spoke – chiefly in self-defence: but at last I heard Canning was up, and ran down as fast as I could, and took my seat opposite to him. He had been looking at me – I think I caught him so doing at last, many times in the debate, and there was a general expectation, certainly, that he would attack me – but no such thing!! He made a pretty, agreeable, polite and eloquent speech – not touching the argument, to be sure, but not offending anyone. On the contrary, he complimented Lord John, complimented Lambton, and complimented the Radicals on their sincerity – there was a studied civility of tone throughout.

He was much cheered, and Sir T. Lethbridge said he had won his vote. C.Ellis* came over to Ellice and asked whether Canning had not spoken well, and politely – my friend said yes, and 'twas well he had been polite,⁷⁷ for if he had been savage he would have net with as good as he brought – he would not have had a Creevey to duel with (Ellice alluded to Creevey's failure the other evening, in his reply). Denman was bold enough to speak after Canning, at half-past one, and he spoke excellently.

77: "politely" (Ms.)

1822

We divided 164 against 269, a great division indeed, and shouted loudly when the numbers were announced.

To bed at three.

Friday April 26th 1822: I was so strongly impressed with our triumph that I wrote something for the *Times*, congratulating the Reformers on the debate, praising Lord John, and indeed complimenting Canning on his civil and subdued tone. Of course I did not say a word as to the cause of that civility.

I had a fresh instance today of Burdett's kindness. I had bought two horses of him, for which I was to give three hundred guineas. He told me I might have two, which would cost me only two hundred guineas. This, as the horse changed, was quite good enough for me. I accepted, as a great favour and a saving of a hundred guineas – paid him two hundred guineas accordingly.

I read an article in the *Edinburgh Review* on Byron's tragedies* – very well done, but Byron will not have any criticisms that are unfavourable sent out to him.

Dined with Kinnaird – no House – read some of Lord Bacon's remains.

Saturday April 27th 1822: Went to Chiswell Street Brewhouse⁷⁸ – Burdett, Kinnaird, and Sam Whitbread of the party. Looked over that great establishment. Joseph Martineau* one of [the] principal acting parties – [he] gave us a dinner afterwards. Bennett, Wood, [and] Denman (who by the way was chosen City Common Sergeant on Thursday, by 131 to 119 votes), there.

[We] saw the stable which is lighted by gas.⁷⁹ Eighty-eight horses there, one nearly nineteen hands high. I sat next to Dr Maltby,* who gave me an account of his quarrel with the Prettymans on account of boxing young Tomlin's ears.*

Sunday April 28th 1822: Burdett and I rode through Richmond Park. He returned – I went on to Whitton – a most lovely day. Found a letter from Byron, and papers, giving me an account of an affray at Pisa in which his servants are implicated. Saw my dearest Sophy and found her well and looking well – passed a pleasant evening, chatting with my father.

78: Whitbreads' brewery, the largest in London and the first to employ a steam engine (1785).

79: "gass" (Ms.)

1822

Monday April 29th: Wrote to Byron⁸⁰ – rode up to London – hurt my leg – dined with Kinnaird – a large party – Duke of Sussex, Baillie, Tom Moore the poet – Jeffrey, the *Edinburgh* Reviewer, Lord Lynedock – Lord Dacre, Burdett – &c. Nothing said worth telling. After dinner Moore talked to me about the transaction between him and Lord Byron as to writing my lord's life – he told me that Lord Holland had said to him he wished he had got the money some other way and that Lord Lansdowne had said to him that the publication of the memoirs might be a matter for his after-consideration – that these two hints had made him resolve to take the memoirs out of Murray's hands and provide for the £2,000 some other way. He told me that he had not looked over the indenture carefully, and that being careless himself and confident in his own honour he had not thought of the interpretation which might be put upon his contract. He added that he had no idea that he was to be in possession of Byron's friends' letters in order to make use of them. He was anxious Byron should know he had made up his mind in consequence of what he had heard from the two lords, not in consequence of what he had heard from Kinnaird or me.

I, like a fool, let him know all I thought of the transaction, taking care to tell him how highly Byron spoke of him and how determined Byron was to consult his feelings. Moore spoke a little big, about despising opinion &c, but was much embarrassed – he asked me why I had not let him know my opinion before – I said I would not take the liberty and I should not now – unless he had asked me.

We walked to the House. Burdett put Jeffrey under the gallery, I, Moore – we heard the tail of the debate on Castlereagh's plan for relieving agriculture – up till two.

Tuesday April 30th 1822: Went to Chantry's. Went to the House of Commons – very full. Heard Canning make his speech in favour of a dimension of Catholic peers into [the] House of Peers. Argumentative but not lively. Peel and Wetherall antagonists on [the] other side. Plunkett spoke forcibly – Canning replied very well, but no fun, no sarcasm. He seemed in earnest. Burdett thought his reply one of the best speeches [he had] ever heard him make.

We had 249 to 244 ... in bed at two.

Wednesday May 1st 1822: **Wrote journal for a month.** Such a journal is no use – loss of time – but having begun – go on.

80: This letter is not in BB.

1822

Went to the House. Gave notice that if ministers would not argue the policy of their new proposed Aliens Bill, I should move adjournments upon it. Walked away and dined – forget where – returned to House of Commons.

Thursday May 2nd 1822: Burdett called, to tell me the Dukes of Bedford and Buckingham had fought a duel this morning in Kensington Gardens.⁸¹ The origin, some words used by [the] Duke of Bedford as to the late bargain for the Grenvilles at the Bedfordshire meeting. The Duke of Bedford fired in the air – the Duke of Buckingham would not fire again, and the other Duke, unasked for, said “that he meant no personal offence to the Duke of Bedford, nor to impute any bad or corrupt motive to him whatever”. A great folly this in [the] Duke of Bedford. I told Tavistock I was sorry his father had used the expression.

Dined with Burdett at Walter Fawkes’.* Went to House of Commons, and voted in Lord Normanby’s majority of 216 to 201, abolishing [the] Postmaster.

[End of B.L.Add.Mss. 56544; start of B.L.Add.Mss. 56545.]

Friday May 3rd 1822: At the House of Commons, where ministers continue to develop their great scheme which neither they nor anyone else seem to believe can do any good.

Dined with Ellice.

Saturday May 4th 1822: Dined today at Ellice’s in Spring Gardens. A large party – the celebrated Miss Edgeworth⁸² and her two sisters there. Miss Edgeworth is the smallest and most insignificant person I ever saw – very plain⁸³ – she was not affected at all – she said nothing that I heard. She is showing London and the world to her two sisters and, they tell me, takes incredible pains to go through the ceremony with them.

Walked into the opera house – saw nothing – an immense crowd there.

Sunday May 5th 1822: Rode down to Whitton and passed the evening. Mr and Mrs J.Smith of Easton Grey there.

Monday May 6th 1822: Stayed at Whitton.

81: Lord Lynedock and C.W.W.Wynne were the seconds.

82: Maria Edgeworth (1767-1849), Irish novelist.

83: Edgeworth was very short indeed, with a large nose. No portraits exist.

Tuesday May 7th 1822: Went up to London in a post-chaise. Dined with Kinnaird. Lord Tavistock, Lambton, Mr Whitbread and his wife there. Went afterwards to House of Commons and heard Burdett fire into ministers for their vacillatory mode of treating the agricultural distress. He concluded by telling Castlereagh, in Horace's words, *Lusisti satis, edisiti satis, atque bibisti / Tempus abire tibi est ...*⁸⁴

The speech was very forcible and straightforward as usual – very much cheered – but the political œconomy part of it was not so much thought of as Mr Attwood's⁸⁵ speech.

Wednesday May 8th 1822: Forget what I did today, but recollect I was at the House, and heard something of the eternal agricultural question.

At Eumelian Club (see next week).

Thursday May 9th 1822: Believe my sisters came up here to go to some concert. Dined at Mr Fawkes – did not go to the House.

Friday May 10th 1822: At the House of Commons. Canning read his Catholic Peers Bill a second time, by a majority of twelve. His answering speech was very good indeed, as I told his friend Courtenay the next day, who confessed to me that Canning's jocose speeches were the worst, and that I was well aware of it.

The death of one or two Irish prelates (one accidentally poisoned by his wife) made us fear that the majority would diminish.

Saturday May 11th 1822: I dined at the Westminster School dinner. Several old school fellows recognised me, and [were] vastly civil in spite of politics. Courtenay, who sent me to Newgate,⁸⁶ was particularly attentive. The thing itself was the dullest dinner I ever was at in my life.

Sunday May 12th 1822: I rode down to Whitton and spent the day there – Burdett with us.

Monday May 13th 1822: Rode up to London with Burdett. Dined at Mr Williams', the bankers – a party of radicals chiefly, except Sir C. Flint,* who

84: "You have wantoned enough with me – you have eaten enough of my substance – you have drunk enough of my champagne; 'tis high time for you to go" (Hor. Epist. II, ii, 215).

85: Mattias Attwood (1779-1851), MP for Callington. He was a banker.

86: See Dec 10 1819.

1822

told me that the diplomatists, about whom there is going to be a party fight this week, were not overpaid, and that he had left that line because he could not live by it.

Went down to the House of Commons and gave a vote for Lord Londonderry's propositions respecting corn – I did this as better than the present corn laws.

Tuesday May 14th 1822: Looked into question respecting Maitland's conduct in the Ionian Islands, and thought of speaking on Hume's motion tonight. Dined at House. Hume spoke – not very well – Wilmot answered it. I then would have spoken, but Bennett asked me to let Williams of Lincoln* speak, which I did. He spoke well, but with the lawyer's twang. We divided 67, a great increase on last year's division of 27. Lauderdale⁸⁷ was under the gallery – our leaders would not attend, except Brougham.

Wednesday May 15th 1822: I dined with the Eumelian Club today,* Dr Ashe* in the chair. He gave us an interesting account of Higginbottom's, alias Pearce's,* jugglery respecting the philosopher's stone at Oxford – in 1780, about – he got a degree there for his quackery, but when the Royal Society appointed time and place and apparatus to repeat the experiment, he poisoned himself with laurel water.

Ashe gave us an account of Theodosius Boughton's* death – he was at the trial of Donollan.⁸⁸ He told us of the properties of *Aqua Tofana*, the same called *Eau de Brinnilliers* in France.⁸⁹ When Ashe was at Naples, his *lacquey de place* showed him where it was sold, and called it *aqua de successione*. It has neither taste nor smell, nor shows itself at all – it may be given in water, and kills gradually or not, according to the dose.

My old "friend" Colonel Leake of Joaninna was at the dinner. He did not speak more than two words.

I went down to the House, and voted with Lennard's* minority of 147 respecting the diplomatists. The ministers made a great whip – Castlereagh talked boldly of his resigning if his department were made subject to a parliamentary committee, and the majority was very great – 274 to 147.

* (Mistake – I dined with the Wiltshire Society today.)

87: Maitland's brother.

88: Captain Donollan was hanged for poisoning Boughton (his brother-in-law) in 1780.

89: The Marquise de Brinwilliers was tried for poisoning in 1676.

1822

Thursday May 16th 1822: At the House of Commons. Warne's motion respecting Wynne's embassy to Switzerland came on, and we were beat completely. I overheard Lethbridge say to Curtis the night before, "I shall vote with them tonight – I think it does good to yield a point or two to the people now and then" – as if the people were the great enemy: but the country gentlemen, generally, voted against us. This seems the last great battle for the year, and the opposition are now as low as ever: 141 to 247. Warne made a milk-and-water speech, according to his custom.

Friday May 17th 1822: I believe it was this day, or yesterday, that Lord Tavistock asked me to walk up from the House with him, and had a long conversation with me relative to the present state of the opposition. To my surprise, he told me that he and several were of opinion that Burdett was the only man fit to be the leader,⁹⁰ and what he wanted to know was whether Burdett would be active, or whether he would take a great place in case the ministers were driven out. He told me that he had reason to believe Lord Grey was not averse to the arrangement, and that he knew that Lord Holland was not. He had also opportunities of hearing what many men of the party thought of Burdett's conduct. Indeed, I had heard praises of it from Lambton and others, who expressed on that account an eager wish to come to the Westminster dinner this year.

I agreed to sound Sir Francis Burdett, and I did so, this day. Burdett said he would undertake anything that would forward the great cause for which he had been fighting all his life – that if the party thought he could serve them, he would be at their disposal to lead, to take office, or to do anything – *Vel duce, vel milite*⁹¹ – understanding always that Reform was to be the basis of their whole plan. He said that he would act without reserve, considering himself in the hands of gentlemen. In short, nothing could be more noble and generous and like himself than his whole answer.

I dined at Brookes's alone, and spent [the] evening with Burdett.⁹²

Catholic Bill read a third time this day.

Saturday May 18th 1822: I rode down to Whitton and passed [the] day.

90: George Tierney had resigned as leader of the Whigs in March 1821.

91: From Sallust, *Catiline*, XX: in fact, *vel imperatore, vel milite*.

92: "with Lord Thanet, Motteux, Burdett, Lord Kensington, and the Duke of Norfolk – a pleasant party. We sat chatting till past twelve. – next week" (Ms.) H. corrects this error on May 21.

1822

Sunday May 19th 1822: At Whitton, strolling about with Matilda. Baillie, Pearce and Kinnaird came.

Monday May 20th 1822: Rode up to London. At House of Commons. Dined there. Chatted all evening with Beaumont of Northumberland* – he seemed to think Althorpe was best man for a leader.

Tuesday May 21st 1822: Spoke to Tavistock again. He tells me that he has sounded Lord Althorpe, Lord John Russell, and Lord Duncannon, and that all are favourable to Burdett. Their fear is about Brougham, but Lord Holland has undertaken to speak to him. I reported Burdett's answer. Tavistock told me that he was afraid of the jealousies of many who would have nothing to do with a measure unless they originated it – Lambton, for instance. In a subsequent conversation he told me that Lord Holland did not like to speak to Brougham on the subject, except perhaps incidentally. The question was also, how Lord Grey should be consulted. I recommended several going to him at once. Tavistock told me that Lord Lansdowne and the Duke of Devonshire were the most likely to object, but that he thought the latter would come in afterwards. I said the Cavendishes could not be worse to Burdett than they had been to Tierney – he said, "Very true".

I dined at Brookes's with the party I mentioned by mistake on Friday last. Lord Holland at Brookes's came up to me in a very pointedly civil way: and I lately had a very polite message from My Lady⁹³ through Tavistock, begging me not to think she was ever cool to me.

Wednesday May 22nd 1822: No House – dined at Brookes's. Lord Thanet came in – told us he had danced with the Queen of France⁹⁴ when a boy at Versailles – she sent to him to order him to dance with her – he described he [as] good-looking but with loose breasts – very easy but well-bred – said the King was a beast.

Thursday May 23rd 1822: Dined at the Westminster Anniversary. Lambton and the Whitbreads, Ellice, &c., prevented from coming owing to Lady Grey's illness. Tavistock thought it better for him not to appear just now, as a partizan of Burdett's, but we had Lord Ebrington and Lord Nugent, Bennett, Ferguson, and seventeen members of parliament – 350 besides. To my surprise, my health was given by Ebrington, who prefaced it with a handsome encomium, owning he had opposed me in Westminster –

93: Lady Holland.

94: Marie Antoinette.

had been in error – and would never be in error again – trusted Westminster would never be divided again. I spoke []⁹⁵ – Nugent very well – and Bennett very well – indeed all very well – Lushington was violent, and said we should have revolution before Reform.

We did not separate till half-past twelve.

I think this meeting will prevent a Whig candidate, except under circumstances not now to be foreseen – it may also assist Tavistock's project.

Friday May 24th 1822: Dined with Kinnaird. Went to House of Commons. Voted for taking the [] of reduced taxes from [the] Sinking Fund. Presented a petition from Mrs Bawditch of Taunton,* and introduced Mr Justice Best's* name, with appropriate honours.

Saturday May 25th 1822: Rode down to Whitton – a party there.

Sunday May 26th 1822: Rode up to London in rain. Worked at window tax – walked to see my sister Joanna. Dined at Birche's with a large party.

Monday May 27th 1822: **Wrote journal for this month.** Going down to Whitton.

Went to Whitton and stayed there.

Tuesday May 28th 1822: At Whitton, writing for [the] Window Tax. Walked out. Wrote to [the] Duke of Devonshire for tickets for Irish charity ball – he sent a civil answer, saying that the tickets might be had at five guineas a piece. My father gave the money.

Wednesday May 29th 1822: At Whitton, employed as yesterday.

Thursday May 30th 1822: Rode up to London. Mr Thomas Smith [and] sisters Julia and Matilda dined with me. We dressed in court clothes and went to the Dress Ball at the Opera House – a very splendid gewgaw – but I never saw anything like our King – he entered with a flourish of trumpets and seated himself down under his great canopy like King Solomon in all his glory. Lord Yarmouth* told me that the King intended to walk about amongst his subjects – but he did not – he only went into one or two boxes. He had the opera dancers dancing just under his box within a rope, and looked to me more like a Pasha than a Xtian prince.

95: This word is neither “ill” nor “well,” but more like “loll” or “. . . lill”

1822

We got away a little after two o'clock and the party left Albany about four.

The ladies' patronesses all sat together in a way which pleased no-one – this exclusive sort of grandeur does not belong to English society, and has only been lately tried. Londonderry had on a fine coat covered with diamonds – all the great people were there, and a great many little people.

Friday May 31st 1822: Went down to the House. Took cold meat at Brookes's. Came home, and found a letter from Matilda informing me that my old friend Mr Thomas Smith had dropped down in a fit and died instantly this morning at eleven o'clock. I sent down my servant directly with a letter to know if I could do any good by coming down.

Saturday June 1st 1822: Heard from Matilda that I need not come down – did little or nothing – walked about. Dined at Ricardo's with a large party – Burdett, Bennett, Hume, Brougham, Buxton,⁹⁶ Kinnaird and others. Little or no talk, and coming home found a letter from Matilda telling me it was thought at Whitton I had better come down – also one from my father, telling me Isaac had broached some anti-Xtian motions at Mr Blackmore's* – Mr Blackmore had in confidence told the tutor of Exeter College, and the tutor having told Dr Jones,* the principal of the college, the said Doctor had written to my father to take Isaac's name off the books. Pretty fellows, these priests.

Sunday June 2nd 1822: Up early for me – half-past eight. Rode down to Whitton and heard the melancholy details of Smith's death. He died in the little book-room in which I usually sit – his body [was] now lying in Charlotte's bedroom. When his head was opened by Dr Roget, it was found that the great vein from the jugular had burst from extenuation and killed him instantly – he felt a fluttering and a flatulency and a sickness for about five minutes before he was seized – he said, "I am faint," dropped on my mother's shoulder, and never spoke again. Mrs Smith bore this great blow with great fortitude, and in the midst of her distress thought of the feelings of others. When all was over she went to bed in the bed her husband had just quitted, and where his dressing clothes were lying, which⁹⁷ she would not have moved, and laying her head on his pillow, slept soundly for many hours. Poor thing – she likes to talk of him. She was overheard to say to herself, "He was so kind". She shed no tears for many hours, but found them

96: "Baxton" (Ms.)

97: "about which" (Ms.)

1822

at last a great relief. Whilst they were telling me the sad story, I, who have not been well for some time, fell sick and faint, and was obliged to walk into the garden.

I am sure I shall go off something in the same way, and thinking so, yesterday I wrote a few testimonary directions and put them in my leather letter case.

Dean Swift was right _____*

I rode back to London. Dined with Lambton. Tierney, Lushington, Burdett, Lord Jersey, Lord Duncannon, and Denman there. Also a young Count D'Orsay,⁹⁸ a French dandy who amused me much by asking me the character of the guests: "Est-ce qu'il a du talent?" – "Est-ce qu'il parle bien?" – "Est-ce qu'il est distingué?" – and this said of our great folks.

Dull dinner – indeed, Burdett and I, walking up and down St James's Street afterwards, agreed that those *fêtes* were a splendid misery.

—
—

Leicester Stanhope asked me on Friday last whether Tavistock had spoken to me about Burdett leading the opposition – I said yes, but as a great secret. Stanhope said that Tavistock had been sanguine at first, but had now given it up from fear of Brougham. I had expected as much, seeing that Tavistock rather avoided speaking to me.

This being the case I shall do nothing but avoid talking or hinting anything of the matter to Tavistock – he will feel uneasy at having broached the matter to me and I shall suffer by his indiscretion. Stanhope begged me not to tell Tavistock that he had spoken to me, but I should not wonder if Stanhope were to let it out himself to Tavistock, and so I shall appear to have betrayed the secret, whereas Tavistock and Stanhope are in fact the leaky persons.

Monday June 3rd 1822: I wrote to Lord Lansdowne last night, telling him of Smith's death. His answer this morning was very creditable to his feelings.

Lord Londonderry told Lord Tavistock the other day that "He was sick of the concern and that if he could well get out of it would never get into it again".⁹⁹ He said, "You don't come often amongst us – I don't wonder at it."

I went to [the] House of Commons and voted for total repeal of [the] salt tax, on a motion of Mr Curwen's¹⁰⁰ – symptoms that the tax will go.

98: "D'Orcy" (Ms.) Presumably D'Orsay, friend of the Blessingtons.

99: Londonderry (Castlereagh) kills himself on Aug 12, 22.

100: John Christian Curwen (1756-1828), MP for Cumberland.

1822

Tuesday June 4th 1822: At House of Commons in the evening, and voted for mitigation of [the] criminal law – moved by Sir James Mackintosh in an admirable speech. Buxton¹⁰¹ seconded him in rather a ridiculous speech by reading letters from convicts at Botany Bay – ministers opposed, all but Charles Wynne, who voted for us – we had 117 to 101.

Wednesday June 5th 1822: At House of Commons. Peel brought in the Alien Bill, in a very wretched speech. He has been lately very flippant, and particularly to Burdett. Mackintosh answered him – I was ready to speak, but did not, although I had some time ago said that if the bill were not argued by ministers I would move adjournments. Denman spoke well. Londonderry said we “lived amidst the ruins of empires”. We divided at twelve o’clock, 92 to 189. Peel announced [the] second reading for the 19th, so we allowed him to read his bill a second time.

Thursday June 6th 1822: There was no House, so I rode down to Whitton. Stayed there.

Friday June 7th 1822: At Whitton, preparing Window Tax.

Saturday June 8th 1822: I did intend to dine today at Fansher’s,¹⁰² but the weather was very hot and I was very lazy, so I did not go.

Sunday June 9th 1822: Stayed at Whitton.

Monday June 10th 1822: Rode up to London. At House of Commons, and voted with George Canning in a minority of 21 against 116. The proposition was for warehouse corn to be ground and exported – Londonderry had supported it the other night, and the majority had been 140 (about), to 43. Finding the agriculturalists now against it he gave it up, and left George Canning to his fate. George Canning looked very foolish, though he had been in a very honest set of radicals, and had made a very good speech – a charming proof of parliamentary virtue.

Tuesday June 11th 1822: Western’s motion for considering Peel’s bill came on, and lasted till twelve, when [the] House adjourned the debate. I resolved not to vote, so I came away. Meeting Tierney, I told him what I was

101: Thomas Buxton (1786-1845), MP for Weymouth. Mrs Fry’s brother-in-law.

102: Conjectural spelling.

1822

going to do, saying I did not understand the subject. Tierney said, "I wish to God nobody understood it".

I dined at Brookes's, by myself I believe.

Wednesday June 12th 1822: Adjourned debate. I stayed away till late. Came in to hear Attwood – a very singular speaker – aspirates, all unaspirated vowels – but has a novel and striking mode of expression. House did not divide until three o'clock – 194 to 30. I did not vote. Burdett spoke, and voted for Western. So did Brougham.

Thursday June 13th 1822: At House of Commons all evening – debate on Irish titles – scarcely a house – and no division.

Friday June 14th 1822: There was a great disturbance at [the] House of Commons respecting the Kent petition, to which Cobbett had attached a rider, praying for a "just reduction" of the interest of the debt. Honeywood, MP for Kent, was attacked by Knatchbull, his colleague, and by Lord Clifton, his friend, and by Calcraft, for not having resisted Cobbett, and was overpowered, until at last Bennett got up and in a masterly speech defended both him and the clause – a good contrast to Cobbett, who in the *Register* of next morning had a violent attack on Burdett. However, he was obliged to own in his *Statesman* that Burdett had spoken out honestly on this occasion.

The second reading of the Alien Bill came on. I had intended to rise first, but Mackintosh spoke to me to say he wished to open the debate with a speech on European politics in general. Mackintosh did so, and made a fine speech for two hours. Plunkett spoke after, and spoke very ill – he actually insisted on the King's having the prerogative. Creevey and Ferguson and the back bench shouted at him to put him out – he was very angry, and showed it. He talked about the French Revolution, and the "revolutionary devil," &c. Scarlett answered him – Hume moved adjournment, and we divided 16 to 166. Then we divide on [a] second reading, 74 to 106 – up at half-past twelve.

Yesterday news [came] from Edinburgh that James Stuart was acquitted unanimously after [his] trial for murdering Sir Alexander Boswell.¹⁰³

Saturday June 15th 1822: I rode down to Whitton.

Sunday June 16th 1822: At Whitton.

103: Stuart had killed the antiquary Sir Alexander Boswell (1775-1822), in a duel on 26 Mar. 22. Their quarrel had been literary.

1822

Monday June 17th 1822: Rode up to London. At House of Commons. The Marquis of Hertford* died, and, preventing Londonderry from coming to [the] House of Commons, stopped public business. I put off my motion respecting [the] House and Window Tax. Vansittart got up and thanked me. Sat till past one o'clock.

Tuesday June 18th 1822: No House. Went with Lambton to Southwark Electors' dinner. Baron de Staël* with us – he remarked to me that the House of Commons was the most aristocratical assembly in the world, and that they showed it even by that very neglect of dress which made short-sighted people suspect them to be otherwise.

We had a very good meeting. Burdett [was] prevented from attending by gout. Lambton spoke so strongly that the *Courier* of next day recommended the Attorney-General to prosecute him.

Wednesday June 19th 1822: I found my brother Isaac here. He told me all that had occurred at his tutors, and at Exeter College Oxford. It appears that his tutor, one Blackmore, a curate at Longworth near Farringdon, had sent over to the tutor of Exeter College an account of some conversations in which my brother appeared to think lightly of our holy religion, or at least of some circumstances connected with it. I asked Isaac what he had said – he assured me that he had said nothing that he could recollect, except that people might amuse themselves after church time – that “ἄωιον”* was thought by some people not to mean “for ever and ever,” and that it was hard upon the pigs sending the devil into them.

However, these sayings were transmitted to Exeter College, and it appears that tutors, rector, and all, determined my brother's name should be removed from the books. This step was taken, without a word being told to my brother. My father was informed of it by letter from Dr Jones, and from Mr Blackmore.

I advised Isaac to go over to Exeter College and remonstrate civilly with Dr Jones. This he did – and now tells me that Dr Jones said the decree was irrevocable. My brother offered to sign the Thirty-Nine Articles again – Dr Jones said that would not do. My brother asked if he might get into any other Oxford college – Dr Jones said no, he should communicate the circumstance to this college in Oxford, and prevent it.

My brother then asked if in Cambridge he might be permitted to get into a college. “Oh,” said Dr Jones, “I have nothing to do with Cambridge – they admit Turks and atheists.” Accordingly my brother came away.

—

Such is the story I heard from my brother; but even from Blackmore's account it is clear that the conduct of these reverend gentlemen has been most base, ungenerous, treacherous and tyrannical. I have no doubt that the boy's name was against him, and that the parsons thought they were doing a fine thing in injuring a brother of the MP for Westminster. Dalby, the tutor of Exeter,¹⁰⁴ told him that his father having written a book in defence of unitarian principles, they were resolved to have a lookout upon him.

Such a transaction, I believe, never before disgraced even Oxford.¹⁰⁵ Those to whom I have mentioned it scarcely believe it. My father, after some consultation, determines to try whether he can get the boy into Cambridge, and has left the whole matter to me.

I spent the day walking about to find whether G.A.Browne of Trinity College Cambridge* was in London, in order to consult him. Took cold meat at Brookes's. Paired off with Lord Lowther* against the present system of Irish tithes, and sat up at Brookes's.

Thursday June 20th 1822: Had Sheriff Parkins* with me about a petition in favour of a convict now at Botany Bay.

Mr Bland,* late my brother's tutor, called with Isaac – told me he suspected there would be the greatest difficulty in my brother getting into a Cambridge college unless I went down.

So I resolved to go – called on my father – went to [the] House of Commons and got pairs for [the] next two days' debates – set off at half-past five in a post-chaise with Isaac for Cambridge. Supped and slept at the Crown at Hockerill.¹⁰⁶

Friday June 21st 1822: Up early. Breakfasted at Chesterford.¹⁰⁷ Looked for the name of my grandfather, which I used to see on the window of the inn when I was at Cambridge, and saw the pane was a new one.

Arrived in Cambridge between eleven and twelve. Walked with Isaac through the scenes of my dissipation, of which, alas! I feel now the effects – the place quite empty, for the students are not now, except in particular cases, allowed to reside after term time.

I determined to tell the Tutor of Trinity (on *Jones'* side), Mr J.Browne, the whole story as to Isaac – but thought I would []¹⁰⁸ someone first. Went

104: William Dalby, Fellow of Exeter College 1811-26.

105: H. obviously does not know about Shelley's being sent down.

106: Hockerill was then a staging-post 26 miles south of Cambridge.

107: Another staging-post, 11¼ miles south of Cambridge.

1822

to Mr Greenwood,* Lord Tavistock's old tutor, [and] informed him what had happened. He said the boy had been ill-treated, but advised me to say nothing about the matter – it might create a prejudice against my brother. I said I should like to tell Mr Browne. He said, “You may – it will make no difference. He is a very confidential man”.

I went to Mr Browne. He received me most kindly – heard the story – said my brother had been ill-treated – made no difficulties about the admission – desired me to examine him on my return and he would enter his name on the books. Invited me and him to dine in hall at the Fellows' Table. Accordingly we went. I introduced Isaac to Mr Browne. Cresswell,* my old tutor, was at [the] head of the table – all as civil as possible to me. We happened to talk of the Johnians¹⁰⁹ – Browne said they had been called pigs in the reign of Henry VIII. Cresswell said they were so in the days of Sir Isaac Newton, for he recollected a joke current at that time: there had been a squabble in the college, and someone said the devils had been sent into the herd of swine again. Isaac, who had been listening, nudged me hard.

We took wine in [the] Combination Room. There the conversation was ultra-radical, and I was actually obliged to moderate the violence of one or two of the fellows – whose fellowships here have, I heard, sunk from £300 to £50 this year.

Isaac and I walked about, supped at our inn, the Sun,¹¹⁰ and went to bed late.

Saturday June 22nd 1822: Left Cambridge in the Telegraph, which now sets out at ten o'clock. Arrived at four in London. Called on Burdett – did not see him. Rode down to Whitton. Saw my *dear sisters* Sophia and Harriet.

Sunday June 23rd 1822: Heard Isaac construe some Xenophon and some Sallust – he did it with much facility. Day at Whitton.

Monday June 24th 1822: Heard Isaac construe a chorus of the *Phænissæ* and some of the Epistle to the Pisos¹¹¹ – he did it well.

Rode to London, wrote to Mr Browne of Trinity enclosing [a] certificate respecting Isaac.¹¹²

108: Word illegible. Implies “consult”.

109: The inhabitants of St John's College, next door to Trinity.

110: The Sun Inn was in Trinity Street.

111: Euripides' *The Phonicean Women* and Horace's *Art of Poetry*.

112: Isaac Hobhouse is entered in the Trinity Admissions Register, June 25, 22. He matriculated 1823, but is not recorded as having graduated.

1822

At House of Commons, Brougham's motion on [the] influence of [the] crown. Brougham was very laughable – too much so – spoke three hours. Castlereagh spoke well in reply – Bennet answered – Stuart Wortley bullied about [the] Whigs. Peel defended the University of Oxford, which Brougham had attacked. Divided at twelve – 101 to 126.

Tuesday June 25th 1822: At House of Commons, presented petition from the brothers of W.J.Smith.* Dined with my father and Tyler at [the] Coffee House. Went to the House of Commons and heard the tale of Mr Abercromby's attack on [the] Lord Advocate of Scotland (W. Rae),* for his conduct respecting the public press of Scotland. Rae made a most pitiable figure: Peel defended him well, I thought. Mackintosh spoke, [and] Londonderry, and Lockhart.*

Divided at two – for, 95, against, 120.

Not a man in the House but thought [the] Lord Advocate had behaved ill – Mr Under-Secretary Dawson owned it to me – but these men think a vote nothing – 'tis only supporting a party.

Wednesday June 26th 1822: Spent morning in making calls, want of doing which throws a man out of society. I have neglected that duty sadly.

At House of Commons, voted with Michael Angelo Taylor, to enquire into [the] conduct of [the] Court of Chancery, and also with Creevey, to repeal the Ministerial Pension Bill. The debate turned on Lord Sidmouth's conduct – very hard words passed between Bankes, Bennett, Londonderry and Brougham. Bankes said what Bennett had alleged was false. Bennett said he returned the phrase with all possible contumely. Bennett said Sidmouth had no more right to be minister of the country than one of the doorkeepers. Londonderry, who had put his greatcoat on, now pulled it off, and, rising after Bennett, let fly a terrible tirade, calling Bennett's speech "disgusting and disgraceful". Brougham rose, protested against [such] language – asked how Londonderry "dared" – Sidmouth rose to order, and looked in very fighting trim – there was great shouting from both sides – the Speaker interrupted, and said Brougham was not of order. Brougham went on, and lowered the tone rather, but spoke well. Londonderry said he did not mean personal offence, but what Bennett had said was disgusting and disgraceful.

I was fool enough to be in a great passion as well as the rest, and should have spoken, if I had not thought it wrong to say anything about Sidmouth, considering his ancient friendship with my father. Londonderry behaved very ill – charged Creevey with alluding to young Addington's* insanity –

1822

this made me cry out, “Base! Wicked!” We had a ludicrous scene, but it might have led to fighting.

Divided at two in morning. 42 against 143.

Thursday June 27th: My birthday. *Thirty-six!!* I do not know whether it is worth while to record it but it seems to me that both my body and mind have undergone a change for the worse during the last year – my attendance in the House of Commons has together with bad habits certainly broken my health, and I have nothing in the way of parliamentary exertion to show for it this session. I should hope that the period for declining intellect is not yet come and yet I do feel something very like a decay of the poor faculties which I think used to put me formerly something but not much above par – my memory is very much shattered and I have not the same powers of application which I used to possess. I think, however, that perhaps a reform of habits altogether might bring me back to a tolerable condition though it would not restore me to the liveliness of twenty-five. I feel confident I shall not live much longer, so what I intend to do in this world I must do quickly – my head gives way, I think. All I hope is that it may go at once and not leave me a slabbling palsical idiot, which is the most dreadful of all calamities.¹¹³

I find I hate politics more than ever – but I cannot conceal from myself that one of the causes is that I am not qualified for making what is called a figure in the House of Commons – I am too much afraid of failing ever to succeed. An honest man in parliament, however, I can be – I think I may add I will be. If the Westminster men are not contented with that – let them turn me out – If not, I shall be able to bear that which will be no disgrace – I write this on this day: June 27th 1822.

Went to the House of Commons.

Friday June 28th 1822: At the House of Commons debate on [the] total repeal of [the] Salt Tax. At one time we had a majority, but Althorpe made a speech out of time, then ministers spoke for time, till past ten, and House divided 94 to 106, so [the] tax still remains in part.

Saturday June 29th 1822: Called on Bickersteth – on Evans – went to [the] Exhibition – did not like Phillips’ picture of my father,* which everybody approves of so much.

Dined *tête-à-tête* with Burdett.

Sunday June 30th 1822: Dined with Hanbury Tracey and a large party.

113: H. seems to describe, in anticipation, the terminal symptoms of syphilis.

Monday July 1st 1822: At House of Commons. Dined there. Made a long speech against bringing up [the] report of [the] Alien Bill.¹¹⁴ I took some pains. I told Peel what I thought of his political principles. [The] House was in very good listening order. I read part of a speech made by C.Wynne against [the] Alien Bill in 1806, but asked first if there would be anything unhandsome in it – all said “No,” particularly Peel and Castlereagh. Wynne was not in the House, nor Phillimore.* We divided. I was teller for the “Noes”.

Tuesday July 2nd 1822: Place [was] with me in [the] morning, hearing my intended statement this evening. Went down to [the] House – just forty present at four o’clock. I dined. Some business came on first.

I began my speech for [the] repeal of [the] Window Tax¹¹⁵ at half-past six, and spoke till near eight, moving three resolutions: one against [the] taxation, one against [the] Sinking Fund, and [a] third for [the] repeal of [the] Window Tax. I do not think there were more than from fifteen to twenty-five present at any time in the House during my speech, but on I went as if there had been five hundred, and had my say out. Vansittart answered me – my end was answered. I got up a debate which the ministers, who wanted to bring in the Irish Insurrection Bill, did not foresee, or they would not have made a house. Hume and Calcraft and Maberley spoke – but most of the leaders on our side had paired off.

We divided a little before eleven, 59 to 144, which all things considered was a good division. The repeal was for more than £2,500,000 of taxes. I had great compliments from all sides on the speech. Ricardo told me that although he did not agree with all my political œconomy, yet what I said was very well said. Joseph Hume showed the frailty of man in not being so well pleased with the part about the Sinking Fund, because he had taken up the subject himself, but he praised the rest. *The Times*, and other papers, praised the effort, and on the whole I think my pains were not thrown away. The Tax will go next.

Wednesday July 3rd 1822: Went down to make a house for Western,* but only twenty-nine members present. Western wants to have another debate on the currency.

114: Hansard (New Series), Vol. VII, 1822, pp.1433-47.

115: Hansard (New Series), Vol. VII, 1822, pp.1458-93.

1822

Dined with Kinnaird. Went to [the] play at [the] Haymarket – could not sit out the new piece, *John Buzzby** – inconceivable nonsense, but all seemed pleased. Walked about afterwards with Kinnaird.

Thursday July 4th 1822: Went to House of Commons – dined there. Did not vote, but sat up very late.

Friday July 5th 1822: At House of Commons, voted with Hume against [the] Ionian Inspectors of Militia. Up late.

Saturday July 6th 1822: Dined at Hanbury Tracey's after lounging about this fine day (it has been a beautiful season) with him and Burdett.

Sunday July 7th 1822: Rode down to Whitton, dined, and slept.

Monday July 8th 1822: Rode up early to London and breakfasted, correcting [the] Window Tax speech. Went down to [the] House, and presented a petition from three non-convicted smugglers, now impressed on board a King's ship. The Revenue lawyers argue they may try offenders, or send them to sea for five years: the others say they ought to have the option. The act of parliament is doubtful. Lushington of [the] Treasury told me he would support me if I brought in a bill to clear up the print and give the option to the smuggler. I said no!! anything short of a bill. Lushington then said he would bring in one himself. Sir G. Clarke,* a Lord of the Admiralty, promised to stop these men from being sent on a foreign station.

This is the way acts of parliament are framed – the liberty of the subject is impinged upon, no-one knows or sees how until some complaint at last reaches Parliament, and the law is found at the bottom of the abuse. This act, the 57th of King George III [] 87, was passed in July 10.

Rode down to Whitton. Dined and passed the night.

Tuesday July 9th 1822: In a fever – very ill – sent for Dr Julius, and then for Mr Frogley. [The] last came, and advised bleeding: [the] first came, and said no bleeding. [I was] put to bed and well purged. Pulse sank from 130 to 90. My dear sisters were inexpressibly kind, Matilda and Sophia particularly. I was in a dreadfully nervous state.

Wednesday July 10th 1822: Passed day in bed, ill.

1822

Thursday July 11th 1822: Got up late, a little better – very much flustered by seeing that there have been references to the *Trifling Mistake* in the House of Commons.*

Friday July 12th 1822: Getting better slowly. Burdett came down.

Saturday July 13th 1822: A little better. After dinner, settled to take two of my sisters and Isaac [for] a tour on the continent.

Sunday July 14th 1822: Could not sleep. Julius told me I should break down my constitution if I did not do something to recover my sleep.

Burdett and Wishaw dined here. I slept well – quite a new sensation to me.

Monday July 15th 1822: Rode to London. Looked after a travelling carriage and travelling servant. Rode back to Whitton. Ill again at night.

Tuesday July 16th 1822: Rode up to London to vote against [the] Alien Bill. Went to Burdett's and Kinnaird's – sat at home and dined. No House made, and read O'Meara's *Voice from St Helena*.¹¹⁶

The counter-revolution of the Spanish guards has been quelled – the militia fought and beat them in the streets of Madrid – the printers' devils had a share in the action, as we find by the newspaper that records it.

Slept well.

Wednesday July 17th 1822: Corrected Window Tax speech. **Wrote journal.** Looked at proceedings relative to [the] *Trifling Mistake*. Hired a servant for travelling at ten guineas a month.

Miss French, my mother's first cousin,* [is] dead – [she] left Charlotte her jewels and plate.

At [the] House of Commons, Hope and Menzies brought up – they beat Honourable House, being to be sure seconded by the majority. Burdett spoke for them. I was silent, but should have voted if [the] House had divided, which it did not.

Thursday July 18th 1822: Rode down to Whitton.

116: Barry O'Meara, *Napoleon in Exile, or A Voice from St Helena*, subtext to *AoB*.

1822

Friday July 19th 1822: Returned to London. Went to [the] House of Commons and proposed a true title for the Alien Bill.¹¹⁷ Divided the House, 20 to 69, I think.

Saturday July 20th 1822: Rode down to Whitton – <walked>.

Sunday July 21st 1822: Walked about. Went over to Ellice's. Dined, &c.

Monday July 22nd 1822: Remained at Whitton. Walked to Brentford with Isaac.

Tuesday July 23rd 1822 (start): Rode up to London, preparing to depart. Settled accounts with servants.

[The rest of B.L.Add.Mss.56545 (three quarters of the book) is empty.]
[End of B.L.Add.Mss. 56545; start of B.L.Add.Mss. 56546.]

Tuesday July 23rd 1822 (end): Rode up to London. Paid my three servants. Dismissed Richard Smith.* Made arrangements for travelling. Rode down to Whitton. Dined, &c.

Wednesday July 24th 1822: Set off, in carriage hired for twenty-nine guineas a week, and with a courier hired at ten guineas a month, one Edward Nox of Bruges,* for the continent at half-past eight in the morning from Whitton. Arrived at Billbany, where we breakfasted, my dear sisters Amelia and Matilda with me, and my brother Isaac. We left London at half-past ten and arrived a little before eight at Dover – put up at the Ship Inn, a bustling, unpleasing tavern to be in. Got our carriage on board, that night, of the Post Office steam packet,¹¹⁸ we were told would sail in the morning at ten.

We heard in the road great complaints from Wright at Rochester relative to the steam boat from London to Calais, against which he and others presented a petition the other night in the House of Commons. He told me he paid £220 a year in duties to [the] government.

The London steam packet had a hundred passengers and eight carriages on board the day before. At Dover, young Wright told me that the London

117: Hansard (New Series), Vol. VII, 1822, p.1725. H.'s new title was, "A bill to repeal so much of the great charter of England, and of other statutes, as related to the free ingress and free residence of foreign merchants in these islands, and to assimilate, in that respect, the executive authority of Great Britain to the despotic governments of the continent".

118: This is H.'s first channel crossing by steam.

Steam had not so much affected him, Dover being a central coast town for the continent.

Thursday July 25th 1822: Up early, and heard that we did not sail in [the] morning on account of the blowing weather, which would prevent the boats reaching the packet in the offing – the sea was running high. Dawdled about Dover until past one, when we got on board the packet and went out of the harbour.

We had a rough, unpleasant passage – my sisters [were] ill, but bore it heroically. I was squeamish: Isaac well. A Middlesex voter on board [was] very attentive to our ladies. The French steam packet beat us into Calais by a quarter of an hour at least, and we were only two hours and three-quarters, thanks to this wonderful contrivance – for we got upon Calais pier before four o'clock. The French steam packet had, however, the high-pressure engine at work, which will one day get it into a scrape.

