

RECOLLECTIONS OF  
A LONG LIFE

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LORD BROUGHTON

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VOL. III  
1822-1829























RECOLLECTIONS OF A LONG LIFE







Es ist eine alte Geschichte  
Doch bleibt es immer treu.

HEINE.













*John C. Hobhouse. F.R.S.  
from the engraving by C. Turner  
after the painting by James Lonsdale*



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# RECOLLECTIONS OF A LONG LIFE

BY LORD BROUGHTON  
(JOHN CAM HOBHOUSE)

WITH ADDITIONAL EXTRACTS  
FROM HIS PRIVATE DIARIES

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EDITED BY HIS DAUGHTER  
LADY DORCHESTER



WITH PORTRAITS. IN FOUR VOLUMES

VOL. III. 1822—1829

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## P R E F A C E

THE very favourable reception accorded by the public to the first instalment of Lord Broughton's Recollections, which appeared in the summer of 1909, and especially the advice I received, of indisputable value, and on which I place implicit reliance, have induced me to continue the publication of these Diaries and Memoirs down to the year 1834.

The interest of the first two volumes was chiefly centred in Hobhouse's personal experience of the events which culminated in the Battle of Waterloo, and in his intimate friendship with Lord Byron.

The leading feature of these two present volumes is the progress of Home Politics, and especially the events which led up to Roman Catholic Emancipation in 1829 and the Reform Bill of 1832.

My father, as a prominent Member of Parliament, and afterwards as a Cabinet Minister, was fully cognisant of all that was passing, even in



the inner circles of the Government, and he took the utmost pains to record his experiences and impressions from day to day.

At a time of political unrest like the present, these records seem to me to be of peculiar value and interest, and I venture to hope that the public also will take this view of them.

These records, however, are not confined to politics, but also throw much new light on the social events and the leading personages of the time.

I have added, as an Appendix, an account of the Destruction of Lord Byron's Memoirs, written by J. C. Hobhouse at the time; also a letter (published for the first time) written by Count Pietro Gamba to Mrs. Leigh and translated from the Italian by J. C. Hobhouse, giving a full account of Lord Byron's last illness and death.

C. DORCHESTER.

*April*, 1910.



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From an engraving in Lady Dorchester's possession.		

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# RECOLLECTIONS OF A LONG LIFE

## CHAPTER I

FROM DIARY.

*July 24.*—Left London and arrived at Dover. 1822.

*July 25.*—Did not sail until past one, on account of the blowing weather, which would prevent the boats reaching the packet in the offing. Got upon Calais pier at four o'clock.

*August 9.*—Arrived at Heidelberg, where we met Ricardo and family. “Alors beaucoup d’embrassements de part et d’autre.” On Ricardo’s recommendation we went to Stuttgart, and were much pleased with our visit.

*August 22.*—Determined to go to Italy instead of Lucerne.

*August 30.*—We entered Milan. I had hardly time to look about me before my brother Edward came to me with a dreadful story—Lord Londonderry’s suicide. I cannot say, nor understand, how Lord Londonderry’s death affected me. . . . My first impression was that a change of Ministry would take place; that a change of Ministry would bring on a dissolution of Parliament; and that I must at once go home. But on second



1822. 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 Ministry 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. Canning is, I see, talked of for his successor.

*September 5.*—We left Milan, and stopping at Pavia, Novi, and Genoa, came to Pisa on September 15th.

I went to enquire after Lord Byron, and at first heard he was going, if not gone, to Geneva, but I found him at his Palazzo Lanfranchi. We were soon joined by Leigh Hunt, of the *Examiner*, to whom and 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 Spezzia,<sup>1</sup> 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,<sup>2</sup> 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.

Byron was going to ride. I left him. He is much changed—his face fatter, and the expres-

<sup>1</sup> This is the only mention made of this tragic and sad event.

<sup>2</sup> *The Liberal*.



sion of it injured. For the rest I saw little difference. We were both at first a little formal. 1822.

After dinner went to him again and sat with him all the evening. He told me something about his proceedings in Romagna. He had regularly joined the Carbonari, 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 recovered, 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 Government of Italy.

Count Gamba, Madame Guiccioli's brother, has been sent away from Pisa, for the share he had in the row between the Serjeant-Major of Dragoons and the party of Lord Byron. It appears the Serjeant was struck by a pitchfork by Lord Byron's groom, but he was not found out, so the Tuscan Government punished others.

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 Christmas. 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.



1822.

The brother of Madame Guiccioli, Gamba, is a great friend of Lord Byron's, and here in Italy the brother of a 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 moralise 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 lodges 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 Romagnuolas. The Romagnuolas are, indeed, somewhat testy and shabby 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 every one thought Italy would be revolutionised. The children sang "Viva la libertà" in the streets. Even the Secretary of the Government wrote to Byron saying that he too was an Italian, and the Cardinal Governor called on St. Apollinaris 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. 1822.

Lord Byron kept a regular journal of the time which he spent at Ravenna, whilst the projected revolution was brewing. Began it to T. Moore.

The house in which he lives here belonged to the Lanfranchi who conquered Ugolino, and there are dungeons at the bottom of the Palace.

*September 16.*—Rode with Byron. Caught in a storm of thunder and lightning, and took shelter in a vineyard cottage, where an adventure occurred which gave us no high notion of the morals of the country. Passed the evening with Lord Byron.

*September 17.*—Rode with Byron. Passed the evening at the Palazzo Lanfranchi. It seemed to us both 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 nothing about the matter; now he was anti-Whig. He was much hurt at the late article against him in the *Edinburgh Review*. He also told me that my letter to him against "Cain" 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," and he told me he has written against Castlereagh. I recommended him to be cautious how he touched



1822. on his death. He did not quite agree with me.

*September 18.*—Rode out with Byron. Passed the evening with Byron, who declaimed against Shakespeare, and Dante, and Milton, and said Voltaire was worth a thousand such. (*Scherzo.*)

*September 19.*—Went out riding with Byron. He told me several things relative to the state of severity in Italy, particularly Romagna, also of the conduct of the Papal Government in Romagna. Told me that Gamba, the son, and a friend, went out shooting for several days at the very time they expected to rise and revolutionise 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.

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. It appears that the Bolognese had promised to come forward, but they afterwards kept back and broke up the conspiracy. 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, 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. 1822.

I dined at home; as usual passed the evening with Byron.

*September* 20.—Thunder, and lightning, and rain, prevented our riding, so I sat at home with my friend Byron. He told me how the Duke of Saxe — 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 IVth 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 200 years with him.

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.

We had two or three mutual accusations, half



1822. in joke, and I tried to persuade him that he should write less.—I remarked to him he had observed the only time in which the House of Commons had shown a disinclination to hear me. He mentioned this twice. . . . He told me he had less feeling than usual in his younger days. He mentioned that T. Moore had told him in a letter, “Hobhouse is praised by everybody, but he is a companion I would sooner praise than live with.” Now this arose entirely from my telling him my mind as to the Memoirs of Lord Byron.

We parted on most friendly terms, and his last kind words when he took leave of me were: “Hobhouse, you should never have come, or you should never go.”

*September 21.*—Set out for Florence.

*September 23.*—I went to see Bartolini’s studio, and saw the bust of Lord Byron. The latter I thought much better than Morghen’s engraving has made it. I told him so, and B. said Morghen had no genius, and had never done anything well that required genius.

*October 12.*—Arrived at Rome.

*October 19.*—Walked to Canova’s studio. Saw some of the masterpieces of this great artist, who appeared to me greater than ever. Just upon taking leave of his workman, I asked how Canova was in health, and was told he was very well indeed, better than formerly. I said he ought to live for ever. “Yes,” said the man, “every



one wishes him well." On this very evening, 1822.  
as I afterwards learnt, his people received news  
that he was dead!!!

The news of Canova's death was told to us  
on the day I am writing this, October 21st. 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  
been 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 the  
interest of the country and the age in which  
he lived.

FROM BOOK, "RECOLLECTIONS."

I did not on this occasion go further south  
than Rome. On my return I went to Venice,  
and had a look at the Congress of Verona.  
Passing by Paris, where I stayed a short time,  
I dined with Constant, and met Lafayette at  
his table. Both my host and the General de-  
clared, more than once, in very decided language,  
that the Government of the Bourbons could not  
maintain itself long in France; but neither of  
these distinguished politicians said anything of  
the rumoured invasion of Spain. They confessed  
that the majority of the Chamber was inclined  
to make war on the Spanish Constitutionalists,  
and would try to force the Government to that  
false move. At the end of January in the next



1822. year appeared the French declaration of war against Spain.

But our Parliamentary Opposition affected to believe that the war would not be undertaken, and Lord Liverpool in the Lords said that he had not abandoned all hope of peace. The Opposition made vigorous, and, for this once, united efforts to assist the patriots of the Peninsula. . . .

FROM DIARY.

1823. *February* 4.—Meeting of Parliament. Got an amendment in my pocket declaring abhorrence of Holy Alliance and of Invasion of Spain.

Went to the House. King's Speech by commission; a thin attendance of members—not 250 present. The speech a little better than expected, and Mr. Childe, who moved the Address, very decided against interposition of France; so thought better that no amendment should be moved. Lord John Russell and others agreed with me.

*February* 6.—Dined at Kinnaird's. Met Alvanley there. He told me that the Duke of York told him, talking of the Catholic Bill, "You had better carry it now, for, by God, you shall not get it in my time." Alvanley knows him well—is one of his household, and talks familiarly with him. He says the Duke has a sort of religious veneration for his father's way of thinking on this subject.



1823.

The Duke, I hear, says he considered the accession of Canning as a virtual dissolution of the Ministry. There is no doubt but that the Chancellor and Peel form a party in the Cabinet against Canning. Canning has contrived to get Vansittart and B. Bathurst out of the House of Commons. Vansittart struggled to get a peerage with remainder to his nephew; he got a peerage without remainder and the duchy of Lancaster. Bathurst gets nothing. I fancy the Whigs of a certain class coquet a little with Canning, and he with them.

*February 9.*—I dined with the Speaker; first Opposition dinner. Other sessions Burdett and I asked to the second dinner.

Hume amused us at dinner by talking his politics, particularly against the Church, out loud.

*February 11.*—Dined with William Spencer alone, at his lodgings. He told me some curious stories of William Pitt. He met Pitt the last year of his life at Lord Abercorn's. Pitt drank three bottles of port wine for his supper.

Pitt asked Spencer what sort of man Fox was in private conversation. Fox asked Spencer just the same question of Pitt. Pitt sat up till three in the morning at Lord Mulgrave's with Colman, punning, and quoting, and laughing.

Spencer told me Fox did not praise at the moment, but would come a day or two afterwards and say, "That was a clever thing you said the other day." He was grumpy. He was much



1823. pleased with Tom Moore, particularly with "Corruption and Intolerance," in which the Whigs are attacked; and delighted in the simile,

"As bees on flowers . . . cease to hum,  
So settled on good places Whigs are dumb."

It was arranged he should be introduced to Moore. Spencer told him to be aware of not receiving him with a *humph*, and turning his back, which he sometimes did. Fox promised he would not, but when introduced to Moore did say *humph* and did turn his back directly.

Spencer complained to Fox immediately, and Fox settled he would repair all by sitting next to Moore at supper. Spencer kept a place. Fox was coming up when Wordsworth, the poet, happened to catch him. Fox talked three-quarters of an hour to Wordsworth, and never sat down nor said a word to Moore.

Spencer told me several very curious anecdotes of his former life. I sat up with him until past eleven, and then went to Brooks's, where I met Burdett, and walked up and down St. James's Street till near two in the morning with him.

*February 12.*—At House of Commons. Canning took his seat. Hume wanted to divide the House upon the appointment of Lord Beresford to be Lieutenant-General of the Ordnance. Canning asked him not, Brougham and others asked him not, but he only yielded when Burdett asked him, on the ground that Government should not



have supply stopped when all sides called on them to support Spain. 1823.

I dined at Williams's, Kinnaird's partner. Bidwell of the Foreign Office there. Told me that Canning had been doing all he could against war, and that Count Munster and Hanover lay at the bottom of much of England's submission to the Allies. They said, we gave you what you asked for, Hanover, why refuse us to dispose of Genoa?

*February 13.*—Went to the Antiquarian Society and heard read an original letter from King Charles I. to the then Governor of Oxford, by which it appears he gave orders for the arrest of Prince Rupert after the loss of Bristol.

*February 18.*—I dined with Ellice, who told me some curious things of the King's Court at Brighton. His Majesty does not sit very long at dinner. He comes out to a party of about thirty, bows round, followed by Lady Conyngham, and then sits himself down to écarté, with generally the same party.

The joke at the Pavilion for some time was, that Canning could get no one to be his Under-Secretary. In fact, Canning offered the place to Binning, to Hill, and to Ward. The latter took three weeks to consider of it!!! though if he had accepted it he must have gone out of Parliament, for Dawson, Peel's Secretary, would not. Canning knew that the King had been trying to get something for Lord F. Conyngham, who, with all the



1823. other children, he seems to have adopted, so he offered him the secretaryship, which delighted His Majesty beyond everything and made him give Canning his picture.

*February 28.*—House of Commons. Brougham asked Canning if Chateaubriand had stated the truth in his speech as to the acquiescence of the Duke of Wellington at Verona in the aggression of France against Spain. Canning said Chateaubriand had mutilated the document alluded to, and had taken for an admission what was put only in contrast.

*March 1.*—Went down to Whitton, found William Spencer there. He told me that he went once with Philip Francis and Sheridan to Burke at Beaconsfield, on some business relating to Hastings. Burke came out of his garden with a frog under a glass, and entered into a long natural history of the frog, to the great impatience of Francis and amusement of Sheridan. Having done his dissertation he pulled a paper out of his pocket and said, "There is something that will serve your turn if you can understand it." Francis confessed to Spencer that the paper was one of the finest things he had ever seen.

Burke spoke in the highest terms of Macintosh's *vindiciæ gallicæ*, said 'twas in his own style. Selected particularly the sentence where he speaks of the "undisciplined rabble of argument entered at the breach made by Burke's eloquence."



I called to-day, for the first time since 1818, at Lord Holland's, and saw Lord and Lady Holland. She had sent me the drawing of her Napoleon snuffbox. Lord Holland told me he had written to Arguelles,<sup>1</sup> begging hard not to recommend a modification of the Constitution. It seems A'Court and Fitzroy Somerset have been attempting to recommend something of the sort at Madrid. 1823.

*March 8.*—I called on Lord and Lady Holland again. They certainly seem to wish well to Canning, and praise the forbearance to him. The Ministers were invited to the dinner given to the Spanish and Portuguese Ministers yesterday, but they declined.

*March 13.*—I dined at Mrs. Damer's. Met Sir A. and Lady Johnson, Mrs. Tighe, Sam Rogers, Westmacott, and my father.

Sam Rogers told me that Byron told him at Pisa that he, Byron, had only one friend in the world, and that was Tom Moore. "I thought of *you*," said Rogers. Now this was so truly in

<sup>1</sup> Augustin Arguelles, a Spanish statesman (1775–1844). He came on a mission to England, and, returning to Spain soon after the French occupation of Madrid, found that the political leaders had retired to Cadiz, and were occupied in making provisions for a regency and national constitution. Arguelles was called upon to take part in the revision of this project. He was imprisoned by King Ferdinand in 1814, and although acquitted by the judges was condemned by the King to ten years in the galleys. He declined to take part in the revolution in 1820, but on its success was appointed Minister of the Interior. He was deposed for royalist tendencies, and took refuge in England. In 1832 he returned to Spain, became President of the Cortes, and Guardian of the young Queen Isabella. His eloquence gained him the name of *Divino*.



1823. the worthy man's usual style that I was aware what to do, and only said, "I am sure Kinnaird is the best friend Byron ever had in the world."

*March 14.*—Dined at Colonel Hughes's. Met General Lallemand the elder there.

He told me that he was the only one of Buonaparte's suite at Rochefort who dissuaded him from going on board the *Northumberland*, and tried to get him to go to America. Las Casas was violent for England.

He told me that he was bearer from the French army in July 1815 of a request to Napoleon to put himself at their head. When he arrived at Malmaison he found Napoleon had been gone only two hours!!

Lallemand is a very quiet, steady, prepossessing man. He told me he never once went to the Imperial Court until Napoleon returned from Elba.

*March 16.*—Walked to Kensington Palace and called on the Duke of Sussex with Burdett.

General Lallemand called on me this morning, and said that he should not recommend a declaration of war against France by England; it would stop any revolution in France; at least not till hostilities had commenced.

*March 18.*—At House of Commons. Canning, in answer to a question of Mackintosh's, let out at last that Spain and France were almost sure of war, and that we should not agree *in hostilities*!! So it appears *we* have all been tricked by Canning. Indeed, Arbuthnot said to Ellice in



the House of Commons, "Now you see the only difference between Castlereagh and Canning is that Castlereagh would have told this at the beginning of the session, and Canning has kept it back till the Easter holidays." 1823

*March 19.*—Stayed but a short time in the House of Commons to hear Wilberforce sermonize against slavery.

*March 20.*—Lady Holland sent to me the other day some letters to read on the business of O'Meara. . . . Napoleon's character, on the whole, has certainly gained by the various memoirs of his St. Helena life.

*March 22.*—Dined at Lambton's. Met Lady Cochrane there, a pretty young woman. She has been in several actions on board ship.

*March 25.*—Went to the House of Commons. Lord J. Russell, as a sort of *lark* (!), asked Canning whether we were bound to support the Bourbons on the throne of France. Canning said he could not quite say, being taken on a hurry, but he thought we were bound to support them against Buonaparte and his family, and also that in case of revolution in France we were bound to *consult and concert with our allies*.

*March 26.*—At House of Commons. Hume manfully brought forward a petition of M. A. Carlyle's against the excessive fine imposed on her, and opened the whole question of religious persecution. Wilberforce, Acland, and Attorney-General made miserable speeches. Ricardo and



1823. Burdett did themselves immortal honour, and, on the whole, the cause of religious liberty was crowned with a very signal and unexpected triumph. I did not dare to speak, not having, as Burdett said, character enough!!!

Canning to-night confirmed what he said about our stipulations as to the Bourbons.

*March 27.*—House adjourned for a fortnight.

*March 28.*—Arrived at Cardington with Burdett.

*March 30.*—Rode over to Oakley and called on Lord Tavistock, whom we found in a very precarious state of health indeed. Persuaded him to give up hunting altogether. His father is apparently dying, and if both were to go off at once the public would sustain a great loss.

*April 1.*—Rode to Rolleston and met the Quorn hounds. Rode a horse of Burdett's. Got into a brook, had a good run. Rode to Kirby and put up there.

Dined at Melton with the old club. Lord Molyneux, Sir B. Graham, Mr. T. Moore, and Sir James Musgrave, present. Very good-tempered and gentlemanlike, but not one word except hunting talked about for four hours!

*April 3.*—Rode sixteen miles to cover, Carlton. Got a bad fall and hurt my shoulder.

*April 4.*—Read Las Casas' "Memorial of St. Helena." A great deal of the book belongs to another work, but Napoleon's conversation is highly delightful.

*April 5.*—Dined at Lord Elcho's, who lives in



a hunting-box at Ashfordby with his lovely wife, 1823.  
a Bingham, whom it appears to me a sin to  
seclude among the Houyhnhnms. The talk all  
about broken bones and breaking cover, etc.  
My Lord, however, is apparently an excellent  
young man.

Burdett did nothing but declaim against hunting after our visit, and vow, as he had done a thousand times before, that he would give up his stud.

*April 13.*—Returned to London, and then went with Burdett and Kinnaird to Holland House and dined. A party there: Lord and Lady Lansdowne, the Duke and Duchess of St. Lorenzo, and T. Moore, the poet.

Lord Holland seemed to talk Spanish with great fluency. The Duke of St. Lorenzo talks French, but badly, and no English.

After dinner I had some conversation with him on the affairs of Spain. He talked very despondingly on the present issue, but not at all so on the final result. What the Spaniards wanted were arms; 50,000 muskets sent into the galiots would do everything. "Otherwise," said he, "it will cost us much blood to wrestle them from the French."

He said that he was very willing to throw himself at once upon the people, and that as for our Government he had no terms to keep with them. He said that if the money for the arms could be got here, he was willing to give



1823. up his estate in pledge for it. He had made up his mind never to live in Spain unless Spain should be free.

He told me that the Duke of Wellington had behaved very coldly to him, had only left his card, although, as a grandee of Spain and one who owed obligations to St. Lorenzo, he should at least have been civil. Of Canning he said that he was very polite indeed, but that before he left Paris he knew that our Government intended to do nothing.

He told me he hoped the French would march to Madrid, as it would be more prejudicial to Spain if they took up the line of the Ebro for their defence. He said that all the nobles (grandeos) in Spain were for the Constitution; at least none of them were for the absolute despotism or belonged to the army of the faith.

*April 14.*—The details of the manner in which the French army crossed the Bidassoa in the Saturday papers. It appears they had mass said after the passage.

*April 18.*—At House of Commons. Said a word or two about the British Museum and transferring the Buckingham Palace Library there. It is, I hear, perfectly true that the books are sent away in order that Nash may erect a kitchen in the octagon room.

*April 28.*—At House of Commons. Debate on papers. Immediately after the amendment was



1823.  
moved, I rose and spoke an hour and ten minutes. Although I was far from well and left out some of my best points, I heard afterwards it was the best speech I had ever made. I spoke out for war, at least for preparing war. Almost all the speakers the other side during the three nights made their speeches on mine. Debate adjourned.

*April 30.*—At House of Commons. Wynne opened adjourned debate. Canning did not rise until eleven, when he spoke just three hours. His speech was civil, part good, but difficult to lay hold of. He was very complimentary to myself, said I had met the question boldly and fairly, etc. He was amazingly applauded.

*May 26.*—Dined at the Athenæum Club. A Dr. Luke there told me that Dr. Baillie told him he attended William Pitt the night he died, and all Pitt said was, "What would you have more? have I not given you all you asked?" He was in delirium. The story of "Oh, my country!" was a lie.

*June 10.*—At Spanish Committee. Agreed on the resolutions for Public Meeting. We have had no encouragement whatever from the grandees. Lord Grey told me he looked upon the cause as hopeless, and that he would not conscientiously recommend others to make sacrifices in such a cause. He talked very despondingly to me of the general complexion of politics all over the world, and at home; wished he had never to



1823. put his foot in the House of Lords again, etc., and ended with saying that we were in the old age of our country: everything rotten, corrupt, and worn out. This is the character of Lord Grey, always desponding, always out of spirits unless he thinks he is riding the winning horse.

FROM BOOK, "RECOLLECTIONS."

*June 13.*—A vast assemblage at the Public Meeting; but after a good deal of correspondence we discovered that our efforts would be unavailing.

FROM DIARY.

*July 9.*—Dined with Burdett at Roger Wilbraham's. Lord Crewe there, 81; Davenport, M.P., near 70; Roger, 79; and Adair. All these old men very agreeable and gentlemanlike. Memories fresh about them, and manners, as Burdett observed, certainly superior to the present day.

Wilbraham told that Charles Fox mentioned to him that the first year he came into Parliament, 1769, old Sir — Mildmay took him up from Kensington, and putting him down at the House of Commons said, "I have not been here since the Hanover succession, and I was then Under-Secretary of State." (Or some such place-man.)

They talked of the dissension between Fox and



Sheridan. Wilbraham mentioned that all observed 1823.  
Burke altered his style after the Hastings Trial and adopted Sheridan's flowery rhetoric.

*August 3.*—I think it is Lord Clarendon who says that no man ever made a figure who did not in early life consort with his superiors.

*August 10.*—Sat up with Smith and Spencer late. Smith told that when the eight English officers were desired by Washington to settle amongst themselves, who should be hanged by way of reprisal for an American officer who had been put to death unjustly, Asgill drew the lot, and said, "I was always an unlucky dog; I always drew the flogging lot at school." Harry Greville was put to sit up with him, partly to watch, partly to console him, and all he could say was, "Come, never mind." Asgill was to be hanged next day; but he was not, and the intercession of the Queen of France finally saved his life.

*August 11.*—Rode up to London with James Smith, who told me he heard Byron say that he could not enter into the "Maid and Magpie," as he had never been *innocent* of stealing a silver spoon!!

*August 23.*—Foscolo and I took a walk. We had a great discussion at night about poetry. He denied Pope to be a poet except here and there, as at the end of the *Elegy* to the memory of an unfortunate Lady. He could not feel Dryden. He did not understand Shakespeare,



1823. but admired some passages. I quoted the moonlight *sleeping* on the bank. Foscolo said sleep was too strong for Italians; *repose* they might say. He said poetry was *images*. I quoted Pope's description of Cæsar's triumph in his Prologue to *Cato*. "Pooh!" said he, "it was not so." Now, what had that to do with it? I think I had the best of it; but, to be sure, Foscolo does not understand English.

Foscolo is an extraordinary man; he talks poetry. He said Napoleon's dominion was like a July day in Egypt—all clear, brilliant, and blazing; but all silent, not a voice heard, the stillness of the grave.

*August 24.*—W. R. Spencer told me the other evening at Whitton that he was at Versailles when the Parisians attacked it. He heard the Queen of France herself say to M. Necker, "What are we to do? Speak, say a word, it depends on you." Necker sat in a corner; he was *bien poudré*, and held a great pocket-handkerchief to his eyes; he spoke not a word. Spencer mentioned this to Madame de Staël, who said to him violently, "Ne m'en parlez pas, ne m'en parlez jamais."

*September 8.*—After the session of 1823 I was recommended to travel and amuse myself. After visiting Mr. Hughes at Kinmel, I paid a visit to Lord Grosvenor's at Eaton.

Lady Grosvenor and Lady Elizabeth Belgrave, both very nice people, I think. The latter a



daughter of the Marquis of Stafford, a piquante young person, with a very sweet, deep-toned musical voice. Lord Grosvenor, whom I did not know personally, very attentive indeed. 1823.

*September 12.*—Left Lord Grosvenor's, and went from Liverpool to Glasgow in the *Majestic* steam-boat.

*September 13.*—Within six miles of Greenock the pipes of one of the boilers burst, and our vessel stopped immediately. Had this happened last night, we must either have made for Ramsay Harbour or have been lost. I cannot think, after all, that the steam-boats are or can be made secure in a heavy sea off a lee shore. They are very large for their depth. Watt had no idea that his invention could be applied to the sea, and Napier of Glasgow, who made the sea engines, was laughed at, at first. Now three steam-boats leave Liverpool for Glasgow every week. The breeze carried us to Greenock just as the *Post Boy* steam-boat came up to tow us.

We encountered a great many steam-boats full of passengers, for the intercourse with Argyleshire and the Western Islands, and almost every place on the West Coast of Scotland, is now carried on by steam. This wonderful invention has changed the face of the country, and the manners and aspects of the people in some respects, and it is yet perhaps only in its infancy. The company on board our *Majestic* were mostly Scotch; intelligent, civil, and well-mannered. One had been a



1823, great deal in Portugal, another in America for twenty-nine years, another in the East Indies. No people travel so much and to such purpose as the Scotch. The American traveller told me that the English were becoming daily more popular in the United States. Since their ships had beaten ours, their jealousies had subsided. Thus good opinion of themselves had begotten kindness towards others : a usual process.

*September 15.*—Arrived at Lord Glenorchy's, Auchmore, on Loch Tay. I found only one guest, Lord John Hay, a Captain of the Navy, brother of the Marquis of Tweeddale. He has lost an arm in the service. A very intelligent, shrewd man indeed ; a little formal at first. Lord Glenorchy I take to be a man of very good sense, and much spirit.

*September 16.*—I read in the newspaper an account of the death of my friend David Ricardo. He was of unblemished integrity, both public and private. He was liberal and wise in the expenditure of a very large fortune, acquired solely by his own skilful industry. In all the relations of private life he was kind, amiable, and engaging, as well as just and generous. He seemed free from every bad passion, and those who came within the sphere of his gentle but resistless influence felt that he was born for the consolation of those around him, and for the happiness of mankind.

*September 19.*—A General Turner, with one



arm, dined with us—a coarse, hard-headed Highlandman. He abused the Spaniards, said that when their whole army ran away before the French at Toulouse, the Duke of Wellington said, “D—— fine, beautiful, never saw 25,000 men run away in my life before!” 1823.

General Turner is the son of a tenant of the Duke of Argyle. He told us that he was in waiting on the Emperor Alexander when he visited the Chelsea military establishment. He particularly remarked that Alexander noticed nothing, but held out his hand behind to be kissed. When Alexander and the King of Prussia visited Portsmouth, Alexander was evidently displeased with the great naval superiority of the English. A small vessel was given to the King of Prussia, who, tapping Alexander on the shoulder, said, “You will not be jealous of my fleet.”

The Emperor Alexander kept the Duke of York waiting nearly a whole day at Woolwich, and made no apology at last. He kept the Prince Regent waiting at Portsmouth.

I never heard these things before; I suppose they are true.

FROM BOOK, “RECOLLECTIONS.”

On the 22nd September I left Auchmore and went to Edinburgh. . . . I should like to have stayed in this attractive city, but was pressed for time, and went, by Hawick, to Chisholme, the seat of the



1823. brother-in-law of my friend Edward Ellice. I stayed at Chisholme several days, and went, on the 12th October, by Cambo and Newcastle, to Lambton Castle. From this time dates my intimacy with the late Earl of Durham. The guests were principally racing men; Henry Brougham was there—a little out of his element perhaps, but very agreeable. The chief companion of my walks was a Piedmontese Marquis, San Marsan. He had been aide-de-camp to Napoleon, and knew his Court well.

On October 14th came the news that Cadiz was taken by the French, and the King restored to absolute power.

I visited Farnley, where, besides the family of my friend Mr. Fawkes, I found several guests, and, amongst them, the most celebrated landscape-painter of our time—I mean Turner, who was employed in making designs for a museum intended to contain relics of our civil wars, and to be called Fairfaxiana. The walls of one of the large rooms at Farnley were, when I was there, entirely covered with a collection of Turner's water-colour drawings, chiefly sea-pieces and sketches of ships. If they were to be sold for anything like the sums that I have known single pictures of this great artist fetch, they would be a fortune to the owner.

A more agreeable host than Mr. Fawkes I have never seen, and his political recollections were very amusing. He repeated one day a



squib which he wrote during his Yorkshire contest : 1823.

What has Lascelles to hope  
From this cry of "No Pope!"  
And his zeal for the Faith's great Defender?  
Since all of us know  
That his brother the Beau  
Has long been the only Pretender.

Lord, commonly called Beau Lascelles, used to dress at and after George IV.

Fawkes said that he was acquainted with Gibbon at Lausanne—that he was pedantic in his conversation, and talked chiefly of himself. . . .

From Farnley I went to Mansfield, and, enquiring about Newstead Abbey, I heard of "Lord Byron's time" as if of an age long past and almost forgotten.

On Tuesday, 28th October, I set off for Nottingham, and passed by Newstead. . . . I found the workmen busy there, and had some difficulty in getting into the house. When I was admitted I was shown up into the old gallery, then refitted, and scarcely to be recognised. It was there that Lord Byron placed the old stone coffin found in the cloisters; and I well recollected that, passing through the gloomy length of it late one night, I heard a groan proceeding from the spot. I went to the coffin, and a figure rose from it, dressed in a cloak and cowl, and blew out my candle. . . . It was my friend C. S. Matthews.

I went into the cloisters, which were also under repair; the graves which Byron opened in my



1823. time, and found the monks lying side by side, were then closed up. . . .

From Nottingham I went to Melton, or rather to Kirby Gate, and took up my quarters with Sir Francis Burdett, and hunted with the Quorn hounds.

#### FROM DIARY.

1824. *February 8, 1824.*—Dined at Speaker's, first Opposition dinner. Creevey entertained me all dinner-time by laughing at Mackintosh's mean-looking face and figure. He told me that the story of Mackintosh appropriating to himself the money collected for a poor fellow, who was transported for his political conduct in the beginning of the French war, was quite true, and that he had seen Mackintosh's letter of apology, ascribing it to his necessities; and this is the man who, as Madame de Staël says, is to equal Hume and even to surpass him.

*March 8.*—Lord Titchfield dead. This young man a great loss to the Liberal side of the House. He had shown considerable talent and more honesty. I know but little of him personally—that little left a very agreeable impression on me.

*March 17.*—Presented a petition relative to the smuggling of French embroidery under seals of office by King's messengers. A coat of Canning's so smuggled was seized at his tailor's and condemned at the Custom House and burnt. This was mentioned in the petition. I spoke to Huskisson to tell Canning that I presented the



petition without any hostility to him, and that I should not move for the printing of the petition. 1824.

*March* 21.—Dined at Mr. Ord's in Berkeley Square. Met there Tom Moore, W. Spencer, Lady C. Lindsay, Lord and Lady King, and Mr. and Mrs. Abercromby. Agreeable party. Lady C. Lindsay the most agreeable of all. W. Spencer the least; his efforts spoil all his qualities, which are far from brilliant, either moral or intellectual.

*April* 10.—Dined with Kinnaird. A large party—Lord Alvanley, Duke of Argyle, etc.

Alvanley gave us a humorous sketch of the life of Ouvrard, the great contractor, who furnished the clothing for Napoleon's army at Waterloo, and for the Duke d'Angoulême in Spain. He bought up everything on the Spanish frontier, and when the Duke d'Angoulême arrived at headquarters nothing was to be got except through Ouvrard. His influence turned out the Duke of Belluno. Ouvrard may be considered as having made the Spanish War. His loan for the Regency settled the question.

*May* 7.—Dined at Holland House. Damont there. Lord Holland, as usual, the most agreeable man at the table. We were talking of the duel of yesterday between Battier and Lord Londonderry.<sup>1</sup> Lord Holland said that when Pitt

<sup>1</sup> Charles William, 3rd Marquis of Londonderry, was Colonel of the 10th Hussars, and in 1824 fought a duel with Cornet Battier of that regiment. The quarrel arose out of some trivial regimental dispute, and Lord Londonderry was reprimanded, while Battier was dismissed the service.



1824. fought Tierney, Lord Harrowby said, "Pitt, take care of your pistol, it is a hair-trigger." Pitt held it up and said, "I do not see the hair!" Such was his learning as to small arms.

Lord Lauderdale, talking of the late division against the Unitarian Marriage Bill, when the Chancellor beat Lord Liverpool by 39, said that he had asked the Lord Chancellor how he came off so victorious. "Why," said Eldon, "how could it be otherwise? I had the 39 articles for me!" Another proof how jocose these pious men can be in private on sacred subjects.

Lord Holland owned to me that Canning and Brougham were disliked by their respective adherents.

*May 11.*—At House of Commons. Lord Althorp's debate on the state of Ireland not over till near three in the morning. Canning made an often-repeated speech about himself, and his reasons for accepting office notwithstanding he could not carry the Catholic question, which he said might be better carried by a divided than a united Cabinet. He then alluded to the impossibility of his coalescing with the Whigs, as they would not come in without carrying Reform of Parliament. Old Tierney answered him in his best style jocularly, and gave him a complete dressing, but said Whigs *were not pledged to Reform.*



## CHAPTER II

FROM BOOK, "RECOLLECTIONS."

AT the close of the session of 1823, and the 1824.  
early part of 1824, I was much employed on the affairs of Greece, and became one of the most active members of the Greek Committee. The Greeks had sent two Deputies to negotiate a loan in England, and with these our Committee was in constant communication. But our chief duty was to correspond with the illustrious poet, who had left Genoa for Greece, and was our agent, or rather representative, in Greece. Whatever there was of Government in that country resided at Missolonghi; and in that floating capital Lord Byron, after staying some time in Cefalonia, resided, and devoted all his energies to the good cause. The readers of Moore's Life of him are aware of his exertions. Strange to say, whilst others, and more particularly Colonel Leicester Stanhope, a soldier by profession, were occupied in drawing up constitutions and devising forms of government, Byron was bent upon fighting, and had actually resolved upon an attack of the Castle of Lepanto, so soon as he could collect a sufficient body of troops on whom he could depend.



1824. Colonel Stanhope studied Bentham, and consulted the "Springs of Action" of that great writer; whilst Byron was providing arms for his soldiers, and concerting schemes for drilling and fitting them for actual war.

The Greek Committee were duly informed of his proceedings, and resolved to second them to the utmost of their power. They had the satisfaction of knowing that Mr. Secretary Canning regarded their efforts with far more favour than those of the Spanish patriots. Indeed, the feeling was universal; and there seemed little doubt that the Greek Deputies would accomplish their mission, and negotiate the projected loan on reasonable terms.

#### FROM DIARY.

*April 12.*—Letters from Greece stating that Lord Byron had been attacked by a serious convulsion fit at Missolonghi on February 15th. He lost his senses for a time, and his face was distorted, but he has since recovered, though he is so much shaken that Stanhope says he must retire from Greece, of which he is the life and soul. The Suliotes have behaved very ill, extorting all Lord Byron's money, and then refusing to march, which they were to have done, under Lord Byron, against Lepanto. A Suliote being struck by a Captain Says, shot him dead. Stanhope attributes Byron's illness to these disappointments. I do not. Stanhope says Byron behaved



with great firmness. He always does on emergencies. The news made me very nervous. I could hardly sleep. 1824,

*May 14.*—This morning at a little after eight o'clock I was awakened by a loud tapping at my bedroom door, and on getting up had a packet of letters put into my hand, signed "Sidney Osborne." On the outside were the words "By Express"; there was also a short note from Kinnaird.

I anticipated some dreadful news, and on opening Kinnaird's note found that Lord Byron was dead. In an agony of grief such as I have experienced only twice before in my life—once when I lost my dear friend, Charles Skinner Matthews in 1811, and afterwards when at Paris I heard my brother Benjamin had been killed at Waterloo, Quatre-Bras—I opened the dispatches from Corfu, and there saw the details of the fatal event.

The letters were from Lord Sidney Osborne to me, from Count Gamba (Lord Byron's companion) to me, from Count Gamba to Lord Sidney Osborne, and from the Count to the English Consul at Zante. Besides these there were letters from Fletcher, Byron's valet, to Fletcher's wife, to Mrs. Leigh, and to Captain George (now Lord) Byron. Also there were four copies of a Greek proclamation by the Provisional Government of Missolonghi, with a translation annexed.



1824. The whole of these documents spoke the intense grief of everybody at this great calamity. The proclamation described my dear departed friend's illness of ten days—the public anxiety during those days of hope and fear—his death—the universal dejection and almost despair of the Greeks around him. The proclamation next decreed that the Easter festival should be suspended; that all the shops should be closed for three days; that a general mourning for twenty days should be observed; and that at sunrise next morning, the twentieth of April, thirty-seven minute-guns should be fired from the batteries of the town to indicate the age of the deceased. He was in his 37th year.

I read this proclamation over and over again, in order to find some consolation in the glorious conclusion of his life for the loss of such a man, but in vain. All our ancient and most familiar intercourse, the pleasure I had enjoyed in looking back to the days of our amusements at home and our travels abroad, the fond hope with which I had contemplated our again—in our own country—renewing the more than brotherly union which had bound us together, all our tokens of regard, nay, even our trifling differences,—all burst upon me and rendered me alive only to the deprivation I was now doomed to endure.

Afterwards I saw the account of his last illness by Fletcher in a letter to Mrs. Leigh, which letter she copied for me. The reading this letter



1824.

tore my heart to pieces. It showed the boundless and tender attachment of all about him to my dear, dear friend. I shall keep it for ever. It seems he had but imperfectly recovered from the violent epileptic fit which had seized him on the 15th February; he had even had a slight return of it; but his death was owing to his being caught in a hard shower of rain when riding near Missolonghi. A fever ensued; he refused to be bled, and his physicians, young men, did not press him much, but put it off from day to day. Fletcher says he went on his knees with tears in his eyes and implored him to be bled. At last he consented, but Fletcher says it was then too late. He became delirious, and then for the last twenty-four hours neither spoke nor moved. He died on the nineteenth of April at six o'clock in the evening.

It is most afflicting to think that with good care he might have recovered, and yet it is possible that in his very reduced state he might not have been able to bear bleeding. To fancy that he *might* have been saved, and was not, doubles our regret. I shall take some calmer moment for recording some of the particulars of this calamity.

I went for Sir Francis Burdett and Mr. Kinnaird, both of whom were much affected. The former kindly undertook the painful duty of informing Mrs. Leigh of the event. The latter transmitted other letters from Lord Sidney



1824. Osborne to various correspondents, and went to the evening newspaper office to make the intelligence public by the speediest means.

After the first access of grief was over, I determined to lose no time in doing my duty by preserving all that was left to me of my friend—his fame.

I called on Kinnaird, it being agreed that Burdett and I should dine with him. We had a melancholy evening, recalling to mind the various excellencies of our dear friend. I shall never forget this dreadful day.

I should have mentioned, at Mrs. Leigh's desire I called on her; she was in an afflicting condition. She gave me Fletcher's letter to read, and I could not restrain my sorrow, but again burst out into uncontrollable lamentation; but when recovered I thought right to engage Mrs. Leigh not to communicate to any but the nearest friends one part of the letter, which mentioned that since Lord Byron's fit on February 15th he had placed on his breakfast table a Bible every morning. This circumstance, which pleased his valet Fletcher, I was afraid might be mistaken for cowardice or hypocrisy, and I was anxious that no idle stories to his discredit should get abroad. I daresay that the Bible was on his table. I have long recollected his having one near him; it was a volume given to him by his sister, and I remember well seeing it on his table at Pisa in 1822, but unless his mind was shaken by disease



I am confident he made no superstitious use of it. 1824.  
That is to say, I am confident that although he might have a general belief in its contents, he was not overcome by any religious terrors.

He often said to me, "It may be true. It is, as d'Alembert said, a 'grand peut-être'"; but I own that I think he was rather inclined to take the opposite line of thinking when I saw him at Pisa, for when I remonstrated with him on the freedom of some of his latter writings in that respect, he said, "What, are *you* canting?" He then protested he would tell his opinions boldly, let what would be the consequences.

Both Burdett and Kinnaird were anxious, as well as myself, that no rumours prejudicial to his fame respecting his last moments should get abroad, and we therefore resolved to know the contents of Fletcher's letters to Mr. Murray and to Fletcher's wife. This we accomplished by giving those letters to the parties ourselves. Mr. Murray read the letter from him to me, and Mrs. Fletcher did the same to Kinnaird. They contained nothing but the expression that my Lord died a good Christian.

Mrs. Leigh seemed to view the subject in the same point of view as myself, and promised to be discreet. Captain George Byron—now, alas, Lord Byron—went down this evening to Beckenham in Kent to communicate the tidings to Lady Byron.

*May 15.*—I called on Mrs. Leigh. . . . Captain



1824. G. Byron came in to us ; he was much affected. He had seen Lady Byron, and told me she was in a distressing state. She had said she had no right to be considered by Lord Byron's friends, but she had her feelings. She wished to see any accounts that had come of his last moments. I agreed to send my letters down to her by Captain Byron, and I did so.

*May 16.*—Moore and Kinnaird called. Moore talked of Lord Byron's friendships, and said he had told him in his last letter that he never felt safe when absent from him ; that he feared stones might be suddenly generated in the higher regions of his fancy, and even in the serenest sky might drop down and crush him, Moore. Byron's answer to this was pettish. I told Moore that Byron did not like being suspected.