We ourselves had no difficulty at the Customs-House, nor did the officers take anything of our goods which we got in the evening. We put up at the Hotel Dessin, which Quillac has now left, [and] were very well-treated. Walked about the town, which appears to me much more English than it did when I was here in 1817.¹¹⁹ There was a sort of fair at night. The booths were much more splendidly set out than on similar occasions in England – one was full of *ormolu* clocks. Saw Long [Pole] Wellesley sauntering about, his wife and women, &c., with him.

Friday July 26th 1822: Did not sleep a wink. Breakfasted, and set off about eight for Lille – fourteen posts. We had four horses, but paid for five, which at forty sous per postillion, came to eleven francs ten sous a post.

We went by the usual route of St Omer and Cassell – the country highly cultivated and thickly peopled all the way. St Omer looked a dirty, dreary town. The view from the hill on which Cassell stands I think the finest almost, if not *the* finest, I have ever seen.

Vandamme¹²⁰ has a country house close to the town. It belonged, together with some property, to a noble who was very kind to Vandamme, who was condemned to be hanged for forgery and saved by this noble. The noble emigrated at the Revolution – Vandamme came into some authority – the noble approached too near the frontier – Vandamme had him seized, and the noble lost his head. Vandamme purchased, that is to say gave a small

119: “1718” (Ms.)

120: Dominique Vandamme (1770-1830), French revolutionary general.

1822

sum of money, to become owner of the estate. This is the story Edward told us walking up the hill of Cassell – whether all true or not, God knows.

I forgot to mention that at Calais I went into a bookseller's shop and asked for the *Voice from St Helena* – “expressly forbidden”. Miss Seymour, who came over a day or two ago, had one volume seized, and yet I found that the English papers (all but the *Chronicle*) might be read at Calais.

We lunched at Cassell very well, between two and three o'clock – arrived at Lille a little before nine – put up at the Hotel de Bourbon, at first not liking our quarters, but afterwards well pleased. We find the best plan not to stand bargaining beforehand, but take our chance of good and honest treatment.

Saturday July 27th 1822: Up at eight. Looking out, admired the large market-place, with the gay dresses of the market people always seen in Flanders. Walked about this very handsome, fine-built town. The streets, some of them, run into each other at right-angles, but in the segment of a circle. After breakfast we walked to the museum to see the pictures, which, as Edward told us beforehand, were indeed no great things. We went to the ramparts, but one fortified town looks so like another that we did not see – at least, I did not see – what made this masterpiece of Vauban the strongest place in Europe formerly.

We set out for Ghent at half-past one, six posts and a half. At Menin, the first stage (three posts), [we were] examined by <French> Belgian Custom-House officers, but no great trouble given to us. Went through Courtrai to Ghent. The whole country of the richest and most varied cultivation, and swarming with inhabitants – we thought we remarked a difference of manner, the French Flamands never taking any notice as we passed, but the Belgians stopping and staring, not ill-temperedly. The road, all paved, and chiefly between trees, [was] quite flat, and generally straight. More signs of superstition in getting out of French Flanders. We had a storm or two, but on the whole very fine weather.

At Ghent we put up at the Post House hotel – an admirable inn. Took a tour with Isaac in the *place*, the square before our inn, where the band of the troops was playing. Dined and went to bed.

Sunday July 28th 1822: Up at six. Walked about. Went to the cathedral church, full of worshippers at seven in the morning, with a fair or market going on in the streets – a woman selling carrots, and something to drink, in the church itself. Breakfasted. Went all of us to see Mr Schamps's collection of pictures – most charming. The Crucifixion by Rubens truly wonderful, and many other pictures worth leaving England to see, if there were nothing

else in the Netherlands.¹²¹ The rival *Chapeau de paille*, inferior only to the Antwerp picture (which is not a straw hat),¹²² is there. The Saint Dorothea cannot be too much looked at – the two portraits of Van Dyke himself – the portrait of Alexander Scaglia also a masterpiece – Rembrandt as an Armenian (by himself).

In short, we all, though nothing learnèd in this art, passed an hour and a half in great delight in this cabinet. Isaac, not yet nineteen,¹²³ was as much pleased as either of us,¹²⁴ and afforded a good proof of what effect the great masters of this art can and always must produce. Nature cannot fail to please, and of nature the connoisseurs are not perhaps better judges than the rest of the world. Indeed, it is possible that they may look at those details which it shows learning and skill to understand, and by that very minute attention to parts, lose some of the charm produced by the immediate impression of the whole.

The man who showed the collection embarrassed us – we did not know whether we could offer him money – he seemed a sort of sub-artist – but we were told he was only a servant, and gave him his fee.

From Mr. Schamps's we wished to go to the cathedral, but were told it was High Mass, so we went to the Botanic Garden – a very pleasant promenade for the citizens of Ghent – who, by the way, as far as I could discern, seem very much at their ease, though they complain of taxes. We went to the cathedral, with which I was not so much struck as in 1816. Then I had not seen Antwerp, I had not seen Italy – there is not Descent of the Cross there by Rubens, as I had thought in 1816.¹²⁵

We went to another church, Saint Michel, then returned to our hotel, took a luncheon, and set off, a little past two, for Antwerp, six posts and three-quarters. Went the road I went in 1816¹²⁶ – made no remarks¹²⁷ which I did not make then, as well as I recollect, except that arrow-shooting seemed the amusement of the people. In the *places* of the towns there is generally a high pole crowned with some small bits of wood, which they aim to strike off – an old pastime, for in the museum at Brussels is the picture of a *grand fête* at which the infant Isabella, in 1604, struck the mark with a crossbow.

121: Holland and Belgium were one country in 1822.

122: The hat is of felt. The picture referred to is Rubens' presumed portrait of Susanna Lunden, painted about 1622.

123: "25" written; "19" pencilled-in above.

124: But there were three of them.

125: See Aug 1 1816.

126: See Aug 2 1816.

127: "Noticed nothing".

1822

No part of England appears to me so rich as this tract of country: hops, flax, coltseed, [],¹²⁸ clover, grains of all kinds, tobacco, beetroot, potatoes, beans, pasturages – all are seen in lands which are besides planted with valuable trees, and where no inch of ground seems lost.

We came to Antwerp a little after seven, the driving having been as fast as in England, certainly, the whole way. Had some controversy about the breadth of the Scheldt – I still think it is half as wide again as the Thames at Westminster Bridge. There was much merrymaking at the ferryhouse, and some tipsy boys crossed with us. The manners of the Antwerp people are not so civil – they have the madness and the corruption, I think, of seaport towns. A great many English shop inscriptions there – Flemish usually talked, though at Malines the common tongue is French.

We tried to get in at the Grand Laboureur, but it was full. Indeed, the town was overflowing with strangers on account of the great picture sale¹²⁹ – the collection of Mr —, in which is the *Chapeau de paille*, is to be sold. The *Chapeau* itself is to be sold [as] the last lot, and various crowned heads, together with Mrs Coutts, are said to be competing for this jewel.

After some time we got to the stagecoach hotel – the Golden Crown, I believe. Isaac and I walked about. We dined late as usual, &c. [We have] not had a bad bed yet, but have not slept well.

Monday July 29th 1822: Up at six. Breakfasted. Walked out with a miserable little clod who was the best *commissione* to be found to get a sight of the *Chapeau de paille*. Found a guard at the door, and we were told we could not come in until ten.

Went to the Academy of Paintings. Found half the great room not to be seen on account of the triennial exhibition of pictures now about to take place. Seated ourselves down before that wonderful picture the dead Christ (of Van Dyke) in the arms of his mother. Of all the noble pictures in this collection we were most delighted with this. The twenty-eight returned from Paris were all here. Saw a Mr King, a young English artist, copying the small *Descent from the Cross* by Rubens – he told us the Flemish do not admire our favourite Van Dyke so much as [they do] Rubens.¹³⁰

After leaving the Academy, where we stayed just long enough for a glance, we went again to the *Chapeau de paille*, but the crowd was so great we did not try to get into the room. We heard that the *Hat* would not be sold till the next day, so we came away not seeing it, but expecting to find it in

128: This word looks like “coltra”.

129: “sail” (Ms.)

130: “Reubens is” (Ms.)

England.¹³¹ We went to the cathedral, and to the churches of St James of the Jesuits and of the Dominicans – I had been before in 1816.¹³² I admired the grand *Descent from the Cross* in the cathedral more than ever. Ours was only a flight across the Netherlands – Antwerp alone would require a long visit for an admirer of the art.

Isaac and I went up the great steeple of the cathedral, which perhaps is not so high as they say, for the conductor, a woman, told us a fib about the number of the last flight of steps. It was a dull day, not so good for seeing as when I went up in 1816.¹³³

We walked to the basins, which are a fine work indeed. Returned to the hotel, where a waiter with three fingers frightened one of my sisters. I find we are charged from four to six francs a head for our dinner, and about from twelve to sixteen francs a night for our rooms altogether; and then our bill generally amounts to between fifty and sixty francs [] – five francs to the waiter.

Set off about half-past two (about) for Brussels – six posts. Went [on the] road of 1816. Stopped at Malines to see the cathedral and its noble Van Dyke – the *Weeping Magdalen* is beyond description. We ought to have gone to see the Van Dyke in the Notre Dame church, but did not. The last post from Vilmode to Brussels [is] a succession of English gardens and country houses near the road, with the fine canal, and a succession of very green pastures beyond, on the other side. Arrived at Brussels at a little before eight. Struck on entering the town with the difference between the architecture and in other Netherlands towns. No more “gable-ended” houses, but with the usual elevation, and no green and dusky red shutters, but shop windows with good expanse in [the] usual style – a great appearance of opulence.

We put up at the Hotel de Bellevue – had apartments at the top of the house. Excellent hotel – famous restauration.

Tuesday July 30th 1822: It was not a very good day for sightseeing, so we went shopping. [We] went, however, to the museum in the palace, where there are a great number of pictures – the collection cannot, however, be called a choice one. Of course some good ones it has. What they call the “cabinet of natural history” is very poor – a few models of tools and some mineralogical specimens making up the chief part of what we saw. The cradle of Charles V, the horse of Isabella, the horse of Archduke Albert with

131: *Le Chapeau de paille* is indeed now in the National Gallery.

132: See Aug 2 1816.

133: See Aug 2 1816.

1822

the two shot-holes which he received at the Siege of Ostend in 1604,¹³⁴ the vest of an American chief – these are shown: also a model of the Bastille with the republican ensigns and inscriptions, which I rather wonder at. There are in the museum of pictures some curious representations of the pageants of the country, one of which I have before alluded to.

We did not see the manuscripts.

In the evening after dinner we went to the play, and saw a sort of comic opera, *Emma*, which tired us before it was half over, so we came away. We saw the lace manufacture of Mr Trajaux, who wears the cross of some order for his conduct in taking care of the sick after the battle of Waterloo, and tried to astound us with the great names of his lord and lady friends. I did my best to understand the difference between Brussels and Meilhlín lace, and between Brussels print and other Brussels lace.

Wednesday July 31st 1822: Showery day. **Up early, journalising.** Walked about with Matilda. A little shopping. She tells me goods are cheap here – shoes are. Went to an English reading-room established here. Saw *Chronicle*, *Courier* and *Globe*, magazines &c. A miserable collection of English books. Dined. Went after to see the collection of pictures of Danort's partner – very beautiful indeed – no-one should miss them. The Teniers, the Claudes, a Carlo Moratti, a Leonardo da Vinci, so-called. A *Danaë* by Titian is too white, or has faded.

Sat at home.

Today changed £200 of circulars for 25 francs 30 centimes, but paid 61 pounds for 244 Napoleons. *Darnot* the banker.

Thursday August 1st 1822: Up half-past six. Set out at ten for Namur. Went three posts and a half to Genappe, paid four, which at ten francs post for both pairs came to forty francs.

Soon after leaving Brussels got into the forest of Seignies, composed chiefly of half-stripped beech trees, but with long vistas of roads and paths romantically intersecting it. We travelled slowly along the rough *pavé* through this sombre wood, passing only one village and meeting scarcely anyone but a deformed beggar now and then. It was a showery day, and we had the carriage opened and shut several times to look down the glades as we passed.

We came to a small straggling village after going about nine miles, perhaps, in the woods, where the postillion turned his horse to bait at a sort of pot-house. I asked Edward the name of the village – he answered, “*Waterloo!!!*”

134: Archduke Albert of Austria besieged Ostend in 1603-4. It surrendered.

The name was enough. It was a history to me. It is not quite at the outlet of the forest. I got out of the carriage and walked in a path beside the straggling houses in the trees till I got beyond this town, and saw another street of houses [at] a little distance and higher up on the verge, as it were, of the forest. I walked up to it, and as[ked] a boy the name – he said, “*Mont St. Jean!*” A second boy, as I was entering the place, said to me, “*Est-ce que je vous montrerai le champ de bataille?*” Another man made the same offer. I declined a guide – but asked the name of a church that I saw above a ridge of cornfields to the right – “*Bran la lande*” – every name recalled the actions of the great day.

The carriage came up and I got into it, thinking from what I had heard that the scene of the principal action was at some distance – but scarcely had we come beyond the village and the wood at the utmost verge of which it stands, than we came upon a vast range of corn lands, and in a few hundred yards, rather below the plateau in which Mont St Jean stands, but still on a small eminence, saw two pillars – the road passed between them. We read on one an inscription to commemorate the share taken by the English, and on the other the conduct of the Prussians, on the day of Waterloo. Before arriving here, a boy who had run by the side of the carriage with some spoils of the battle, an eagle from a grenadier’s cap, or some such thing, in his hand, had cried out, “*C’est là le général Picton été tué!*” and another had said, “*Là c’était Vellington!*” It appears that the Duke did post himself somewhere a little behind where the English trophy now stands.

Edward seemed to know every position. We passed a farmhouse a little below halfway down a dip which the road takes here, and he said, “There five hundred men were killed at once – see how green and strong the cultivation looks there”. I saw an inscription by the German legion to their fellow soldiers who fell in that spot – it was on the wall of the farm. Edward said it was *La Haie Sainte* – I don’t know whether he was right – he said “Bonaparte stood where that wagon is going up the hill yonder” – this was within musket shot on the other side of the dip in the road, and just where the road ascends a gentle acclivity, passing through high banks – at least high enough to be a shelter from shot. It was down the dip that the French guards charged up to the bank above and around the farmhouse, where the English received them, and charging in their turn put them to a complete route. Bonaparte did not advance beyond the summit of the road; but even here I was quite surprised to see how close he was to the English lines, and in how very small a space the great struggle of all seems to have been made – Wellington and Bonaparte at this time must have been within musket shot of each other.

Other positions were pointed out to me, and soon, beyond the bank where Bonaparte stopped, we came to a solitary white house where the words *La Belle Alliance* were seen on pot-houses as usual with names in this country. In front of the house was an inscription almost faded even now, a

1822

recording of the meeting of the Duke of Wellington with Blücher on this spot after the battle.

I did not expect to feel any interest in this plain, but the magnitude of the events decided there carried me away in spite of myself, and I could not help regretting that I had not taken more pains to understand the precise spots where the different parts of the action were decided – Brussels is full of guides and guidebooks for that purpose. As it was, I forgot my private misfortune¹³⁵ in the general satisfaction at the final extinction of that power which might have ended in a horrible tyranny. The present despots have not the same genius for perpetuating the institutions of slavery.

About two miles before Genappe we came to a solitary-looking pot-house where four roads meet – Quatre Bras.¹³⁶ Here a road goes to the right to Mons and Charleroi. The French advanced in this direction in 1815. We passed over corn plains the whole way from Mont St Jean and arrived between one and two at Genappe, a dirty, long town. In the courtyard of the posthouse one of Bonaparte's carriages was taken by the Prussians.

From Genappe we went to Sombrof, a small village (two posts) where we changed horses, the country in declivities with woods and enclosures. Saw gentlemen's chateaus, some of them prettily situated in woody knolls.

From Sombrof to Namur is two posts and a half – same sort of country, but prettier. The approach to Namur coming down upon the town, where the wooded acclivities through which the Meuse winds are seen, is very beautiful. The fortifications overlooking the town, which stands in a hollow, are not yet finished – they were originally very strong, commanding both sides of the river, but were destroyed by Joseph II, as well as the other frontier fortifications. The Duke of Wellington has caused the citadel on the right of the Meuse to be rebuilt, but it is of no use without those on the other side. We crossed the Sambre, a small river, and drove to the Hotel de Hasslecam,¹³⁷ where we arrived by half-past six, a good inn. Heard the King of England had been there last year. Isaac and I walked round part of the ramparts, which were exceedingly defiled, but we were pleased with the beautiful prospects afforded by the valley of the Meuse, a country totally different from any we have seen in Belgium – indeed, the Duchy of Luxemburg, of which this formerly made a part, is called the Switzerland of the Netherlands.

Dined, and went to bed as usual, sleeping little or not at all.

Friday August 2nd 1822: Up early. Walked about the town. Went to a bookseller's shop, where I heard complaints of the state of the trade, which had much decayed since the separation from France on account of the great

135: His brother Benjamin's death.

136: Where Benjamin had been killed in battle in 1815.

137: Conjectural spelling.

duties now required on all the manufactures on passing into France. The mines in the neighbourhood are no longer worked as before – the cutlery alone has some little sale, though I cannot say much for the specimens we bought of the waiter. The number of inhabitants [is] 15,000.

Walking about the town we saw an advertisement of some woman who was to represent “The Passion of Our Saviour, with his Crucifixion” – a species of drama I thought now extinct. On another advertisement I saw *combat de divers animaux*, amongst which dogs fought with mules and horses, the [] a Fraellin¹³⁸ Spaniard.

I find that the posting is not regulated in the Belgian states – no aid [is] given to the postmasters by the government, so that they charge what they please. From Namur to Liège [is] properly only from seven to eight [posts], but ten are charged, and [the] horses changed only once – they stay to bait at the raising places before established, and make you pay a post for each bait.

We all walked out and saw the church of the Jesuits – roof curious. Set out for Liège at nine o'clock, and had a most lovely drive to Liège, where we arrived at half-past four in the afternoon, and put up at the Pavilion Anglais – an inn devoted apparently to the English, and therefore not to be recommended to œconomists.

The valley to the Meuse yields only to that of the Rhine. My sister¹³⁹ will keep a detailed account of it, so I shall no more, except that I had no expectations of so much beauty in this spot. We change horses at the little town of Huy, where we crossed the Meuse over a stone bridge. The banks above and around the old Abbey of Flore should be particularly remarked. The precipices are high and covered with wood in some places, in others by rocks. Remark the colour of the river, deeply tinged with the minerals worked out on the banks of the stream, and washed from the sands close to the shore – in some spots, a deep rose colour. Remark the number of chateaux on this side of the Meuse, one particularly on the summit of a white crag, where they were blowing up a rock. It rained frequently, so that we were prevented [from] seeing so much of this charming country as we could wish.

Arrived at Liège. Isaac and I walked about the down, dirty as when I left it in 1816, but standing in a much [more] beautiful spot than I thought at that time, particularly the suburb through which we came from Namur. Indeed, the town seemed different from what I had seen in 1816. [We] saw [the] *hotel de ville*, a sort of covered exchange, where are some paltry shops.

After dinner we all walked out, [and were] shown the site of the old cathedral, now an open place not long cleared of rubbish. Saw [the] modern cathedral, which at the roof was curiously painted. Saw [the] Jesuits' church – cut woodwork, curious; built in 1014 – turned into a stable by the French.

138: Conjectural spelling.

139: Could be “sisters”.

1822

Painted window there, with the date, 1530, very beautiful. Passed by the university – an unfinished ruin – it contains, however, five hundred students. Saw the steam issuing from the manufactory of Mr [],¹⁴⁰ an Englishman settled here, who has established a steam engine.

We paddled through the dirty-laned town, in no very good humour at our expedition. Before we went to bed we had some harp and rural music from two girls, who performed agreeably.

Could not sleep.

Saturday August 3rd 1822: Up at six as usual. Strolled about to look for books, and went into a bookseller's shop, where I saw Lady Morgan's *Italy* in French, and was told it had had¹⁴¹ a great sale.

Set off at eight o'clock¹⁴² for Aix-la-Chappelle. Went by the road of last 1816, and find my journal of that time very correct.¹⁴³ The road passes through a country completely English – green pastures enclosed in hedgerows, and the face of the whole ancient Duchy of Limbourg, as we four saw it, most luxurious; nevertheless, we were most abominably pestered with hideous beggars – we all remember the numerous deformations of the inhabitants of this iron soil. Remember the colour of the cheese at Les Battices, the first post-house, indeed, the only post-house. Coming into the Prussian territory of the Duchy of the Lower Rhine, over a little stream called Heate in the map, we were not examined, the “MP” of my passport serving us. We paid duty on a pound of tea; the Prussian *douanier* refused a fee.

From the top of a woody acclivity we saw Aix – not very distinctly – where we arrived at half-past three. Had some difficulty, and could not get in at the Dragon d'Or, but put up at an *hotel garni* – [the] Hotel de la Grande Bretagne. Isaac and I went looking about for baths,¹⁴⁴ which at last we found, just opposite our inn. All bathed in these sulfureous streams – not the better I.

Dined. Walked about sight-seeing at Aix. Saw the cathedral and its curiosities – the tomb of Charlemagne, at least where his bones were. Also the columns brought from Paris – also the throne of bright marble, in which thirty-six emperors were crowned – also the candelabra given by Frederick Barbarossa – under the throne, those afflicted with complaints in the []¹⁴⁵ stoop and squeeze through, which they think, together with their prayers,

140: Name illegible. Looks like “Caherd”.

141: “had have” (Ms.)

142: Note that the bookshop had been open before 8 a.m.

143: Evidence that H. has his old journals with him.

144: Doubtless at Isaac's insistence, not H.'s.

145: Word illegible. Looks like “reciss”.

will cure them. Saw the bronze wolf, and bronze door, attributed to the date of Charlemagne. Saw [a] painting by Albrecht Dürer.

Went to the *hotel de ville*, and saw the rooms where the treaties of peace were signed, and in which the late congress assembled. Pictures of Lord Sandwich, and other English diplomatists. Walked in [the] dark to the promenade – [the] girls [were] thirsty, and we took lemonade in a *ginguette*. This being [the] King of Prussia's birthday, there was a great dinner, and *bal paré* on the *redoute*. Also the streets were hung with ropes, strung with eggs and other trumpery. This [was] for a parish fête, not for the Prussian King.

Did not sleep.

Sunday August 4th 1822: Set off at nine o'clock for Cologne. Changed at Juliers (three stages) and Bergheim (two and three-quarter stages). Went very slowly to Cologne – three posts. Walked about Juliers. Did not see the Rhine before reaching Cologne, where [we] arrived at half-past five, and went to [the] Hotel de Mayonée – [a] good hotel. Remarked a second time the narrowness and dirtiness of the streets. Walked to the Rhine – saw crowds in the *pont volant*, which summons passengers by a bell.

In Prussian states, the horses are ten *groschen* a post each horse – only the number of horses used are paid for. The postillion has, when well paid, ten *groschen*. Two *groschen* are given each stage to the wagon-masters, which, together with the barriers, makes about eight francs value per post for four horses. Twenty-four *groschen* makes a dollar, nineteen francs and a half – five dollars.¹⁴⁶

Dined well, and bed without sleep.

Monday August 5th 1822: Went about sight-seeing, and was¹⁴⁷ conducted to the usual sights – [the] cathedral – Marie of Medici – [the] Magi. I was very much struck with the outside of the cathedral. Saw [the] Minister church. Nothing there – not even [the] bones of Duns Scotus. St Mary of the Capitol, where Schreiber¹⁴⁸ says the Roman capitol of the colony stood. St Peter's church, where we saw the *Crucifixion of St Peter* by Rubens, who was baptised there, and whose native home in Cologne has a tablet in the wall to commemorate the event. Dragged through the prickly, pitched streets to the Roman Tower, where we saw some very doubtful and very ugly masonry, in the coarse reticulated [style], or what our stupid guide called "mosaic". The burying-place is without the town, and has this inscription:

Funeribus

146: I am not able to make sense of this arithmetic.

147: Sic Ms. Should be "were".

148: H.'s guidebook is *Manuel pour les voyageurs sur le Rhin* by Aloise Shreiber (Heidelberg / Frankfurt / Strasbourg 1816). He is reading p.281.

1822

Aggripinensium
Sacer locus

Remark that descending the hills towards Cologne, the long line of city corners, with churches and towers, seems close at first, and then as it were gradually recedes.

We left Cologne at one (about), for Bonn, three posts and a half paid for but only three posts actual distance. Arrived at Bonn at about <XX> past three, [and] put up at the Star. We were pleased with the comparative cleanliness and quiet of this town, where we walked out before dinner to the English Garden, and had, from the mount called the Bastion, the beautiful view of the majestic Rhine, which I admired as much or more than in 1816.¹⁴⁹ We walked thence through the long alley of trees to the Chateau of Poppelsdorff – this, together with the former Palace of the Electors in the town, is now converted into a building for the university, whose wild-looking students we saw in their fantastical costumes. Our guide told us some carried their folly so far as to wear beards like Jews. They are in number five hundred. This was the holidays, but¹⁵⁰ several students were lounging about, and most of them had pipes. We ascended the hill above Poppelsdorff to the convent, now a farmhouse with a church, called the Kreuzberg. It rained – we and another English party entered the farmhouse. The view from the hill [was] superb, the several mountains forming the chief charm of the scene.

We strolled slowly home and dined. Isaac and I went again to the Bastion.¹⁵¹

Tuesday August 6th 1822: Walked to a church with our aged and very sneaky commissioner, whose commendation of the ancient days of the Elector had something pitiful in it. We find it difficult to procure any guide who speaks intelligible French in these parts, which have all the characteristics of Germany. Went to [the] cathedral, and saw a bronze statue of St Helena, the foundress. The people in these regions seem to pass their mornings at church – especially the beggars.

Set off for Coblenz, eight posts and a quarter. Breakfasted at Remagen. Before this, stopped at the Gottesburgh and ascended to the mountain on which the ruins of the old castle stand. A lovely spot – vineyards, and a wild shrubbery about the sides of it. We wandered about and gathered wild flowers – had the bathhouses pointed out to us – returned by another path, threading the bushes, to the village, and to our carriage.

149: Since 1816 H. had read *CHP* III, with its Rhine section – but doesn't mention it. We wonder if Amelia and Matilda have read it – or anything by B.

150: Sic Ms. Should be "and".

151: We wonder if H. oversaw Isaac's sexual initiation on one of these strolls.

From Remagen to Coblenz I enjoyed the glorious scenes on this river, which I had seen for the first time in 1816, and I enjoyed them even more than in those days, for I had the company of my sisters and brother, and was pleased to see the impression produced on them by the surrounding novelties. I had also that excellent guide-book, Shreiber, and made out most of the names of the ruins and the villages, and learned from him their respective histories. The river was not so full as when I saw it in 1816, but I thought it not less beautiful. My sisters have kept a minute journal.

We found a new fort erected above, or at the mount where Moreau's tomb used to or does stand.¹⁵² Also Ehrenbreitstein¹⁵³ looked to me very different from what it did in 1816,¹⁵⁴ the works being in a state of great forwardness.¹⁵⁵ I found another novelty – a bridge of boats built over the river, which made it look more tame, noble as it appeared.

We could not get in at the Cours de Treves (now Hotel de la Poste), so we put up at the Trois Suisses, a dirty inn in an admirable position on the Rhine bank. Some prince (Bernard of Prussia) was in the town, and we heard the echo of the cannon repeated from the woody rocks of Ehrenbreitsteinthal. Remarked the extremely military appearance of the Prussian soldiers. After dinner we walked over the bridge, which appears the public promenade (made in 1818), and climbed up the opposite hill, where we had a view which would have pleased us more had the evening been less set in. But we still saw the junction of the Mosel and Rhine, and wandered about much pleased till we lost our way. A peasant civilly showed us how we might descend a stony path that brought us again into the road.

We re-crossed the bridge, took coffee, and went to a bad bed, where for the first time I was bitten.

Wednesday August 7th 1822: Left Coblenz at seven o'clock in the morning. Breakfasted at Boppard as in 1816, and as well as in 1816. Proceeded through St Goar and Baccherach to Bingen, where the Rhine valley begins, and ends at Königswinter under the seven mountains. We had fine weather, and enjoyed entirely the grand scenes which every turn of this magnificent river presented to us. We made out, as on the day before, almost all the names of the sites and objects, and my sisters kept an accurate journal of their progress. I have nothing to record except my satisfaction at this part of our journey. We had some difficulty getting horses at Bingen on account of some prince who was there, but proceeded at last, and went two stations, changing at Niederinghelheim, the pretended birthplace of Charlemagne, to

152: See *CHP* III, st. 56 and n.

153: See *CHP* III, st. 58 and n.

154: See 17 Aug 1816.

155: Destroyed by the French, the castle of Ehrenbreitstein was rebuilt by the Prussians at a cost of twenty million marks.

1822

Mayence.¹⁵⁶ There we arrived at half-past five, and put up at the Three Crowns, where we were well-treated. The Prussians' money and mode of reckoning [is] not current beyond Bingen, where begins the state of Hesse-Darmstadt, and where begins the gülden, and kreutzer. A franc is worth about twenty-eight kreutzers, and sixty kreutzers make a gülden, or florin. The rate of posting in this state is ¹⁵⁷

There are no turnpikes. Mayence is garrisoned by four thousand Prussians and four thousand Austrians. The Grand Duke has only one hundred policemen in the city for his share. The place does not contribute to the maintenance of the garrisons. Lord Londonderry calls this state of things peace.

We strolled about, [and] looked at the outside of the red cathedral, constructed from the red stone of the country. Dined. Walked out in the evening, and promenaded the bridge of boats over the Rhine – here a mighty stream indeed. Isaac and I counted the number of paces at an easy female rate of walking – he made the bridge 835, and I, 845 in length. There are seventeen mills at work in the stream near the bridge, and the current rushes powerfully between the boats on which they are built. We attempted to see the picture gallery and the Roman monuments in the building of the public library, but it was too late. We employed ourselves in the usual manner, and retired at the [usual] time to bed.

Thursday August 8th 1822: Went about seeing sights – after breakfast saw the inside of the cathedral, the monuments of which must have, for an antiquary, much interest. The inscription of Fastradana,¹⁵⁸ wife of Charlemagne, buried in 794, is bandied about by the church porter (who by the way keeps on his hat whilst <haggling/>struggling over the names of the Electors whose monuments adorn the cathedral. Here it is:

Fastradana pia Caroli conjux vratata
Christi dilecta jacet hic submamum testa
Anno septigesnetimo nonagerimo quarto.
Quem munerum metro claudere musa negat.
Rex pie quem gessit virgo licet hic civeriscit.
Spiritus haeres sit patriæ que tristia nescit.

794

We saw the hole made by the shell that burnt part of the cathedral in the time of Custine¹⁵⁹ – no probability of present repair appears.

156: Mainz.

157: H. leaves a gap.

158: Also called Fastrada (???-794).

159: Adam Custine (1740-93) unsuccessful French general. Guilltined.

We went to the public library. Saw, and in curiosity looked over, the Roman antiquities discovered chiefly on the banks of the Rhine. Whether they contain any names known to history, or have served to illustrate it, I know not. The picture gallery is poor after what we have seen – a great naked Adam and Eve by Albrecht Dürer is the largest picture I have seen of that artist. We could not see the collection of medals, the professor being from home. Remark the figures in relief in the courtyard – they were decorations of the old Kaufhaus, or House of Assembly for the old Rhenish Confederation, which formerly occupied what Schreiber calls the “grande et belle place”¹⁶⁰ in which the inn, [the] Three Crowns, stands. The square is neither great nor beautiful: Schreiber is, however, generally a writer without exaggeration.

We set out at ten for Mannheim – went by Oppenheim, Worms, and Eggersheim – the posting now reckoned by stations which, each of them, equals two short French posts. The country [was] not flooded as in 1816, nor did I cross the Rhine until we came to Mannheim, which I see by my old journal I did in 1816.¹⁶¹ Enquired at Oppenheim for La Colonne des Suedois, where Gustavus Adolphus first landed, having passed the Rhine on a barn door¹⁶² – heard it exists a league below Oppenheim.

At Worms our progress was a short time impeded by some Darmstadt troops who were going to exercise – I can’t say very much for their appearance. Generally remarked *how much better the blood is in the sex*, as the slang goes, the higher you advance up the Rhine, but though the women are prettier, they seem more subject to disorders of the throat and sore eyes – in other words, to scrofulous complaints. The beggars have almost disappeared since leaving the Prussian states on the Rhine.

Much struck, as before, with the pleasing appearance of the regular town of Mannheim, where we arrived at a quarter past five: but there is still an air of desolation in the streets, some of which have grass growing in them. This is one of the few towns where there is any pavement for foot passengers. I walked into a new establishment, Artraria and Fontaine – the former a branch of the Viennese bookseller’s family. Saw English books and prints, and bought a Forsyth.¹⁶³ Hear that there is a reading-room in the town, where the *Times* and *Chronicle* may be seen.

This day passed from Mayence, where Austria and Prussia command, into the state of Darmstadt – thence into a strip which still continues in [the] hands of [the] King of Bavaria, according to the sage disposition of the High Allies, though when I was here in 1816 they told me that the King of

160: Schreiber, op. cit., p.96.

161: See Aug 9 1816.

162: In 1631.

163: Anticipating their travels in Italy.

1822

Bavaria¹⁶⁴ would have some other country given to him – perhaps Mannheim, where he was much liked.

At Mannheim we came into the Grand Duchy of Baden – our goods examined nowhere, but now and then a trifle given to the officer. Dined at our Pfalzer Hoff (Cour du Palatinat) very well – but waiting bad, as usual in Germany.

Sat at home in the evening.

Friday August 9th 1822: After breakfast went about sight-seeing. Went to the palace and saw the beautiful collection of pictures, which I admired more, if possible, than before. The Teniers, the Guercino, the Domenichino, the Hamiltons – inimitable: to say nothing of the landscapes of Ruysdael and Cuyisa[?]. Saw the natural history cabinet – not worth seeing, except the rotten stuffed dog. The Roman antiquities, that is, sepulchral and military stones, I believe, we did not read.

Our commissioner asked us to go and see the church, but we preferred to see the house in which Sandt killed Kotzebue.¹⁶⁵ It is a corner house – the man pointed out the flagstone before the door, on which Sandt knelt down, and stabbed himself. He said Sandt might have got away instead of stabbing himself – there was scarcely anybody in the street. He said the Grand Duke wanted to let Sandt die of his wounds, but the Emperor of Russia insisted on his execution. He said that the clergyman who attended him spoke highly of him. It was not true that he was tortured. He was beheaded at half-past five in the morning in the open place without the Heidelberg gate.

Lutherans predominate in Mannheim, and we have got out of the country of crosses generally, though here and there we can see one.

Left Mannheim about one. Changed at Schwetzingen – saw the famous garden of the Grand Duke – it is really a very pretty and tastefully ornamented piece of ground. The building called the Temple of the Sun, with the statue and waterfall in a secluded spot, is very charming. It seems open to the public, and without a fee.

We went to Heidelberg, where we arrived at half-past three, and put up at the King of Portugal, where one of the waiters, and a commissioner, speak English. Met Ricardo and family there. *Alors, beaucoup d'embarrassments de part et d'autre.* After dinner, which was hasty and bad, walked up to the ruins of the castle blown up by Minde[?] in 1764.¹⁶⁶ It rained, but we still enjoyed the magnificent prospect – I know no ruins more finely situated. Saw the *Tun* – this is the fourth great *Tun*¹⁶⁷ – it was made in 1751. Drank tea

164: King Maximilian IV Joseph (1756-1825). An enlightened monarch.

165: On Mar 23 1819. Kotzebue, the dramatist, was conservative, Sandt a liberal student. The murder caused a crackdown on liberal thought in universities.

166: Heidelberg Castle was blown up in 1688. In 1764, lightning struck it.

167: The Great Barrel, claimed (still, 2005) to be the biggest ever filled with wine.

with the Ricardos, and were under some difficulty how to prevent mutual embarrassment by meeting them too often on the road.

Saturday August 10th 1822: After many doubts, set off for Stuttgart, through what we were told was one of the most romantic roads in Germany – the valley of the Neckar. The first stage was by the banks of the river, and the scenery reminded us of the Meuse, but after [the] first post-station we lost the river, and did not come upon it again until Heilbronn, where we crossed it. We breakfasted at Sinsheim, [the] second station. The postboys here [are] found very well, by tariff, and are not content with less than two florins a station. We went up and down declivities in rather an ugly country as far as Heilbronn, there crossing the Neckar – the road prettier, but very up and down, and posting therefore not so good.

We got into [the] King of Württemberg's¹⁶⁸ dominions at Fürfeld, [the] station before Heilbronn. [We] saw no distinction in these dominions, except that more and better people pulled off their hats as we passed, and that well-dressed tramps begged of us without shame. The banks of the Neckar, which we crossed several times, are in most parts high, and cultivated in terraces with the vine, more regularly than I recollect to have seen elsewhere. The whole scenery [is] very agreeable.

We arrived in the dark at Ludwigsburg,¹⁶⁹ where the Queen Dowager (our Princess of England)¹⁷⁰ resides. Stopped there some time for horses, and did not arrive at Stuttgart until past eleven. Could not get rooms at [the] best hotel, so put up with the post-house.

Sunday August 11th 1822: Got up later than usual. Took, before breakfast, a walk, and found myself in front of the handsome palace, which would be handsome still were it not for an enormous gilt crown with which it is surmounted, and which confers no honour on the recently-made []¹⁷¹ who stuck it there. But the shady walks of the square below the palace, and above all the charming garden behind, give an air to this royal residence such as I never recollect to have seen in any capital town. The garden has orange-trees in []s,¹⁷² which should be green instead of white, as Matilda observed to me. There is a square basin of water adorned by two admirable colossal figures by Dannecker, the Württemberg Canova.¹⁷³ Winding walks in shrubberies and flower gardens run along the sides of the principal alley, which extends as far as a village a league in distance from the palace. The

168: King Wilhelm I (1781-1864). He'd granted a constitution in 1819.

169: "Louisberg" (Ms.)

170: If this is Queen Caroline's mother, she was the Dowager Duchess of Brunswick.

171: The word looks like "roitsleb".

172: Either "tubs," "libs," "tuts" ...

173: Heinrich Dannecker (1758-1841) court sculptor at Stuttgart.

1822

whole is thrown open to the public, who seem not to abuse the indulgence. But the site of the town, and the garden particularly, is rendered more agreeable by the vine-covered hills immediately impending over them, which are seen at the end of the vistas found by the streets and over the royal palace. In short, though I had heard much of Stuttgart, I certainly was not disappointed.

I saw the Grand Duke Michael of Russia¹⁷⁴ walking from the palace to church. I entered a church, the principal one of the place – it was full. The clergyman was praying, and the audience and choir soon struck up a psalm. All seemed very devout. The shops were shut, and the town had all the appearance of a city in England on a Sunday – no market, no gaiety, but decent, well-dressed women and men pacing churchwards with their prayer-books. Saw no signs of Catholicism, but there was a review at eleven o'clock in front of the palace, at which the King attended. I saw some of the regiments marching to it – very good-looking men, but ill-favoured officers. There are two pieces of ordnance stationed in the King's *strasse* – and indeed, the whole appearance of Stuttgart is too military for *profound* peace.

After breakfast, my sisters and Isaac walked <with me> in the gardens. We had a commissioner who was of little or no use. He took us to a picture gallery, a public one, which seemed a collection of early masters newly regilt and re-framed – no great things to my mind, small and uninteresting. We tried to get a sight of the palace, but fortunately could not be admitted – there was a dinner at court. The Princess Royal of England, [the] Queen Dowager, arrived to meet Grand Duke Michael. However, we saw the royal stables, and were shown around by a civil groom. There are stalls in one stable for 120 horses, and the whole establishment seemed handsomely kept up. The sight was a very pretty one – the Arabian horses handsome and in good condition. We were shown a Calmuck horse, which we were told was as good as any in the stable – a cross-made animal, but with very good points about him – his eye very singular, his mane very full and long. Some English horses were shown to us. The carriage-horses were nothing particularly striking. Not above twenty stalls out of the 120 were vacant.

Sat at home. Took another walk down the long alley in the garden. The King and Queen passed in an open barouchet, the King driving – he had three or four red grooms with him, but no guards. The people pulled off their hats – we did [the] same – both he and the Queen returned the salute most graciously. He was dressed as a military man, with an order or two at his buttonhole.

After dinner Matilda and Isaac and I went to the playhouse. It was very full. [The] King [and] Queen [were] there. The performers gave us the music

174: 1779-1831. Brother of Tsar Alexander.

of *La Molinara* of Paisiello¹⁷⁵ – to plain speaking, without recitative. Matilda said the house was not good for hearing, but that it was good-looking, neat and elegant – suiting the capital of a little kingdom. The women were more dressed than I have observed abroad, but not well-dressed – French modes do not prevail here. The whole performance, which was respectable, did not last more than two hours and a half. There seemed great decency, but not much ceremony, for the audience rose to go away before their Majesties.

Came home to our bad inn, which is a true German *caravanserai* – all the energies of waiters and landlord exhausted by a great *table d'hôte* twice a day, so that we live as neglected as may be in our two pair of stairs.

Monday August 12th 1822: Sat in the house all the morning on account of the heat, and continue there afterwards on account of the rain – we have had thunder showers these two days. Went in the evening in a carriage to the studio of Mr Dannecker,¹⁷⁶ the Canova of Württemberg. We were much pleased with his attitudes, and were much struck with his *Christ rising from the Tomb*, a work executed for the Empress of Russia. The first effect is imposing, but an examination of the details is not so satisfactory – the size and height do not correspond – no man was ever so small in the loins. But both that and every other work bear traces of superior skill. His bust portraits appear to give the lively representation of some original, which Chantry's busts so much display. A colossal bust of Schiller produces a powerful effect. We were much pleased with our visit, which we owe to Ricardo's recommendation.

We came home, and prepared for our departure tomorrow.

Tuesday August 13th 1822: Before setting out, walked about – talked with a waiter, who told me something about the new Württemberg constitution. That respectable authority informed me that the King of Württemberg had promised a constitution, but not being in a hurry to give it, the people had demanded it and procured it. There were two chambers – Deputies of Peoples and Nobles, the deputies being freely chosen by every man having to pay interest on three hundred florins per annum, the nobles chosen by the nobles.¹⁷⁷ No taxes levied except by consent of the chambers. The chambers had taken off taxes and duties. Formerly the King had monopoly of tobacco – now he has not. The press [is] quite free – no previous censorship¹⁷⁸ – O'Meara's book published in French here. [The] chambers were not sitting,

175: *L'amor contrasto, ossia la molinara* (Naples, 1788), *commedia per musica* by Paisiello. Almost as popular as his *Barbiere di Siviglia*.

176: "Tannecker" (Ms.)

177: A constitution more rational than the current English one.

178: That is, books do have to be submitted in advance of publication.

1822

nor would till January. Baden had a similar constitution, "Which," said my friend, "all in these countries have got now."

I had not time to learn more truths or falsities.

Colonel and Mrs Dalrymple sat with us – the latter [the] sister of Sandford Graham.

We set out from Stuttgart at twenty-five minutes to eleven – were much pleased with the noble drive to Hechlingen, which is only three and []¹⁷⁹ stations, but being chiefly up and down declivities, we did not arrive at our resting-place until seven o'clock. We chiefly admired the view immediately on leaving Stuttgart, from which the site of that town is observed to the best advantage, buried as it were in vine-covered hills. Also the lovely scenery of the royal forest of "Schönbuck," as the postillion sounded it, between Waldenbuch and Tübingen. Isaac and I walked up the hill from the former place, and gathered plums, apples and pears from the trees which line the roads here in most luxurious abundance. In the forest are oak and other trees larger of their kind than any we have seen in Germany, or since our travels.

Tübingen stands in a hollow between two pastureland hills, where flocks and herds were feeding – an ornament, as my sister Matilda remarked, usually wanting in a German landscape.¹⁸⁰ The old palace, now the building of the university, in a commanding situation. I had something in my head about Tübingen and its university, but could and cannot now recollect what. We saw¹⁸¹ some of the eight hundred students who go to learn there. They had all the usual characteristics of German students – hair on their chins and no shirts to their backs – very wild-looking.

At Tübingen we had excellent cakes or sweet things, [at] which Germany, I think, excels.