Sir F. Burdett called. My dear sisters Matilda<sup>1</sup> and Sophia<sup>2</sup> came. When Burdett was gone I showed them a copy of Fletcher's letter to Mrs. Leigh, and went upstairs. On coming down I found them in floods of tears, such had been the effect of this simple narrative of the last moments of my dear friend on their tender hearts. They continued weeping during their visit. Indeed, I see by the papers that the regret is universal ; the loss is felt to be a national loss. Party feeling is suspended in the contemplation

<sup>1</sup> Married Marchese Buancaleoni of Gubbio, Umbria, Italy.

<sup>2</sup> Married Boyd Alexander, Esq., of Ballochmyle, Ayrshire, Scotland.



of the genius of our fellow-countryman, and of sympathy with him for the great cause to promote which he may fairly be said to have died. 1824.

The *Times* of yesterday announced his death in a manner which is, I think, a fair sample of the general opinion on this event. The writer is, however, mistaken in saying that others may have *been more tenderly beloved* than *Lord Byron*, for no man ever lived who had such devoted friends. His power of attaching those about him to his person was such as no one I ever knew possessed. No human being could approach him without being sensible of this magical influence. There was something commanding, but not overawing in his manner. He was neither grave nor gay out of place, and he seemed always made for that company in which he happened to find himself. There was a mildness and yet a decision in his mode of conversing, and even in his address, which are seldom united in the same person. He appeared exceedingly free, open, and unreserved with everybody, yet he contrived at all times to retain just as much self-restraint as to preserve the respect of even his most intimate friends, so much so that those who lived most with him were seldom, if ever, witnesses to any weakness of character or conduct that could sink him in their esteem.

He was full of sensibility, but he did not suffer his feelings to betray him into absurdities. There never was a person who by his air, deportment,



1824. and appearance, altogether more decidedly persuaded you at once that he was well born and well bred. He was, as Kinnaird said of him, "a gallant gentleman."

FROM BOOK, "RECOLLECTIONS."

How much soever the Greeks of that day may have differed on other topics, there was no difference of opinion in regard to the loss they had sustained by the death of Byron. Those who have read Colonel Leicester Stanhope's interesting volume "Greece in 1823 and 1824," and more particularly Colonel Stanhope's "Sketch" and Mr. Finlay's "Reminiscences" of Byron, will have seen him just as he appeared to me during our long intimacy. I liked him a great deal too well to be an impartial judge of his character; but I can confidently appeal to the impressions he made upon the two above-mentioned witnesses of his conduct, under very trying circumstances, for a justification of my strong affection for him—an affection not weakened by the forty years of a busy and chequered life that have passed over me since I saw him laid in his grave.

The influence he had acquired in Greece was unbounded, and he had exerted it in a manner most useful to her cause. Lord Sidney Osborne, writing to Mrs. Leigh, said that if Byron had never written a line in his life, he had done enough, during the last six months, in Greece,



1824

to immortalise his name. He added that no one unacquainted with the circumstances of the case could have any idea of the difficulties he had overcome: he had reconciled the contending parties, and had given a character of humanity and civilisation to the warfare in which they were engaged, besides contriving to prevent them from offending their powerful neighbours in the Ionian Islands. I heard that Sir F. Adam, in a dispatch to Lord Bathurst, bore testimony to his great qualities, and lamented his death as depriving the Ionian Government of the only man with whom they could act with safety. Mavrocordato, in his letter to Dr. Bowring, called him "a great man," and confessed that he was almost ignorant how to act when deprived of such a coadjutor.

## FROM DIARY.

His friend Gamba says in his letter to me that, though cut off in the flower of his age, in the midst of his hopes, Byron will always be regarded as the saviour of Greece, *always*!

*May 22.*—This morning I was called up to Lady C. Lamb, whom I found waiting for me in my room. She had written to me saying she was perfectly satisfied if her letters were in my hands; she now added that she could not give up Byron's letters to her, but she would leave them under seal directed to me in case of her dying before me, and she *was* dying, she said. I found



1824. her in a sad state ; but I could not consent to give up any of her letters, the only guarantee against her making a novel out of Byron's letters. I shall give the same answer about Lady Melbourne's letters, and all to whom I have spoken agree with me in the propriety of this measure.

*May 24.*—Went to Crown and Anchor. Numbers at dinner 320, 9 M.P.'s. All dreadfully put to it for speeches. The Greek Deputies were what Canning called the American Minister at Liverpool, a Godsend ; but I could not allude to Greece as I otherwise would, the very name stuck in my throat. Burdett, in giving the memory of my dear Byron, introduced it by a moving and eloquent address. The Greeks performed what they had to do well. Orlando was in the Greek dress.

*May 25.*—Lambton and I walked to the House together ; fought the Islington Improvement Bill. Lambton brought on the question of Buckingham's treatment in India, did it very well. Canning tried to joke. Called Wellesley and Hastings *candid souls*, out of Horace. Came poorly off. Lambton's reply very good and ready. He is certainly a very neat, and indeed finished, Parliamentary speaker.

*May 27.*—Mrs. Leigh and I talking over Lord Byron agreed that his principal failing was a wish to mystify those persons with whom he lived, especially if they were in an inferior condition and of inferior intellect to himself.



1824.

*May 29.*—Went with Kinnaird to a villa belonging to Lambton at Wimbledon, a beautiful place looking upon Coombe Woods, and as retired and rural as any spot in England. He gave £18,000 for it, expecting to give £25,000. Secretary Peel intended to bid against him, but told his bidder not to begin bidding till the sum reached £20,000. It never came so high!

Dined at Lambton's. Denman and Colonel Roberts there. Denman came from Carshalton, where the balloon fell down with Mr. Harris and Miss Stocks. Denman told us that whilst Miss Stocks was lying almost insensible on the bed, four newspaper reporters and four gentlemen of the balloon committee insisted upon being admitted to her!!!

Denman also told us that when the Queen was dying he saw two reporters in her antechamber, and Peter Finnerty, reporter for the *Chronicle*, actually rode on the box of the carriage that carried Denman and Brougham back to London, after they had taken their last leave of the Queen. A newspaper-ridden people we are!

*May 30.*—Kinnaird and Colonel Young, late Secretary to Lord Hastings in India, called. The Colonel told me some curious news relative to the state of society at Calcutta, and how my excellent brother Henry, who is a great radical in London, takes the high-prerogative line there in the East.

*June 2.*—Rode to Whitton. Looked over and



1824. sorted some of Lord Byron's letters, that is letters to him, with the intention of putting them in readiness to return to the writers.

*June 5.*—Rode to London. Went to Greek Committee, and mentioned that I had some thoughts of going to Greece. Heard read some letters from Stanhope from Athens and Salona, with short remarks from Lord Byron, in which he expresses himself as fully aware of the difficulties around him, but resolved to do his duty, dear fellow. Stanhope did not hear of Lord Byron's illness and death until he arrived at Salona; where the Congress from Eastern and Western Greece was to meet, and where Lord Byron had promised to be present.

Parry, whom we sent out to superintend the Engineer Department in Greece, is mad at Zante. Colonel Stanhope is ill and coming home; but Blaquière is arrived with £40,000 of the loan at Zante. A most atrocious piece of folly or villainy has been played off by Lord J. Churchill, commanding H.M.S. *Hinde*, in the archipelago. He was at anchor off the Piræus. He invited the General Ulysses, Ghora, the commandant of Athens, Mr. Trelawny, and twenty or thirty Greek soldiers on board his ship. As they were at dinner some of the Greeks ran down into the cabin to Ulysses, and told him the ship was under weigh. Ulysses, Ghora, and Trelawny rushed on deck and found the ship under press of sail. They drew their swords, cut the tiller ropes and hal-



liards, then jumped into the boats and made to shore. 1824.

Trelawny drew up a letter to Captain Clifford, commanding in those seas, but Lord Byron in a short note says he knows not whether it was sent. A large sum of money having been offered by the Turks for the head of Ulysses, the *Hinde* having just come from Smyrna, the Greeks believed they were seized to be given up. Perhaps it was only a frolic, but such a frolic! What an influence it might and may have on the future fate of Greece, especially on the connection of England with Greece.

*June 10.*—This morning I went to Kinnaird's by appointment to meet *Hanson*, the Hanson. Kinnaird has heard from Genoa from Mr. Barry, Lord Byron's banker, that having carefully looked over all the papers left by my friend in his possession, no will has been found. This made him desire Hanson to bring the will made by Lord Byron in 1815. It had a codicil made in November 1818 at Venice, by which Lord Byron gave £5,000 to his natural daughter Allegra, since dead. The executors of the will are Hanson and myself.

We agreed that Hanson ought to deposit the original will in Doctors' Commons until every search had again been made in Italy for a later will, but I begin to entertain some doubts of any posterior will to that of 1815 and 1818. None was made in Greece, we know. Hanson talked



1824. of some early letters of Lord Byron at nine years old, which he said were perfectly characteristic of what he afterwards became.

Kinnaird and I breakfasted and talked over the event that has deprived us of our illustrious friend. We called to mind many traits of his character. Kinnaird told me that Sheridan asked Byron to be his biographer, and said it would be the highest honour that could await him.

The last time but one that Sheridan ever dined out he met Byron and Kinnaird at Sir G. Heathcote's. He went away very drunk in a hackney coach with both of them. Kinnaird got out first, and then, coming back, found Byron in fits of laughter over Sheridan, who had dropped almost senseless to the bottom of the coach; but when lifted up, and taking leave of them, Sheridan stammered out, "Good-bye, my dear Lord; may you have a little one just like you" (his wife was then with child),—this showing his habit of finishing with something agreeable, or desiring to make an impression, drunk as he was.

*June 14.*—Dined with the Asiatic Club, of which I am a member. Sat next to Mr. Wilkins. He is a member of the Literary Club (Johnson's) which meets in the room where we dined. He told me that Charles Fox and Windham owned one day, in his hearing, at the Club, that they had been wrong in their conduct towards Hastings.

Wilkins told me that Liverpool and Canning,



now members of the Club, are perfectly free with Mackintosh and Lord Holland, and with others, also members, who may differ on politics from them; but neither politics nor religion ever talked. 1824

*June 17.*—Went to a great assembly at Grosvenor House. Met Wherry, our *chargé d'affaires* at Dresden, who told me anecdotes which show that Canning is not master even in his own department, but is counteracted by the Hertford party.

*June 19.*—Went to Mr. Hanson's in Chancery Lane, and thence with him to Doctors' Commons, where we deposited Lord Byron's will of 1815 for safe custody. We were accompanied by Mr. Glenarie, partner of Mr. Farquhar of the Commons. By a curious coincidence, Hanson told me that the room in which we delivered in the will was the very one to which he accompanied Lord Byron when my friend applied for his marriage licence. Lord Byron, at that time, said very gravely to the Doctor of the Commons: "Pray, sir, what is the proportion of those who come here first to make marriages, and then afterwards to unmake them?"

Hanson told me afterwards one or two curious anecdotes of Byron. He knew him since nine years of age, and has many very early letters of his. Hanson talked to me of Mrs. Byron as a very foolish, passionate woman, totally ignorant, never reading anything but a novel or a news-



1824, paper. She used to break out into the most violent fits of passion against her son, and then weep over him and stifle him with caresses. At last Hanson thought it necessary to take Byron away from his mother and place him at school with a Mr. Glennie, at Dulwich. Hanson owned, however, that Lord Byron was sincerely attached to his mother, and lamented her death.

Hanson said that he was putting together a memoir of his recollections of Lord Byron, which joined with his letters, he thought, would be highly creditable to Lord Byron. He told me at the same time an instance or two of his love of frolic, amounting to teasing.

Hanson says that in his earliest youth Lord Byron showed signs of being a humourist. It is my own opinion that he was peculiarly so, and what is called "very fond of fun." In this way I account for several eccentricities of conduct which I am persuaded arose from his desire to mystify and to quiz certain people about him.

I find that Mr. Barry, his banker of Genoa, has written to Kinnaird a letter with the following paragraph in it :

"You will excuse my mentioning to you rather a singular request that Lord Byron made me when he was on the point of sailing. The eccentricities of a man of his genius may, I hope, be mentioned to a friend valued by him as you were, without giving offence, or appearing childish or imper-



1824.  
tinent. He had kept for a long time three common geese, for which, he told me, he had a sort of affection, and particularly desired that I would take care of them, as it was his wish to have them at some future time, it being his intention to keep them as long as he or they lived. I will send them to England, if you please."

Now here is a plain case of mystification which succeeded with the worthy Barry.

Hanson told me he had already had two applications made for his materials respecting Lord Byron's biography; he promised me not to let them go out of his hands. Murray, the bookseller, talked to me yesterday of publishing a volume of Lord Byron's letters, of which he offered me the selection. I told him my objection to having anything to do with memoirs, considering that Moore would then charge me with having wished to destroy his MSS. in order to become biographer myself.

Went to Kinnaird and found the letter from Barry before mentioned, by which also it seems Lord Byron made no will in Italy, though he often talked of it. . . .

Dined with John Williams, M.P. Present, Brougham and others. Brougham and I walked home together. He differed from me in thinking that the people would never have spirit or power to procure a fair Government, and thought the Mechanics' Institutions and other establishments for instructing the lower classes would work out



1824. the cure for all political evil, and make the people too strong for the Government. He said he thought Peel coming forward on Friday at the Public Meeting in honour of Watt, and saying he owed everything to the steam engine, would excite an ambition amongst mechanics. I thought that the effect would be that the mechanics would say, "See how a man may rise according even to the present system of Government. Who knows that a Watt or a Peel may not spring from among us? This consideration, it appeared to me, would retard a real reform. Brougham appears to me daily a more extraordinary man the more I see of him.

*June 21.*—Dined with my father at Lord de Dunstanville's. My lord lost his wife not quite a year ago, and is going to be married in a fortnight to a Miss Lemon.

I sat next to Black Rod, Sir Thomas Tyrrwhit, a merry man. He told me stories of his investing the Emperors and Kings with the Garter. He said he had refused to go to Portugal to give the Garter to King John. He mentioned one or two traits of our present King, amongst others that he was very quick at quoting Latin.

He told us that Lord Grenville, when at Oxford, gutted a man's rooms in four minutes and a half for a wager. Lord Grenville is lingering at Dropmore with a complaint said to belong to his family, a softness of the skull at the top of his head. Tyrrwhit told us that a



certain chandelier at the House of Lords, under which Lord Grenville usually sat, was, and is, never lighted, out of consideration for his Lordship, who cannot bear any heat above his head. 1824.

*June 22.*—Ministers are divided on the South American question. The Marquis of Hertford does not scruple to go about saying that, if Canning goes farther towards recognising the Republics, out he shall go. Ireland also and the Catholic question are points of difference.

*June 24.*—At House of Commons. Presented petition and made a debate on subject of regulations in prisons by visiting magistrates.

*June 25.*—I had a letter yesterday from Mr. Trelawny, dated Missolonghi, April 30th, giving me particulars of Lord Byron's last days. Too true, his loss has made a void which nothing can fill up. I find it so daily.

I called on Mrs. Leigh, and advised her to write to Lady Byron to ask if she had any wishes respecting Lord Byron's funeral. This night I had her answer, saying if the deceased had left no directions she thought the matter might be left to the judgment of Mr. Hobhouse. There was a postscript saying, "If you like you may show this." The coldness and calculation of so young a woman on such an occasion are quite unaccountable.

*June 26.*—Dined with Hanbury Tracy, a large party. We had some lively talk on public men. They asked me what my own motives of action



1824. were: whether the ambition of making a figure was not a prominent one. I said that if I said no, they would think me a sort of Joseph Surface. Western said, "Not a bit of it"; and I then ventured to tell what I believed to be true of my political conduct, namely, that it was prompted by no other desire than that of doing public good in a small way, not now perhaps, but by being an example of political integrity. If I know myself I believe this is true, but perhaps I was a fool for saying so.

*June 27.*—My birthday! 38! I think of the occurrences of last year, most melancholy indeed to the public and to me. As for myself, I find I have sunk into a complete valetudinarian, so much so that I quite wonder that I have been able to do the little I have done in the House of Commons this year, where I learn that my constituents think that I have made progress instead of going back or standing still, and I learn generally that my good Westminster friends are contented with me.

Yet I find everything palls upon me, and the prospect that by the common course of nature, myself, and those of whom I am fond, cannot add, but must lose gradually the capacity for enjoyment, makes me look with distaste upon what may remain of existence. This feeling has been growing upon me strongly of late, and I recollect when I was at Newstead Abbey last year thinking of some rhymes which I afterwards



put upon paper, but most of which I have lost. 1824.  
Here, however, are some of them :

Youth, health, and pleasure, all are gone,  
Gone never to return,  
And coming life has left alone  
To suffer and to mourn.

The powerful charm, the vivid hue,  
That all creation wore,  
When every object still was new,  
Adorn it now no more.

Each brilliant hope, each gay desire,  
That time and truth dispel,  
I feel ye one by one expire,  
And bid my soul farewell.

Each hour some dear delusion flies,  
Some pleasing visions fade,  
And life's too sad realities  
The dreary prospect shade.

When memory doubles each regret,  
And hope no promise gives  
Of happier days, why lingers yet  
The weary wretch and lives?

I added some other verses in answer to the question in the last line, which I will try to recollect some time or the other.

Whilst I am thinking on the return of this sad day, the Greek Deputies call upon me, and remind me that there is a duty still to perform in life, and I also receive a letter from the debtors in Horsemonger Gaol in which the poor fellows thank me for presenting their petition in terms which, if they were justified by my real conduct



1824. and character, might reconcile a man fond of praise to the weight of existence. It seems the magistrates have, in consequence, recommended a relaxation in the rules of the prison.

FROM BOOK, "RECOLLECTIONS."

*July 1.*—I heard that the *Florida*, with the remains of Byron, had arrived in the Downs, and I went, the same evening, to Rochester. The next morning I went to Standgate Creek, and, taking a boat, went on board the vessel. There I found Colonel Leicester Stanhope, Dr. Bruno, Fletcher, Byron's valet, with three others of his servants. Three dogs that had belonged to my friend were playing about the deck. I could hardly bring myself to look at them. The vessel had got under weigh, and we beat up the river to Gravesend. I cannot describe what I felt during the five or six hours of our passage. I was the last person who shook hands with Byron when he left England in 1816. I recollected his waving his cap to me as the packet bounded off on a curling wave from the pier-head at Dover, and here I was now coming back to England with his corpse.

FROM DIARY.

Poor Fletcher<sup>1</sup> burst into tears and sobs when he first saw me, and several times when telling

<sup>1</sup> Fletcher had been Byron's valet for twenty years, and was with him when he died.



me the sad story of his Lord's last illness and death, he could not contain his grief. So much real feeling I never saw. 1824.

From the beginning Fletcher said he thought Byron very ill, and prayed him to be bled and send for Doctor Thomas, of Zante; but Lord Byron said he had only a cold, and that his doctors told him so.

"Oh, my Lord," replied Fletcher, "it is not a cold; you are very ill"; but Lord Byron still continued incredulous. Fletcher said the doctors did not press bleeding half enough, except Bruno, and he was overruled. Lord Byron consented when they did urge it, but it was too late.

At last Lord Byron did seem to think himself much worse than usual, and said to Fletcher, "If you think me so ill, send for Doctor Thomas, and spare no expense, and do not let the doctors know, for they do not wish to have any one here but themselves." Still, however, he had no idea of dying, but was afraid of madness, and of a recurrence of his fit which he had in February, so much so that he told Fletcher he did not care for dying, but that he would not bear madness, at the same time looking at his pistols and dagger, which were lying beside him, and which Fletcher subsequently removed. It was not until the afternoon of the 18th, within half an hour of becoming delirious, that he thought he might die. He then began to be angry with his doctors, and said to Fletcher, "The doctors



1824. have assassinated me, and you are in the plot to assassinate me too." Fletcher burst into tears, and said, "Oh, my Lord, how can you think so?" at which Byron was moved, and said, "No, Fletcher, I did not mean to say so: come here," and he took his hand and began to talk kindly to him, saying he was sorry he had done nothing for him by his will, but Mr. Hobhouse would be his friend and see him provided for. He then expressed an anxiety to do something for his favourite *chasseur*, Tita, and his Greek boy, Luca, but Fletcher told him to speak of more important concerns. He still continued angry with the doctors, and particularly with Dr. Millingen, who had all along made light of the disorder. He told the doctor to leave the room, but Doctor Millingen said, "I cannot leave you thus," and wept; Byron replied, "You have been with me too long." He then said to Fletcher that he believed he was in a dangerous way. "I hope not," said Fletcher, "but the Lord's will be done." "Yes," rejoined Lord Byron, "not mine."

When he became delirious, he showed by what he said that he was trying to give some last directions. He was muttering for half an hour, and then said, "Now I have told you all. I hope you have understood me." Fletcher replied, "My Lord, not a word." On this, poor Byron looked shocked and said, "What a pity! It is too late now." Shortly after he added, "I want to sleep



now," and turned on his back and shut his eyes. 1824.  
This was at six o'clock on April 18th. Every means was used to rouse him, but in vain. He opened his eyes just at six o'clock on the following evening, and then closed them instantly. The doctors felt his pulse, and he was gone.

FROM BOOK, "RECOLLECTIONS."

I heard, on undoubted authority, that, until Lord Byron became delirious, he was perfectly calm; and I called to mind how often I had heard him say that he was not apprehensive as to death itself, but as to how, from physical infirmity, he might behave at that inevitable hour. On one occasion he said to me, "Let no one come near me when I am dying, if you can help it, and we happen to be together at the time."

FROM DIARY.

*July 2.*—Fletcher told me that Dr. Kennedy, of the medical staff at Cefalonia, had tried to convert Lord Byron to Methodism, but had failed. He added, however, that Lord Byron was different in respect to religion from what he had been, and that he was a good Christian. Dr. Kennedy has written to Kinnaird, who handed the letter to me, that although Lord Byron was not what he could wish on points of orthodoxy, yet he was not what the world imagined.

Fletcher told me Byron regretted having written "Cain" and "Don Juan." Colonel Stanhope told



1824. me the same, and yet I find seventeen stanzas of a new canto of "Don Juan" amongst his papers.

Fletcher said that Lord Byron used to joke with him about being killed in his intended expedition to Lepanto. Fletcher said the Greeks would run away and leave him. "Then," said Byron, "you would get my eight thousand dollars and baggage." Another time he said, "Fletcher, if I die in Greece, what will you do with me?" "My Lord," replied Fletcher, "what should we do but take you home?" "Why," said Byron, "it is not worth while to take such a body as this home." But a little afterwards he added, "Perhaps, on the whole, it would be better to do so."

Colonel Stanhope told me a few things on board the *Florida* which I here set down, but I premise that Stanhope had taken a different view of the proper mode of action in Greece from Byron.

Byron was sorry now and then that he ever came to Greece. He expressed anger at the Greek Committee for publishing his letter from Genoa in which he talked of going, so that when his intention was made known, he thought himself bound to act up to it. At other times he said he was glad he had come, and talked with enthusiasm of the cause. He would say that it was better being at Missolonghi than going about talking and singing at parties in London, at past forty, like Tom Moore.

He might have taken Lepanto; the Albanians



1824.

were prepared to give it up; but he could not be persuaded to move from Missolonghi, and his influence there, by giving money in all directions, was very great. He was generally idle, but by fits he proposed and projected desperate projects, such as cutting out ships, etc., which he afterwards laughed at.

He quarrelled with Stanhope, but made it up as often, and said, "Give me your honest right hand." He confessed to Stanhope he quarrelled with everybody. "Why," said he, "I quarrelled with Hobhouse." Stanhope told me that he thought the two friends he liked best in the world were Lord Clare and myself. He mentioned Kinnaird also with great affection. Sam Rogers he hated very much indeed. He seemed pleased at any one praising his wife, and talked a great deal of his daughter. I find now that the fourteen stanzas of the 17th Canto of "Don Juan" were written before he came to Greece.

Talking one day of his eventful life, Stanhope said, "Why do you not write your life?" Byron replied that his friends could do it as well: Gamba knew all his latter years, and Hobhouse his early time. Stanhope and his friends used to ask him why he did not write more in Greece. He said it would be ridiculous to write poetry whilst engaged in his present efforts for Greece, but on the morning of his birthday he came into the room where Stanhope and others were sitting, and said, "You accuse me of not writing—I have written



1824. something, and it is better than the stuff I usually write." He then produced his stanzas on his thirty-sixth birthday, which I have got written in a sort of broken journal of which he wrote a little in Greece.

Count Gamba told me one or two things of my friend worth putting down. On the day before the 18th, Byron said one or two things to Gamba, which made him think Byron knew his danger. Speaking of Greece, he said, "I have given my money and my time for her, and now I give my life." On the day he lost consciousness, he asked if there were any letters for him. There was one from me and two from Kinnaid, which they did not show him; but Prince Mavrocordato sent to him a letter which he had received from the Metropolitan Ignacius, in which were these words: "Lord Byron enjoys so great a consideration, etc., that perhaps you had better open your designs to him." This made Byron look up and say, "Ah, they think to take me in, but I'll be too much for them. Wait till Hobhouse and Napier come out." He evidently believed that Mavrocordato had some designs of his own. He used to talk, too, of my coming out to him. One day reading a letter of mine, in which I advised not to go to the mainland of Greece without great precautions, he said, "Ah, it comes too late; it is like telling a man to beware of his wife after he has married her."

He was exceedingly well when at Metaxata



in Cefalonia, and very well when he first came to Missolonghi. Things went smoothly at first, but he soon found that Mavrocordato had promised more than he could perform, and when the Suliotes refused to march against Lepanto, saying they could not fight stone walls, he was very much hurt and vexed. Then he saw Mavrocordato had no power. The captains used to abuse him before Byron; and one day, when a fellow insisted on having a Turk given up to him that Lord Byron had saved, Byron desired Mavrocordato to interfere, but Mavrocordato got nothing but hard words, on which Byron drew a pistol, and presenting it to the fellow's head, walked him out of the room. 1824.

Gamba says that occasionally he was afraid Byron's house would be broken into, to obtain his money, which was said to be much more than it really was. The artillery brigade was composed partly to protect him and his dollars. After his death Gamba was obliged, so he says, to make a sacrifice of some 4,000 dollars, in order to save the other 7,000, which at one time he thought would have been detained. One of the captains encamped without the town offered to march his troops to protect the treasure and goods of the deceased. I think Gamba's account of Lord Byron is a fair one. He appears to me to have known him well.

Stanhope handed me a letter from Dr. Millingen to Bowring in which I find these words :



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"MISSOLONGHI, April 27, 1824.

"He (Lord Byron) expired in my arms on Monday last after a malady of only ten days' duration. His health had suffered previously very much in consequence of the convulsive fits he fell into February last, but the immediate cause of his death was a rheumatic fever which attacked him, through getting wet in a shower. The fever was at its outset very strong, and bleeding was proposed, but the prejudice he entertained against bleeding was insurmountable. He obstinately refused to listen to the urgent remonstrances and entreaties, both of his physician and mine, until the brain was attacked. His answer to all our arguments was: 'The lancet has killed more than the lance.' During the latter part of his complaint two objects seemed to absorb all his thoughts—Greece and his daughter. He at last fell into a comatose sleep, which after twenty-four hours' duration gently terminated his existence."

FROM BOOK, "RECOLLECTIONS."

July 2.—The *Florida* anchored at Gravesend, and I returned to London. . . . On the following Monday I went to Doctors' Commons and proved Byron's will. Mr. Hanson did likewise. Thence I went to London Bridge, got into a boat, and went to London Docks Buoy, where the *Florida* was anchored. I found Mr. Woodeson, the undertaker, on board, employed in emptying the spirit from the large barrel containing the box that held the corpse. This box was removed and placed on deck by the side of a leaden coffin. I stayed



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whilst the iron hoops were knocked off the box, but I could not bear to see the remainder of the operation, and went into the cabin. Whilst there I looked over the sealed packet of papers belonging to Byron, which he had deposited at Cefalonia, and which had not been opened since he left them there. Captain Hodgson of the *Florida*, the captain's father, and Fletcher were with me: we examined every paper, and did not find any will. Those present signed a document to that effect.

## FROM DIARY.

*July 5.*—Mr. Woodeson came into the cabin and told me the body was placed in the coffin, and asked me if I wished to see it. I believe I should have dropped down dead if I had ventured to look at it. He told me, as did the physician, Bruno, that it had almost all the freshness and firmness of life. I remained on board, and continued leaning on the coffin, which I had now covered with a lid and the ship flag. I felt an inclination to take a last look of my friend, just as one wishes to jump down a precipice, but I could not, and I walked away, and then I came back again and rested on the coffin. Lord Byron's large Newfoundland dog was lying at my feet. I wished I was as unconscious of my loss as he was.

At intervals Fletcher talked to me of his master. He told me that he had said he loved me better than any man on earth, and yet had never passed twenty-four hours without quarrelling with me.



## 1824. FROM BOOK, "RECOLLECTIONS."

After the removal of the corpse into the coffin, and the arrival of the order from the Custom-house, I accompanied the undertaker in the barge with the coffin. There were many boats round the ship at the time, and the shore was crowded with spectators. We passed quietly up the river, and landed at Palace Yard stairs. Thence the coffin and the small chest containing the heart were carried to the house in George Street, and deposited in the room prepared for their reception. The room was decently hung with black, but there was no other decoration than an escutcheon of the Byron arms, roughly daubed on a deal board. . . .

I ascertained from Mrs. Leigh that it was wished that the interment should take place at the family vault at Hucknall in Nottinghamshire.

The utmost eagerness was shown, both publicly and privately, to get a sight of anything connected with Byron. Lafayette was at that time on his way to America, and a young Frenchman came over from the General at Havre, and wrote me a note requesting a sight of the deceased poet. The coffin had been closed, and his wishes could not be complied with. A young man came on board the *Florida*, and in very moving terms besought me to allow him to take one look at him. I was sorry to be obliged to refuse, as I did not know the young man, and there were many round the vessel who would have made the same request.



1824.

He was bitterly disappointed; and when I gave him a piece of the cotton in which the corpse had been wrapped, he took it with much devotion and placed it in his pocket-book. Mr. Phillips, the Academician, applied for permission to take a likeness, but I heard from Mrs. Leigh that the features of her brother had been so disfigured by the means used to preserve his remains that she scarcely recognised them.

## FROM DIARY.

*July 6.*—Went down to George Street with Kinnaird. Hanson had just been looking at Lord Byron. He told me he should not have known him, except he had looked at his ear and his foot. I followed Kinnaird into the room, and, drawn by an irresistible inclination, though I expected to be overcome by it, approached the coffin. I drew nearer by degrees, till I caught a view of the face. It did not bear the slightest resemblance to my dear friend. So complete was the change it did not seem to be Byron. I was not moved so much scarcely as at the sight of his handwriting or anything that I knew to be his. I did not remark what Hanson told me he had observed in his lifetime, that his left eye was much larger than his right.

*July 7.*—I wrote a note to Mrs. Leigh, telling her that I should return the £1,000 left to me by Lord Byron to one of her family.

*July 11.*—Lord Byron's coffin, &c., *lay in state*,



1824. as it is called, yesterday and the day before. Immense crowds applied for admittance.

*July 12.*—I attended the removal of my dear Byron's remains, as mourner and executor.

FROM BOOK, "RECOLLECTIONS."

The newspapers of the day contained a tolerably correct list of those who attended as mourners, and those who sent their carriages, of which there were forty-seven. Lord Carlisle, Lord Morpeth, and Lord Aberdeen were the only persons not belonging to the Whig Opposition who sent their carriages. Mr. George Leigh, Captain Richard Byron, Mr. Hanson, and myself were in the first carriage; Sir Francis Burdett, Mr. Kinnaird, Mr. Ellice, and Mr. Michael Bruce, Colonel Leicester Stanhope, and Mr. Trevanion, were in the second and third; Mr. Moore, Mr. Rogers, Mr. Campbell, and Orlando the Greek Deputy, were in the last mourning-coach. An immense concourse attended; and the windows were full of people in decent mourning. In about an hour the procession came to the stones-end, the carriages turned homewards; the hearse took the road to Nottingham.

FROM DIARY.

*July 12.*—On the whole, as much honour was done to the deceased as circumstances would admit of. He was buried like a nobleman, since we could not bury him as a poet.



*July 15.*—Went to Lord Raneliffe's at Bunny, and found what he had promised, a hearty welcome from this kind and excellent old man. 1824.

Strolled about Bunny. Saw the little school-house which C. S. Matthews and I had remarked in 1809. C. S. Matthews and I left Newstead on foot, and walked to London. Byron came up in his carriage. I recollect his passing us on the road, near the hut-gate of Newstead Park, and we gave him a hurrah. I am the survivor of the three; how long I shall be is another matter. Of the five that often dined at Byron's table at Diodati, near Geneva—Polidori, Shelley, Lord Byron, Scrope Davies, and myself—the first put an end to himself, the second was drowned, the third killed by his physicians, the fourth is in exile!

Dr. Attenborough, a surgeon of Nottingham, dined with us. He told me what I never heard before, and what I doubt whether my friend Byron knew: that the village and glen of Papplewick, near Newstead, was the scene of one of Ben Jonson's pastoral dramas, in which is the character of Mad Madge of Papplewick; also that Mrs. Radcliffe lived at Nottingham, and probably drew some of her romantic pictures from the old Abbey.

FROM BOOK, "RECOLLECTIONS."

*July 16.*—Went with Lord Raneliffe to Nottingham. The town was crowded in every street leading to the inn in which the coffin lay, and



1824. much feeling and sympathy were exhibited by all classes. Hodgson, translator of Juvenal, afterwards Provost of Eton, whom Byron had much befriended, and Colonel Wildman, owner of Newstead, attended as mourners. The Mayor and Corporation of Nottingham joined the funeral procession. It extended about a quarter of a mile, and, moving very slowly, was five hours on the road to Hucknall. The view of it as it wound through the villages of Papplewick and Lindley excited sensations in me which will never be forgotten. As we passed under the hill of Annesley, "crowned with the peculiar diadem of trees" immortalised by Byron, I called to mind a thousand particulars of my first visit to Newstead. It was dining at Annesley Park that I saw the first interview of Byron, after a long interval, with his early love, Mary Anne Chaworth.

The churchyard and the little church of Hucknall were so crowded that it was with difficulty we could follow the coffin up the aisle. The contrast between the gorgeous decorations of the coffin and the urn and the humble village church was very striking. I was told afterwards that the place was crowded until a late hour in the evening, and that the vault was not closed until the next morning.

FROM DIARY.

*July 16.*—I had been so long familiarised to the contemplation of the irreparable loss of my





LORD BYRON.

From a picture given by the late Earl of Lovelace to Lady Dorchester.







friend, that the seeing him buried was no source 1824.  
of more profound grief to me; but I felt stunned  
and unable to lament.

FROM BOOK, "RECOLLECTIONS."

I returned to Bunny Park. The Corporation  
of Nottingham offered me the freedom of the  
town, but I had no inclination for the ceremonies  
with which the acceptance of the honour would  
have been accompanied; I therefore declined it.



### CHAPTER III

FROM BOOK, "RECOLLECTIONS."

1824.

I do not wish to recall to mind the conduct of one or two persons from whom I expected better things; but I must mention the fact that their proceedings gave me, in my character of executor of Lord Byron, a great deal of unnecessary annoyance. I allude principally to the attempt made by Mr. Dallas, a connection of Captain George Byron, who had become Lord Byron by the death of his cousin, to publish some private letters of Byron's to his mother and others. Mr. Dallas was the gentleman to whom Lord Byron had made a present of the two first cantos of "Childe Harold," and I had some acquaintance with him. Accordingly I wrote a letter to him, remonstrating on the inexpediency of publishing these private letters without the previous inspection of the family. I also called on Mr. Knight, the bookseller, to whom Mr. Dallas had made over the letters. Mr. Knight said he believed Mr. Dallas could prove his right to the letters by a letter from Lord Byron to him, Mr. Dallas. Mr. John Williams and my friend Henry Bickersteth advised me, in case the permissive letter was not forthcoming, to apply for an injunction and stop



1824.

the publication. I did, with some trouble and delay, procure the injunction, and the letters were not published; but Mr. Dallas revenged himself by publishing a volume, called "Recollections of Lord Byron," in which he was pleased to speak of me in terms which I hope relieved him of some of his bile. . . .

The death of Byron made it necessary to appoint some one who might alleviate that loss, or, at least, attempt to do so. Mr. Hume, on the 7th July, did his best to persuade me to be the person, and Colonel Stanhope called the next day upon me, and urged many arguments to second the proposal.

On July 26th I had a letter from my friend Edward Ellice, saying that the Greek Deputies were to have a meeting with him that evening, at Mr. Loughman's, the contractor for the loan, and that, if I consented to go to Greece as manager for the loan, they would make suitable arrangements to that effect, besides sending arms and ammunition to Napoli di Romania immediately. I answered the note by saying that "I would go, if alive, and if Mr. Hume and Mr. Loughman made no difficulties." I also wrote the following letter to the Greek Committee, in order that they might clearly understand the principal object of my journey:

"WHITTON PARK, HOUNSLOW,  
"July 29, 1824.

"MY DEAR SIR,

"Previously to setting out for Greece, it seems right that I should state one point on which



1824. I am sure that the Greek Committee will have the kindness to excuse my being anxious to be clearly understood. I must beg then to say that I propose to enter upon that journey with one precise object, and one object only, namely, to deliver over to the Greek Government, if any such Government may be found actually to exist, that portion of the Greek loan now at Zante, and also an additional sum now proposed to be sent out in the *Florida*. If the Commissioners deputed for that object should be so fortunate as to accomplish it immediately on their arrival at the seat of government, I shall think myself at liberty immediately to return, as having done all I had undertaken to attempt. I shall be most happy to convey the sentiments of the Committee on other points connected with the welfare of Greece; but I shall do so merely as their organ, and without venturing to hazard any interference of my own.

“Having premised this much, I have only to add that I shall do my best to forward whatever instructions the Committee may choose to honour me with during the short period that I shall be able to remain in Greece.

“I am, my dear Sir,

“Your most faithful servant,

“JOHN C. HOBHOUSE.

“To JOHN BOWRING, Esq.”

I sent this letter to the Greek Committee, and prepared for going to Greece. . . . On August 4th I received my instructions from the Greek Loan contractors and from Messrs. Ellice and Hume. I saw from the instructions that Mr. Hume differed from friend Ellice, and also from the contractors. Thereupon I immediately wrote a



1824,

letter saying that I would not go unless the three—Ellis, Hume, and Loughman—were agreed as to the instructions. . . . Mr. Hume's objection was, that the instructions were confined to one object, which was exactly the point on which I had insisted as the condition of my undertaking the mission. He also added a clause which I said was not in the original contract. This caused a great deal of discussion between us, and on August 7th I had a note from Ellice saying that after all that had passed he could not advise me to go to Greece. The Greek Deputies wrote telling me they suspected it had been determined in certain quarters that I should not undertake the mission. My own opinion was that, although Hume would have preferred an agent of his own who would obey his orders and disperse his speeches in Greece, he would not try any underhand tricks to obtain that object.

Joseph Hume was of great service, previously to passing the Reform Bill, in sifting and exposing occasionally the estimates; and, being a man of indefatigable industry, collected a vast mass of materials, which he could sometimes skilfully employ. He, like Sir James Graham, Sir Robert Inglis, and one or two others, was essentially a part of the House of Commons for many years; and I recollect a saying of Sir Robert Peel, that he could not conceive a House of Commons without a Joseph Hume.



1824. The Greek affairs were fatal to more than one reputation, and Hume for a time was much damaged by his dealings in the loan. After I had abandoned the mission, I had the satisfaction of hearing that Mr. Henry Bulwer and Mr. Hamilton Browne had consented to go overland to Greece.

FROM DIARY.

*August 23.*—At Whitton. Lady Cork told us some anecdotes of herself and friends. She mentioned the old story, "That is, dearest, because you are a dunce," and talked a great deal of Dr. Johnson.

She told us that she, first of anybody, introduced Sheridan to Devonshire House. She carried Mrs. Sheridan home from a party where she had charmed everybody by her singing. Next day she called and found her making puddings, or some dish, for her husband's dinner.

When she brought Mrs. Sheridan to Devonshire House the Duchess said, "She should be glad to see Mrs. Sheridan, but what to do with the awkward man her husband, the son of a player," etc., etc.!! Half a year afterwards Lady Cork went to Bath, and found two houses taken for the Duchess of Devonshire and her party. They were kept for her two months. At last she came. When she saw Lady Cork she told her that she had been leaving Chatsworth every day for two months, but that Sheridan kept her.



“Ah,” said Lady Cork, “d’ye recollect the *awkward man*.” The Duchess told her that Sheridan was the most agreeable man in the world; she could not live without him.

Lady Cork told us a great deal of the sports at Lord Crewe’s, in which it appears all the great men of the day joined. They were such as our children would enjoy in their holiday time. Lady Cork is a very singular personage. She is seventy-six years of age, and has all the vivacity of sixteen. Her memory seems very accurate, but whether she recollects or makes stories I will not pretend to say. Having lived with the most distinguished people of the last age, her conversation, or rather her narratives, are very entertaining.

FROM BOOK, “RECOLLECTIONS.”

I left Whitton Park and went with two of my sisters for a short tour in the Midlands. . . . We visited Chisholme. The only guest there besides myself was Lord Howick, of whom I formed an opinion which subsequent experience has fully justified. He was only twenty-one years of age, but he appeared to have an original and decisive turn of mind, and never hesitated to express his dissent from any opinion with which he did not coincide. He seemed well informed, as far as I was able to judge. His political opinions appeared to be very liberal and worthy of his father. I thought little of



1824. him when I first saw him, but ten days developed a character which I did not conceive him to have possessed. He had nothing boyish about him. This was not amiable, but promised perhaps future distinction.

We left Chisholme on October 9th and walked to Wilton Lodge, near Hawick; thence by Kelso and Coldstream to Chillingham Castle. No one was there except Lord and Lady Tankerville and Sir Henry Bouverie, except also a beautiful child, now a beautiful woman—for such Lady Malmesbury is, and will be always; “age cannot harm her.” I had scarcely any previous knowledge of our host and hostess, but had a very kind and agreeable reception from them. I did not, as may be imagined, talk French politics to a daughter of the Duc de Gramont; but I did venture to condemn, very sincerely, the law which divides the property of a deceased parent between all the children. In this Lady Tankerville agreed with me, and I suppose it was to this that I owed the favourable report which I afterwards heard her ladyship had made of the M.P. for Westminster; or perhaps I owed this friendly notice to my bad political character, for she wrote to Lambton Castle that she was “agreeably surprised to find me so mild and moderate in my talk, when she expected to have met with a Radical, positive and furious”—as she said, “à la Bennett.”

We took leave of Chillingham on the 12th



October, and walked to Falloden, the seat of General Henry Grey. We passed a very agreeable time there. I still look back upon it with much pleasure. . . . We came to Lambton Castle on the 16th October. Few of the racing party had arrived, but Lord and Lady Wilton, Lord Grey, and Lady Elizabeth came before dinner.