We had had this morning views of broken ranges of hills to our left and before us, which looked as if indicating some river course: indeed, just after Tübingen, we crossed the Neckar. Leaving Tübingen we got into a long valley where was a small stream in a large watercourse – woods on each side, and fruit trees lining the road, approaching the range of hills – [it] wound upwards out of the valley and came into some open down country, still highly cultivated. Saw the conical hill on which the castle of Hohenzollern stands, an object conspicuous for many miles in every direction, and higher than any Rhine castle. The air seemed lighter, the peasant costumes more adapted to hills. The cows had bells – a goat or two led by a boy now and then seen. In short, everything announced our arrival in a more mountainous country, or in higher land.

179: H. leaves a gap.

180: Matilda often voices her opinion – Amelia, it appears, never.

181: "saw there" (Ms.)

A little after Tübingen we entered the dominions of the Prince of Hohenzollern Hechingen,¹⁸² a prince whose territories have six German miles in *grandeur*, a population of 1,300, and which contributed ninety-seven men to Napoleon's Rhinish confederation. We came into the capital, Hechingen, at seven, and climbed through a town reminding me of an Italian country town. Here we found a good inn, a civil people, unaccustomed rather to such travellers, I mean English. A great curiosity, and much civility, produced. We walked out into the little garden of the small chateau near, which with the normal German liberality is thrown open to all – a small place, but pretty. We got into a sort of rustic twirlabout, being in high spirits with our beautiful drive of this day. The castle of Hohenzollern, and its hill commanding the whole territory, about a league from the town. Remarkable the fountain of the town, which I observe generally in mountain countries. The cows brought to drink there, and the peasant girls, produce a pleasing effect. The women [are] pretty, and well-mannered. The religion of the principality is Catholic. Saw no signs of a separate jurisdiction here. The Prince [is] at Baden.

Good, but too short, bed – could not sleep.

Wednesday August 14th 1822: Breakfasted – set off at half-past seven for Schaffhausen, six, or six-and-a-half stations – a station, or German post, equal to about two French posts or four German *stunde* (miles) – as far as I can make out. We were told by Edward and others that we should come in ten or eleven hours at Schaffhausen, but we did not come at Atlingen, the second station, in less than six hours – all up and down hill, but rather more rising ground. [The] country less populous and more open. Hemp cultivated, and hemp-beating a common occupation of women in villages, whose dresses were rather of the Swiss fashion.

Had to wait for horses at Düttlingen,¹⁸³ or Tüttlingen,¹⁸⁴ where we did not arrive till near four. Crossed the Danube, a small mountain sort of stream, by a bridge of wood of four arches – we saw it winding down from a green vale to our right. There seemed a good inn in this small town, but we would not stay, though horses were sent for from their farming work. I walked on – ascended a hill, with woods to the right at first, and afterwards on both sides for an hour. We had previously turned the range of hills which we had seen yesterday, and now¹⁸⁵ seemed to be rising above them.

It was hot, but there was a mountain breeze which freshened as I ascended. I saw scarcely a single soul. A village was visible in the fir-covered valleys to the right. A little girl ran across a cornfield to catch me –

182: I am unable to discover the name of this Fürst of Hohenzollern-Hechingen.

183: "... wait for horses – At {<going out of> coming into} Düttlingen" (Ms.)

184: In fact, "Tüttlingen".

185: "Snow" (Ms.)

1822

as she approached me I saw some white shadows in the sky which it struck me might just possibly be the Alps. I asked the little girl whether they were hills – she said yes. Ascending still higher, these giant forms seemed still more substantial.

I came to where the Württemberg country ended and the Baden territory commenced. It was the district of the Schwarzwald, or Black Forest. I sat down on the top of the hill, and looking to the left, saw an expanse of water which I recognised for the Lake of Constance, with its turn at the isthmus, dividing the upper from the underlake. I shall not soon forget the impression made by this magnificent scene. The Alps rose in the utmost distance in front, and the sight of them was the more striking, as it had been totally unexpected. The foreground, immediately under the elevated spot on which I was sitting, was shaded with dark pine forests with here and there a white village or a church spire in a dark dell.

A peasant boy passed along a mountain [path] near me:¹⁸⁶ I asked him one or two questions. He pointed out one or two towns, amongst others, the fortress of Hohenklingen, upon a rock, for felons.

Being quite persuaded of the reality of the appearance of the Alps, I went back to meet the carriage, fearing lest by accident the party might lose the first view of these great hills, but meeting them I found they had long seen the Alps, and were still admiring them as they ascended. We descended rapidly through mountain valleys of fir wood, from this beautiful hill, which we were told was called Ellberg, one of these valleys, the Singermerthal, or some such name, very romantic and lonely. We changed at Engen, a precipitously placed town, dreadfully pitched, at about eight. Drove on to ———, three-quarters of a station, [and] took bread and wine in the dark. Proceeded [at] half-past nine to Schaffhausen, a long station of fifteen miles. Did not arrive until twelve. We were detained nearly half an hour outside of the gates, and at last, when let in, had some difficulty in getting admittance at the Crown inn, which was full at this showplace – but did get something to eat, and bed at two o'clock.

Thursday August 15th 1822: Up rather late – a fine but very hot day. Went out after breakfast, and coming upon the Rhine at the bottom of a street was much struck with the extraordinary greenness, or blueness, of its woody banks, between which it rushes with all the force of a mountain torrent, though as wide as the Thames at Windsor – perhaps wider. Where I saw the Rhine was a bathing-place for boys – remarked the decency of the children, tying a handkerchief about their loins.

Went with my sisters and brother in a carriage to see the Rhine, and afterwards to the fall of Laussen. As we were going through the town, [we]

186: "... along a mountain near me" (Ms.)

met a magistrate in wig and sword, and a beadle promenading – for some purpose. The party pulled off hats to our ladies.

[We] crossed the Rhine at Schaffhausen, and went by a beautiful road which gave us glimpses of the high Alps to the left, above the river bank, to the great falls, which I saw from all the points, as in 1816,¹⁸⁷ and admired as much as at that period. There was not so much water as then. I saw a mark of the rise of the river in 1817, which seems to have been then at an extraordinary height. From the chamber in which the *camera obscura* is shown, we saw a rainbow in the spray above the fall. We re-crossed from the other side, and returned to y^c dam house above the fall, where we took a last look at this noble scene. We returned in the carriage, having walked part of the way to the spot.

Dined late and sat at home.

Friday August 16th 1822: Set out for Zurich with horses at ten francs each horse, and the same sum for the return. We did not go to Constance as I intended, but went the short road to Eglisau, across the Rhine over a wooden-covered bridge eighty paces long, the scene of some bloody battles between the Russians and French in 1799. I walked from Eglisau to Kloten with Isaac, and still farther – within four miles of Zurich. At the village of Kloten the station of the eleventh Roman legion in former days, [we] took wine and bread with boors in a post-house, who seemed quite unembarrassed at their foreign commensals.¹⁸⁸ Indeed, there is a marked difference in the manners of an English and a Swiss or any other peasant that I have seen – no sheepishness, no surliness in the latter.

We left Schaffhausen at about eleven and arrived at Zurich at half-past six – nine leagues. The coachman stopped an hour and a half at Eglisau. We could not get rooms at the Sword, but were put out to a neighbouring house, where we had an ingenious curtain[]¹⁸⁹ to fence off my bed with tables. Dined in public room rather discontentedly, as in 1816¹⁹⁰ – as in that year the town is now the seat of the Diet, and there is nothing but soldiering and drumming about the town. I saw the guard present arms to a civilian in a cocked hat and sword in the Sunday morning, going to church.

Saturday August 17th 1822: Stayed the day at Zurich, and saw the sights at the library as before.¹⁹¹ Isaac and I walked to the bastion promenade, and looked over the lake. Dined. Took a row with boatmen out onto the lake. Admired the country houses on the right bank.

187: See 15 Aug 1816.

188: “Those at table with them”.

189: Word cramped at page edge.

190: H. stays at the Sword, on 18 Aug 1816; but does not complain about eating

191: See 19 Aug 1816.

1822

Sunday August 18th 1822: Yesterday or [the] day before, went into Füssli the booksellers, and saw that Walter Scott, Tom Moore, and Lord Byron are the saleable English books on the continent – but for the credit of European literature, saw also a Genevan edition of Forsyth's *Italy*.

Left Zurich with horses paid for half a day and half a day returning, for Zelf, reckoned fifteen English miles, at eleven o'clock. Road along the lake, by the valley of the Zihe, which is not visible at first, nor until crossed over a wooden bridge. Mounted the Albis hill, as before in 1816, with two additional horses – a very steep ascent. When arrived to the summit of the carriage road, we all walked to the left to the point indicated by Mr Ebel¹⁹² – the Blochwacht. Lovely walk, and a noble prospect of the Alps, at the end of which he has given an exact panorama. Exceedingly struck by this, and former part of our tour, by the luxuriant abundance of the fruit-trees lining the roads. No-one should miss the Blochwacht – the descent certainly perilous for incautious wagons.

Passed down by the banks of the Tuler See, the little green lake to the right, and after a most beautiful drive through lanes overhung with fruit trees, and through the greenest Alpine pasturages, arrived at Zug at half-past six, where we put up at my old inn, the Stag. A laughing landlady and an English-talking waiter, with both of whom the memory of our visit in 1816 was not obsolete.

My brother and I walked down to the little pier, or rather jetty, on this charming lake, at sunset. We saw but a few people there – young men and young women in middling life, their respectful manners to each other. [We] returned to our Stag and dined, and laid a plan for an expedition to the mountains of Schweitz and Ury.

Monday April 19th 1822: Hired a guide at seven-and-a-half francs a day, and, leaving our carriages under care of the landlady of the Stag, proceeded with only our two night sacks on our intended journey. Left Zug at eleven – embarked in a boat, and were rowed down the lake by three boatmen. The sun burnt fiercely, and we had an awning, which prevented us from seeing the great slopes of the hills running into the water as distinctly as we could have wished. Arrived at Arth, a little town at the end of the lake of Zug in [the] canton of Schweitz, and, waiting there about three-quarters of an hour, mounted four horses properly provided, set out on our ascent of the Rigi.¹⁹³ At Arth bought a little book, containing an account of the fall of the

192: *Manuel du Voyageur en Suisse* (1816). See Aug 30 1816.

193: "Rhigi" (Ms.)

Rossberg,¹⁹⁴ and in twenty-five minutes came to the ruins of this mountain world. Cross the road, and present all around a scene of desolation and horror which nothing can efface from the mind of one who has once seen this wonderful sight. To me there was something that reminded me of the lava-streams of Vesuvius.¹⁹⁵ A church and an inn rise from among the burnt blocks which choke up the fertile vale where Goldau and the three other vanished villages once stood. The lake of Lowerth¹⁹⁶ shows how it suffered from the fall, for in the midst of the masses of fallen rock is seen a pool of water, which was once connected with the lake beyond.

From Goldau church began the ascent of the Rigi, which we ascended in four hours, including three-quarters of an hour stoppage at the inn halfway. The attempt to describe the indescribable would be a waste of time – besides, my companions have attended to the details of this magnificent progress into the clouds. Some part of the ascent was such as nothing but constant practise could enable horses to mount – flights of wooden steps in steep zigzags, yet my sisters never dismounted once, nor did any accident happen.

Arrived at the summit of this green Alp, we found an inn, between five and six thousand feet above the sea. A party of German students with white poles and straw hats rather added to the singularity of the scene – not so some English and Germans and Russians, who filled every cranny of the inn. We saw the sun set on the flat land of lakes to the north, and gild with a violet light the glaciers of the Jungfrau and the Eighers, and all of the other gigantic forms which composed the scene behind us.

Shortly afterwards a damp mist began to rise, and the snows of these great Alps impressed us, as it were with the chill of winter. The goats came up the green slope from the rocks below to be milked, a peasant belonging to the inn played on the long horn or pipe of the Alps, and had it not been for the crowd before-mentioned, the whole scene would have been complete.

We dined very well in a room from which we had expelled a cobbler, and retired early to our beds, where Isaac and I laid heads and points. The inn presented a curious scene. I did not sleep at all.

Tuesday August 20th 1822: The thing to be done here was to see the sun rising: so a little after four o'clock an alarm struck up, and the alpine piper began a tune which called up all the house. When up, I found ladies and students promenading on the green ridges of the Rigi culver, immediately

194: See *Manfred*, I ii 99 (where the mountain is spelled "Rosenburg").

195: We lack H.'s diary entry for his visit to Vesuvius.

196: The Lauerzer See.

1822

above the great precipice. A party had occupied the scaffolding raised on the extreme summit – amongst them, I was told, was Mr Keller, the map-maker.

The snows and glaciers gradually assumed the violet tinge of the last evening, or perhaps a brighter colour. The towns, and particularly Lucerne, became distinct, as in a map at our feet; the lakes looked of the dead green colour which is given them in the model at Zurich. Every cottage and chalet were discernible throughout this vast range – all seemed as eagerly expecting the first appearance of the sun, as if a crown were dependent on the earliest glimpse of it – till at last, just on the edge of a Glavus Alp, a rim of light blazed out. The piper began his tune, and all of us silently watched the glorious spectacle. A little after sunrise a sea of clouds ascended from the lake of Zug, and settled halfway up the hills, but gradually dispersed.

We breakfasted, and about nine began to descend the mountain. My sisters would not ride, so Matilda and I walked down together, taking a parting look from the ledge on our right of the wide prospects far beneath us. They sent a boy down to creep up through a deep cavity on the edge of the precipice, but having heard him shouting we did not wait for his appearance.

The descent was scarcely less beautiful than the ascent of the hill. The latter part of the way we rode. It took us two hours and a half, on the whole, to reach Goldau church. I observed a cottage or two on the very ridges where the fall of the mountain seems most terrific – between four and five hundred people were destroyed. This catastrophe occurred on the 22nd of September 1806, between four and five in the afternoon. Several other hills have fallen in Switzerland on the Italian side of the Alps, but none with so fatal an effect as the Rossberg.

At Goldau we dismissed our Arth horses, and after a little bread and wine, set out in a charabanc, seven of us, including Edward, Joseph Lutliger, the guide, and the coachman, for Schweitz. Went through more devastation to the banks of the little Lowerth lake – drove by them for some time under rocks, then turned to the left, rather up into the hilly country through orchards and gardens in a lane, and reached Schweitz in less than two hours – a small town with a great church, embosomed in a fruit wood under the great peaked mountain, the Mythen.

These “wild cantons” are totally different from what I saw before in Switzerland, with all recollections of their glorious and successful struggles at the birth of Swiss liberty, and also of their late unhappy efforts against the French. I still could not fancy anything peculiarly striking in the character of the people I saw and met. Our guide pointed out the Alpine heights where the bloodiest scenes of 1799 occurred, and dwelt upon the slaughter of the French and the tears of their general with no small delight.

We refreshed at the nice inn of Schweitz, and set out again in our charabanc for Brünnen. Arrived there by a road through fruit-trees and the greenest pasturages, watered by the most limpid waters, in about half an hour. Whilst waiting on the pier of this little town, observed a fresco on the walls representing the three patriots, Furst, Melchthal, and Stauffacher,¹⁹⁷ in the act of swearing fidelity to each other and to their great cause. The tradition is that the oath was first sworn on this very spot. Liberty here was indeed cradled in the mountains, for never was there a more wild, secluded scene than this part of the lake of the four cantons presents to the view.

We embarked at Brünnen for Flüelen,¹⁹⁸ a little town at the end of the gulf where the Reuss runs into it. I had heard before a great deal of the romantic and stupendous scenery which is found on both sides of this part of the lake of Lucerne, but my imagination did not exceed my present gratification.

We went on shore at Tell's chapel – how the Swiss hero would run up such precipices after his escape from Gessler's¹⁹⁹ boat, I cannot divine. The rude frescoes of this open shrine have been scratched over with the names of visitors.

Our boatmen were sulky fellows. They wanted to hoist a sail, which would have obstructed part of our view of these mighty scenes. We would not permit, and they rowed us on in a rising wind and little tumbling waves close under the perpendicular rocks to Flüelen – about two hours passage. At Flüelen we got into a charabanc and went on in half an hour to Altdorf – the capital of Ury, and the cradle of Swiss liberty, buried, almost, beneath the great Alps, the Windgelle and the Brisenstock. A small, white-built town with a snow torrent running down a stone channel in the streets. The spot on which Tell shot the apple is designated by a rude rectangular structure in an open place. The event is represented in a half-obliterated fresco on the building.

There are two inns of some size here. We were at the Ox. A miller's mill made so great a noise that I could not sleep where I intended. The good women of the house told me the mill always made this noise – they had tried to stop it, but could not. [They] complained of the poverty of the country. I strolled down through high garden walls towards the Reuss – it was very hot.

Wednesday August 21st 1822: Set off in two charabancs at half-past nine. Went up the valley of the Reuss – all loveliness and wildness unparalleled –

197: Friends of William Tell.

198: H. really does spell this name "Fluellen" as in *Henry V*.

199: William Tell's enemy.

1822

to Amsteg – three hours distance, two hours drive. At this little town or village, stopped for some time. Dropped our charabancs, mounted the horses of the cars, and set off for Andermatt – five hours. We ascended nearly the whole way on a road which the canton of Ury is now making through the wild regions over the St Gothard into Italy. Two men of Belinzona have undertaken it – a year more, they say, will complete the work. Carriages have passed the old road, but how, God knows.

The new road appears to me excellent. The scenery through which it passes from Amsteg has long been the wonder of travellers. The great mountains, the roaring, tumbling Reuss, the dark pine woods, and the masses of crags on all sides – these presented to me what I had not seen on the Simplon or over Mount Cenis. The Schöllenen, and, the sight of sights, the Devil's Bridge, I never can forget. At the latter I took Matilda to the green bank above the fall of the river – we owned it nobler than the Rhine – at least more impressive. The solitude of this scene is a charm not to be found at the Lauffen. A string of mules laden with the merchandise of Italy we now and then met, but beyond Schöllenen encountered no tourists or other travellers. The great glaciers of which we caught a glimpse through the deep mountain dells added to the wildness and magnificence of the prospect. Ebel well describes the magical effect of the change from the dark gorge after going through the gallery of Urnerlock to the green, but cold green, vale and plain of Ursem or Andermatt, with its neat white town. Andermatt is immediately under the glacier of St Anna, and as we arrived at six in the evening we felt how high [we] were above the sea – the books say²⁰⁰ some 4,600 feet. The Reuss running through the plain is not the foaming river of Schöllenen, but one branch of it does pour down by the side of Andermatt with a noise that kept me awake all night in our otherwise comfortable little inn – where we got good food.

Walking during this day's delightful tour, a project of going across the St Gothard into Italy was started. Italy [is] so close.²⁰¹ We could be at Como, or even Milan, easily in three days. My brother was eager for it – my sisters seemed to wish it – but what to do about the carriage left at Zug? And how [are] ladies to cross on horseback without Edward, who must be sent back, and trusted with carriage and goods and money?

Went to bed uncertain.

200: “books says” (Ms.)

201: Did H. then have, on starting out, no plans to see B. at Pisa?

Thursday August 22nd 1822: Determined²⁰² to go to Italy instead of Lucerne. Sent Edward back.²⁰³ Set off on four Altdorf horses with two guides to lead [the] ladies' horses, and with Joseph Luttiger, our Zug guide, at half-past nine. Proceeded along²⁰⁴ the plain to Hospental,²⁰⁵ a dirty village with a tower, where for the first time I saw Italian under the sign of an inn – but we had heard Italian spoken by waiters all up the valley of the Reuss. Here we saw the glaciers of the Realp. Turned up into a wide stone valley towards the summits of the St Gothard – a wilderness of rocks, if possible more savage than the scene before Andermatt.

We continued ascending into cold, misty crags, the monstrous valleys of the Lucendro barring up the horizon close to us on our right. At last we came to where the road passes between rocks which scarcely leave a passage to a laden mule, and going through, emerged into some table-land of stone, where the Reuss flows more gently, and where several dark pools called lakes contribute to this impetuous stream. We saw the edge of a dark green lake under the Lucendro glacier, from which the river derives its principal source. We travelled a little longer, occasionally in a driving mist, and about twelve came to the hospice – the summit of the St Gothard road, 6,700 feet above the level of the scene. Even here the war of the revolution has left its ruins – the walls of the ancient hospice which the French destroyed in 1799 are all that remains of that useful shelter. The present receptacle is a black-looking small building, more like a cut-throats' den than a pilgrims' resting place: but travellers still find bread and wine, and a night's lodging there.

We got off our horses. Matilda walked with me down the frightful zigzags of the Valle Tremola. A stream roared down precipices to our right. We asked the name – our guide told us it was the Ticino – we had been in the canton of Ticino since our passage through the rocks on the summit of St Gothard. I was willing to call ourselves in Italy, though only in an Italian canton of Switzerland. There is something in the sound – certainly our guides speaking Italian, and, though from Altdorf, looking Italian, and our having passed the Alps, made us forget political divisions.

As we descended it began to rain, and we were prevented in part from enjoying the scenes around us. I heard the thunder of an avalanche, and the masses of rock which seemed torn from the summits and were tottering, as it were, on the side of the mountains, accounted for the name of the valley. We

202: Not “were resolved to” but “decided to”.

203: In fact Edward has gone ahead, to Milan. See 30 Aug.

204: “alone” (Ms.)

205: “Hospital” (Ms.)

1822

saw crosses as before, where passengers had been killed by falling rocks. The danger is greatest in spring.

As we got down lower, green valleys in the garb of Italy ran out before us, and the Ticino fell through banks of wood instead of precipices of rock. We saw some fine waterfalls – indeed, the whole course of this river in this part, and lower down in the Valle Leventina, is almost a perpetual cascade.

We came slowly down a pitched road running with water, into the little town of Airolo, in two hours and a half from the hospice, where the descent of the St Gothard on this side is said to end. Airolo is Italian in language and look, resembling in nothing the German villages of Switzerland. It is the principal place of the Valle Leventina superiore. We dried ourselves, took a little refreshment, paid our Altdorf people, and hired a *vetturino* to take us to Como, or Milan for five or six louis. Joseph Luttiger accompanied us. I calculated I should just have money enough to pay my way and carriage to Como.

Left Airolo at four, and reached Giornico at quarter to eight, about. The whole road excellent – a new road two years old only, chiefly on a descent, sometimes rapid. The Valle Leventino [is] narrow here, the Ticino falling from cascade to cascade and swollen by other streams pouring down the hills. Chestnuts, and other *Italian* trees, adorning the banks of this mountain river. We came again upon the vine countries, and heard at Giornico that this year had been a “phenomenon” for grapes.

The whole drive of this evening most lovely indeed – the charms of Switzerland and Italy united. Giornico [is] a complete Italian *paese* – the inn, a complete Italian inn. The Ticino falling down rocks divides the town into two parts, and Matilda and I, looking out of the galley of our inn, saw²⁰⁶ the moonlight on the spire of the church on the other side.

Friday August 23rd 1822: Left Giornico in our old carriage for Lugano, at eight in the morning. Continued in the Val Leventino. The same sort of scenery as yesterday, except perhaps less wild and more Italian, to Pollegio, a small town which is laid down by Ebel to be 2,730 feet in a vertical line below Airolo. Here, it may be said, the great descent of the Ticino ceases, for Pollegio is but 306 feet higher than Bellinzona, and here, properly speaking, the Valle Leventino ends. The Val di Blegno opens upon the line of the Ticino from between the mountains to the north-east. It is reckoned five leagues, or hours, from Pollegio to Bellinzona, and the vale of the Ticino, which is or was (I could not make out which), called the Val di Riviera, is wider than in the Valle Leventino. It is still, however, sufficiently

206: “we saw” (Ms.)

narrow to be most romantic and picturesque. The Alps are still Alps, and the forests have all the characteristics of mountain forests. The Blegno and the Moesa show the signs of their ravages. But casinos or garden-houses above steeps of vineyards or groves of chestnuts – but chapels perched upon the point of half-wooded crags – made us remember we were to the south of the Alps.

The valley gets narrow again below Bellinzona, whose three old castles and fragments of walls are said to shut up the entrances of this pass. They might have done so in former times, and even now they have a commanding aspect. We changed horses and *vetturino* at Bellinzona, where we stopped a little time – walked about, bought fruit, which abounds here, particularly peaches. Saw no great signs of Bellinzona being the depot of the merchandise passing from Italy into Switzerland, as they say it is – a small town. I did not know before that this place had belonged to Switzerland, which the names of its three castles, Schweiz, Unterwald, and Altdorf, remind every traveller. The present impotence of Switzerland makes it appear strange that the little cantons should have wrested the valleys on this side of the Alps, and in legend Lugano, from the Milanese – travelling teaches even history. I knew nothing about what had happened in these countries before, and not much now. Nothing like Swiss manners, or Swiss looks, here.

Left Bellinzona at ²⁰⁷, passed over the Monte Ceneri in a storm of thunder and lightning which was not very agreeable. Caught between the vistas of chestnut woods a view of part of Lago Maggiore. Baited at a miserable toll-house at Bironico, which our guide told us had a bad name for thieves. The weather cleaned up a little, and allowed us to look at the beautiful country through which we were passing – every sort of southern shrub and fruit-tree, chestnuts, almonds, figs, peach – with vines on trellises, or hanging in festoons on mulberry trees. Found a sort of continual garden, in which country houses and villages, raised on arcades in the true Italian style, were to be seen at short intervals, and added to the beauty of the scene. The hills in the foreground²⁰⁸ were covered with woods – those in the distance, part of the great Alps, and rising to eight and nine thousand feet, contrasted finely with the cultivation immediately around us.

We were two hours and a quarter driving to Lugano from Bironico, and approaching the former town were delighted with its lake in the bosom of the mountains, and by the gradual descent by which we wound down to this capital of the capital of the canton of the Ticino.

207: Ms. gap.

208: “distance foreground” (Ms.) “distance” has been erased in pencil.

1822

[We] came to our inn a little before five – the *Albergo Suizzero de'fratelli Rossi*, a most brutally conducted caravanserai. Large rooms, stucco floors, dirty towels, waiters for chambermaids, &c. Walked out before and after dinner – saw we had got into the follies of Catholicism. Remarked the nasty, revolting habit of keeping skulls in a grated hole, with the names of the dead written over them. At Como I saw what was worse – the dead in their skins, with a wrapper round the loins. Some confraternity who wished to expose their carcasses even after their deaths, not content with having infested the world with their living impurities. It is on the way up to the Baradella tower.

What distinguished to my eyes the lake of Lugano from the Swiss lakes was the frequent casinos rising above tufts of woods on every knoll which rises from the banks of the water.

Saturday August 24th 1822: I walked out to a coffee house to enquire after the *Lugano Gazette* – found that channel of liberal opinions also stopped. The gazette, now called the *Ticino Gazette*, has a censor at Lugano, and before it has any sale in Lombardy, is again subjected to a censorship at Milan. “What,” said I, “you have a censor and police here?”²⁰⁹ – “Altro!” said the waiter.

Found parliament prorogued, and read a translation of our King’s speech. It attributes all Irish misery to [the] failure of potato crops. His Majesty [is] gone to Scotland.

Waited for the ladies washing. The *vetturino*, changed, turned out to be the letter courier. He wished to put the mail into our carriage, and made a great *chiari* [??] at our kicking out his bag. Set out at twelve. Went by the side of the lake – a beautiful road – to the point of Melide, where we crossed the lake to ²¹⁰ in an open boat, carriage horses and all, in a quarter of an hour. Heard that the lake is so stormy the courier is sometimes five hours getting over – or rather in not getting over. [We] continued with [the] lake to [the] right, [and] came into Lombardy at Chiasso – little trouble, no examination, four night bags, only passports visa-ed.

The approach to Como [is] very similar to that to Lugano, winding down a road through gardens crowned with white casinos. The lake [is] not so wild here, and the town exactly justifying the description of the “*lunata cittade al Lorio amico*”. Put up at the Angelo on the bank of the little port, which is shut by a chain every night. Saw our friends the Austrians again – being a frontier, they have 1,200 men in the town, besides many picquets in the mountains to stop smuggling.

209: They are still in Switzerland.

210: Ms. gap.

Arrived at Como. Paid off our *vetturino*, and [was] left without a shilling, but [the] master of the inn said he would give us credit. I went to a draper-banker for money, but he made so many difficulties that I preferred the innkeeper.

After dinner took a boat, and went on this beautiful lake – whose beauties, however, I afterwards found, were not to be appreciated near Como. The Larian, a name still familiar to the Comese, is to be seen best farther up, where it runs into mountain banks. We remarked the almost oily softness of the water – our boatman told us that it was medicinal in the spring. We went to the point of land where stands the casino of the Marchese Carogna of Milan, at Geno. Our boatmen pointed out some of the villages and villas which abound on the banks of the lake, and told us some little history of each. The village of Torno supplies Europe with itinerant barometer-sellers. The men marry – in six weeks leave their wives to the curate of the parish – and return only when they have provided for their future comfort at home. Thus you may see two thousand women at the church, and eight or ten men. One of our boatmen archly added, that sometimes the *pullar* [??], on his return, found his wife provided with two or three children.

It is singular enough that the villages on the lake of Como, most of them, emigrate for a time – one village sends innkeepers and waiters to Russia.

We found our boatmen propose a trip to the Pliniana, and the villa of the *principessa di galles*²¹¹ – these seemed the lions of the lake. We had not time for either this night, but returned delighted with our excursion.

Sunday August 25th 1822: This day we went on the lake to the Villa d'Este – the poor Queen's villa. I had the satisfaction of hearing our boatmen and all whom I spoke to about her trial and misfortunes speak with great disgust of those who went to give witness against her – “They ought to be hanged,” they said. Some forty of them had been given large sums of money to go – now they were very ill-looked-upon. The Queen had saved them from starving, and then they tried to ruin her. One of our boatmen told us his brother had been tailor in the Villa d'Este, and had made the Queen a suit to act in. The advocate of Milan, Vilmacerto,²¹² had offered him any money to go to give witness against the Queen, but he refused.

We heard the Queen had been extremely benevolent. She gave 5,000 francs to save some cottagers, who were burnt out of their homes, from starving. “She wanted prudence,” was added. Bergami was much abused by our boatmen.

211: The late Queen Caroline.

212: Conjectural spelling.

1822

The Villa looked better from within than without, the courtyard, by the way, overgrown with weeds, and breathing the melancholy which late events much augmented, looks up towards an amphitheatre of hills towards one side of which General Pino, the former owner of the Villa, has cut terraces and raised walls, &c – a miniature fortress. The said General now lives in a small house near the Villa, and being out of favour cannot go to Milan without an express permission. The palace is said to belong to Torlonia, the banker. The lower suite of apartments were alone occupied or furnished by the Queen – the furniture, such as we saw it, and the decorations, were in good taste – the theatre half deserted, with a scene still set, we fancied, in the same state in which the poor unfortunate woman had left it.

The whole of the place, with its garden and terrace overlooking the lake, we thought too beautiful to have been left by one who quitted it only to encounter persecution and disgrace. We were told the Austrians had stationed a guard of honour there in the Queen's time, but when she put up the arms of England they pulled them down.

I did not make any particular enquiries as to the means employed to procure the witnesses, but what I have mentioned before is enough to show the people of the country did not think them over and above honest.

This excursion gave us the sight of new beauties in this charming lake: we were glad of the chance which made it advisable for us to remain a few days on its banks.

Today Isaac and I walked about, and went to the cathedral – faced with marble – an inscription by Paulus Jovius²¹³ in honour of Pliny, who, with his brother, is the hero of the Lavian lake. We stumbled upon the monument of Jovius himself in the church.

I bought today a little book purporting to be a description of the Lake of Como, and found it written in the character of an old soldier, with the true Italian pedantry mixed up with romances in prose and verse – I made, however, some little use of it.

We had thunder and lightning and rain today.

Monday August 26th 1822: It was a wet day, but Isaac and I managed to walk about the town, which, by the way, is in its interior by no means so handsome as would be thought by the view of it from without. The arcades reminded me of Bologna. In the evening after dinner we all strolled into the lanes at the back of the town, and at the foot of the hill on the peak of which stands the high square tower of Baradello, said to be built by Liutprand in the eighth century.

213: Conjectural spelling.

Tuesday August 27th 1822: Got up at five to go to Cadenabbia, but found the lake so tempestuous that the boatmen could not recommend us to go – no danger but that of labour detained them – so Isaac and I walked up to the top of the Baradello hill and had from thence a magnificent and unexpected view of the Simplon and other Alps, their glaciers glittering in the morning sun. The ascent up the hill is through vineyards, and sort of shrubbery, which appears to belong to a country house halfway up the hill. The tower we did not enter – indeed, we saw no entrance. The masonry is durable enough in appearance to be a thousand years old. The view of the city below represents Como in its most attractive shape, a white, regularly-built town, the queen of the adjacent lake. Casinos are seen on every slope and summit. Como has still a wall and high towers, which are not perceptible to those living where we were. The towers may have been of use formerly: at present they are only disproportionate, unsightly structures.

After breakfast we took [a] boat and went to the Pliniana – whether Pliny lived there or not, there is still the wonderful fountain, there is the waterfall, and there is the impending perpendicular hill of wood and rock, which gives to this spot charms hardly to be increased by the classical recollections attached to it. We waited in the village long enough to remark the ebb of the water, which when at the lowest is very considerable. The spring is the most vigorous and abundant I ever saw, as those will acknowledge who go below and see how it rushes [through] a cavern, half natural and half artificial, into the lake. It has no connection with the waterfall on the other rock. I could not see the precise point from which it bubbles up – that must be in the interior of the cavern, where we were told an Englishman had stayed all night in order to pry into the secret. The letter of Pliny, and an Italian translation, occupy tablets in the courtyard before the spring – the latter most difficult to understand, at least to me. The subterranean winds of Pliny are, I hear, the causes now alleged for this phenomenon. The old woman, pointing to a bust of some bearded old gentleman with the order of the Golden Fleece, over the door of the saloon leading opening into the fountain yard, said, “Plinio!”

The saloon is hung decorated round with inscribed tablets of several owners of this villa, which was built in 1574, I believe, and one noble person records his gratitude to Pliny’s fountain, and to St Francis, in the same inscription. One or both of them had, it seems, cured him of a consumption – *medicis conclumem*.²¹⁴ No-one lives in the villa now, which I wonder at, considering that several English families have lately reoccupied houses on the lake. The Villa Tanzi, which we visited this day, has had several lodgers

214: Conjectural reading.

1822

of our nation – it is inferior to the Pliniana. I forgot, however, to ask whether it is to be let.

We returned from the villa, dined, and then all of us walked up the Baradello hill – we were too late to see the sun on the Alps, but their last shadows looked as majestic as their more distinct forms in the morning.

Wednesday August 28th 1822: After breakfast we set off at ten for Cadenabbia, in a boat with three rowers. We stopped to refresh our boatmen at Carate-Urio,²¹⁵ about halfway from which point we found the lake open upon us into a wider expanse, though the mountains were not less grand, but on the contrary were wild and precipitous, and marked with deep ravines that looked like the furrows of age.

It was an extremely warm day, but our awnings sheltered us. We had a breeze that carried us gently along for some distance. We went between the island of San Giovanni and the mainland of the promontory of Laredo, on the extreme point of which stands the villa of Don Luigi Porro Lambertenghi²¹⁶ – a structure half open and very irregular, but just such as I should expect an ancient villa to have been. It is very conspicuous on all sides.

The boatman told us the story of the flight of Don Luigi. One day two carriages containing six people stopped at the Angel at Como, and asked for a boat to be ready immediately. They enquired, as if accidentally, whether or not there was a fine prospect from Porro's villa on the lake – a person who knew Porro happened to overhear them, and hastened off to the villa. Piro had just time to escape over the mountains before the boat with his pursuers landed on the rock under his house – the boatman said he was a Carbonaro.

The man of one of the inns of Cadenabbia afterwards told me that there was little or no Milanese company this year on the lake – half the great folks were in prison, or in exile. Porro's property has been all seized by the government. The first they saw in the *Milan Gazette* at Milan was his sentence – he was hanged in effigy, and remained three days on the gallows at Milan the week before we arrived. He is related to the Borromeos, to the Scleronnis, and is in fact one of the first families of Lombardy. He is a man of science, and introduced into Lombardy the mode of winding silk from pod by vapour (steam).

After passing the port of Laredo we stretched over towards the right bank of the lake. We saw the lake here expanding still wider into a great basin, and stretching twenty miles upwards towards Chiaramonti. On the left

215: "Caveymiola" (Ms.)

216: See 13 Oct 1816, n.

were villages and country houses, in continued succession. A range of country called Trasmesina. On our right, a line of coast terminated by the town and point of Bellagio, with the noble villa Melzi and its long terrace of acacia trees. A tuft of wood, part of the pleasure grounds of an old villa of the Serbellenis, crowned the summit of the promontory.

The whole of the prospect today had been rendered more agreeable by the groves of olive trees which displayed their silver foliage amongst the green of the chestnut, walnut, and other fruit trees.

Just before we landed at the villa Melzi, a jolly fellow in a large straw hat came alongside, and joined party with us. He turned out to be the innkeeper of Cadenabbia, and spoke a little English, having lived in England seven years.

We were shown the Villa Melzi by an old woman who was much affected, and pointed out the sleeping room of the young Duchess, whose corpse was expected this day. She died at Genoa, only twenty years of age. The present Duke of Melzi is called the Duchino – he is nephew to the celebrated Melzi who built the villa – at the cost of a million of francs, they say. The house was very pretty, but nothing that indicated so large an expense. Its situation, indeed, is above all praise and description.

From the Villa Melzi we were pulled round the promontory of Bellagio, and looked halfway down the lake of Lecco. The promontory is a precipice of rocks crowned with trees, and the whole of the right side of the lake of Lecco, looking down it, is of a more savage rocky wildness than what we had seen in the other tract of the lake. We saw the Villa Julia on the other side of the promontory. We crossed the lake on our return, and saw up as far as Gravedona and Domaso, beyond to the lake of Chiamma, and the great hills of Legnone, nine thousand feet above the level of the sea.

At Cadenabbia we found a decent inn, and a civil but most exorbitant landlord. We visited the Villa Somania, raised on terraces shaded by trellisworks, interwoven with terra shrubs. The palace is large, and has some pictures, as also the Palamedes of Canova, which I cannot say I much admired – a tall, thin, naked grenadier shouldering arms with his sword – and why “Palamedes”?

Nothing can be more delicious than the situation of Cadenabbia. It breathes with a luxurious softness which nothing but the climate, and the soil, and the culture of Italy, can produce. After dinner Matilda and I took a long walk along the shore towards Menaggio. It was late before we returned, and y^c silence of the evening was interrupted only by the dripping of the oars of a boat or two that glided by us, and put into a little creek under the road. We agreed to keep some memorial of this delightful ramble, and I have now in my pocket-book a jasmine bud gathered in the Somariva Gardens, which I

1822

wore during the walk. Matilda gave me a tuberose, which I also intend to preserve.

I find they are making a new road over the Splughen mountains, from the head of the lake of Chaenna, which will be passable by carriages. Our boatmen had a merry evening, and were so boisterous that I walked out on the little pier to know when they would retire to rest – one of them told me he had downed eight bottles of wine, a boast confirmed by his companions.

They slept in their boat. I lay down on the wall of the pier, looking at the moonbeams quivering in the lake below.

Tonight I heard that two gentlemen of the name of Rozzia, or some such name, who had been sent to prison as Carbonari, had died, one shortly after the other. The news came to their villa on the other side of the lake. My informant told me that people said that they were poisoned. He added that those taken up and put in prison would have preferred being shot at once – this was his view of captivity.

Thursday August 29th 1822: Left Cadenabbia at eleven, after taking the landlord to task for his roguery, which was the only disagreeable circumstance to damp the delight of our excursion. We had no wind, or a contrary wind, all the way back to Como. Towards the latter end of our voyage a storm threatened – it blew freshly out of the port of Como and we saw boat after boat with their white single sails driving up the lake towards us. We came to Como, and had not been home a long time before a tremendous thunderstorm began – the waiter said they had not many such – not above twenty or thirty a year!! Some of us thought once enough. Isaac and I took a stroll out after the storm had ceased.

Friday August 30th 1822: I find that the French made a law by which none but curved knives could be carried, and that the Austrians have continued it, under pain of three years' imprisonment – assassination seldom or ever heard of.

Took leave of Como – left it in a *vettura* hired for thirty francs. Went for only the first hour uphill, looking back occasionally upon the city and her lake and her casino, crowned [with] woody eminences. After that time we travelled on a gentle descent or in a flat, and found ourselves fairly on the plains of Lombardy. The distance from Como to Milan is but three posts of eight miles. Our *vetturino* was about five hours doing this. We entered Milan, and put up at the Albergo della Grande Bretagna (formerly d'Italia) at half-past four. To our great delight found that Edward had been arrived, with carriage safe and sound, just an hour and a half before us.

1822

I had hardly time to look about me before Isaac²¹⁷ came to me with a dreadful story which he had just heard from my sisters which they had heard from Edward – Lord Londonderry had killed himself – the Duke of Wellington had been shot in a duel by a son of Marshall Ney – Lord Dundas's servant had fallen off the carriage at Binyon and had died on consequence. I ran downstairs to the coffee room near, and found it was really true – that Lord Londonderry was dead. I read the result of the coroner's inquest, which was that he had shown signs of derangement and had cut his throat with a nail knife, and falling into the arms of Dr Bank had died immediately. The story of the Duke of Wellington false.

I cannot say nor understand how Lord Londonderry's death affected me. The surprise would not have been greater had I heard of Burdett coming to so sad an end – and yet the circumstances seem to show decided insanity. My first impression was that a change of ministry would bring on a dissolution of parliament, and that I must at once go home. But on second thoughts I dare say that what Burdett has so often said will come to pass, and that though people have been in the habit of saying the minority can't go on a day without Castlereagh, it will go on very well under any man who chooses to undertake the concern.

One may be well sorry to lose a courteous opponent, which Castlereagh was. The fellow Canning is, I saw, talked of for his successor. J.W.Ward said he would advise George Canning to wait for the Bishopric of Durham, if he did not think India good enough. Now perhaps he might recommend this windfall – but what are 6,000 guineas a year to the crown of India?

We were excellently lodged at the Hotel of Great Britain. In the evening we went to the marionettes, but only sat for an act.²¹⁸ After the first surprise of seeing puppets move about so adroitly there is no pleasure – yet the Milanese sit it all without impatience, and Girolamo, their Harlequin, or rather John Bull, always delights them. The dancing of the puppets is very extraordinary.

Admired the first sight of the Duomo exceedingly – it came suddenly upon Isaac and me – looked like a carved glacier dazzling in the sunbeams.

Saturday August 31st 1822: Went to Mirabeau the bankers. He had heard no news from England – seemed to think Castlereagh worn out by last session – some English paper says so.

Went to a bookseller's shop – heard something about the present state of the Milanese – heard that all the society in which I used to live in Milan was now dispersed – some fled – some in prison. The bookseller said di Breme was happy in being dead – he would have been compromised. The Abbate's elder brother was drowned last year passing the Ticino – Borsieri is in prison

217: It is not clear when Isaac rejoined them.

218: “not an act”(Ms.)

1822

– de Tracey is in prison – Confalonieri is in prison or dead. The nobles are completely down – the clergy are equally discouraged. I find that the great part of Lord Byron's works are prohibited, and so are Tom Moore's – and yet, both Moore and Byron are found in English. Lady Morgan's *Italy* is under peculiar odium. It is true that she compromised many liberals here, who received her in their houses and gave her information, which she published. There is scarcely any trade in books, for no foreign books are admitted without the *Vienna* censor looking at them – this requires three months delay, and this brings out a new book when it is old. The Bell and Lancaster schools are put down – in short the Germans wish the Italians to become Germans and the Italians will not. No journal is published in Italian but the *Milan Gazette* – the *Journal des Debats* is allowed circulation, and one or two other foreign serial²¹⁹ papers. The *Biblioteca Italiana* is still published, and sells eight hundred copies – reckoned a great sale. Acerbi conducts it, and I find has the same character as he had in 1816.

On the other hand Mirabeau the banker told me that the Austrian government had certainly done some excellent things. The tribunals had been rendered just and impartial. The fooleries of the priesthood had been suppressed – no encouragement given to their processions and trumpery ceremonies – and a German archbishop put to preside over the Milanese church, who was an agreeable, gentlemanly man instead of being a bigot and a pedant. Also that the poorer classes were much employed in public works, and that provisions were so cheap, three days' labour could support a man well for a week. The government had lately improved all the higher pensions of those retired from employment under the old regime, but [they] had taken no notice of this act of generosity and justice. Said I, "These people then seem to have a very stupid way of doing a very good thing – so that they disgust more even by probity than the French did by injustice". – "You have just hit it," said Mr Mirabeau; "of course the receivers of the pensions went on grumbling against the government as if they had had nothing – it was not their business to speak first".

Before the affair of Piedmont the Austrians were relaxing in severity daily – now they are on the about, but they have punished no man capitally. Their number of troops, which I heard were 50,000 in Piedmont, turn out only 12,000 in Piedmont, by the Convention, and perhaps in all the Lombardo Veneto Kingdom they may have 35 or 40,000. Count Strasdo,²²⁰ the governor, is a liberal man.

I found it impossible to collect any information at Milan, but my impression was that what Mirabeau said was true, and that nothing would ever begin in Milan. My lacquey told me that out of four, if one was discontented, three were contented. What chiefly displeases the Italians is

219: Conjectural reading.

220: Conjectural spelling.

that the heads of all the departments are Germans. Even the lower employees are so ill-paid that they are themselves discontented – a policeman has only a franc a day – hence the disgraceful besetting of travellers at every town gate.

The commercial regulations of the government seem to be about as unwise as those of Piedmont – between the two states a happy jealousy permits nothing to pass duty-free. Switzerland, that shuts out nothing and nobody, is as much deluded as Piedmont, so that commerce of all kinds is at a low ebb. Yet the streets are crowded in Milan with more well-dressed men and women than any town except London, and we saw a string of carriages at the Corso, two miles in circuit. The latter, indeed, did look like a procession to the late unfortunate Queen, the women in low gowns and red faces in open hack coaches – some young bucks were riding *à l'anglaise*.

We all remarked, as I did in 1816, what a singular similarity prevailed between the Milanese and English in external appearance. To be sure, in London every tenth man is not, as in Milan, a dwarf.

–
–

I took a cup of chocolate in the *café reale* for eightpence, and read the account of Lord Londonderry's death in the *Journal des Debats*.

After breakfast it rained, but we went to the Brera, where we found crowds looking at the large flesh-coloured daubs now exposed and called an "Exhibition of the Academy of the Fine Arts". Some had laurel drawn over²²¹ them. The specimens of sculpture in red terra cotta and the architectural designs seemed the best.

We went from there to see the *Guerino Hagar* – the Albano and the Guido which were once in the Zampini Palace, and which are to my eyes (but most partially) the first masterpieces, comprising all the charms of art. The *Hagar* I could look at for ever. The *Peter and Paul*, Arthur Young says, was reckoned the finest picture in Italy.

From the Brera we went to the Ambrosian Library – saw the usual sights as before in 1816. Shown also a copy of the new letter of Tasso found in the Ambrosian Library. Mai still continues his labours. Mr Millin's account of the Ambrosian Library is but a meagre thing – but I cannot add to it.

Stayed at home the remainder of the morning. Dined. Went in the evening to the Scala Theatre. That great house was totally filled to hear *Matilda Schabran*, a new dull opera of Rossini's,²²² and to see a most splendid ballet, *Gabriella di Vergey*. The principal heroine is so famous that we saw a medal of her struck at the mint. She performed her dumb show very well indeed, and though her despair kept time with the music, produced a very powerful effect in her dying scene. She was called for at the end of

221: Last two words conjectural.

222: *Matilde di Shabran, melodrama giocosa*, premiered Rome, 24 Feb 1821.

1822

the ballet. The dancing was pretty, nothing more – no very good dancer. We did not sit out the opera.

Sunday September 1st 1822: After breakfast, drove about sight-seeing to Napoleon's intended arch (where the Austrians had a carrousel two years ago), the church of St Ambrose, and the great picture of Leonardo. The Marquis of Cagnuola, who designed Napoleon's arch, has also designed and raised the Porta Nuova to the Allies, and *Paci populorum suspirata*.

After dinner we took a drive into the Corso, and then went to the play at the Teatro Re – the first night of [the] company's performance. No playbill, and [a] great deal of ranting – could not make out a word. Went down, and asked at y^e door what it was called – *Camiola*. Before [the] play ended, found out [that] *Camiola* was a woman: nothing more. The impresario made a long and touching speech between the acts, and, when applauded, made a second, all about “happy auguries,” in the true Italian taste, and with the true Italian grimace. Wretched performance, I thought.

Monday September 2nd 1822: Visited the Duomo in the usual way,²²³ seeing Borromeo's tomb and body, i.e., his skin-covered face. Went up to the top of the principal spire or pinnacle – was shown how much of the top of the cathedral had been added by the French government, and was surprised by the quantity of the work which they had completed. Two years more of the same labour would have finished this never-to-be-completed edifice. All the work is marble, from the Lago Maggiore quarries. There is something in the material which astonishes Englishmen – otherwise the performance is not more surprising than Waterloo Bridge.²²⁴

From the Duomo [we] went to the St Celso church, to the Corinthian columns so praised by foreigners and so neglected by natives; to the Zecca, where they are now striking twenty-franc pieces with the effigies and inscriptions of Maria Louisa of Parma,²²⁵ who by some accident is still in this way Queen of Italy. The coinage of the French kingdom of Italy is still in circulation, although the Austrians have taken away as much as they can of the gold and silver Napoleons, and brought them back alloyed, and converted into their *Schwantzigers*, or eighteen-*sous* pieces.

The library which I saw²²⁶ in 1816 has been taken away to some other repository – they told me where, but I forget.

223: See 14 Oct, 1816.

224: Waterloo Bridge; opened on 18 June 1817, made of granite. Demolished 1936.

225: Napoleon's widow.

226: The Ambrosian Library. Should be “we saw,” or “Byron and I saw”.

1822

Did not go out in the evening.

Tuesday September 3rd 1822: A wet day. My sisters and brother thought of going to Monza,²²⁷ but did not. With the exception of a short walk with umbrellas, at home all the day.

Wednesday September 4th 1822: Went again to the Brera, and were equally as before displeased with the modern efforts of the Lombard school.

Employed in getting a passport for Isaac from the government²²⁸ – as also in getting money from the banker Mirabeau, which, as the exchange was at £25 .. 40C, I procured in larger quantities than I otherwise should have done.

Mr or Count Vassali, the Queen's equerry, called today. He told me that he had been totally improvided for by the Queen's executors: that the Queen had not allowed him to take his pension when he quitted his troop of Austrian horse: that she had given, or promised him, nine hundred pounds a year: that nothing had been done for him since the Queen's death, and that he had to look after the subsistence of eight or ten of the late Queen's people in this country. Poor fellow, he said that he himself could subsist, but I was afraid his complaint seemed urged by want. I promised to do what I could with Lushington, or with others, to see him righted. He was very grateful, and took his leave.

My *lacquey de place* told me that, living with Lord Malpas on the Lake of Como, the enemies of the Queen thought he might know something against her, as Lord Malpas used to visit her much. The *lacquey* refused all advances. The waiter at our hotel talked with indignation against the Queen's anti-witnesses. He rather excused Colonel Browne, who, it seems, was really stabled in the streets by persons unknown.

Vassali talked to me as if he had had great offers made to him if he would appear against the Queen. One thing may be said: that there is only one way of talking of this transaction in this part of Italy – yet Theodore Majocchi breakfasted quietly in the coffee-room attached to the hotel this morning.

After dinner went to La Scala, and sat out the opera and a dance afterwards.

Thursday September 5th 1822: I saw Isaac safely seated in the diligence cabriolet for Turin. Went again for some more money to Mr Mirabeau, who

²²⁷: See Oct 22 1816.

²²⁸: Isaac is to go off alone the next day.

1822

seemed inclined to wait for the arrival of the courier before he gave me money at the same exchange as yesterday.

Left Milan at eleven, and went to Pavia – by the way, saw the Certosa,²²⁹ which is really a most splendid specimen of monkish magnificence and taste. Joseph II suppressed the Carthusians in 1781. The Cistercians succeeded, and tried to keep up the establishment, but in vain. The *scalzi*²³⁰ succeeded – they were suppressed by the French, who, *en passant*, took away the lead from the church roof to make bullets: five million of francs, the man said. The French also took other valuables, and would have taken the curiously carved hippopotamus tooth ivory sculpture, representing some scripture history, but found that it could not be done without spoiling it. Napoleon, however, laid aside a sum for restoring the church, and the Austrians still continue the pious work. We found them retouching the faded frescoes, and repairing the dome of the cupola. The mosaics are truly wonderful, chiefly for the elegance of the designs, which are like the arabesques of the Vatican. Our guide told us that one family had worked at the mosaics for two hundred years: Sacchi the name – the last in 1782. The *relievos* on the altars of the chapels were some of them excellent. The quantity of *pietre dure* I think unequalled by anything I ever saw. There is a mass said in the church twice a day, but it is not parochial. We saw the cloisters and the monks' cells and gardens – a large garden, and three rooms, and a small garden for each monk – seventy in number. Joseph II seized their revenues. The façade of the church is overloaded with statues.

I bought a book at Pavia containing an account of the wonders of the Certosa, published a year ago.

Arrived at Pavia a little after three. It was very hot, but we walked to the university, and saw the cabinet of natural history. The whole building is now repairing: 150,000 francs have been spent, and as much more will be required – so our guide said. One thousand students, fifty professors.

–

–

Remarked the Corso, or principle street, having a pavement on each side, as well as the two in the middle, like Milan; but the other streets of the city [are] very narrow and ill-patched.

Walked to the bridge over the Ticino, a very large and beautiful river indeed – how different from the foaming rivulet which we saw falling down the precipices of St Gothard. The bridge is covered.

229: The abbey of Certosa was founded for the Carthusians by Gian Galeazzo Visconti in 1396.

230: The barefoot friars.

Pavia [is] singularly destitute of Roman antiquities.

We dined, and in the evening went to the church of St Michael, which is worth seeing were it only for the angel, who carries a fiddle, and shows that instrument to have been known in the sixth century. The reliefs on the front of the church are very curious indeed – several Lombard kings were crowned in this edifice. Our guide said they were not like the kings and emperors nowadays, but miserable people.

Returned home and **wrote journal** – a decent inn.

Friday September 6th 1822: Up at six. After breakfast, went about with my sisters, sightseeing. Went to the cathedral in search of Bœthius' and St Augustine's tomb[s] – saw three sepulchral chests in a crypt – one given to Augustine, one to St Cyrus, and another to St Epiphanius – but no Bœthius. Nevertheless, my guidebook says his tomb was removed from the church of St Pietro to the cathedral – there is a memorial to him, and to Petrarch, at the Casa Malaspina.

We saw the pictures of Professor Scapa – one or two delighted me very much, and several seemed very good. The professor was in the country. [We] saw the frescoes in the saloon of the Collegio Borromeo, 219 years old, by Zucchari and Nebbia,²³¹ the colours as fresh as if painted yesterday. Our porter told us that the Pavia patriots gave feasts here, and balls, in the revolutionary days, and would have spoiled the frescoes by flinging up wine and fruits, but General Augereau,²³² the Frenchman, got on the table and stopped their excesses.

The best fresco by Nebbia represents the Cardinal, with lanthorn in hand, making the tour of some holy chapels just previously to his death. It is possible that, though a statesman and a saint, he was no hypocrite, and really believed what he taught. There are in this saloon the pictures of the six cardinals of the Borromeo family.

We returned to our inn and set off for Novi²³³ at half-past eleven. [We] passed the Ticino, and the canal, or branch of the Ticino, called [the] Gravello.²³⁴ Here the Piedmontese states begin, by a late convention – they previously began at the other side of the Ticino. We were not searched, but were kept waiting. [We] changed at Casteggio, put down at three-and-a-half French posts in our paper given at Milan, but which our postillions showed us a tariff by which we paid for two-and-a-half Italian posts – they

231: Thadei Zucchari (????-????) and Cesare Nebbia (1536-1614).

232: Pierre François Charles Augereau (1757-1816) later Duc de Castilignone.

233: Their immediate destination is Genoa.

234: Just south of Pavia, they cross the Po, but H. does not mention it.

1822

being *Emperor's* postillions. The difference between French and Italian posting is this:

a pair of horses	Italian	5 fr.	50 c.	per pair
a pair of horses	French	3 fr.		per pair
postillion Italian		1 fr.	50 c.	per pair
postillion French			75c.	per pair

... but we paid and pay the postillions at two francs the French post, and three francs the Italian. The ostler²³⁵ has twenty-five cents in Italian, and nothing in French, posting – but generally squeezes something out of you.

From Carteggio to Voghera the Apennines, or low declivities, or hillocks, running down from the higher chain of hills, were in front and on our left; then frequent summits crowned with villages – a vast plain on our right. From Voghera to Tortona, where we waited for our passports and [],²³⁶ two posts and a half, a long straight road, much travelled apparently. Crossed the Scrivia, a wide-bedded river with some water in it, through which we drove, the bridge being under repair. We crossed one or two other torrents in the same way – they have marks of great winter violence.

[We] changed at Tortona and drove over a great plain, three posts and a half, to Novi – the approach to this town, situated at the feet of the Apennines, very beautiful – the white villages on the peaks of every hill.

Arrived at Novi at half-past six and put up at the Albergo dell'Europa – a very well-fitted-up inn indeed, but wanting in the refectory. We took a stroll before dinner to the summit above the town, on which stands the high brick tower – a pretty view into a vine- and chestnut-covered dell on the other side, and also a fine prospect over the great plains we had just passed over. Saw the giant shade of the St Bernard Alp, which, had we not recognised it for the same we had seen at Pavia, we should have taken for a black bank of clouds.

Found the peasants getting darker in the skins and blacker in the eyes – saw also some with the net over the hair, and the jacket hung on one shoulder, which dress, I thought, did not pass the Apennines.

We dined. In the evening and night, and all night almost, a great disturbance from singers – a chorus of boys psalm-singing paraded the streets at daybreak – I suppose some festival.

235: "hostler" (Ms.)

236: Looks like "tolletone" or "bolletone".

Saturday September 7th 1822: Set out, after strolling about the market place, whose sellers and buyers kept me awake from sunrise, for Genoa, at half-past eight. Vintage. Four and six oxen dragging in long wagons with great tubs, on which peasants with dyed red legs were sitting.

Went to Arquata, which, when the new road is made, will be only one post and a half (now two-and-a-half). The new road [is being] made according to [the] treaty, by [the] King of Sardinia, to open an easier passage between Piedmont and Genoa than the Bochetto road. [The] road [is] chiefly by the banks of [the] Scrivia, winding through the Apennines. These hills, sometimes bare and craggy, sometimes clothed with chestnut groves, showing villages and ruined towers on the slopes and summits, with the river running over a deep rocky bed below, put us in mind of the Rhine banks, though the Scrivia was but a torrent compared to that mighty stream.

We continued through the same romantic scenery, by the banks of the river, to Ronco, two posts further. At Ronco we were obliged to put on six horses for the hill, which as we had avoided the Bochetto, I thought hard. We found we had not much of a mountain, and were at the top of the ascent in ten minutes. Winding down on the other side the descent seemed more rapid, though very well-contrived, and certainly a great improvement on the Bochetto. The descent brought us into a more southern-looking soil and climate – groves of fig-trees were interspersed with the chestnut trees – the vineyards were hanging over artificial terraces halfway up the sides of the hills. The villages and casinos were more frequent, and we saw also the ruins of castles on three hills overlooking the whole vale.

At Ponte Decimo, two posts and a half, we came to the banks of the Polceva, another wide-bedded winter torrent flaring into the Mediterranean. From Ponte Decimo (where the old and new road[s] join), two posts and a half, to Genoa, the road passes through a succession of gardens and country houses and villages, rising on the slopes of the hills, and more thickly studding every spot as you approach Genoa.

We caught our first view of the Mediterranean at twenty-five minutes to three in the afternoon, and not long after came upon its noble shores, where we turned to the left, and found ourselves in the long, handsome suburbs of the Riviera del Ponente. The approach to Genoa, via the lighthouse, I thought handsomer than the approach by water from Lerici – my sisters were highly delighted – indeed, I can imagine nothing more magnificent.

Bettinelli has well described this city in some verses which Forsyth puts as a motto to his short chapter on Genoa.²³⁷ We seemed to have got more south than our mere travelling would account for since yesterday – men half-

237: Forsyth / Crook p.8.

1822

naked, and children quite naked, lying on the walls and gambolling in the water, with skins dusky as moors. Oranges and lemons and pomegranates on the fruit-stalls, peasant girls with flowers in their hair, gardens on the tops of the houses, a sky without a cloud, a dry red soil sprinkled with the greens of shrubberies only, and surmounted with sunburnt naked rocks – everything reminded me of Malta, or even the Levant, to which the universal white veil of the women gave a stronger resemblance.

When we got into the lofty narrow streets, all the life of the bustling citizens seemed passed in the open air – their shops entirely open – their cooking going on in the streets – the immense profusion and variety of their fruits – everything, in short, was what we had not yet seen in Italy. We got up to our Hotel de Londres and settled ourselves, after scaling up seventy-nine steps, the greater part of them a magnificent black marble staircase, in good rooms, giving a fine view of the port and city.

I walked out to a reading-room, and found Galignani's *Messenger*, which does not show its sheets at Milan – also the *Moniteur*, and several French and German papers. There is, however, a strict censure over []²³⁸ papers and pamphlets, and I found also Lady Morgan's *Italy* forbidden. Tom Moore, by Galignani, exposed for sale: I take Tom's residence at Paris to have brought about this continental popularity of his – there is no such mighty demand for him at home. Walter Scott's novels have been translated into Italian.

We dined, and in the evening walked between the towering palaces of the Strada Nuovissima and Strada Nuova, and afterwards into the narrow streets, where we were forced back by the crowds. The population [is] now ninety thousand – as many as at any time. [It] seems in good condition – well-dressed – very few beggars – indeed, we have seen scarcely any since coming into Italy. [We] met here begging and other friars or monks, whom the Sardinian government²³⁹ has wisely restored to their monasteries. The nunneries have not been – at least not all – re-established.

I found the present king of this country to be Felice,²⁴⁰ the brother of Victor Emmanuel, who was king once before. People talk very freely of this Felix – one called him to me a “mechant homme,” the other an “imbecile”. They look [at] him merely as a tool of the Austrians, and scarcely seem to know anything about him. Victor Emmanuel²⁴¹ they regret a little – he is at

238: Word cramped by page-turn. Looks like “how”.

239: Genoa was part of the Kingdom of Sardinia.

240: Carlo Felice, King of Sardinia 1821-31. His successor was father to Victor Emmanuel II, first king of a united Italy.

241: Vittorio Emanuele, the previous king, brother to Carlo Felice.

1822

Modena. As for the Prince of Carignan,²⁴² he gets the name he deserves – a traitor to both sides. He compromised thirty thousand people – our very waiter told us so openly, and another man repeatedly told me the prince would never reign. He is at Modena now.

The attempt at revolution here was but feeble.²⁴³ The governor published the new constitution one day, and the next, proclaimed all those traitors who had any hand in it. There was a disturbance in consequence – the people were fired upon, and fired in return – some twenty were killed – only one Genovese has suffered capitally for his share in the Piedmont attempt. The present government is disliked on account of the duties which it has imposed on certain commodities: for example, grain entering the port of Genoa from Turkey or Odessa now pays a considerable tax. Each foreign ship, or even boat, pays a franc and a half a night for port duty. To the system pursued is attributed the present stagnation of commerce at Genoa; yet the people on the whole are well-off, and as the nobles have dropped their ancient magnificence, they have more money. Some of the great palaces here are let out into lodgings: the Doria Palace is divided into lodging-rooms for humbler individuals: the Brignuola House, of marble and gold, has apartments for those who choose to give thirty *louis* a month. The picture galleries are in some instances dispersed and sold, so that even the guidebook of 1819 promises more than is to be seen.

There seems to be a good deal of activity in the port – the incessant hammering and chattering in y^e depths below our inn bespeak something doing. The porters of the Porto Franco still continue to be Bergamese and northern Lombards – the native of Genoa is not admitted into such an office of trust.

Had mosquitoes for the first time disturbing me at night, though the inn is very clean, and very food in every respect.

Sunday September 8th 1822: A very hot day. We sat at home all the morning. I walked out in the afternoon to call on our Mr Hill²⁴⁴ – he [was] not at Genoa. [We] passed through the Doria Palace. Coming back, heard [that] the present owner thereof, Doria Pamphili, the cardinal, would not live there since Napoleon had inhabited it. He resides at Rome, and has transformed the pictures of his Genoese palace to Rome. The colossal figure of the garden opposite, which belongs to the Doria Palace, produces a singular but not pleasing effect. The rows of trimmed box, and the Neptune

242: Carlo Alberto, another brother to, and now Regent for the absent Carlo Felice.

243: In 1821.

244: William Noel Hill, English Consul at Genoa.

1822

rising in the centre of the gardens of the palace, do not please Mr Forsyth²⁴⁵ – but that most excellent traveller should have noticed the marble-paved terraces which front and command the view of the port and the sea, and seem peculiarly appropriate for the chief of a maritime republic.

This day is the Feast of the Madonna del Belvedere, whose shrine is on the hills about three miles off. All Genoa seemed pouring forth to the ceremony – a discharge of cannon from one of the forts announced the festival at twelve o'clock. In the evening, some parts of the town, and the shrines of the Virgin, were illuminated. What religion the people may have I know not, but there seems as much superstitious ceremony as ever. The children, many of them, were what is called *a habito*, that is, a bit of cloth or some stuff between the shoulders and on the breast, [as] a sign of devotion to the Madonna or saint.

I remembered today how good-looking and clean-looking the women were.

After dinner we went walking, the usual mode of proceeding in Genoa, to the playhouse²⁴⁶ at the Augustino. The *salida* is not agreeable for coaches, and the *portantine* our ladies did not like.²⁴⁷ The house was a well-sized house – the pit was full, but a great body of Piedmontese officers and soldiers composed much of the audience. The play was *Werter*.²⁴⁸ The company acted well on the whole, but the story was turned into a piece of buffoonery, especially at the end. An old rogue of a lover of Charlotte's is made to fancy he has taken poison, which serves for Werter's suicide, who has little or nothing to do, pale as he is, during the last scene or two. The audience seemed inclined to weep just as they were called upon to grin.

Monday September 9th 1822: Went out today sight-seeing, to the church of St Cyr, then saw the noble gallery of picture in the Brignuola Palace – part of which is, as I before noted, to be let.

Then saw the golden saloon of 1,00,000 of francs, or Genoan livres perhaps, at the Serra Palace. An Abbe there rose as soon as we entered: we were told he was an imbecile, the oldest brother of the Serras. The principal Serra now, the brother of the Serra who died Napoleon's minister to Dresden, was called upon to take a distinguished part last year²⁴⁹ – he said he would not unless forced – the people insisted, and he yielded – he was sent to arrange matters to Turin. At Novi, seeing perhaps how affairs were likely

245: See Forsyth / Crook p.9.

246: "place house" (Ms. corrected in pencil).

247: H. writes as if Isaac were with them.

248: Adaptation of Goethe unidentified.

249: In the unsuccessful Genoan revolution.

to turn out, he said he was taken ill, and retired to one of his country houses. They say he is now at Pisa – he is a man of considerable talents.

[We] saw the church of St Stephen, with the famous picture, which was at Paris – the bottom by Raphael, the top by Giulio Romano, the restoration by David. Some of us thought the mischief of the latter was discernible in the eyes and eyebrows of the martyr.

Went thence to the Carignan church, and ascended it – we had the most charming view of the city and its rivieras. The St Sebastian of Puget we thought admirable. That a family should erect a large marble church is in itself a subject of surprise – such an expense suits Genoa. Returning, we looked at the outside of the cathedral church of St Lorenzo – its singular black and white sculptured Gothic façade, with the Gothic reliefs, are striking but not pleasing.²⁵⁰

We dined, and went in the evening on the water to a little distance beyond the port, to look at the city and its hills.²⁵¹ Heard the story of the frightful earthquake, as the[y] called the frightful rushing of the sea into the port last Xmas day, by which fifty-five vessels were lost. Saw also part of its effects against the mole, the point of which was broken off. The storm began on Xmas eve and lasted three days. Venice suffered, and many other places, but Leghorn was not affected. About sixty persons lost their lives.

We had a very agreeable row. At home the remainder of the evening. I read Galignani's *Messenger* of the 31st of August today. Canning has made a speech at his Liverpool club by which he does not succeed to Castlereagh.

Tuesday September 10th 1822: After breakfast, went out to *see* – saw the Church of the Annunciation – very brilliant indeed – a great picture of Procaccini over the great door.

Saw the Albergo de' Poveri – nine hundred women, four hundred men provided for – saw the dead Christ of Michaelangelo in the chapel – the whole establishment very clean. About eight hundred out of the thirteen hundred work – the others are too old, or disabled. We remarked the extreme cleanliness of the females, and their good looks and good manners. We saw them at work upon various employments – weaving, ribbon-making, spinning, &c. The main apartment we did not look at, but what we saw of the women was quite enough to satisfy us that the poor are not forgotten at Genoa: they have placed them in a palace, the site of which is one of the most commanding in the city. But the benefactors of this establishment have not wished to do their good deeds in a corner – there are large statues of

250: H. seems from his style to be planning a tourist guide to rival Forsyth's.

251: One of the hills is Albaro, to which B. will soon move (3 Oct 22-16 July 23).

1822

them pouring out their coins from purses and cornucopias, with long inscriptions under each. Each parish at Genoa has a right to recommend a certain number of poor, who are afterwards examined by the magistrates of the establishment.

The woman who showed us round said that they had means of punishment by imprisonment, and stinting the offenders of their bread. Indeed, one of the lower apartments was for the “Bandite,” as we saw written up.

From the Albergo we went to the Durazzo Palace. The pictures, with the exception of the grand Paul Veronese, [are] not so striking as those of the Brignuola Palace. The antique satyr and nymph, the bust of Vitellius, the St Catherine of Sweden, [are] disappeared – they are gone, the man said, to England. But the gallery is still very beautiful, and the whole gallery worthy of a Genoese prince, and much admired, even by the Genoese themselves. The university is now no longer appropriated to its former use, the students, having manifested some revolutionary spirit, having been dispersed, and a regiment of soldiers quartered there. At the Ducal palace there is nothing to be seen but the halls in which the two councils used to assemble.

We did not go to see any other palace – indeed, had we done so we could not have had a more vivid impression of the ancient grandeur of the Genoese nobles. The democracy does not seem to have suited them. The French, with their Liberty and Equality on the coin of the Ligurian Republic, must have been very distasteful to the proud Grimani and Durazzos and Fioscos and Donas. We saw today that the French had effaced the inscription to Marshall Boufflers in the chapel of St Louis in the Church of the Annunciation – a poor piece of spite.

From the Durazzo Palace we went to the church of St Laurence, the cathedral, which was open but we did not see the *sacro catino*, which, though it has come broken from France, is still called an emerald, and is still kept under six keys. We admired the chapel of St John the Baptist, whose ashes are in an urn above. We admired the bronze Virgin of Bionchi – we were pleased²⁵² with the black and white marble of the pillars and with the general appearance of this very ancient church – a gothic inscription here makes mention of James as the founder of Genoa.

Walking about this day, we admired the gold work in the *Strada degli orifici*, and we went to the principal coral manufacturer. My sisters thought the coral very cheap and handsome. One of the men, who talks English, told me a mistake to suppose Naples coral the best – Genoa coral was twenty

252: Looks like “apleased”.

percent better, and if Naples makes 100,000 francs worth, Genoa makes 6,000,000.

Dined at three. Went after dinner to the Fieschina, or establishment for orphan females. We had asked leave the day before, and were told that the Count of Fiesco²⁵³ himself would meet us and show the place.

We were struck before entering with the noble view which the site of this great structure commands, particularly of the valley of the Bisagno – nothing in the world so rich and at the same time so romantic. Our old guide told us that the females of the Fieschina were all of noble families.

On [our] being admitted, a tall, formal, evening-dressed middle-aged gentleman stepped forward, and we addressed him as the Count of Fiesco. He preserved his stiffness to the last, took not the least notice of the ladies, and with one or two exceptions spoke not one word except in answer to a question from me. I tried to please him by praising his city, his establishment, and everything Genoese, but in vain. He still preserved the same imperturbable formality, which was the more strange, as he had made the meeting himself. When spoken to, however, he spoke politely and precisely.

We were shown through long corridors and galleries without a speck on the floors or walls, into a room where number of ugly old women, dressed in a blue livery, were at work on artificial flowers. Singular-looking creatures for scions of noble roots, we thought. I ventured to ask our great conductor if they were all of good families – “None,” he said – “all poor people”. So much for the local learning of a Genoese guide. The Count told me that during the time of the French the establishment had much suffered – the French had seized on the lands in France – also the expenses of the establishment itself had been too great for the rents. At present he was doing what he could to restore the funds. There were now 130 in the retreat: half of what they worked for went to themselves, half to the fund. We found the same division at the *Albergo de’ Poveri* today. When they married, they had about five hundred francs dowry. They could not go out except not to return, which they might do when they pleased – they were not admitted after sixteen. The establishment [was] founded by a Fiesco about sixty years ago – some of the women seemed to date from the foundation, and hardly any looked young. The whole of the apartments looked of a spotless neatness – large, and well-ventilated. We saw the refectory, with the table laid for supper, a small bottle of wine between each two plates. The whole establishment surpassed anything I had ever seen of the kind: but then I did think that I [n]ever did see anything of the kind before.

253: A famous Genoese family. See Schiller’s *Fiesco*, or Verdi’s *Simon Boccanegra*.

1822

The Count took leave as formally as he had received us. I should mention that he told me the Genoese nobility were nothing since the *democrazia* – if all the nobility have manners like himself, I think the democracy are right. He called these, “doubtful times,” but I do not think he will imitate his ancestor so far as to conspire against anybody²⁵⁴ – though to be sure the judgement is an absurdly hasty one.

[We] came down from the Fieschine, with a purchase of flowers, in the narrow *subite*. Met as usual trains of laden mules, which render walking in Genoese streets rather an anxious business, especially if you have ladies.

Came home and took a look from our window at²⁵⁵ the lights on the port and on the hills, forming a semi-circle of stars, with the *fanal* beaming above the rest to the right. Everything was quiet, except that we now and then heard the voices of the players at the eternal game of *Morra*, the *micare digitatis* of the ancients.

We had this night an unfavourable specimen of a Genoese tradesman. A young man came from the first coral manufactory with something my sister had bought, and sent back to be altered. I asked him how much to pay – he said, “four or five livres” – I asked him which – he said, after some hesitation, “five”. The master of the lad had before sent us a message about some strings of coral, one of which he said he had added for nothing (just to suit a necklace), on account of the smallness of the sum.

Wednesday September 11th 1822: Set out at half-past seven in the morning for Lucca and Pisa. Went along the new road made along the Eastern Riviera, which we heard was to be opened for the first time yesterday. The road took us along this town-covered coast, sometime near the sea, at other times on higher ledges of rocks between gardens of oranges, lemons, pomegranates, and all the richer fruit-trees, and amidst vineyards which rose in many spots on raised terraces built up with stonework almost to the summit of the hills. The blue, sunny expanse of the Mediterranean, whose waves rippled at the feet of this luxurious coast, added to the enchantment of the scene. Occasionally the Apennines were wilder, and the sunburnt naked rocks showed only a solitary church or ruin on their summits. This, however, was after the first stage, to Recco, for until that place the land²⁵⁶ had appeared laid out into mountain pleasure-grounds for

254: In 1547 the Fiescos conspired to overthrow Andrea Doria, but were defeated.

255: “of” (Ms.)

256: “we the land” (Ms.)

the nobles of Genoa. Indeed, looking back at the sides of the hills, they appeared almost faced with the marble of the²⁵⁷ innumerable casinos.

Recco is in a bay²⁵⁸ from Genoa. From Recco we ascended the mountains, and crossed over the promontory of Portofino. The Apennines beyond were not so thick-set with population, but still many houses were spindled over the sides of the hills, and towns appeared one after the other, in the bays of which we had a bird's-eye-view from our elevation.

We changed horses at Rapallo,²⁵⁹ and proceeded, along the ridges of the mountains chiefly, to Chiávári, until we came near the town, when we descended in traverses to the seashore. We had some doubt whether we should go on to La Spezia, as it was only half-past one, but as we were told we had nine hours of mountain road, we resolved to remain at Chiávári. We did so, and put up at the Phoenix, a large, good-looking inn, where we had a variety of fine premises made to us – of which we saw the worth when the no-dinner came.

I walked about the town. It is built on arches, and has good houses in it, and decent-looking shops, amongst them some where worked gold is sold, a commodity of which the peasants are proud, and bedeck themselves in it in great profusion. After dinner we walked on the seashore up to where the river of Lavanza runs into the sea. We turned up the valley and continued along a path by the river-side under vineyards, which are here festooned on the trees, and we enjoyed one of the pleasantest rambles of our whole tour.

The path seemed frequented. We met a priest or two, and some peasants, but it appeared to lead into the heart of the mountains. The river was running over only parts of the gravelly bed, and they were bleaching cloths in parts of the watercourse. We returned by the same path, not having found the bridge we expected, and came again upon the shore. It was night before we came back to our inn at Chiávári – we had scarcely taken our coffee before we were called to give up our sitting room for two English to sup in. We did so, and retired to bed, but not to sleep at half-past nine – the gnats, and a noise, till three, when we were called ...²⁶⁰

Thursday September 12th 1822: After a squabble about our bill (a very rare event with us), we set off at half-past four for Bracco (three posts). As far as Sestri we went near the sea, the road in parts very bad. At Sestri we

257: Ms. appears to read “the theinnumerable”.

258: Ms. gap.

259: This word is pencilled into a gap, showing that whoever did the frequent pencilling may have had inside knowledge: though “Rapallo” is guessable.

260: H. runs the 11th into the 12th, and adds the second date later.

began to ascend the mountains, and continued rising for nearly the whole remainder of the stage. We were come into wilder and wilder scenery as we ascended. The Apennines here had lost all their population, and their gardens and vineyards. Here and there were firs and chestnut-trees with stunted odoriferous shrubs, candlebury, myrtles, and laurastinnises; but the mass of the mountains were red, bare rocks of unruly stone. The road was to my mind far from safe – on ledges of precipices built up with loose rubble which appeared as if it would yield to the first winter rains.

At half-past seven we arrived at Bracco, a miserable collection of village houses on the tops of the hills. Here, to our inexpressible despair, we found our Englishmen of last night stopped at the barrier,²⁶¹ which was not to be let down until the day after tomorrow. A servant had been sent to ask leave of the *Signor Impresario*, who was three miles down the road, to have the barrier let down: but the servant returned with a negative. One of the Englishmen and myself then set out, and after a blazing walk on the mountains, came to the *impresario*, overlooking some workmen. He scarcely returned my obsequious salute, and said, “The road is mine until Saturday. I want no favours of anyone, and no-one shall have favours of me”. I presented my passport – he said he was no policeman. At last, after much ado, he said, if the *impresario* who was further on, [*in*] *un biretta*, would grant his permission – he would the same. So on we walked, until we were, in pity, taken up by a courier in a coach, who had permission to pass. We went with him two or three miles on, and came to the second *impresario*, in a hut. The man, of whom we had heard dreadful stories, of sending back sick ladies, and who gave us sharp words, at last said, “If the other *impresario* will let you go by, I will”. We walked back our hot walk, to the first *impresario*, who said, “Very well,” and received our thanks very gruffly.

Now this was a most curious transaction – why should we have had any difficulty? Nothing ill could happen to the road by our passing: but the *impresario* was determined to exercise his power of his private property, and had we been²⁶² dying would have done so. The man who went with us accounted for it by saying he was a Piedmontese, and as bad as a German – had no humanity.

We set out from Bracco then, with the same horses, at half-past eleven, for Montarana, one post and a half.²⁶³ Went over the same mountain road I had passed before, and three miles beyond, to a wretched mountain village. Here we stayed for our horses to refresh, for the post-house had but a few,

261: They are at the frontier between Liguria and Lucca.

262: “being” (Ms.)

263: “1p. & 1p.” (Ms.)

the road not being open, and the post-master not being obliged to assist travellers.

In the post-house we learned that three hundred people of the *paese* had been half-ruined this year by two tempests which had beat down their grapes and grain. As for grapes and grain, I saw no place for them on these red-hot rocks. We learned here, as everywhere, that the season had been one of extraordinary heat.

Some ragged loiterers came to sit down in our inn – which seemed to be open to any idler. I asked if they had any Signor – “Nessuno, fuorche il parocco,” a man answered with a smile – and yet a bettermost sort of man, who said he was a surgeon of Genoa, told us he was a native of this hill.

We set out for Borghetto, two posts and odd. Began to descend, and came again into chestnut woods, and now and then a vineyard, and then into olive groves. On the road we changed horses with a gentleman who was on the way to²⁶⁴ Genoa, and had agreed to be taken there from Chiávári.

At Borghetto, a miserable little town at the foot of the hills, we baited our horses, and set out at half-past five for La Spezia – three posts. This was the dreaded road. For five miles, indeed, we did go principally in the bed of a torrent or on a narrow road on the side of it – where the postillions advised us to get out. The scene was romantic in the extreme – the population scanty, but wherever there was any cultivation, it bespoke the climate of Italy. The last seven miles, which we drove in the dark, were on a good road. We descended a very long hill into La Spezia, where we arrived at half-past ten o'clock. A large inn, full of mosquitoes. Dined, and to bed late.

This new road may be called “open,” but there are few that would pass it twice. We could hardly sleep, and were dreadfully gnat-bitten – Melly excepted.

Friday September 13th 1822: Up at half-past five. Walked out to the shore and little pier – [the] pretty Gulf of Spezia with the port of Portovénere to [the] west, and [of] Lerici to the east. Villages and single houses on the bays. Set off at quarter-past seven to Lucca, past Sarzana (two and a quarter posts), Lavenza (one post and a half, French), Lavenza to Massa (one post), Massa to Pietrasanta (one post), to Montramita (one post), to Lucca (two posts). At Lavenza we got out of [the] Piedmontese states into [the] state of Modena: a little before Pietrasanta [we] got into Tuscany: then, a little before Montramita, [we] got into the ducato Luccese. Massa Carnova,²⁶⁵ which was once the principality of Libo Malaprina, whose name and

264: “for” (Ms.)

265: “Massa Carnova” unidentified.

1822

superscription are still over the gate of entry, is now part of Modena, being the dowry of Maria Beatrice, grand duchess of that state. At Lavenza, [we] commenced Italian posting: ten pauls a pair a post and one paul the postillion, and one paul for four horses the ostler.²⁶⁶ The crown of ten pauls is very commodious for posting here. Our napoleons they gave us 35½ pauls for.

It was a boiling hot day, and I had passed this route before, but I still could not help admiring, at every step, the extreme richness and fertility of the country, and the good looks of the peasants, both men and women. A very handsome, well-mannered woman at the post-house of Montramita told us there was a grand feast at Lucca, the Santa Croce, and that more than a hundred carts and gigs &c. ([])²⁶⁷ had passed by that morning for Lucca. We asked her if she was going – she said no, she had an infant three months old – “Take it with you,” said I – “Ah no – per me le feste sono terminate”. There was something in her look and in her language, as well as in what she said, very sweet and captivating. We overtook a great many peasants walking and riding and driving to the feast, the women with the white veil not over the face but over the head, as if against the heat

Came to Lucca. Put up at the Europa – the first thing asked before we were well in our rooms was, if we would have an opera box. The man told me, “Il famoso David,”²⁶⁸ and “la compagnia la più scelta d’Italia” were there. The price of [a] box – four zecchins (forty-four pounds, about). The mention of this sum made me enquire into [the] price of [our] apartments – also four zecchins – this would not do. I did with one room less, and agreed for twenty-four francs a day. This large sum was attributed by [the] waiter to the Santa Croce festival, and to the new government.

I found the Austrians no longer at Lucca as in 1817. The people did not at first seem to know very well whom they were under – for one said one thing as to y^c parentage of their sovereign,²⁶⁹ and one another: but at last I made out that the Queen of Etruria was established at Lucca – she is now Her Majesty Maria Louisa, Infant of Spain, Duchess of Lucca – she is sister to Ferdinand of Spain – she married the son of the old Duke of Parma. The French made her Queen of Etruria, and unmade her. The Congress of Voveringis[??] having given Parma to Maria Louisa, gave Queen to this lady, and the Austrians consented to give up this fief of the Empire – for the present, at least. It is thought that something will be done relative to Lucca at

266: “hostler” (Ms.)

267: The bracketted word looks like “legim”.

268: “David” (Ms.) Giovanni Davide (1790-1864) tenor famous for his Rossini roles.

269: They “impugned his legitimacy”.

the approaching Congress of Verona. Her Majesty lives in great luxury. She commands about 120,000 subjects. She has set up an army of two thousand, about, and a court of no mean dimensions. She has also established a Lyceum for the fine city, and is making a road to Modena. All this cannot be done for nothing – consequently the imports are raised to three times their amount under the Germans, and to more than three under Eliza Bacciocchi. They were 30,000 scudi a month when the Austrians were here – they are now 93,000 a month, and yet the finances are 380,000 scudi in arrears. The finances are managed by an advocate who is a *minichiose*, my lacquey told me. A nobleman had the direction, but he left it, and so the prime minister of Lucca is a pleader.

The Infant of Spain is a very ugly, unpleasant-looking woman, of a little more than forty, I believe. We saw her in public three times, and heard how little she was applauded. Indeed a hiss or two were distinctly enough heard by me, even at the theatre. Well may the Lucchese regret the time of their republic – it could have been a painful record to have left their old motto, “*Libertas*,” over their gates²⁷⁰ as before.

—
—

I walked about the streets before dinner, and found them crowded to excess for the Santa Croce festival. I learned that tonight there would be a grand procession of the Holy Cross through the streets, at which the sovereign would attend – that tomorrow there would be High Mass at the cathedral, and that at the next afternoon there would be a horserace at the circus. On Sunday there was to be a display of freaks²⁷¹ at the circus – a fair to be going on at the public places and shops all the time.

I was again much struck with the appearance of the Lucchese – their smooth olive complexions, white teeth, fresh colour, and black eyes. Then the women are dressed in silks and gold, and the men wear artificial flowers in their hats.

After dinner we went to the opera. At eight crossed the Santa Croce procession going to the cathedral. [We] waited at the opera one hour and a half before Her Majesty came – the people [were] a little impatient: the theatre small but handsome. The opera was *Ricciardo e Zoraide*,²⁷² by Rossini. Davide was sublime, and produced on me the strongest effect. The rest of the company was good. I should have been glad if Belloch had not

270: “gatés” (Ms.)

271: “freaks” (Ms.)

272: Premiered San Carlo, Naples, December 1818.

1822

been prima donna – no-one can have an idea of the singing of Davide until he has heard this extraordinary man. My sisters were much delighted.

Saturday September 14th 1822: We stayed at home most part of the morning, and did not go to the Mass at church where Her Majesty was present, and where Davide sang a *mottetto*. It seems the Duchess is very devout – she has restored five convents for women and five monasteries for men. She is also very particular about meagre days, and even the innkeepers who serve up butter instead of oil or flesh instead of fish on fast days, are liable to a severe penalty. Everyone is obliged to confess once in fifteen days or be posted on the church door. We found all our waiters out at twelve o'clock, and on enquiring were told they had gone to Mass.

The Lucchese second this devout feeling tolerably well – even the French interfered but little with their religious propensities, and their belief in the *santo volto* is as strong as ever. I went to see this precious relic – it is a black or dingy crucifix in a chapel, highly ornamented, in the cathedral. An aged *lacquey de place* told me the history of it. Nicodemus made it, at the period of the Crucifixion, to represent the Crucified Saviour; somehow or the other it got aboard a boat without sails or sailors, and landed between Pisa, Luni, and Lucca – the bishops of each [of the three] places contended for the possession of it, and at last it was determined that a pair of untamed oxen should be yoked to a car, and the crucifix placed therein, and that to whatever town the oxen should draw the relic, to that town should it belong. The proposition was agreed to, and the oxen brought the holy face to Lucca – the representation of this fact is to be seen in several frescoes in the churches. The relic has worked several miracles – even this year, the *lacquey* told me, the exposure of it for three days (“*a tridico*”), brought down rain after a long drought. I asked him if the French had not wanted to rob the chapel. He said they had talked of doing so, but that the people said they must do it with their own hands, for they would not touch the cross – a bishop had been blinded who wished to despoil the treasure. This deterred the French.