Of Lord Grey I shall speak hereafter; but I cannot refrain from recording here that I did not see much pretence in him. He was, it is true, reserved and cautious in his talk, and never uttered a sentiment unbecoming a man of high honour and of scrupulous purity; nor did he trifle on serious subjects, nor give you the slightest reason to suspect his sincerity. As to his political character, what Sir Francis Burdett said to me of him is very true: "He should not have been a patriot; he should have been a minister; that was his line." To myself, owing probably to his acquaintance with my father, he was, on this occasion, particularly kind, and talked on political subjects without reserve. He told me that George III. changed his tone and manner to the Whig ministers of 1806 the moment that Mr. Fox died, and began to distinguish Lord Grenville from the Whigs of the Cabinet. He added that the King, when he saw that Lord Grenville did not enter into his views, was more attentive to him (Lord Grey), and spoke of him as one who always treated him with respect, and was ready and punctual with



1824. all his official details. Lord Grey told me that Grenville was deceived, and thought that the King had resolved to do something for the Catholics. Grey was not deceived. Lord Chancellor Erskine, said Lord Grey, came one day to him, after a long audience with His Majesty, and told him that "he had quite convinced the King of the propriety of conceding Catholic Emancipation," and Erskine was in high glee at the success of his eloquence. A little while afterwards Lord Grenville had an audience of the King, who said to him, "What! what! what's all this about, that the Lord Chancellor has been saying to me? What is it all about?"

When the racing began, the party at Lambton Castle became more numerous. Lord and Lady Londonderry arrived; also Mr. Creevey. I cannot say I formed a favourable opinion of this gentleman from his visit to Lambton. He seemed to me a very wag, and one who would let no principle of any kind stand in the way of his joke. When he had no jest to excite laughter he tried grimaces. He spared no one, and he fell foul of Lambton's pedigree, which our host had indiscreetly left on the library table. One of his constant topics was the absurdities of Michael Angelo Taylor, with whom he lived more than with any other man. All this is true; but of Creevey's superior abilities there can be no doubt. He had a strong and a quick memory, and that lively perception of the



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ridiculous which goes far to make an entertaining man. Raillery of the present and detraction of the absent were his weapons for general talk; but when serious he showed sound and honest views, both of public and private duties, and discovered qualities which might adorn a higher character than he had endeavoured to acquire. He was in the habit of keeping up an active correspondence with several persons, to whom he communicated the gossip of the house where he happened to reside; and I know that he favoured them with portraits of the guests and amusements at Lambton.

I saw quite enough of private racing parties at Lambton to be convinced of the truth of what Lord Grosvenor said to me at Eaton, when showing me the pictures of some of his favourite horses. "Yes," said he, "the racehorse is a beautiful animal; but I would not advise any one to go on the turf. It is not a fit amusement for a gentleman."

#### FROM DIARY.

*October 17.*—From what I could see of Lord Grey during this visit of a week, I should think him to be very kind and affectionate and sensibly behaved towards his family. He has little or none of the spirit of society about him. He seems melancholy and discontented, and he several times talked to me with great despondency on the want of public spirit in England.



1824. *October 20.*—A party of 40 at dinner. Lord and Lady Londonderry joined us. The Marquis has the bewildered air of an insane person, the Marchioness looks like a young Lady Holland without her talents. She had a tall young fellow, an Italian in a hussar dress, waiting on her, and her freaks were the subject of much pleasantry at table, and even on the race ground. She carries her jewels about with her, and showed them to the ladies after dinner to the amount, they thought, of £100,000.

*October 25.*—I left Lambton Castle with Mr. John Mills, who told me some singular anecdotes of his campaigning in Spain, when an officer of the Coldstream Guards. He said when the Duke of Wellington saw the slaughter of his soldiers, whose bodies lay in heaps on the breach at Badajoz, he wept like a child. The sacrifice had been altogether uncalled for, and Picton took the place by a false attack.

*October 31.*—Arrived in London.

*November 1.*—Went by appointment to Melbourne House, and had a talk of two hours with Lady Caroline Lamb. She is in the utmost rage at Medwin's "Conversations" representing her as not having been the object of Byron's attachment, and she showed me a very tender letter of his which she wishes to publish.

She gave me a ridiculous account of the attempt lately made to confine her as a mad woman, and mentioned that she had sent 16



quarto volumes of journals kept by her since 1806 to Godwin, the author, to do what he would with. She also opened a communication with the newspapers. This frightened Mr. Lamb and the family. She said Godwin returned the journals. I saw the first volume; it was funny enough. 1824.

*November 11.*—I dined with Kinnaird. A large party, amongst whom was a Count Salvo and Prince Cimitile.

Cimitile told me that Prince Metternich had laughed at him at the Congress of Vienna for talking of the Emperor of Russia as inclined towards Liberal opinions. He had them when they were *à la mode*, he said; now he has abandoned those errors. He told me that Metternich's hatred of Napoleon arose from Napoleon having publicly insulted him, by telling him he filled his dispatches with *billets-doux*, and at another time calling him a "coquin."

FROM BOOK, "RECOLLECTIONS."

During this autumn I wrote an article for the *Quarterly Review*, exposing Medwin's "Conversations."<sup>1</sup> Mr. Murray engaged to insert it, and kept it some time with him, but afterwards informed me that he could not publish it in his *Review*, adding that he and Mr. Gifford had much difficulty in preventing an article defamatory of

<sup>1</sup> "Journal of the Conversations of Lord Byron noted during a residence with his Lordship at Pisa in the years 1821 and 1822." By Captain Thomas Medwin.



1824. Byron from being put into the *Quarterly*. I was a good deal surprised at this; but I soon guessed the cause of it when I saw a most violent attack on my friend from the pen of Mr. Southey.<sup>1</sup>

FROM DIARY.

*December 15.*—Thomas Moore called to talk apparently about Southey's attack on Byron, and also to tell me that he had "*become a convert to my opinion about the propriety of destroying all the Memoirs,*" and not making extracts as he had proposed. He then asked me to leave some record or the other as to Lord Byron's wish about these Memoirs. He told me that his conduct had been often attacked even by friends, but that he had silenced them by saying that Byron told me his wishes that the Memoirs should not be published. After some more talk on Byron, and his saying several times, "You were much more his friend than I can pretend to have been," he went away.

*December 20.*—Found a note of Lord Byron's on Southey, when he (Byron) consented to cancel the dedication to "*Don Juan*" attacking Southey vehemently. This was done at my request.

1825. *January 30.*—Dined with Brougham. John Smith told us that Dr. Parr was dining at his house when Perceval was shot. He told Parr the news. Parr said, "The Lord's will be done."

<sup>1</sup> The substance of Mr. Hobhouse's article appeared in the *Westminster Review* in 1825. Southey's article did not appear in the *Quarterly*.



Brougham mentioned that Montholon brought Napoleon's will to him one night quite unexpectedly, together with his fortune in notes. One was a letter of credit by Lafitte, which began, "This will be delivered to you by the Emperor Napoleon, of whose fame all Europe has heard," or in some such style. Brougham kept the will a night, copied it, and next morning took it to Lushington, who lodged it in the Commons. 1825.

Brougham has just completed a work on the education of the lower classes,<sup>1</sup> which he told me had abridged an hour of his nightly rest for some time.

Sir Francis Burdett brings forward the Catholic Petition this Session. His Irish servant, in reply to a question as to his attendance in Parliament, said, "It depended upon the frost."

#### FROM BOOK, "RECOLLECTIONS."

Parliament was opened on February 3 by Commission; and the Speech denounced the Catholic Association and recommended an augmentation of the army.

On February 10 Mr. Goulburn moved for leave to bring in his Bill for putting down the Catholic Association. The debate was continued through the following day, when Plunket made a great, and, for the most part, successful effort. He would have left a great impression on the House

<sup>1</sup> "Practical Observations upon the Education of the People; addressed to the Working Classes and their Employers." 1825.



1825, if he had not been answered by Tierney in his very best style. The House roared with laughter at his exposure of the Ministers; and the parties concerned—Canning, Plunket, and Goulburn—could not help joining in the laugh.

We divided twice upon an adjournment. I then moved it a third time; and Mr. Canning said that if Brougham would give him the names of the Irish members who, he said, wished to speak, he (Mr. Canning) would give way. Brougham laughed aloud, and Mr. Canning then said, "I presume, then, the honourable Member for Westminster is in possession of the House, and opens the debate on Monday." I said, "I had not any objection to announce myself if Mr. Canning would do the same."

The adjournment was carried without a division. As I was walking down the House, Mr. Canning touched me on the shoulder, and said, "It is too bad of you, Mr. Hobhouse, to adjourn the House, and not engage for a speech. There will be nobody here, and nothing done on Monday." Goulburn, who was near us, said, "There will be plenty of speeches ready before Monday." I added, "I am quite disinterested; I leave it to the Irish."

#### FROM DIARY.

*February 12.*—Dined at Scarlett's. Present, amongst others: Tierney, Burdett, John Williams, Ellice, and Lambton. Tierney said of Sheridan



that one of his great propensities was to show his wit as a witness. He did this with great effect on Hardy's trial, but Scarlett told that he certainly was the cause of Lord Thanet's conviction. When asked by Law whether he would swear that to the best of his belief there was no plot to rescue the prisoner, Sheridan appealed to the judge and asked whether he was obliged to answer the question. The judge said no, but the jury caught the impression from that appeal which caused their verdict. Burdett, who was present at the meeting where the rescue was talked of, said Sheridan ought to have said *no*, for there was no such intention. Some one had mentioned a rescue in a joke, but nothing further was said.

Scarlett told me the other day that the business of the King's Bench is diminishing; that there never was at any time so poor a set of judges, and that yet the Ministers were about to propose an increase of their salaries. He said he hoped some one would oppose this, though he could not.

FROM BOOK, "RECOLLECTIONS."

The debate on the Catholic Association was adjourned on February 14. On February 15 Mr. W. Lamb spoke, and was followed by Sir Francis Burdett, who carried the House completely with him.

Mr. Canning rose after Sir Francis, but, by common consent, he was not happy in his reply.



1825. Defending himself in regard to his conduct towards the Catholics, he told us a great secret—that for their sakes he had sacrificed the first wish of his heart, the representation of Oxford. Saying this, he laid hold of Peel's shoulder awkwardly, and wished him "a long possession of the mistress he had lost." Peel, who was apparently not prepared for the familiar wishes of his colleague, shrugged his shoulder and looked uncomfortable.

Brougham spoke next, and was, I thought, disconcerted by Canning's allusion to his "immense abilities," adding "*experto credite*." The consequence was, Brougham did not make an effective speech when he might have made an effective one. Tierney said he would have given fifty pounds to have had the opportunity of replying to Canning. As it was, Mr. Canning came off well, with an unanswered apology for his whole conduct in regard to the Catholics.

We divided—127 to 278—at half-past three in the morning. I believe no man alive recollected a debate so protracted on leave to bring in a Bill recommended by a King's Speech. I never recollected the House so attentive to every speech during the whole discussion.

But I soon found that we had not done with the Catholic Association; for, on Friday, February 18, Brougham presented a petition from that body, and a violent debate ensued, in which Peel, although much applauded in the outset of his



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speech, got into a lamentable scrape before he sat down by calling Hamilton Rowan an "attainted rebel"; whereupon C. Hutchinson made a gallant defence of Rowan and some of his associates, and Brougham afterwards showed the respect in which Rowan was held by the King's Government in Ireland, being, moreover, a magistrate and received at the Castle. Some one handed up to me a note, mentioning that Rowan was received by the King in 1821; but Lord Althorp advised me not to hand it to Brougham, as it might put him out, and his case was already quite strong enough. I regret, however, I did not forward the note, and so did Brougham, when I told him of it; but, to be sure, never did Minister get such a whipping, as the Americans call it. Peel looked so red and so silly, and all those who had cheered him looked so red and so silly, and we so roared and cheered our champion, that a bystander would have thought the Opposition certain of a majority; yet when Ministers came to divide, after this exposure of their Secretary, they had a majority of 220 and upwards to 89.

I find this debate commented upon in my Diary in these terms: "Certainly Ministers have never been so completely exposed, one after the other, as on this occasion; and, were the Opposition in possession of the confidence of the country, such is their intellectual superiority, that the administration must succumb; or, at least, the seven illiberals in the Cabinet must give way." There



1825. is little or no cordiality between the two parties in power. Robinson, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, said to Henry Drummond, coming out of the House, 'I thought how it would be when I heard Brougham begin to praise Peel.' Strange as it may seem, Peel actually came up to Brougham, and told him he was much gratified by his speech, although he, of course, felt what he said respecting Rowan. This is scarcely credible, but Burdett explained it by saying he supposed Peel was so stunned and stupefied by the blow, that he scarcely knew what he said or did. I remarked that the newspapers conveyed no impression of the effect produced by Brougham's speech on the House. Indeed, generally speaking, they do not represent the transactions of Parliament in their nicer traits."

FROM DIARY.

*February 20.*—Burdett and I dined at Lord Holland's. Lady Holland has been and is still very ill. She is in great alarm, and was much comforted by some sympathy from me derived from my own case. Her face is much altered, and she is so much aware of it that she has shades before the candles, so as to throw her into the dark.

She told me that she had heard the speeches on the late debate ranked thus: Plunket's, Burdett's, Tierney's, and afterwards Brougham and Canning, neither of whom she said was thought to have succeeded.



Lord Holland was, as usual, full of delightful conversation. He rather contradicted Burdett's story of the intention of arresting Charles Fox in the days of terror. He told us that it was very difficult to find authority for the law against blasphemy. He had looked and could trace it only to a comparative recent date. 1825.

Lord Holland told us that Ellenborough was highly indignant at the King interposing against the relief of the Catholics,<sup>1</sup> proposed by the Cabinet of 1807. That a great national measure should be opposed by the "*whim, the caprice, and the crochet* of one man," said he; but afterwards, when he saw how the land lay, he altered his tone, and talked of the conscientious scruples of the King. Lord Holland mentioned the rage of Erskine at losing his office "for an absurd religion."

*February* 25.—On third reading of the Catholic Association Bill we were less than 100 minority. Thus ended these protracted debates on this Bill, in which the Ministers had been, each of them, exposed in his turn, and in which the superiority of the Opposition speakers had been manifested in a very striking degree, always excepting Plunket.

*March* 1.—At House of Commons. Burdett presented the Catholic Petition without a comment, except that it was signed by 100,000 names. He then introduced his resolutions, which it had

<sup>1</sup> This was afterwards carried in 1817.



1825. been agreed should be the same as those of Plunket in 1821. Burdett's speech was not of the highest order, but it was well fitted for the purpose. Lambton thought he went too far in the eulogistic line, but his speech was much applauded by all who followed, even by Peel. Canning had been and was ill, and spoke leaning on a crutch, shortly but excellently, and then retired, having paired off. The remarkable sentence of his speech was that two lines of demarcation distinguished the political world, that between Catholic and Protestant, and that of British and Foreign influence (or interest). He would extinguish the one, and make the other as marked as possible. He would say, "efface the line of separation which divides the inhabitants of the British Islands into two classes, and strengthen the line of demarcation which separates British from foreign influence."

It was an anxious moment when we divided. The rumours had been that we should be beaten, but as we thronged into the lobby it soon appeared we had a majority. Our numbers were 247 to 234, and were announced with cheers.

*March 4.*—Went at ten o'clock to Mr. Murray's house party at Whitehall Place. T. Campbell, Milman, Sheil, the orator and poet, D'Israeli, and almost all the literary folk of the day, or at least of Mr. Murray's acquaintance, there.

W. Banks talked to me a great deal of Byron's regard for me. He approved of the destruction



of the Memoirs, and said Byron's best friends could always recur to his poetry and conceal his life. This is my own opinion; that is, if all is or ought to be told in the biography of celebrated men. 1825.

*March 5.*—Called on the Duke of Sussex, who showed me his gallery and other library rooms, filled with books *all* collected by himself in fifteen years, and which he intends to leave to Trinity College, Cambridge. He talked to me a great deal on the Catholic Association and the Catholic question, and showed me a curious book of 1514, by which it appears that in 1514 there were sixty bishops in Ireland.

*March 9.*—Burdett is preparing, in conjunction with O'Connell and Plunket, the Catholic Bill. The greatest harmony reigns between the three, and also the great Whigs. Burdett dines with the Duke of Norfolk, the Duke of Devonshire, and at other houses, to meet the delegates, and all confess that he is the best man to deal with they ever met. But difficulties arise: Lord Grey, who is just come to town, is angry or alarmed at the talk of depriving the forty-shilling freeholder of his franchise. Lord Sefton, Creevey, Sir R. Wilson, and Lambton join in the cry. Burdett told me that he considered Lord Holland as his great shield against the petulance of Lord Grey.

FROM BOOK, "RECOLLECTIONS."

If the introduction of the Catholic Relief Bill



1825. caused a serious division in the ranks of the Ministerialists, it was also very nearly breaking up the Opposition. In order to reconcile some waverers and general opponents to Emancipation, two other measures were introduced, one for a disfranchisement of a certain portion of the forty-shilling freeholders, the other for the partial payment of the Roman Catholic clergy. Both of these proposals were perhaps defensible, but they gave rise to much difference of opinion amongst the supporters of the principal bill.

FROM DIARY.

*March 12.*—There is great talk that the Catholic question will be carried in the Lords; bets even, and Lord Fitzwilliam has bet Lord Grey twenty to one it will!!!

*March 13.*—I dined with a party at Abercromby's. O'Connell there. Abercromby very dull, but O'Connell very pleasant, natural, and easy. He is not what is called a man of the world, or with the airs of a town-bred gentleman. He wears a curly wig (black), and in the street a furred mantle. The Irish tell me he is vain, and likes the "*dicier hic est*," but all confess him to be a most powerful speaker, and a very learned lawyer, and a most diligent student. He rises very early in the morning.

*March 15.*—I dined with Ellice, where I met a large heterogeneous party: Lords Grey, Dudley, Lowther, Mr. John Mills, Sir F. Burdett, etc.



Very dull indeed. Burdett said to me, "If that is good company, I like bad company." 1825,

Lord Grey told me that he came into Parliament in 1786, when twenty-two years of age. I expressed surprise at this. "What!" said he, "you think it time for me to have done?" He is always thinking of himself and his failures in life, so I imagine.

*March 20.*—Burdett and I went to Lord Holland's. My lady very gracious. I gave Lord Holland his and Lady Holland's letters which I had found amongst Byron's papers. This I did, having promised Lord Holland so to do last year; but I am sorry I so promised.

Lord Lansdowne told me that, at the St. Patrick's dinner the other day, he was struck with the great popularity of the Chancellor of the Exchequer; but that his popularity was lost in the tumultuous applause that followed the Duke of Leinster's drinking a glass of whiskey!!

*March 21.*—Spoke to Peel privately respecting the abridgement of the hours of labour for children in the Cotton Factories. He referred me to Huskisson; Huskisson referred me to Phillipps of Manchester, and Phillipps to the Chamber of Commerce at Manchester. The poor operative deputies from Manchester have been often with me, trying to induce me to bring in a Bill for them. I want some one to do it more likely to succeed than myself.

*March 26.*—Greville told me that the Duke



1825. of York told him that he knew O'Connell had the drawing of the Catholic Bill, for he heard Lady Jersey say so *out loud* to the deaf Duke of Devonshire at dinner. This is a fine way of keeping a state secret.

FROM BOOK, "RECOLLECTIONS."

On April 19 Sir Francis Burdett moved the second reading of his Bill; but it soon appeared that we had gained little by what Cobbett called the "wings" of the Bill.

On April 21 the debate on the Catholic Relief Bill was resumed. Mr. Canning made a magnificent speech, but was obliged to withdraw before the division, having the gout in both feet. Peel spoke well; but Canning had anticipated some of his arguments, and answered them. Brougham spoke shortly, and embroiled the debate by a violent disclaimer of the two new Bills. We divided 268 to 241. There was no cheering at our majority, and on the whole we were disappointed. As to myself, I was uncertain what course I ought to take; I had a great dislike of the Disfranchisement Bill, but, at the same time, I was very averse from doing anything that might risk the passing of the Relief Bill.

To add to our difficulties, the Duke of York declared in the House of Lords the night before, and called God to witness, "that he never would assent to the Catholic claims, and that no English monarch could assent to them so long as the



Coronation Oath stood as it did on the Statute Book." 1825.

On April 26 Brougham made a most vehement speech against the Bill, but, to the infinite surprise of many of us, finished by saying he did not like to oppose it. Plunket made a most masterly and energetic answer to Brougham, beating him at his own weapons, and showing how much his own heart as well as his head was in the cause. I had my doubts what to do. I did not like to appear to abandon Burdett, especially after Brougham's speech, but I could not support the principle of the Disfranchising Bill.

Sir Francis Burdett rose after Grattan, and made a most powerful declamatory appeal to all the friends of Catholic Emancipation. He derided the scruples of Brougham, and said it was impossible to act with such impracticable men. He declared the Bill to be inseparably connected with Catholic Emancipation, and added that it had nothing whatever to do with Parliamentary Reform. He spoke with the greatest feeling and highest eloquence, and carried the House with him. I was forced, however, and much against my inclination, to come to the conclusion that he had given no solid proof of these assertions, and that he had given promises of support from which he would not swerve, and was resolved to keep them at all hazards. He concluded his speech by magnificent eulogies on



1825. Plunket and Brownlow, and sat down amidst thunders of applause.

I reluctantly left the House, and did not vote at all. Littleton's Bill was carried by a majority of 233 to 185.

On April 29 the measure for giving a provision to the Catholic clergy was carried by a majority of forty.

This Session I began my labours in regard to shortening the hours of infant labour in cotton mills. It had been agreed that the Bill should be brought in without discussion; but, unfortunately, Mr. John Smith said something about extending the provisions of the Bill to children in other employments. This induced Peel to speak, and the reporters mistook his arguments for a disposition to oppose my measure, which most certainly was not the case.

The debate on the third reading of the Catholic Bill came on on May 10. There was great anxiety among us when we divided. We were only 248 to 227. The minority cheered, and well they might, for we had fallen off wofully in our numbers. Little was gained and something was lost by the sacrifices made by Burdett and his friends.

A day or two afterwards I met Mr. Dawson, the Under-Secretary of State, and when I told him I supposed he triumphed in our small majority, he said, "Not at all—more especially as we owed it to the shabby conduct of your friends."



I could not help thinking that Dawson, and Peel too, would have been glad if the measure had been carried by a larger majority. Such was my conjecture at the time, and subsequent events showed I was right. 1825.

On May 11 Brougham, Sir John Newport, and many others, carried the Catholic Relief Bill to the Lords.

FROM DIARY.

*May 13.*—Dined at Lord Belgrave's; sat between Littleton and Tom Smith. Littleton told me that Lord Granville told him that, when he came into a room at Paris where foreign diplomats were talking, the whole party shut up at once. They looked on him as an enemy of the Holy Alliance. The beautiful Lady Grantham was there; a most extraordinary person for her time of life.

*May 16.*—At House of Commons, where I read my Cotton Mills Regulation Bill a second time. Peel recommended me to confine my Bill to making his father's Bill operative.

FROM BOOK, "RECOLLECTIONS."

On May 17 the second reading of the Catholic Relief Bill came on in the Lords. I went amongst a great crowd of women, under the Throne, and heard part of the Bishop of Chester's speech. . . . Lord Liverpool, the Prime Minister, spoke violently against the Bill and the framers of it, his



1825. own colleagues; although I heard for a fact, at the time, that Lord Wellesley, a little before, had told Plunket the Bill would pass. The division took place at half-past five in the morning, and the majority against the Bill was forty-eight!! Of course, nothing more was heard of the "wings."

Had it not been for the judicious efforts and conciliatory manners of Sir Francis Burdett and Mr. O'Connell, I do not think the Bill would have passed the Commons; but nobody anticipated that the final majority against it in the Lords would be so formidable. Who could have dreamed that Catholic Emancipation, in four years' time, would be carried in the same House of Lords by a majority of forty? I never looked over the lists of their Lordships' House on either occasion, but I presume the *squadron volante* in lawn sleeves mainly contributed to the change. These were never very constant friends nor persevering enemies, and I recollect well the anecdote told me at the time of the struggle on the Association Bill. Lord Chancellor Eldon, commenting to Earl Grey on the differences observable in the Liberal party, said, "You shall see how my Bishops will behave." On the third reading of the Bill in the Lords, six Bishops voted one way and six the other way; whereupon Lord Grey said to Lord Eldon, "Well, Lord Chancellor, what do you think of your Bishops now?" The reply was, "G—— — them; I wish they were all in ——!" Lord Grey himself told me



this just after it happened. It will be believed 1825.  
by those who remember the expletives put into  
the mouth of Lord Thurlow in the "Probationary  
Odes."

After the turmoil of Parliament, where I had  
been a good deal occupied with my Factory Bill  
and Quarantine Bill and opposition to the  
Window Tax, I was not sorry to get out of  
London, on a visit to my friend W. Denison,  
at Denbies. Whilst there I rode over to Epsom,  
and saw the running for the Derby and Oaks  
races. I remarked then, and have remarked since,  
that if you bet, you may be ruined; if you do  
not bet, you must be dull. But—

The People, sure, the People are the sight.

I have seen many great crowds, in several parts  
of the world, but never saw anything like the  
crowd on Epsom Downs on a Derby Day.

Our Westminster friends had some apprehension  
that the annual dinner of this year would be  
turbulent and lead to difficulties. But our fears  
were groundless. Everything went off well.  
The party broke up early, apparently much  
pleased with the proceedings of the day; and I  
went to an assembly at Lady Jersey's, where I  
had not been since my difference with her Whig  
friends in 1818. Her ladyship was all kindness  
and congratulation.

In the May of this year I was first introduced  
to several persons of some note, such as Professor



1825. Smyth, Mr. Sotheby, Miss Lydia White, and the Miss Berrys; and it was at a dinner at Miss White's that I first formed an acquaintance with Mr. Sydney Smith. Apropos of the rejection of our Relief Bill, he told me he had had a conversation with Dr. Doyle, who had assured him there was "no fear of tranquillity in Ireland." "My lord," said Sydney, "you have taken a great load off my mind. I was afraid the activity of the cotton trade might do mischief."

FROM DIARY.

*May 25.*—Lord Nugent called to tell me he had just heard from the Duke of Buckingham that something decisive was determined upon in the Cabinet respecting the Catholic question. Nothing could be more contemptuous than the expressions of Eldon and the Lord Chancellor towards the Grenvillites, and particularly towards Plunket. Eldon called Brougham and Plunket Jesuits, and said they were *great lawyers in their own estimation*. Liverpool said the conduct of the House of Commons was *disgraceful*. Plunket was on the steps of the throne during the whole debate, and when Liverpool made some assertion respecting Catholic confession, he turned round to Frederick Ponsonby and said, "The only answer to that is that it is altogether false."

*May 26.*—At House of Commons. Debate languishing. Lord John Russell called up Robinson, from whom it soon appeared there was to be *no*



*resignation* of office, though Robinson said he would resign if it would carry the question. Canning spoke much to the same tune, saying he could not quit office without dangerous consequences. 1825.

*May 27.*—Lord Nugent told me what had occurred in the Cabinet. His informant was the Duke of Buckingham, and the Duke's I presume to be Charles Wynne.

Canning told his colleagues assembled that the question divided itself into two branches, of which one might be subdivided into two also. The first, *grant the Catholic question*; that the one party would not do. Second, *perpetually exclude the question from agitation*; that the other party in Cabinet would not do, but the last point might be diminished into making *minor concessions*. Eldon and Peel said they had taken their stand; they had *no minor concessions to make*. Then said Mr. Canning, "There is the alternative of our retiring from office and breaking up the Cabinet?" This was received with silence. Canning repeated the phrase; still not a word said; when, after a pause, Canning added, "which would be very detrimental considering the present state of Ireland." This remark was received also in silence; but Canning, without observing upon the silence, continued, "And now I shall make my stand. If, in consequence of refusing the Catholic claims, Ireland should be agitated at any future time, and it should be asked to



1825. create fresh penal enactments, I will not give my consent; sooner than do so I will retire from office." Thus ended the conference.

It is evident Canning's *stand* is as much like a fall as possible.

*May 28.*—Dined at Beefsteak. A small party. Brougham in the chair. Brougham told us something of his first interview with Charles Fox, and his alarm at Fox's shy manner. Brougham sang us a song in French, "The Pipe of Tobacco." He was in high force. He told us he always gets up every morning at seven, let him go to bed when he will, and that he is a good sleeper. He is a most extraordinary man.

*May 30.*—Dined at Lansdowne House; first time since political squabbles in Westminster. A large Wiltshire party. Lord Lansdowne as usual agreeable, but he told the same story about Liverpool and Calonne which I heard him tell years ago at his own table, when I met Romilly there.

*June 5.*—I went to Brooks's, and heard from Lord Carnarvon and Lord Cowper some anecdotes of Burke.

Lord Carnarvon asked his father to introduce him to Burke just after the schism between Burke and the Whigs, indeed when Burke was writing his appeal from the new to the old Whigs. Lord Carnarvon's father said he did not know how Burke would receive any overture from a Whig, but he would do as his son wished. Burke desired



1825.

Lord Porchester to call on him in Duke Street, St. James's, where he then was. Lord Porchester went, and was met at the door by Burke in a night-gown and a pen in his hand (Lord Carnarvon said, like a mad poet). His first exclamation was: "Let no youth enter here; I am polluted, tainted, infected," and other words in the same strain allusive to the proscription of him by the Whigs. Afterwards he was very civil, and appointed a day for Lord Porchester to call and walk with him in Kensington Gardens. Lord Porchester went, but before they set out the Archbishop of A——, an emigrant, came in and began to talk of the late campaign against the French Republicans. The Archbishop happened to say that the fault of non-success was attributed partly to the measures of the Royalists not being well taken, on which Burke threw himself back in his chair, and stretching out his hands, remained silent and in that posture till the Archbishop took his leave, without Burke saying a word. After this Burke said, "Now we will walk." Accordingly the two set out, and Lord Porchester had a most agreeable walk. He did little but listen, but by so doing he impressed Burke with a high opinion of his sense, and accordingly, when Burke gave him a letter of introduction to a friend on his going abroad, he found that letter couched in terms of most extravagant praise, not only of the foreigner but of himself. On returning from abroad Lord Porchester wrote a letter to Burke.



1825. For a long time Burke took no notice of it; he had lost his son, and was otherwise in a most depressed state of mind. At last he wrote a note to Lord Porchester, telling him he had found his letter amongst a heap of others unanswered, and would be glad to see him. When they met Burke happened to allude to the letter of introduction given by him to Lord Porchester, and there being something which reminded him of his late son he burst into tears. This happened more than once afterwards, and Lord Porchester found Burke too much overcome for company. He went away, and never saw him again.

Lord Carnarvon told me that Burke's son was an ill-mannered, disagreeable person. He was very short-sighted, and went about peering with his glass at people's noses. Burke thought him something more than mortal.

Lord Cowper said that Fox told him that Burke's famous speech on reconciliation with America was spoken very nearly as it afterwards appeared in print. He told me that Burke used to commit many indiscretions when a member of the Whig party; so much so, that one day, when he was speaking from where Bankes sits, after his rupture with the Whigs, Fox said to Fitzpatrick, "What a pleasant thing it is not to have to answer for Burke." Fox and the Whigs wished, however, to be reconciled to Burke. Burke never wished it; he had quarrelled on purpose.

Lord Carnarvon and Lord Cowper both joined



in saying that Sheridan was full of hatred, envy, and jealousy; he could not bear a joke, though perpetually jesting on others. 1825.

Lord Cowper dined with him when Treasurer of the Navy. The dinner was most magnificent, and everything in the highest taste and style. The bell-rope happened to be broken: one of the servants made a run and jumped up to catch the top of the rope. Lord Thanet exclaimed: "The Harlequin from Drury Lane, by God!"

I take Lord Carnarvon and Lord Cowper to be both of them very good authority for anything they narrate. They are both men exactly to my mind. Lord Cowper is called a dull man. I know not why; I never saw a man less dull in my life. He has a slow pronounciation, and a slow gait and pace. Lady Emma Bennett, a beautiful young creature, said to me the other day: "I do not know how to talk with what they call the gay, clever young men. For my part, I converse easiest with Lord Cowper, whom they call a dull man."

*June 8.*—Dined at R. Gordon's, where met a mixed party, and amongst others the Attorney-General (Copley) and his wife, both singular in their way, the latter very much so, flighty and coquettish, but still with some talent. The Attorney is her second husband. She is handsome, and has intelligent black eyes. Her passion, as she says, leads her to the universe of clever men only. The Attorney is a talking man,



1825. having been a Whig before he was a law officer of the Crown. He looks with indifference at politics and politicians, and cares but little if that indifference should be manifest to all. He does not seem to me to have much information out of his profession, and in the course of conversation I found that he knew nothing about the plague question, although probably he had been concerned in drawing the new Quarantine Bill. He was not even aware that for fifty years after the great plague of 1665 we had no quarantine and no plague. He has a "tranchant" decisive way of talking, without much regard to facts. This I had seen before in the House of Commons, and I think it true of him in private. We talked of Brougham's speech of last night. Copley said that what Brougham said of Gifford, the Master of the Rolls, as one of the Chancery Commission, was "D——d blackguard." It was not true that Gifford had been a counsel of no practice when made Solicitor-General, nor that his promotion was due to the Lord Chancellor—quite the contrary. He added that Gifford was a harmless, inoffensive man, and deserved other treatment. Copley told us that the Chancellor, meeting Gifford this morning, joked him on getting into Brougham's hands, saying, "Thank God they have turned from me to you."

*June 9.*—Went to dine at Lord Robert Spencer's. Saw for the first time that most agreeable and



fine old lady, Lady R. Spencer. She talked to me of the politicians of Mr. Fox's time. Lord Robert Spencer is certainly as taciturn as I have heard that he was, though Burdett tells me he is a great talker now, in comparison with what he formerly was.

I went down to the House, and thence to a rout at Lady Grosvenor's, where, as it had been a drawing-room day, many of the ladies were in feathers.

*June 15.*—First stone of London Bridge laid to-day.

*June 24.*—Dined at Mrs. Cuthbert's. Sat next to Mrs. Twisleden, who, having been a fine lady about London for thirteen years or so, is going to take up with a Saxon Baron, who marries her for her £10,000. He asked young Cuthbert whether it was a custom for fathers to pay down their daughters' portions, or only to give income. Also if they gave 10 per cent. The disinterested lover dined with us.

*June 25.*—Saw Lord Kinnaird in bed, one eye shut and his mouth distorted. I did not remark any failure of intellect, but how changed from the most lively, gay, agreeable man in Europe. He had, however, now and then, something like his own smile on his features, and he said one or two things that reminded me of his former style. He said, "Well, Hobhouse, they have diddled me at last. I am done." I said, "Pooh, nonsense." "What," said he, "do you think I



1825. can recover?" I told him that I had called before, but that the people below had recommended me not to come up. He was hurt at this, and said, "I would rather see you than anybody."

*June 27.*—Thirty-nine!! My birthday. I have no reflexions to make on the return of this day—at least no reflexions that are worth recording, or that differ from those suggested by the previous recurrence of this anniversary.

I have taken a much less active part in public politics this year than the last, but I have been more employed in private business connected with my constituents than at any former period. My silence on the Catholic question will account for the former fact. My colleague, Burdett, has, on the contrary, spoken oftener and attended more than I ever recollect him to have done before. As for my intellect, it is certainly decaying, either from bad habits of living, or from my total neglect of any literary studies that might tend to brace and invigorate my mind!! I do not, however, quite despair of being able to recover in a great degree the tone of my brain (such as it used to be). If I could but set myself down seriously to reading and writing during the approaching vacation; yet I confess to myself that, by losing my friend Byron, I have lost one of the most powerful motives to exertion, and that I grow daily more careless of what I may do, or what may be said of my doings.



I have written a short inscription for a monumental tablet, which is now placed over Byron in Hucknall Church. 1825.

FROM BOOK, "RECOLLECTIONS."

Burdett and myself made a stout fight against the Combination Bill, brought in by Government. We had at first resolved to let the Bill pass quietly, but some persons had wished to make it penal for workmen to *insult* or *molest* their fellow-workmen. We struck out the word "*insult*," but were beaten when dividing against the word "*molest*." On June 27 I presented a petition from certain workmen, praying to be heard against the Bill, and I made a speech at the same time—a custom usual in those days, but since wisely abolished. A long debate ensued. . . . We divided against bringing up the report. Hume and I *told*, and we had only Sir Francis and Sir Robert Wilson to tell. However, we got some material amendments made in the Bill, such as an appeal from the summary process to the Sessions; also a reduction of the arbitrary fine of £20, and, what was more important still, the masters as well as the workmen were included in the penalties.

FROM DIARY.

June 30.—Dined at Berkeley Square. A large party. Lady Copley made me promise to visit and dine with her and the Attorney-General at



1825. Wimbledon, but I do not think of going because I may be obliged to oppose him in the House of Commons, and I hate saying hard things of a host.

*July 1.*—I did not go to the House of Commons, which was this day adjourned till Tuesday, preparatory to prorogation. I rode to Holland House. Lady Holland very ill, Lord Holland in the gout, but, as usual, full of life and anecdote. Tierney there. We talked of Lord Thurlow, the Chancellor. Both Tierney and Lord Holland said he was the grossest impostor and greatest humbug that ever lived: no lawyer, no scholar, not a well-read man, and with no intellectual quality, but a humorous turn of mind, which he employed in brow-beating and sarcasm. His large eyebrows made him look awful indeed, and Charles Fox used to say of him, "To be sure no man was ever so wise as Thurlow looks." He was, they said, a complete charlatan, and always studied effect. When at Woburn he wore a large broad-brimmed hat at breakfast, under pretext of fear of catching cold. Notwithstanding this, however, the Lords held him in great veneration, and he affected a superiority which was readily granted to him. Pepper Arden<sup>1</sup> he treated like the scum of the earth, but Pepper's judgments are now preferred to Thurlow's. Lord Loughborough had one day made a flowery, classical speech on the question whether General

<sup>1</sup> Richard Pepper Arden (1745–1804), Master of the Rolls 1788, Lord Chief Justice 1801; created Baron Alvanley.



Burgoyne, being on his parole, should vote, and told the story of Regulus. Thurlow, in reply, said with a sneer, "As for the *case* of Regulus, which my learned friend has laid so much stress on." Lord Holland told us that, when he first went into the House of Lords, he heard Thurlow open a speech by talking very contemptuously of Coxe's *Life of Walpole*, which was then just published. After he sat down, Lord Holland asked him how he came to think so lightly of the best book Coxe ever wrote, and one which was far from uninteresting. Thurlow said, "I do not think lightly of it, I like it very much; it is certainly the best that Coxe ever wrote; but pardon my frailty, I saw that d—— fellow Sydney sitting opposite to me, and knowing Coxe was his dearest friend, I could not help abusing him." Now, for a man to feel in this way, and to act upon such feelings, and to confess such feelings, betrays a depravity of nature which I never met with. I told Burdett this story afterwards, and he, who knew Thurlow well, was surprised at the anecdote.

Tooke and Thurlow became intimate in their latter days, and Tooke was pleased with Thurlow, who seemed anxious to make up for having obstructed the progress of Tooke in his early days.

FROM BOOK, "RECOLLECTIONS."

On July 1 the great public meeting took place in the City of London Tavern for instituting the



1825 London University. The Lord Mayor was in the chair. Brougham made a good speech, amusing, and much to the purpose, except, however, when he talked about religion: when on that topic he was sometimes on the verge of unbecoming pleasantry, sometimes on the brink of hypocrisy; and he added to my previous conviction, that no man, whatever may be his talents, can, out of the pulpit, handle that subject fairly and well.

FROM DIARY.

*July 6.*—Deposited Byron's letters and MSS. in two tin boxes at Kinnaird's bank, also his snuff-boxes in a mahogany case; deposited the papers relative to Byron in Berkeley Square.

FROM BOOK, "RECOLLECTIONS."

Parliament was prorogued on July 6 by Commission, and I left London for the season, taking up my abode at Whitton Park.

This summer was noted for hotter weather than had been known for thirty years, and being stopped from out-of-door exercise I read and wrote a little more than usual—not, however, of much significance to any one except myself.

FROM DIARY.

*July 31.*—Dined at Wilbraham's with my father. Rogers told me that he called on Canning a few days before the debate on second reading of



1825.

Catholic Bill in the Lords this year, and said to him, "Well, you have done pretty well in the Commons, but I suppose the Lords will reject your Bill." Canning said, "I don't know that," and expressed himself as in hopes that the Bill would be carried.

FROM BOOK, "RECOLLECTIONS."

Calling on the Greek Deputies in London, I found them almost in despair of Greece. They asked me what I thought of Sir R. Wilson, and whether sending him with a body of hired troops would save their country? I told them what I thought of Wilson—"a brave heart and a weak head, but better than nobody." . . .

We proposed sending Lord Cochrane. He did not pretend that he would fight for nothing, and asked for a salary of £4,000 a year, and a pension on retirement or death of £2,000 for his widow. The remuneration was high, no doubt, but it was almost impossible to rate the services of this great seaman too highly. . . .

At last, however, it was finally decided that all our efforts should be devoted to the naval expedition commanded by Lord Cochrane, and we took measures for getting the war-steamers ready for sea. Just at this time the British Government issued a proclamation against interference on behalf of Greece. This did not tally with anything we had yet heard of Mr. Canning's policy. . . .



1825. FROM DIARY.

*August 6.*—Went to Burdett's at Ramsbury.

*August 11.*—The Meyricks dined at Ramsbury. Dr. Meyrick told me that the poor never showed the slightest apprehension of dying. He had never seen but two instances of fear, and that was in two men who were shot poaching.

*August 12.*—I rode over to Devizes, and dined with the Bear Club, where I have not dined for twenty years. Lord Lansdowne in the chair, and a large party about us. Saw Dr. Sainsbury of Corsham, a lapsed acquaintance of more than thirty years' standing; also other friends half forgotten.

*August 13.*—Began putting together my notes and my illustrations of Canto IV. of "Childe Harold."

*August 18.*—Murray asked me to edit Lord Byron's works and write a Life. I declined, or rather put off the request. I will not write his Life, but I will contradict the falsehoods his other biographers may tell of him.

*September 2.*—I finished this day Mr. Coventry's essay on the author of Junius. To me it is quite clear that Lord Sackville<sup>1</sup> was Junius. I wonder I ever thought Francis the man. I did not know that Lord Sackville had been so considerable a person as an orator and statesman.

<sup>1</sup> Lord George Sackville, son of the Duke of Dorset (1716-1785); distinguished himself at battle of Fontenoy, but was dismissed the service for his conduct as Commander of the Cavalry at Minden; assumed the name of Germain; created Viscount Sackville 1782.



*September 8.*—Took leave of my friends at Ramsbury, and went to Kemble, near Cirencester, the house of R. Gordon, M.P. for Cricklade. There I found a shooting party assembled. Gordon lives most hospitably, and is as merry as the day is long. 1825.

*September 13.*—I rode over to Easton Grey and saw Mrs. Smith. She is recovering from a severe illness. I have not seen the place since the death of J. Smith; everything was as neat and as smiling as when he was alive. I recollected every step; not a stile nor gap in the hedge which I have scrambled over in my shooting rambles but recalled old times of health, and youth, and happiness.

*September 15.*—Rode through Lord Bathurst's park. The avenues of oak which Pope talks of are not to be seen, but the avenues are fine. Gordon tells me the Bathurst family are much beloved in the neighbourhood and exercise much hospitality.

*September 16.*—Colonel Belli of the 16th Hussars came, a friend of Henry's in India, and a very agreeable man. He told us that the Bishop of Calcutta in his sermon said, "For my Christian brethren India is a very hot place; indeed it is the hottest place I ever heard of." Apropos of the frailty of human life.

*September 19.*—Left Gordon's and went to Blenheim. Found the Duke alone in his vast palace, and more wretched than last year. He



1825. gave me some strange accounts of the Duchess and himself.

*September 21.*—Left Blenheim and went to Wormsley, to John Fane's, M.P.

*September 23.*—Went walking in the woods. The echoes very loud in the deep vales here, so that Mr. Fane tells me they make all the bulls wild by frightening them with their own roaring.

*September 24.*—Left Wormsley for Southill. Found Whitbread and his wife with no one in their large house but Garrard, the cattle sculptor, an ingenious, lively old man, who says Chantrey is a promising person.

*September 25.*—Read a good deal of Mrs. Hutchinson's *Memoirs*, a delightful book, the best on the times of which it treats. We see how great a man Cromwell was; how superior to all his competitors in talents, and to many in virtue. Also how much the patriots of the Long Parliament have been belied; but how little it makes one feel to read of such great and good people as the Hutchinsons. It makes one despair of approaching such models, and therefore is not so useful as the study of the lives of the common and mixed characters.

*September 26.*—Whitbread told me a trait of Lord Holland, which confirms my opinion of that person. When Fox was on his death-bed he requested Lord Holland to provide for Mr. Neave, the present rector of Warden and Southill. The



living destined for him was the one now possessed by Sydney Smith. Neave was preparing to go down to be inducted, when Lady Holland begged him to give up his claim to Sydney Smith: he should have the next piece of preferment. Neave consented, and from that day to this has never got anything from the Hollands, though he has applied. 1825.

*October 2.*—Left Southill and went to Cambridge. Put on a gown and went to Trinity College. I was told that when W. Bankes first came down to Cambridge he had no idea of success; but canvassing Creswell of Trinity, my old tutor, Creswell asked him how he stood as to the Catholics. “Oh,” says Bankes, “against them.” “Well then,” answered Creswell, with a sneer, “put forth an advertisement and say you are for establishments in Church and State.” Bankes took his advice seriously, and the consequence was he polled more votes than Pitt in the days of his glory.

*October 3.*—Travelled to Snettisham. Put up at a house hired by my friend Edward Ellice.

*October 5.*—The evenings here are dull, except when enlivened by my lady’s squabbles with her husband about religion, human happiness, and tough mutton. My friend is imperturbable; me it would drive mad.

*October 14.*—Dr. Davy, my old college friend, dined here. He thinks that all language may be traced to the sounds suggested by the motion



1825. either of air or water. I know nothing of this, but he told me some curious speculations of his in etymology, which seemed well founded.

*October 15.*—I took a delightful ride in beautiful weather by the seaside, far out in the sands, beyond Hunstanton Cliff. There is something in the sea that always charms and soothes me, and fills me with no unpleasing melancholy. I like this relaxation much better than toiling after partridges at the trail of two dogs; also I like being alone during the morning.

*October 21.*—My friend E. Ellice gone to London. A strange scene in the evening with her Ladyship, which no farce or comedy ever exceeded in extravagance.

*October 23.*—Read a Life of Sir William Jones, extracted from Lord Teignmouth's; also Sir W. Jones's dissertation on Asiatic poetry. If genius be as Sir W. Jones seems to think it, a capacity for application and acquirement, he was one of the most stupendous geniuses that ever lived.

*October 30.*—We all went over and visited Houghton; the interior decorations and arrangements and the general stability, as well as splendour of the building, do great credit to Sir R. Walpole. Lord Cholmondeley has not lived there for three years, and wishes to sell it.

*November 2.*—Had a note from my friend, Sir F. Burdett, and walked over to Kirby, where I took up my quarters. My host more attractive than ever.



*November 3.*—Burdett and I talked of Tom Moore's Life of Sheridan. He thought of it, if possible, less than myself. 1825.

He told me that Fox had such a distrust of Sheridan, that he (Burdett) having proposed once to bring Sheridan over to St. Anne's Hill, to discuss the propriety of a motion on the conduct of the war which ceased at Peace of Amiens, Fox wrote that he should be glad to see Burdett, but begged him not to bring Sheridan.

When Fox was dying Sheridan wanted to see him. Fox consented, but begged that Lord Thanet and Lord Holland, who were in the room at the time, would not leave it.

*November 14.*—I dined with Kinnaird, and went with him behind the scenes at the Haymarket Theatre, where I saw Liston act Paul Pry. I was introduced to Liston, and Liston introduced me to Kenney, the author of *Raising the Wind*. A cold and wretched life that of the green-room.

The house was crowded in every part, the average receipts £270 nightly; in common times £150, or not so much. Liston the only attraction. Kenney owned to me that an author writing for the stage was obliged to write for the favourite actor only.

*November 15.*—In Canova's Memoirs there is a curious account of his interviews with Napoleon when modelling him in 1810. Napoleon tried to keep Canova in Paris. The interviews were chiefly



1825. at breakfast; nobody present but the Empress Maria Louisa. One day Canova and Napoleon were talking of the Tuscan origin of the Buonaparte family, when Maria Louisa turned round saying, "Non siete Corso?" like a ninny.

*November 16.*—I dined with D. Kinnaird. A large party. Learn that Tom Moore's *Life of Sheridan* is generally disapproved. Lord John Russell has since told me that Tom Moore had said to him, "At least everybody must say that it is an honest book"!!!

*November 21.*—I dined at Asiatic Society. Sat next to old Dr. Fleming. He had served under Warren Hastings. Sir W. Jones died in his arms. He told me that Jones showed no religious feeling whatever when dying, and that he (Fleming) said to Lord Teignmouth at the time, "Now mind that you do not make an edifying story of the religious end of this great man." Lord Teignmouth only remarked in his biography that it would have been serviceable to the cause of religion if Jones had made a pious end.

*November 23.*—Went by the coach to Bedford, walked to Oakley, and took up my abode with Lord Tavistock. Found S. Whitbread and Lady Whitbread there, Lord John Russell, and Duberly. Lord J. Russell very good company indeed; rather slow, but *enjoué*.

*December 1.*—Lord John Russell left us; an amiable man indeed. He has very weak health. A night or two ago he fell down in a sort of fit;



his face was a little distorted, but he recovered immediately. His brother did not show any great anxiety, and he told us that Lord John did not like to have these attacks noticed.

Lord John has a good memory and a happy recollection, which enables him to play a good part in conversation when roused to talk, which, it must be owned, is seldom the case. I think he has a high sense of honour and propriety.

*December 2.*—I find Moore's Life of Sheridan much condemned here, even by Lord John, the friend of the biographer. Tavistock told me that in his last illness Sheridan wrote to the Duke of Bedford asking him to lend him £200. The Duke returned for answer he did not lend such sums to his friends, but that whilst he had £200 at his banker's, it was always at Sheridan's service. Sheridan took the money, and never thanked the Duke. Compare this with what Moore says of the desertion of Sheridan by his great friends.

*December 7.*—There has been a most frightful confusion in the money market. All London in an uproar. A general bankruptcy expected.

*December 19.*—We have been in considerable alarm for Bath affairs, as the country is now in the same uproar as the city was, before the late meeting of merchants at the Mansion House.

Dined at Asiatic Society. Sir J. Malcolm in the chair. He gave me some notion of the miserable mode in which Indian politics are



1825. conducted between the Board of Control and the Court of Directors.

1826. *January 11.*—Constantine I. resigned the throne of Russia to Nicholas I. There is some disturbance amongst the soldiery at Petersburg. All these Russian affairs in a most obscure state as yet.

*January 18.*—Wrote a great many letters to different people, asking them to form part of a Committee for raising a monument to Lord Byron. I was chiefly impelled to this by a letter from a Mr. Paternoster, of Madras, sending £42 for this purpose.

I took this opportunity to answer a letter from Tom Moore, in which he requested me to assist him in writing a joint Life of Lord Byron. I refused being a party to any such work, saying I saw no good end that could be produced by it. I told him he would make a clever and a saleable work, but not answer any of the higher ends of biography. I know that by taking this line I do right.

*January 20.*—Tom Moore thanks me for my frank negative. He does not like the word "saleable," but owns that he thinks as I do about the Life, and that his necessities alone compel him to write. He says he trusts this to my confidence and feeling to tell or not as I like. Of course I shall not tell, but I wish he would not make a confidant of me.

*January 27.*—Sir Walter Scott sends me a very



kind assent to the proposal respecting the monument. Lord De La Warr refuses in a very cold, unfeeling way. J. Drummond refuses, but says he will subscribe; also Merivale. Lord Lansdowne assents conditionally, if the scheme be not *too aristocratical*. Queer enough this to me. 1826.

*February 5.*—The following persons have consented to be of the Monument Committee:—J. W. Bankes, Burdett, T. Campbell, Lord Clare, Duke of Devonshire, Lord Holland, Lord Jersey, D. Kinnaid, Lord Lansdowne, T. Moore, S. Rogers, Sir W. Scott, Lord Sligo, Lord Tavistock, Trevanion, Wildman.

*February 10.*—At House of Commons. Great debate on the Bank Act and the expediency of repressing £1 and £2 county notes. Young Maberley showed considerable powers of thinking and of speech. I have tried to understand this great question, and think the Ministers right. I shall support them.

*February 13.*—House of Commons. Adjourned debate on Currency. All Ministers spoke. Peel, Canning, C. Grant, and Brougham concluded by supporting Ministers. Divided on Baring's amendment for doing nothing. Sir J. Wrottesley prefaced his opposition with stating that he was an interested man, a banker, and therefore entitled to the usual kindness of the House. What a picture! What a notion of Parliament!

*February 16.*—Dined at Roger Wilbraham's. He told me that he very well recollected



1826. W. Windham saying Burke was mad, when he first declaimed against France. He was looking out of a window at Holkham, and said it to Wilbraham himself.

Wilbraham asked Lady Spencer her opinion of Windham. She said, the most consummate hypocrite she ever knew. "This," said Wilbraham, "was his real character." He was a great pretender to morals, and yet a complete Joseph Surface, as some one once told him.

He went over from Fox as soon as he found out that the King had resolved Fox should never come in. As for the Spencers and that class, Lady Spencer once confessed to Wilbraham that they were cajoled.

Wilbraham's stories are worth recording when they relate to any important events, for I never knew a more accurate and rigidly faithful narrator of anecdotes.

*February 17.*—Went to dine with Hudson Gurney, who showed me a letter from Robinson, Chancellor of the Exchequer, by which it appeared Government had agreed to give up the point relative to the issue of £1 Bank of England notes, which they had before refused to Gurney.

Gurney told me that the Norwich bankers had been that morning to Lord Liverpool's, and had said they would draw out £500,000 of sovereigns immediately from the Bank of England unless this measure was complied with.

*February 23.*—Went to House of Commons.



Wilson of London and the City folk had been attacking Ministers for not issuing Exchequer Bills, the distress now seeming to return with double force. Williams of Lincoln was making a very violent speech in seconding Ellice's motion for enquiry into the silk trade. Huskisson replied in a speech of two hours and ten minutes, the most masterly I ever heard him or any one else ever make. We were all delighted on our side, and cheered to the echo. Debate adjourned.

*February 24.*—Attended adjourned debate. Canning made a flourish against the dread of innovation, and attacked poor John Williams, already down, more than was seemly. Canning laughed at the terms of those who saw Jacobinism in every improvement. He compared the admirers of Pitt's errors to those barbarians who never worshipped the sun except in an eclipse, when they beat drums, etc. Now the cymbals were played to "aid the labouring moon," as Pope has it, and the savages beat drums to frighten away the great dragon that comes to swallow the sun; but I never heard of the sun being worshipped in an eclipse. He made a flashy and successful speech, but I do not think a good one. We divided 222 against 40.

*March 2.*—At House of Commons. Voted with Denman for condemning the conduct of the Duke of Manchester for executing certain slaves in Jamaica. A good debate. Minority 63 to 104. Brougham spoke with more force than he has



1826. done this session, for there is something the matter with him. H. Stephenson says he is in love!

*March 5.*—Dined with Kinnaird. A large party. Lord Grey was there, and told me anecdotes about Sheridan's treachery to the Whigs. It seems Sheridan was distrusted not only by Fox, but even by the Prince (George IV.), for the Prince once said to Lord Grey, "Do not leave the room till Sheridan goes."

*March 10.*—At House of Commons. Voted with Hume against flogging soldiers. Sir George Murray made a remarkably flashy, foolish, and intemperate speech.

*March 14.*—At House of Commons. Spoke in favour of Lord John Russell's Bill against bribery and corruption; also against flogging in the army.

*March 22.*—Went to a dinner at Sir A. Johnson's. A large, dull party, except Prince Cimitile, who is an accomplished man. He said Mackintosh was the most extraordinary man he had ever seen.

*April 6.*—News came of the fall of Missolonghi. After the prolonged existence of this important post, nothing can be more discouraging than such an event; but Greece is not lost yet.

*April 7.*—Dined at General Fergusson's. Met Admiral Fleming and Mr. Stewart, who shot Sir A. Boswell. Mr. Stewart came up to London in the mail with the Lord Provost of Edinburgh,



one Trotter, an upholsterer. At Ferrybridge Mr. Trotter put his head out of the coach and said, "Is my servant here?" "Yes, *my lord*," said the servant, who opened the door for his noble master. My lord is come up to give evidence before the Committees of Parliament, and hopes to be made a knight. 1826.

*April 9.*—Dined at W. Ord's. An agreeable party. Lord Dudley, Hookham Frere, G. Lamb, Hallam, Sharpe, etc.

Frere told us that he was at a dinner where Windham introduced Cobbett to Pitt, and Cobbett behaved perfectly well. Frere mentioned that from the beginning of the French successes to their disasters in Spain, he and most politicians were in constant apprehension of the subjugation of England by France.

Frere heard Fox's speech for Reform of Parliament, which made the greatest impression of any he ever heard. It turned solely on the superiority of a democracy for conquering or resisting conquest. France was a democracy, and the only way to fight her on even terms was to make our own Government more and wholly popular.

FROM BOOK, "RECOLLECTIONS."

On April 10 a debate arose on the salary of the President of the Board of Trade. I opposed bringing up the Report, and in the course of my speech used these words: "It was said to be very hard on His Majesty's Ministers to raise



1826. objection to this proposition. For my own part, I think it is much more hard on His Majesty's Opposition." (A laugh.)

Mr. Secretary Canning said, "The honourable member has demanded two or three times why do you bring forward this measure at the present moment? Why do you take so unfavourable an opportunity to introduce it? Now, the fact is, that the opportunity was not selected by His Majesty's Government, but by those whom the honourable gentleman has designated His Majesty's Opposition." (A laugh.)

Mr. Tierney said, "An honourable friend near him had called the Opposition the King's Opposition. The propriety of this appellation had been recognised by gentlemen on the other side, and, indeed, it could not be disputed. My honourable friend," continued Mr. Tierney, "could not have invented a better phrase to designate us than that which he has adopted, for we are, certainly, to all intents and purposes, a branch of His Majesty's Government. Its proceedings for some time past have proved that, although the gentlemen opposite are in office, we are in power. The measures are ours, but all the emoluments are theirs. (Cheers and laughter.) On a division the numbers were—for bringing up the Report, 87; against it, 76. Mr. Hobhouse was one of the tellers for the minority."

Mr. Secretary Canning said he should not proceed in the measure; on which Mr. Tierney rose,



“with heartfelt pleasure, to assure His Majesty’s Government that they had by this act justly earned the approbation of His Majesty’s Opposition.” (A laugh.)<sup>1</sup> 1826.

I have been more particular than usual in attributing this pleasantry, such as it was, to the rightful author, because Mr. Hume, in the happy spirit of blundering which frequently used to beset him, gave it to Mr. Tierney, and the mistake was adopted by one of the newspapers.

#### FROM DIARY.

*April 20.*—Peel gave notice that the Alien Act would not be renewed. I made a complimentary speech, and some of my friends remonstrated with me afterwards; so I resolved to take an opportunity of explaining why I felt grateful to Ministers when they did right. It is only because I feel their omnipotence, and how completely Parliament would stand by them even if they did wrong.

*April 21.*—I dined at R. Wilbraham’s. Met Rogers and Sharp, who talked much of Horne Tooke. Both said he was not sound when he destroyed his third volume of the “Diversions of Purley.” He said he had in that volume made a discovery respecting the *verb*. “What is it?” said Rogers. “Aye,” said Tooke, “that’s telling.” Burdett, however, remarked to me that it was

<sup>1</sup> Hansard’s “Parliamentary Debates,” New Series, vol. xv., pp. 135, 137, 149.



1826. no secret. Tooke had found out that the verb was in fact "action," substance put into motion, and so it is.

FROM BOOK, "RECOLLECTIONS."

On April 27, in this Session, Lord John Russell made his expected motion for Reform in Parliament. Mr. Denison, M.P. for Newcastle, answered him, then Mr. Ross and I rose together. The Speaker called on me, but I gave way. Lord Glenorchy then spoke, and the House was going to divide, but I rose and spoke for an hour and a half—met with complete success—complimented by all friends and many foes. Lord John Russell said in his reply respecting it, "that it would be now, and for ever, of service to the great cause of Reform." The speech was published as a separate pamphlet.

FROM DIARY.

*April 29.*—Dreadful riots in the North. Men starving by thousands. A brigade of guards ordered there.

*April 30.*—Lord Tavistock sat with me. Discussed our old subject, Reform, and heard again of my speech as being universally praised.

Dined with Lord Dudley. A large party. He dines in the foreign style. There is something kind and attentive, but rather unquiet, in his manner.

I met there for the first time Dr. Holland, an agreeable but a "précieux" man.



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*May 2.*—At House of Commons. Proposal made by Ministers relative to bonded corn, and to giving Ministers a power of opening the ports and admitting corn with a protecting duty of 12s. The Opposition were divided; Althorp and Calcraft, and even Lord Milton, against Ministers; Brougham and Abercromby, etc., for them. Certainly this is opening the corn question, and stultifying the proceedings of the House on Whitmore's motion.

William Lamb owned to me it was a good exemplification of what I had said on the Reform question; but Lord Liverpool, they say, is frightened lest there should be a bad harvest. The country gentlemen in the meantime are furious, and the Tory Ministerialists in the other House call for vengeance on the head of Huskisson. They say Lord Westmorland is the only sensible man in the Cabinet.

*May 3.*—Dined at Lord Belgrave's. The hostess very charming; also Lady Ebrington, looking pale, but a lovely woman.

*May 4.*—Dined at Mr. R. Walpole's. Mr. Taylor, member for Wales, told me that he was sitting with Ministerialists during my Reform speech, and heard them say, "Wonder how Ministers like this!!" I wish I could fancy that I should do any permanent good by this exposure.

Went down to the House. Found Ministers had given up one measure, the unlimited intro-



1826. duction of foreign corn, and determined on having only 500,000 quarters.

*May 11.*—It appears to me that the landowners are foolish in making an outcry at what will not, at present, injure them much. The blow does affect the present Corn Laws it is true, but then it is certain these laws must be repealed one day or the other, and this first infringement is so trifling the landed interest ought not to cry out as if they were crushed. On the other hand, the Ministers have been most shuffling, and this measure is not half so good as the settlement of the question which they might have made on Whitmore's motion. Yet a man has nothing to do but vote with them as far as they go.

*May 14.*—Tom Moore called by appointment. After some words I asked him how he went on. He told me he was writing a Life of Byron, but found it difficult, as he expected. I told him I wished it was not *necessary* for him to write such a thing, but that the next best thing to *no* Life was a short Life.

Moore owned very frankly to me that he would make a book to get the money he wanted, but not a book of real merit as a Life of Lord Byron. On the whole, I think he looks at the subject fairly, except that he believes he has some claim on account of his share of the destruction of the manuscript, which he has not.

Our conversation turned on other matters. He told me he found London quite altered; people



thought and talked of nothing but Vivian Grey and the Age, and whether they were in these scandalous pictures. 1826.

I am sorry that circumstances have made this interview necessary, but as I feel that Byron certainly intended a benefit to Moore, I cannot but assist him in some degree to gain his £2,000 out of Lord Byron's memory. That is his motive; he has no other.

*May 19.*—Went to the House and sat out the long debate on Slavery. We divided only 38 against 100. The smallness of both numbers discouraging to the anti-slavery people. Indeed, notwithstanding the great mass of petitions, I do not think their cause gaining ground amongst the really influential part of the community, and in the House of Commons it is losing ground.

*May 26.*—At House of Commons. Whilst there, Lord J. Russell brought on his resolutions about bribery and corruption at elections.

*May 28.*—T. Moore called, and informed me that Messrs. Longmans had released him from the supposed necessity of publishing with them, and that he was free to publish at Murray's. I promised not to throw any impediment as executor, but rather to assist him as far as looking over his book went. He discussed his friend Rogers' passion for "those little people called the great," but agreed with me that Rogers was an excellent and an honourable man in all essential points. His worst characteristic



1826. is an impatience at hearing the praise of others. He once said to Lady Bathurst, "Nugent is a very good man in *buts*." "Oh," said Lady Bathurst, "that's just what I was going to say."

*May 30.*—Went to Brooks's, and sat up till late talking or rather listening to anecdotes about Sheridan from Lord Cowper.

Lord Cowper mentioned the anecdote of Jack Fuller putting down Sheridan after his shabby conduct to the Duke of York. Sheridan had talked big about the slanderers of the Duke at the beginning of the accusation, and then stayed away, and even voted once against him. Jack Fuller declaimed against those who had been silent during the proceeding, after promising so much in favour of H.R.H.; and then, shaking his fist across the House at Sheridan, said, "What! morality dumb too?" The hit was palpable; the House cheered tremendously, and Sheridan sank into his very shoes.

Lord Carnarvon talked' about Lord King's childish playfulness. He saw him once hide a bishop's cap under the cushion, and then amuse himself with seeing the prelate turn up the robes of all his brother bishops to look for it.

Lord Carnarvon said he believed Lord King's perpetual attacks were a principal cause of the no-Popery in the Lords last year. Lord Liverpool himself said so, and seemed sorry for the clamour. Lord Holland owned the fact, but



said he did not understand why the complaint came from Lord Liverpool. 1826.

*June 2.*—I dined at old Lady Cork's. A strange party; amongst others Mrs. Coutts and the Duke of St. Albans, who spoke not one word.

*June 4.*—Went to T. Coke's at Paddington. Saw Lady Anne and her two fine boys. Coke is at 72 as fresh as most men at 50; a fair, good, and upright man. Denman is more striking as a companion than as a public man. He is acute, lively, full of anecdote, and bringing a great deal of elegant learning to bear upon his talk. He is aware that by leaving Parliament he gives himself a better chance of rising on the Bench.

*June 9.*—Sir Francis Burdett and myself were returned for Westminster without opposition, although efforts were made to induce Mr. Canning to stand, and Mr. Cobbett threatened me with an opponent in his own person.

Burdett and myself could not help confessing, as we came back from the hustings, that it was almost incredible that the election for Westminster should be managed with so much real independence. Indeed, few of our own friends believe the fact, but suppose an influence and a contrivance which do not exist. For myself, I ought to feel, and I do feel, most grateful to my fellow-citizens for doing justice to my motives, and being satisfied with my exertions, such as they are, for the public good.



1826. *June* 10.—Dined with Mr. Coke, who told several anecdotes of George IV. when Prince.

He wrote to Coke “from a Whig to a Whig.” Once he drank Charles Fox’s health twice running, to finish a quarrel with him, and then said: “Fill your glass again. Here’s a bumper to Catholic Emancipation; when the old boy [George III.] goes it is the first thing I will do.”

Coke told us that W. Windham wrote to Fox at Holkham. Windham was in Paris, and very much tinged with Jacobinism; his letter teemed with it. Fox said, “This letter shall never rise up in judgment against Windham,” and he threw it into the fire. When Windham came back to Norfolk he was still a violent Republican, but his conversion was the affair only of four days. He then tried to turn everybody to the new faith, and made many an effort with Coke himself. No one seemed to know what had occurred to make Windham change his mind; he had then and always a great contempt for Pitt.

Coke told an anecdote of old Lord George and Lord John Cavendish at Chatsworth. It was on a public day given weekly for two months. The three uncles of the late Duke, who was then abroad, presided; fifty or sixty gentlemen were at dinner. Lord John was talking politics, and had all the audience but some five or six, whom Lord George was entertaining with an account of his introducing turnips into Lancashire. Lord John did not like this diversion, and hearing his



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brother say the turnips were as big as his head, called out, "Brother, were they as *thick* too?" On which Lord George said, "Brother John, everybody knows that God has given you more sense than me, but He has given me more strength, and if you say that again, by God, I will knock you down!" Coke heard this.

*June 12.*—Rode over to Holland House. Saw my Lord and my Lady, the latter quite recovered. They were sitting on the beautiful lawn behind the house. Lord Holland gave us three cheers, as did Lord Alvanley, who was with him. The Hollands are just returned from France. He said that the French looked upon their law of equity as a sort of religion; or rather, as supplying the place of religion and morality and all other feeling.

FROM BOOK, "RECOLLECTIONS."

On June 23 I had a walk with Mr. Tierney. He gave me a proof of his good memory of men. We were passing an old curiosity shop, in the door of which was a full-length portrait, and a miserable daub it was. "Ah," said Mr. Tierney, "I know who that is meant for. I am sure it must be Sir — Hotham, who built Bognor." On looking nearer at the picture, I saw that the figure had a paper in his hand, with plans drawn upon it. Mr. Tierney said he would swear to the man. He had raised himself from nothing, and had made £120,000, all of which he laid out, and



1826. lost nearly all, by building at Bognor. His notion was that Bognor would one day rival Portsmouth, and he persisted long enough in this belief to throw away the greater part of his fortune. He must, according to Mr. Tierney, have been a strange person, for he one day told him (Mr. Tierney) that he had been a member of a club in St. Martin's Lane that had produced three great men. One was Sir Eyre Coote, the second was Moore, Archbishop of Canterbury. "And who was the third?" asked Tierney. "That was I," replied Hotham.

I dined at Kensington Palace with the Duke of Sussex, and a most interesting dinner it was. The Duke's guests were my friends D. Kinnaird and Michael Bruce, Prince Cimitile and Count Lavalette. It was the first time I had met the latter, and I thought him a very agreeable companion.

Prince Cimitile, when on a mission at Vienna in 1820, saw Prince Metternich eight times, and never had less than two hours' conversation with him. I had heard that Metternich was not so ill disposed to the Liberals as some had supposed. Cimitile denied this positively, and said that Metternich was the "*premier éteignoir du siècle*," and was opposed to anything like novelty in anything. . . .

Cimitile told the Prince that the Emperor Alexander advocated liberal principles, and would listen to him. The Prince denied that Alexander was for liberal principles. Cimitile remarked



“that the Emperor certainly had been so inclined; but, perhaps, that was only because he liked being *à la mode* in everything.” Prince Metternich rejoined, “C’est le mot, vous l’avez attrapé.”

Lavalette said that he knew Napoleon thoroughly (*jusqu’à son âme*). He said he never heard him express himself freely, or indeed at all, about religion, except, indeed, that he always professed a dislike of Voltaire and his school, of whom he said, “Ce sont des oisifs, qui s’amusent, dans leurs cabinets, à troubler les états.” Whatever doubts he had he kept to himself. When he died he went through all the formalities of faith, and professed it in his will. But Lavalette owned that he might have done this for the sake of his son, knowing that all Europe had their eyes fixed upon him. Lavalette also owned that he did not think Napoleon was a sincere Catholic; but he did not believe that Napoleon ever thought of setting up a new religion, as some people had asserted. He once did speak to Count Narbonne of establishing Protestantism in France, by the side of Catholicism; but Narbonne remarked, “Il n’y a pas assez de religion en France pour en faire deux”; which, continued Lavalette, was quite true, for the great mass of the middle classes, and the professors, and the higher classes felt a perfect indifference about religion, otherwise there would be ten millions of Protestants in France. Cimitile reminded us of Bishop Burnet’s anecdote about Lord Shaftesbury’s saying, in a



1826. mixed company, "There is one point respecting religion on which all men of sense are agreed." A lady present inquired, "Pray, my Lord, what is that?" "Madam," said Shaftesbury, "it is that which men of sense never tell." . . .

Lavalette solemnly protested that there was no communication between Paris and the island of Elba, to bring back Napoleon. There were conspiracies, indeed, which would have exterminated the Bourbons; and Napoleon's arrival, in March 1815, saved the Bourbons. In fact, Napoleon himself complained of the designs of the intended revolutionists.

Talking of Talleyrand, Lavalette said that when Napoleon was fighting in Champagne during the campaign of 1814, he suspected that Talleyrand might play him false, and he sent an order to Savary (Minister of Police) to banish him eighty leagues from Paris. Savary showed the order to Lavalette, and declared that he would do no such thing; he had enough upon his hands already, without bringing all the Faubourg St. Germain upon him. Lavalette told Savary he had better think of the matter, and so he did; for Savary communicated with Talleyrand on the subject, and Lavalette thought that some promise relative to an oblivion of Savary's share in the death of the Duc d'Enghien, in case the Bourbons were restored, made him refuse to act upon the order of Napoleon.

Lavalette said that when the Emperor Alexander



1826.

came into Paris in 1814, he had resolved not to treat with Napoleon, but he had not resolved that young Napoleon should not reign. He consulted Talleyrand, who was beset by all the old noblesse to ask for the Bourbons, but he did not do so, and not a word was heard in their favour; and Alexander hesitated, until one day, whilst in conversation with two French marshals, an aide-de-camp came in, and whispered that Marmont and his corps had deserted Napoleon. Alexander told the marshals what he had heard, and said, "What do you say to that, gentlemen?" They said nothing; but that night Alexander published the proclamation declaring the dethronement of the Napoleon dynasty. Lavalette heard the story from one of the French officers present.

Lavalette said that there was a fatality in the proceedings of 1815. If Napoleon had not come back to Paris, and had joined Grouchy, and rallied his defeated army, he might have made a stand. But he was afraid the Chambers would declare his abdication, and he knew the character of Fouché. He came therefore to Paris, but his presence imposed on nobody, and Lavalette heard Davoust and Ney, in the Chamber of Peers, give up all for lost, and resolve upon yielding to the disasters of the day.

#### FROM DIARY.

*June 26.* — Dined at Asiatic Society. Old Wilkins talked to me in a most philosophical



1826. manner. It is pleasing to find a man past eighty undaunted by that which saddens all : the fear of death.

*July 4.*—I am going on a visit to the Continent to-morrow.



## CHAPTER IV

FROM BOOK, "RECOLLECTIONS."

1826.

1826. *July 5.*—I left London for the Continent, accompanied by my brother, T. B. Hobhouse.

At Bonn I saw my old acquaintance Schlegel; very different in appearance from what I had seen him at Coppet, for he was mounted on a clever-looking horse, and followed by a groom in a smart livery and with a cockade in his hat. Our conductor did not seem to know much about this learned person, except that he had separated from his wife and that he wore a wig. We passed through Coblenz, Bingen, Mayence, and Frankfort.

FROM DIARY.

Frankfort detained us only long enough to see Mr. Gogel's wine-vaults and Dannecker's *Ariadne*. Mr. Gogel told us a singular anecdote of the manner in which Frankfort was saved by a Lieutenant and twenty men when besieged by the French during the negotiations at Campo Formio.

The Austrians had received the formal notice of peace being signed. They transmitted the in-



1826. telligence to the French, who knew the fact, but answered that they had not received a regular express by courier, and therefore could not suspend operations. The Austrians, not intending to defend Frankfort, gave orders for the retreat, but the officer commanding at the gate opposite to the French did not receive the order, and when the enemy advanced gave orders to his guard to fire and at the same time raised the drawbridge. By the discharge and by the raising the bridge three or four men were killed and some wounded. The French retreated precipitately, and thinking there was some stratagem intended, did not renew the attack before the courier arrived with the news of the peace, which left everything *in statu quo*, and thus, for two years, saved Frankfort from the French.

FROM BOOK, "RECOLLECTIONS."

At Darmstadt we visited the Opera, which at that time was celebrated throughout Germany, and was under the immediate patronage of the Grand Duke. He was at the theatre the night we were there, at the representation of Spontini's *Vestal*. I thought he was one of the oldest men I had ever seen, although only seventy-three.

We continued our journey through Heidelberg, Carlsruhe, Baden-Baden, and Constance. The Lake of Constance (Bodensee) washes the shores of four sovereign states, Switzerland,



Baden, Wurtemberg, and Austria. The steamboat, established about two years before our visit, had given life and some commerce to its beautiful shores; but it was at first much opposed by the fishermen and boat-owners, and the Englishman who was the chief engineer of the boat told me that he did not like to land at one or two of the principal towns on the lake for fear of being personally ill-treated. He was called the "Devil's man," and hooted in the streets. The same person told me he had great difficulty in teaching the men who manage the steamboat for him the first principles of their occupation. . . .

From Glarus we made an excursion to the Kleinalpsee and its small lake. Our chief object was to find the monument of Gesner,<sup>1</sup> and a most toilsome and a most fruitless search we made for it. We lost our way and were buried, as it were, amidst these solitudes of overhanging hills, and rushing torrents on every side. We recovered our path at last, and arrived at Glarus by half-past seven, having started at half-past eleven. I was then at the age which Mr. Fox selected as the best for vigorous physical exertion as well as intellectual energy. My brother was not half forty, but he was by far the more tired of the two.

Continuing our journey through this mountainous region, we at last reached Coire, after visiting the baths of Pfeffers. On August 9 we got

<sup>1</sup> Solomon Gesner (1730-1788), born at Zurich, writer and artist.



1826. out of Grison territory, crossed the Inn over a wooden bridge of four arches into Tyrol, and slept at Nauders. The dress, the language, the look of everything at once changed; and our Engadine driver seemed as much a stranger here as ourselves. The next day we set forth for Innsbruck, thence to Munich. I walked through some of this woody country, and soon after leaving Mittenwald we descended upon the Wallensee, a beautiful lake, reminding me of Loch Lomond. Retired as this spot is, there were no less than nine carriages standing before the door of the solitary posthouse, on their way either to or from Munich.

It was a fine moonlight night, and there was a party in a boat singing as they crossed the lake. The Wallensee is one of those retreats in which I fancied I should like to settle for life.

We remained six days at Munich. I had a letter of introduction from the Duke of Sussex to Sir Brook Taylor, our Minister at the Court of Bavaria; and nothing could exceed the kind attentions I received from him.

We contrived, by dint of hard walking, to see not only the sights in Munich itself, but visited the Palace of Nymphenburg, where the late King Maximilian Joseph died. He had been at a ball given by the Russian Minister, and went to bed apparently quite well. The next morning he was found dead in his bed.



1826.

King Maximilian was adored by his subjects; I heard but one opinion about him. Sir Brook Taylor told me one or two very characteristic anecdotes of him. His body-coachman said he should like to have a coat of the King's. Maximilian offered him a new one. "No," said the coachman, "I have got liveries enough; I want to have a coat that the King has worn." Maximilian sent him three of his coats to fit himself with one of them. A peasant told Maximilian that he had never seen a play. The King sent him and his family to Munich in a carriage, had places taken for them in the pit of the great theatre, and ordered them to be brought home the next day. . . . I was so much pleased with Munich that I made a vow, to myself, to revisit it; but I have never seen it again.

*August 21.*—We left Munich for Salzburg, and visited all the sights of this city. . . . We walked to the Gaisberg and ascended it. The ascent to the summit occupied two hours and a half from the foot of the hill. The height is about four thousand feet above the sea, and the view from it is one of the most extensive in Europe. Nine lakes and the Danube are visible on a clear day, although the great river is eighteen leagues distant.

On August 26 we went to Hallein, and saw the great salt mine. We put on white dresses and a leather apron, and, each of us mounted on



1826. the shoulders of a guide, shot down a ladder into the bowels of the earth. There were four descents, which were put down in the guide-books at 42, 23, 12, and 23 toises in depth. The principal sight in the mine is the great reservoir, which is lighted up for strangers, and is crossed in a boat. Maximilian gave the name of "King's-hole" to one of the descents, and the Emperor Francis had his visit duly recorded on a tablet.

We did not again return to Salzburg, but went on by the valley of the Salzach through scenery of the most beautiful description. . . .

I was much struck with the lovely lake of Como, in a part of it which I had not seen before, with high mountains rising all around, and giving it the character of Switzerland. Black, craggy rocks were visible in the distance, at the end of the lake; and far, far beyond were the glaciers overhanging the Engadine. The summits of Monte Legnone, on the side of the Engadine, added to the grandeur of the scenery; and the blue lake, and the white towns glittering along its beautiful shores, afforded me indescribable delight then, and would do so if I saw them even now; for an admiration of the charms and wonders of nature is for me a passion which extreme old age has not frozen, nor even cooled.

After some hesitation, we resolved to visit the Lago Maggiore, and prolong our tour by crossing over the Bernardin and the Splügen Alps.

On September 15 we came to Milan, where



my brother left me to go home for the Oxford term. I was joined by my step-mother and two of her daughters, and had the satisfaction of accompanying them to the sights of Milan. From Milan we travelled on to Genoa, and whilst there I saw a good deal of Mr. Barry, with whom Byron deposited some books and papers when he went to Greece. 1826.

#### FROM DIARY.

*October 3.*—Dined with Mr. Barry at Lord Byron's country house and villa belonging to the Saluzzo family in the suburb Albaro. There are about two acres of garden and pleasure ground, an old summer-house, and an alley of trees—ilexes, I think—under which Byron used to read.

Barry, who speaks with an affectionate veneration of Byron, showed me the little round table at which he used to dine, and the spot where he placed his chair. We dined in Byron's bedroom. Byron dined alone all the time he was at Genoa, except twice, once with Lord Kinnaird. Barry used to drink hock with him, as he did not like to drink alone.

After dinner Barry showed me a great many papers of Byron's, both prose and verse; some published, some, I think, unpublished. There were several letters from Byron when last in Greece: a very long one on Greek affairs, and one dated April 9. Byron's fatal illness began



1826. on the 10th, the next day, so this is the last letter ever sent. In that letter he writes on private affairs only, states his wish to have the money back which he lent the Greeks, as they had got the loan, and had had many a long pull at his purse. Also he calls Kinnaird his agent and trustee, and his friend, not his executor; so I am convinced that Byron never did carry that intention into effect.

Barry had several autographs given him by Byron, one a long letter from Walter Scott, very curious. Scott announces the death of the two Boswells, says Alexander was a high-spirited fellow, who knew he wrote a good song and who died for harping too long on an old joke. James, he says, was ten times cleverer than his father, the biographer. Scott tells Byron he is no alarmist about politics. He ends with "affectionate friend," or "affectionately."

Also a long letter from Thomas Moore, dated in 1822; in this he calls Byron "My dear fellow," and tells him he has now got the MS. memoirs all his own by cancelling the original deed and putting the MSS. into Murray's hands, merely as a pledge for repayment of two thousand guineas, so, says Moore, "write on, as they will be all for me."

An autograph of Rogers's letter to Byron in 1818—neat and gentlemanlike, but pedantic; and one of Burdett's, in which he rates Kinnaird for saying *poor* Byron, and calls Byron "the foremost man of all this world."



1826.

I should add that Barry has the original MS. of Byron's character of Rogers, one of the best but most cruel things he ever wrote. I have a copy.

Barry told me that when Byron was driven back to Genoa by the storm, on setting out for Greece, he confessed to him that he would not go on the Greek expedition even then but that "*Hobhouse and the others would laugh at him.*" Poor fellow! He talks in a letter to Barry of coming home in the Spring. One of his chief wishes was to come to England, but in an MS. in Barry's possession, he says he must fight Brougham if he does.

He told Barry he was very anxious to get rid of the *Hunt* connection. Leigh Hunt was insolent enough to write a letter to Byron reproaching him with "abandoning Mrs. Shelley, the widow of his [Byron's] best friend." To this Byron returned a short reply, telling Hunt that "As for Shelley, his name was unnecessarily introduced; that Mrs. Shelley had no claims on him; and that as for him [Hunt,] he had only to regret that he had ever communicated so much with him, as he had thereby lost not only his money but his character." This letter he read to Barry and sent it.

I now account for the animosity of Hazlitt to Byron. He takes his cue from crony Hunt. Barry told me that Medwin got most of his anecdotes from Shelley.

Byron lent an old man, Mr. Brenton, his sailing



1826. boat for the use of his daughter, who was ill. After using it some time, Mr. Brenton came to the villa to thank Lord Byron, and was shown in by mistake. Mr. Barry was with Lord Byron, and both got behind the curtain. There Byron heard Mr. Brenton tell Fletcher that he was sorry not to see Lord Byron: first, because he wished to thank him; and secondly, because he had a great curiosity to see him. When Brenton was gone, Byron expressed himself very angrily and said: "Here's a pretty fellow! I do him a favour, and he comes under pretence of thanking me to stare at me, and write home how I look, and what a strange dress I wear, and all sorts of nonsense."

Barry said that Lord Byron was not averse to Englishmen; on the contrary, he was every day more inclined to be conversable with them, and said if there was a meeting about an English reading room in Genoa he would attend.

When Byron gave Barry his MSS. on going to Greece, he said many of them were not fit for publication, being written in anger. Barry has assured me that he has shown none of the MSS. of that kind to anybody but me.

In a letter from Greece he tells Barry that one Dr. Kennedy has been trying to convert him, and adds: "Tell your friend Webb [Barry's partner] that in St. Paul's Epistle to the Romans I find these words, 'There is no difference between a Jew and a Greek.'" This was an attack on one Corgialeagno, a Greek merchant, to whom Webb



had given him letters and who had asked  $2\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. for cashing Byron's bills. This shows how far the good doctor had got in the conversion of his illustrious pupil. 1826.

FROM BOOK, "RECOLLECTIONS."

*October 9.*—I arrived at Toulon, where I was attended by a man who was a cannoneer in the Republican army that attacked the place in 1793. He told me he saw Napoleon acting as captain and chief of the artillery staff. He happened to be near Napoleon when the English were cannonading a height on which the French were erecting a battery; at some of the discharges Napoleon turned his face round quickly, on which my man said in joke, "Vous avez peur, Capitaine, des boulets?" "Non," replied Napoleon, "je n'ai pas peur du boulet, mais de quelque éclat de pierre."

From Toulon I went to Marseilles, and remained there until October 16, chiefly in company with Lord Cochrane, who had just arrived from Malta. The account he gave me of the so-called Stock Exchange fraud convinced me that the story I had heard on that subject from Mr. Basil Cochrane was true; whilst speaking to me about it, Lord Cochrane was much affected, and burst into tears, exclaiming, "Good heavens! that I should be suspected of such dirty baseness!"

I arrived in Paris on October 31. During this visit I was chiefly occupied with Greek affairs. I



1826. called on General Sebastiani, who promised on the part of the Greek Committee of Paris, that they would devote all their funds and credit to the assistance of Lord Cochrane.

The following morning I went to a meeting of the Greek Committee. Here I saw Chateaubriand for the first time. He was a little man and had a small cane in his hand. He ran up to a looking-glass to adjust his locks. Altogether, he appeared to me of somewhat foppish and affected manners.

It was agreed to give me a letter authorising me to act with Colonel Stanhope for the disposal of the funds of the Committee for the assistance of Lord Cochrane. There was very little difference of opinion amongst those present, and the union of so many distinguished men of all parties, devoting their best and honest energies to a noble cause, afforded a painful contrast to what I had seen at home.