I saw crowds of people of all conditions venerating the handiwork of Nicodemus.

I walked to another church, in which I saw columns taken from the ancient circus, of which the external circuit is visible in a part of town overspread by butchers' stalls, chiefly.

After dinner we went to the horse race, in a sort of sylvan theatre. The Count and Queen were there in a good deal of state, but the steps of the circus were not half occupied. The race was laughable indeed. Lubberly fellows dressed like Turks rode horses without saddles round and round a

ring until all but two bolted or came to a standstill. The winners were brought before her Majesty preceded by great flags, which were lowered in front of the throne. At the Queen's departure a feeble shout was raised.

In the evening we went again to the opera. Her Majesty was in the large box in the early part of the evening, but a state revolution took place by the Infant going into the smaller box – a little clapping, and a hiss or two, were heard. We heard Davide again, and were more delighted than yesterday evening.

Sunday September 15th 1822: After breakfast we took leave of Lucca, and after driving two posts in two hours came to Pisa and put up at the Three Damsels in the Lung'Arno. I went to enquire after Lord Byron and at first heard he was going, if not gone, to Genoa: but I found him at his Palazzo Lanfranchi with his Signora Countess Guiccioli²⁷³ – a tolerably good-looking young woman. We were soon joined by Leigh Hunt of the *Examiner*,²⁷⁴ to whom and to his wife and six children Lord Byron has given apartments in his house. Leigh Hunt was brought out here by Percy Bysshe Shelley. Mr Shelley was lately drowned in going from Leghorn to La Spezia,²⁷⁵ and Lord Byron considered Leigh Hunt as a legacy left to him. Leigh Hunt induced Lord Byron to agree to set up a journal with him, but I endeavoured to persuade Lord Byron that he had better not engage in any such partnership; and it appears Lord Byron has managed to give up the scheme.²⁷⁶

Lord Byron was going to ride – I left him. He is much changed, his face fatter and the expression of it injured. For the rest I saw little difference. We were both a little formal.

After dinner to him again, and sat with him all the evening – he told me something about his proceedings in the Romagna. He had regularly joined the Carbonari²⁷⁷ – was initiated – was to have been one of their deputies – and at the dispersion of them after the defeat of the Piedmontese and Neapolitans he received, and has got, their archives. Upwards of a thousand persons have been exiled from the Papal dominions; some are in Tuscany – others elsewhere – and every now and then their abode is changed by the

273: Teresa Guiccioli (1798-1873) B.'s last female love.

274: James Henry Leigh Hunt (1784-1859) poet, editor and parasite.

275: This is only the second reference to Shelley that I have been able to find in the diary so far. He had drowned on 8 July 1822.

276: "I met Mr. Hobhouse soon after in the Casa Lanfranchi. He was very polite and complimentary; and then, if his noble friend was to be believed, did all he could to destroy the connexion between us" – Leigh Hunt, *Lord Byron and some of his Contemporaries* (1828), 48.

277: Quasi-Masonic secret society dedicated to expelling the Austrians and to cleaning up Italian morals.

1822

governments of Italy. Count Gamba,²⁷⁸ Madame Guiccioli's brother, has been sent away from Pisa for the share he had in the row between the Sergeant-Major of dragoons and the party of Lord Byron.²⁷⁹ It appears the Sergeant was struck by a pitchfork by Lord Byron's groom – but he was not found out, so the Tuscan government punished others.

Lord Byron told me that the Pisans disliked him because he would not associate with them and the Professors of the University – and because he would not go to a ball given last Xmas. He is now going to Genoa, where Hill has promised to protect him and the Gamba family.

It seems Madame Guiccioli and her father and brother lived together in a house apart, until the Gambas went to prepare Lord Byron's house at Genoa. This is Italian morality – Madame Guiccioli is separated from her husband, who shocked the Italians by endeavouring to prove himself a cuckold, and this unheard-of degradation induced the *camera* of Rome to condemn him to maintain his wife handsomely after her separation by an allowance of about £1,200 a year.²⁸⁰ Guiccioli has had two wives before, the first of which he is said to have poisoned – he is sixty years old, but Madame Guiccioli married him, though a celebrated beauty out of a convent in order to marry, which, she tells Byron, is the great object of all Italian girls – those who do not marry remain in convents all their lives.

The brother of Madame Guiccioli, Gamba, is a great friend of Lord Byron's and here in Italy the brother of the lady with whom a man lives is called his *cognato* – i.e., brother-in-law. One of the professed objects of the Carbonari is, however, to moralize the marriage state. Byron tells me that the ceremonies of the Carbonari are absurd, but that their objects are pure, and that they have 800,000 associates in Italy at lodge[s] in every town.

The Pisans do not seem to have liked the Gamba family. After the row with the dragoon, they said that Borgia was come down upon them with his Romagnuoles. The Romagnuoles are indeed somewhat testy and stabby people, and Byron told me many things of their violences and bloodshed. Yet he confessed they were not fond of regular fighting, and expressed doubts whether they would ever make good soldiers. At Ravenna everyone thought Italy would be revolutionized – the children sang “Viva la libertà!” in the streets. Even the Secretary of the Government²⁸¹ wrote to Byron, saying that he too was an Italian – and the Cardinal Governor²⁸² called on St

278: Pietro Gamba (1801-27) Teresa's younger brother and B.'s friend, who goes to Greece with him.

279: The Pisan Affray had occurred on 24 Mar 1822.

280: Teresa's husband, Alessandro Guiccioli, was in bad odour at Rome, and Pope Pius VII was a friend of the Gamba family. This was the only separation granted during his pontificate.

281: Count Giuseppe Alborghetti was Head of Government in Lower Romagna.

282: Cardinal Rusconi was the Papal Legate at Ravenna.

Apollonia for succour. Yet there was a strong party of *Papalines* against the *Americani* or liberals, and Lord Byron amongst others got placarded as one destined to be put to death. Byron tells me that there are 30,000 exiles from all parts of Italy since the Piedmontese affair. A fine of 3,000 *pauls*, or *scudi*, or *franks*, is awarded against any one having Lady Morgan's *Italy*²⁸³ in these Piedmontese States. Lord Byron kept a regular journal of the time which he spent in Ravenna²⁸⁴ whilst the projected revolution was brewing. He gave it to Tom Moore.

The house in which he lives here belonged to the Lanfranchi who confined Ugolino,²⁸⁵ and there are dungeons at the bottom of the palace.

Monday September 16th 1822: Went in to Lord Byron's carriage with my sisters to see the Pisa sights – the Leaning Tower – the Baptistery – the Campo Santo – beset with beggars. Rode with Lord Byron – caught in a storm of thunder and lightning and took shelter in a vineyard cottage, where an adventure occurred²⁸⁶ which gave me no high notion of the morals of the *contadine*.²⁸⁷ I was asked if I knew the lingua *Pisania*? Learnt that a peasant girl's dowry is about ten pounds sterling and that the *vignuoles* and farmers will seldom suffer their daughters to marry without some such portion.

Dined. Passed evening with Lord Byron.

Tuesday September 17th 1822: Rode out with my sisters in Byron's carriage to the Grand Duke's *casine*, or dairy park. Here saw some of his camels, of which he keeps about twenty, to perform the carriage work of his farm.²⁸⁸ The place looks like an English flat park – white cattle here. Rode with Byron – dined – passed the evening at the Palazzo Lanfranchi. It seemed to us that we had not been separated for more than a week. We talked over old times and present times in the same strain as usual. Byron told me he had been against me at my election at first because he knew

283: Travel book by the Irish novelist Lady Morgan (Sydney Owenson: 1783?–1859); published 1821; see BLJ VII 165 and 170. Banned in Sardinian, Austrian and Papal territories: reviewed in the *Quarterly* for July 1821 by Croker and / or Gifford, who described it as “a series of offences against good morals, good politics, good sense, and good taste” (29). It was indiscreetly written, and to be named in it was often dangerous for Italians.

284: BLJ VIII 11–51.

285: Ugolino features at *Inferno* Canto XXXIII. B.'s house was not really that old. But it has been established recently that from its back windows one can see the house in which Galileo was born.

286: H. draws a discreet veil over what the adventure was. We hope Amelia and Matilda weren't present when it occurred.

287: “Country women”.

288: The camels of the Grand Duke of Tuscany survived until World War II, when they were slaughtered for meat.

1822

nothing about the matter: now he was anti-Whig.²⁸⁹ He was much hurt at the late article against him in the *Edinburgh Review*.²⁹⁰ He also told me that my letter to him against *Cain*²⁹¹ had made him nearly mad. Madame Guiccioli confirmed this. But Byron confessed I was right. He read to me something against Wellington in some new cantos of *Don Juan*²⁹² and he told me he has written against Castlereagh.²⁹³ I recommended him to be cautious how he touched on his death. He did not quite agree with me. Carvella²⁹⁴ called this day.

Wednesday September 18th 1822: Went in Byron's carriage to the aqueduct towards the Baths of Pisa – walked – rode out with Byron – dined. Passed evening with Byron, who declared against Shakespeare and Dante and Milton, and said Voltaire was worth a thousand such.²⁹⁵ Carvella yesterday told me that the Austrians at Hermanstad²⁹⁶ had given up fourteen Greeks to the Turks to be beheaded – he told me that Maitland²⁹⁷ behaved worse in the Ionian Islands than the Turks. Carvella's father and brother were arrested in the middle of the night, confined in prison two months, and their effects seized – they were then dismissed and no cause assigned for their detention. Of Maitland Carvella said, "C'est un *ivrogne!*"²⁹⁸

289: B. is apologising for *My Boy Hobbie, O*.

290: In the *Edinburgh Review* for February 1822 (413–51) Francis Jeffrey reviews *Sardanapalus*, *The Two Foscari*, and *Cain*, of which last he writes (437), "... we regret very much that it should ever have been published." He later (449) writes that B. "has exerted all the powers of his powerful mind to convince his readers ... that all ennobling pursuits, and disinterested virtues, are mere deceits and illusions".

291: H.'s letters critical of *Cain* (sent on November 6 and 17, 1821: see *Recollections* II 172–3) are lost; for B.'s reaction, see BLJ IX 101 and 103.

292: The "Wellington Stanzas" had in fact been written on March 19, 1819, and sent to Moore on July 10: they form stanzas 1-8 of *Don Juan* Canto IX.

293: Perhaps B. refers to the Preface to *Don Juan* Cantos VI, VII and VIII.

294: Nikolas and Francis Karvellas were Ionian patriots whom B. and H. had met in Geneva and Milan.

295: The addition here of "(*Scherzo*.)" at *Recollections* III 6 has no Ms. authority.

296: Hermanstad is now Sibiu in Romania. In June 1821 the Greek general Alexander Ipsilantis and half a dozen companions surrendered to the Austrians after their defeat by the Turks at the battle of Drăgășani, and were imprisoned. A few survivors of the "Sacred Battalion" (composed of young Greeks) also surrendered there. Ipsilantis and his companions were eventually released in 1826 or 1827; so, if Carvella is right, some or all of the Sacred Battalion were handed over to the Turks and beheaded. I am grateful to David Brewer for the information here.

297: Sir Thomas Maitland was Governor of the Ionians. Carvella and his brother often complained of his brutality.

298: "He's a *drunkard!*" Maitland's vulgarities were legion and legendary.

Thursday September 19th 1822: Read a speech of Canning's in Galignani's *Messenger* – he cried at taking leave of his Liverpool friends.²⁹⁹ We shall see if he has taken leave. **Wrote journal** – went out riding with Byron – he told me several things relative to the state of society in Italy, particularly Romagna; also of the conduct of the Papal government in Romagna – one man was taken up merely because his mistress was the *chère amie* of a priest who wanted to get rid in this compendious manner of his rival. Byron told me that Gamba the son and a friend³⁰⁰ went out shooting for several days at the very time they expected to rise and revolutionize Italy. It was represented to them that they should not be absent at such a conjuncture, but they resolved to go, and did go where no letters could reach them. These are patriots – and Italy is to depend on them.

Byron told me that at Modena the Duke's presence at the theatre drives the audience away. We both sometimes said that the Italians could do nothing and at other times that they would.³⁰¹ It appears that the Bolognese had promised to come forward, but they afterwards kept back, and broke up the conspiracy.³⁰² They had been deceived by the Neapolitans before – this made them hesitate as to the present effort. We had some talk about his liaison, which it appears he does not wish to continue. It induced him, however, to be one of the Carbonari, and he was actually deputed to Faenza to enquire into the state of the liberals. Fifteen thousand men, well armed,

299: George Canning had become Foreign Secretary on Castlereagh's suicide. He left his Liverpool constituency for that of Harwich in 1822. H. had spoken strongly against Canning in Parliament on 17 Apr 1821.

300: The absence of punctuation in the Ms. here makes it impossible to work out whether Ruggiero and Pietro are both implicated in the charge, or whether it refers only to Pietro.

301: That is, that they were sometimes unable to act and at others disinclined to act.

302: That such an insurrection was planned by B. and his Carbonari associates in Ravenna and Bologna seems confirmed by the following, from the State Archives of Ferrara, 2 Sep 1820: "Pretendesi dunque, che in Ravenna sianvi dei mal'intenzionati, che appoggiati vengono da quel Lord Inglese, da qualche tempo colà stabilito in casa del Cavaliere Guiccioli, i quali, dicesi, abbiamo delle segrete relazioni colla la Romagnola, e con Bologna: Che la fiera di Lugo formi per essi un segnale per una combinata rivolta, e che in tal epoca vagliarsi in Ravenna tentare un colpo di mano sulle casse pubbliche, e private, e che frà questi mal'intenzionati esser possino compresi dei militari di Linea, non escluso quel Comandante di piazza, e suo aiutante maggiore." ["It is thus claimed, that there are in Ravenna some ill-disposed persons, who are supported by the English lord, who has for some time been settled here in the house of the Cavaliere Guiccioli, and who, it is said, have secret relations with Romagnola and with Bologna: that the Fair at Lugo will be for them a signal for a combined revolt, and that there will at that time occur in Ravenna an attempt to seize the public and private banks, and that it is possible that these ill-disposed persons include some soldiers from Linea, not excluding the commander of that place, and his second-in-command."] (Keats-Shelley House Rome, Gay Papers Box 36A.)

1822

could have been raised. He had 150 muskets which those to whom he gave them wanted to bring back to his house after the defeat of the Neapolitans. This was very shabby, and he refused. He would have been tried and perhaps assassinated had not the priests stood his friends. He had been particularly friendly with the priests, and as he said always hung out his tapestry when their processions passed.

He told me some extraordinary instances of the profligacy of the Venetian women, particularly of Madame Benzoni,³⁰³ in their language.

I dined at home, as usual. Passed the evening with Byron.

Today [I] went to a bookseller's shop. Found the *Liaisons Dangereuses* and the *Nouvelle Héloïse*³⁰⁴ with indecent pictures, which the man had licence to sell, although almost every good book I asked for was prohibited. Machiavelli is prohibited. I tried to get a list of the prohibited books, but could not. A licence is given to particular individuals to sell these books by name – occasionally.

Friday September 20th 1822: Thunder and lightning and rain prevented our riding, so I sat at home with my friend Byron. He told me that the Duke of Saxe ———³⁰⁵ had been anxious to form his acquaintance at Pisa, but he had declined. The Duke wrote a sort of memoir of his tour and headed each chapter with a stanza from *Childe Harold* – the task proposed at one of the German universities is to translate the Fourth Canto of *Childe Harold* into German verse.

Byron told me that Walter Scott in his correspondence showed himself anything but bigoted – amongst other *scherzi* he said that Cain was right to kill Abel that he might not have the bore of passing two hundred years with him.³⁰⁶ I dined at home and then went to Byron, with whom I stayed till between one and two in the morning. He talks of coming to England in the spring. He told me he wished I had not come to go so soon.³⁰⁷ We parted on most friendly terms, but during my whole visit I could see that we were not as before quite. We had two or three mutual accusations, half in joke, and I tried to break to him that he should write less and not think the world loved

303: Contessa Maria Querini Benzoni, Venetian hostess. She ran a “better” salon than did the Contessa Albrizzi (BLJ VI 37) and it was at one of her *conversazioni* that B. and Teresa Guiccioli fell in love.

304: Neither *Les Liaisons Dangereuses* by Laclos nor *La Nouvelle Héloïse* by Rousseau are normally considered pornographic; these editions have illustrations making them so.

305: Dash in Ms. Duke of Saxe-[????] unidentified.

306: No extant letter from Scott to B. contains this comment.

307: At *Recollections* (III 8) H. reports B.'s words as “Hobhouse, you should never have come, – or you should never go”. Compare B. to H., August 23, 1810: “After all I do love thee, Hobby, thou hast so many good qualities and so many bad ones it is impossible to live with or without thee” (BLJ II 14).

1822

so very much about his writing or himself. I remarked he had observed the only time in which the House of Commons had shown a disinclination to hear me.³⁰⁸ He mentioned this twice. He told me he found he had less feeling than usually in his younger days. He mentioned that Tom Moore had told him in a letter, “Hobhouse is praised by everybody, but he is a rough companion, and I would sooner praise him than live with him.”³⁰⁹ Now this rose entirely from my telling him my mind as to the memoirs of Lord Byron.³¹⁰

Madame Guiccioli told me that Madame Albany has been highly irritated at my saying something about the Ephesian matron in my account of her liaison with Alfieri.³¹¹ Now I declare I meant a compliment, and did not know that the Countess intrigued with a French painter even before Alfieri died. Lady Morgan asked Madame Albany in full divan whether she had ever read my book. Madame Albany gave no answer, and never asked Lady Morgan to come again – the *contretemps* made a tale at Florence.

Saturday September 21st 1822: At half past nine set out from Pisa. Arrived at Florence (six posts) at a little before six. The Arno full. Put up at the Nouvelle York, kept by an Englishwoman, where I was in 1816 and 1817. Walked to post office and found it shut. Did not go out the remainder of the evening.

[NOT IN DIARY: Teresa Guiccioli’s letter to Hobhouse]

Immediately after Hobhouse’s departure, Teresa Guiccioli sent him the following letter, which is formal, and which perhaps indicates how keenly she intuited his disapproval of her:

[cover: To The Honorable / J.C.Hobhouse / Florence]

Pisa 23 7bre 1822
Stim[atissim]^o Signore

308: It is not clear to which Commons sessions B. refers.

309: Moore reports B. as writing at this time, “H[obhouse] has been here, and is gone to Florence – do you remember your saying that you would rather praise him than live with him? For my part I say nothing....” (BLJ XI 197). “For my part I say nothing” is from *Joseph Andrews*, II, 3; they are also the words of Sir Fretful Plagiary in *The Critic*, I i: see also *Beppo*, 96, 5, and *Don Juan* I, 52, 1.

310: B. had given his Memoirs to Moore. H. wrote to B. that he thought he was “buying a biographer ... under the pretext of doing a generous action” (BB 321).

311: H. refers to his account of the relationship between the Countess of Albany (estranged wife of the Young Pretender) and the dramatist Vittorio Alfieri, at *Illus.* pp.395-6.

1822

Troverete qui acclusa una Lettera commendalizia di mio Padre, alla Marchesa Sacrati n[ost]ra [last word may be erased] Cugina – di cui la conoscenza spero potrà giovarvi in Roma – e la società non esservi sgradevole. Colgo intanto con un vero piacere questa occasione per esprimervi i sentimenti della mia stima – e per assicurarvi dell'alto pregio in cui tengo la sua conoscenza. Milord dopo avere sofferto assai p[er] due giorni de'suoi dolori reumatici – ora si trova sollevato mediante un metodo di cura propostagli da Vaccà – a cui si è assoggettato con una docilità così strana a lui in simili casi – che non saprei ad altro attribuirlo senonchè all'influenza de' v[ost]ri saggi consigli. E questo effetto è per me di tanta consolazione – che non potrò a meno d'invocare la v[ost]ra presenza per mantenerlo in sì buone disposizioni – come quella d'un genio benefico – quand'anche a desiderarla non mi movessero principalm[ent]e le rare v[ost]re qualità – ed il piacere di vedere p[er] essa più lieto Byron. Io spero che avrete fatto – e farete un felice viaggio p[er] quanto lo permette l'incostante stagione – la quale mi pure rende incerta pel giorno della v[ost]ra partenza – ma che forse accadrà Mercoledì venturo. Mi sono presa la libertà di scrivervi in Italiano conoscendo voi così bene la nostra Lingua e però mi perdonerete. Milord manda a voi cordiali saluti – ed i più rispettosi alle due Dame v[ost]re Sorelle. Gradite che vi rinnovi le proteste della mia stima – e riconoscenza – dicendomi

Vra Devotma Affma Serva

Teresa Guiccoli Gamba³¹²

[TRANSLATION: Pisa, September 23 1822. / Most esteemed Sir / You will find here enclosed a letter of recommendation from my father to the Marchesa Sacrati, our cousin. I hope her acquaintance will be useful to you in Rome—and her society not displeasing. Meanwhile I take with real pleasure this occasion of expressing my esteem—and to make clear the high regard I have for you. My lord, after having suffered from his rheumatic pains for two days, is now much relieved by a cure suggested by Vaccà, to whom he has subjected himself with a docility so unlike him on similar occasions, that I do not know to what to attribute it, except to your wise advice. And this effect is so great a comfort to me, that I shall not be able to help wishing for your presence, to keep him in such a good frame of mind, like a good genius—even if I were not already moved to wish it most of all by your unusual qualities, and by the pleasure of seeing Byron happier. I hope that you have had—and that you will have a good journey in so far as the inclement season permits—which makes me uncertain too about the day of your

312: Keats–Shelley House Rome, Gay Papers Box 40/1.

departure, but which will perhaps take place on Wednesday next. I take the liberty to write to you in Italian, knowing your excellent acquaintance with our language, and asking your pardon nevertheless. My lord sends you his cordial salutations—and the most respectful greetings to the two ladies, your sisters. Allow me to renew the protestations of my esteem and gratitude. / I remain / Your most devoted and affectionate servant / Teresa Guiccioli Gamba. / To The Honourable / J.C.Hobhouse / Florence.³¹³

On the morning of **September 22nd** Hobhouse finds only three letters at the Florence poste restante. He is “disappointed thereat”. Perhaps the above letter from Teresa is one of them. He and his sisters see Michaelangelo’s David, Cellini’s Perseus, and “the Rape of the Sabines by Gian Bologna”. They sit in the square of the Santa Croce till three, when the doors are opened for evening service, and admire “the tombs of the great men” (Ugo Foscolo not yet included: how poleaxed Hobhouse would be to know that that would be the final resting-place of his embarrassing acquaintance).

Thence they proceed (not having attended the service), to the hospital of Santa Maria Nuova, where there are vaccination orders posted from the government. Next they go to the Church of the Annunciation, with its frescoes by Andrea del Sarto, created when “the Medici were calling around them all the wits and philosophers of reviving literature”. Next they visit the Duomo, with its organ loft, “where Lorenzo de Medici barricaded himself when stabbed by the Pazzi – Lady Morgan in her absurd book calls these assassins the Brutuses of Florence – she calls Forsyth Fordyce!!”

Back at the inn there’s an invitation “to M[adam]e Lenzoni’s box at the Pergola”. They pay nine pauls for three tickets, and are charged twenty-five for their box, so perhaps there is no room in Madame Lenzoni’s. The evening draws from Hobhouse an uncharacteristically lengthy piece of theatre criticism. The opera is Rossini’s

... *Corradini*, which we found to be our old friend *Matilde di Shabran* [*that is, an opera premiered the previous year, renamed*] – bad company – a ballet, *The Return of the Czar Peter, or Conspiracy of the Streltzi* – the ballet had but little dancing, but a deal of finery – soldiers marching, &c. The object of the ballet-master seems to be to make a showy pantomime – as far as the dance it comes in only by the way, and the performers are but poorly qualified except as grotesquers, which is a favourite style, and one that the Italians certainly excel in, more than in the elegant movements of the French school. A woman, she

313: Translation in part from Iris Origo, *The Last Attachment*, 324.

1822

whom we saw at Milan, has made herself famous by acting in these dumb dramas – medals have been struck of her. I do not know that she dances. They have turned Alfieri's *Filippo* into a ballet, or as they call it a *gran ballo*.

Madame Lenzoni ...

... owned the opera and ballet to be bad – the former the worse, but applauded the Tuscan government. The President of the Buon Governo came into her box – I was introduced to him, and was told when he went away that he was an excellent man – as good as the Austrian delegation would let him be [*in August 1821 he had accepted censor's the advice to apply the word "damnatur" to Marino Faliero*]. Ferdinand III prevented the sovereigns from congressing at Florence [*they'd congressed at Verona instead*], to the delight of the well-thinking and the regret of the lacqueys de place and innkeepers. Madame Lenzoni told me that "veramente" everything was going well here. The people were happy, the taxes light, and the people not heavy or suspicious. I found more jealousy as to the passports of foreigners than in 1816. This since 1821, and the affair of Naples.

At the same time I must mention that Bartolini the sculptor [*he had done busts of B. and Teresa earlier in the year, which H. seems not to know*], told me that things were not so well. He talked of the anxiety to prevent French institutions, "And yet," said he, "they have placed a Frenchwoman over the establishment for the instruction of females in the fine arts". Even so, he confessed that the evil was not to be attributed to the Sovereign or his immediate ministers – the Austrian legation was the source of the malady.

Hobhouse notices friars and nuns about the streets, and is told that several have sprung up, but with reduced revenues.

Monday September 23rd 1822: Walked with my sisters to the great Gallery. [We] saw the wonders of the Tribuna and some other portions of the collection, but [were] obliged to come away on account of Amelia being taken ill. Walked to the booksellers, Molini's on the Lung'Arno, to get my *Illustrations* – found them in his English catalogue, but heard he had no copy left. Saw there a book in three volumes octavo called *Rome in the Nineteenth Century*.³¹⁴ It was closely printed, and looked heavy. I turned over the preface – found Matthews' *Invalid Journey*. I see no merit in it except as a mere lounging book. [pencilled: He is dead – 1828.]

Walked out with Matilda – went into the church of San Lorenzo and saw the tombs of the Old Sacristy, and stood upon the stone which covers the father of his country, and sat down to wonder at the noble statues in the

314: *Rome, in the Nineteenth Century* by Charlotte Anne Eaton (1820).

new Sacristy or Capella de' depositi. These I admired more than when I saw them in 1816. The Duke of Urbino looks like a melancholy ghost just pondering over his own sepulchre. A shade falls under his half-raised visor, which gives this pensive, death-like air to his <[]>/marble face. I was dunce enough not to appreciate this masterpiece of Michaelangelo's before [pencilled: and am dunce enough now 1828.] The unfinished face of the allegorical man in the tomb of the Duke of Nemours looks like a giant looking through a cloud – the rough work half-shrouds the rude but expressive countenance, which seems to have been struck out at a few strokes of the immortal chisel.

We walked home by the great Medician Riccardi palace, now the property of the government, and converted into public offices. [We] looked into the Duomo, and into the Baptistery, whose dome arises unsupported by pillars from the walls. [We] looked at Ghiberti's most beautiful gates – the landscape is as fresh as when he poured his copper into the moulds.

[We] dined. Went in the evening to a minor theatre where we heard *The Barber of Seville*, and saw a ballet representing an English admiral and sailors in red jackets and helmets. We paid two pauls and two gross for our places and eight pauls for our box. The odours rising from the pit were intolerable. Everything showed and smelled of the lower classes, but the singing was not bad, nor was the ballet much worse as to actors than that of the [].³¹⁵ The grotesques were good jumpers – the women showed the whole of their flesh-coloured legs and bodies repeatedly, amidst great applause.

Rossini seems to be the god of music here. One night three of his pieces were acted at three separate theatres, and the pantomimes were performed to refrains of the same composer. There are five theatres open now at Florence, comprising the Arena Goldoni, which is shut by rain.³¹⁶ We doubled home in the rain, which, except for these two or three days, they have not had here for many months.

Tuesday September 24th 1822: Received visits from Signor Giuliani, *maestro di casa* to Countess Baturtin,³¹⁷ a Russian; from Mr West, a young American artist who has been three years at Florence; and from Mr Taafe, an

315: Illegible word crushed into corner of Ms.

316: H. does not name the other four theatres.

317: Giuliani, "Intendant of the Russian Count Battailin" (BLJ X, 103; letter of February 20, 1823. IX, 215n has "Tattailin": both may be misreadings for "Baturtin"), was amazed at B.'s austere lifestyle (Origo, 334/367 and *Vie*, 487 and 515). His Christian name was probably Giambattista. He provided B. with information on the Congress of Verona which B. used in *AoB*.

1822

Irishman who has written a comment[ary] on Dante. The Signor is a Roman who lived thirty-five years in Russia. He laughed at our fears of the mal-aria in Rome, and begged us to go and see the humours of the Testaccio and the new arm of the Vatican gallery.

Mr West talked to me of his government, which he said was neither felt nor seen – as someone once told Bonaparte of it.³¹⁸

Mr Taafe talked impertinence of Lord Byron and himself.

We all went to the gallery again, and saw another portion of it, the Niobe and the bronzes and the gems. It is difficult to find the objects, for they are repairing the apartments and changes have been made and are making [sic: for “are being made”] in the placing of the paintings and sculptures. We saw some of the cabinets pushed along and elbowed by a crowd, chiefly of our country folk, whom the *custode* let in and out like tame beasts into coops for food, allowing only a certain time to each compartment. But it is wonderful how civil the attendants are, considering they are civil for nothing. The Venus [was] more admirable than ever – how could Algarotti have raised the Titian Venus to a rivalry with the marble goddess?

I went yesterday to see Bartolini’s studio, and bust of Lord Byron. The latter I thought much better than Morghen’s engraving has made it. I told him so, and Bartolini said Morghen had no genius, and had never done anything well that required genius. He had done the Last Supper well, but he would make nothing of the Madonna della Seggiola, which would have brought him 100,000 crowns had he succeeded.

I saw some good busts of Bartolini’s – he has been brought into vogue by the English. He worked a long time at the Pisani’s alabaster shop before he set up for himself. I liked his women best: Lady Charlotte Harley [and] Lady Jane Harley [are] very like. Madame Guiccioli’s bust is very well done.³¹⁹ I saw no attempt at any great work. He is a plain, jolly-mannered, middle-aged man.

After the gallery we went to the church of San Lorenzo – they would not let us in to the Riccardi Palace. [We] saw the Medici chapel, where Ferdinand has set some men to work upon this never-to-be-finished baroque place. [We] looked again at Michaelangelo’s statues, and at the porphyry tomb which contains the four Medici. Lorenzo surely deserved a grave to himself, but here he lies mingled with his father, his uncle, and his brother

318: H. makes no reference to the fact that West had painted B. and Teresa earlier in 1822.

319: See *Vie*, 385-90 for Teresa’s account of the Bartolini busts.

1822

Julian. He was taken “humili ex loco” in which he was originally deposited, and given a place in his own porphyry sarcophagus.

—
—

After dinner we drove to the Cascine, and went to what a Madame Regny had told us by letter was a concert of <amateurs> professors. Madame Regny’s daughter and son Eugene went with us, and we were ushered up a magnificent staircase into a close, crowded room, of which the chief company seemed to belong to a boarding school. We soon found that the “professors” were a music master and his clever children who played and sang alternately. Signor Mossini played, [and] his daughter Elena sang, and in a very theatrical and powerful style: the whole very like a provincial second-rate party in England, except that not even a glass of water was handed round. The party, however, the hostess especially, were extremely kind and civil to my sisters, all strangers as they were. There was a little waltzing just before we came away. I think I saw more nature and less affectation than I should have witnessed in England.

Wednesday September 25th 1822: Drove to the Pitti Palace and saw the superb collection of pictures and the Venus. Benvenuti and Sabatelli are employed in a room which is to receive some additional pictures – we did not see their labours.

Walked about the delightful Boboli Gardens and looked at [the] olive-covered Val’d’[] from the terrace above. I thought of the plain of Athens, but that has no such city, nor is sprinkled with innumerable villas. The fountain, with the Neptune of Gian Bologna rising above an orange garden in the midst of the waters, becomes the [lovely??] climate, and adorns the surrounding scenery.

From Boboli we drove to Poggio Imperiale, up its long avenue of ilexes. His Imperial and Royal Majesty, the Archduke, Grand Duke of Tuscany, being there, we could not go in. He is fitting up the entrance. The villa commands a glorious prospect. Drove home. I walked to the church of St Mark – saw Politian and Picus of Mirandola’s epitaphs – the latter hidden under a bit of tablet under the prince’s. Walked to the Annunciation and looked at the Del Sarto again.

After dinner at four, went in carriage, part of the way, to Fiesole, but the sun was set before we could get on the hill. We saw, however, the Arno winding through the dusky vale, and the city and its villas, which faded away as the moon rose in a sky of dark blue, shrouded with masses of clouds, just as they are seen in the pictures of Salvator. The blue of the night is peculiar to this climate.

1822

Home – **write journal!!!**

Thursday September 26th 1822: Went to the *Accademia delle belle arti* in [a] carriage. Interesting for the series of paintings, from the Greek style down to the masters of the *seicento*. The collection [was] got together from the suppressed convents by the French, [and] the academy itself [was] instituted by Leopold. The local[e] is very good. The collection of designs and pictures *premiati* is very favourable to the progress made since the first institution of the Academy. We saw two or three very large pictures preparing for the annual exposition, which takes place in October, and these specimens were far superior to anything we saw at Milan. Benvenuti is Director-General of the whole Academy.

[We] called upon Mr West, the American,³²⁰ and saw his portrait of Lord Byron. It is excellent – certainly the best that has ever been taken of him. He told me that Subitelli's frescoes were good, but that he could not paint in oil. Benvenuti he seemed to praise, but added that he and the whole Italian school were too great anatomists now.

We saw, in the same building as the academy, the manufacture of “mosaic *in pietra dure*”, if it may be so called (the Italians give another name to it). It is very beautiful, but the effect produced is not equal, either to the pains or expense employed in the manufacture. A small table costs eight thousand zecchins, and a vase in the ornament of it will cost two years' labour. There is no colour added to the stones, nothing but the natural lights and shades employed to compose the picture. When completed, the work, to be sure, will last to eternity, for it bites the file. The patterns are of extreme elegance. The whole manufacture belongs to the sovereign; but the workers, at leisure hours at home, do something on their own account, and a little repository for the sale of their goods has been established near the church of San Lorenzo.

We went this day, before dinner, to Fiesole, and ascended to the convent. The monks would not let my sisters pass beyond a certain door. We had a storm, which, however, passed away, and left us a glorious setting sun. We looked into the old cathedral of St. Romuold, called, by a little beggar's brat, “San Romolo”. The only remains of the ancient grandeur of Fiesole is a college which educates about fifty students for the ecclesiastical state, and a bishop who lives chiefly at Florence. From the days of Catiline downwards, Fiesole seems to have been unlucky both in its defenders and antagonists, but it fought on till the beginning of the twelfth century, until overcome by the *ingrato popolo maligno* of Florence. The amphitheatre has left a few of

320: H. dates this visit to West incorrectly – see next day.

its stone seats, and a portion of the circuit, to show its site. St. Romuold has succeeded to Jupiter.

After dinner we went to the Coconero Theatre, where we met Mr J. Fuller. The opera was *Aurelian in Palmyra*, by Rossini.³²¹ Aurelian [was sung] by Sinclair, our English singer, who has a good voice but no action,³²² otherwise he would be, say they, one of the best tenors in Italy. [We] went to the Lenzoni's box, and heard news of a revolution in Prussia – [this] wants confirmation. She [Lenzoni] talked of Lady Morgan's *Italy*, and said she put down all she heard, everywhere – she was angry at what she said about Buonarrotti neglecting the house of his ancestor.

Friday September 27th 1822: Went sightseeing in carriage. Went to the Lamentations Library, and saw the Mss. – Cos[i]mo III – tour, &c. Shook Galileo by the finger – the Terence by Boccaccio, &c., a very interesting sight altogether. The stairs of the vestibule [are] by Vasari, the vestibule itself by Michaelangelo. Saw the Virgil of Asterius, and saw “Vergilius” put for “Virgilius”, which shows how similarly the two vowels were sounded in the fifth century. The Virgil and Pandects under a glass – [pencilled: *beanæ remorosæ*[??] in Vatican]. Went to the Santa Maria Novella, and saw that scene of Boccaccio's first meeting of the young dames of the Decameron, whence they retired to the Villa Tre Visi over the Mugnone.

Went to Mr West's, the American's, not yesterday as I had put by mistake. Went and saw the horrors of the *gabinetto fisico*, where the chamber containing the *αιδορα* is now shut, but where the history of the foetus still remains exposed, as well as entire carcasses wallowing in their bowels. The collection of stones is very fine and full. Lumbo's plague seems as fine as anything afterwards accomplished in wax.

Walked afterwards to Molini's, and to Mr Viesseux's *Gabinetto Letterino* – saw his reading rooms, where [are] journals and newspapers of all nations: *Times*, *Courier*, &c., are on the table, as well as all scientific periodical works. A small circulating library of travel books, chiefly. The price for a single sitting [is] rather dear: two pauls. I spoke to Mr Viesseux. He told me he had had great difficulty in establishing his *Antologia*, a sort of monthly review on a plane which should be less antiquarian and philosophical, and more moral and œconomical than the other Italian reviews, such as the *Biblioteca Italiana* of Milan and the ³²³ at Rome. He told me that the *Censure* here was not very very strict, but still

321: *Aureliano in Palmira*, premiered at La Scala, 26th December 1813.

322: John Sinclair (1791-1857), in fact a Scots tenor.

323: H. leaves a gap.

1822

prevented truth from being told. He thought it a great thing to be able to translate and []ist the introduction to Sismondi's *Italian Republics*. He had given a review of Lord Byron from the *Edinburgh Review* with Leoni, the translator's, name. He told me that he would not review Lady Morgan, because after mentioning her thousand thunders, the *censure* would not have permitted him to praise the truths she tells respecting the gov[ernm]ents of Italy. He told me that there was no tolerable account of the Italian literature of the day. Uggoni had published two volumes of the literature of [the] last half of last century, and was going on, but is now in prison in Milan. The præmiums of the *Biblioteca Italiana* contained something like a review / account of new books. He said Lady Morgan's French translation had been sold perhaps 150 copies in Florence, though never exposed in the shops – the Great Duke had one in his library. Rossiglioni, like a dunce, was abusing the book to the Grand Duke, and telling him that he was abused personally in it. The Grand Duke laughed, and said, "I believe you do not come too much better off!"

He told me that the maxim here was that any foreign book might be brought into the state, but no book published at Florence without a *censure*. Sometimes "Italy" is put on the title-page, and the thing winked at. Leoni has translated [the] IVth Canto of *Childe Harold* – but dared not add the notes.

With all this, Viesseux said, the sovereign was *buonissimo*, and Tuscany the promised land of Italy. [He has] only 350 subscribers to his *Antologia*.

Dined after walking with my sisters to the Baptistery and to St Mark's church. In [the] evening, walked to the Villa Palmieri and drank tea with the Countess Baturtin and her *distiata famiglia*, the daughters of which talked English and drank tea at the tea-table and skulked away from us (all but one) just as if they were English altogether. There was a Mr Horne, an English tutor I believe, there. The Baturtin is related to the Countess of Pembroke – she has been five years here. A Count Davidoff came into the room. They say he has £300 a day, so our Giuliani, *maestro di casa* to the Countess, said ... These Russians were extremely civil – we were introduced only by Giuliani.

Saturday September 28th 1822: Went to the Gallery and remained three hours there – saw John Kemble and a crowd of English. A Mr Franklin, a half-pay officer, introduced himself and a grievance to my notice. Received letters from Isaac and home. Sent a letter to Kate. **Wrote journal.**

Dined, and went to Madame Lenzoni's, where there was a small party. A professor there told me that the *Antologia* was certainly better than the *Biblioteca Italiana*, especially since Perticari and Monti have ceased to write

in it. He said that the *Biblioteca* was all on one side of politics, but that the *Antologia* was written in a liberal spirit.

[I] heard from him and others stories of the Tuscan government. The Hereditary Prince is brought up like a private person – except indeed that he [is] sometimes put into a sort of paternal arrest, for peccadilloes which made his wife, the princess of luxury, sister of the Grand Duke's present wife, complain that she had married a schoolboy. As for the Grand Duke himself, he lives in great simplicity, walks about the Cascine like a private gentleman, and when saluted, returns the compliment with the greatest affability.

We were introduced to a young poetess, thirteen years of age next September, and had her poem on the burning of the Ottoman squadron by the Greeks put into my hands. She was told to recite poetry to Matilda. Of Madame Lenzoni's own children, one is a poet, but efforts are made to check his genius. Another has so much taste for painting that he is to be sent to study at Rome. I asked Madame Lenzoni if she intended to make him a painter – not for his bread, she told me, but she wished him to do well what he did at all (at least, I made her out to speak in this sense).

Madame Lenzoni told me she was the last of the Medici descended from Lorenzino, who killed Alexander de Medici. Her sister died and left eight children. One of the daughters we saw – a plain, good-natured girl, and her affiancé, twice as old as herself. She told me she liked the English custom of girls travelling about before they married, better than the Italian, of marrying very young. She had no conceptions but that every young lady in England, generally speaking, might marry if she would.

Sunday September 29th 1822: Stayed at home reading Lady Morgan's notice on Florence – certainly some genius, but as certainly [in] the worst possible taste and a great deal of blundering.

Walked to the Santa Croce, and looked at all the pictures. Then to the Lungo l'Arno.

John Fuller dined with us. He gave us an entertaining account of his tour into the East. [He] told us of Lady Hester Stanhope's extravagances, which have ended by her believing in the prophecies of a Frenchman, le père Luzternow. This fellow was a resident at some Nabob's court, and made a large fortune, which he lost at the Revolution. Some years ago he set out as a pilgrim to India to recover a claim. He stopped near Mount Litanus, where Lady Hester saw him issue like a second St John from a wilderness, clothed in ³²⁴ and eating locusts and wild honey. She was struck with the man,

324: Ms. gap.

1822

and he found it convenient to gain Lady Hester. He soon sent for his son, who had served in Napoleon's Imperial Guard, and in the meantime prophesied that the Empire of the East was to be re-established at Jerusalem under the immediate auspices of Lady Hester. This she believed, and believes still.

Young Luzternow came out, and lived in Lady Hester's house, having certain *demelés* with her, which have led to curious scenes. At one time he set off on horseback in the middle of the night, and decamped to another residence of Lady H.'s. Lady H. followed him in the middle of the night, on her ass, accompanied only by her *suivante*, Miss Williams. Lady H. is a great tyrant. She sent down one of her females to the great Aga to have her eyebrows shaved off. Her men, and, they say, Dr Mason [CHECK] her physician, she sends to be bastinadoed. A French girl that lived with her she shut up for six months, and the poor girl made her escape with the utmost difficulty – Fuller saw her. The Turks formerly respected her much, and the neighbouring Sheikhs also. The Pasha built a kiosk for her – she was called "Daughter of the Sultan" – she has now lost her influence, and is called only "Daughter of the Vizier". She is mad.

Fuller told us of an old man of seventy, one Parson Sloman, who came into the East to travel. He asked William Bankes for advice. Bankes, sick and in bed, advised him at his age to travel home again. The parson was enraged, and swore he would travel over every bit of ground Bankes had trod – and he did do, as much as he could, chiefly on foot, with his baggage and coffee pot dangling between his legs. At one time he barricaded himself in a convent against the monks and a party of soldiers, and fought for some time.

Fuller told me that Belzoni had behaved ill to Salt, and was a charlatan. Fuller was robbed of all his money and clothes. The Pasha of Egypt, Mahomet Ali, made him give a list of all he had lost, and sent him the value in hard piastres.

Fuller told us of the exploits of Lorenzo Ré, a Jew at Rome, who set on foot a scheme for dragging the Tiber³²⁵ by subscription. They fished up a piece of marble by the Ripetta, which they were going to keep as an antique. Gonsalvi³²⁶ sent for it as belonging to the reparations of the Ripetta, which it did. The Jew wrote to Metternich, because the Emperor of Austria was a subscriber. Metternich wrote to Gonsalvi, and Gonsalvi banished the Jew. Lorenzo Ré flung himself into the Tiber, and the fishing has ceased.

325: "Tyber" (Ms., *passim.*), as in *Illus.*

326: Cardinal Consalvi (or Gonsalvi) lover of the Duchess of Devonshire.

Fuller told me an instance of the insolence of our diplomatists at Naples, who, even the Consul, look down on the merchants as beneath them. Sir H. Lushington asked the merchants to dine with him at six – at eight he left them, saying that he was sorry [but] Lady Lushington had a party upstairs, and so turned them out *sans cérémonie*. I mentioned that it was impossible to get a true account of the late Neapolitan revolution – all differed, except that all agreed if there had been one man bold enough to propose stopping the King's journey, the thing would have been done. He told me that the Austrian troops there are repeatedly changed, for fear of their being infected with Carbonari principles.

Also that the minister Canossa was so much of the Ultra that Figulemont, the Austrian, remonstrated with the King, and even went to Vienna on purpose. The consequence was that Canossa was turned out, and Medici recalled. Medici was minister when the rebellion broke out. He was a good finance minister, so that the revolutionists found the state coffers full, and left them empty. Medici is a liberal when compared to Canossa. The taxes began to fail under this last, and this frightened the Austrians, lest their troops should not be paid.

I heard yesterday that Canning had accepted the seals!!! – and intended, I suppose, to play the part of the patriotic placeman. “God forbid”, said he at the Liverpool dinner, “that he should be actuated by any motive so contemptible as a view to his private interests”. The borough-mongers have thought him the best man to undertake for them, though during Londonderry's life they despised him, as I know from themselves.

Monday September 30th 1822: Wrote journal. Rainy weather – thunder and lightning. Went to the Gallery and saw the Brutus of Michaelangelo and that of Sansovino. Of the two I prefer the latter. Donatello's St John inferior to both. Met and spoke to John Kemble. My sisters stayed in all the day. In the evening sat at home, and **wrote journal** or read.

Tuesday October 1st 1822: Went to [the] Pitti Palace to see the library, but Signor Tassi told me I could not see it as Prince Oscar of Sweden³²⁷ was coming there that day.

Went in carriage with my sisters to see Laura's portrait in the Laurentian Library, but, it being holiday time, we could not see it. There is a rivalry between this picture and that of Signor Bondelli at Siena, which is the

327: Joseph François Oscar Bernadotte (b.1799), King of Sweden and Norway, 1844-59. Son of Bernadotte, the French general who became Swedish king.

1822

original by Memmi – disputations have been written thereon. My friend Buonarotti told me that he inclined to the Siena portrait.

Went to the Giordani Palace to see the Luca Giordano Soffitto, but there also found that the *custode* was enjoying himself in the country – October is the season of Florentine *villegiatura*. They go into the country also in May.

We went to the Palazzo Vecchio, and saw all the curiosities of that very interesting structure. [We] saw the apartments of Cosimo I, and the pictures of some of the Medici family – those of Francesco of Bianchi Capelli, or Capella Bianche, and the cardinal who poisoned her, are oddly enough placed close to each other.

[We] went to the Great Gallery, paid a short visit to the Tribuna, and drove in a storm of thunder and lightning to the Casa Buonarotti, which has been refitted, and lately inhabited, by the family of my friend the Cavalier Cosimo Buonarotti, now a judge at Siena.³²⁸ This house is indescribably interesting, though small and modest in every sense of the word. The relief of the Battle of the Lapithæ and Centaurs, performed, at the age of sixteen years, by the great man himself, is much admired by Thorwaldsen, as containing the elements of his wonderful genius. One of the rooms contains a series of pictures, representing the principal events of Michaelangelo's important life – in other rooms are sketches by his own hand, a Cleopatra with a negro lip amongst them. Here also we were shown those Mss. and sketches which I was shown by Buonarotti in 1816, and also the famous bronze portrait of him by John of Bologna. Some of his poetry has a margin, with sketches drawn at rhyming intervals. Some of the paper shows only scratches of the pen – preserved, however, with the same religious reverence.

A cupboard contains two linary[??] vases with figures in the Etruscan style, part of the collection of the antiquary Buonarotti. Madame Lenzoni, who had accompanied us to the Casa Buonarotti, took us to her own house, with rooms furnished in good taste – her walls in frescoes by ³²⁹, one room dedicated to Boccaccio, and showing the house at Certaldo, now bought by the Lenzoni, where he was born. A little temple room contains a pretty Psyche by Tinerani, a young artist now at Rome, who has worked in Thorwaldsen's studio, [pencilled: “and is said to have designed some of Thorwaldsen's best works”.] Madame Lenzoni showed me, with honest pride, how well her doors and locks were made by Florentine artists: but she was obliged to send to England for her bed.

328: H. spells this word “Sienna” *passim*.

329: Ms. gap.

After taking leave of this excellent lady, we went to Ricci's studio and saw a colossal statue of the Grand Duke, intended for Arezzo. Also a model of Mascagni's monument at Siena [pencilled: "which I saw at Siena in 1828"]. Ricci divides the palm with Bartolini – I like him better.

After dinner we composed notes of excuse to our friends, who wished us to go to a great ball, to be given in honour of Prince Oscar by Prince Borghese – and prepared for [our] journey to Rome.

Wednesday October 2nd 1822: Up at six. Set off for Siena at half-past nine. Arrived at Siena at four. To Siena, five posts – they made us take six horses at two of the posts, and going out of Siena we had to pay six pauls a horse instead of five. At Siena we entered by the gate, where is still the inscription placed over it when Cosimo³³⁰ I entered, after his conquest of the town: "Cor magis tibi Sena pandit". Cosimo seems to have understood the compliment, for he inscribed on his citadel immediately afterwards that he had built it for the quiet and the security of the Siennes, &c.

We put up at the Armi dell'Inghilterra, and were decently treated. The town looked very mediocre after Florence, but it stands on a beautiful site. I sent a note to Buonarrotti – he came after dinner and sat with us all the evening.

Thursday October 3rd 1822: Went out walking with Amelia, having the lacquey of the house for guide. Saw the Duomo, which is striking in its first effect but does not afford so much satisfaction in the details. We saw it again during the day – the inlaid stonework (mosaic it can not be called), of artists beginning from Duccio³³¹ and ending with Beccafumi³³² (called Meccarini), which adorns the flooring of great part of the church, is curious as a historical record of the state of the arts – but why in a church? The ten sibyls, too, though their forged prophecies give them entrance amongst Christian³³³ antiquities, how came they all at Siena? Meccarini's work is vastly superior to the rest. The effect of the Abraham, which is in the portion under wood flooring, and that of a long group, a capriccio, close under the benches of the choir, is equal to that of most pictures. That an outline should produce so much effect is surprising.

The series of popes in the frieze within the church look like saracens' heads. The Chigi chapel has the St Jerome and the Magdalene of Bernini.

330: H. spells this word "Cosmo" *passim*.

331: Duccio di Buoninsegna, the first great painter of Siena (c.1255-1319).

332: Mannerist painter, c.1486-1551.

333: "Xtian" (Ms.)

1822

The latter [we] most admired – except the legs, which even the Heaven’s Swiss of the church observed were clumsy.

The library is not visited for the books. The pictures of Pinturricchio,³³⁴ of which all are said to have been designed, one to have been completed, and several retouched, by Raphael, are strange productions. It appeared to us that Raphael’s figure had been repeated in almost every picture. The life of Piccolomini (Pius II),³³⁵ [is] the subject of the picture.

There we saw the famous group called “The Three Graces”, discovered, together with the altar bases now in the cathedral, in digging at the foundations of the church. The porter shut the curtains and showed the goddesses by taper-light: much esteemed.

The Pisani’s pulpit is loaded with relief – something to look at during a dull sermon.

There³³⁶ is a little monumental tablet of Michaelangelo’s in this cathedral, near the entrance to the library. The whole of this large pile, which is not half as large as was intended, is []³³⁷ with marble within and without. It stands, as it were, over another church, whose flooring is seen through a hole at the steps of the high altar. Mr Forsyth’s criticisms seem to me correct.³³⁸

From the Duomo we went to the Piazza del Campo, a most singular public *place* indeed. At the first sight, and more singular still, is the site of the horse-races of August. The horses run round this uneven, hollowed circuit ten at a time (for only ten³³⁹ out of the seventeen *contrade* enter their racers). The people are proud of them, and I saw an inscription under the old portico of the Casino de’nobili in which they were dignified with the name of *Ludi Circenses*. The Great Duke attends these races, which he beholds from the balcony of the back window of the Casino de’nobili.

We saw the Palazzo Publico – the hall of the old republican council – the Sala de’Consistori. The earthquake of 1799 did not crack *all* the frescoes of Meccarino in the Sala, as Forsyth says³⁴⁰ – only the corner compartments.

The custode showed us the usual sights: the old Greek pictures – one or two of Guido da Sienna,³⁴¹ and some of Sodoma,³⁴² the glory of Siena. This

334: Bernardo di Betto, called Pinturricchio (c.1454-1513).

335: The versatile and colourful Pope Pius II (b.1405, ele.1458, d.1464).

336: “Here” (Ms.)

337: Could be “grouted”.

338: “A barbarous taste for the emblematic pervades this cathedral” (Forsyth / Crook p.60).

339: Pencilled: “& 12”.

340: Forsyth / Crook pp.59-60.

341: Guido da Siena, Siennese painter (fl.late C13).

archangel is a very spirited figure. We did not ascend the very high tower of the Palazzo. Buonarotti told me it was made so high in order to allow for its clock being heard on all the peaks on which the city stands. Perhaps a very high tower was a sign of grandeur. Even after towers were fortresses, the citizens of this Roman colony were allowed a great mark of favour by the commune to build these unsightly structures. They were also allowed to project their houses from the general line of the street when highly meritorious. Buonarotti showed me one of these prominent habitations in the Piazza del Campo. I observed, walking through the streets, that the ground storey of a principal palace here – the Luccherini (now I think called the Sarrasina, or some such name), was divided into mechanics' stalls – a piece of poor ceremony, even if our lacquey was exaggerating when he told me the head of that family would give each of his two sons one hundred poderi, or farms. The lacquey told me there were one hundred (about) noble families out of 18,000 inhabitants in Siena, and that the richest were Luccherini, Chigi, Bianchi, Venturi, Pieri, and Piccolomini. The Sansedini are, I believe, another family of great consideration.³⁴³ The auth[or]less of *Rome in the Nineteenth Century* takes great liberties with the characters of the Siennese. My friend Buonarotti tells me, however, that they are very polite and hospitable, and the women very well-informed. The men, to be sure, brought up in their Collegi di Tolomei, with monks for tutors, are not over or above intelligent. The conductors of this college complained to Count Lambertenghi Poro that his son had imbibed liberal principles. Poro replied that he should be very sorry if his son had imbibed any other principles. Some of the Siennese themselves are beginning to perceive the advantage of a good education – the Bianchi family have set the example, and as they govern the town, and are benefactors of it, may produce a useful effect.

At the same time, superstition seems as rooted as ever – when we visited the Dominican church, even our lacquey insisted on the personal intercourse between St Catherine and Jesus Christ, and would not adopt my suggestion that the Saint might have dreamed. The adventures of St Catherine are of the most ridiculous and daring description, considering that this Spouse of Our Saviour lived in the time of Pius II.

In the Dominican church we saw the famous Madonna of Guido da Siena (1221), which Forsyth did not find in this church³⁴⁴ – whether the French or the earthquake dislodged it, I know not. The church contains one or two good Sodomas. It has recovered from the shock of 1797. From one of

342: “Sodoma” (Giovanni Antonio Bazzi), Siennese painter, 1477-1549.

343: H., the radical Whig, speaks.

344: Forsyth / Crook p.61.

1822

the windows we saw, in a dell below, y^e Fonte Branda of Dante³⁴⁵ – a fountain in an oblong tank.

From the Dominican church we went to the Lizza, or summer promenade, adorned by white statues, the gift of the Governor Bianchi. Above the Lizza is a promenade on the old fortifications of the citadel, under a wall of which Pallone is played. The ball is a bladder; the player's hand is armed with a sort of spiked gauntlet.

We returned home. Buonarotti joined us, and Matilda and all of us went out walking again, to the Duomo, to the Piazza del Campo, and to the Lizza. Then we dined, and Buonarotti with us. He was very instructive, though I forget what he mentioned.

Corn has been sinking in Tuscany for three or four years, from 45 to 15 lire the sack. Buonarotti attributed the cause to great crops, and great imports from Odessa. Oil and wine have suffered a depression, but not in an equal ratio. Strangers have kept up servants' wages. Education is improving. Madame Lenzoni's liberal mode of bringing up her family has been imitated by the Corsini, and another great family at Florence.

I observe my friend Buonarotti talks more against the priests than he did – he says every effort is made to restore the ancient order of things in the principal parts of Italy, but nothing will prevent the restoration of liberty one day or other. There are two Lancastrian schools at Florence, [and] one at Siena. A year or two ago a Franciscan preached, at the cathedral at Florence, sermons which brought crowds: he was eloquent, and his subjects were calculated to stimulate the people of Italy to recover their independence. He managed to bring this into his sermons adroitly enough – for example, he was to preach against prohibited books – he said, “Why do you read Voltaire, or Hume? You have Machiavelli! You want no foreign aid, no foreign authors! Look at your ancestors! To be sure, Machiavelli is prohibited, but then he is of your own country!”

Buonarotti told me the early Medici, Pater Patria and the Magnificent, were going out of vogue. Niccolini has made their merits the subjects of a discourse, I believe. Buonarotti promised to help me in some enquiries on the state of Italian literature. He complained of the great injustice of most travellers to the Italian nation. We had a friendly party. He lent me the copy, which I gave him, of my *Illustrations*.

Friday October 4th 1822: Left Siena at half-past seven for Radicofani – six posts. Did not arrive at the inn on this Appenine till near nine in the evening, having been detained on the road for want of horses, which were ordered for

345: See Dante, Inf. XXX, 64-78.

Prince Oscar of Sweden. Matilda and I, though, had a long walk through four or five miles of this wild, burnt country – the middle of the day was sultry, the evening, with the wind whistling on the Appenines, rather cold. It was moonlight as we wound slowly round the ruins of the fort of Radicofani – we were not sorry to arrive at our inn, but could scarcely get any accommodation. It was nearly full, and Prince Oscar's suite were expected. At last we did get a decent supper, and not bad beds.

Saturday October 5th 1822: Up at three. Off a little after four, and by moonlight descended the mountain – clear above – mists below, which, however, yielded to the hot sun by the time we reached Acqua Pendente. We went five posts and three-quarters to Viterbo, by Lorenzo Nuova and Bolsena. The woods have been much cleared near the road since I passed in 1817.³⁴⁶ We got three or four flasks of Monteflascone Muscat wine at that place.

Arrived at Viterbo at a quarter past two. Before dinner, strolled about this dirty, bustling town, and saw the church of Santa Rosa, and the black carcase of that saint, before which candles were burning, for some lately sick and now dead devotees. An old nun at the grate told me she had been fifty-three years in the convent; she gave me a twist from the cord round the saint's wrist, not as a purchase, but, I being a stranger, [as] a present. A man and woman were purchasing amulets there, and the man – a gentleman's footman – showed me a cushion in his pocket-book, which a cardinal had given him from this shrine. It had supported the withered hand of the saint, so the cardinal told him. He kissed it, and replaced it. The saint died at seventeen, or eighteen. On the wall of a house I saw an inscription: "Here was born, here lived, and here died, Santa Rosa, the Virgin".

Our dinner was bad. We walked out afterwards – very sultry – smell of wine fermenting – [a] number of mendicant and other friars – noisy market – fish selling by torchlight – Major Sandford.

Sunday October 6th 1822: Up at four. Off a little after five, for *Rome*³⁴⁷ – six posts and a quarter. Went by the road which I had travelled in 1817. Observed that, before getting to Monterosi, more of the woods had been cut down than when I passed before, perhaps to make the high road more safe for travellers. [I] admired as never before the beauty of the small lake and woody hill of the Ciminus of Virgil. Walked up, as before, the heights above

346: H.'s diary for his trip to Rome in 1817 is missing.

347: Underlined twice.

1822

Baccano, and, at first seeing St Peter's at four minutes to eleven a.m., looked at my watch and picked up a little stone as a record.

As far as I could compare them, the same impressions were made upon me on the second as on the first approach to the metropolis of Christendom,³⁴⁸ of course bating the charm of entire novelty.³⁴⁹ If I had been quite an idle man I should have felt better pleased – if I had left nothing behind I should [have] thought more of what was before me. Even as it was, I was delighted as *Rome*³⁵⁰ opened for the second time upon me, and showed her many spires and domes stretching from the heights of the Pamphili Gardens and the Marian Hill to the pines of the Pincia Mount. The descent to the Ponte Molle has been made easy since I last passed this way. The Tiber was lower than in 1816, but still a noble stream. The bridge echoed under us as we drove at a rapid pace over it. The surrounding gardens did not look so comparatively green as when I passed from the frosts and snows of the Appenines into these scenes in 1816. Indeed, Matilda had shown to me, ascending the mountains of Radicofani, the may and hawthorn bursting into a second spring. The sun had great power, and blazed above us from eleven o'clock till within an hour and a half of setting.

We entered Rome about two. We were taken to the Dogana, with the columns of the Antonine Temple, after passing by the obelisk of the Piazza del Popolo and the historical Column of Marcus Aurelius, each of which awakened all my former enthusiasm for the city whose site we were treading. A well-dressed elderly gentleman relieved me from any fear of my books being examined, by taking a bribe of eight pauls from me, and we drove back again to the Locanda di Parigi in the Via del Croce. Matthews the Invalid says the inn is dear and bad. It is dear, [but] it is not bad, except a host of fleas in the new-laid carpets may induce us to call it so.

After dinner we walked on the Pincian Mount. I found some of the work which had been going on during my last visit completed, and the never-failing inscription slab upon the wall. Also I found a new obelisk, or rather another obelisk, the only remaining unerecited obelisk of old Rome, raised in the walks of the Pincian. Here also [was] an inscription, and a bas relief of an enormous urn and keys. [We] enjoyed the view of Rome from the mount. [We] saw that the stairs of the Trinità dei Monti, or the church above, had

348: "Xendom" (Ms., word severely cramped).

349: If they saw "Gibbets garnished with black withered limbs" or "a monk in a vetturino's chaise", as H. reports in 1817 (*Illus.*, p.45), we hear nothing of them.

350: Underlined twice.

been repaired, and that de Blacas had had the modesty to put up his inscription, as ambassador to the []³⁵¹ Ludovicus XVIII.

We walked down the Via Sistina and up the Via Felice to the Via Quirinales. We had some difficulty making our way along with the procession of carriages returning from the Sunday evening drive. [We] arrived at the Monte Cavallo. I saw a fine fountain, which an inscription told had had been added to complete the work of Pius the Sixth, and Sixtus Quintus. The whole monument now produces a most striking effect. The fountain itself is nothing but a single jet, but it dashes the water over the brim of the great vase, and gives a feeling of the abundance of the element, which cools the very air.

We returned our steps to our inn, took some ices, and went to bed.

Monday October 7th 1822: In the morning went to the Casa Margherita, and engaged the lower suite of rooms for a *mesata*, to begin from Sunday next. Walked thence up the Pinian to the Monte Cavallo – down to the fountain of Trevi – into the Corso. Looked at the Column of Aurelius – thence into the Forum of Trajan – thence to the Campidoglio. Looked into the court of the Conservator’s Palace – ascended the tower of the Capitol, and with Mr Nibby’s³⁵² new map of old Rome, viewed the affecting prospect beneath us.

Came home – dined, &c. – went to bed.

Thursday October 8th 1822: Removed our chattels to the Casa Margherita, and set off ourselves in a carriage and pair, hired for five crowns a day, on a tour to the hills. Having made this tour in 1817, I shall not note it particularly.

We arrived at Albano, fourteen miles, in two hours and a half. Went through the town, and put up at a new inn, the Locanda da Parigi, belonging to the owner of the Paris Hotel at Rome. The man has had luck in life – he was a barber – he has bought this inn, which was a palace and with it a chapel prettily painted in fresco, where he has, he told me, [a] service performed every day at his own expence. It commands a noble view of the Latian shore. We walked to the Barberini Gardens, the site of Domitian[’s], and, they say, Pompey’s villa, blooming with giant violets amidst the copses of dark ilex. One of my sisters observed [that] Albano was the Richmond Hill of Rome. There were seven dinners of Romans today in our inn, the

351: Looks like “exesstatens”.

352: For Antonio Nibby see *Illus.*, p.57n. He published a translation of Pausanias (1817); *Del Foro Romano* (1819); *Del Tempio della Pace* (1819), and so on.

1822

apartments filled up for the King of Naples, expected to stay a night on his way to Congress. The barber told me it had cost a thousand crowns to make the arrangements.

After dinner we went through La Riccia, up the Hill of Gensani, and to the back of the Capuchins' convent garden wall, where we had a charming view of the Lake of Nemi in the depths beneath us. We read the description in the Fourth Canto of *Childe Harold*,³⁵³ and found it very correct as well as poetical. A monk whom I met at the avenue of the convent offered to give me a view from the cloister, but could not let my sisters in – I did not go.

Returned to Albano – the road picketed – no robbers heard of these seven months. Barbone, the chief, who gave himself up, and boasted, so *Rome in the Nineteenth Century* says, of having killed eighteen men with his own hand, is walking about Rome with a pension of fifteen scudis a month. Some others have been taken, others have given themselves up, others are still in the mountains on the Neapolitan frontier.

Wednesday October 9th 1822: The Barber showed me his chapel. [He] told me that the famous Albano vines of Signor Carsevali³⁵⁴ had been bought by a Polish prince, the owner of much land and property in the neighbourhood. I see Miss Whalley, or the author of *Rome in the Nineteenth Century*, whoever she is,³⁵⁵ says the vases have been found out to be gothic. We walked down, accompanied by a *cicerone*, to the substructure of the Appian way, under la Riccia, where I could not find it in 1817. It is in a vineyard, into which we (Matilda and I), forced our way, and I saw this great work, which, however, would have appeared to me greater if I had not heard so much about it. Massy – solid – without cement – the two arches of indestructible strength.

[We] returned to our inn – walked,³⁵⁶ and gathered violets at the Barberini Gardens, where a roundabout has been set up.

Left Albano. Descended from Castel Gandolfo with my sisters, on foot, and saw the emissary of the Alban Lake – and also the Nymphaeum, which is, as far as the form is concerned, very perfect. Nothing can be conceived more delicious than this retreat. It was peculiarly grateful on this boiling day. The shore of the lake shows signs of ancient substructures on the margin of the water. Giant weeds, used in vineyards, grow on the flat under the hill. The Pope's palace at Castel Gandolfo [is] on a well-chosen site.

353: CHP IV sts. 173-4. The party evidently has a copy, but H. rarely refers to it.

354: Could be "Carnevali," but that seems unlikely.

355: In fact, Charlotte Anne Eaton. H. seems resentful.

356: Conjectural reading.

We remounted the hill, and, getting into our carriage, drove to Marino, through chestnut and ilex woods chiefly. Thence turned to the right towards Rocca di Papa. We reached this curiously-placed town with great difficulty in the carriage, going through chestnut woods where the peasants were gathering the fruit – a great deal must be lost. No carriage road – I walked the greater part of the way. The people of Rocca [are] chiefly woodcutters and charcoal-burners. They manufacture their own shoes and stockings – a pair of the latter [costs] three pauls, of the former, seventeen – a whole dress, between seventy and eighty pauls. So a peasant told me, but if shoes and stockings cost twenty, I should think the remainder of the dress would come to more than eighty pauls.

[The] people [are] subject to [the] falling sickness.³⁵⁷

[We] had difficulty in getting [our] asses to mount to the summit of Monte Cavo. A man who said he was a professor, a surgeon from Rome, offered his services. At last, scrambling up this town, we resolved to go on foot to the mountain. Did so – passed the meadows of Hannibal – got into the wood – came to the old Via Triumphale at a turn of the path, and reached the Convent of the Paprionisti. Here we got some wine and ham and bread, and were waited upon by a jolly young monk, who afterwards showed us the few stones, called “remains of the Temple of Jupiter Latialis” – small, but certain. No doubt this was the Alban Mount, which is now as inglorious as Virgil describes it to have been [“glorious”??] in the days of his hero. Instead of the deputies of all the Latin towns, with a Consul of Rome at their head, we encountered only two purblind old women picking their way down the hill from begging of the beggars of the convent above. We had a noble view of the hill, y^c Terracina Headland, and the Circæan Promontory, with its semi-circular part, and the Pontine³⁵⁸ Marshes and the twenty-mile straight Linea Pia crossing them, and the whole expanse of Latium. On the other side we saw the *lacus et volcanus Gabii*, and the great flat of the Campagna, with Rome in the distance. The hills of Tivoli and Præneste showed their many towns and towers.

We did not stay long, but descended to Rosea. We walked through the chestnut forest, then got into our carriage and drove through narrow lanes, over a volcanic soil chiefly, to Grotta Ferrata. [We] had a glimmering sight of the Domenichinos through the grating of the chapel of the church. Grotta Ferrata having lost its claims to the site of the Ciceronea Tusculum, we were not detained by a wish to see the villa of the Cardinal Secretary of State Gonsalvi, but proceeded to Frascati. The town [was] full of Romans in

357: Epilepsy, as with Julius Caesar.

358: “Pomptine” (Ms.)

1822

villegiatura. We got bad bed and board, for which we paid a metropolitan price. Rome has become much dearer than any other Italian capital, so I found.

Thursday October 10th 1822: Walked into church, and saw the tombstone raised on our Pretender – whose bones, however, are at Rome. Went with my sisters through the Belvedere Grounds (belonging to the Borghese, who have three or four villas here), and up through the Russinella Grounds, till our horses could drag us no longer. We then got out and toiled up the Hill of Tusculum, and saw the excavations of Lucien, which, as well as I recollect, have not been increased since 1817. The Russinella (called Villa Tusculana), has been sold by Lucien to Madame de Challais for about £7,800. Nothing but the tile has been found to identify the site with that of Cicero's villa.

Returning from Tusculum, we bailed our horses, and then set out across the country to Tivoli. [We] took a guide to show us as far as the good road. We went up and down along lanes and over bits of rock, under the roots of the Tusculan Hills. We passed under the town of Monte Porcio, supposed the site of Cato's villa, to the left, then had Monte Compittra, a town on [a] woody summit, to our right. Then [we] skirted Colonna, on an eminence, to our left, immediately overlooking the plains of Gabii and Regileum. At last [we] came down upon the Osteria of Colonna, and found, not a road to Tivoli, but a road to Palæstrina, nine miles off. At the Osteria was a gang of nine *sbirri*, who dissuaded us from trying to reach Tivoli, to which there was no carriage road, only a path across the plains, and that very difficult to find. We determined to try, and at last two of the guard agreed to go with us, so, putting on their peaked hats and slinging their guns across their shoulders, they directed us into the fields.

I never saw a wilder country – an open plain, without even a shepherd or a herd of any kind. Here and there, at wide intervals, a solitary cascade, apparently never inhabited. We saw a portion of an old Roman road to Præneste, and a mass or two of ancient ruins, probably belonging to a tomb. We went, sometimes over downs, sometimes over arable land, till we came to a castellated lone house, in a woody ravine called Passerena. We went down this dell for a mile and a half, and came to what our guides called the Strada Mæstra from Rome to Tivoli. There was a solitary post-house at which a traveller on horseback arrived, and seemed to call out the people to look at us. Indeed, we made a curious figure with our two armed footmen, rolling up and down from side to side like a boat, along a half-paved lane path.

The *sbirri* took leave of us here, though I thought the road we went afterwards just as much in want of guides and guards as the one we left. We

went through woody dells for three or four miles, came to a broken bridge over a stream, which seems to correspond with the ancient Albula. Then [we] went along lanes, by the side of a wood of reeds. A body of goat[s], and sheep herds with their dogs collected round them, were all the inhabitants we saw in this country – we saw their great fire burning after we had left them.

We were not sorry to come upon the Plautian Sepulchre at the Ponte Lucano. After this we were obliged to take a little boy to show the road up the hill to Tivoli, where we arrived a little before eight, and put up at the Sybil Inn – a very decent sort of mountain hotel.

Friday October 11th 1822: “Hired a cicerone and asses”³⁵⁹ and made the usual tour of the hills. The great *caduta* was repairing, therefore the falls, through the grotto of Neptune, was little, but the *cascatelle* were “rich”, as the guide said.

The Prince of Sweden breakfasted in the round Temple of Vesta, or of the Sybil, and after our tour we sat there and I took my *siesta*. Nothing can exceed the site of the Temple. The fall of waters³⁶⁰ here is of a peculiar character, as the landscape is richer and greener, or at least of a livelier hue than the scenery through which the cataracts of Switzerland pour down their waters. We went down to the Grotto of Neptune and halfway to the Grotto of the Siren, but were deterred by the damp, dripping stairs by which is the only descent. We sat down, Matilda and I,³⁶¹ on a bank commanding a view of Trughia and the Antonio Convent. The Catullian and Horatian villas of the antiquaries. The cascade and the temple could be seen by our turning a little round. Immediately beneath us was a vineyard, the top of whose trellice work, interlaced with the vines, produced an effect equal to that of the greatest English field. The sky above us was such as our own country could not show. I shall not soon forget our resting-place.

Ascending the rock, our *cicerone* showed us the wheel-mark in the Travertine. It seems to me somewhat apocryphal.

We dined and passed the evening as usual.

Saturday October 12th 1822: [We] left Tivoli at about nine for Rome. By the way we saw the ruins of Hadrian’s villa, assisted by a female *cicerone*, a peasant who served as well as any other antiquary. She, it seems, is the usual guide.

359: See Forsyth / Crook p.137. H. last quoted this phrase on Sep 11, 1816.

360: H. quotes CHP IV st 69, 3.

361: Amelia never gets mentioned.

1822

I do not recollect that these extraordinary remains have been increased³⁶² or cleared since I was there before. Matilda took a note of what we were shown. We stopped afterwards over the blue sulphur stream which runs from the “domus Albunea resonantis”,³⁶³ debating whether we should walk to the lake. It was very hot. The shepherd, tending his flock of black sheep, himself as black, did not offer to show us the way, so we gave up our walk. We had a very hot drive. I found that wherever (almost) there was an old ruin, there was a cross near the road indicating some murder. No wonder then that even good policy has tended to destroy the remains of antiquity.

We entered Rome by the Porta San Lorenzo, and arrived at the Casa Margharita at between two and three in the afternoon. We took possession of our rooms, the lower apartment [of] which we hired at twenty-five louis d’ors a month!!! To our cook we agreed to give a scudo each – ten pauls a head.

Sunday October 13th 1822: We walked to the Capitol, and saw the Capitoline Museum, which opens at one o’clock, and continues open from that hour to the “23”, that is, I believe, an hour before sunset. The alteration here is that a compartment in the conservator’s palace has been fitted up to contain the busts of celebrated Italians transferred thither from the Pantheon.

Came home and dined at six. I read part of Nibby on the Roman forum, published in 1819.

Monday October 14th 1822: Matilda and I³⁶⁴ walked to the Roman Forum and took a view of the principal ruins. The Temple of Concord has disappeared, or has left remnants only in a few blocks of marble dug up and lying near the wall of the present Capitoline ascent, just above the arch of Severus. Here were discovered three inscriptions referring to the Temple of Concord, and here Antonio Nibby decides that it undoubtedly stood – this in 1817. Considerable alterations have been made in the ground appearance of all the Forum ruins since my visit.³⁶⁵ The earth has been cleared away from the basis of the three columns, which are still allowed to retain – and with some appearance of justice – the name of Jupiter Tonans. The base of the Capitoline buildings immediately behind these remains has also been cleared, and the height of the Tabularium of Catullus, and of the whole of

362: Conjectural reading: H. implies “further excavated”.

363: HOR.OD. 3.13: “the home of [the] resounding [river] Albunea”.

364: One’s beginning to think by now that Amelia has been frozen out.

365: They were made by Cardinal Gonsalvi, with his mistress, Elizabeth Foster, the Duchess of Devonshire, in support.

this face of the ancient capitol, is more respectable. The ground before and behind the eight columns now given to the Temple of Fortune has likewise been cleared to a level with the base of the substructure on which the Temple was raised. The excavations of the Duchess of Devonshire³⁶⁶ round the base of the column of Phocas have discovered the steps of ascent to the base of that column, and also two fragments of columns which apparently were raised isolatedly near the pillar of Phocas.

A good deal remains to be done to give an air of completion to this salutary work. The masses of brickwork, and the fragments scattered around the bottom of this hole, are not at all illustrative of the ancient appearance of this site. The decorations at the base of these columns beyond, under the church of Santa Maria Liberatrice, does not seem to have proceeded much since 1817 – at any rate, nothing has been determined by this labour. Fr. Fea, in his *Description of Rome*,³⁶⁷ says the columns are assuredly those of Castor and Pollux, whilst Nibby, as positively, assigns them to the Comitian and Grecothesis buildings, which, it appears, were united in the time of ———.

The brickwork of the church of St Adrian, on the left of the arch of Severus, is now (*secundum* Nibby), a portion of the basilica of Æmilius, at the back of which was the famous *Atrium Libertatis*, seen in the ground plan of Rome preserved now in the Capitoline Museum. Romulus and Remus is now Remus alone – nothing has been done before this little church of Cosmas and Damianus. The Cipolline pillars are still half-buried in the ground. Antoninus and Faustina remain as before, I think. But a great deal has been done to clear away the earth in front and within the base of three great great arches of the Temple of Peace. The work in front has left bare many larger masses of ancient brickwork, which, whether they belonged to the ruins now standing, or were part of these other structures, I am unable to discover from my Nibby. This antiquary insists that the Temple of Peace was totally destroyed by fire, and that the three monstrous arches belong to the Basilica of Constantine – ... N L.³⁶⁸

The ground at the base of the Temple of Venus has also been much cleared, and some modern work has been employed to prop up the ruin and to keep clear the passage between the front and back of the cell fronting the Coliseum. A house has been refitted, or built up, on the side of the ruin

366: The Duchess had been working at Rome in 1817. See *Illus.*, p.245.

367: Carlo Domenico Francesco Ignazio, *Compende storico delle poste specialmente Romane antiche e moderne ...* (1806). See *Illus.*, p.89n.

368: Large hieroglyph undecodable.

1822

opposite the arch of Titus, and here also a flight of marble steps have been recovered.

The arch of Titus is now under repair. The whole of the entablature has been weighed down in order to be replaced, so as to strengthen the structure. The line of road leading from the arch of Constantine to the arch of Titus has been also much cleared, and now shows fragments of brickwork, regularly disposed, belonging to what I know not. The Coliseum has been under constant repair – much has been done since my visit – a sort of new entrance has been built up on the side opposite the Forum, and the parts most in danger of falling have been propped up in several places by arcades of modern masonry. The whole [is] under the inspection of a French architect. The buttress of Pius VII is really a grand work. Some discoveries have been made, which are recorded by Mr Nibby. The *custode* now shows the entrance by which the Emperors came from the Palatine, and the site of their box at the games. He talks also with more glibness of the podium and the arena. High as this monstrous edifice now appears, it must have looked still higher from the ancient arena, which was nearly one whole range below the modern ... I intend to take some notice of these changes, in a correct and more detailed form, for the sake of my *Illustrations*. The promenade at the foot of the Celian, behind the Coliseum, has been much improved and arrayed since my time.

This walk to the Forum, and a walk on the Pineum with Matilda, occupied this day before dinner. After dinner we read and wrote.

Tuesday October 15th 1822:³⁶⁹ Engaged a lacquey de place at eight pauls a day. Walked to the banker. Left a card on the Marchese Sherati,³⁷⁰ together with a letter of recommendation from Count Gamba, one of the Romagnuole exiles.³⁷¹ Called at Thorwaldsen's studio. Enquired after Lady Westmoreland at the Rossiglioni palace. Walked with Matilda to the church of St Peter's – thence to the Pantheon. The piazza in which it stands is now clearer than it was – it looks better without the busts.

In the evening read. To bed early.

Wednesday October 16th 1822: We all went³⁷² in a carriage to the Forum, to the Baths of Caracalla, and to the Tomb of the Scipios – no change in the

369: On this day the first number of *The Liberal* is published, with *TVOJ*.

370: Conjectural reading.

371: Presumably H. knows that Gamba is Teresa Guiccioli's father.

372: Perhaps Amelia is too ill to see the sights by foot; perhaps she lacks the antiquarian bent of her brother, who "palpitates with expectation, and gazes eagerly

two last since 1817. The peasant woman who showed the only ancient inscription now left in this place said, “Quello è morto in Ispagna”, as if talking of a familiar acquaintance.

I should have mentioned that Matilda and [I] went into the Mamertine and Tullian dungeons, which I somehow or other neglected formerly – or did not think enough of – for they are evidently the old dungeons of Rome. The Tullian, with its hole above, is certainly the *robur* where Jugurtha was starved, whether [or not] Lentulus and Cethegus were strangled.³⁷³ Mr Nibby is very satisfactory here. The work is of the true, ancient, massive rough work. The shape of the Tullian hole is that of a truncated cone. The spring of water and the stairs [are] both modern, unless you believe St Peter baptised his jailer with the former. The Mamertine was probably larger than the present upper dungeon. These are not much used as prisons, but the consecrated dungeons of the church above which the legend respecting St Peter has preserved –³⁷⁴

In the afternoon we drove to St Peter’s, and came home by the Piazza Navona, the Pantheon, the Monte Littorio and the Piazza Colonna. Home – dined – wrote letters to my father, to Sophy and to Isaac.

Thursday October 17th 1822: Went to the Vatican at half-past seven,³⁷⁵ and stayed there till half-past three. Saw the Library – that is, the long suite of painted rooms in which the books are locked up unseen. The compartments, fitted up in five months for the late visit of the Emperor Francis, with frescoes representing the life and adventures of Pius VI and Pius VII, show the comparative state of the arts now and formerly. To be sure, the costume of the French generals and the professors and the abates, who are introduced in the *res geste* of the two popes, must be the painter’s despair. We wandered through the vast galleries of the Vatican museum, and after all came away without having seen the whole of the new Braccio, the Chiaramonte Museum, or the paintings, or any of the chapels.

It was a rainy day, but in the evening we drove to the Monte Testaccio, where were still some drinking parties in temporary pothouses, but none of the sports I had heard of. We saw, going there, the temple on the Tiber, now no longer Vesta, but Hercules.

on the open undulating dells and plains, fearful lest a fragment of an aqueduct, a column, or an arch, should escape his notice” (*Illus.*, p.45).

373: Sallust, *The Conspiracy of Catiline*.

374: H. leaves the sentence unfinished, with two dashes.

375: Figure cramped – conjectural reading.

1822

In the evening I read Miss Whalley. She is a cheat, and has made some extraordinary blunders, but is still lively, and occasionally of use.

Friday October 18th 1822: Wrote journal in morning. Walked out, and copied the inscriptions on the newly-raised obelisk on the Pincian:

=
 Pius VII. Pont. Max.
 Obeliscum Aurelianum
 qui unus supererat
 Temporum injuria diffractum
 Duique oblitum
 In pristinam faciem restitui
 atque hoc in loco erigi jussit
 ut amœna Pincii spatia
 Civibus ad apricandum aperta
 Eximii generis monumentum
 Decoraret

=
 On the reverse side, mitre and keys and Pope's arms in high relief.
 On the side towards the country: XI Kal. Septembris ann MDCCCXII.
 On the opposite side: Sueri principatus ejus. anno XXIII.

The Pincian monument at the church of the Trinity de'Monti seems to have belonged to the French, since the buildings of the church. A long inscription records that Cardinal de Polignac raised the stairs. The church has a new inscription above, to the honour and glory of Louis XVIII, and below there is a tablet, on which the Romans are condemned to read of the merits of Mr Blacas d'Aulps:

=
 Ludovicus XVIII. exoptatus Gall. Rex. Templum SS Trinitatis in Pincio restituit curam agente comite Blacas de Alpius regis legato ad Pium VII Pontificum Maximum ann. Sal. 1816

=
 This Pincian Hill is in other respects French property. The Medici Villa is the seat of the French academy, and the only house on the new Pincian is a *ginguette*, which invites passengers by the following inscription: "Caffé chocolat liqueurs bières et autres objets".

I walked out again and went to the Academia of St Luke, where was the annual exposition – I could scarce make out of what – a great many models in plaster and something looking [like] wood below stairs, and above stairs pictures, of which only a few looked new, and those few chiefly portraits. Of

these, however, I saw Raphael's skull in a glass, with the Latin inscription on one side, and the Italian translation on the other – the skull a small one. There was a crowd of very common-looking people, who made the rooms almost intolerable from the stench. The specimens of compositions “premiati” went back a century and a half. There was only one modern marble work – a statue of a female sitting.

From the St Luca I walked about. Went to the Forum of Neva. Nothing done there since I was here. Also to the Temple of Pallas – nothing done there either. Then I crossed, by the Via Alessandrina, to the back of [the] Temple of Peace, and entered by an arch which seems to have been recently cleared in clearing the ruins. The remaining part of the back of the Temple has not been cleared. Going back through the ruins I observed that the masses of brickwork in front, lately cleared, seem to belong to the three arches, let them say what they may. There has been an excavation in front, which seems to have produced nothing. I crept into the church of St Cosmas and Damianus, and saw, by an inscription of Urban VII, that in his time ([the] beginning of [the] seventeenth century), Romulus and Remus were thought to have been the ancient owners of the Temple. Remark[ed] the old mosaic at the end shell of the church. Great breadth of old trapdoors, which [are], however, no more than the pillars and door porch, ancient, as they are belonged to this temple.³⁷⁶

Crossed the Forum to the Church of the Maria Liberatrice – saw nothing in it. Went on towards the Church of St Theodore's, formerly called Romulus, now Vesta by Nibby, and saw another excavation which seems to have produced nothing. Walked by the Church of the Consolation and the women's hospital, and [the] ascent by the way called Via del Monte Tarpeia – almost impassible, from filth, not steepness – to [the] back of [the] Caprelli and Conservatus Palace, through part of which I walked down into the modern intermontium. Thence walked into the city by the Minerva Square, whose obelisk has the same inscription on two sides, and so by the Piazza Colonna, home.

Walked out again with Matilda to the Borghese Gardens, and saw that they are beautifying the Piazzo del Popolo.

Came home and dined, and I find by looking at Fea that the Academia of St Luke is not meant for an exhibition of modern artists, but is chiefly valuable for one or two good pictures by several good artists.

376: Syntax obscure. I think H. means that just because the trapdoors, pillars, and door porch, belong to the temple, does not prove their antiquity.

1822

Saturday October 19th 1822: Walked to Canova's studio, [and] saw some of the masterpieces of this great artist, who appeared to me greater than ever. A Magdalen for Lord Liverpool – very delightful. An infant St John, [and] his own Hebe, were among the few we saw in marble – the remainder in plaster. We were taken up to see a Pietà, the last unfinished model intended for the artist himself, and equal to any of his great works, we thought. Just upon taking leave of his workman, who showed us about, I asked how Canova was in health, and was told he was very well indeed, better than formerly. I said he ought to live forever – “Yes,” said the man; “Everyone wishes him well”. On this very evening, as I afterwards learned, his people received news that he was dead!!! The man had evidently a pride, as well as an affection, beaming in his countenance when he talked of his master.

The news of Canova's death was told to us on the day I am writing this – just at breakfast (Monday October 21st), a foolish young fellow, our *valet de place*, unbidden came into the room and exclaimed, “Il Signor Canova –” he half-stopped, my sisters looked up, thinking he was announced, as coming to see us. The boy continued with a sort of laugh, as if he was doing a silly thing, “– è morte a Venezia”. We felt extremely affected; for my own part, though knowing him but a very little, I could not help feeling as if something that attached me to existence had dropped away for ever. I had grown so accustomed to think of Canova and Italy as making part, as it were, of each other. The loss of such a man seemed to take away from the interest of the country and the age in which he lived. Beside his unrivalled skill as an artist, he was the munificent and benevolent friend of art. A man who was showing us the Baths of Titus told us how many pensioners would lose by his death, and the *custode* said that was not all – Canova was the man of the age. To us there was something striking in this event, which will be lamented by all Europe, insomuch as we had seen his works lying fresh from the unfinished touches of his own hand, and shown us by his own servant, who announced him as being daily expected to return amongst them.