*November 6.*—I walked to the cemetery of Père la Chaise, which I had never seen before. Wandering about, I found myself all at once amongst many famous men, who had silently disappeared from the scene even before their deaths, and whom I did not know were dead—Decrès, Kellermann, Masséna, Davoust, and several others of less note. Ney was under a green hillock within iron rails, without a stone or any inscription. I saw two Frenchmen looking for it, and they joined me in the search. We found it at last by



seeing "Ney" written in pencil on one of the iron rails. The tomb of Foy was covered with chaplets. The inscription was too long, and yet too epigrammatic: "His country told Foy to live; it was the only time he did not obey her voice."

I was a long while finding where Talma had just been laid, but came to it at last. The stone had not yet been placed over him, but the mound was covered with wreaths and flowers, and amongst them was the oak chaplet which he wore when he acted Cinna for the last time. There also was the tomb of David, with an inscription which said that he died in exile. Considering that the inscriptions were all inspected by the police previously to admission, I was rather surprised at this notice of the fate of the favourite painter of the Parisians.

The day I left Paris was marked with a white stone for me, for it was on this occasion that I first saw that great writer, and good man, Sir Walter Scott. He was just before me on the road, and, as we changed horses more than once together, and I knew him by unmistakeable signs, I looked at him as earnestly as could be permitted decently. I learnt afterwards that he had visited Paris to consult certain documents for his *Life of Napoleon Buonaparte*.

I arrived in London on the 12th of November.

I began my labours on Greek affairs at once. I had to enter into explanations with several of my friends, and, moreover, to remonstrate with



1826. one or two active personages who had been attacking Sir Francis Burdett and myself for delays and difficulties for which we were not at all answerable, and which, in fact, had given us more annoyance than any one else. . . .

FROM DIARY.

*November 14.*—Parliament met. Sutton again chosen Speaker. Saw Ellice. I find he is trying to do good in a scrape into which some friend has fallen.

*November 21.*—The King went down to open the new Parliament, and all former mistakes seem to have been either forgotten or forgiven. The crowd of members was so great I did not go into the upper House. Sir R. Wilson and I were in the greatcoat room when the King left the House, and saw him closely from the windows through his glass carriage. A strange figure he was, in a huge ruff. The show was pretty, particularly the cream-coloured horses; the people were pleased, and cheered a good deal.

I heard the Speech in our House, and also the Address moved by Liddell of Northumberland, and Winn, M.P. for Malden, as Brougham in his answer took care to let us know. Winn was extremely absurd, and praised Canning so outrageously that he blushed and turned away his head. He declared against the Roman Catholics, and said that Ireland was a plain and fertile country. On this, Brougham, in a humorous speech,



remarked that the King's Speech was not like Ireland, "it was not as fertile as it was flat." Canning answered him, and made one good hit, saying he had thrown away a great deal of good indignation. 1826.

*December 11.*—Canning brought down a message from the King announcing aggression of Spain on Portugal.

*December 12.*—Canning made a grand oration on Portuguese affairs, and announced that the troops were on their march towards Lisbon. He made great efforts and was crowned with great success. There was a general groan when Joe Hume got up and proposed an amendment to have the House called over that day week. Brougham, in a good speech, strongly praised and supported Canning. He made several sly hits at Hume; such as how a man or a nation might save money and lose character, and how a few pounds sacrificed at a proper time may be of the utmost service to individuals or to states. There was a great tittering. Hume said, "What are they laughing at?!!"

Canning's speech was certainly a masterpiece, particularly that part in which he held out to France the power of England, and the means she might employ if she pleased in any struggle between the sovereigns and the peoples of Europe.

Had I spoken I should have endeavoured to have shown that Canning ought to have taken



1826 the same line in 1823, against France. Canning, in his reply, distinctly claimed for himself the honour of calling the new world into existence. "*I did it*," he exclaimed, "I called the new world into existence and made her a balance for the old!" This speech in 1823 would have saved the Spanish constitution.

*December 17.*—Called on Burdett. He abused Canning's speech and certainly did point out some indiscretions, but I do not think he sufficiently considered the difficulty of Canning's position, nor the fact that Canning has done his utmost to detach England from the Holy Alliance.

Burdett also blamed Canning for making part of that Ministry which had allowed all the infractions on liberty and independence throughout Europe; and compared the honour of England to the honour of Helen, who had been ravished half a dozen times before she was run away with by Paris. Canning, in his corrected speech sent to Ridgway, has left out some of the inconsistencies and indiscretions.

*December 18.*—Lord Ashley told me that Canning had made his strong attack on the Ultra-legitimists, purposely to assist Villèle in his struggle with that party in the French Cabinet. He told me that he knew Canning well, and that Canning was, in fact, very much afraid of revolutionary power, and would never, except in cases of indispensable necessity, assist it in any country.



*December 23.*—Yesterday we transferred ourselves to Sir W. Congreve's<sup>1</sup> house, to examine him. It was a sad sight to see a gentleman and a soldier, lying as he was, helpless and in great pain, with a palsy in his limbs, subject to an examination relative to an alleged fraud. 1826.

*December 27.*—Called on Burdett. Found Tierney with him, discussing in what form the Catholic question ought to be brought on this year, whether by Resolution or by Bill.

Tierney lamented that there was no Opposition, no man to whom the country looked up. I do not think the country ever looked up to a man because he was one of a party. He regretted the meetings at Burlington House, *i.e.* when he was leader. Now who cared for him or his opposition?

*January 6, 1827.*—The Duke of York died last night at about 9 o'clock. Gross panegyrics in most of the newspapers, and the *Times* and *Chronicle* abused for telling the truth about this Prince. Afterwards Sir Walter Scott wrote a character in the *Edinburgh Observer* which, though highly laudatory, does not conceal his defects. 1827.

*January 8.*—Called on S. Whitbread at Car-dington. Saw his pretty and amiable wife.

From Bedford walked to Oakley. Found the excellent host and hostess in good health, and

<sup>1</sup> Sir William Congreve, inventor of the famous military rockets. He died in 1828.



1827. their only child, Lord Russell, grown into a tall full-made man. He is seventeen. Lord Tavistock extremely anxious about him; has written to me on the subject; resolved to send him to Oxford instead of Cambridge. His system is too strict, I think. The boy understands him completely, and though now very docile and just what can be wished, may, very probably, turn out like other gay young men of his rank. He has good abilities, and apparently a very sweet and obliging disposition.

*January 10.*—Fitzroy Stanhope here. He told me he was aide-de-camp to the Duke of Wellington when only Major-General with one aide-de-camp. As an instance of the familiarity that once subsisted between them, he mentioned that, riding on the downs near Hastings, the Duke and he attacked each other with sticks and gave one another hard blows, half in fun, half in emulation.

He said that when at Dublin he saved the Duke's life. The Duke had been dining with the Duke of Richmond and had drunk hard; he went to bed late. Stanhope went into his room to see whether he wanted anything, and beheld him lying with his head out of bed, quite black in the face. In a second more perhaps he would have been a dead man, and Napoleon would now have been Emperor of France and master of all Europe too. Who knows?

*January 11.*—I took a walk with Lord Russell, who pleased me very much indeed. He spoke



with great simplicity of the mode adopted by his father towards him, and told me he thought it too strict, though he was aware it arose entirely from his attachment and anxiety for him. In the course of our walk he made some very judicious reflexions on men and manners, and even on politics, which I remarked, because it is of importance to the nation that the head of his house should be an honest and a right-judging man. 1827.

*January 14.*—Lord Tavistock told me the other day one or two anecdotes of the present King. He was at a dinner at Brighton given by the King on his own birthday. Lord Grey and other Whigs were present. He was then restricted Regent. When he returned thanks for the Princess Charlotte's health being drunk, he boasted of his Whig principles, his attachment to Mr. Fox and to his memory—weeping at the time—and added that he did his utmost to inculcate Mr. Fox's principles in his daughter's mind. Somehow or the other this speech got into the *Morning Chronicle*; the Princess Charlotte saw it, and told Lord Tavistock that she could not understand it, for her father had never mentioned Fox's name to her in her life.

About this time the King, at a party where the Princess was, took hold of Lord and Lady Tavistock's hands, and calling them Francis and Anna Maria, said he hoped nothing would disturb the intimacy between them and his daughter. Six



1827. weeks afterwards, when the list of those who were to visit the Princess came out, Lady Tavistock's name was excluded.

Lord Tavistock told me that at one time, notwithstanding the King's assurance to the Duke of Bedford<sup>1</sup> when he went to Ireland, he (George IV.) was so much incensed against the Catholics, that hearing Lord Harrington was going to vote for them, he sent for Lord Harrington, and remonstrated in the strongest way with him. Lord Harrington followed his conscience, and the King never forgave him.

*January 15.*—Flahaut and his wife, Lady Keith, at dinner. Flahaut told me that Fouché, in the Hundred Days, spoke to him about Buonaparte and the Bourbons. He said he knew the inconvenience of having the one for sovereign: it was like having a wooden leg, but he could walk with a wooden leg; the other was like having a wooden head, nothing could go on with them.

Flahaut said that he remonstrated with Napoleon against his abdication in 1815; he had a right to do it in 1814, but in the next year he compromised many of his best friends. Napoleon said that from the moment the Chamber declared itself permanent he felt he had ceased to reign, but Flahaut said that the Chamber by that declaration had broken the pact under which they were assembled, and Napoleon might have fairly dissolved them.

<sup>1</sup> John 6th Duke of Bedford was Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland 1806-1807.



I asked Flahaut if Scott had applied to him for materials for his *Life of Napoleon*. He said, no, but sitting one day next to him Scott asked him what Napoleon meant by telling Cardinal Fesch that he saw a star which Fesch did not see. Flahaut replied that he supposed Napoleon meant that he saw farther than Fesch. "Oh," said Scott, "then he did not see any star?" It is not easy to imagine a more decisive proof of credulity and love of the marvellous.

Flahaut has got Napoleon's original letters to Josephine when he commanded in Italy. Scott never asked for a sight of them. When in London he had the run of the Foreign and Colonial Offices, and employed only *three days in looking at the papers there*.

Flahaut told me that he had heard from some of Scott's associates that they never heard him, in company or elsewhere, indulge in a single generous sentiment; he rather sneered at all efforts of individuals for the public good.

Monsieur de Montrond, a great admirer of Scott's, was at the Coronation of George IV., sitting next to Flahaut. When the trumpets began to sound, the Frenchman saw a man in great ecstasies and half beside himself with delight and admiration at the show. He said to Flahaut, "Qui est cet imbécile?" Flahaut told him it was Sir Walter Scott.

*January 20.*—Lord Petersham said that Mrs. Fitzherbert told him that she thought the King



1827. liked Sheridan the best of all his Whig friends, and also that he gave the King the best advice.

Lord Petersham said that from what he remembers to have seen himself he should have said that the King did not like Mr. Fox, nor Lord Hastings. He told us that at a great birthday dinner at Brighton the King told a long story about Murad Bey, and ended by saying, "and so he drew his sword and cut off his head." Lord Barrymore sitting near stretched out his two fingers and added, "and put him in the bill," to the great delight of the whole company and confusion of the King, who, however, passed it off very good-humouredly. Sheridan said to Lord Petersham, "I would sooner have said that than anything I ever said in my life."

*January 24.*—My last days at Oakley. No one but myself there. I was pressed very much to remain. Lord Tavistock does not like company, but he does not like solitude either. He is a good man, but not a happy man. Who is?

*January 25.*—Before leaving Oakley this morning Tavistock read to me his speeches at the last Bedford election, very good. He every now and then appears above himself, and gives proofs of a vigorous mind. I went back to London.

*February 5.*—Dined at Robert Gordon's: D. Kinnaird, Ferguson of Craigdarroch, and a most uproarious party. I sat next to a Mr. Mills, who told me he knew Medwin very well, that he was a



liar and a swindler, and had cheated him and Washington Irving. 1827.

Gordon told me that the Whigs complain of Burdett's absence from town, he having the Catholic Petition in his hands.

*February 7.*—Adams and De Vear called. I gave them £5 towards paying the expenses of Samuel Brookes's funeral. Not paid yet! How poor must the Reformers be!

I had a note from Burdett yesterday telling me he is to be in London to-day, "malgré" and knowing he can do nothing. But the Catholics require it, so he comes, as he says, limping.

*February 11.*—Called on the Duke of Devonshire, who talked to me of his Russian mission. The Grand Duke Constantine came unexpectedly to the Coronation. All were eager to see how he would behave, and the courtiers were not quite easy, till one day the Emperor Nicholas calling to him at a little distance, Constantine ran up with his two fingers raised to his hat like a soldier to his officer. This gave great satisfaction. Wherever the two brothers appeared they were loudly cheered.

Constantine carried his affection a little too far; he would not reside in the state apartments allotted to him, but slept up two pair of stairs on what he called his grabat. The Duke of Devonshire visited him there, and had a great deal of talk with him. The next day on parade Constantine, as is his way, cut the Duke.



1827. The late conspiracy was chiefly owing to the severity of the military discipline amongst the officers, but the aim was certainly to exterminate the Imperial family ; the *respectable* liberals were not involved in the plot.

I went to Harrington House and drank tea. The Duchess of Leinster as beautiful as when I knew her ages ago. The worthy old Lord in the gout. The family seem to live very happily together.

*February 12.*—Went to the House of Commons. Hear that Mr. Canning is better ; he has been very ill indeed, and some of his colleagues had been congratulating themselves on the probable event. Shame.

Huskisson on Saturday sent Burdett a letter which he had received from Canning stating how he was, and desiring his thanks to be communicated to Burdett for the politeness of his remarks on presenting the Catholic-Petition on Wednesday.

*February 13.*—To-day I assisted at the formation of a travellers' dining club to be called the Raleigh, and composed of those who have gone beyond the common grand tour. I do not know that I shall continue to belong to the Club, as — is a member.

*February 15.*—Dined at Lord Holland's. A good dinner, but a squeeze as usual. Lord Holland told me that the first Lord Lansdowne had long been a Peer of Parliament before he had had the curiosity to hear Mr. Pitt speak in the Commons, and when he did hear him and was



asked his opinion, he said that he thought there was a great deal of gout in his speech. 1827.

*February 16.*—I did not stay to vote against the Duke of Clarence's additional pension, having walked down to the House of Commons with Lord Althorp, and agreed with him that it would be inexpedient so to do unless too large a sum was proposed.

*February 17.*—Lord Althorp began the opposition to the grant, which *is* too large, and 69 voted against it. Lord Holland is in a furious passion against the opposers of the grant, as a set of impracticable persons who never would come into place.

At Brooks's. Heard the news that Lord Liverpool had fallen down in an apoplectic fit this morning. I met one or two Ministerialists, and cannot say that I think they were much affected by the accident. Indeed, one of them hinted to me that *now* there would be *no* alteration in the Corn Laws.

*February 19.*—Find the political world in confusion at Liverpool's disaster.<sup>1</sup>

*February 20.*—Lord Tavistock called and showed me a letter from his father, giving his opinion as to the inexpediency of bringing on the Catholic question. I saw Burdett, who was also convinced of the unfitness of bringing on the motion, and he

<sup>1</sup> On February 17 Lord Liverpool was seized by an attack of apoplexy from which he never recovered, although he lingered on till the following year.



1827. requested me to go down to the House and put off the question for him *sine die*; but, going down to Westminster, I met Lord Althorp and Mr. Abercromby, both of whom begged me to wait until the opinion of Lord Lansdowne was known.

*February 22.*—I heard Peel propose his amendment in the law of larceny, and I made a complimentary speech, which was much cheered, but which some of my Whig friends thought too encomiastic. After all, however, I only said what I felt and what was true. Peel is a good man, and he has gained a great and—if he goes on—a lasting reputation. I said that, nothing more.

*February 23.*—Burdett has put off the Catholic question till March 5th. Lord Lansdowne is against delay, and wishes to bring it on before the assizes and before the formation of the new Ministry; so here are two of our great men differing on the main question.

Canning writes a letter to Peel asking if Burdett *for his own reasons* would be inclined to put it off. This “for his own reasons” looks as if Canning was resolved not to be supposed a coadjutor with Burdett just at this time, when he is forming a Government. Were I Burdett I would throw up the question and make Canning take it if I could.

Mr. Blunt, the Catholic, told me that in 1825 he went with O’Connell and Sheil to Freemasons’ Hall that they might try where and how to pitch their voices for the ensuing meeting there!



O'Connell found himself heard best leaning against a pillar, and from that spot he spoke.

*February 24.*—Baillie called and brought with him Mr. Wolff, the converted Jew who has been five years and a half in the East attempting to convert the Jews. He is a most singular man; very earnest, but very merry, and now and then has the air of a person who knows he is playing a farce. He told me some strange stories.

At Constantinople he converted 500 Jews, but he only induced them to renounce the old law, not to become decided Christians.

At Jerusalem he was not so fortunate, he discovered that the few he converted there were anxious only to get money to buy old clothes; but he there saw a very learned Jew, Rabbi Mendel, who, when he was told by Wolff that by becoming a Christian he would gain *peace*, took him to a window and showed him Mount Calvary, "on which," said he, "you see the monastery where Armenians, Catholics, and other Christians are daily quarrelling, and would exterminate one another were it not that the sword of the Mussulman preserves some order amongst them."

Rabbi Mendel with all his learning and sense was a believer in magic, and it appears thought he might reconvert Wolff by that means. He adopted a mode usual with the Jews, it seems. He invited Wolff to dinner on the sabbath and gave him for the principal dish a plumb pudding; of this he pressed him to eat several times, and as



1827. his guest had his mouth full, turned short upon him and said, "What do you think of the Talmud?" Said Wolff, "*'Tis a lie in spite of your plumb pudding.*" This broke the charm.

Wolff is going out in search of the Rechabites, in March, with his new wife, Lady Georgiana Walpole. He thinks he has discovered their new abode. He is marked much with the small-pox, but is not a disagreeable-looking person. He is a German and speaks English in a broken accent.

He sent a letter of introduction to Lady Hester Stanhope, who returned for answer that she was astonished at the presumption of an apostate who had deserted an old religion, and giving up the substance had embraced the shadow. He sent a few lines in reply, very civil; but her Ladyship was so enraged that she beat the bearer of the answer with her own hand, and Wolff's servant came back complaining that the Sultan's daughter had bruised him.

Lady Hester foretold both to the English and French Consuls that some calamity would happen to Aleppo, six weeks before the great earthquake. Wolff saw the letter; but then her Ladyship has foretold that England would be destroyed in a year.

Wolff, before he went away, asked me for my address that he might write a letter to me. I believe the origin of his wishing to know me was the notice of a motion in 1820, in which I announced my intention of trying to remove the



disabilities under which the Jews labour in 1827.  
England.

*March 1.*—Went to the House of Commons, where Canning opened his Corn Law plan, in a feeble speech and looking very ill. This is his first appearance since the holidays. The House was very full and so very noisy that no one could be heard.

*March 4.*—Reading a number of letters from Lord Byron to Lady Melbourne, which Lady Cowper has just sent me. Very extraordinary productions they are, such confessions !

FROM BOOK, "RECOLLECTIONS."

*March 5.*—Sir Francis Burdett brought on his motion in favour of Catholic Emancipation. His speech on that occasion was perhaps not in his best style, but it was still a very good speech. Lord Morpeth seconded him in a maiden speech, evidently prepared, but good for the occasion, and very well received. Young Villiers Stuart, quite a boy in appearance, also made a very good speech. Brougham said it was the best maiden speech that had been made for twenty years. The debate was adjourned at one o'clock.

*March 6.*—I went early to the House of Commons, where I found Copley, Master of the Rolls, on his legs, declaiming violently, and speaking, as I thought, hysterically. However, he was much cheered by the anti-Catholics ; and then followed a scene in which I was the principal actor. Copley



1827. said something about being sent by the University of Cambridge to oppose the Roman Catholics. George Bankes, next to whom I was sitting, near the gangway, said that the University had not petitioned against the Relief Bill, which was true ; and I cheered, perhaps in a tone of derision, on which Copley, looking furiously at me, said it was well for the honourable Member for Westminster to depreciate that learned body, he having been a distanced competitor for their favour. This caused a great shout from both sides of the House, and I cheered as loudly as any one, although I did not know exactly what he had said. The effect was, that Copley was completely astonished, and stopped for at least two minutes. I cheered, but in a friendly tone, to encourage him. The conclusion of his speech, however, was not good, and a good deal of the speech was taken from Dr. Phillpotts' pamphlet. Now that pamphlet contained a virulent attack on Mr. Canning ; and as the Doctor had married a niece of Lord Eldon's, Mr. Canning suspected, as I heard, that the Chancellor had instigated Copley to the assault. Plunket answered the Master of the Rolls in an admirable speech ; then came Peel in an unfair and affectedly candid speech, but violently attacking Plunket. Next to him spoke Brougham, who quizzed Copley and his Cambridge Doctors. Goulburn now spoke, but nobody listened to him.

At half-past two Mr. Canning rose and made



his famous Toby-Phillpott speech.<sup>1</sup> The speech was, indeed, most effective; and Copley, who was the principal victim, could scarcely keep quiet under it. At last, when Mr. Canning quoted a legal opinion respecting intercourse with the Pope, and signed "Gifford and Copley," the Master of the Rolls did rise, and stated that the opinion was a confidential opinion, which ought not to be publicly quoted; on which Canning indignantly asserted his right to produce the document, and proceeded in the same strain, complaining of Copley's want of courtesy in interrupting him. I never saw such a scene as the Treasury Bench presented on that night—Mr. Secretary Peel accusing his own Irish Attorney-General of encouraging rebellion, and Mr. Secretary Canning tearing to pieces the Master of the Rolls and the Under-Secretary of State. The debate, so far as capacity was concerned, was entirely one-sided. Canning was exceedingly happy, and what was more to the purpose, had an undoubted air of sincerity. Mr. Brownlow and myself, who were sitting next to one another, were convinced that it

1827,

<sup>1</sup> Sir John Copley, Master of the Rolls, had drawn most of his arguments from a pamphlet on the Roman Catholic question by Henry Phillpotts, Bishop of Exeter. Canning at once detected the source of Copley's speech, and, doubtless at his instigation, the first lines of a familiar song were whispered round the House and caused much amusement. The song referred to the well-known form of brown stoneware beer-jug, and began :

"Dear Tom, this brown jug that now foams with mild ale  
(In which I will drink to sweet Nan of the vale)  
Was once Toby Filpot."



1827. was certain we should have a majority, after such a display of talents, and worth, and zeal.

The division took place at a quarter-past four in the morning, amidst vast uproar. When we were in the lobby it appeared that our numbers were something above 270; and Robert Grant told me that if that were so we were beaten, for he knew our opponents counted on nearly 290 to vote with them. We were all in the most feverish state when it was announced that our opponents inside the House were 276. At last we went in and found the rumour too true. The division was 276 to 272, and was announced amidst the frantic shouts of the anti-Catholics. Our friends were much dejected, and did not conceal their disappointment. Yet I heard afterwards that Copley, both before and after the debate, said he did not care which way the question was decided; and Ward, Member for London, told me himself that he should not have cared if the majority with which he had voted had turned out to be the minority.

#### FROM DIARY.

*March 6.*—For my own part I look upon this event as most sinister. It will deprive Canning of many pretensions to the Premiership, and may endanger the tranquillity of the Empire. What will happen in the formation of the Ministry no one knows. I could not sleep at all.

*March 10.*—Canning again confined to his bed.



I dined with Lord Holland. The day not so agreeable as usual at Holland House. 1827.

*March 12.*—At House of Commons. Spoke against flogging and then against the Ministers giving way as to their proposition respecting oats and barley in the new Corn Acts. I was a little angry and said such a Government was not worth *two-pence*, and I would stand by them although they would not stand by themselves. Lord Althorp, though he voted against us, said I was quite right in what I had said. I was indeed the only man who got a hearing on our side.

*March 13.*—Dined at Lord Dudley's. He is a strange man. He was patting his large dog Bashaw and said, "Poor Bashaw, thou hast not an immortal soul like Sir Thomas Lethbridge."

*March 15.*—Dined with Ellice. Creevey and M. A. Taylor buffooning. The latter is an incredible coxcomb, but good-natured and not altogether without capacity.

Peel begins "to assume the God"; they say he has been two hours with the King. No Ministry yet. Liverpool, Canning, and Huskisson, all laid up.

*March 17.*—Brougham told me that he always prepared his best speeches, and that when he seemed most energetic and to speak with most feeling, he had every word by heart and was in fact most cool. He said he could show me many passages in his speeches written over two and three times. As a general rule he told me never to



1827. trust to my feelings. He quoted the famous example of Mlle. Clairon as a proof that the greatest exertions in public were no proof of private sensibility; on the contrary.

The other day T. Campbell, the poet, called on me, big with complaints against Brougham, and told me several traits of his character which I would fain think unfairly drawn. He said that Brougham cannot bear the praise of one whom he does not like, and he has known a word about Dugald Stewart sour a whole day of hilarity. Campbell tried this after rambling about Edinburgh for several hours with Brougham, and succeeded perfectly.

*March 22.*—Galiano dined at Ellice's. He told me some anecdotes of Arguelles which convinced me he was too good a man to be a Minister in bad times.

For example, Arguelles discovered that some of the members of the "députation permanente" of the Cortes were royalists and betraying the cause of the Constitution. Arguelles might have called a meeting of the extraordinary Cortes. Galiano asked him why he did not. Arguelles said it would be hard upon the "députation" to do so.

Galiano told me he was standing near Sir W. A'Court when the King of France's declaration of war against Spain arrived and was read. The Duke of Frias said to A'Court, "If we leave Madrid your Excellency will have an opportunity



of seeing Andalusia." A'Court said aloud, "I have orders not to reside near a captive King." This at once discovered the intentions of England, and surprised everybody very much. 1827.

*March 24.*—Went to Speaker's Levee, and had a talk with Holmes upon the state of Government. He told me that the anti-Catholic members were, in great part, men who, if the King said a word, would vote for the Catholics. He thought Lord Bathurst would be Prime Minister, and that Canning would hold office under him in a divided Cabinet. We both agreed that Canning was indiscreet, vapouring, and, above all, fond of place, and not so good a leader as Castlereagh.

*March 27.*—Canning was in the House last night for the first time since his illness. Many peers came down expecting some question to be put to the Treasury Bench about the formation of a Ministry; but none was put, though a Supply was voted without a treasurer to receive it.

The King complains that it is very hard upon him that Lord Liverpool should fall ill, before he was recovered from the loss of the Duke of York.

*March 30.*—At House of Commons. Tierney, on report of Supply, made a speech complaining of the delay in forming a Government. Canning's answer was that the King had communicated to Lord Liverpool that the time was come when a Government must be formed. Tierney asked for something more precise than this answer. Mr.



1827. Canning would not give it, so Tierney divided, and we were beaten by 153 to 80.

For my part, I did not think it was worth while to ask the question unless we had resolved to stop the supplies altogether. It also seemed to me that asking for a responsible Minister was asking for what we never could really have with our present House of Commons.

*April 3.*—Sir Thomas Lethbridge gave notice of an address to the Crown, praying for an united administration.

*April 5.*—I dined at W. Whitbread's. Came to House of Commons. Found a discussion on the Chancery question going on. Peel and Wetherell made foolish speeches and angered me, so though no one would speak after two of ours, I must needs rise and declaim against the Lord Chancellor's political conduct. This was all well enough, but I made some confusion about the motion, which I thought had something to do with the Chancery Amendment Bill of the Master of the Rolls, whereas it was only a motion for certain papers by D. W. Harvey. Under this impression I asked why the Master of the Rolls was not there to defend his Bill, and this I repeated and commented upon.

When I sat down Canning got up and said it was rather hard in me to expect him to be answerable for the Master of the Rolls, and added probably he had been, as it seemed I had been, more agreeably employed. A great laugh arose,



of course, and I began now to see that my friends and the public thought me drunk, which I was not, nor even flustered, for I had drunk nothing at Whitbread's. Canning, however, did not press me unfairly, I must say, and concluded his speech very shortly.

I felt very uncomfortable and went home. Scarcely slept a wink.

*April 6.*—Went down to House of Commons. Lethbridge was asked by Knatchbull and Gooch to put off his motion. He refused, except Ministers would say something was doing and near done respecting the Government. Canning said that he had already declared something would be done when the King came to town; and that he could not understand why Lethbridge announced, or why he was prepared to abandon, his motion. In short, he rather urged him to bring it on. He had doubtless heard of the poor figure Lethbridge was likely to make, and besides he had some good things in store for the worthy agriculturist; for young Canning told young Spring Rice that his father would make mince-meat of Sir Thomas Lethbridge.

I went upstairs to dine, and on coming down, to my great surprise, found Lethbridge putting off his motion (like Dr. Drousy's sermon) to a more convenient opportunity. Never was such a farce! The House was very full and we went home laughing. Burdett was delighted. "Now," said he, "I am like a schoolboy let off a lesson; I



1827. shall go home, take a dish of tea, read a play, and go to bed."

I went home and read Tone's Memoirs, a most extraordinary and very interesting picture of him and his times, and a very awful lesson for Irish politicians. I am sorry he owns himself a drunkard, and swears, and makes bad jokes. The villainous reviewers will take advantage of it.

I have been extremely uncomfortable about my own silly exploit of Thursday night, and have formed sundry good resolutions thereupon, which I will not record lest I should break them.

*April 7.*—I dined at Lord Dunstanville's. A large party: Sam Rogers, Jekyll, Westmacott, etc. I sat next to Sam Rogers; he was in high satire and sulkiness. Jekyll told some story; I did not see his conclusion and said so. Rogers said, "No, he calls that wit: half is fact, half fun."

Jekyll, however, was very agreeable. He said of Sir William Scott (Lord Stowell) that he owed his good luck to the rebels of '45. His mother took fright and was brought to bed of him at Derby; by this he became entitled to a scholarship at University College.

I went to Brooks's. Lord Cowper, who was a little muzzy, told me that the Duke of Wellington told him that Liverpool was a very idle fellow, read nothing but the *Quarterly Review*. I heard this before.

*April 8.*—H. Gurney called. He told me that



a friend of his, calling on Lord Stowell the other day, was requested to ring for a candle and then to read Cobbett to his Lordship. The guest expressed his surprise. "Oh," said Lord Stowell, "my brother and I could not do without Cobbett; we read him to know how the country is going on." 1827.

*April 12.*—This day I was looking at some pictures at D. Kinnaid's, when Lord W. Fitzgerald came into the room breathless, and stated that Canning was Prime Minister, and that Peel, Wellington, and Eldon had resigned.

I went down to the House of Commons, and found the members collected in groups in the lobby and in the House. The news was true, and other resignations tendered and accepted. The Speaker was in the House of Lords, and when he returned, Wynne moved Mr. Canning's writ, he having accepted the place of First Lord of the Treasury and Chancellor of the Exchequer. The Opposition tried to get up a cheer, but it was but a very feeble one, though the newspapers gave a flaming account of it.

Peel came in and seated himself on the corner of the Treasury Bench, but he did not look at all tranquil or magnanimous. The House adjourned early, till May 1.

I dined at W. J. Denison's. R. Gordon told us that R. Peel told Canning he was willing to postpone his ambition provided Mr. Canning did the same, but he could not consent to serve under



1827. Canning. There must be some third person for First Lord of the Treasury, and that person an anti-Catholic.

From what has since transpired, it appears that the chief dissension has been between the Duke of Wellington and Mr. Canning.

The Duke of Wellington says that Canning told him he would not accept the Premier's place in the first instance; that he then wrote to him a circular telling him the King had desired him to form a Ministry. That he, the Duke of Wellington, then wrote to Canning to know who was to be First Lord, etc. This note was carried by Canning to the King, and complained of, without any mention of the previous conversation between the Duke of Wellington and Mr. Canning.

This is the Duke of Wellington's story. His Grace is very furious and intemperate in his language.

*April 13.*—It seems certain that the mode of communication from Canning to his colleagues was a circular letter, and that he did not hesitate at all when the King desired him to form a Government, nor consult his old colleagues. Great apprehensions are entertained that Canning *cannot* stand. However, it is a great thing getting out the Chancellor.

FROM BOOK, "RECOLLECTIONS."

I heard a curious story from my cousin, Henry



Hobhouse.<sup>1</sup> He dined with Peel the day after the conflict between Canning and Copley, and was asked by Peel what he thought of the quarrel. My cousin gave his opinion, on which Peel said, "Nevertheless Copley will be Canning's Lord Chancellor, be sure of that." 1827.

*April 17.*—Copley made Lord Chancellor and Lord Anglesey has accepted the Ordinance. I hear that our party (the Whigs) are divided; some talk of supporting, some of opposing the Administration. Lord Lansdowne negotiating with Canning.

#### FROM DIARY.

*April 24.*—I had a letter from Lord Tavistock asking me what I thought of politics and what I meant to do, concluding by saying that he should like to sail in the same boat with me. I answered him by saying that I feared Canning would be the cause of a disunion between the Whigs, and that having heard Peel was going abroad, I thought I should follow his example, for my occupation was over.

*April 27.*—News that Sturges Bourne is to be the pro-tempore Home Secretary; that certain of the Whigs are to have office immediately; and that Lord Lansdowne is to take some Cabinet office, either Home Secretary of State or perhaps First Lord of the Treasury, at the end of the Session.

<sup>1</sup> Henry Hobhouse (1776–1854), permanent Under-Secretary for Home Department, 1817–27.



1827. *April 29.*—Met Edward Ellice and heard of Lord Grey's discontent at what is going on. It appears that there was some delay in communicating with Lord Grey, and that a letter miscarried which was addressed to him to know his sentiments. At last, when he did hear from Lord Lansdowne, he sat down and on the spur of the occasion wrote an angry letter in reply. Some good friends have been telling him that the Whigs say he is an old woman. This has angered him, and he says he will show he is not. He threatens an *exposé* of his sentiments in Parliament, and ridicules the new appointments.

To be sure Sturges Bourne, Lord Dudley, the Duke of Portland (Privy Seal) are extraordinary specimens even of temporary Cabinet Ministers; and for the great Whig party to be represented by nobody but Scarlett, and Calcraft, and Abercromby, and the Duke of Devonshire, is but a poor conclusion of all their patriotic labours and efforts for office.

*April 30.*—I had a long conversation with Burdett. He told me he had made up his mind to sit behind the Treasury Bench; that he was for decided measures; that Canning had behaved very honourably during the whole negotiations. Canning told Burdett that though the King had insisted at first upon a Protestant Irish Government, yet he had suffered Lord Wellesley to remain and W. Lamb to be appointed Secretary. Canning mentioned this as a proof that by good



management a great deal might be done for the Catholic question, even though the King was against it, and as a proof of his sincerity for the cause. 1827.

Burdett was very decisive in his intention of supporting Canning at once. I told him I could not bring myself to sit behind the arch-enemy of the Reformers, and that having no confidence at all in Mr. Canning, I could not take a step which would make it appear that I had confidence in him.

Burdett said he took Canning as a choice of evils. If the Whigs did not now support Canning, the bigots would come in. I replied that I should vote for Canning when he was right, and that I thought he would derive a more respectable support from the Opposition on their own Benches than when considered as mere appendages to the Treasury Bench.

*May 1.*—A letter from Burdett telling me that, seeing his going behind the Treasury Bench gave me so much pain, he should keep his old seat but make a declaration in favour of Ministers.

I went down to the House, and there saw the Ministerial side pasted with names chiefly of the Opposition; and, to my surprise, I found Burdett's name immediately behind Mr. Canning's place.

I took a walk, and saw Sir Francis in Lord Sefton's cabriolet, driving down to Westminster. I stopped him. He said, "Yes, it is so"; and



1827. both he and Lord Sefton tried to convince me that I ought to cross the House. Burdett said that only Hume and one or two more would remain in their old seats. I said, "I doubt that, for I have met Lord Althorp, who told me that he should not sit with Ministers." After a few words more I said, "I am sorry it is come to this, but nothing will alter me."

The crowd at the doors of the House was so dense that I had great difficulty in getting in. At last I did get in, and seated myself on the second Opposition Bench. . . .

Some new writs were moved; and when a writ was moved for Sturges Bourne, Peel rose and stated the grounds of his retiring from office. He made a long speech, the sum and substance of which was that, as Mr. Canning had been appointed Prime Minister, the Government must necessarily have an inclination and tendency to grant Catholic Emancipation, incompatible with his notion of public duty. But Peel did not declare that he intended to oppose the Ministers, nor did any one of the former Cabinet speak decisively on that point.

Canning made one of the best speeches I ever heard him make, best for himself and honest too. But I own that if I were about to take office the declaration that the Catholic question was to be in the same state as in Lord Liverpool's time would not satisfy me. The best hit he made was the declaration that if he had allowed a pro-



popery man to be put over his head it would have been a perpetual badge of helotism stamped upon his forehead; that his being a friend to the Catholics incapacitated him from the highest office of the State. This was greatly cheered. He looked very feeble and ill. 1827.

*May 2.*—Went to the House of Lords, and heard Lord Grosvenor present a Catholic petition from the Treasury Bench, behind which I heard were seated Lord Holland, Lord Lansdowne, and Lord Spencer. Lord Ellenborough opened with a factious speech calling on resigned Ministers to explain and defend themselves. I stayed till almost fainting with the heat, and then went out.

Went to Brooks's, and heard further account of proceedings in the Lords. Spring Rice told me that the Duke of Wellington had made so admirable a speech that, if the House had gone to a division upon it, nine-tenths would have been for him. Lord Ellenborough, Lord Mansfield, Lord Winchilsea, and Lord Londonderry made very violent speeches and treated Canning without any ceremony.

FROM BOOK, "RECOLLECTIONS."

*May 3.*—Lord Grey made no secret of his dissatisfaction; and it must be confessed that those who were to join Mr. Canning had been exceedingly imprudent in neglecting to consult him. Lord Grey complained that he had not heard a word from Lansdowne House, although



1827. living in Berkeley Square, not fifty yards distant; and he told me that he had been reading my character of Canning, made in 1821, which he was pleased to say was unanswered and unanswerable.

Conversing on the Duke of Wellington's speech with Sir Henry Hardinge and Lord Farnborough, Hardinge said that no man drew up a state paper better than the Duke of Wellington, and that he had drawn up the statement from which Mr. Wynne made his speech on the Barrackpore case. Lord Farnborough said that Mr. Alexander Baring had told him that the Duke had in twenty-four hours drawn up at Paris an account of the French money-market, such as he, Mr. Baring, could not have composed.

I asked Mr. Baring about this. He said it was very true. It was after the negotiation at Aix-la-Chapelle, when Mr. Baring was employed by the Duc de Richelieu to raise a loan of £800,000. There was a meeting of the Plenipotentiaries, and all of them acceded to the proposed terms except Vincent, the Austrian Minister. The Duke of Wellington said he would undertake to obtain the assent of Prince Metternich. Accordingly he went home and wrote a letter of eight folios, giving the Prince so complete an account of all the moneyed embarrassments of France, and the means of meeting them, that nothing could have been more clear and satisfactory. "The fact is," Mr. Baring added, "that the Duke is fond of



figures. He it was that made out the different proportions of the sums to be paid by France to each of the Allied Powers, and satisfied them all, although he got all that was fair for his own country."

FROM DIARY.

*May 3.*—Went early to the House of Commons. I found Sir Francis Burdett on his legs answering Peel, who had attacked him about Reform of Parliament. He made an admirable speech in defence of his supporting Canning, and commented upon Peel's propensity to self-praise. It was with reference to this taunt about Sir Francis's supposed abandonment of Reform that Canning asserted he was as much opposed to Reform and the Repeal of the Test Act as ever.

The whole of what I heard was very angry, and showed the Peelites and Peel himself resolved upon opposition. The great argument now is the non-appointment of the Whig Ministers, which disgusts everybody.

I complimented Lord Dudley, the new Foreign Secretary, on his office, and he said, "Oh, it is only Lord Dudley's carriage stops the way." I heard this was the case with Mr. Sturges Bourne and the Duke of Portland.

*May 5.*—The *Times* of to-day gives to Tierney my joke of His Majesty's Opposition.

I dined at A. Baring's, a large party. W. Bankes there. Baring told me of Talleyrand that



1827. he knew two instances in which he had shown his knowledge of mankind.

When Talleyrand was proceeding to the Senate in 1814 to pronounce the "déchéance" of Napoleon, he heard that the court of the Luxembourg was filled with armed men, intended to protect Napoleon's interests. Talleyrand went amongst them and said he was glad to see them there, and trusted they would remain to give dignity and protection to their deliberations. The boldness succeeded perfectly: the abdication was pronounced.

In the same year, when Talleyrand was at the head of the Provisional Government, a difficulty arose respecting the large body of troops collected in the Northern fortress, Lille, etc., and commanded by Maison. Maison wrote for orders, and also to know what he was to have in the new order of things. Talleyrand did not answer his letter the first day, and when pressed by his secretary to give an answer to so important a communication, said, "Dites-lui que nous n'avons pas eu le temps de nous occuper de ses affaires." Maison took this indifference as it was intended he should, for he hurried to Calais to be the first to meet the King on landing.

FROM BOOK, "RECOLLECTIONS."

*May 7.*—The session, although a good deal interrupted, was not wholly thrown away upon these party squabbles. General Gascoyne having



made a very inconclusive speech on the shipping question, was answered in the first instance by Mr. Poulett Thompson in an excellent maiden speech, and then by Mr. Huskisson in a speech of two hours and a half, which completely settled the question, for the General did not venture to divide, and the House adjourned at one o'clock. 1827.

FROM DIARY.

*May 11.*—Lord Grey's speech last night was, to my mind, very foolish and unfair. After his declamation Grey ended by saying he should not oppose the Government.

*May 12.*—Dined at Lord Belgrave's. Here I met Huskisson for the first time. There seemed something like an air of waggery or humour about him, but I cannot say I heard him say anything worth remembering.

I had some talk with him after dinner, and told him I thought Peel had been let off very easily. He confessed he thought so too. "Peel," said Mr. Huskisson, "had a very clear, straightforward course before him, and had not pursued it. His first speech about the new arrangements was unfair, his second virulent; his support on the shipping interest question very shabby and equivocal; and his final retreat from the almost-occupied post of Opposition leader, not such as the country would give him credit for."

*May 16.*—Dined at Burdett's, and passed the



1827. evening at his house, where was a concert for the benefit of Me. de Vigo and other Spanish refugees.

The Spaniards gave out a plan of the concert without having prepared a leader of the band, and when they came to Burdett's forgot to take their instruments out of the carriage. This is something like their nation in the last war with France.

*May 19.*—The Whig appointments appeared in the *Gazette* last night. Tierney, Master of the Mint; Abercromby, Judge Advocate; Sir J. Mackintosh at the Board of Control; Lord Lansdowne, a seat in the Cabinet without a place.

*May 20.*—I dined at Lord Sligo's, and saw for the first time in private Lord Plunket, the great orator, and new peer. He was quiet, but every now and then gave vent to flashes of humour and joviality, which Mr. Doherty (afterwards Chief Justice) told me was the character of the man with his own family. He spoke most highly of the Duke of Wellington's recent speech, and added, what I thought quite true, "Had he been more fluent, he would have been less effectual." He told me he thought the Rebel Lords, as he called them, had exhausted their fire.