From Canova's we went to Thorwaldsen's, and certainly the latter suffered much by the comparison, notwithstanding we saw the plaster of the famous Quirinal *Triumph of Alexander*, now engaged for by the Marquis Sommariva. We also saw some of the marble work of that fine composition, and those of the figures in plaster of the tympanum of a great Church of St John, which he is to compose for Copenhagen. His *Graces* we thought stumpy – but we had just seen Canova's nymphs.

We learned that copies of my bust of Lord Byron had been for sale, and we saw one which our conductor thought was so. This, unless Lord Byron has given him leave, is not honest. The property is mine.

Returning home, we got into a carriage, drove out at the Porta Salaria, saw the circus of Sallust, or rather the sight of it, by the way, went to the Villa Albani, and I found it as full of charms as in 1817. It happened to be a very clear day, and the Sabine and Alban Hills, with their towns, seemed almost tangible. The outlines were drawn as in a freshly finished picture. The antiquities of this delightful villa, though but the wreck of what it formerly possessed, are more and more valuable than all England put together, excepting the Museum [] [].³⁷⁷

From the Villa we returned to the walls, and went on the outside of them to have a view of the various structures below by the Tiberian camp, which I must own I would not distinguish so decidedly by the brickwork as I had imagined. We entered by the Porta San Lorenzo, looked at the old gateway, went to Minerva Medica (as it was in 1817). Could not see the Columbarium of the Arunoian family, because the owner of it had his wine there, and the key, and would not return until the end of the month, so we went on, and looked at the inscriptions over the Claudio Vespasio Hononorian Gate of Porta Maggiore, and admired the brickwork of the Arch of the Claudian Acqueduct, under which we passed towards the Santa Croce in Gerusalemme. We turned into a vineyard to see the ruins of Venus and Cupid – a mass of brickwork – then drove on and looked at the Triclinio of Lêo – went into the Lateran after looking at the Santa Scala and seeing the kneeling climbing up the stairs. From the Lateran and Baptistery, [we] drove down on the Colisseum – went by the Temple of Pallas – thence through the Arch of Pantane and columns (now called Mars the Avenger), crossed the Forum to the Janus and Arch of the Silversmiths, walked to the Cloaca Maxima – much inferior to the Alban emissary – went by the Theatre of Marcellus and Portico of Octavia (as they call it). Home. Dined, &c.

Sunday October 20th 1822: Walked the field way, crossing the Tiber at the Rispetta, to the Vatican. Looked over the Museum, and particularly the Nuovo Bracco, and saw the plasters of the Elgin Marbles, with the grateful record to the munificence of George IV: *Tanti Principis Munifiortium*. Went afterwards to St Peter's, and heard a *castrato* sing in the Vespers.

Walked home. Peasants dancing – two girls playing a tambourine to them – as monotonous as Turkish music. There seems much a general festivity this month – the hackney and glass coaches filled with people a-pleasuring, so tha nothing less than three crowns [is] to be given for a carriage, even for half a Sunday.

³⁷⁷: Illegible. Could be “casa shown” or “cara I know”.

1822

Monday October 21st 1822: Walked to Rossiglioni Palace. Saw the Aurora, and if possible more lovely still, the Andromeda of Guido in the Pallaviani Casino, where one of the four rooms of the Rossiglioni apartments has been emptied into since the Emperor Francis's visit to Rome three years ago. This casino now contains the best of the Rossiglioni pictures. The Andromeda is, I think, the most attractive and impressive of any female I ever saw, except the Hagar of Guercino. We looked at the Rossiglioni apartments and then went into the Colonna Gardens, where we saw the huge corniced front of the supposed Aurelian Temple, and looked into the hay farm into which the Baths of Constantine are now converted. Then [we] went down the steps of this box and ilex garden into the street.

[We] went to the Forum and up the Column of Trajan – 186 steps in all. Walked to [the] Baths of Titus, and after waiting some time were shown them by the *custode*. Found the appearances all the same, but the names are altered. The principal apartments now are positively portions of Nero's Golden House, and the exterior only is the substructure of the Baths of Titus – so thinks Mr Romanis, who has just published a work on these remains. Mæcenas still lays claim to a small flank of the building. The []³⁷⁸ of Titus are now only to be looked for in the ground above these great remains, where stand the extensive and huge masses of brickwork that seem to belong to the Baths, and form a part of the most conspicuous ruins of Rome.

A civil old gentleman took us to a room in the modern saltpetre building, also in the ruins, and made us look out [of] a window at the Coliseum, which he called the best view of it – gave my sisters []³⁷⁹.

We went thence to St Pietro in Vincula. Saw the Moses, who has been pulled out of his stall on the Emperor Francis's late visit and raised on a pedestal by Canova. Saw the Santa Margarita of Guercino, and the Angel Releasing St Peter by Domenichino – both most beautiful. The Florentine artists of the bronze doors of St Peter's Pollapilo [CHECK: Pollulaio?] are buried here. There is a little bronze door of vasi in the sacristy, as fresh as if done yesterday – a very fine-cut work.

Walked home, having been five hours and a half – nearly – out. Walked out alone up the Corso, to see the Lazy Drivers, a singular sight – new, young, and old in pairs in carriages without women. Home, dine, &c.

Tuesday October 22nd 1822: Walked with Amelia to the Borghese Gardens.³⁸⁰ Went with both my sisters in a carriage to see sights. Went by

378: One word written over another making both illegible. One could be "fane".

379: Illegible four-letter word, the third letter perhaps an "e".

380: Very unusual for H. to be alone with Amelia.

the Tomb of C.P.Bibulus, by the Arch of Drusus, out of the Gate of St Sebastian, to the Church of St Sebastian. Here we stopped and went a little way into the Catacombs³⁸¹ – highly uninteresting. Went to the Tomb of Cecilia Metella,³⁸² and then back through the Circus of Caracalla. There appear to have been some clearings away of the soil round the walls since my last visit.

Went out at the gate towards the Via Latina, and getting into our caratella proceeded towards the Egerian Valley. Came to the church of St Urban, called Temple of Bacchus, or of The Muses. Then strolled about – to the tuft of ilex a little further on, and walked into the valley. Visited the grotto, and lingered there some half hour in the damp. Went onwards down the valley, and saw the so-called Temple of Rediculus, which is not a church but a cowshed. Walked to the neighbouring ditch, the Almo – nothing for a good English hunter to clear.

Returned thence to the city. In our way home, saw the Church of St Stephano in Rotondo, and heard the *frate*, who told me the whole legend in 1817, tell me the whole legend again. Only one pillar is seen on its ancient base, but the building is on a noble plan – Forsyth is right.³⁸³

Passed hence, seeing the Arch of Dolabella on our left, lost, almost, in the Acqueduct of Nero, into the Via Triumphalis, up the Forum – and so home. Dined, and usual occupations.

Wednesday October 23rd 1822: Sightseeing in carriage – [in different ink: “saw the Roman piety, still called St Niccola carcere Juliano / Pope has restored this church in 1818 as a long inscription shows”] Temple at Santa Maria Egiliacca – Fortuna Vintis – base of columns of tufo and travertine more cleared away since my time. Cola di Rienzi’s home – no alteration. Temple of Vesta, or Hercules, at Madonna del Sole, also cleared towards [the] base since my visit – no service there now – woman who showed it called it Temple of Vesta still. Attempt to plaster it with white stucco all round – nineteen columns standing – one wanting.

Looked into Santa Maria Cosmedin, and just saw, through the gratings, Bocca della Verità – an enormous stone shield with holes in it like the Man in the Moon. Went thence over the Fabbricia Bridge to the Isola Tiberina – over through Cestina Bridge to the other side of [the] Tiber – remark the outlet of Cloaca Maxima.

381: “went a little way into the Catacombs a little way” (Ms.)

382: See CHP IV sts 99-105. Notice that they do not read from the poem.

383: See Crook p.91.

1822

Went up Janiculum to St Pietro in Pietro. Saw Bramante's tempietto – the Flagellation – a noble picture, the progeny of the Transfiguration – and the grand view of Rome from the terrace. Fifteen monks in the convent – *Récollets*. Our coachman recommended three views of the city, thus: the one from the Villa Lanti, and the one from the Marian Mount. This is as good as any.

From St Pietro [we] went up by the Pauline Fountain. The water here is enough for the structure, which is more than can be said for Trevi. Went through Porta San Paneranzio to [the] Pamphili Gardens.

[We] found that since 1817 (two years ago) several sepulchral chambers had been discovered, which are indeed in wonderful preservation. Here are the Columbarii, with the burnt bones and black ashes in pots, and the graves, in which the skeletons, skulls, and all, are lying, just as they were laid. The workman who showed the spot was directed to say that the burnt ashes were the slaves, and the skeletons the freedmen or gentry themselves. The mosaic pavement of the chambers is coarse, in black and white, but the brickwork of the walls is fine and delicate. No inscriptions have been discovered, to indicate which *familia* was here interred; but this site is supposed to have been occupied by a villa of the Emperor Galba.

We roamed over the gardens of this villa, where there was a quantity of holiday folk. One party of women dancing by on the margin of the great fountain.

From the Pamphili Gardens [we] returned down the Janiculum, entered Porta Cavalli Le[] [CHECK]. Thence [we] went up to [the] Church of St Onofrio to see Tasso's tombstone. The inscription on the slab, simple as it is, is better than Cardinal Bevilacqua's tablet. Barclay's bones were routed out on the discovery that his writings contained some things contrary to the doctrines of Mother Church.

Returning homewards we met the galley prisoners, []ing back to St Angelo. I counted 160. Went by the Pantheon, and looked into that magnificent building.

Home, &c. Wrote letter to Burcdett.

Thursday October 24th 1822: Walked out with my sisters at half-past eleven, and went directly to the Palatine. First to Villa Spada, then to Orti Farnesiani, then to the ground belonging to the Irish College formerly – I find some difference since 1817 – Spada Villa fitted up, and an English[man], Mr Mills, living there. The terrace overlooking the Circus Maximus neatly arranged, the baths, called “of Nero”, as before. Orti Farnesiani as formerly – and Baths of Lizia [CHECK] but the ruins of the side of the Capitol over the Church of St Theodore, and the forum, and the

brick quadrangular structure, called by Nibby “the Curia”, seems more distant than formerly. The corner towards [the] forum now called [the] “House of Caligula”. The line of ruins – caverns of brickwork half-filled with hemp, along which there is a rope walk – now called [the] “House of Tiberius”, and the further corner of [the] same side called also [the] “House of Caligula”.

The great ruins of the Irish College [are] now called “Nero’s House” – they occupy the whole angle towards [the] Celian and [the] Aventine – and the terrace [is] a part of them. The House of Augustus, which makes such a figure in Nibby’s map, is immediately over what they used to call the Hippodrome, and the cell of the former Temple of Apollo is, I suppose, part of it. It is enough that the whole of these vast brick remains belong to the masters of the palaces of the civilised world.

We sat down on the Terrace, and looked around us for some time. The whole world might be searched in vain for such a sight.

[We] walked back again across the Forum, ascended the Campidoglio, and went into the museum where I³⁸⁴ sat down in the room of the Dying Gladiator³⁸⁵ for three-quarters of an hour. I copied an inscription on the base of the stone in which the Antinous is placed sepulchral. It has inscriptions on the other sides, one in Greek in front, besides the following above:

Atimetus Pamphili
Ti Cæsaris. Aug. LL.
Antercritianus. sibi et.
Claudiæ Homonoeae
Conlibertæ et
Contubernali

But the girl herself calls Atimetus her husband:

Tu qui secreta procedis mente parumper
Siste gradum quæso paucaque verba lege
Illa ego quæ claris fueram prælata puellis
Hoc Omnia brevi condita sum tumulo
Cui formam Paphiæ Charites tribune decorum
Quam Pallas cunctis artibus erudiit
Nondum bis denos ætas mea viderat annos
Injecere manus invida fata mihi

384: Both pronouns are present.

385: See CHP IV sts 140-2.

1822

Nec pro me queror hoc morte est mihi tristior ipsa
 Moror Atimeti conjugis ille mei
 Sit tibi terra levis mulier dignissima vita
 Quæque tuis olim perfrurare bonis

=

The following inscription [which] has been placed in the room of the dying Gladiator is

=

Eximia antiquæ artis monumenta
 Calamitate temporum
 Anno CD.DCCLXXXV urbi sublata
 Heii tandem
 Pii vii. Pont. Max. auspiciis
 Feliciter reducta
 una in aula
 Hospes admirari
 an. CD.DCCCXVI

=

Walked home and by the way overtaken by William Peter. Dined.
Journal, &c.

Friday October 25th 1822: Walked to the Colonna Palace – saw the pictures, and the very great room / gallery,³⁸⁶ 208 French feet long. The vault [is] painted with the exploits of M.A.Colonna. Observed a dais and canopy in the Great Hall, and another in the antechamber. The servants who showed us the place said upon my enquiry, “I Principi Romani alzano il baldachino”. There were two canopies. The present prince is [a] replica of [the] last – a weak young man who has never been at Rome. He has a young son. The pictures here are some of them very fine: landscapes particularly by Breughel, P.Brice [CHECK], Salvator Rosa, Poussin. The ancient statues which line the gallery are of very inferior merit. This is a great house, but unfinished. We were shown a large gallery intended for a library by Cardinal Colonna, just sketched out in lath and plaster. Madame Laetitia, N.Bonaparte’s mother, lives opposite to the palace.

From the Colonna Palace we went to the Capitol and saw the antiquities of the Conservation Palace. The Fasti Consulares have received lately several small additions, and a large record to the present Pope’s merits in placing them up. Some bits of the Emperors found in the Sapienza. They have begun to blacken the letters. We saw the Wolf – larger than I thought –

386: Alternative words.

I could not discover traces of the gilding, but I think the Thunder Marks, or Five Marks, are distinctly seen in the hind legs. Nibby, however, declares this not to be the Ciceronian Wolf, but the Wolf of Dionysius, found at the Ficus Ruminalis. The Capitoline Geese look like Ducks.

We were shown the room where the Conservators and the Capo Rioni, with the subordinate magistrates, sit in chairs and at a table, as worn out and decayed in their authority. But they have still a feudal dominion over four towns, containing 20,000 souls (about), of which Cora is the chief. They have [the] power of life and death, with the power of pardon, however, vested in the Pope. They have 150 soldiers in Rome of their own, and 600 in the towns. The latter, however, are not paid. They are chosen, as well as the Head of the Regions, every six months, by the Pope, out of the *petite noblesse* of Rome – the man who conveyed this information smiled half the time; yet the modern Fasti Consulares are still continued. The Senatorial Palace is not in the Capitol, nor does the Senator ever officiate here – he is an *Alteri*.

We went to the Tarpeian Rock – at least the Monte Cassino Tarpeiano – at the back of the dingy cottage through which we were conducted by a dozen wrangling children. We found a little terrace and a white wall, over which we looked. The height is enough to break a neck. It is not immediately above the Buffola Inn, where Nibby places the true Tarpeian – this is a little to the right, by the Piazza Montanara [pencilled: “Via della Buffo[[?]]”].

W. Petre and Mr Throgmorton accompanied us. We returned home.

I called on Mrs J. Kemble. She said she was disappointed at Rome, and that the Piazza d’Espagna was like a marketplace in some town in Northamptonshire.

Went to libraries. Monaldini – heard that Fea has a *Privativa* for describing Rome, and that no other antiquary can attempt that task. Read French and Galignani papers in the Corso. See in the *Constitutionnel* that De Pradt, writing of Canning’s appointment, is ignorant enough to ascribe it to the force of public opinion which forced him on an unwilling sovereign. De Pradt mistook the wants of the boroughmongers for the wishes of the people. I find that there are two literary journals at Rome: the *Ephemerides*, and the — *Arcadio*.

W. Petre dined with us. Violent wind and thunder at night.

Saturday October 26th 1822: Sent letters to Sophy and Lady H[olland]. Rain nearly all the day. Lord William Russell called, and told me the Duke of Wellington had originally resolved not to come to Verona in order to show the Italians he took no part in anything that might be determined respecting them, but that, accidentally arriving at Vienna before Metternich

1822

set out, Metternich stayed for him, and brought him into Italy with him. Lord William told me of some horrors committed by the Austrians. He himself saw thirty persons of condition in life brought into the piazzetta of St Mark's, and have their sentences read out to them without any previous trial – chiefly condemned to *carcere duro* – imprisonment with irons, bread and water, in Germany. One of them was a Ferrarese, not of the Austrian states – he had two young children, and a wife with child. In six months he died.

Walked out with Matilda on the Pincian. Dined, &c.

Sunday October 27th 1822: Rain and thunder all the morning. Read nibby and Miss Whalley – walked a little before dinner.

Monday October 28th 1822: Mr Kemble called, and seems very ill³⁸⁷ – his manners something between foreign and theatrical, but exceedingly prepossessing and gentlemanlike.

Went sight-seeing in carriage. Went to Farnese Palace. Saw the great work of the Caracci's, which struck me more than before. Went to the Spada Palace – the picture gallery there is highly interesting. There we saw the Pompey – the eight reliefs found at St Agnese are for sale *prezzo ristretto*, 5,000 each. It is a poverty-struck palace, but Miss Whalley should not say so.

Went from the Spada to the Farnesina, but the *custode* was away, so we turned over the street to the Corsini Palace, where we saw the noble collection of pillars there. A lady was copying the famous *Recordias* of Guido – not equal, however, I think, to the Judith, and certainly not to the Lucretia of the Spada Palace. The servant who showed the pictures here was running about from one to another party, so we could not see the pictures well. The *Ecce Homo* of Guercino is called, and is, a masterpiece.

We drove thence to St Cecilia to see the Saint by Maderna, but the church was under repair, and we could not. It rained, and we came home, but I took a walk by myself to the Marca [Marcia??] Massive [Razgive??] and the Piazza di Termini. Walked into Marchese Massime's garden – now cultivated as a cabbage ground. Home. Dined. In evening, took a moonlight walk to the Coliseum,³⁸⁸ and home by the Forum.

Tuesday October 29th 1822: Walked to the Barberina Palazzo – saw the great ceiling by Pietro da Cortone – saw the statues and sarcophagi there. A

387: Kemble died in Rome on February 26th 1823.

388: Compare *Manfred*, III iv, first speech.

Commodus on horseback is “a fine statue of the third order”, as a canter might say.

Bilivert’s *Joseph and Potiphar’s Wife* does not deserve the praise given to it by the Invalid. The Fornarina, the Cenci, the Slave, the Claude – all in one small sitting-room; the two first, impossible ever to forget – especially the Cenci, which was in the Colonna Palace. If Guido and Raphael were here contending for mastery, it would be difficult to decide between them. The Princess Barberini was a Colonna, and brought the Cenci, and another in this room, with her.

Walked home, and then went out in a carriage. Went through Porta Pia. Visited St Agnese, Santa Costanza, [the] Hippodrome of Constantine, [the] Bridge of Narses over [the] Anio – a rapid, muddy little stream now. [The] Sacred Mount – Menenius Agrippa’s tomb. Walked on Sacred Mount – view of Sabine and Alban Hills, Villas Albani, and came³⁸⁹ home. All peculiar to Rome. Santa Maria degli’Angeli. Walked about the Piazza di Termini – went thence to Santa Maria Maggiore – saw the Sistine and Pauline Raphaels. Went to the Trophies of Marius [CHECK: “Triphos of Marcus”??], to [the] Arch of Gallienus: chains but no keys hanging there, from Tusculum. Saw [the] Church of St Martin and Sylvento [CHECK] part of [the] Baths of Titus, reopened in 1650 – rather suspicious whether a church at all, but they say³⁹⁰ Eustachius [the] Great held a general council there, and Fea says it was opened “to the great consolation of Rome”.

Poussin’s landscapes I do not understand. Indeed, that landscapes can be well painted in frescoes I do not believe. Cavalucci’s modern paintings adorn these churches – highly creditable, I think. The Carmelites have this church.

We came home – a fine, sunny evening, by [the] Coliseum, and on [the] Corso, home. Walked with Matilda on [the] Pincian Mount. Dined, &c.

Wednesday October 30th 1822: Went to Torlonia’s. Got £100 at 47 pails the pound. Called on Lord Kinnaird. Saw him and Lord William Russell.³⁹¹ Lord Kinnaird talked of the horror of the Neapolitan government. When Morelli³⁹² was on the scaffold, he was told to reconcile him with God and the King. He said, “How can there be a god, to suffer these things? And why should I reconcile myself to the King, who murders the man who stepped over his threshold to save his life?”

389: “coming” (Ms.)

390: “saw” (Ms.)

391: 1767-1840. Brother of the Duke of Bedford. Murdered by his valet.

392: With another officer called Silvati, leader of the Neapolitan Carbonari.

1822

In fact this man had stepped across the door of the room of Ferdinand during the revolution, when it was feared the King might be attacked, and had walked arm-in-arm with him down the street to show his conviction of the good intentions of this “Renault”, whom the *Courier* told “to shed blood enough on his return”. Of blood, not much was shed – two only out of forty-six were executed, but the others were condemned to *carcere duro* – bread and water and chains in prison, and the day they went off for their dungeons they were brought into the arsenal and had their hair and eyebrows shaved, and then each was linked to a fellow and marched away.

Hamilton, our minister, was very well-inclined to interfere but thought he could not, and a young Tory lord (Compton) wrote a strong letter to Hamilton, begging him to do something.

Kinnaird told me our government had been hanging off much from the Holy Alliance on the subject of Italian affairs. When the sovereigns met at Leybach³⁹³ Castlereagh sent his brother a dispatch to read to them, full of the best principles, mingled with something very like taunts and reproaches at the Emperor of Austria’s conduct. Lord Stewart read this dispatch verbatim – yet how did our ministry act afterwards, and how did Castlereagh hang back in parliament before Naples was lost, and almost justified the tyrants after she was conquered? Kinnaird saw this dispatch, and it was meant [that] he should talk of it – at least, so he thought.

Lord William [Russell] and I went to the Farnesina and saw the great fresco and the Galatea. The group of The Graces, at least, the back of one, seems to me the finest thing ever produced upon a wall. The Galatea, except for the loves, I do not so much admire. The Nereid with her Triton is evidently the principal figure. Michaelangelo’s chalk head, not shaded by him but by Carlo Marat [CHECK] I believe. Daniel da Volterra has introduced Michaelangelo’s head into the ceiling fresco, which I had not noticed before.

Returned home, &c. brought my sisters to the Farnesina. Then went up to the ball of St Peter’s and had a glorious view. Home, &c. Dined.

Thursday October 31st 1822: Went to the Vatican. Met W[illiam] Petre, and went with him then. Stupendous galleries. Saw the pictures also in the highest gallery. The three great ones: [the] Transfiguration, [the] Communion of St Jerome, and St Sebastian, in one room. [The] French have over-varnished these masterpieces, particularly Domenichino’s. A very long inscription, as usual, records the merits of Pius VII in recovering these treasures. [We] saw a new collection, in the Appartamento Borgia, of bronzes

393: “Layback” (Ms.)

and ancient paintings. The *Nozze Aldobrandini* [is] there, bought by Pius VII – *sumptu magnifico* (I hear) 11,000 scudi. Also the frescoes from the old Roman villa found in 1817, which I saw. Myrrha – Cannae – Pasiphae. Here also is an old bronze car, so perfect as to show the st[r]utting, and the plates, and the hoops of iron round the wheel – I know not what to make of it.

[We] came from the galleries into St Peter's. Went thence to Monte Testaccio. Ascended it. Thence to St Paul Without the Walls. The Benedictine brother who showed it told me Monsignor Nicolai's book, written by nibby, was very incorrect, but that now another work [in] seven volumes folio is about to appear. [The] Tiber rose here in 1807.

Home. W[illiam] Petre dined with us.

Friday November 1st 1822: All Saints Day, and [a] holiday. Went about with Matilda and Lord Kinnaird – saw an *atelier des objets des beaux arts* in Piazza di Spagna. One Ignazio, whose fortune has been made by Mr Demidoff, the rich Russian. He has really a very pretty collection of antiquities, most of them brought him by peasants. Saw an ancient fresco [of] sparrows or linnets treading.

Went home and out in carriage to [the] Borghese collection of pictures – noble indeed. Julio Romano's Venus and Fornarina most lovely. Here is Domenichino's masterpiece, the Diana, engraved by Morghen. Here is also Raphael's Deposition from the Cross, his Cæsar Borgia, [and] his Cardinal. The Albanos would make a cabinet. Titian's Sacred and Profane Love – the Sacred looks profane – at least, she is [the] most alluring. Domenichino's Sybil. A picture by Gorifalo [CHECK] one of the masterpieces of this collection.

Went thence to [the] Church of Santo Spirito to see the Representation of the Dead. Got in, and were glad to get out again without seeing anything – such sounds – and then soldiers – vile, superstitious beggars rattling boxes for the *anime sante*, as well as regular applicants, well-dressed for the same effect.

Went afterwards to the Villa Mellini on Monte Mario, and enjoyed the prospect of the city and campagna. Saw the very spot where Sophy and Henry and his wife sat down in other days. Promenade to Ponte Malle [CHECK] – home. Walked on Pinian with Matilda. Colonel and Mrs Dalrymple. Dined, &c.

Saturday November 2nd 1822: Went out sight-seeing in carriage. Letter to Sophy. Saw pictures at Sciarra Palace. Ditto at Doria – the glorious five Claudes. The Medina finest I ever saw – an extraordinary gallery for richness. Went thence to several churches – Santa Maria Sopra Minerva,

1822

Santa Maria della Pale, Santa Agostina, Andrea della Valle – Domenichino's frescos here. The Life of St Andrew – very impressive. Have walk with Matilda on Pincian.

Dined. Went in evening to Lord Kinnaird. Saw Laborde, Paris deputy. He tried to explain how the ministers kept a majority in the chambers – influence of the crown is very great, and voting, in fact, not secret. Minority useful only in keeping up public opinion, but never increases. A middle-aged man, he tells me that Lafayette and Constant will always be elected, and that Paris is safe. The liberals have a set of commissaires, &c., like our Westminster committees.

Saw a Mr Riddleton, an American, who said he was at college with me. Hear that the Greeks are victorious everywhere, thank God. Mr Riddleton saw the wonderful efforts made by these people. In six weeks they had seventy sail of armed ships, and beat the Turkish fleet.

Sunday November 3rd 1822: Went to the Vatican and saw the pictures which are now placed in an apartment above, as I before mentioned. Also went through the Museum. Went thence to the Capitol and saw the pictures there for the first time: Guercino's Petronella, Domenichino's and Guarino's Sybill – all³⁹⁴ in apartments also first disposed by Pius VII. Went into Church of Ara Cœli – inscribed column proof of ancient theft.

Thence to new promenade on Celian, and through the Coliseum, home. Dined with Lord Kinnaird, and met Mr Campbell, an artist / sculptor, [who] told me there were eighty sculptors in Rome, and seven English – that efforts were being made to institute an English academy, and that £200 a year would do. He talked much against Canova's style, and in favour of Thorwaldsen's – said Thorwaldsen's Mercury would stand in future times with the Apollo. He and Lord Kinnaird derided the object of raising a monument to Canova by public subscription, set in for by old Lady Abercorn, I hear.

Monday November 4th 1822: Made tour of St Peter's. Saw Mosaic manufactory in St'Uffizi. [Interlineated: "One pillar – fourteen years – 18,000 – twenty(?)"] Went to Santa Maria in Trastevere, where saw waxen images there, representing St Charles Borromeo communicating with the *pestiferi* at Milan. This is part of the farce enacted at this season of the year, where the dead are prayed for in the lump for eight days.

394: "on" (Ms.)

Went thence to the Castian pyramid and saw the inside – saw also the protestant burying ground, and ditch cut round it to protect it, which did not content Lord Colchester.³⁹⁵

Went home by the Forum. Walked in Piazza del Popolo, and on Pincian. Dined at home, &c.

Tuesday November 5th 1822: Went to [the] Palazzo Torlonia and saw [the] ballroom, where the modern frescoes show how little the moderns can do. Camucini is better than Landi and the others, however. Torlonia mounts the Baldachino, Canova's Hercules and Lycas – no fit monument for a tall room. Torlonia records how the Breconnia's [CHECK] dux received Charles IV of Spain and Ferdinand of Naples at a ball – the inscription is on [a] staircase – he is going to do the same to the King of Prussia.

Went to San Luigi de'Francesca. Saw the pictures there. A large Bassano. Went to the Villa Nelli or Bevilacqua, and saw the frescoes in Raphael's casino – very interesting.

Drove about the lanes without the walls, and came to the Ponte Salario. Walked over the flat by the Anio and Tiber to the Acque Acidulæ – Tiber very large – returned to Rome. Saw Church of Santa Maria del Popolo – San Savino's tomb very elegant. Went thence to the Capuchin Church and saw the St Michael of Guido – a wonderful production indeed – the only rival of Apollo. The church has other pictures, which would be much admired where the St Michael was not to be found.

Walked with Matilda on Pincian. Home and dined.

Wednesday November 6th 1822: Went to a Cordonializza in the Quirinal Chapel, but I could not stay, so called on Lord Kinnaird. Went with my sisters to St Gregorio in Cælian and saw the frescoes in the contiguous chapels. Cannot say that Domenichino's St Andrew did strike me much –

395: Keats was buried in the protestant cemetery at Rome in February 1821: H. seems never to have heard of him. Shelley's ashes are not there yet, being transferred in 1823. H. doesn't atone for his ignorant omission until 1859, when he writes, "The Protestant burying-ground is close to the Cestian Pyramid, and there may be seen memorials to men who did not obtain the same renown when alive as seems to be accorded them after their death. It remains to be proved whether succeeding generations will confirm the judgment of their contemporaries, or of their immediate successors. The admiration of Byron has given place to the worship of Shelley, and to a fondness for Keats, and it seems to me somewhat unjust the genius and literary merits of the first of these poets cannot be acknowledged without an attempt to depreciate the author of *Childe Harold*" – Lord Broughton, *Italy*, (John Murray 1859), II 173-4n.

1822

perhaps Guido's more. St Gregory's stone records where an angel made up the baker's dozen at his beggar's feast.

Went thence to the St Luca and saw Raphael's Saul, &c., and his famous St Luke. Went thence to the Borghese Gardens and walked about enjoying the view of Rome. Home. Dined. Went in evening to Argentina Theatre and saw *Othello*.³⁹⁶ Davide sang. A poor opera, but people in raptures. Otello comes through a window to stab Desdemona, but they kiss and are friends.

Thursday November 7th 1822: Cameo buying – visited the Vatican and then the Capitoline Museum. Saw the Tarpeian Rock, distinct from [the] Tarpeian Mount. Went into the Forum and the Coliseum. Cross carrying in processions. Mr Petre with us. Returned by Portico of Octavia. Mr Petre dined with us.

Friday November 8th 1822: Mr Petre and I went examining the Forum *secundum* nibby. My sisters joined us, and we went thence to the Avertine – saw the Sassoferrato [CHECK] in [the] Church of St John. Saw the garden and small church and terrace of Santa Maria del Priorato. View over the Tiber. [The] only palm tree (except one) in Rome there. Pope sometimes takes October *villegiatura* there.

Went thence to Villa Mattei in Caelian. The terrace there gives [the] best view of Caracalla's Baths, and also of the lines of [the] walls of Rome from [the] Lateran to [the] Tiber ... a succession of vineyards, and gardens, but no town – a church, and a villa, and a cottage, at wide intervals – some pictures have sounding names.

Thence to [the] Church of St John of Lateran – heard Vespers there. Mr Petre with us. Returning, stopped at Santa Maria di Loreti, now [the] Forum of Trajan, and saw Du Quesnay's Susanna. Thence went, and found, with some difficulty, the brick arches in [a] semicircle, blocked up with dirt and rubbish, called [the] remains of the Baths of Paulus Æmilius – such a bath, and such a name.

Home. Dined with Lord Kinnaird. Large party. Lord and Lady William Russell. Mr Middleton. Mr Mills *of the Palatine*. General Ramsay. A pleasant evening, but heard nothing.

Saturday November 9th 1822: Went to Torlonia's. Got £50 at 47 pails [to] the pound. Heard Cheavers say that nothing had been done at [the]

396: Rossini's *Otello*, premiered Naples December 4th 1816.

Congress.³⁹⁷ Invitation sent to Spanish government to send a minister – not acceded to.³⁹⁸ Lord Strangford has contrived, I understand, to have a representative of [the] Turkish government at [the] Congress. [] []³⁹⁹ given to ladies at Verona. None of the sovereigns spoke to the company – the fear was of appearing to court popularity. This has been a galloping congress – kings and ministers have come and gone like shadows, and nothing appears to have been done – so much the better.

Went with Mr Petre to [the] Forum, examining nibby, whose conjectures, I learn, are not approved of. Lord Kinnaird tells me that the trunk of a *giallo vertice* statue was found in repairing the steps of the Maria del Popolo, and that no search was made for the head!!! From the Forum, where my sisters met us, we went to [the] adjacent remains and looked about us – walked in [the] Cœlian Gardens. Went to St John of Lateran, where several cardinals were attending vespers, sang partly by old *castrati* – for the Pope admits no geldings.⁴⁰⁰

Home. Mr Petre dined with us. Thunder. Went to Colonel and Mrs Dalrymple, and received hints for [a] Tyrolese tour. Home, and lightning half y^e night.

Sunday November 10th 1822: Went to see a German's bronze discovered near Salerno – the shoulder lapels⁴⁰¹ of a coat of mail, apparently – a warrior with his knee pressed on a falling Amazon – small, but full of wonderful expression, showing, as Thorwaldsen said of it, that the colossal in sculpture does not depend on size. The gentleman's name is *Bromstedt*,⁴⁰² or something like it. He was with Byron at Athens. He is near fifty I think, and passes his time in reading Greek and playing on [the] pianoforte, on which he takes lessons.

Went thence to the house of Bartoldi, fitted up with frescoes – and saw, not him, but a fine bust of Tiberius, sold to him by Ignazio in the Piazza di Spagna.

Thence walked to St Peter's (Vatican), and found my sisters and Mr Petre, and saw the subterranean St Peter's – not worth seeing – St Peter's body [is] never shown, or seen – some pictures on slate [are] very good. The stone cross of the old church, and [the] tomb of Otho II. The oldish

397: The Congress of Verona.

398: One result of Verona was a French invasion of Spain, the overthrow of the democratic government and the restoration of Ferdinand VII.

399: This phrase looks like “ala fall”, “cha fall”, “ala face”, or “cha face”.

400: So much for *Don Juan*, IV, 86, 7-8 (fair copy note).

401: “lappets” (Ms.)

402: “Bromsted” (Ms.)

1822

monuments I recollect. Ladies [are] obliged to have a cardinal's order, except one day in the year.

[We] went to Camucini's private collection of pictures – very good. [Then we] returned to [the] Vatican – took a last view of the Apollo. Home in car. Dined. Went to Lord Kinnaird's with my sisters.

[I] read that Carbonaros increase – that Austrians, neither at Naples nor Milan, think themselves a whit more established by the success at Naples. None of their measures have any appearance of [the] expected stability. They try to form no party amongst the people, but then they feel that 5,000 troops will deter an unarmed populace in any district, especially where the gentry are the chief malcontents. The Austrians had packed up for their departure when the Turinese revolted – had Carignan marched to Milan, all was over with them, and measures had been taken which in twelve hours would have put the citadel of Milan into the hands of the patriots. They have now⁴⁰³ punished Tracy and many others for not revealing what they did not participate in.

The Duke of Modena, when his Minister of Police was appointed, wrote that if he did not receive a reinforcement of 1,200 Austrians he should not think his power tenable. At the same time, Lord Kinnaird is persuaded that nothing will begin in the South, and that even in [the] North the people are not likely to stir. He tells me that, in Lombardy, in the country, the utmost wretchedness prevails – in the towns more work is going on, though even Milan has lost 30,000 individuals since 1814. There is a good deal of money afloat, because no-one will trust his fortune in adventures where returns are to be slow and sure. There is no great public or private undertaking under a government that does not act as if it were to last.

Tuscany is best off. The Grand Duke is liked. The Austrians sent him a list of 140 Carbonari to prosecute – he said there was some mistake – he would punish the real Carbonari, but as for those named, these were his particular friends – Capponi and others. His son is impotent, and he has married to prevent the dynasty from being changed.

The Neapolitans showed considerable talents during the few days of their liberty. Their reports were well drawn-up. Pærio spoke admirably. He was forced into the parliament by the King himself, at whose court he had a place.

The English ladies I have spoken to despise the Italians. They make no allowances for ages of lazy and bad government.

403: "no" (Ms.)

Monday November 11th 1822: Went to Commucini's studio, and saw some of his great, that is to say some of his larger, pictures. I cannot understand his merit. His *Death of Caesar* is the worst piece of all – Pompey's statue looks like flesh, not marble – the patriots are assassins. His *Departure of Regulus* is better, but not good – no expression – no animation – strong colouring, and much attitude. I hear Commucini has the merit of admiring Lawrence, and of writing that his picture of George IV may be publically exhibited, for the improvement of the Roman artists. Commucini's studio contains a set of *gessi* as large as the originals, and the whole establishment would be great if he were a great painter, which he is not – but he is the best.

Went to see Mr Campbell's studio, and admired his *Young Kinnaird as Ascanius* as much as ever. His busts are very good. Looked again at the St Michael, [and] at the Capuchins. Went to the Rossiglioni and saw the Aurora and the Andromeda. Took a last drive through the Forum and walked in the Coliseum. Returned to the Quirinal, and saw the Pope, Pius VII, go out to take his daily outing to the Porta Pia. A few common people were assembled, and an old woman cried out, "Benedizione, Santo Padre!" – Pius made a wave with his two fingers. I saw our lacquey bend⁴⁰⁴ the knee to him as he passed. He looked well in face. He had one outrider before, like an old French postillion, but behind came a dozen of the *Guardia nobile* with drawn swords – two of these went before the carriage – but the good old man wants no guards.

Thence we returned home. I walked about a little. Dined, and preparations for setting out. **Journal, &c.**

Tuesday November 12th 1822: Left Rome about eight in the morning, and travelled that day as far as Otricoli. The roads improved since my time – Cardinal Gonsalvi attends to the roads – he knows how much Rome owes to foreigners. We experienced the most extraordinary change of weather – a cold, northerly wind brought y^c winter into our teeth – I recollect no variation of climate so sudden anywhere.

We thought of going on to Terni, as we arrived before sunset, but put up at the post, a poor house, with decent beds, however. A lieutenant of horse, the commander of seven detachments or brigades, scattered about for the security of the country, favoured us with his company in our common room, and in the evening was very communicative with me – abused the imbecility of his own government and the supineness of the people. At one time, he said that the lower orders were so brutified by superstition that they desired

404: "bent" (Ms.)

1822

no change – at another he seemed to say that all thought as he did, but feared to move. He attributed it to the religion, and to the poverty of the subjects of the Roman state, their⁴⁰⁵ present debasement, and he held out little hopes of a change. The Neapolitan attempt he deprecated as fatal to the cause of freedom.

Of that attempt I heard something at Terni. The Neapolitans had their army at Reati, and sent down a regiment of infantry to Terni, to demand 8,000 rations. The magistrates said they had no orders to furnish rations. This contented the Neapolitans, but by the time a cavalry regiment had arrived at Terni, an order had come from Rome that rations should be furnished to both armies on demand. The provisions were procured, but as the Neapolitans were returning with them to Reati, there happened to appear at Passignano a dragoon of the Papal states. This man the others took for an Austrian, and actually abandoned their convoy, and returned precipitously. Yet they afterwards held out for half a day at⁴⁰⁶ near Reati, and killed and wounded above 1,000 Austrians, who (the wounded) were sent to the main body, then at Terni.

The Austrians themselves expected to be beaten – they were harassed in their march, and went *trembling*, as it were, to an enterprise which none of them approved. Had the Neapolitans held out three hours more, till dark, it is probable the whole business would have ended in the discomfiture of their enemies – but they fled, most unaccountably, from positions which those who have seen the road from Terni towards Reati must think altogether impregnable.

The lieutenant said that Napoleon was the only man for Italy. Had he fallen back upon them after leaving France, he would have united them. Murat had no decision – he attempted to conciliate – he asked for little, and got nothing. He went cap-in-hand for provisions and quarters – this made the Italians think he was not in earnest in 1815, and no-one would join an indecisive man.

This lieutenant was a clever man, but so ignorant that he asked us, when told that we should return by sea “in three hours” to England, whether we embarked at Marseilles.

I spoke to an old crone, a hostess at the inn. She told me that her shoes cost only six pauls and a half, and that a pair of lacing boots, which cost her only eleven pauls, had lasted her four years. I saw them – they were good still. Yet all in these states complain of over-taxation – more taxed they are than in y^e time of y^e French. The hostess after this had the modesty to ask us

405: “there” (Ms.)

406: Ms gap.

fifty pauls for our no dinner and our three beds. I gave forty only. We had here figs of Amelia, the wealth of that town and district. The lieutenant complained there was no getting under the rogues in the states on account of the misplaced lenity of the government: but if what we heard at Terni is true, lenity is not the only fault of the Papal administration. A man wanting to marry another woman, threw his wife into the Velino – the murderer is in prison, but being a rich man it is thought he will not be punished capitally.

Wednesday November⁴⁰⁷ 13th 1822: Off at dawn of day – about a quarter-past six as far as we could make out from the [],⁴⁰⁸ reckoning by twenty-four hours – and went to Narni – lovely drive, and grand approach. Saw the Bridge of Augustus bestriding the narrow vale of the Nera. The Nernians dilapidate the glory of their own town, for we were shown where they had lately taken out the quadrangular blocks of travertine to build their houses. This spoliation of antiquities now will show how the ruins of Rome gradually disappeared.

We reached Terni by a quarter-past ten a.m. and after breakfasting went in a caratella to the Velino. Visited the Pie di Lugo Lake, then came back and saw the great fall from all its points of view above. Then descended by the path made for the Emperor of Austria, and saw the cataracts from below. Then crossed the Nera, and went to the opposite point, from which the falling river is seen in its highest beauty and grandeur. Everything is farmed out here – an old man pays six scudi a year for a point of rock which he has covered with a bower, where visitants are expected to eat and pay a trifle, or pay without eating. The Falls themselves are farmed out, for no-one can furnish horses to carry travellers there except the postmaster of Terni, who has a *privatisa*, and is allowed to charge three crowns and 35 baiocchi for every pair of spectators, and a crown for every one above a pair. This, with a crown to [the] postillion and a crown to [the] cicerone, and several pauls more for supernumeraries on the road, makes this sight a dear one. We paid seventeen pauls more for going to y^c Pie di Lugo Lake.

In the ordnance which grants this privative, it is said to be “an interference in order to correct an abuse”. This is always the way – this is what Major Cartwright would call “a tinkering reform” – stop one hole to make ten.

407: “Octob” (Ms.)

408: Looks like “abroad” or “abrand”.

1822

We returned down the vale by the orange gardens of ⁴⁰⁹ crossed the Nera, and climbed up to Papignan. Returned thence in caratella to Terni. Dined, &c.

Thursday November 14th 1822: Left Terni at half-past eight, about, and travelling through Strettora, Spoleto, Le Vene, Foligno and Madonna degli Angeli, arrived at Perugia a little after seven in the evening – only six posts – the post a good inn – improved since my time.

Friday November 15th 1822: Left Perugia about half-past seven in the morning. Passed by the usual post-road to ——— Casa del Piano. Camuscia – Castiglione – Fiorentino – and arrived at Arezzo at half-past four p.m. Remarkd the change in manners of Tuscan peasantry. Post good inn. Thrasimene – to alter something.

Saturday November 16th 1822: Off at a quarter past six, and travelled seven posts – a new road, the last two posts – to Florence. Arrived about a quarter past four. Beautiful approach to city, and drive by the Arno for [the] last two posts. Put up at [the] New York – quite full, we were told, but had good rooms.

[*end of B.L.Add.Mss.56546: start of B.L.Add.Mss.56547.*]

November 16th 1822 (cont'd): Arrived at Florence, put up at the Hotel de York, &c. Buonarotti called in the evening.

Sunday November 17th 1822: At home in the morning. Walked out with Matilda to the Lunghe d'Arno, &c., into the cathedral. Saw Mr Buonarotti, &c. Dined.

Monday November 18th 1822: Went to the Ricciardi Palace, and saw Luco Giordano's allegorical fresco. Went into the library and saw an illuminated Mss. or two – 24,000 volumes in all. Went to the Gallery,⁴¹⁰ and that was all. Dined. In the night, disturbed by cannon announcing the birth of a princess to the young Hereditary Prince, whom Lord Kinnaird told me was impotent.

Tuesday November 19th 1822: Went to the Gallery. Went to my bankers, Fenzi, an intelligent man who confirmed all I heard of the goodness of the

409: Ms. gap.

410: Presumably the Uffizi.

Grand Duke, and talked as all others talk in Italy of the Austrian government. Dined. Buonarotti called in the evening, and gave me some hints which I have preserved elsewhere.

Wednesday November 20th 1822: Left Florence at a little before eight, and taking the usual route arrived at Corigliano⁴¹¹ on the Apennines, at a quarter before four p.m. Inn wonderfully improved since we were there in 1816

Thursday November 21st 1822: Leave Corigliano at quarter-past seven in the morning, and travelling all but the last post amidst fogs in the Apennines, arrived at Bologna at a quarter to three. Put up at the Pelegrino. Took a little walk before dinner. Very cold today, but very hot yesterday ascending the mountains.

Friday November 22nd 1822: Spent the morning sight-seeing. Saw the university – the Accademia delle belle Arte – the Ercolani Palace – the Mareschalchi Palace – the⁴¹² Palace – the Church of St Dominick – of St Petronius – the cathedral – St Paolo – St Salvator – the Piazza di Nettuno, with its great statue. [The] university [is] diminished to five hundred [students], because none but natives of [the] Papal States are admitted.

I think the pictures of the Accademia the finest altogether in Italy. The Samson,⁴¹³ the St Peter martyr, the Deposition and the Crucifixion. The Riscuri. These show what Guido and Domenichino could do. Their merits are not understood (at least not to this point),⁴¹⁴ and certainly not Guido's, out of [those in] this room. Simone da Pisaro's portrait of Guido [is] a masterpiece, and most interesting – a facsimile, apparently.

Saw a soldier with [a] fixed bayonet⁴¹⁵ accompanying the host to a dying man. Did nothing at night.

Saturday November 23rd 1822: Left Bologna at seven o'clock – arrived at Ferrara at half-past twelve, about. Went there to the university library – to the hospital of St Anna – to Ariosto's house – the ducal (now legatine) castle, just fitted up – and into the cathedral, and into our inn. This gross-grown town [is] as desolate as ever.

411: "Coriligo" (Ms.): correct spelling pencilled.

412: Ms. gap.

413: "Sampson" (Ms.)

414: H. intends a book. He never wrote it.

415: "a soldier with fixed bayonets" (Ms.)

1822

Set out [at] about three – crossed the Po – went on a new road to Polesella and arrived at eight in [the] evening at Rovigo – Due Torri. The whole day's exploit [had been] seven posts. We calculated that I delivered my passport about ten times in fifty miles from Bologna northwards.

Sunday November 24th 1822: Left Rovigo at seven in [the] morning. Arrived at Monsélice at .⁴¹⁶ Took a caratella at [the] post house, and went into the Euganean Hills at Arquà – reckoned four miles. Took a note or two of that place and its records. The house seems to have authentic claims to [be] the residence of Petrarch. His son-in-law, de Bassano, had it. He died without children, and the monastery of St George in Venice came in possession of it. There came a private owner in 1547 (about), from which time it is traceable through five other owners up to the present owners. The *paroccho* has composed a little memoir which he showed us. It contains an extract from the *proces verbal* against the three men who in 1604 were concerned in breaking into Petrarch's sarcophagus and carrying off a piece of the shoulder. The tribunal banished them [from] the Venetian states. The story is told in the French life of Petrarch.

The foolish old woman who showed [us] the place did not point out Alfieri's verses – at Ferrara I saw his pencilling in the *Orlando* Mss.: "Vittorio Alfieri vide e venerò – Jun. 1784".

Coming back to Monsélice, the post-master charged one-and-a-half posts for our trip. We proceeded (a dreary ride) to Padua, and arrived at a quarter past .⁴¹⁷ Put up at [the] Stella d'Oro – now a grand inn. Wintry weather. Saw a sight or two before dinner – i.e., [a] church or two.

Monday November 25th 1822: Left Padua at a little after ten, after sight-seeing a little. Reached Fusina – three posts – seeing La Mira and my old chestnut-walk by the way),⁴¹⁸ at time enough to reach Venice in our post-boat by half-past two o'clock, and put up at the Grande Bretagne, which of all⁴¹⁹ the inns I have seen is alone the one not improved since I was here. I walked about a little before dinner – St Mark's seemed desolate – but it was a rainy day.

After dinner Matilda and I walked by moonlight in the Piazza, which was certainly more deserted than it was in 1817 or 1818. Everyone told me it would be.

416: Ms. gap.

417: H. does not give the hour.

418: See Oct 16 1817.

419: "alone of all" (Ms.)

Tuesday November 26th 1822: Sight-seeing in gondola. St Rocque, and the great Tintoretos. The Accademia, where I saw Titian's great, recovered picture of the Virgin's Ascension. The St Peter Martyr [has] gone back to its church, St John and Paul. Saw Palladio's churches, Redentore and St Giorgio. The first produces a great effect, its pasteboard saints still in the niches – how few Italian designs ever were completed. To see this, look at the outside and then the inside of the churches. Santa Maria della Salute we also saw.

Called on Hoppner. Dined, &c.

Wednesday November 27th 1822: Sight-seeing. Doge's Palace, church of St Mark's. Called on Hoppner – heard some horrors which [I] note elsewhere.⁴²⁰ Dined, &c. Letter-writing to Sophy and my father.

Thursday November 28th 1822: Sight-seeing. Manfrini⁴²¹ – noble collection of pictures, made only thirty years ago. [We] saw [the] Arsenal – only 250 men employed there, except now, that preparations are being made to show the place to the Verona sovereigns. Two ships [were] burnt here just after [the] Austrians came. Library nearly burnt last year. Corner Palace burnt down.

[We] went afterwards to the Lido, and walked on the shore of the Adriatic, where I had so often ridden in former days. Home. Dined. Went to the Consul's and heard further details.

Friday November 29th 1822: Went to Armenian Convent – passed the madhouse on St Servilio – boy scratching – about forty patients there in all – walked to [the] Gesuiti Church and saw its white and green marbles – home.

Hoppners and Rizzo called. Rizzo laughed at the exaggerated grief and encomiums respecting Canova. A Tuscan journal says, "If the sun disappeared, the earth could not be more sad". It was proposed to give whatever remained out of the 10,000 sequins when Canova's Titian-modelled monument was built to build a monument to Titian!! But Cicognara saw the ridicule and stopped it. Rizzo told me after [] that the Emperor of all the Russias has been acting the *caboretier* to him of Austria. Alexander insisted upon waiting on Francis with his coffee, and it was some time before his brother of Austria discovered that he was waited on by an

420: Hoppner's stories of horror are recorded on separate sheets at the back of the volume.

421: "Manfreni" (Ms.). See *Beppo*, 12, 2.

1822

Emperor in masquerade – here is a frolic. Nothing has been done at Congress – absolutely nothing. Madame Catalani wrote to Metternich to know if she should be necessary at Congress. Metternich: “Not absolutely necessary, but very agreeable”. They have given a great show in the amphitheatre – 60,000 present.

After dinner we went at ten to Madame Albrizzi’s. Saw her, and her son, and her Helen. The son – *non employé*. He [is] contended that the *carbonari* gentlemen were not exposed on a scaffold in St Mark’s Place, but only *dans une loge*!! He and his mother owned to me that the enormous taxation was the least evil they endured at Venice.

Rizzo said Italy had not been a nation since Charles V’s time. They now confine themselves to nationality concerning painting and sculpture and even dogs – “If he be a true Italian dog”. Cicognara, in his great work on modern sculpture, has not even mentioned Thorwaldsen.

The King of Prussia subscribed forty *louis* to Canova’s monument, Maria Louisa, twenty *louis*.

Saturday November 30th 1822: Still rainy weather, but went out shopping in St Mark’s Place, and after to see the tomb of Titian in the Frari. It appears that, after all, the tombstone is placed at hazard. The great painter was buried somewhere in the church about the position now selected, but nothing is known of the precise spot. They talk of placing Canova’s monument in the Frari, and Titian’s opposite.

After dinner we went to Mr Hoppner’s. Met there two young Venetians, one of whom had undergone an examination of many hours and an arrest of three days for writing in the Arqua album something to this effect:

“Oh Petrarch, thou who assailed the folly of our ancestors, how much less wretched would their descendants be if they had followed thy counsels.”

It was on this account doubtless [that] the album was removed from the house of Petrarch, as the old woman told us, “because of some improper things being written in it”.

I heard this night a good deal of Buratti,⁴²² the modern Gritti, who writes, say they, like Juvenal in the Venetian dialect. But this Juvenal sticks at nothing: for example, he wrote a satyr against Rizzo Patarol, in which he accused him of confining his brother in a madhouse. Now Rizzo is an odd man, e.g., Lord Byron, in a quatrain sent to Hoppner on the birth of his child, wished the boy “The health and appetite of Rizzo”. This Rizzo took as a

422: “Bouratti” (Ms.)

compliment, and actually printed thirteen translations of it, done into different languages – Hoppner showed us the book. But Buratti was an intimate of Rizzo's, and his charge against him, moreover, was totally unfounded. No fighting took place, and the young Venetian defended Buratti – said he was the best man in the world – a good father and master of a family, and a kind friend, but he could not, for the life of him, help writing when in the vein for ridicule or satire.

Buratti wrote a poem on the shooting of the Elephant at Venice, in which he had a word or two for Francis I, and got admonished by the police.⁴²³

Took leave of these excellent and kind people, not waiting for Lord Strangford, who was expected, and returned in our gondola to the inn.

Sunday December 1st 1822: Left Venice in the post-boat at about seven in the morning – misty and damp, as it had been during our whole visit. Got away from Fusina [at] half-past eight. Went by the usual road to Padua, and thence to Vicenza, where we arrived at half-past three o'clock. Put up at the Cardinal's Hat. Before dinner went to the Teatro Olimpico, and walked a little about to look at the Palladian Palaces – but the weather was as bad as ever.

Five posts and a half today – by land.

Monday December 2nd 1822: Up at five. Off at seven. Arrived at Verona [at] half-past eleven, three posts and three-quarters. Fine view of Trentine Alps at sunrise, but day ended in rain. Put up at the Two Towers, in wretched rooms, the Congress having filled the good apartments.

423: Buratti's lines go:

But on that day, 'mid cannon-fire and mirth	It was believed by most (most being dim)
Of faithful Venice, corona'd with fame,	That sensing Francis's divine beatitude,
Accompanied by his charming wife (the fourth)	And startled by the noise surrounding him,
Our bountiful and mighty Francis came	His sang-froid lost its pure, courageous
To check on us, and sweep out from our hearth	latitude –
All that which offends decency and shame,	But if one studies well the tale so grim,
(Subject to none), oh! guess what there occurred!	To call him cowardly misreads his
The Elephant, in his booth, dropped a fat turd.	attitude,
	Since even when they shot him up the
	rear,
	He never showed the slightest sign of fear:

The great Achilles showed more fear than he did.

(Pietro Buratti, *L'Elefanteide*, tr. Dowling and Cochran, sts. 16-18)

1822

Soldiers on the road, and in the streets, every other man a military. Order at the gates to present myself to the police instantly – [the] Sovereigns [were] afraid of a *coup de main* from the German universities!!! And after all their precautions, Verona is penetrable under the ruins of the old castle. We walked about, sight-seeing. Went into the arena, where are the remains of a concert and dance lately given to the Sovereigns here, with a great figure, half plaster, half drapery, of Madonna Verona in the middle. On the outside of the walls I saw, written on a large piece of paper, like a showman's bill:

Quotquot Veronæ considitas
Imperatores – Reges – Principesque – viri –
Dignitate – auctoritate – sapientia –
Præstantissima
Amphitheatrum ingredimur
Et amplitudine animorum
Par sicut loci amplitud

The outside ruin of the amphitheatre is very striking, even to those who have seen the Coliseum. The restoration of the inside destroys the effect in part. In the neighbouring Piazza Bra they were putting up a circuit [of] lists of woodwork for a *corso di barbari*, to be presented before the Emperors, &c. The name of the pavement in front of this piazza is “Liston – Piazza Bra”. I saw a lane here called “Vo”.

The city seemed very full and bustling, but the soldiery certainly predominated. We went to the Cedes Philharmoniaë to see the lapidary, as they call Maffei's collection of inscribed stones. After looking at this (to which the Greek Athenian will is returned from Paris), we went into the theatre in the same building to hear the rehearsal of the cantata of Rossini, to be played before the Sovereigns the next day. There we heard Galli,⁴²⁴ Crivelli,⁴²⁵ and Velluti.⁴²⁶

Walking away from this place and turning out of a street, we met a tall, fair-faced gentleman walking fast with another, both in plain clothes, who turned off the pavement for my sisters, and facing round rather in a military manner, pulled off his hat and kept it off a second or two. I instantly recognised the Emperor of Russia,⁴²⁷ but my sisters were so surprised as not

424: “Gali” (Ms.) Filippo Galli (1783-1853) bass. Created Mustafa in *L’Italiana in Algeri*.

425: Gaetano Crivelli (1768-1836) tenor. Sang Don Ottavio in London.

426: Giovanni Battista Velluti (1780-1861) last of the great *castrati*.

427: See 4 July, 1814.

to think of curtsying. His Imperial Majesty was very polite indeed – but to my mind rather overdid the thing.

We looked at the Castillo Vecchio, or Old Bridge Can Grande, the only bridge I ever saw with the largest arch on one side. The Veronese seem proud of their arch being so much wider than that of the Rialto.

Passed the remainder of the day at home in our cabins, resolving to stay the next day to hear the cantata, and see the Congress in a box at the playhouse.

Tuesday December 3rd 1822: Rainy day, but I walked about a little. Dined, and went in a carriage to the Philharmonic Opera House, paying five *louis d'ors* for our box. This cantata, and the approaching horse-race, [have been] prepared by the Chamber of Commerce of Verona as an offering to “Their adored Sovereign”, as they call Francis in their programme. The house was very full in the pit, and all the boxes occupied but one, in the opposite range to us. The house was illuminated with wax candles, which continued to drip into the pit, with no little noise.

About three-quarters past seven⁴²⁸ the Sovereigns arrived, and the audience stood up. The Empress of Austria and the Emperor Alexander seemed to perform the parts of introducers of the minor monarchs, the King of Naples and the King of Sardinia, who were led by the hand in front, and bowed to the people. There was a sufficient quantity [of cheering]⁴²⁹ and some waving of handkerchiefs. When the party sat down, which was not until after much pressing and ceremony, there appeared in front, in the large compartment, the Emperor of Russia, the Empress of Austria, the Duchess of Lucca, and the King of Sardinia. In the little compartment to the left of the Emperor of Russia appeared, in front, two ladies in red, who, we were told, were ladies-in-waiting on the Empress. Behind was another very ugly lady, I think of the Sardinian family, and here stood the Archduke Regnier, Viceroy of Lombardy. On the right of the King of Sardinia, in the little compartment, was the Emperor of Austria, and next to him the King of Naples. There were ladies sitting, and gentlemen covered with orders, and standing behind and amongst them might have been Dukes and Archdukes, for aught we knew. But the principal actors were in front, I thought, and I believe the audience thought that Maria Louisa was behind, for on the introduction of some lady by the Empress, there was a great clapping – but we heard afterwards that Maria Louisa was not in the great front box, but somewhere in the pit tier: she goes almost every night to the opera.

428: That is, at a quarter to eight.

429: H. forgets, at the page-turn to say of what there was “a sufficient quantity”.

1822

The Emperor of Austria looked very dull, and very little pleased with the attention shown him. He only nodded, as it were, when forced to take notice of the applause; and on the party retiring scarcely returned the salutations of the people. He and the Emperor of Russia scarcely interchanged a word. He seemed chiefly employed in reading his own praises in the printed poetry of the cantata, which certainly “gives the monarch butter weight”. Nothing, to be sure, could be grosser or more dull than the flattery, nor did the music, though sung by the first performers in Italy, redeem the performance. The Old Shepherd Phileno, who preceded a pastoral group with a lyre, was so ludicrously dressed that all seemed ready to laugh. The myrtle boughs and the flags twisted about the genius of the House of Austria (Crivelli) did not help the piece. To this succeeded a *pas de deux*, wretchedly danced, and then the second act of the opera Isolin [CHECK] and Bertaldo, in which Velluti performed wonders – but no applause was allowed except to the real actors. When, however, these retired, the audience avenged themselves by making Velluti come forward three times, amidst thunders of applause.

On the whole I should call this cantata and its accompaniments a failure, and as for the Royal Box – the world cannot show such a collection of folly and stupidity and imbecility marked in nearly every countenance, which even cruelty and wickedness had not marked with any sign of meaning. And these creatures are met to make war against the liberties of Spain. The Emperor of Russia[’s was] the only bearable countenance, and even he looked silly and spruce instead of noble and genteel. The mentors of so many millions of men had not only nothing to distinguish them from the common race of mankind, but were in appearance below what we call ordinary-looking gentlemen. Francis had a slouchy, surly look, the King of Naples looked like an old, drunken huntsman, “Carlo Feroce” was still more unlike a gentleman. The Duchess of Lucca [was] a hag, and the fourth wife of Francis, a prim, pinched-up sempstress – but goodnatured, apparently.⁴³⁰ She and the Emperor of Russia did talk together. The King of Naples walked behind their chairs, but Alexander took no notice of him.

I know not after all that it worthwhile to say so much on such an occasion, for even had these people been as wise as the Senate of Rome, could they have shown their sense to me, looking at them in an opera box? I wish they did nothing else.

Vellem his potius nugis

430: Franz’s fourth wife (his first three died), was Princess Carolina Augusta of Bavaria.

To bed at half-past eleven.

Wednesday December 4th 1822: Left Verona at a little past nine. Rainy weather. Went five posts and a half to Brescia. Observed that Peschiera is much strengthened. Grand view of the Lake of Garda, and its Alps rose like the sea – “its waves leapt up the promontories,” as Matilda said. Sirmio looked beautiful, as did all the scenery in the mists. I recognised the little pier of Denzonzano, where I strolled about six years ago.

[We] arrived at Brescia at half-past three. Put up at the Post – bad dinner.

Thursday December 5th 1822: Set off from Brescia at a quarter past seven, and went seven and a half posts to Milan, where arrived, at Hotel de la Grande Bretagne, at about four p.m. Evening in the usual way.

Friday December 6th 1822: Walked about after corals, &c. Took a sight of the cathedral again. Rainy weather. Went to Mirabeau’s the banker’s, and heard of the death of Prince Hardenburgh – also of the anxiety of the commercial men to know whether peace or war was determined upon at Verona. Mirabeau told me that the French did so very much for Milan that they even insisted upon the Levant cotton passing through that city, and yet there was a host of grumbles against the government.

Evening at home, &c.

Saturday December 7th 1822: Left Milan at a quarter to nine, and about four in the afternoon arrived at Vercelli. Had no difficulty about passports, dogana, &c., passing the Ticino into the Sardinian states. We had some alarms before starting, as to the probability of the Ticino bursting its banks. At this ferry the Abate di Breme’s older brother was drowned. The ferry-boat was not properly secured, and the hind wheels fell into the water. The ferryman ran away, but was taken and imprisoned for some time.

Posts today, seven and a half, but the latter part French posts. Arrived at Vercelli, the post-house – a decent place. Matilda and I took a walk before dinner, on promenades which were apparently in ancient days part of the defences of the town.

The town [is] garrisoned with Germans, as also Alexandria – Turin not. The Constitutionalists entered here in 1821, but no-one took part with them: it was an affair, they told me, solely of the military, and of some great people of Turin.

[We] got into the French language today.

1822

Sunday December 8th 1822: Left Vercelli about eight in [the] morning for Turin, and arrived at about half-past three p.m. – magnificent view of the Alps circling to our right and our front all the way, covered with snow. Frost this morning. Put up at the Hotel de l'Europe in [the] Piazza di San Carlo, [an] excellent inn. We walked out before dinner on the *baluardi*, and admired the noble views of the Alps – also the appearance of the town and people. The latter very well and gaily and Frenchly dressed, and in great numbers – [a] very different air from that of the Italians of Lombardy and elsewhere. Home. Dinner. The *vino aleatico rosso di Asti* – worth remembering.

Monday December 9th 1822: Went sight-seeing to the Palace – forty-eight rooms, very splendid and slippery. The Albanos in the King's bedroom. [The] family generally live above.

Vain attempt to buy corals.

I walked about afterwards by myself to bookshops – enquired for some general account of the revolution of 1821. Heard there was none. The *Histoire des trentes jours* was recommended to me by one – another told me that it was nothing but a panegyric of the Savoyards – it was published at Lyons, and at Turin, but the publisher told me he had no copy left, and was glad he had not, for it was worth nothing. Another pamphlet, said to be written by the Governor of Turin, I bought. That on the royal side, and Santa Rosa's pamphlet on the liberal, I was told, were the best things on the subject, but all I could make out was that the revolution had put about two hundred good families out of their former positions, and had vacated seventy-two palaces, which had fallen into the hands of the government. There was some talk of the Prince of Carignan returning, which my informant, a bookseller, told me he thought would be a good thing, as it would bring back some other exiles.

The university is suppressed for twenty-one years. The *valet* pointed out the cause⁴³¹ of it, as the place where the revolution had commenced. I have since read two pamphlets on the royal side – nothing more gross than the ignorance displayed respecting our English affairs and government. Nothing more easily answered, if answers were worth anything, where the sword is to settle all.

I cannot say that the surface of things at Turin affords even a guess at misgovernment. There are few cities showing more bustle and business. Yet what can be more atrocious than their criminal justice? A man is seized and

431: "cost" (Ms.)

imprisoned – an [] []⁴³² comes to him – asks him who he is, and tells him he is accused of such a crime. The prisoner denies the charge. The officer retires. A judge examines the papers, it is said, which someone prepares for him – but all the prisoner knows (after some months), is that he has been tried and is to die next day. This the Prince of Carignan’s bookseller told me in so many words when I asked him for the trial of the revolutionists of 1821. [He] laughed, and told me I might have their sentences at the royal printing office – but trial there never had been, and if it had been it would never have been printed. Only two or four were executed in 1821, and those inferior people.

I wrote to Lord Byron,⁴³³ and sent his Lady Morgan to him. We took another walk on the boulevards this evening before dinner.

Tuesday December 10th 1822: Set off from Turin at eleven a.m., and arrived at Susà a little before six in the evening. The post[-house is] a decent inn. Very cold, frosty weather. Eight and a half posts.

Wednesday December 11th 1822: Saw “the triumphal arch of Augustus Cæsar,” as the postillion called it – a curious record of the same wonderful men whose monuments we had gazed at in their own capital, here nitched amongst snows and mountains.

Set off from Susà at half-past eight, the Mont Cenis covered in snow at the top, and frozen on the Savoy side, without any difficulties whatever, and descended to Lanslebourg at about a quarter past five in the evening. Put up at the Hotel Royale, kept by an Englishwoman and built by Napoleon – a very dear inn, but excessively cold. As we came down upon Lanslebourg it looked like a collection of Lapland huts roofed with snow.

Thursday December 12th 1822: Left Lanslebourg and arrived at St Jean de Maurienne, half-past three. Put up at a comfortable little inn, the Post, at St Jean. Saw a sort of triumphal arch recording the return of His Sardinian Majesty, whose county of Maurienne was said (thereupon), to be “*extremum pane [pace?? pene??] habitum efflantem*” at the time of his restoration. The whole of this day’s journey down the valley of the Arcqua between the High Alps, a fort or two, built or building, to defend the pass which which has made the Counts of Maurienne what they are.

432: The words look like “employé. (fical)”.

433: This letter is not in BB.

1822

Friday December 13th 1822: Left St Jean de Maurienne a little before nine in the morning, and passing by Aiguebelle and Chambéry and through Napoleon's great gallery in the Mountain of the Grotto, which being lighted produced a surprising effect, arrived at Aux Echelles – thirteen posts. About seven in the evening put up at the Post, very much struck with the scenery from Chambéry. The ruins of the old fort of Montmellian, the stage before Chambéry, did not bespeak a fortress which defended itself [for] thirteen months against Louis XIV.

Weather very cold and frosty. We had a violent wind down the valley of the Arcq.

Saturday December 14th 1822: Understanding we were chased by a party with a courier behind us, we set off before six for Lyon – eleven posts and something. At Port Beauvoisin [we] entered France, and there learned that by a new regulation of 1822 (July last), I had again to deposit six hundred francs for my carriage. The *dogana* examined nothing on account of my MP's passport, which was sent to Paris, and another given me. The *douaniers* talked politics very publicly – chiefly on [the] rumoured war with Spain – said they were pretty well off in France, but a pity that Louis could not “monter in []”.⁴³⁴ We had some jostling with the party which arrived before we set out, but by dint of fifty sous a post to the postillions, got in before them, and arrived at Lyon about four o'clock p.m. Put up at the Hotel de l'Europe, quai du Saone. Snow and frost in the streets of this temperate town.

Strolled about a little before dinner.

Sunday December 15th 1822: Went to the Church of St Jean, where all the garrison seemed assembled – military music at mass. Old women admiring the head of N. Lusso, in a chapel – no sign of revolution here. I saw in the *affiches* a threat of the Mayor to employ the armed forces to evacuate the theatre if the manager was called for, or any similar disturbance took place.

Walked about with my sisters to some of the great public walks on the quays of the Saone and Rhone, and towards the juncture of these two rivers. Women driving hackney coaches. Great appearance of commerce and trade in the bye streets of Lyon.

Dined at home. Hard frost with sun.

Monday December 16th 1822: Stayed at Lyon for washing, &c. A very foggy, cold day. Did nothing but lounge about and buy a book or two. The

434: This word could be “chaise”, “chese”, “chose”, or even “obese”.

chief books and pamphlets and prints exposed in the shops here seem to be composed to keep up the spirits of the French army: History of the *victimes* of the French *armées* – History of the exploits which have made the French soldiers esteemed the first in the world – *Histoire des Brunes*, &c. – History of French Marshals – I see in the shops several pamphlets respecting the death of the Emperor Napoleon – no reserve on that score.

I bought a little account of the trial of one *chevalier*, executed for murdering one wife, and apparently guilty of murdering three [more,] besides his mistress and his son. He seems to have been an extraordinary ruffian. Before death he compared his persecutors to those of Our Saviour, and on the day of his execution, only complained that it was so far from the prison to the scaffold.

Dined at home as usual.

Tuesday December 17th 1822: Set out from Lyons at ⁴³⁵ and arrived at Journus at ⁴³⁶ posts, where we slept.

Wednesday December 18th 1822: Set out from Journus at half-past five, about, intending to go to Saulieu, but both our hind springs broke, and we stopped at Chalons-sûr-Saone. [At] y^e Three Pheasants all day. I walked about first by myself, and then with my sisters. Obelisk raised to Napoleon – letters just discernable: “Restorer of Gallican Church ... Recaller of Exiles ... Protector of Arts and Sciences ... Friend of Public Education ... Rewarder of Merit ...” &c. Fine quays and a bridge over this noble river.

Bought some little books at a shop, where [I] saw, as usual in French shops, several smutty books, &c. Read Montesquieu’s *Temple of Gridus* – nothing in it.

Thursday December 19th 1822: Up by candle light and off about⁴³⁷ for Saulieu – eleven posts and a quarter. Arrived about half-past six or seven – fast travelling in France, on the whole. Slept and dined, &c.

Friday December 20th 1822: Off at usual time and travelled to Auxerre where [we] arrived at half-past four. Hard frost. Post inn.

Saturday December 21st 1822: Left Auxerre at a little before nine, and travelled ten posts and a quarter to Villeneuve la Guirard. Arrived at half-

435: Ms gap.

436: Ms gap.

437: H. does not write the hour.

1822

past four p.m., inn La Louche – good recommendation. Very comfortable on this road altogether.

Walked to the little church and saw a crowd of people attending vespers, of all ages and both sexes. Happy-looking people.

Sunday December 22nd 1822: Left Villeneuve a little before nine, and travelled ten posts and a half to Paris – generally very fast. Arrived at half-past four. Put up at Hotel Mirabeau, rue de la Paix. Dined, &c.

Monday December 23rd 1822: Shopping, walking about. Called on Tylers. Dine at home. Letters from home. Samuel Brooks [is] dead.

Tuesday December 24th 1822: Ditto. Dined with Tyler.

Wednesday December 25th 1822: Sight-seeing at Louvre, [the] first time I ever saw this great establishment since the restoration of the Italian and Flemish treasures to their ancient depositories. The *local[e]* is still the most magnificent in Europe, after the Vatican, and the Diana and Fighting Gladiator may compare with anything, after the Apollo and the Venus. The other statues are not very striking, but the bas reliefs are very valuable – not but that the busts of Emperors are some of them fine specimens. In the great picture gallery, our admiration was somewhat dampened by the excessive cold.

We took a drive afterwards to the Bois de Boulogne, and [had] a walk in the Tuileries. [We] saw the Duke of Bordeaux in a carriage, well-guarded.

In [the] afternoon I called on Constant.⁴³⁸ He told me everything was in the worst possible condition here – the Chamber [is] completely a tool, although the members not actually corrupted by hard money. The ultras [are] determined to drive things to extremity, so much so that de Cazes and the moderates voted with the extreme left last session, and made a minority of about a hundred. [There are] no more than fourteen complete radicals in the chamber. [The] ministers [are] not inclined to do so much mischief, but [are] too weak to assist a violent proposition. Even if some hot-headed man were to propose the expulsion of Manuel Villedelle, though against, it would consent. The liberals began too soon – their choice of Gregoire, and the assassination of the duc of Berri, indisposed the nation, the majority of which is not inclined to the extreme left, although not at all fond of the Bourbons. They are too well off individually to risk anything for a change. They would not interfere for the royal family, but they will do nothing for a

438: Constant's name is pencilled into a Ms. gap.

change. The ultras resolved to run all lengths, and if Villedel should finally be driven out by them, perhaps he and the other ministers may join the opposition and be too strong for the ultras. In that case nothing but a dissolution of the chamber by the King could prevent some crisis: but a parliamentary crisis [is] not so likely as a sanguinary struggle, which, though not soon, must come at last.

The judges, Mangin, &c., [are] running the career of Jeffries – they would put Constant and others to death if required by the court. Had not the Spanish revolution succeeded, the ultras would have massacred the liberals in France. This *he* said seriously. The four executed the other day for the affair of La Rochelle⁴³⁹ [were] murdered – every effort was made by the court to procure their condemnation from the jury, who were induced finally to bring them in guilty, under a sort of promise they should not be executed – yet the day of their death he saw them pass in the cart, surrounded by an immense multitude, who said not a single word for them – to be sure, there were ten thousand men under arms.

The army [is] very bad – filled with spies – fortunately the officers [are] hated by the men, and though [there is] no public spirit amongst them, yet [they are] all ready for any master.

The best chance would be to repeat the revolution of 1688, but the duc d'Orleans is not inclined to play the part of William – he would do it were it not that he dislikes injuring his family.

Constant [was] condemned to one month's correctional imprisonment by the tribunal of correctional police – five judges instead of a jury – only three present – men of nothing. Juries [are] only necessary when a crime [has been] committed, but for simple political libels, judges pronounce. The court made sure of condemning Constant to a year, and talked of it. The president let Constant know that he was sorry to condemn him at all – a good, but weak man.

The elections [are] conducted shamefully – violence and influence of every kind. Constant lost his by the returning officer refusing votes, and sending back the electors to have their papers examined by the *recepteur* – the *recepteur* contrived to be out of the way. This is nothing but the Westminster trick of poor rates over again.

A war with Spain [is] likely, but this war [will be] nothing but a mode of attacking liberty in France.

He asked me gravely if there was any chance of a revolution in England – said I was a bloody man.

439: Four army sergeants were executed at La Rochelle on 21 Sept 1822, accused of plotting to overthrow the government.

1822

He seemed inclined to give up, and retire to England – enquired how the exiles were looked upon. Much altered – lame, blind, and grey.

A revolution was prevented in 1819 by three days of wet weather!

[We] dined at Tyler's. Met a Saxon baron there, who told me that the Duke of Saxe Weimar,⁴⁴⁰ writing to Metternich in a friendly manner, put, "I am afraid poor Italy will suffer by this congress". Metternich in reply said, "I would recommend your royal highness not to trouble yourself about the affairs of Italy, but take care that your students at Jena do not become carbonari". The Baron saw the letter – said Metternich's head was turned.

One plan of congress was to reunite Poland and to indemnify Austria by the Papal States!!

Thursday December 26th 1822: Called at the languers [CHECK] – heard politics talked – [was] told that the army was not well paid or well fed, and amounted to no more than between thirty and forty thousand men capable of marching, and that an attack on Spain would be madness. Also that the little commerce now in [the] hands of France would be cut up by Spanish privateers manned by English.

[I] had a pamphlet put into my hands, written by Lafitte to the *cours de cassation*, relative to a complaint made by him against Mangin of attacking him in a speech, and attacking his private and public character. The court of cassation have refused the appeal. Thus a government officer may libel anyone, whilst, if the court likes, any printing office may be shut up and the types seized, by the simple mandate of the prefect or some ministerial officer. It is by answering this attack on him by Mangin that Constant has been condemned to two months and a half imprisonment.

Several generals have refused the command against Spain. One gave a plan, and was asked to exceed it – he said no.

Both ultras [parties are] for the war. The one expects Spain, the other France, to fall.

I dined with Lumley. Met an English party, and heard of nothing except of Montmorency's demission.

Friday December 27th 1822: Went sight-seeing. Dined at home. Went to *Variétés*.

December 28th 1822: Called on ⁴⁴¹ this afternoon. Heard nothing except that war was inevitable – also that Montholon was making a book of

440: Goethe's patron.

441: Ms. gap.

his Emperor. Twenty-two volumes advertised, then forty-four, so that I have little chance of getting my notes on my *Letters from Paris*.

When the people flocked about Bertrand's house on his return from St Helena, and called out, "Vive le général Bertrand!" he threw up the window and called out, "Vive le Roi!"

I saw the meeting between A.L.⁴⁴² and B[enjamin]. C[onstant]. for the first time since the latter lost his seat and was condemned to two months and a half imprisonment. A.L. said nothing was more unexpected – that he had told me at Rome. Constant was certain for his department. L. said the first row of the left would be nothing without Constant – who would answer Bignon?

Constant talked of the extreme difficulty of getting anyone to publish anything, in Paris, but owned [that] this state of things [was] better than the censorship.

I called on Lady [Oxford].⁴⁴³ Heard a good deal of the ultra-liberal politics, by which it appears the Chartists are thought poor creatures, and Constant among them. The execution of the four of La Rochelle [was] very unpopular, so they say – yet the royalists must do something decisive. When Montmorency came back from Verona, the duchesse d'Angoulême called him a poltroon.

Went to the Français – saw Reynard's *Joueurs* [CHECK] – a good deal of buffoonery – and *Valérie*, a new three-act piece of which the heroine is blind, and is played inimitably by Mlle Mars. It seemed to me that the French taste was not so unlike the English as I could conceive, except that the house was more genteel, and better filled, and more silent – lighted with gas chandeliers.

Sunday December 29th 1822: Had a ticket for the Chapel Royal, and went with my sister Matilda to see the King, but was turned back on account of pantaloons. Spent the remainder of the afternoon with Baillie. Dined at home.

Villelle has written a sort of *exposé* of the intentions of the French towards Spain.

Monday December 30th 1822: Dined at the ⁴⁴⁴ today. Heard of the state of the country, that the military revolutionists were resolved to put up Napoleon II, or to find some name for the head of a new government,

442: Could be "U.L."

443: "Oxford" is pencilled into an Ms. gap.

444: Ms. gap.

1822

without meddling with the doctrinaires – the “Chartists” – the Constants and Lafayettes. Something [is] still going on, and the daughter of the family [is] to be the reward of success to one of the future heroes: so the mother told me herself.

Heard that Fox of the embassy certainly was at the bottom of, or knew something of Bowring’s arrest.⁴⁴⁵ He had seen Bowring talking to Favii at the house, and complained of it to the lady. The British embassy made no efforts to rescue Bowring, who was confined *au secret* for a month, and at last let out in such a hurry that it was forgotten to ask him for the fine incurred by carrying sealed letters. It appears to me rather unwarrantable to engage in schemes against the government of any foreign country. To be sure, it is difficult knowing of such schemes, and it is impossible to divulge them. The execution of the four young men for the La Rochelle conspiracy [is] said to have sealed the fate of the Bourbons.

Went to the opera, and saw the dancing, which is excellent – and very quiet, especially after the Italian grotesques.

Tuesday December 31st 1822: Remained for the greater part of the day at home. My sisters went in the evening to the court, and were introduced, or rather, introduced themselves, to Louis XVIII, to Monsieur, and to each of the royal family separately. Each of them, except the Duchess of Berri, addressed a few words to them. No other foreign ladies presented.

APPENDIX: Hobhouse’s conversations with R.B.Hoppner (see 27-8 November 1822.)

[These are extra leaves, bound in at the end of B.L.Add.Mss.56546, ff.62-7.]

Hoppner⁴⁴⁶ told me that Austria had raised 555,000,000 of francs in eight years in her Italian provinces, and paid 180,000,000, pocketing the rest.

The old rental of all Venetian states was 26,000,000 of francs – Austria gets 12,000,000 from Venice alone. Every import, even from *terra firma*, is taxed – no vines of Italy but the commonest of Padua – I saw champagne charged sixteen pounds a bottle, and the lowest Cyprus, six.

He told me that the Emperor of Austria, on taking possession of [the] Italian states, issued a declaration against the conscription, which decried that system as wicked and unnatural; but he has now a much more severe

445: John Bowring had been arrested in Paris in October 1822, accused of carrying letters to revolutionaries in England.

446: “H.” (Ms., *passim*).

conscription, sparing no-one. Only sons and married men are taken, which was not the case under the French.

Hoppner told me the following atrocity. The Marquis Cannonici of Ferrara wished to come into the Papal and Austrian States on business. His friend, the Legate of Ferrara, advised him not to go, but Cannonici, saying he was a subject of the Pope, and was conscious of no offence, went across the Po. He was immediately seized, and his papers examined, and he underwent a temporary arrest but was at last liberated. Cannonici some afterwards wished to go to Verona on business. The Legate again advised him not to go, and he again resolved to set out. On setting foot [on] the other side of the Po, a messenger posted to Venice, and scarcely had Cannonici been a few minutes in his inn at Verona before the Commissary-General of Justice arrested him, and a coachmaker of the town, who was on business with him. The latter was dismissed, but Cannonici was transferred to the prisons of Murano, where he was confined two years, until he was brought out and put on a pillory scaffold in St Mark's Place, and then had his sentence read to him, which was two years of *carcere duro* – he had never been tried. They shaved him, and put the jail dress on him, and ironed him. He tried to dash out his brains against the walls, but failed. They gave him nothing but jail bread, which as he was in delicate health, nearly destroyed him. He managed to let his friends know his situation, and a little money was sent to him, which was sent back. His old mother petitioned to be allowed to assist him. This was refused, and this man, a subject of the Pope, without trial, is now a galley slave for the alleged crime of high treason against the Emperor of Austria.

At the time of Cannonici's arrest, a Piedmontese, a Modenese, a Neapolitan and a Frenchman were also arrested. The Italian governments either did not interfere, or were not attended to – but the French minister interfered, and his countryman was liberated. [TRANSFERRED FROM 4 Dec 1822: Mem. – When Cannonici was arrested, Gonsalvi wrote to Metternich and claimed him as a papal subject – no notice was taken of the letter.]

=

Another anecdote. An Austrian colonel proposed to a young friend of his to become a Carbonaro. The Italian refused – shortly afterwards the Italian was arrested, and charged with non-revelation, and sent[enced] to three years *carcere duro*. His father, a man of talent, and well-known to the Austrian court, went to Vienna and prayed the Emperor to remit the sentence. Francis told the father that his son would be the better for three years shutting up, and then turned the subject to the old man's genius, and the pity it would be if he discontinued the exertion of it. The father said, "Your Majesty must

1822

only mean to sneer at me, for you know my capacity can be of no use to me if I can not procure the preservation of my child”.

The effect of all these horrors has been to make the Austrians universally detested. There is now no difference of opinions, as formerly. Sixteen have just been arrested at Brescia. When the Duke of Wellington came here on his way to Verona, Hoppner⁴⁴⁷ told him some of these things, and amongst them mentioned that such was the violence of the present system in Italy that even a German judge had said to him, when the Minister of Police at Modena had been killed, that it served him right – whereat the Duke flew into a great rage, and told Hoppner that it was highly wrong to suppose the Austrians were in the wrong because the Carbonari said so. He said, “Do you think that when Austria has been fighting for twenty-five years to get Italy, she should just put arms into the hands of the Italians to lose it?” Hoppner tried to interpose, and ask him to hear what the Italians had to say – the Duke slapped his hand on the table, and said, “I will not hear! It is the part of a good subject to obey his sovereign!”

Talking about the conscription, the Duke said the thing could not be bad, for some soldiers he [had] met were very fat and fine-looking.

The next day the Duke seemed to think he had gone too far, for he talked to Hoppner rather more rationally, a change which Hoppner rather imputed to his having been treated with great distinction in the Piazza of St Mark’s on the Sunday intervening, whereas he had not been recognised before.

Rizzo told me that the Emperor of Russia, at Verona, tries to ingratiate himself by running about in pretended incognito, and kissing the hands of the wives and daughters of the Veronese, and giving zequins to chaps in the street who show him the way. The Duke of Wellington is the most popular, for he goes into the pit of the playhouse, *en frae*.

Preparations for the Congress: 200 police from Venice – 200 from Milan – 10,000 guards around the town – [they] published an order a month beforehand that no-one should enter Verona without special permission, then stopped people on the morning before it came out – amongst others, Count Pompeii, a noble of Verona. [The] Emperor of Russia [is] completely surrounded with police, watching all who approach him. The Duke of Wellington [is] the same at the Grande Bretagne – even when he walked in St Mark’s Place, a legion of these fellows hovered round him.

[The] police here – chiefly Italian Tyrolese – correspond not with each other but with Vienna. Several instances have occurred where denunciations have taken place and [been] rejected by the local authorities and then taken

447: “he” (Ms.)

to the Viceroy at Milan – or to Vienna. A scoundrel complained against some of the best families of Verona to the Delegate – the Delegate told him to go about his business. The man went to Milan, to the Archduke, and got two hundred louis out of him to make discoveries. The man sent in a list of Carbonari, and put the Delegate down amongst them – but it was soon found out that the man was a cheat.

In like manner, a spy complained to the Commissary of Police here at Venice. The Commissary would not hear him – the man went to the Head of the Police, who came to the Commissary. The Commissary told him his opinion, and the Director dismissed the spy. The spy wrote to Milan, and an order came to examine into the whole business. The Director was alarmed, but the Commissary in a few days seized the spy and his papers, and discovered the whole plot.

The spies are all well-paid. Lord Strangford told Hoppner that Thomas Moore had written to him to know what Congress was doing – Lord Strangford said, “Finding a new version of ‘Diddledum, diddledum’”. The Russians complain Verona is very dull – nothing [is] to be done against Spain or for Greece, i.e., nothing at all of what Congress assembled for.⁴⁴⁸

An Austrian officer took his pipe into a coffee-room at Padua, where smoking was forbid. The waiter spoke to him – the officer said he would smoke till the Carbonari were masters of Italy – no-one dared speak. [The] Duke of Wellington said the man was a blackguard.

Even a count owned to Hoppner that the Austrians were uniting all the Southern Italians now, though the former revolution was only the work of a party. The Duke of Wellington owned to Hoppner that Italy was ill-managed, and that twice as much might be raised in a better way.

The Commissary of Police told Hoppner that the examination of the accused Carbonari was carried on in the most brutal manner. The examiner addressed them, “Well, you scoundrels!” – and this was all their trial.

[The remaining three-quarters of the last side does not relate to Hoppner.]

448: In fact the Congress authorised a French invasion of Spain, to suppress the liberals.