The attacks on Canning and his family lately have been infamous. They have reprinted my letter of 1818, and sell it on ballad paper for a



penny; also the play bill for Mrs. Canning's benefit. In the meantime the Opposition in the Commons is dwindling down to nothing, though Peel gives great dinners to both Houses. 1827.

In the Lords the Corn Bill has been put off for a week to please Lauderdale. Lord Goderich has been crying, as usual.

*May 21.*—Dined at Mrs. Ellice's. In the evening Lady Hannah Ellice (Lord Grey's daughter) told me that Lord Grey had been very uncomfortable ever since his speech, notwithstanding the flattery of his family and friends; but that what made him most unhappy was Lord Holland speaking for an hour the other night without once alluding to his speech. She talked a great deal of the baseness and ingratitude of Sir R. Wilson's conduct to Lord Grey. It seems Sir R. Wilson now goes about calling Lord Grey an old woman. There is no great crime or untruth in this, and Lord Grey deserves it for allowing such a fellow as Wilson to fetch and carry for him for so many years.

David Baillie told me to-day that Lady Lansdowne told him Lord Lansdowne had not slept for three nights. This, and Abercromby crying, and Plunket made miserable, as I hear he is, completes the picture of the Whig triumph.

FROM BOOK, "RECOLLECTIONS."

*May 24.*—The annual Westminster dinner this year did not go off without a riot. There was a



1827. great crowd in the room; some said five hundred, and many Members of Parliament amongst them. But the chief novelty was the presence of Cobbett and Hunt, and Pearson the attorney, with some more of the same sort, who were seated together at the left of the top table. When we entered and took our seats, the shouting was more loud, and the applause lasted longer, than I had ever heard before. I had never seen Cobbett before. He looked to me like a higher sort of respectable country shopkeeper or churchwarden of a parish. He was neatly dressed in a white waistcoat and chocolate-coloured coat. Except that his brow was rather contracted and overhung, I saw nothing forbidding in his face. He looked fresh and healthy, and during the dinner, and when the first two toasts, "The People" and "The King," were given, made no disturbance; but when "Reform" was given, Cobbett got up, and from that moment began a scene which I am loth, even at this distance of time, to describe; suffice it to say that, for the first time since I had been Member for Westminster, I was unable to procure either a hearing for myself, or silence for the rest of the company. Cobbett was like a madman the latter part of the evening. He drank several glasses of wine during his first speech against Burdett, and subsequently he gesticulated furiously, and shook his fist at us, called us bad names, and swore tremendously. There were not more than thirty of Cobbett's friends in the room, but



they were posted judiciously, and our stewards had taken no pains to provide against what occurred. . . . 1827.

FROM DIARY.

*May 24.*—I had a note from Burdett advising silence as to the proceedings at the dinner, and saying he did not think it a defeat.

It is certainly true that Mrs. Cobbett made an attempt on her life the other day, and is lying now very dangerously ill. She has been on bad terms with her husband some time, and told him if he went to the Westminster meeting on May 14 she would destroy herself. On reading the account of that meeting in the *Herald* she tried to commit suicide.

FROM BOOK, "RECOLLECTIONS."

*May 26.*—Burdett told me he had an interview of two hours with Mr. Canning, and was much pleased with him. Canning gave him an account of his recent interview with the King, and told him that His Majesty had complained much of the Ministers who had left him, after all his efforts to serve them. He pressed upon Sir Francis the importance of filling up the Household appointments whilst His Majesty's indignation lasted, and requested him to use his influence and persuade the Duke of Devonshire, for whom the King professed a strong affection, to accept some high office in the Royal Household. Sir Francis



1827. accordingly called on the Duke, and did his utmost to persuade him so to do. But unfortunately Mr. Tierney was present; and, as Burdett said, not being sure how he was to be treated, said he would rather cut off his right hand than persuade the Duke to take office. Since then, however, Tierney had become more placable, and did not threaten mutilation.

FROM DIARY.

*May 30.*—Dined at Holland House, and had a long talk both with Lord and Lady Holland on the prospects of the new Government.

Lord Holland agreed with me that Lord Lansdowne's position was not such as to be satisfactory to the country, and he lamented the presumption and intemperance of Brougham as the cause of great part of the present evil. He said that the King, by his eternal talking, was doing a great deal of mischief, which Canning had the utmost difficulty to obviate. Also that nothing good could be obtained from the King directly, all was to be done cautiously and circuitously.

Lady Holland told me that she had, from first to last, wished Lord Holland to take office; and that he had requested her to leave him alone, and not give advice either one way or the other. This was strong language from the mildest of men and the most submissive of husbands.

Lord Holland said he had purposely refrained from alluding to Lord Grey's speech as the most



friendly line towards him, yet this offended Lord Grey mortally. 1827.

*June 1.*—Canning brought forward his Budget. A most short and simple account indeed, such as I had never heard before. Things looking a little better, but no promises.

FROM BOOK, "RECOLLECTIONS."

*June 1.*—The same evening Ministers were beaten by four in the Lords, on a clause proposed by the Duke of Wellington in the Corn Bill; and, what attracted much attention at the time, three Lords of the Bedchamber voted in the majority. The votes of the Bedchamber Lords gave rise to much speculation as to the real disposition of the King; and Lord Aberdeen told my friend David Baillie, that he had seen a letter from His Majesty to the Duke, beginning with "My dear friend," and concluding with his permission for the Duke to retract his resignation; to which the Duke's answer was in the negative.

*June 2.*—I went to Harrington House, and was introduced by Lady Jersey to the Chevalier Eynard,<sup>1</sup> with him I had a long conversation on

<sup>1</sup> J. G. Eynard, member of a Swiss family established in France, was born at Lyons in 1775, and having taken part in the defence of that city in 1793 against the army of the Convention, he fled into Italy, and served as a volunteer under Masséna at the defence of Genoa. He made a considerable fortune as a merchant, and devoted the rest of his life to the cause of the Greeks, on whose behalf he endeavoured unsuccessfully to raise loans in London and Paris. He was the Swiss representative at the Congress of Vienna, and came to London in 1827 to advocate the cause of the Greeks, in which cause he spent a large part of his private fortune.



1827. Greek affairs. The Chevalier's appearance was somewhat against him. He looked like a French "petit maître" of the last age; wore an order at his buttonhole, and had a chain, like our sheriff's, round his neck. His wife was with him, a pleasing person, and a beauty.

The Duke of Devonshire was at Lady Harrington's, and with him I had much conversation "de summa rerum." When I begged him to do all he could with the King, he replied that His Majesty was one of those who talked more than they listened.

Lord Lansdowne was in the room, and I had much conversation with him on home matters. I told him frankly what I thought of his own position, and of Lord Goderich's incapacity to lead the Lords. Lord Lansdowne complained of the conduct of the Lords of the Bedchamber, and also of the absence of the Bishops. There were only six present, and one of them—Law—voted against Ministers. "But," said Lord Lansdowne, "all that would be set right." He was going on to criticise the conduct of the Duke of Wellington, when an order came for him to attend Lady Jersey at the other end of the room.

*June 3.*—I met the Chevalier Eynard again, at Sir Francis Burdett's. The Chevalier tried to convince us that the English nation, if not the English Government, ought to take part openly with the Greeks. We both of us told him the melancholy truth—namely, that everybody was



disgusted with everything connected with the Greeks; and after hearing from the Chevalier an account of all he had done for the cause—which was, indeed, a great deal—we broke up the conference rather uncereemoniously, agreeing to meet again if we had better news to communicate. 1827.

FROM DIARY.

*June 6.*—I was persuaded to-day by Lady Cowper to take a ticket for Almack's, and accordingly I went this evening for the first time in my life. A very pretty sight.

*June 10.*—I had a long talk with P. Thompson, Lord Lansdowne, and others, on a projected tour of mine to Russia. I feel quite at a loss what to do, so I do nothing; but this idleness, or rather inactivity, must not last.

Joe Hume is going to oppose the report of the vote of credit for Portugal to-night. I should like to answer him, but I do not like the appearance of being more a Ministerialist than I am, particularly more a Canningite. Mackintosh's speech on Friday on this subject was much praised, but I like it not. Nothing could be worse timed. Joe Hume told me that I ought to have been in my place when he (Hume) spoke, because he quoted his honourable friend the M.P. for Westminster, who had said "that for one fault of the Tories he would show two of the Whigs." Thank you, Mr. Hume; why choose this time for your quotation? and why tell me I ought to have heard



1827. it ? This is the queerest mortal, if not malicious, I ever knew.

*June 14.*—Lord Grey made a most singular speech in the Lords to-day, in which he talked of his *belonging to an order* which would stand its ground in any struggle with the people. The *Times* newspaper begins to be savage with him.

*June 15.*—Went into the Lords, where there was great expectation of the Duke of Wellington moving the third reading of the Corn Bill, which he had defeated ; but he did no such thing. Lord Holland came to me and asked me if I recollected the passage in the 5th book of the “*Iliad*” in which Diomed is said not to be distinguishable whether a Greek or a Trojan. Lord Holland was thinking of comparing the Duke of Wellington, in his doubtful character of friend or enemy to the Corn Bill, to the hero.

I waited all the evening in the House for the discussion on the £20 Bill. At last the Solicitor-General forced it on, and I made a speech, much against my will. The House was against me, and treated me as if I was a friend to imprisonment, whereas I was only against leaving fraud unpunished and giving a tradesman no mode of recovering a debt under £20, except one which may cost him £30.

*June 16.*—E. Ellice told me Lord Grey told him “he was proscribed,” alluding to a paragraph in the *Times*. Yet all men think him out of his wits almost. The fact is, Lord Grey is the child of



passion, not of reflection. After attacking his old associates in every way, he wonders he is attacked himself. 1827.

I went to a party at Devonshire House, and there had some talk with Lambton. He told me the King, whom he had dined with at the cottage yesterday, was in great spirits, and apparently much pleased at returning to his old associates and at having got rid of his Tory Ministers.

This morning the Duke of St. Albans, twenty-six years old, married Mrs. Coutts, about fifty-six, I believe. There are all sorts of ridiculous stories about the Duke and his marriage, but the baseness is more prominent than the folly of such a transaction.

FROM BOOK, "RECOLLECTIONS."

*June 17.*—I dined with my friend Robert Gordon. The party consisted of the Lord Chancellor and his handsome wife, the Speaker of the House of Commons, Mr. and Mrs. Huskisson, Sir John Shelley, Mr. Wilmot Horton, Mr. Planta, Lord Duncannon, and Sir Francis Burdett. I sat next to Mr. Huskisson, who told me something of his intercourse with Mr. Pitt, under whom he had served in the Treasury. He mentioned that Mr. Pitt was not in the habit of drinking before he spoke. He used to take a mutton chop and a glass of wine and water at three o'clock; nothing more. After the debate was over, let the hour be what it would, he took five or six friends



1827. home with him to supper, and, whilst the servants were laying the table, wrote the usual letter to the King. The meal was a heavy one; and, whilst his guests drank claret, he drank port, and would not unfrequently get some way into his second bottle. Mr. Huskisson mentioned that Lord Castlereagh and Lord Liverpool both took ether, as an excitement, before speaking. He also told me that he once asked Mr. Wilberforce what made his fingers so black, and Mr. Wilberforce told him that he was in the habit of taking opium before making a long speech; and "to that," said he, "I owe all my success as a public speaker."

Speaker Sutton was very chatty on this occasion. He told us that, amongst the almost incredible blunders of our friend Joseph Hume, was the use of the word "liable" as if it meant telling a lie.

#### FROM DIARY.

*June* 18.—At House of Commons. Heard Weston and Canning propose their resolutions for new Corn Bill. Weston gave no reasons. Canning contented himself with a general censure of the attacks made on him and the rejection of the late Corn Bill by the Lords.

I voted for the Government Corn Bill against my ally Mr. Weston's Bill. The numbers were 260 odd against 57. Peel voted with us, though he made a snarling speech completely identifying



himself with the Rebel Lords (indignant and malignant as they are called) in the other House. 1827.

I walked away from the House of Commons with Lord Nugent, who told me that the speech of King George III., now printed in letters of gold, about laying his head on the scaffold in preference to giving the royal assent to Catholic Emancipation, was a fiction. The speech was alleged to have been made by the King to Lord Grenville, who told Lord Nugent that His Majesty's words were these: "Let's have none of your Scotch metaphysics, my Lord."

*June 23.*—I received a card from Mr. Canning inviting me to dine with him on Monday, July 2, the day of the prorogation of Parliament. I made up my mind at once not to go, thinking it would compromise my independence; so I wrote the following answer to Mr. Canning: "Mr. Hobhouse is much honoured by Mr. Canning's obliging invitation, and regrets it will not be in his power to dine in Downing Street on the 2nd of July."



## CHAPTER V

### FROM DIARY.

1827. *June 30.*—I went with Lord Kinnaird and my friend his brother to the fête given at Boyle Farm<sup>1</sup> by Lord Alvanley, Lord Chesterfield, Lord Castlereagh, Henry de Roos, and R. Grosvenor. The beauty of the women, of the scene, of the weather, and the excellent management, were such as I never before witnessed. There were some 450 guests present, and I heard no complaint of any deficiency or fault of any kind.

I had some talk with Tom Moore about his *Life of Byron*, and I told him that if Hanson would consent I would give him all the materials I could collect for a little volume of prose and verse of Byron's remains. He seemed much pleased. I promised to send him his letters to Byron, which I did next day, excepting only those two which I found tied up with a copy of Byron's correspondence with Moore on the subject of their quarrel about "*English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*." This correspondence, being particularly confided to me in 1816, and being found in Byron's writing-desk, with a copy

<sup>1</sup> The residence of Lord St. Leonards, near Thames Ditton.



of his will, I did not think myself justified in giving up. 1827.

*July 1.*—Dined at Burdett's, where were present Lord Lansdowne, Humphries, the author of the treatise on law of property, Bickersteth, R. Gordon, Calcraft, and C. Fergusson. The dinner was given at Lord Lansdowne's request in order to bring him acquainted with Bickersteth,<sup>1</sup> and to give him some hints of the best mode of attempting certain legal reforms. We had some general conversation on politics, in which Lord Lansdowne joined in his timid manner.

*July 2.*—Parliament was prorogued by commission.

*July 7.*—Dined at Devonshire House; thirty-eight at table, and a scene of magnificence which I have never before seen. More than twenty servants, of whom about twelve in full dress with ruffles, white gloves, and swords, so that the guests looked very shabby in comparison with the attendants.

The Duke of Sussex was there, two or three foreign Ambassadors and their wives, Lord and Lady Tavistock, Lord and Lady Carlisle, the Duke of Leeds, Burdett and his daughter, and young Lord Russell, who had never been at a London dinner before.

In the evening we had no amusement, except from a talking bird just arrived from Malabar.

<sup>1</sup> Henry Bickersteth, K.C., born 1783, became Master of the Rolls and Baron Langdale 1836, died 1851.



1827. *July 8.*—Dined at Tennyson's.<sup>1</sup> Met Brougham, Lord W. Bentinck, who is going to India, Prince Borghese, Sir James Graham, Lambton, and others. Brougham made us laugh by his strictures on Devonshire House dinners, and was in high fooling.

I heard at Brooks's that Lord Liverpool has had another seizure. He is almost forgotten.

*July 10.*—Dined at Colonel Hugh Baillie's. Walked away with Lambton, and had a long conversation with him. It seems he saw Canning yesterday, and was sounded as to his inclination to accept a peerage, also as to Burdett's views if such an offer should be made to him. Canning said he was sensible something must be done to counteract Lord Grey in the House of Lords, and probably the appearance of Lambton there would be the best means. Lambton told me he had offers from the other side of being put at the head of the Opposition in the House of Commons, and that Peel would step aside for him. Those who made the offer said that their measures would be as liberal as those of Canning, who had no greater share of the liberal policy of the Cabinet than they had had. Lambton answered that in that case the question was reduced to a choice of men, and he liked Canning best. For my own part I do not know what to think of Burdett's "subsiding a peer." On the whole I fear it would do great mischief, though he might do so honestly.

<sup>1</sup> Clerk to the Board of Ordnance.



In all these affairs I am taking what I hope 1827.  
is an honest part, without looking to any private advantage, which I have no doubt I might, if I chose, now obtain. Lambton and some one else this evening told me I was wrong in not dining with Canning, because I had had the best of it in our old controversy, and as he came forward I ought to have shown myself willing to forget and forgive. And so I would have done, if I could without giving a decisive token of being a partisan of his Ministry.

*July 11.*—Left London for the season, and took up my quarters at Whitton Park.

*July 13.*—I had a long evening walk with Burdett, who told me he had been sounded by Lambton about the peerage. He then told me privately what his real feelings were. He said he never had had but one passion, that of serving the public in his own station. That this passion was now stronger with him than ever, that he quite agreed with me that to become a peer would render him powerless in comparison with his present means of utility, and would besides be so little intelligible generally as to do mischief to the public cause. That he should never hesitate for a moment to reject the offer, but he added that he owned he should like to have the offer made to him in order that he might give the people a proof of his constancy.

All these just sentiments I endeavoured to strengthen him in, and reminded him of the fate



1827. and fall of Pulteney; and the injury his conduct inflicted on all public virtue. I told him that if the Administration were a Reform Administration he might choose his post in the Lords as well as the Commons, but to take a peerage from and under George Canning! Impossible!

If I had ever doubted my friend's integrity and disinterestedness, which I never had for an instant, his conversation would have removed every suspicion.

*July 16.*—The union between Canning and some of the Whigs was completed to-day, when Lord Lansdowne took the seals of the Home Office at Windsor; Lord Carlisle received the Privy Seal, and Sturges Bourne had the Wardenship of the New Forest given to him. At last, all this, but we shall see if it does not come too late. There is a feeling that the Government will not stand.

H. Stephenson told me that the Duke of Buckingham had offered his parliamentary influence to the King personally, saying, at the same time, that the offer was made to His Majesty, and not to Mr. Canning. The King accepted the offer.

It is want of proper spirit and, I think, of policy in Canning, to continue in office whilst such things are going on!

FROM BOOK, "RECOLLECTIONS."

*July 22.*—On the accession of Lord Lansdowne to the Home Office, my cousin, Henry Hobhouse,



resigned the Under-Secretaryship of State. The 1827.  
reason assigned to me by my cousin was, partly, that his health was failing, and, partly, that Lord Lansdowne had not spoken to him once since his appointment to the Home Office. This seemed to me strange enough; but not so strange as another story told to me by the same person. Mr. Secretary Sturges Bourne told Mr. Hobhouse that he had been commissioned by Lord Lansdowne to request him to remain in office; but that he had forgotten to deliver the message before my cousin had sent in his resignation!

## FROM DIARY.

*July 28.*—Rode to Wimbledon. Called on the Duke of Somerset, Lord Lyndhurst, and Lord and Lady Lansdowne, so made a day of civility. The Duke of Somerset has hired Wimbledon Park for fourteen years.

## FROM BOOK, " RECOLLECTIONS."

*August 4.*—I passed an hour in Twickenham meadows, and in the midst of the beautiful scenery around me thought of some lines which I wrote down the next day, and now venture to transcribe:

## THE MOUNTAINEER

Her valleys are cold, and her mountains are bare,  
But the land of my fathers is blithesome and free;  
These plains of the south are more fertile and fair,  
But their wealth and their beauty are lost upon me.



1827.

Through bowers breathing odours, o'er fields of the sun,  
In regions of light and luxuriance I roam ;  
But what are their flowers and their fragrance? Ah ! none  
Are sweet as the blossoms and heaths of my home.

The pine-shelter'd pasture, the shadowy glen,  
The crag, and the cloud of the wintery wild ;  
Ah ! let me return to my highlands again,  
And Liberty never shall part from her child.

*August 6.*—The morning papers announced that Mr. Canning was in imminent peril. The bulletin was signed by three doctors, Tierney, Farrer, and Holland. I confess I was overwhelmed with the news. He was no friend of mine—he was no friend of the people ; but circumstances had lately given him the power, and apparently the inclination, to be useful to the great cause of public liberty here, and more particularly on the Continent, where I knew his name was the terror of tyrants. Add to this, that I felt his death would probably give a triumph to our bigots, and that we should see that cold-blooded apprentice — take the seat from which the great orator had lately poured forth his thunders, and shaken the thrones of superstition and despotism. With one or two exceptions, every one whom I saw seemed to partake of my feelings. Sir Robert Inglis told me that Roccafuerte, the Mexican Minister, talking to him on the subject, could not refrain from tears. There were but few people at Brooks's ; but those who were there—Sir Robert Wilson, Lord Kensington, Duke of Argyle, Lord Cowper, Lord William Russell—



were much affected, particularly Wilson. I called at Mr. Canning's private house in Downing Street, and wrote down my name—the first time I had ever done so. I would have given my right arm to save him. 1827.

I rode down to Whitton Park, and called at Chiswick House, where Canning was lying. I read the bulletin, and wrote down my name. I thought it might be some consolation to his family to find that one of his most constant opponents had paid this empty tribute to his memory. Sir Robert Wilson told me he knew that Mr. Canning had been sensibly affected by the attacks on his mother and her family.

*August 7.*—I rode over to Chiswick to inquire about Mr. Canning. The bulletin stated that the danger was more threatening; but the servant told me that the Duke of Portland had said there was still a little hope. I had none. Nevertheless it seemed to me that, having survived the first attack of inflammation, he might get over the disease this time. Yet the last time I saw him, on the 29th of June, going down to the House of Commons, he appeared to me like a dying man; and I told several persons so. He was, however, with the King on the previous Tuesday, and knew nothing of his danger. Sir William Knighton was the first person who discovered it.

FROM DIARY.

*August 7.*—Sir Francis Burdett dined with us.



1827. He confessed to me that it had not struck him that it would be extremely difficult to fix upon a leader for a Whig or any other than a Peelite Ministry in the House of Commons.

*August 8.*—One of the family went to Hounslow this morning, and brought back the news. Canning was dead. He died at ten minutes before four o'clock in the morning, without a struggle, although in the early part of his illness he had suffered horribly : his shrieks were heard beyond the garden. Dr. Holland, who was with him, told my friend Dr. Chambers he behaved most manfully and most amiably. The last words he spoke were to Mrs. Canning, who was so affected by them that she fainted and was carried from the room. Immediately after death his face and person were so altered that his most intimate friends would not have known him.

Canning had attained the summit of power, and by his previous conduct had excited hopes of accomplishing some good or great designs, which, however, I do not believe he would have been able to effect. If he had lived till the next Session of Parliament, it is by no means unlikely that he would have been driven from his post, and the general state of his health promised him but a short remainder of life, which he must have lingered out amidst disappointments and regrets.

Canning had genius, had wit, had learning, had feeling. It was worth while speaking to an



audience of which he made one. He understood, and he gave credit to, what was well said; and although there was occasionally something wanton in his treatment of opponents, yet he had improved very much in that respect since he had been leader of the House of Commons. 1827.

This event threw a sadness over us for which I am at a loss to account, but which I am sure I shall long continue to feel.

FROM BOOK, "RECOLLECTIONS."

*August 10.*—Two days after the death of Canning, the King sent for Lord Goderich, and desired him to form an Administration. Lord Goderich was not without talents; but from Mr. Canning to him was a heavy declension; and at any rate I thought that, for a new arrangement, it would be advisable to reconcile Lord Grey and his followers, or at any rate to ask his advice. Going to London, I met Lord Rosslyn, who told me that nothing had been determined upon, except that the lead in the House of Commons had been offered to Mr. Huskisson. No offer had been made to Lord Grey, nor to any of the retiring Tories; but it was understood that, if Lord Harrowby resigned, the Duke of Portland was to be President of the Council.

A friend of mine who had just left Lord John Russell, told me that Russell had seen Lord Lansdowne, and found him *perfectly satisfied*. Some one else had seen the Duke of Devonshire;



1827. he also was *perfectly satisfied*. Calcraft also *perfectly satisfied*.

The question now seemed to be whether Mr. Huskisson was well enough to undertake the leadership of the House. I saw a note from Mrs. Huskisson, in which she said that Dr. Maton would not allow her husband to stay a week longer in London.

#### FROM DIARY.

*August 14.*—Canning's funeral is to take place on Thursday next. His relations and the Ministers only accompany the hearse from Downing Street to Westminster Abbey. I had, at one time, resolved to attend the funeral, but upon consideration I think it better not to do so.

In the first place, it would be attaching too much importance to my movements, for as I had no acquaintance beyond a bowing acquaintance with Canning it would be only showing that I, as a public man, thought it right and of use to the good cause to pay a tribute to him as a public man. Now the funeral is a private one.

In the second place, I question whether Canning's character is such as to make it right to show this respect to him. Great things were expected from him, and he had certainly commenced a noble career, with respect to foreign politics, and it is believed he meant to do his utmost for Ireland. Yet his foreign politics were, according to his own confession, the consequence of the



changes which had occurred in Europe, and such as Castlereagh himself had resolved upon and had partly initiated. All was to be done for Ireland: nothing had been done. He had not had time to show his sincerity to the world, and private conviction in these cases is not enough for a politician to act upon. How then is a man who has laid it down for the maxim of his whole public life that, without Reform of Parliament, it matters little who is Minister, to show all the respect in his power to the memory of the Minister who a little before his death said that he would, as he always had done, oppose Reform of Parliament to the last?

Having been more particularly, perhaps, opposed to Canning on this great question than any other man, save Burdett, had ever been, and having been quite as much personally opposed to him even as Burdett himself, perhaps more, it would look either like a sort of quixotic generosity or an indifference to my old opinions to join the friends who enjoyed his intimacy, and the associates who partook of his success, in lamenting the loss of the man and of the Minister. These tokens of esteem should be reserved for occasions on which no mistake of motives can possibly be made, and where the regret is pure and not mingled with other feelings.

*August 17.*—Set off for Foremark, the seat of Sir Francis Burdett.

*August 19.*—I see by the newspapers that



1827. Canning's funeral was attended by all the present Ministers, and that the Dukes of Clarence and Sussex were supporters to the chief mourner; not a man of the Tories attended the last remains of their Right Honourable Friend to the grave, not even Peel. Joe Hume, an impudent fool, was at the funeral. Burdett's name was put down, and a little while ago there was a paragraph in the *Times* saying he had left town for grief!! Now this is too bad. Burdett felt no grief; regret he did feel, but his leaving London had nothing to do with the matter. Such is the way with the press, always in extremes, and almost always false.

*September* 13.—Went to Kinmell Park, the seat of Colonel Hughes. Leaving Kinmell we went on to Conway, thence by the grand Penmaenmawr Road to Bangor. The next day we continued our journey through Carnarvon, Beddgelert, Capel-Curig, Llangollen, Oswestry, Shrewsbury, and Eaton. From Eaton we travelled to Worcester, and after visiting Oxford I returned to Whitton.

FROM BOOK, "RECOLLECTIONS."

*October* 3.—I learnt that, although most of the offices were filled, the Government was still in an unsettled state. Fremantle, Treasurer of the Household, dined with the King on the day the present arrangements were finally settled. His Majesty, during dinner, quite contrary to his usual practice, talked politics, and expressed



himself quite satisfied that everything was settled in a satisfactory manner; and that, notwithstanding the appointment of Mr. Herries to the Chancellorship of the Exchequer, the Whig members of Government had consented to remain in office. Lord Lansdowne resigned, but consented to keep the Seals at the King's special command. His Majesty added that Lord Lansdowne had behaved very handsomely; but that the Whigs in office had made a great deal to do about nothing, considering that after all they kept their places.

*October 10.*—I dined with Lord Chancellor Lyndhurst at Wimbledon. Burdett was there, and Lord Dudley, now an Earl, and Abraham Roberts, and some others. Who would have divined, when Solicitor-General Copley, in 1822, was prosecuting Burdett for seditious libel, in so short a time as five years Sir Francis and another jail-bird, myself, should be dining at Lord Chancellor Copley's table? No politics were talked on this occasion, unless it may be called politics to praise the manners of a King, in regard to which both the Lord Chancellor and the Foreign Secretary declared His Majesty to be a very fine gentleman and a very good narrator of stories. When all had left the room except Sir Francis and myself, the Lord Chancellor talked very freely of some on the judicial Bench. "Lord C. J. Best," he said, "was a bad judge, violent and intriguing, and knowing law only by



1827. scraps." "Lord Gifford," he said, "was a good man; but he had no practice as a *Nisi Prius* pleader, consequently was not a Parliamentary speaker. His first speech on the Queen's Trial was the worst ever heard; but his reply very good indeed." Lord Tenterden he praised as being a very considerable lawyer and judge, and wanting only a little of being a most eminent person. Of my friend Bickersteth he spoke in the highest terms, as the most eloquent, acute, and accurate of all the pleaders in the Court of Chancery. Had he been promoted a little earlier, he would at this moment be the fittest man for the Bench. Lord Lyndhurst added that he was, at this moment, consulting Mr. Bickersteth a great deal on the actual practice of the Court of Chancery.

The Earl of Dudley, now Foreign Secretary, told my friend Baillie that, if England had not consented to become a party<sup>1</sup> to the triple treaty on behalf of Greece, Russia would have undertaken the work alone. Lord Dudley added that Ministers were aware of the injustice of their interference, and were glad that the Egyptian fleet had got into Navarino unmolested by the Allied squadrons.

<sup>1</sup> In 1826 Canning sent the Duke of Wellington to St. Petersburg to discuss the question of Greece with the Czar, and in April a secret agreement was signed between England and Russia, constituting Greece a separate State paying tribute to the Sultan. In 1827 France joined the convention, and the Treaty of London was signed in July 1827.



N.B.—This somewhat accounts for the phrase 1827.  
in the King's Speech of the next year which created so much sensation. No wonder that the Duke of Wellington and his colleagues called the victory of Navarino an untoward event.

*October 20.*—I went to Kemble, the seat of Mr. Gordon, near Cirencester. I was near twelve hours on the road, and read a good deal of Pope's Correspondence, with which I was more charmed than ever. His early letters, to Mr. Cromwell for example, were much more stiff and formal than his later letters. His prose was very beautiful. All his friends seem to have treated him with the greatest respect. The letters to Mr. Blount, the most easy and inartificial of all his correspondence, show his extreme liberality on religious subjects, and may perhaps have given rise to the suspicion that he, as well as Swift, was somewhat sceptical in matters of faith. I wish to throw out here an observation which I made some years ago on the "Universal Prayer." The first verses of that beautiful poem appear to me to contain a contradiction in terms. Pope says that the "Father of all" confined his sense to the knowledge that God is good, and that man is blind—"Yet gave me in this dark estate to know the good from ill." Surely this power of distinguishing between "good and ill" is something more than the knowledge to which the poet says that all his sense is confined. I do not find that Warburton or Johnson has explained



1827. this seeming incongruity; so perhaps there may be little or nothing in my criticism.

Whilst at Kemble I heard a very characteristic anecdote of the Great Duke. Lord Anglesey was sent down to his Grace, then at Kingston Hall, with a letter from the King to the Duke, and a letter from Lord Goderich to the Duke, offering him the Command-in-Chief of the Army.<sup>1</sup> The Duke received him as if he was a royal messenger; took the letters, and said he would answer them in an hour, asking Lord A. at the same time if he had not better have some breakfast. The Duke then withdrew, and returned in about an hour with his two answers, which he put into Lord Anglesey's hands. Lord A. began to say something about "hoping that," when the Duke cut him short, saying, "No, no; say no more about that. There are the two answers; be so good as to take them back with you." Lord Anglesey "did as he was bid," and did not know whether the Duke had accepted the office or not. My host had the story from Lord Bathurst's daughter.

I stayed a few days at Corsham, and while there walked over to Hartham House, the residence of my boyhood. I had not been there for thirty-four years. I also went over to Broughton and saw the farm which my father used as a kind of sanatorium for his children. My father

<sup>1</sup> On August 17, 1827. Both these letters and the Duke's reply to Lord Goderich will be found in *Sir R. Peel's Life* by C. S. Parker, II. 6, 7.



was much devoted to farming, and was President of the Bath and West of England Society. I went to Cottles House, where my father's family had lived so many years, and I had lived from seven to eighteen years old, and thence to Atworth, returning to Corsham by Neston Park. There were many signs of improvement and increased wealth at Neston Park, which ought to have pleased me; but they did not, and if any one thinks this selfish, I can only refer him to the change so well alluded to in Mr. Praed's beautiful poem of "The Vicar." 1827.

*November 1.*—I dined with Doctor Charles Parry, and he showed me a diary kept by Henry Brougham. I found in this diary that, when Brougham went to London, his chief muniments were four letters of recommendation from Parry to friends in London; one was to my father. On going away Parry asked him what his politics were to be: his answer was, "I do not know yet"; but he confessed he was much pleased with Mr. Pitt, who alone of all those to whom he had sent a copy of his work on "Colonial Policy" had been civil enough to acknowledge it "with compliments and thanks." Parry said that Brougham was a man without a particle of feeling. I should think so, and yet a kind and friendly man.

I took up my quarters at Dawlish with my friend Ellice on November 5. During this visit I was introduced to a very celebrated person, Sir W. Grant. He was rather silent, being very



1827. deaf; but, when he did speak, was most agreeable—exactly in that which is attempted by many, but accomplished by few. As a teller of short stories he was not excelled by any one that I had known. It was this day that I first heard from him the joke of the late Duchess of Gordon. Mr. Ferguson, of Pitfour, was in the habit, at the end of the Parliamentary season, of entertaining at the British Coffee House those friends who had given him dinners during the Session. Her Grace called these festivals “the meeting of Pitfour’s creditors.” I remarked the joke more perhaps from the eminence of the man who told it than for the wit of the saying itself, although that was not without its appropriate merit.

The last bit of gossip from Sir W. Grant’s collection which I will venture to mention was that a Scottish judge, talking of the impartiality of Cromwell’s judges, said, “The more shame for them—a set of puir kinless folk!”

I formed an acquaintance this autumn with the brothers George<sup>1</sup> and William Napier—that famous family with whom I was afterwards a good deal connected. George I had never seen before—a most prepossessing man—not quite so handsome perhaps as William; but very handsome. George Napier talked most pleasingly, without boasting and without false modesty, of his Peninsular campaigns. He mentioned that he had a presentiment of the loss of his arm,

<sup>1</sup> His Autobiography was published in 1884.



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and that on the morning of the battle in which he did lose it he spoke to the surgeon of his regiment, telling him that he should wish him to perform the operation; not six hours afterwards the same surgeon was holding Napier's arm whilst the surgeon-in-chief was cutting it off!

It was on this occasion that I heard that Colonel William Napier was writing the "History of the Peninsular War," and I was then informed by Napier himself of the assistance he had received in composing this great work. The Duke of Wellington had offered to answer any question that Napier might put to him, and it has since been known how frequent were the communications between the great General and the great writer. From Marshal Soult and the French Napier received the most liberal support during the composition of the volumes, and the most unequivocal praise after their publication. Colonel Charles Napier was left for dead on the field of battle at Corunna, and it is now known that he owed his life and subsequent recovery to the generous kindness of Marshal Soult. Napier, as a token of gratitude, sent the Marshal a present of a handsome sword; and, as I heard on this occasion, the French General was much gratified by the attention of the English Colonel.

*November 11.*—The news came to us of the battle of Navarino. It was an important event, although it could hardly be called a victory. The Allies had ten line-of-battle ships, and the



1827. Turks three. The slaughter on board the combined squadrons was very great—within a few of the number killed at the battle of St. Vincent. This event saved Greece; of that no one can doubt who has read Mr. Cochrane's volumes. The insurgent Greeks were in extremities just before the battle; just afterwards there was no question but that they would be rescued from the Turkish yoke.

FROM DIARY.

*November 11.*—Ellice tells me that Lord Grey is half inclined to oppose Ministers next Session. Indeed he read part of a letter from him in which he talks of there *being a limit to his patience*. Pretty well this from one who began the assault, and who continued it without being answered. The fact is Lord Grey was more hurt by Lord Holland's silence than he would have been by his reply. The Bathurst family are going a second time to Howick. The Duke of Wellington went over to breakfast there by his own appointment. Lord Grey says this will give rise to more talking, and threatens vengeance if it does. Now I think this very unlike a really wise statesman, but not at all unlike Lord Grey.

*November 14.*—Read the 1st volume of Comte St. Aulaire's history of the war of the Fronde. Very interesting. The English know very little of French history, at least I know very little, and I read about as much as the common run of men.

*November 19.*—Returned to Whitton after a





*Viscountess Melbourne*  
*from the picture in the possession of her great great grandson*  
*The Earl of Arran*







visit to my friend Robert Gordon at Leweston. 1827.  
Letters from Tavistock and Burdett, both of whom ask me to visit them, but I will gad about no more this year.

FROM BOOK, "RECOLLECTIONS."

*November 29.*—I had a letter from Tom Moore, asking me what materials I could let him have for his *Life of Byron*, and adding that he must see Lord Byron's letters to Lady Melbourne. After a great deal of deliberation, I wrote to repeat what I had before told him, that I could not be a coadjutor in his work, and that he could not consult the letters to Lady Melbourne. I added that, if I found any more of his own letters to Byron, he should have them. I concluded by saying that I had found both Mr. Barry and Madame Guiccioli had been annoyed at a story so much the reverse of fact. Moore answered my letter in friendly terms, and concluded by assuring me that he would contradict the rumour of my being his coadjutor.

I thought that this idle controversy was now over, but it was not. Amongst Lord Byron's papers I found a parcel of Moore's letters, and, as I had promised, sent them to him. In doing this, I wrote to Moore informing him that I had expunged a passage in Count Gamba's narrative which I thought might annoy him; and then I asked him, half jocularly, whether he was not ashamed of himself for writing letters



1827. to Byron in an unfriendly tone respecting myself. Moore answered me by saying he had performed the same service for me, by expunging something in a letter from Byron reflecting upon me, so that we were quits in that respect, and might open a new account with one another. I answered that we were not at all quits on the old score. I begged him, by all means, to restore the expunged passage. I should have written in a different tone if I had not felt that Moore's letter to me was in an equivocal style that might receive two interpretations. I concluded my letter by telling him plainly the nature and character of my long association with Byron. He had all the praise, I all the abuse; and I exemplified this by detailing what had passed between Bowles and myself. As to my poems in the miscellany to which Moore had alluded, as I thought, maliciously, I confessed that I was ashamed of them, and destroyed them whenever I could lay hands on them.

It may be thought that these miserable quarrels of poets and pamphleteers ought not to be an episode in the quarrels of nations; but, be it remembered, these pages are intended for a personal memoir, not for an historical record. Besides, the great celebrity of Lord Byron, and the popularity of Moore, have given importance to transactions connected with them which tells against the comparative inferiority of associates, and requires a true statement of facts.



## CHAPTER VI

FROM DIARY.

*December 19.*—Went to the Duke of Somerset's 1827.  
at Wimbledon Park.

I had a long letter from Francis Place,<sup>1</sup> abusing the aristocracy, and saying the people now were too wise to care for any public man much. I answered this by telling him the people then were very foolish and very unjust, and that those who really wished well to the public had so little encouragement, it was wonderful they did not turn rogues like the rest.

*December 20.*—Leonard Horner came, a pleasing, sensible man, reminding me much of Francis Horner. He is made Principal of the London University, and has been paying a great deal of attention to the modes of instruction now adopted for the higher and lower classes.

*December 21.*—Before I left Wimbledon the Duke and I had a conversation on present state of politics. He said that Lord Lansdowne's incapacity for high office was shown when he

<sup>1</sup> Francis Place (1771-1854), a tailor who became a Radical reformer, and did much to secure repeal of laws against combinations of working-men.



1827. was Chancellor of the Exchequer before. He agreed with me as to the sad mismanagement of Whig affairs. Lord Goderich now stays in, after Lord Harrowby has been sent for, and has refused to be Prime Minister. There was a thought of sending for the Duke of Portland, now President of the Council, and residing at Nice for his health. Lord Goderich was induced to tender his resignation on account of his wife's health.

Mrs. Wynne told the Duke of Somerset that Lady Goderich would send for her husband as if to take a last leave of him, even when he was only going to see the King at Windsor. Think of this great country being subjected to the effects of such whimsies!

*December 23.*—Drove back to London. I met Henry Cavendish, who tells me that there has been a fracas between Lady Holland and Lord J. Russell. The former asked the latter why Lord Holland was excluded from office. "If you must know," said Lord John Russell, "it is because no man will act in a Cabinet with a person whose wife opens all his letters."

*December 26.*—Arrived at Southill, where I found a great shooting party: Chantrey, Dr. Woolaston, Mr. Sabine the horticulturist, Kinnaird, Byng, Lumley, W. Brougham, etc.

*December 28.*—I had a good deal of conversation with Chantrey. I do not think him improved. He talks of nothing less than Dukes,



and Lords, and Cokes of Norfolk ; but he is still, 1827.  
as usual, full of information.

Chantrey seems to think that England owes her great superiority over other nations to the abundance of her coal, and deprecates the great waste of it, particularly of the inferior sort, which is not sent from the pit mouth. The Bristol coal-field is nearly exhausted, and the size of all other coal-fields is nearly known. The London duties prevent the bad sorts of coal from being sent to the Thames. This is most impolitic.

I had a long talk with D. Kinnaird to-night. He seems to think I ought to make a speech at the opening of Parliament, and show that all the evils of the country, and all the difficulty about choosing Ministers, are to be traced to want of Reform. It is worth thinking about.

Lord Dacre also spoke to me, and wished to know what I was going to do. He said I was the fittest man to give a fair account of the state of public affairs, and to protest against the present wretched condition of the Government. He begged me to write to him and let him know what I intended to do, saying he should like to do something of the sort in the Lords.

*December 29.*—Woolaston is a reserved and crabbed man. Chantrey owned to me that he liked to watch what ignorant men said on subjects with which he was well acquainted, in order to expose them afterwards. Nevertheless



1827. his friends say he has kindly feelings; he is not insensible to a civil thing, as I found. He takes no pains to conceal his contempt of opinions on science which he calls not orthodox, and he spoke with scorn of phrenologists—not more, however, than they deserve.

1828. *January 1.*—The continuance of the Goderich Government very doubtful. Sir F. Burdett has written to Huskisson, who is to lead in the Commons, to tell him he cannot support the present Ministerial arrangements.

*January 2.*—I wrote to Burdett telling him I was uneasy at having taken no line by speaking my opinion last Session, and that I felt inclined to do so next. I told him there was no fear of my being too active. My propensity was repose, as it is that of most men.

*January 4.*—From all I hear, Lord Lansdowne's conduct is given up, even by his friends. Sir J. Mackintosh himself owned it the other day. As to Brougham, no one knows exactly what he is at. He abuses the Ministers and talks of getting the Duke of Wellington, and Huskisson, and Peel, and Lord Grey, to coalesce, and so to form an Administration strong enough to prevent the King from acting as he now does, as his own Minister. But when Tavistock met Brougham at Althorp's the other day, Brougham took huff at something Tavistock said and went away.

Burdett writes to me that he will do as I do, sink or swim; but he adds that Huskisson seems



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to be quite reasonable, and to understand and appreciate his motives for returning to his old seat.

Tavistock says Huskisson has declared he will not stay in if Lord Lansdowne goes out. Under all these circumstances I do not see how the Government is to stand, and yet I still doubt whether it is wise to lend a hand to its destruction.

*January 5.*—Mr. Chester, whose sister is the present Lady Liverpool, told Tavistock that Lord Liverpool has lately given signs of returning interest in public affairs. Canning's death did not affect him, but he has lately asked to look at the *red book*!!

"Such in those moments as in all the past."

Lord Russell tells me that my brother Tom, at Oxford, is a great Radical, and cries "Down with the aristocrats." This is not wise.

*January 6.*—I had a circular letter from Huskisson, requesting my attendance at the House the first day of the Session.

FROM BOOK, "RECOLLECTIONS."

*January 8.*—Lord Tavistock rode over to Southill, to show me two letters—one from Althorp, declining all concert and combination for an organised opposition; and another from Lord Holland, in which he complained of the distrust of the Administration by their own Whig



1828. friends, and telling Lord Tavistock "to spring his rattle only when the house was attacked by thieves, not when the housemaid was in hysterics." He then enclosed an extract from Addison's "Freeholder," recommending union amongst the Whigs.<sup>1</sup>

I wrote a long letter to Lord Tavistock, showing how little Lord Holland's letter applied to us; and that, if want of union was the fault of the party, Lord Lansdowne was the person to blame, for he had acted for, and by, himself.

Sir Francis Burdett came to Southill on January 8, and urged me to take a line the first day of the Session; he added that no man was so fit to take this part as myself, as I had not crossed the House during the Administrations of Mr. Canning or Lord Goderich. I told him that I foresaw there was little chance of united action for any purpose. Individuals were so dispersed, and of such various opinions, that they could not be brought to meet even to consult on

<sup>1</sup> The "Freeholder" was a series of political essays written by Addison during the rebellion of 1715 in support of the new succession; in No. 29 the following passages occur:

"I shall conclude, with recommending one virtue more to the friends of the present establishment, wherein the Whigs have been remarkably deficient; which is, a general unanimity and concurrence in the pursuit of such measures as are necessary for the well-being of their country."

"An honest party of men, acting with unanimity, are of infinitely greater consequence than the same party aiming at the same end by different views: as a large diamond is of a thousand times greater value whilst it remains entire, than when it is cut into a multitude of smaller stones, notwithstanding they may each of them be very curiously set, and are all of the same water."



immediate measures at the meeting of Parlia- 1828.  
ment.

The very next day Sir Ronald Ferguson had a letter from London, stating that Lord Goderich had resigned; and what was the amount of concert in the Government may be inferred from the fact that Lord Lansdowne came up from Wiltshire to attend a Cabinet, and, driving down to Downing Street, was told by the messenger at the door of the First Lord of the Treasury that the Cabinet was out.

The next news that reached me was the Duke of Wellington was sent for by the King to form a Government, and that Huskisson still remained in the Cabinet, but that Peel was to be the leader of the House of Commons. And here let me take this early opportunity of saying that the more I was made acquainted with the character and conduct of the Great Duke, either as a politician generally, or the leader of a very miscellaneous party, having many of them private interests diametrically opposed to his more enlightened liberal views, the more reason I found to admire, and, at an immeasurable distance to be sure, to follow him. Of course I never thought of identifying myself with his Parliamentary party. Nor were these feelings and opinions of a recent day, for I find, on looking back at my diaries of the period and subject in question, repeated records of the same "hero-worship."



1828. On Saturday, January 19, eight peerages appeared in the *Gazette*. They were headed by Viscountess Canning, and amongst them came J. G. Lambton as Lord Durham. To whom the responsibility or merit, if it may so be called, of these promotions were due, was much disputed, and more than one of the new peers took care to proclaim that his coronet was not the gift of the Duke of Wellington.

This same day I met George Dawson and Mr. W. Peel, and congratulated them on their appointments. As we separated, Mr. Dawson said he hoped we should meet in good temper on the 29th. I told him I hoped he had recovered his good temper. "Oh," said he, "I had never lost it."

#### FROM DIARY.

*January 19.*—I dined at the S.S.B.S.<sup>1</sup> Much joke with Brougham and Maurice Fitzgerald on the downfall of the Ministry. General Ferguson and the Duke of Leinster quizzed them. They bore it all exceedingly well. Brougham sang his French song, "The Pipe of Tobacco," which I never heard him do but once. Certes! we are always merrier out than in office.

*January 24.*—Letter from Tavistock with one from Althorp, very sensible. Saying that the whole of the late explosion looks very like a trick to get rid of Goderich and the Whigs. Now our course is clear, we all go into regular

<sup>1</sup> Sublime Society of Beef Steaks.



opposition, and may do the only good the Whigs 1828.  
ever can do; by acting separately and watching  
Government.

*January 27.*—I have lately read Mitford's Life of Alexander the Great in the two last of his volumes. Highly interesting, and fairer than I expected; but the style more crabbed than I should have thought it possible for any one to compose in his native language. It is singular to observe how the love of free institutions, which I suppose is born with most Englishmen, breaks out even in the pages of a man who sat himself down systematically to decry everything like popular Government. He repeatedly confesses the great truth, that arms in the hands of the people is the great, if not the only corrective of despotism. It seems he was forty years writing his history.

I am hesitating what to do on Tuesday, the opening of Parliament. My natural inclination leads me to be silent, but it will not do for a Member for Westminster always to look on. He cannot always follow, he must sometimes lead. Yet, if Huskisson has already liberalised Wellington and Peel's Administration—which is just probable—I think this Ministry is as good as the last; nay, better, inasmuch as it does not compromise the character of Reformers; and though the resigning Ministers may attack Huskisson, I do not see why I should.



1828. FROM BOOK, "RECOLLECTIONS."

*January 29.*—Parliament was opened by commission. The King's Speech related chiefly to Turkey. In it the battle of Navarino was called an "unexpected collision" and "an untoward event." The House was full of members, particularly on the left of the Chair. Those who had crossed over to the Ministerial benches had returned to their old seats.

Brougham said that, in the absence of Ministers (only Lord Palmerston was present), he would not discuss the topics of the Royal Speech. He rather made fun of the Duke's aptitude for finance; but he dwelt long, and too long, on his military merit, adding, however, that the schoolmaster with his pen would be more than a match for the soldier and his sword—an idle exaggeration. Palmerston replied, not well.

The next day, when the report of the Address was brought up, I rose and asked Lord Palmerston, still the only Cabinet Minister in the House, whether it was intended to present Admiral Gore's report on the battle of Navarino to the House; and I also asked whether it was intended to move a vote of thanks to Admiral Codrington. Palmerston answered that, as no one blamed Codrington, it was not necessary to produce Admiral Gore's report. As to the thanks, he added that "the Government did not intend to propose that vote, because it was not usual to vote thanks for battles, except during war, or



against an enemy." My answer was, that in that case I could move the vote of thanks myself, and I remarked that the distinction made by Lord Palmerston was no objection to my proposal, inasmuch as the expedition against Copenhagen was not against an enemy, yet thanks were voted to the Duke of Wellington for his conduct on that occasion. There was much cheering when I gave notice of the motion for the 14th of the month. 1828.

FROM DIARY.

*February 1.*—Spring Rice told me he knew that the Duke of Wellington had said to Lord Eldon, "I did not offer you a seat in my Cabinet. I knew you would not have anything to do with the hotch-potch Administration I have been compelled to make."

I saw Murray to-day. He told me he had offered Moore 4,000 guineas for his *Life of Byron*, and the use of all his papers. I told him he was right. His motive evidently is Leigh Hunt's infamous book, in which I presume Murray cuts a poor figure.

*February 4.*—Went to the Athenæum. I had some conversation with Courtenay, of the Board of Control, who told me that last Session indiscreet people used to vex Canning by perpetually putting forward Brougham to his notice and saying something should be done for him, till one day Canning, in a pet, jumped on the sofa and said, "D—— him, he shall have my place."



1828. Prince Cimitile told me when he reminded Metternich that Austria had acknowledged three revolutionary Governments in France, therefore why not acknowledge the Neapolitan Constitution? Metternich replied, "If you march an army twice to Vienna and once near it, we will acknowledge you."

*February 7.*—I saw Lady Holland. She is very ill, but she talked politics. She told me that she knew when Dom Miguel<sup>1</sup> was at Windsor the King told the Duke of Wellington he wished to talk to his Grace about a Ministry, which, said he, "I can the better do with you, as you are, you know, quite out of the question." To this the Duke assented. We know the result.

She also said that she knew that Lord Ellenborough had prepared an amendment against the battle of Navarino. He sent it to the Duke of Wellington; the Duke made a comment or two and returned it with promise of support. The possession of this document was the secret of Ellenborough's appointment. He is a profligate fellow. He said to Lady Harriet B. Baring,<sup>2</sup> "Well, what's become of Bingham's speech that he was to make on the Address?" She replied, "What is become of your speech?" "Oh," said he, "they bought it up and paid me a good price for it."

<sup>1</sup> Dom Miguel (1802–1866), exiled from Portugal for an attempt to overthrow his father. Usurped the throne 1828, but was forced to abdicate 1834.

<sup>2</sup> Bingham Baring, afterwards 2nd Baron Ashburton, married in 1823 Lady Harriet Montagu, daughter of 6th Earl of Sandwich.



A propos of profligacy. Huskisson says he did not join the Duke of Wellington without securing certain guarantees. Lady Jersey asked the Duke how this was ; said he, " I recollect no guarantees except that he was to be Secretary of State." These anecdotes I think are substantially true, and that about Ellenborough is quite true.

I went to the House and heard Brougham speak for six hours and five minutes on reforming the law. It was much praised, and done with much facility of manner. He read his axioms ; his peroration about himself was very good.

*February 11.*—I did not go to the Lords, where the great debate took place on the late Ministerial arrangements, but heard all at the Athenæum. Lord Lansdowne makes a statement which materially differs from Huskisson's, and shows him (Huskisson) to be a rogue. Lord Goderich makes a statement which shows up Herries not a little, and proves Goderich a dupe. The Duke of Wellington denies having given guarantees to Huskisson. Lord Dudley, in excuse for joining his or Canning's enemies, quotes Canning's junction with Castlereagh after the duel!!! Was there ever anything like this ? I believe never. Expose the great stain in a friend's life in order to justify your own laxity of moral feeling !!

*February 13.*—I dined at the Literary Fund Society. Sat next to Poole, the author of *Paul Pry*, who told me that successful farce was founded upon an anecdote of an old woman who



1828. always sent her maid to see who knocked at the next door. Byron was one of the first who advised him to write comedy.

FROM BOOK, "RECOLLECTIONS."

*February* 14.—I had agreed to give up my motion at the House of Commons if Mr. Huskisson would say that Admiral Codrington had exceeded his orders. But Lord Althorp advised me not to ask this question. Sir Robert Wilson made a last effort to stop me by an open remonstrance; and Lord Althorp owned to me privately he was in hopes there would have been no House. Thus discouraged, I rose, when called upon by the Speaker, with beating heart and throbbing temples. The House and galleries were very full. I soon found that I had made a right conjecture. The House heard me well, and went along with me during a speech of one hour and fifty-five minutes, which I concluded amidst what the *Morning Chronicle* called "the loud and repeated cheers of both sides of the House." This was something of an exaggeration, but I did receive compliments from all quarters immediately, and those who had been the most adverse were most friendly.

Sir Francis Burdett said that the whole House was filled with sympathy and admiration at my speech, that I had attained my object in making the motion, and that I had better withdraw. I then withdrew my motion amidst the cheers of the House.



If I had had any doubt of the general effect of this effort, it would have been removed by a letter which I received from Mr. Bethell, saying he preferred the result of the Navarino debate to a formal vote of thanks.

I confess that if I had been aware of the many objections which would be made, more by friends than by enemies, to this vote of thanks, I should probably not have undertaken so discouraging a duty.

#### FROM DIARY.

*February 15.*—The speech exceedingly well reported in the *Chronicle*, badly in the *Times*, and not one word of encomium in either or any paper that I see. So it is not being a crony with editors or paragraph grinders, but “*hoc sine viximus ante.*” I shall go on as before.

Went to House of Commons, which was crammed, to hear Huskisson’s and Herries’ explanation. A committee was named, but Huskisson’s name was not there. Baring and Brougham said it ought to be, and that the others were but as *dust in the balance* compared to him. Huskisson eagerly consented, on which Goulburn moved the adjournment till Monday.

*February 16.*—Lord Cochrane came in, just arrived from Portsmouth. He was a little embarrassed, and he has cause to be so. He gave a most deplorable account of the Greeks, as being, generally speaking, the greatest villains



1828. and cowards he had ever seen; and his adventures had presented him with many specimens of rough and smooth roguery. As to the sailors, his account of them was most deplorable. He could never get more than half of his crew to remain on deck during action; and so ill did they manage their guns, that, of 450 roundshot, only three struck the object aimed at; and, of these three, two were pointed by Cochrane himself and Captain Huchins. Lord Cochrane told me that he was frequently obliged to walk the quarterdeck with pistols, and sometimes to collar disobedient sailors with a cocked pistol in his hand. He detected a fellow on board his ship sent by Ibrahim Pasha to assassinate him.

He gave me a curious account of the battle of Athens,<sup>1</sup> lost by the Greeks almost without a struggle. I asked him if he ran away. "No," said he, "I did not run but I walked, and I should have liked to have run, but I did not dare." Church, who stayed a little later, was in great danger. He did run, and fell over his head in the hurry.

Met Captain Parry, who told me all the Navy was pleased with my speech. Thus I record my little triumphs.

*February 17.*—I visited Wilbraham. "I am declining fast," said he, "and am not unwilling so to do." He said he could not attend to books

<sup>1</sup> Athens was besieged by the Turks from August 1826 till May 1827, when it was taken.



as formerly. He is 86. I can't attend at half 1828.  
that age and less; and I seriously apprehend I  
am not much farther off the great change than  
he is, for I have very unpleasant feelings about  
my head. If I was to die now, I should have  
a respectable public character for an ordinary  
man; if I live much longer, perhaps I may lose  
it, and add to the present indifference to public  
virtue, which the want of perseverance in recti-  
tude amongst almost all our politicians has chiefly  
occasioned.

I went to Devonshire House, and was much  
complimented on my speech. Lord Durham told  
me that there was but one opinion of the speech  
all over London.

*February 18.*—Lord Normanby served Huskis-  
son and Herries with notice that he should call  
for their explanation this evening. Accordingly  
he did so. Huskisson's explanation was a shuffle,  
leaving the material points untouched; it was ill  
received, and but few cheered when he sat down.  
Herries had apparently a good story to tell. He  
read letters from "My dear Goderich" to "My  
dear Herries," and attempted to throw a great  
deal of blame on his maker. At the same time  
he talked of a plot somewhere to upset the  
Government. He also said he never, until that  
night, knew it had been Huskisson's intention  
to resign, although it had been his own.

G. Tierney made an excellent and amusing  
speech, and said that until that moment he had



1828. never heard of the intended resignations of either party. He called their going about with their resignations in their pockets "having their pistols half-cocked in their pockets." He wished Wellington and Peel luck, but said he had no confidence in Mr. Canning's friends.

Peel spoke, and pretended to know nothing of any secret influence.

*February 21.*—At House of Commons, and heard Herries enter into what he called further explanations. He was contradicted point-blank by Wynne and Sturges Bourne; and Macdonald told him there was no office so low that would not be disgraced by him. He stood out most barefacedly, and although almost hissed, would not tell anything about the plot which he said he knew existed against the late Government. I never saw such a scene in my life.

Lord Lansdowne said to me to-night, "You must own I was right in my suspicions of Herries from the first." To be sure he was; but why not turn him out instead of turning himself out?

*February 28.*—Peel and Lord Milton had angry words in the House to-day, which may endanger the repeal of the Test and Corporation Acts. Peel showed he could not bear hard words, Milton that he could not utter them without subjecting himself to reproof. In the fray the chairman forgot to report on the Bill, and the object of the contest was lost.

*February 29.*—Kinnaird showed me a letter



from Tom Moore in which he talked of the dignified silence of Lord Byron's friends, naming me, which he did not hesitate to call faithlessness to the memory of their common friend. 1828.

Now this comes from the man who is always soliciting my kindness, and who wrote to me only a month ago saying he hoped I would receive him kindly. He supposes that these hard words go for nothing. Words do go for nothing with him.

*March 1.*—Dined at Lord Lansdowne's. My Lord very agreeable, my Lady very much the contrary. He seems very happy at being out.

*March 4.*—I went to a party at Mr. Boddington's. Introduced to Lady Wellesley, a pretty little woman. Lady Holland there; saw again my old acquaintance Lady Webster, very handsome.

*March 5.*—Dined at R. Gordon's. Lord Ashley, Francis Wood, and a few others there—all M.P.'s, not one of whom had heard of my having been sent to Newgate. A good lesson for individual vanity.

*March 11.*—Dined with William Ord. Met Lord and Lady Holland, Lord Ebrington, Fazakerley, a Mr. Newton, and Miss M. Fox. Lord Holland was in great talk and told us many stories, a few of which I will try to recollect as accurately as I can, in substance.

Charles Fox's mother one day, remonstrating with her son about his conduct, said she had



1828. just been to see Lady Chatham, and there she saw William Pitt, who was so prettily behaved and so sober a child that she said: "Charles, if you do not mind, he will be a match for you one of these days."

Just after W. Pitt's first speech, Charles Fox was talking to him and complimenting him at the bar of the House of Commons. General Grant, an old M.P., overheard him and said, "Aye, aye, I should not wonder if I lived to see you opposed to one another as I saw your fathers before you." Pitt replied, "Then, General, you must live to the age of Methuselah."

Charles Fox, one day standing on the steps of the throne in the Lords, found W. Pitt there, then about fifteen. Pitt, pleased with his notice, told him after the debate was over how he would have answered such and such arguments, and Fox, returning to the Commons, told a friend that he had seen a boy after his own heart, who would one day or the other make a figure. Pitt put himself at the head of the Administration at once by saying when the changes took place "he would accept of no subordinate place."

Erskine told Lord Holland that it was he who advised Pitt to hold that language, in a conversation just before the debate at Eyles' Coffee House. W. Pitt was then about twenty-three, I believe.

Lord North and his opponents lived on familiar terms even before the coalition. Passing close to



Fox after a hot discussion one evening, he said, "You are in high feather to-night, Charles; I am glad you flew at some other cock than me."

Lord Holland gave us specimens of two of Lord North's speeches in reply. One, when Fox accused him of attachment to indolence and adulation: very good, and very good-natured; and the other still better when he was threatened with impeachment after his fall. Lord North was deserted then by some of his own dependents, particularly Jenkinson, first Earl of Liverpool; and after summoning up the chances of his impeachment, and reckoning the Commons, the Lords, and the King, as commanding or assenting to the measure, he added, "And you have besides, sir, the aid of certain gentlemen, who, not only from their former connection with me can give every information of my proceedings, but who, in their disinterested love of their country, consent to [forgo] all the ties of gratitude and of private affection."

The only person who could ruffle Lord North was Tommy Townshend, a foolish, blustering fellow, who, notwithstanding, had some weight with the House.

The coalition was owing to a declaration made in the House by — that Lord North was not to be included in any new arrangement of any party. This drove him to Fox. Lord Auckland was the principal negotiator of the union.

Fox used to say that the coalition was one of



1828. those expedients which could be justified only by success. It saved Lord North, however, for at that time parties ran very high, and the leaders in Parliament were young men up to anything.

Lord North and his friends, after the union, behaved very well and faithfully to Fox. Lord North spoke only twice in the House of Lords. He died in 1792. He stood by Fox on the Regency question, but from different motives and on different grounds to Fox. Lord North disliked W. Pitt very much.

George III. hated Charles Fox at all times. He never went further in his commendation of him and his Whig friends than that "they had always behaved like gentlemen," "a stupid German encomium," said Lord Holland.

I told Lord Holland that Lord Grey had told me the King liked Fox in his last Administration and no one else. Lord Holland said it was not so. When Lord Holland saw George III. after Fox's death, the King never said a single word about his late Minister, though Lord Holland was in deep mourning for his uncle.

Lord Holland never saw King George III. more than twice in private, once when he accepted and once when he resigned the Privy Seal. The latter time he seemed half mad, "and," said Lord Holland, "I was glad to get out of the room as fast as I could."

George III. in 1800 went mad about the Catholic question, and at that time there was not



any influential body of men, except some of the clergy, against that question. 1828.

Lord North was not a violent Tory; he was pushed on by Lord G. Germain, and other Ultras who complained of his lukewarmness. He was an easy indifferent man, not much in earnest.

George Canning, Lord Holland, and Lord Carlisle were all very intimate at College (I think College).<sup>1</sup> Canning belonged to a sporting club at Oxford which Lord Holland thought did him no good. Before coming into Parliament he left his Whig friends because they did not go far enough for him, particularly about Reform and in admiration of the French revolutionists. He stated his reasons to Lord Carlisle (Lord Morpeth), who told Lord Holland, and afterwards wrote a long letter to Lord Holland himself, which letter Lord Holland said he had the magnanimity to destroy some fifteen years ago. How he, Canning, came to attach himself to the decided opponent of his old friends does not appear.

Canning had been announced by Sheridan to Parliament as a young man who would rival young Hawkesbury, and he seconded an address, but failed. Of this failure Lord Carlisle wrote an account to Lord Holland. Some one of the Treasury Bench called him their "little piece of trap ordnance."

Canning did not speak again for three or four years, being persuaded by Pitt to be silent, and

<sup>1</sup> All three were at Eton and Christ Church.



1828. being also made Under-Secretary of State. His first good speech was in answer to Tierney, who proposed to grant no more subsidies. He made, however, no considerable figure till the Administration of Lord Sidmouth.

Lord Tenterden told Lord Holland or some one that what Brougham was remarkable for, was the having always read his brief!!

Lord Holland said that of all the men he ever knew Brougham was the quickest in passing from one subject to another, and discussing both with the same skill and eagerness. I ventured to say that I did not think Brougham a formidable opponent in Parliament, nor Canning neither; but no one agreed with me.

I think they were formidable to one another, because they mutually knew each other's weak points and were great masters of sarcasm, but they were both wanton and excursive; and above all had flaws in their character which an honest man who would speak his mind plainly could take advantage of. Canning was at argument no match for Brougham, but there was something more pleasing, more flowing, more rich, in his eloquence; that is, in the mere phraseology. In illustration, in imagery, in irony, and perhaps in invective, he was inferior to Brougham.

*March 12.*—I went to Devonshire House, and had a most ridiculous scene with the Lord Chancellor's wife, who tried to mortify me by telling me I was "not a dangerous man."



1828.

*March 14.*—Went to a party at Miss Berry's. Saw Stratford Canning, Ambassador at the Porte, and congratulated him on his safe return. He said the Turks were mad, or rather the Sultan was. The Sultan had established a complete despotism, and in the present struggle was acting against the general wish of the Turks. He appoints and cashier Ministers and Generals without a murmur.

The exercise of the new troops he superintends himself. Stratford Canning saw him reviewing a regiment. One of the soldiers firing a pistol turned his head back. The Sultan went up to him and took hold of his hand, and showed him how to point his pistol. If he had blown the man's brains out, it would have been more in keeping with the old Turkish character.

Canning said Constantinople and European Turkey would never be what they had been, if the Russians conquered them; of course not, and if the Turks retained possession, they would adopt new institutions.

Stratford Canning was very merry and not in mourning. We did not talk politics at all; he is a most prudent man.

*March 15.*—In Grosvenor Square met Lord and Lady Lyndhurst. I bowed and passed, but they called me back. Lord Lyndhurst then said, "Oh, Mr. Hobhouse, that promise which I made you last year had nothing to do with politics." "Oh, no, my Lord," said I. "Well," replied he, "I



1828. believe I have got something now which will do for Mr. Spencer." "You are very good," said I. Then Lady Lyndhurst and I had a few words, not very agreeable, she having evidently a piqued air.

*March 16.*—Dined at Mr. Bodington's. Met amongst others General Sir Colin Campbell, with whom after dinner I had a curious conversation. He is a great friend of the Duke of Wellington. He told me that the Duke was sensible he had got together a very poor Cabinet, especially in the Commons. Goulburn, Grant, and Huskisson, he thought nothing of as Parliamentary leaders, but then Peel had insisted on having them and said he would not undertake the lead without Huskisson particularly.

I asked Sir Colin Campbell why Lord Grey was not employed; he answered the Duke would have been glad to have had him, but I suppose you know the obstacle was at Windsor. He said very nearly the same about Brougham, but added, "You will see a change before six months are over."

The Duke said to him the other day: "If people think I like this station they are mistaken. The nation has rewarded and over-rewarded me. My line is to command the army, but if I think I can do any good by being Minister, I am willing to sacrifice my time and habits, and do what I can." Sir Colin said he believed this to the letter.

He told us at dinner that when the Duke



was in Sir G. Collier's frigate going to Portugal 1828.  
they were nearly lost. Sir C. Campbell was desired by Collier to tell the Duke that all was over. Collier was going to run the frigate on shore, and then try to save as many as possible, but probably none would escape. He seemed totally lost. Campbell waked the Duke and told him to get out of his cot and come on deck, and put on his boots. Wellington very coolly put his legs out of his cot and sat upright, but said he had better not come on deck, the confusion being so great. He also remarked that he could swim better without his boots, and he very coolly waited for the striking of the ship. The wind came round a point or two and saved them. Londonderry was with them. Sir G. Collier afterwards destroyed himself.

The Countess St. Antonio was at dinner, and gave us a ridiculous account of her being nearly shipwrecked coming to Dover in 1814. She was in great anxiety about her husband, who was in the packet whilst she was in the boat. The Duchess of Wellington was with her, and reproved her, saying, "What would you do if your husband had to fight like mine?" "Hold your tongue, Duchess," said the Countess; "what is your husband to me?" The first thing she did when landed was to beg the Duchess's pardon.

*April 2.*—Lord Lansdowne writes to me a rigmarole letter about limiting the subscription



1828. for Byron's monument, and hesitates about the terms of the proposal; also wants to wait until Moore's Life comes out: quite like himself.

A letter from the Duke of Devonshire on the same subject, offering to subscribe £100 and do what is thought best: quite like himself also.

*April 14.*—I went to a ball at Lady Tankerville's. Saw the Marchioness of L—— and her handsome husband. She has very fine black eyes, and a genteel air; but too dark a complexion and too fierce an air.

*April 17.*—I was introduced by Mr. Murray, of Albemarle Street, to Sir Walter Scott. Nothing can exceed the simplicity of his look and manner. He told me he was fifty-seven years old, and had suffered a good deal from rheumatism.

We had some talk together about the Byron monument, concerning which he expressed himself in the most friendly terms. He recommended no limitation of the subscription.

Sir Walter mentioned that Byron had written a letter to him about his (B.'s) religious opinions, which Sir Walter thought were unsettled; and Sir Walter told Byron that the time would come when he would be more seriously inclined to our faith. "What," said Byron, "you think I shall turn Methodist?" "By no means," said Sir Walter; "you will be nothing so vulgar as that; but perhaps you may become a Trappist, or adopt some of the more rigorous monastic



rules." Byron replied that "there was no saying but that he might adopt a line of that kind." 1828.

I hope to improve my acquaintance with this extraordinary man, certainly one of the most extraordinary that our country has ever produced.

*April 23.*—I escorted my sister Joanna to the Drawing-room, where the crowd was great, but the arrangements so good that it was not inconvenient. A great many of the Ministers were there—Goulburn, Herries, Huskisson, and Grant—and I talked a little with each of them.

Huskisson, with whom I had had some words on his change of opinion about the Corn Bill of this and last year, said to me, "Well, are you very angry with me?" "Oh, no, I am never angry with anybody," I replied. Nor am I beyond the moment, but I still have my opinion that Huskisson is a shabby, unprincipled man, and cares not what he says.

He laboured so much the other night in trying to show that Canning's resolutions last year and his this year were very nearly if not quite the same, that Peel and Herries held their hands before their faces and laughed. He quoted a part of Canning's speech on passing the temporary measure in proof that Canning meant his own Bill to be temporary; and when I told across the House what he was doing, he turned off the trick by an impudent attack on me for not understanding what every one else in the House did. The last year Canning's resolutions



1828. were carried by 221 against 167; now they had only 58 supporters.

The King was looking very well and very gorgeous. He smiled very graciously upon the ladies; but, as far as I could judge, looked no ways pleased with his male guests.

*April 24.*—There have been some most extraordinary debates in the House of Lords this week respecting the Repeal of the Test and Corporation Acts. The Administration and the Bishops were opposed to Lord Eldon and the ultra-Tories. The Bishop of Chester (Blomfield) and Lord Eldon had had words between them, and ended in desiring each other “to mind his own business.” The Bishop, when it was proposed to add “in the name of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ” to the declaration, said, “If we have the Second Person of the Trinity, why not have the Third?” If I had said this, it would have been thought waggery; but on a division the Second Person had only 15 votes against more than 100.

*April 25.*—In the evening of this day I went to Devonshire House, and there Lord Lansdowne gave me an account of the strange proceedings on the Bishops’ bench. It seems that Lord Chancellor Lyndhurst and Lord Eldon had been engaged in some half-playful controversy on some articles of the Mohammedan Faith. The Bishops, all but two (Jenkinson and Ryder), although they spoke against Eldon, voted for him; Key and Blomfield were amongst them; but they were



beaten on the vote. Lord Lansdowne told me he did not think the Bishops had made up their minds which way to vote, and one voted because another voted—all in a hurry, said Sir James Mackintosh, like a flock of sheep with a dog on one side of the road and a stage-coach on the other. 1828.

*April 26.* — Mr. Devereux, an Irish R.C. gentleman, member of Brooks's, came to remonstrate with me for treating him coolly; and when I satisfied him on that head, told me a long story about his anxiety that I should take up the subject of the Canonical Sabbath, and show in Parliament that Sunday began at half-past three on Saturday afternoon, and ended at the same hour on Sunday, after which all sorts of games and sports ought to begin in order to exhilarate the people. He was quite serious that this topic, well urged, would be of incalculable public benefit, and I had much ado to fight off his proposition. At last I said that, good as it was, I was not the man to do it. What might sound well in the mouth of Sir T. Acland would come with an ill grace from me. He confessed I was right, and so went away.

How many strange schemes I have been called to adopt! Mr. Devereux is a well-informed person of sixty years at least.

*May 3.*—Dined at Lord King's. Lord Dacre, Burdett, and a large party; amongst them Lord Heytesbury, late Sir W. A'Court, who had the



1828. manner and look of a clever man. I believe he is, but how came he with us Radical Whigs?

Young Lord Seymour was there, and told me something of his late Russian and German travels.

*May 4.*—Burdett has put off the Catholic Question till May 8. Lord Duncannon told me to-day that the reason it was put off was that William Lamb requested it, and Brougham said if it was not he would not speak.

D. Kinnaird told me he had almost a mind to speak against the annual farce, as Burdett did once, and say he would not vote.

*May 8.*—Burdett brought on the Catholic Question in a speech of two hours and three-quarters. Part of his speech was good, but it was too long, and it was almost impossible to say anything that had not been often said before.

*May 9.*—I went to the House of Commons, and found Peel on his legs, talking, as usual, a great deal of his own purity. About two o'clock there was a tremendous uproar, caused, it appeared, by a determination on the part of Henry Brougham that there should be no division on that night. Huskisson and Grant both rose, but neither of them could get a hearing. After almost the wildest scene I had ever witnessed, Lord Sandon moved the adjournment, and we separated.

*May 12.*—The question came on again to-day. During the discussion the decided superiority in debate of the friends of Catholic Emancipation was more apparent than ever. We divided a little



before three o'clock in the morning, and beat the anti-Catholics by six—the numbers being 272 to 266. There was no cheering; we had agreed beforehand that there should be none.

*May 13.*—House of Commons. Debate on pension to Canning's family, £3,000 a year for one life. Stratford Canning spoke very ill, and ought not to have spoken at all. Lord G. Bentinck also spoke very angrily against Hume and the miserable minority whom Canning, he said, had reduced to insignificance. Lord Althorp opposed the grant on the score of economy. H. Bankes made a strong but indiscreet speech against Canning's policy and expensive disregard of public money. Burdett and myself were in no small embarrassment. Having been personally opposed to Canning, we did not like to appear hostile to the interests of his family. At the same time we did not like to appear regardless of public principles. We determined, however, to vote, but not to speak. Yet nothing would have been easier than to answer the commonplace arguments of Huskisson and others, who supported the grant on the score of the utility of poor men being employed in the service of the State. Huskisson wept when he spoke.

We divided 54 against 161. This was a large minority, and was composed of very heterogeneous materials. Young Mr. Stuart Wortley confessed to me and Lord Lansdowne afterwards that the discussion was of a very painful nature for the



1828. friends of Mr. Canning, but the fact was the family wanted the money, although in Parliament it was denied, and the proposal was recommended as a public tribute to Canning's political genius and public conduct. Sir George Murray actually went the length of saying that it was very ungrateful in those who recollected how often Canning had enlivened them after a long, dull debate, to object to this proposition !

I should like to know what Canning has ever done to entitle him to a national reward after his death? He was in the enjoyment of the honours and emoluments of high office the greater part of his political life, and he employed his parliamentary eloquence in one unceasing opposition to all popular pretensions. Yet the Whigs and Reformers are now expected to do immortal honours to his memory, and add to the national burdens by providing for his son.

This debate furnished me with another proof of the utter impracticability of speaking all the truth in Parliament. There is always some private reason, some fear of offending delicate tastes, or of maintaining unpopular propositions, which silences men even of the most disinterested and independent characters. This will fetter public men so long as they take pleasure, not to say pride, in associating with the members of a fashionable club, or being the well-received guests of some great house, the headquarters of some great party. Yet how this is to be avoided



by those who have lived together at school and at college, and the gatherings of social life, I do not know. If you avail yourself of the knowledge which such intimacies impart you are looked upon as a traitor and a spy. If you enter into all the schemes of a clique, you become a mere tool, and lose the representative character altogether. 1828.

*May 14.*—Dined at the Literary Fund Anniversary. Lord Goderich was there. I asked him after his health, which he told me was now quite good; indeed, he looked happier and fatter than when Prime Minister.

Lord Goderich proposed the memory of Canning in a very good and feeling speech, and when I shortly afterwards returned thanks for the Vice-Presidents I alluded to that speech and praised Canning, confining myself, however, to his love of literature and his Parliamentary talents. Sir Thomas Lawrence in his speech said that "These were the noble feelings of an enemy." I hope I did not go too far. I feel myself over-prone to say civil things both of the dead and the living.

I went to a party at Lady Davy's. Met Sydney Smith, who talked amusing nonsense to me about the Alehouse Act. Lord L. was, as he has been lately, sulky. I attribute it to a note in my political hoax, "The Policy of Princes," which though the pamphlet has dropped dead-born has still, I think, reached him. This is



1828. very bad luck. To get no fame, and lose my money and my friend—all for a joke!

*May 17.*—I dined at Lord Belgrave's, in Grosvenor Square. Lord and Lady Lansdowne, Sturges Bourne, Planta, Wilmot Horton, Mr. and Mrs. Huskisson, Prince and Princess Lieven came in. Lord Belgrave took me aside, and said as the company consisted of people *not quite thinking as he and I did* we had better not talk politics. I told him I never did talk politics in mixed companies, and had as much taste for them as a grocer for figs. I had enough in my own shop. Belgrave told me he had no feeling about politics at all. The more pity and shame for the heir to £200,000 a year!

Just after this hint in came the Duke of Wellington. He knew everybody in the room but myself, and saluted everybody very agreeably. But there was a great constraint and a respectful sort of silence, and the men all rose from their seats as he entered. I am not sure that the women did not rise also. I never had been in a private room with him before. At dinner I was just opposite to him, and looked as hardly as I well could at this extraordinary man, who has changed the destinies of nations more than any other man can be said to have done in our times. He was dressed in a plain blue coat with the Order of the Garter. He sat next to Princess Lieven, to whom he principally addressed his conversation, in French, too low for me to hear. Huskisson



was on his left hand, and to him he scarcely spoke at all. 1828,

With the exception of one observation about a letter of Lord Strangford's, lately published, I do not think he alluded once to any public man or public matters. I did not remark anything said by him, except that he had more than once ridden from Paris to Calais in eighteen hours. He and Lord Lansdowne only exchanged one observation.

It would have been difficult to bring together a company having so few feelings and opinions in common, or, indeed, having so many points of difference; and it may be added, even causes of personal complaint against each other.

Here was Lord Lansdowne, who had been turned out of office by the Duke of Wellington. Mr. Sturges Bourne, a personal friend of Canning, had been heartily opposed to the Duke, and had been abandoned by Huskisson. Huskisson himself, who had, by remaining in office under Canning and under the Duke, engaged in controversy both with the Duke and with Lord Lansdowne's friends. Add to these Wilmot Horton, who had lost office by the new arrangement, and myself (sitting next to Planta, Secretary of the Treasury), who had been opposed to and made speeches against almost every one of the above-mentioned guests. Recollect also that Prince and Princess Lieven represented a sovereign who had been assailed in turns both by Whigs



1828. and Tories, and it will not be easy to imagine a more singular scene than this strange meeting of incongruous creatures.

Yet, as might be expected, nothing occurred worth recording, and excepting a few pleasantries about small beer between Lady Lansdowne and Wilmot Horton, and about Lady Morley's petition from the hens of England praying for protection against foreign eggs, there was not a single attempt at merriment or even at general conversation.

*May 18.*—Read this morning D'Israeli's "Essay on the Literary Character." It is a pleasing book, but I do not like to see the account of the vast labours of great men. I compare them with my own idleness, and despair of doing anything. Even this journal is an idle task, for it will be of no use to any man, not even to myself, yet I do not like to abandon what I have continued so long.

I walked about the streets with Cornwall, who knows and has long known the Duke of Wellington, having been with him in Spain. He told me some anecdotes indicative of his character.

Last year Cornwall was present when some one asked the Duke whether Lord Combermere would take Bhurtpore. The Duke said, Yes. He was then asked how Lord Lake had happened not to take it, and he answered because he had no heavy cannon. Then turning to Cornwall he added,



“And so he got licked just as I did at Burgos, hey, Cornwall? Not, however, that I was so far off from being right, for some of my people got killed in the town.” 1828.

Cornwall remarked to me that a French General would have given fifty reasons why he ought to have succeeded, and why he did not succeed.

It has been said by Napoleon that Wellington was surprised at Brussels. It is not true. He had news of the advance of the French army quite in time, and having given his orders and appointed his headquarters at Quatre-Bras, he retired to his bedroom. Shortly after an officer arrived from Charleroi with the news that that town had been taken by the French. It was thought right to waken the Duke and bring the officer to him. He jumped up and went to a table where his map was lying. “Ah,” said he, “taken Charleroi; I dare say they have,” and then pausing a short time he added, “Well, I have done all that man can do, let what will happen; I shall be at Quatre-Bras to-morrow morning,” and so saying he got into bed and in a minute or two was heard to snore.

It had been asserted that the Prussians joined in the battle before the rout of the French began. It is not so. Jack Fremantle told Cornwall that he was at the Duke’s side at Waterloo when Horace Seymour galloped up with a message from Lord Anglesey, saying that the Prussians were



1828. advancing at about an hour's distance. This was about half-past five. The Duke ordered Fremantle to accompany Seymour to the Prussians and desire them to advance with all speed. The two officers left the Duke, and rode as fast as they could to the corps in advance of the Prussian army, where they came upon seventy or eighty staff-officers with Bülow at their head. Fremantle delivered the Duke's message, and then prayed the Prussian General to detach some light troops, and make a demonstration at least. The Prussians said he would do no such thing, the roads were bad, etc., but he ordered a battery to play. The firing began, but the artillerymen unfortunately pointed against an English column and Fremantle flung himself from his horse to stop the fire. Just then the French made their last charge, accompanied by a discharge of cannon so quick, regular, and continued as to sound like musketry. So awful was the effect that the Prussians halted instantly, and looked at each other in silence so profound that you might have heard a pin drop. This lasted two minutes or a little more, when it slackened and the sound of the English drums beating the charge was heard. Then, and not before, the order was given to the Prussians to advance as quickly as possible, and accordingly a corps of about 12,000 moved forward upon the French flank.

This is Fremantle's story, as Cornwall told it to me. Cornwall told me that the Duke liked



being asked questions about his exploits, and that if I were to ask him how he came to suffer Ney to be shot, he would give me a sincere explanation. I should like to try. 1828.

*May 19.*—Went to House of Commons. A long and angry discussion on East Retford Disfranchisement Bill. Peel, who had said he should deal differently with that place because Penryn was also to be disposed of, had given the House to understand that had East Retford alone been disfranchised he should vote for transferring the franchise to some great town. Now the Lords having determined against giving the franchise of Penryn to Manchester, there is evidently only one place vacant, and Peel should give the right to a large town. He was reminded of this, but said the Lords were not to be taken into account and he should vote for throwing the franchise into the hundreds. Stanley reproached him, the Secretary retorted. As usual, there was much tumult. Huskisson declared that he could not vote for the amendment in favour of the hundreds, and when we did divide, he and Palmerston voted with us. We were in a minority of only 18 in a full House.

*May 21.*—Went to Copeshill, Lord Durham's.

*May 22.*—I saw the Derby run for, a dead-heat for the first time in the history of this great stakes, between The Colonel and Cadland.

I find very little pleasure in looking at racing now, and a great deal of disgust at looking at racing men. Their important airs and significant



1828. gestures, and half-wise, half-cunning converse, are more than ever revolting to my mind.

*May 23.*—Went to House of Commons. Not one of the Canning part of the Ministry in the House. Peel and his people in great glee at something. House adjourned for a week; no question asked about the Ministry.

Went to a ball at General Kerrison's, where was all the fine world. Saw Sir H. Hardinge, who they say is to be the new Secretary at War. He said he did not know whether he should be wise in taking the place, as it would be only a patchwork Ministry.

*May 24.*—Dined at the Duke of Somerset's. There were present S. Rogers, Sharpe, Lord and Lady Tavistock, and three or four young folks, who made me feel very old indeed. I should not have cared for this had it not been for my young acquaintance the two daughters. I had done a very rude thing, namely had jilted Mrs. Baring, in order to come to this dinner, and when there I wished myself a hundred miles off.

S. Rogers tried to be waggish, but he was beaten by a lad called Murray. There was a young Lord W. Graham, the deuce take him, who sat next to Lady Charlotte. I sat sulky and would neither eat nor speak.

Tavistock told me that the old Duchess of Rutland, speaking to the King at the Children's Ball at Court the other night, condoled with him on the turn the Catholic Question had taken in



the Commons. "Aye," said the King, "if your son and others had stood by me and Canning last year, we should have had a Ministry that might have kept the Catholics down." 1828.

This is a strange view of Canning's intentions, but it truly shows what the King thought of that much-bepraised man. The Bill for the grant to Canning's family passed on Friday, only Henry Banks calling out "No."

I came home in a rage, and read till 12.30—this tranquillised me. I do not like to be hypochondriac, but I can't help thinking something is going to happen to me. My right side is certainly not so active as my left; as to my hearing, it is getting worse and worse. What a fool I am in such circumstances to project such an exploit as — [matrimony]!

*May 25.*—It seems, after all, Huskisson did not intend to resign, but had written a letter to the Duke of Wellington, saying that *if* resignation was required in consequence of his East Retford vote, he was ready to give up his place. This letter was carried at once to the King by the Duke, and though Huskisson wrote another letter, was taken as an absolute retirement from office. As to the other Ministers, at least Palmerston and Grant, it is believed the Duke rather ejected them from office than waited for their resignations.

*May 26.*—Westminster dinner. We had no more than about 200 present. Both Burdett and myself very well received.



1828. *May 27.*—There is very little public interest excited by the change of Ministers, and certainly the Canningites have fallen without a tear being shed for their loss, a good lesson for unsteady politicians.

*May 28.*—I dined at Devonshire House. We had thirty guests at dinner and all the state plate, etc., yet I was much less struck than before at all the splendour. I suspect, indeed, I was a fool for being so overwhelmed, yet others were as much so as myself.

The Duke told me that Lord Aberdeen was to be Foreign Secretary, Mr. Arbuthnot to have the Duchy of Lancaster, Lord Lowther the Woods and Forests, Sir George Murray Colonial Secretary.

After dinner Lord Alvanley and I had a great deal of political talk. He thought Murray's<sup>1</sup> appointment, which some people thought almost a bad pleasantry, not at all an indiscreet one.

I told Alvanley my views on the state of parties, and asked him if he could let the Duke know that the Ultra-Tories, Eldon's friends, would never be satisfied with him until he had completely returned to the old bigoted policy of Perceval and had restored them to the full possession of the Government; but that in the present state of the House of Commons, with Peel a poor and lukewarm leader, such a system would

<sup>1</sup> General Sir George Murray, M.P. for Perth, had been appointed Colonial Secretary and made a Privy Councillor



be scarcely supportable. Also that in order to avoid these repeated changes, it would be necessary to fall in with the general disposition of the times and liberalise his Government. 1828.

Alvanley quite agreed with me. He said he was going to see the Duke on Monday and would talk freely with him. He said the Duke had told him the other day that human strength could scarcely support what he went through. Three hours were sufficient to answer his official letters, but the audiences with King and Ministers and Deputations, etc., so completely occupied him that for ten days he had not been able to answer his private letters, and had retired from the King's Children's Ball early on purpose to do so.

*May 30.*—I thought of saying a few words to-night upon the moving of the writ for Sir G. Murray; but as I must be gallant and walk about with a lady, I came to the House too late, and found Hume had started a debate on the subject.

Hope and another general officer defended Murray's appointment. When Hope sat down, the Speaker put the question; and I then rose, half out of breath, and deprecated the repeated changes of Government. Said Murray's might be a good appointment, but if good I hoped it was permanent, and that a Ministry acting upon good principles would be at last permanently appointed. I was personally indifferent to all Ministers, and liked one set of men as well



1828. as another, but what I desired was an arrangement which had some chance of enduring long enough to do good. I was convinced all the great interests of the country were affected by these changes, and were disgusted at them.

“Thus spoke the ‘man,’ but no applause ensued.”

These observations fell flat because they were not factious, and because I did not fall in with the foolish notions about a Military Cabinet.

Normanby got up flippantly, and said the time was bad for talking on the subject. He then made a poor joke, calling Hope one of the advanced guard. This witticism, much better received than all my wisdom, put Hope in a rage; but he was appeased, and the discussion ended.

The new appointments betray great weakness on the part of the Government; one would think they could not stand; and yet any Government may stand if the King is friendly and the leaders have nerves.

*June 1.*—Read Cantos X., XI., XII. of “Don Juan,” for the first time. A very extraordinary performance, or rather a work indicative of a very extraordinary mind. Byron was a great humourist.

Lord Aberdeen told my friend David Baillie that the real cause of difference between Huskisson and the Duke was anything but the East Retford question. They had long been wrangling



in the Cabinet, and Lord Aberdeen added that 1828, Huskisson had no right to complain that he had not been treated with great deference, for he always had been.

I went this evening to Lord Grey's, and had a long conversation with him. He had seen the recent correspondence between the Duke and Mr. Huskisson. It seemed that the report of Mr. Huskisson's first resignation being only conditional was unfounded. Lord Grey said that he should have considered it as a positive resignation. The Duke, in answer, said he had read the letter with surprise and concern. So desirous was the Duke of a reconciliation with Mr. Huskisson that he waited half an hour beyond the time appointed to see the King, in case Mr. Huskisson should write to him and continue in office. No letter was sent, however.

Lord Grey did not approve of our going at once into strong opposition. Nor do I. That would only strengthen the Ministry.

*June 2.*—At House of Commons. Huskisson gave us his account of the recent retirement of himself and Mr. Canning's other friends from the Cabinet. The tone and style of his speech were most bitter and acrimonious, and he had recourse to every topic which might tend to increase the dislike of the Duke's Government.

On the whole, nothing could be more factious, or bid higher for opposition honours; and yet the speech was a failure, was not much applauded,



1828. and proved nothing but that Huskisson, having resigned half in a pet and half with a hope of being able to remain in office, very soon repented of his proceeding, but had not the courage either to abide by his determination or to declare at once that he withdrew his resignation. The Duke wished him to do it, but he did not think himself called upon to tell Huskisson explicitly that which he thought Huskisson would suggest to himself. It appears the Duke said to Lord Dudley: "I am in the right, but that shall not make me unreasonable. Huskisson and I are come to years of common sense by this time. He must know very well that there is only one way of settling this matter."

Lord Ashley told me that the Duke of Wellington said to him: "This is one of Canning's old tricks—threaten to resign and be persuaded to remain in office, having bullied the Prime Minister out of a peerage or some good thing for himself or a friend."

Peel followed Huskisson in one of the best speeches I ever heard him make. He was temperate but firm, and at the same time that he spared Huskisson did not forget what was due to the Duke of Wellington and to himself. He was greatly applauded.

Brougham lamentably disappointed those who thought he was going to make a long speech. He only said that there had been an important change, but that he should "watch and wait,"



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and that he derived some consolation from the circumstances of the Duke of Wellington still being at the head of the Government, and from Peel declaring that neither our foreign nor domestic policy was to be changed. So ended this affair.

*June 7.*—At last the Byron Monument Committee met, having been summoned by me to Mr. Murray's. We were about thirteen present. My proposal that we should subscribe £1,000, without announcing individual subscriptions, was adopted. So far the project looks well, and I trust I shall have to congratulate myself on having done something to show my attachment to my friend. Tom Moore greeted me very coldly, as usual when he thinks there is nothing to gain by caresses.

*June 14.*—I walked in Kensington Gardens with Lady Julia Hay and sister. A charming day.

*June 16.*—At House of Commons. Went into the Lords, where the Duke of Cumberland was expected to ask the Duke of Wellington some questions about the line intended to be taken by Cabinet about the Catholics, but no question was asked.

The Duke of Wellington said to Lord Jersey, who told me, that they had better ask him no questions, they would get nothing by it.

I went to Lady Jersey's, after dining with Baring Wall. Lord Jersey told me that he



1828. knew for certain Canning had promised the King the Catholic Question should *not* be carried. Of the new peers only one voted for it, Lord Durham. Lord Jersey also told me that, during the late correspondence about Huskisson, Lord Dudley had received a letter from the Duke of Wellington and had answered it. This would have exposed Dudley, but Peel had directions from the Duke not to produce it.

The Duke of Wellington very assiduously gallant at the side of Lady Jersey all the evening.

At House of Commons. Lord Nugent introduced me to La Harpe.<sup>1</sup> He is President of the Pays de Vaud. A very fine-looking, large-built old man, in black, with a Russian ribbon at his buttonhole. He had come by the Rhine steamboat from Switzerland, and had been in England only a week. He was going back the next day, having seen the Courts of Law this morning. He had not gone into the House of Lords.

At dinner at Baring Wall's everybody insisted that the true La Harpe was dead, and had been so for ten years. Such is fame!

*June 18.*—Dined at the great dinner to celebrate the Repeal of the Sacramental Test. The Duke of Sussex in the chair, supported by Lord J.

<sup>1</sup> Frédéric César La Harpe was born in 1754 at Rolle in the Pays de Vaud, but left Switzerland in consequence of the domination of Berne over his own country. He went to Russia and became the tutor of the Grand Dukes Alexander and Constantine. From 1798 he devoted himself to freeing the Pays de Vaud from the domination of Berne, which was accomplished in 1814.



Russell and Lord Holland, and a great many 1828.  
members of both Houses. The whole proceeding was a Catholic rather than a dissenting effort. There was a great crowd and a handsome dinner, and very long graces and a great deal of hypocrisy. The Duke of Sussex eulogised the King's liberality, and about eleven o'clock I left the Rev. Mr. Cox praising and toasting the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishops. This indeed drove me away. I took up my hat and walked off, being the first that moved.

*June 19.*—In this day's *Times* appeared a letter addressed to me signed Byronicus, which the editor has, he says, "authenticated." It attacks me for delaying and even opposing the scheme to raise a monument to Byron, and also for nominating such a committee. The whole bearing of the charge is that I deserted my friend when alive, and have neglected his fame when dead. Now what can be said for the editor of a paper like the *Times* for admitting such an accusation against any man without the slightest attempt to inquire into the facts; and I may add in this instance, without there being the shadow of a pretext for making the charge?

The indistinctness of the imputation renders it irrefutable, and to defend oneself against such an assault it would be necessary to tell how one behaved towards one's friend, which would be almost equally indecent with publishing how well one had conducted oneself to a wife.



1828. Heaven knows that I have nothing to charge myself with in this respect. Had the letter appeared in the *Post* or the *Herald* I could have understood it, but "tu Brute," thou Barnes.

I thought of answering it, but determined to be silent, and to labour on in pursuit of my project, so I went to the sub-committee of the Byron Monument. We agreed to drop the scheme of publishing the Committee subscription in a lump, as we find no one will subscribe without knowing what each of us has given. I wrote to Lord Lansdowne to that effect, he being the man to save whose delicacy I had principally prepared the joint subscription.

*June 21.*—Rode to Whitton and passed a most agreeable day with my sisters, and a very amiable young lady, Lady Julia Hay, youngest sister of the Marquis of Tweeddale.

*June 25.*—Dined at Lord W. Paulet's. Sat next to William Lamb, whose loud abrupt breaker of a laugh and attention to his plate and glass do not bespeak him the clever able man that he certainly is.

Normanby, who was there, was very obstreperous in his mirth, which is not of the most joyous kind notwithstanding, but chiefly consists of little anecdotes of events not worth recording; but he is a good-natured, lively fellow.

I promised to make out an Italian tour for William Lamb.

Went to Lady Dacre's, where was Mlle. Mars,



who is now playing at the Opera House. Though she was in the room, I did not mark her, but mistook Miss Kelly for her. It seems that some of our fine ladies do not think Mlle. Mars proper company, and so would not come to meet her at Lady Dacre's.

*June 26.*—I dined at Boyd Alexander's, in 31, Green Street. There I met a party of young men, Mary Alexander, and Lady Julia Hay. Coming upstairs, I sat in the drawing-room next to the latter lady, and after much conversation made her an offer of marriage, which she accepted.

*June 27.*—Called at Old Burlington Street; saw Lady Julia Hay. She told me she had spoken to Lord John Hay, her brother, and had desired him to communicate with Lord Lauderdale, her uncle.

I called on Lord Lauderdale, who received me very civilly. In the course of our talk he told me Lady Julia had received, as well as her sisters, at his intercession, a pension from the Crown, which would drop at her marriage, and he gave me to understand that Lady Julia had no fortune. I said that was "neither here nor there," and turned the conversation to another subject.

Called again in Burlington Street, and had a most pleasant interview with Lady Julia Hay, who wants to write to Lord Tweeddale to come over to her marriage.



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*June 28.*—Lord John Hay called, and said many pleasing things about his sister's good prospects. He then told me that Lord Lauderdale had told Lady Holland what was likely to happen, so that I shall not keep the secret long.

*June 29.*—Lady Holland sent me a very kind letter of congratulation, which has since been followed up by letters from almost all my friends in terms of more than civility. I am almost ashamed of having such things said to me! The warmth of many, however, has been more than damped by the coolness of one, a very old friend, who has behaved in this as in all other respects with a neglect not so much arising from indifference to others as from overweening attention to himself. Neither he nor his wife, whom I have known now twenty years, has vouchsafed a word, except one casually and the last of all felicitation; but such is the House of —.

*June 30.*—I went to Greenwich with Lady Southampton and a party. Excepting Lord Peterham, there was scarcely a word spoken. Nothing shall tempt me to make a similar trip with formal fops and fine ladies.

*July 2.*—I have found out that the author of *Byronicus* is one Paternoster, the man who sent £40 from Madras for a Byron monument. He has been trying to purchase Byron's letters to Rushton at Newstead, so Wildman tells me; and I have let the editor of the *Times* know this,



and Mr. Barnes has sent me a very civil letter thereupon. 1828.

Dined at Mr. Tynte's. Chief talk about O'Connell, now a candidate for Clare County and likely to beat Vesey Fitzgerald. They say Lord Grey holds decisive language, and says he is prepared to legislate, that is, I presume, to put down O'Connell, Association and all. Aye, aye, you should do those things, not talk of them, as Cæsar said.

*July 4.*—House of Commons. Heard part of debate on abolition of Lieutenant-General of the Ordnance. Sir J. Graham spoke, and made what was called a very good speech. It was personal and sarcastic, and not without point, but I can't say I thought much of it. However, the baronet is a favourite, and has £15,000 a year and the prettiest woman in London for a wife, and is besides really a clever, painstaking, and a prepossessing man. He and Stanley are foremost of the *youngsters*. As for me, I must rouse myself, or these folks will beat the old stagers out of the field. Yet, what is to be done?

I was at a party at Berkeley Square. My bride-elect looking very handsome and very amiable.

*July 6.*—Read Hume's Essay on the Standard of Taste. Delightful reading, but not very satisfactory—that is, one does not rise from it with any very definite notions of the author's opinions. Perhaps the fault is mine.



1828. *July 12.*—Preparing for leaving my rooms and for the great change—the greatest of all, save one.

*July 16.*—Dined at Ellice's. Lord Aberdeen says a man may be very happy under institutions quite different from ours, and we ought not to be bigoted to our own forms of Government!

*July 23.*—Went to Doctors' Commons about a special licence, which I shall have some difficulty in procuring in consequence of the death of the Archbishop of Canterbury. Went down to Isleworth with Lady Julia Hay and her cousin, and dined with Lord and Lady Hay. A very wet day, and cloudy in more senses than one.

*July 24.*—Dined at Sir A. C. Grant's, Chairman of Ways and Means. He makes good cheer. Met official people—W. Peel, Horace Twiss, George Bankes, T. P. Courtenay, Henley Eden, Leslie Forster, etc. All good-natured sort of people, but I think the tone lower than amongst our Whig friends. Horace Twiss talked the most freely and the most foolishly, chiefly about his being ill-treated at his early efforts in Parliament.

*July 26.*—Signed marriage settlement in Berkeley Square. Lady Julia Hay will have nearly £2,000 a year if I die before her, which I shall most assuredly.

*July 28.*—At nine o'clock I went with George Spencer to No. 3, Cumberland Place, the house of Lady Hannah Tharpe, which Lord Tweeddale had procured for the occasion. There I found



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the members of the Hay family already assembled, and shortly afterwards came my family, with Kinnaird and Baillie also as my friends. We waited more than half an hour for Sir F. Burdett, whom Lord Tweeddale had particularly wished to invite. When he came, a little before ten, we were all ranged in our proper places. The company came in, and Lord Tweeddale supported Lady Julia to the sofa, which was fitted up like an altar. Poor thing, she was dreadfully alarmed. Spencer performed the ceremony as speedily as might be, and I was married. Thus occurred the event which had more influence on my life than any other.

My father lent me Whitton Park for the occasion, and at that place I passed my time until the 11th of August.

*July 31.*—Lord Tweeddale and Lord John Hay at Whitton. They dined with us. Lord Tweeddale dined with the Duke of Wellington the other day. His principal conversation was about saving money for the nation, and quite peaceable. The expedition of the French to the Morea and of the Russians towards Constantinople seem not to disturb him at all. The Duke said to Lord Tweeddale of me, “He is a d—— good fellow.” Indeed, I have heard so much praise of myself lately which I feel I do not deserve, that if I did not hope some might come right at last, I should be tempted to re-echo the exclamation of Brutus and Sir John Cutler. In public matters, however,



1828. I do think I am as honest as a man can be in an unreformed Parliament. It has come round to me from several quarters that Lady Julia says she enjoys perfect happiness!

*August 4.*—We went up to London. I went to Foreign Office for a passport, and was told I must get a recommendation from my banker. I thought this odd, but I did not tell my name for fear the secretary should say, "Well, sir, what of that?" However, Frederick Byng, whom I saw afterwards, told me the secretary was an ass and I should have the passport next day. I wrote to Jones and Lloyd for a recommendation, however.

*August 7.*—I find being married sits as yet very easily upon me.

*August 9.*—I rode to London to meet Hanson on the business of Byron's executorship. Completed my arrangements for going abroad.

*August 10.*—I write the journal of a fortnight, and as I am about to leave Whitton to-morrow in order to proceed to the Continent, I close this book which contains by far the most eventful portion of my former domestic history.

Oh! the importance of a man to himself.



## CHAPTER VII

FROM BOOK, "RECOLLECTIONS."

1828.

My wife and I crossed over to Calais on August 12. From Calais we went by Péronne and Laon to Rheims.

On August 18 we arrived at Châtillon-sur-Seine, and visited the château of Marshal Marmont. The old man who showed us the place said he heard the cannon at nine leagues off, during the sitting of the Congress in 1814. We reached Secheron on August 21.

The next morning I walked down to the banks of the lake, and looked for a little time across the water to find out the Villa Diodati on the other side. At last I recognised the site of it by discovering the little boat-house where Byron used to embark on his water excursions. And I soon discovered the balcony of the villa itself, where he and I had so often strolled together, gazing at the lake and talking of old days. I saw that the shops at Geneva had got a picture of the villa, and described it as the residence of Byron. I had never seen it since he and I set out for Italy together in 1816. We drove over with Lord and Lady Tweeddale to



1828. the other side of the lake, and went by the back of the Villa Diodati, and found nothing changed but myself.

Lord Tweeddale and his family resided at "Les Délices," and they made our short stay most agreeable to Lady Julia and myself. We dined in the long gallery in which Voltaire used to have his plays acted. His bedroom was a little beyond the gallery. At Les Délices I saw Tronchin, son of the celebrated physician; and I also was introduced to Simond, the traveller,<sup>1</sup> who had just published a book about Italy. I thought him a very agreeable and well-informed man.

#### FROM DIARY.

*August 25.*—Simond seemed to have a great distaste for Buonaparte. He had heard from Lacoste, the guide who was with Napoleon during the whole of the battle of Waterloo, that Napoleon was the first to leave the battle with about fifty others. After his services had been employed up to the very end of the day, and he had put the runaways into the road, some one put a Napoleon into his hand and dismissed him. When he went home he found his house burnt to the

<sup>1</sup> Louis Simond (1767–1831) was born at Lyons, and claimed descent from the Sismondi family. He went to America during the revolt of the Colonies, and afterwards came to England, returning to France with Louis XVIII. He wrote "*Voyage d'un Français en Angleterre en 1810–11*," "*Voyage en Suisse*," and "*Voyage en Italie et Sicile*."



ground, and his wife and family were nowhere 1828.  
to be seen. He was obliged to hide himself for  
fear of the Allies, and it was long before he  
knew what had become of his family.

Simond heard this story from Lacoste not a  
long time after the battle.

FROM BOOK, "RECOLLECTIONS."

Going to Bex, we saw by the way Clarens and  
Chillon. The woman who showed Chillon pointed  
out to us "Monsieur Lord Byron's" name.

The situation of Bex itself is the most striking  
of a region abounding in stupendous scenery.  
The snow-capped Dent du Midi, and the Dent de  
Morcles overhanging the town, close up the valley  
of the Rhône, which rushes through a narrow  
chasm, scarcely, in appearance, two leaps of a  
good horse in breadth.

I wished much to see my sister Catherine  
Fane, and, leaving Lady Julia at the Leuk  
Baths, I hired a mule and a guide to cross  
the Gemmi to Kandersteg. I have walked and  
ridden over many mountain-passes, and never  
encountered so much of fatigue or of peril in  
my life as when crossing the Gemmi. Simond  
is quite justified in calling this the most extra-  
ordinary of all the passes of the Alps. It certainly  
seemed to me to be the most so of all I had ever  
seen; yet I saw an English lady and gentleman  
descending these ledges in places where I had  
not a head which would permit me to look either



1828, up or down. I arrived at Kandersteg in four hours and a half from the Baths. I started from Kandersteg the next morning, in a car, for Spiez on the Lake of Thun, and looking back from Frutigen, down a valley on the right, saw the Jungfrau, one mighty glacier, glittering in the morning sun. From Spiez, a little inn with a château on a knoll overlooking a small bay of the Lake of Thun, I went in a boat to Neuhaus—a passage of about two hours; and I then walked in a little less than an hour to Unterseen and Interlaken.

I dined and passed the evening with my sister Catherine Fane and her husband, and the day following I recrossed the Gemmi to Leuk.

On September 1 we got into the Simplon Road, and after passing the valley of the Doveria, the scene changed at once and we were in Italy. My fellow-traveller had never before visited these enchanting scenes, and was delighted with them; and I, even I, was as much charmed as when I last saw them!

On September 6 we went to Milan, and visited the usual sights. I found nothing new in this beautiful city, except that English books were much more common than formerly. I heard, indeed, that there were four teachers of English in Milan. Walter Scott and Thomas Moore were to be bought—Byron not, but his works are occasionally smuggled into the shops, and are to be bought clandestinely.



At Reggio<sup>1</sup> we were asked for our passports both going in and out of this "regia città." 1828.

We stayed at Bologna long enough to renew my acquaintance with Mezzofanti. I saw the tablet recording in Greek the virtues and accomplishments of the Signora Tambroni. She had been succeeded in the Greek professorship by Mezzofanti.

On September 15 we quitted Bologna and continued our journey to Rimini. We did not get sight of the Adriatic until within ten minutes' drive of Rimini, which does not sit by the sea, as it did in the days of Dante, but very near it.

From Rimini we had a view of the hill of San Marino, rising like a huge wave of rock in the distant plain. Some years afterwards I was chosen a citizen of this pigmy republic, and the document conferring this distinction upon me will be found amongst my papers.

At Foligno I resolved to visit my sister the Contessa Ranghiasci Brancaleone, and accordingly I rode over the hills to Gubbio.

I passed the evening with my sister and her husband, in the huge palace belonging to the Count, which occupied one side of the public square. It was decorated by the two great Roman escutcheons, with the S.P.Q.R. over his door. He was the great man of Gubbio, and was kind enough to have the town-hall lighted up for

<sup>1</sup> Reggio nel' Emilia, the birthplace of Ariosto, not to be confused with Reggio di Calabria.



1828. me, in order that I might see the Eugubian<sup>1</sup> Tables. I did see them; but came away no wiser than before. The other curiosity of the Gubbio town-hall is an autograph of Dante. This I did not see; but I did see the house in which the "Altissimo Poeta" lived.

I passed the night at Gubbio, and on the next day (September 22) the Count and my sister took me in their carriage to the foot of the hills.

On September 23 we left Foligno and travelled on to Terni. Before leaving Terni I took Julia to see the Falls of the Velino. We came back from this glorious spectacle early enough to allow us to go on to Civita Castellana the same evening.

We left Civita Castellana on September 29, and travelling by Nepi, Monterosa, Baccano, and La Storta, arrived at Rome. All the impressions made upon me at my two former visits were renewed; but the smoke of some kilns, or brush-wood on fire, enveloped the Monte Mario and the Vatican, so as to spoil our view of the great city until we came near the Tiber, when all I had before seen with so much delight again burst upon me.

On December 2 I dined with Chateaubriand,

<sup>1</sup> These are seven bronze tablets discovered in a temple of Jupiter Apenninus at Scheggia, which is supposed to have been the religious centre of the Umbrians. They are inscribed partly in Etruscan and partly in Latin characters, and are supposed to be the rules of a college of priests, the *Fratres Atredii*, dating from the first or second century B.C.



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at that time French Ambassador at Rome. His Excellency was most pleasing and very courteous; but the dinner was very formal, and scarcely a word was spoken much above a whisper. After dinner, however, our host talked a great deal to me privately. He said he thought "there would be no serious opposition to the then French Ministers, except what might be called a personal antagonism. The two ordinances of July had taken away all motives for political opposition. I," continued he, "was, as you know, in opposition; now I am here. The same change has occurred to others. The only complaint against the Ministers is that they are feeble." I said, "A feeble Ministry was good for a country; for all Ministers were, more or less, enemies of the people, and the weaker they were, the better it was for the nation." Chateaubriand said, "You say what is perfectly true." I added that "In war a strong Ministry might be required to oppose an active and powerful enemy." "Ah," said he, "*alors comme alors*, but your general rule applies even then."

I asked him "if Villèle would ever be uppermost again." "Jamais, jamais," said he, and then said several very severe things against him. We then talked a good deal of the affairs of Greece, and he remarked that the interference of the French nation in favour of Greece was highly honourable to them. He then read to me part of a despatch which he had just received, giving an



1828. account of the taking of Silistria by the Russians. This was the last time I ever saw this celebrated personage.

On December 4 we left Rome for Naples, where we arrived on December 6. We visited the neighbouring wonders—ascended Vesuvius, devoted a day to Pompeii, and half a day to Herculaneum.

Leaving Naples on the 14th of December, we travelled to Mola di Gaeta, and passed a most delightful evening, rambling amongst the orange gardens and half-buried ruins of brickwork on the seashore. These are given to Cicero—to whom all things at Mola are assigned. I was inclined to cherish the fiction, and in the evening I read to Julia the noble letter in which the great and good man explains the reasons which induced him to live, after the defeat of his friends and the ruin of his hopes. It is the one beginning "*Per-sæpe mihi cogitanti de communibus miseriis,*" etc. Two statues of him had been discovered—one lately at Pompeii.

On December 16 we once more arrived in Rome. The next day I took Julia to Tivoli, and passed the evening and part of the next day there. We went to the so-called Villa of Mæcenæ, once belonging to Lucien Buonaparte; and also to the Villa Adriana.

Coming back to Rome, I found Mr. Campbell<sup>1</sup> the sculptor there. He took me to see some

<sup>1</sup> His bust of Lord Broughton is now at 42, Berkeley Square.



1828.

pictures by Turner. An ignorant man like myself would find it difficult to believe them to be the production of the very first of living painters. The chief of these strange compositions, called the Vision of Medea, was a glaring, extravagant daub, which might be mistaken for a joke—and a bad joke too. Mr. Campbell told us that the Romans who had seen these pictures were filled with wonder and pity; some of the German artists here talked of trying to outdo these specimens of the low sublime.

We passed our last evening at Rome in company with my wife's family, of whom we took leave. The next day, December 23, we left Rome, and on December 26 the beautiful city of Florence came in sight. During our stay at Florence I saw a good deal of my excellent friend Cosimo Buonarrotti, and had from him much valuable information.

He told me many curious particulars of the state of society, and the political character of the Tuscans. He confessed that, on the whole, their condition was enviable when compared with that of other Italians; but he spoke in very disparaging terms of the priesthood, and told me that, if he were a member of the English Parliament, he should have great difficulty in voting for Catholic Emancipation. My friend showed me his autographs of Michael Angelo, and told me that his grandfather was a driveller before he died, and parted with some of his great ancestor's sketches, which fell into the hands of Vicard at Rome.



1829. We took leave of Florence on January 1, 1829,—

“Matre pulchra filia pulchrior,”—

and went to Pisa. The road for the first part took us through a sort of suburb, then near the Arno flowing slowly between lofty banks, but showing, at every opening in the hills, a country sprinkled with hamlets and single houses, with groves of mulberry trees and vineyards around them, crowned with the high pines so frequently seen in this part of Italy. Then we had on our right the dark outlines of the Tuscan Apennines, and, rising above them, we saw the snow-capped mountains of the Modenese territory. The last two stages we went across a flat country, approaching the point of the hills on the other side of the Arno, which we had seen all the way from Florence. This part of our journey was most delightful—the sun was bright, the sky without a cloud, the corn-fields were green, the olive-groves fresh and loaded with fruit. The people we met were well-dressed, civil, and seemed willing to oblige. Indeed they appeared somewhat inquisitive to those coming from the Roman States, where a traveller excites no movement except among the beggars; of these we saw none, except when we approached Pisa, and there we saw more than we had seen in all our previous journey through Tuscany.

Before retiring for the night I went to look at the Lanfranchi Palace. There it was that in



September 1822 I saw Byron for the last time— 1829.  
alive.

We approached the mountains beyond Lucca by a straight level road, and then through a country like a well-peopled garden, with high Apennines to our right and smaller hills all around us. At Massa we came to a green meadow and a marsh, with the mountains close overhead. We passed the evening at Sarzana, and walked to the old castle above the town. The evening was fine, and the landscape was lighted up by the last blaze of the sun descending into a sea of burnished gold.

We left Sarzana for Chiavari. The road was much better and safer than when I travelled it in 1822, but the unguarded precipices were still too near the wheels of our carriage.

Going on to Rapallo the scenery was, if possible, more beautiful than before. We left Rapallo for Recco, and crossed the ridge on the heights which stretched away to Porto Fino. The road ran through a gallery cut in the rock, and at the further end of this, as through a vast telescope, we saw Genoa in all her glory. This was ten minutes to one o'clock, and I noted the time because I thought this the finest prospect I had ever seen in my life.

Leaving Genoa on January 7, we went on to Turin. We watched the sun sinking over Monte Viso, whose dark spire rose out of a sea of flame, whilst the opposite snow-cragg to the



1829. north-east were glowing in all the hues of reflected light, from the brightest saffron to the pale purple and green of a winter evening. The Po was flowing through the snow at our feet, dyed with the tinges of twilight; and the towers and palaces of Turin sparkled in the distance before us. We were charmed with the magnificence and novelty of the scene, and were sorry when we arrived in the Sardinian capital.

We stayed only one day in Turin, and went to Susa. We heard that the courier had passed the Mont Cenis the night before, and resolved to attempt the same exploit ourselves. After encountering the usual difficulties of a mountain journey in the snow, such as being buried and dug out again more than once, and proceeding step by step—our carriage supported and pulled along by men, the horses being altogether powerless—we did at last get to the top of the pass. On the plateau of the mountain we found rather less snow than on the ascent; and the man who gave us back our passport said, “If you had come in the summer you would have found flowers here.”

We arrived at the Mont Cenis inn and post-house at twelve o'clock, and remained there half an hour. Whilst changing our horses at Lanslebourg the old woman of a hundred years came to our carriage with the testimonials of her age. She did not seem a day older than when I saw her in 1822.

On January 21 we entered Paris, where we



stayed just long enough to enable me to see 1829.  
Constant and General Lafayette.

FROM DIARY.

*January 27.*—The Chambers met to-day. King's Speech quite liberal. Congratulated the nation on the perfect liberty of the press, which must be a hard morsel for a sovereign to swallow, considering how short a time ago the censorship was established by his brother and supported by himself; but all agree that Charles X. is a good man, "brave homme."

In the evening I went to a party at Lafayette's. I find people satisfied with the King's Speech, and some one said it was a good sign when kings were obliged to make long speeches.

I had a good deal of conversation with some one who knew me in 1815, and who told me, amongst other things, that such was Napoleon's dislike of the people in a nation that, when the French overran the Russian provinces, they prevented the peasants from making any attempt against the Government or the higher orders. My informant was in the Russian campaign, and knew the fact.

Lafayette told me that he thought the Liberal party would carry all they wanted, except the nomination of the mayors, which the Court party would still retain for some time.

FROM BOOK, "RECOLLECTIONS."

We travelled from Paris to Calais, where we



1829. were detained by the weather two days. We crossed on the 2nd of February; and amongst the passengers in our steamboat was Lord Palmerston. With him I had some talk on domestic politics. He "talked" Liberal, just as well and as freely as if he had played that part all his life. I expressed my surprise at some of the new appointments; for example, Goulburn to the Exchequer. "Oh," replied Lord Palmerston, "he is a friend of Peel's." "But is he qualified for the place?" I asked. "I suppose," said Lord Palmerston, "there is no great mystery in it; nor in any other place." As for the Catholic Question, he had heard the Duke of Wellington say, "It is all d—— nonsense." He thought O'Connell and the Association "were justified in their clamour. He did not know how Lord F. Leveson Gower could continue in his place as Irish Secretary, if Catholic Emancipation was not granted; but he did not see how Peel could consent to change his opinions, and, if he would not, and the Duke resolved on conceding the question, he would be forced to apply to the Whigs, or the friends of Huskisson, or both." The late Secretary at War had no suspicion of what was to be announced only three days after our conversation.

#### FROM DIARY.

*February 2.*—Thus concluded my Continental Tour, which I rather foresee will be my last visit to foreign lands, for I am tired of travelling.



## CHAPTER VIII

FROM BOOK, "RECOLLECTIONS."

1829.

*February 5.*—Parliament met. Going to the House of Commons, I heard the great news that in the Royal Speech the King had recommended the adjustment of the Catholic Question.

I found our friends in ecstasies, and quite satisfied. They treated the recommendation to put down the Catholic Association as a preliminary to Catholic Emancipation, as a mere formality.

Of course the Parliamentary debates must give a fair report of what passed on this memorable 5th of February, but the impression made upon me may not be unacceptable to those who take an interest in contemporary feelings and opinions.

The Speaker read the Speech. Lord Clive<sup>1</sup> moved the Address in a speech of moderation; he attributed his new opinions of the necessity for adjusting the Catholic Question to his confidence in the Duke and Peel. Young Lord Corry spoke well and liberally. Sir Joseph Yorke buffooned a little, but ended by advising

The great-grandson of Robert, Baron Clive of Plassey. He succeeded his father as 2nd Earl of Powis in 1839.



1829. the Catholic Association to dissolve itself. Henry Banks made a strong anti-Catholic speech. Inglis made a crazy and laughable harangue, which, however, may procure him the representation of Oxford.

Peel made a lame speech, but he could do no other than he did. His reasons for changing his line of conduct, as to the Catholics, were such as I had heard a thousand times urged by the friends of Emancipation, and which applied to former as well as to present circumstances. He stated that he had been prepared to retire from office in August last, but he found that his retirement would be prejudicial to the proposed settlement; and he remained a Minister, in spite of all he might suffer from the charge of insincerity. He said that the principal object of the intended measure would be the removal of all disqualifications on account of religious belief. Here we gave a great shout, and, indeed, we cheered our convert as much as we could, although we could not help smiling to hear from his mouth arguments which he had so often opposed and attempted to answer.

Huskisson and Grant and their squadron looked very silly and fidgety; for the surrender of Peel was the death-blow to their hopes.

FROM DIARY.

*February 8.*—Peel has tendered the resignation of his seat for the University of Oxford.



1829.

I had some conversation with Lord Althorp and one or two others as to what ought to be done by us when the Bill for suppressing the Association should be introduced. Burdett told me he should do nothing, but gulp the measure, for the sake of carrying the great question.

*February 9.*—I went to the House of Commons this afternoon, and found the extraordinary change of sentiment in Peel had produced the strongest sensation I ever recollected in Parliament. Some of the anti-Catholic supporters of Government all but frantic. Sir T. Gooch said that he, having confidence in Ministers that nothing would be done for the Catholics, had advised his county not to petition; now he felt himself in a disagreeable predicament. Indeed, those who have been reposing such confidence in Ministers must feel not a little foolish and consequently angry. Several anti-Catholic petitions were presented, and people were anxious to see what line would be taken by the different members.

Mr. Jonathan Peel of Norwich declared himself an anti-Catholic, and made a speech which he might well have left alone, although much of it was undeniably true. Peel was sitting directly under his brother, and appeared unmoved. He made a speech afterwards, but took no notice of Jonathan.

*February 10.*—At the House of Commons. Peel introduced his Bill for the suppression of the Catholic Association. His speech was rather a



1829. recommendation of passing the Catholic Relief Bill than directed against the Irish agitator. He took this line on purpose to please the Whigs. Huskisson and Palmerston both said that the Bill was an infringement of the Constitution, but supported the measure. Fine gentlemen these to be so tender of the Constitution!

Henry Banks made a furious speech against Peel, concluding with these words, "Quis credat aut cui credas?" Peel ended the debate and gave Banks a complete setdown, by showing that in 1811 Banks himself had voted for the Catholics, and had stated that consistency ought not to be a point of honour where the public safety was concerned. We gave a tremendous shout. Banks tried to explain, and called Peel "the honourable member," but it would not do. The odious man was defeated altogether.

*February 12.*—The second reading of the Suppression Bill. I made a short speech, protesting against the principle, but agreeing not to oppose. I called on Ministers to say they staked their Government on it, as the only way of determining the wavering Peers. In that House the Opposition is growing formidable. The Bishops, who have been said to have given in, have declared against the measure. Colonel Cooke hinted to me that the King was adverse. The anti-Catholics are trying to play that game, but the Duke of Wellington's boldness in the Lords will disconcert them. He speaks most decisively, yet even



he does not like to use the words "Catholic Emancipation." 1829.

Peel, in answer to me, denied that the Suppression Bill was permanent, but it turns out he was wrong. The Bill was permanent so far as the Association was concerned.

*February 16.*—News of voluntary dissolution of Catholic Association. Colonel George Fitzclarence told me to-day that he knew all was right at Windsor. The anti-Catholic fury in our House is expiring; but the Lords are raving. Lord Winchilsea calls us degenerate senators. Lord Colchester advises a dissolution of Parliament. The anti-Catholic press is furious, and abuses Wellington and Peel in good set terms.

*February 25.*—Lord Grey spoke to me to-day on the changes, and he said he had thought it his duty to praise Peel; and that he always thought the Duke of Wellington would do what he has done, but not so soon.

*February 27.*—I hear from my brother Henry at Oxford that Peel will be beat. The clergy do not like to fly in the face of their recent declaration against the Catholics, and from a point of honour are forced, as it were, to vote against Peel. Yet the majority are, in their hearts, in favour of Peel. On the other hand Peel has much local interest at Oxford, and many vote for him who are not favourable to the Catholics, so that the real question cannot be fairly tried there at this time.



1829. *February 28.*—Peel's cause hopeless, so farewell to the hitherto happy union between Peel and the Church. Perhaps this conclusion is better for the country than Peel's triumph, at least if it does not injure the Bill in the Lords. Peel ought either not to have resigned until his Bill had been known, and the effect partially seen, or if he did resign he ought not to have been a candidate again. This was Peel's own view of the case, but he was over-persuaded by his personal friends, who, when they received the requisition from Christ Church, thought the whole of the College would go for them. A woful mistake!

O'Connell was fool enough to canvass for Peel, and O'Gorman Mahon, the Irish delegate, actually came down to Oxford in one of Peel's coaches. Luckily he was not discovered, or he would have lost Peel many votes and perhaps his own life. The King's name was hissed; and so strong was the anti-Catholic feeling, that it was wonderful Peel polled so many votes—above 550.

*March 2.*—I see no signs yet of Protestant fury or folly in London; yet Lord Carnarvon talked to me at Brooks's in a very melancholy tone, as if all was not right at Windsor.

I attended a public meeting at Marylebone, and explained the measure which I intended to introduce into Parliament for abolishing Select Vestries.



I dined at the Raleigh. Marsden<sup>1</sup> told me that when he first left England in 1770, he sailed nineteen weeks without seeing land, till they got to the heights of Bencoolen. The captain and officers sailed the ship only by the log, and, according to their computation, ought to have been near the heart of New Holland! Marsden and one or two other young men recommended the use of lunar observations according to Maskelyne's Tables, then just known; they were laughed at!

If the progress of science is so slow, no wonder that great political truths require much time to reconcile the majority of any nation for their adoption.

Sir John Barrow told us that, when Mr. Windham was Secretary of State, he called at the Colonial Office to explain something relative to the Cape of Good Hope. He found the Secretary walking about the room, in great perturbation, with his shirt-collar open. He asked Barrow many hurried questions, confessing his total ignorance on the subject, and during the conversation continued in the same disordered state, more resembling a madman than any one in his sober senses.

Against this portrait I cannot refrain from recording what I saw, when the roof of West-

<sup>1</sup> William Marsden, a distinguished Oriental scholar and traveller. He was born in 1754, and entered the East India Company's service in 1770; Secretary to the Admiralty 1804; wrote a "History of Sumatra"; died 1836.



1829. minster Abbey was on fire. I was at school at the time, and the boys all ran to see whether they could be of any use in extinguishing the flames. Windham came to help us; he ranged us in two lines to convey the water-buckets to the engines, and gave us every encouragement both by his assistance and by his voice. I could fancy that I hear now his sharp piercing cry of "Well done, Westminster! well done! Go on! go on!" Whatever good we did was much owing to his help and superintendence.

*March 5.*—This was the great day fixed for bringing forward the Catholic Relief Bill. There was scarcely a seat to be had in the House.

Peel spoke for four hours and a quarter—admirably—indeed a great deal better than I had ever heard him before; for, although there was nothing new in his arguments, yet he gave ingenious turns to many points, and his concluding sentences were in the highest degree oratorical and affecting. At the same time it was difficult to believe our senses, and that this was the Protestant champion, Robert Peel. He laid down the broadest principles of total emancipation, and abolition of religious distinctions, as the basis of his measure; and he rejected one security after another with the utmost courage and composure. Lord Sefton, sitting next to me, said to me, in his manner, every now and then: "My G——! did you ever hear anything like



that? There he goes, bowling them down, one after another—Wilmot Horton and all.” 1829.

The disfranchisement of the forty-shilling freeholders was, of course, very unpalatable to us. But we did not show our discontent; on the contrary, we cheered him, long and loudly, and when he sat down, the *Times* says our applauses were heard in Westminster Hall.

Inglis made a very violent speech, and attacked the Duke of Wellington as being a man capable only of dealing with brute force. Secretary Sir George Murray answered this taunt in one of the most affecting and effective speeches ever heard. His allusion to the total absence of all religious differences in the army, as compared with the intolerance to be found in civil society, and, particularly, amongst those who ought to be the ministers of peace, was finished eloquence of the highest character.

*March 6.*—About 45 Members of Parliament assembled at Sir Francis Burdett's to discuss the Forty-shilling Disfranchisement Bill. We agreed to content ourselves with a protest against the Disfranchisement Bill, and assist Ministers to the utmost of our power. As I had supported Burdett's Disfranchisement Bill in 1825, our friends listened to me with much attention, and I had no mean share in the conclusion to which we finally came.

I went to the House of Commons at half-past eight, and found Brougham, as agreed, had made



1820. a short speech supporting Ministers, but protesting against the Disfranchisement Bill. The anti-Catholics made an attempt to adjourn the debate again. This I had the good fortune to defeat by a short speech, in which I said we might as well divide on the question of adjournment as on any other, as it would, equally well, show the sense of the House. None of our side spoke, and we divided at a quarter past two in the morning. The lobby was so full that some of us were near fainting, myself amongst them. We had 348, but the minority was 160, larger than we anticipated.

*March 10.*—Peel brought in both the Bills without opposition. The debates in the Lords very violent. The Duke of Wellington was most manful, and gave great encouragement to his friends by declaring that the Relief Bill had the King's cordial support.

*March 12.*—I went to Brooks's, and learnt that the Lowthers have resigned, but are not out as yet. Sir A. C. Grant's case is singular. He was brought in by Peel for a seat of the Duke of Newcastle's, purposely to vote *against* the Catholics. Now he is himself indifferent. What is he to do?

FROM BOOK, "RECOLLECTIONS."

The Catholic Relief Bill occupied Tuesday, the 17th of March, and the following day. On the first of these days I thought Knatchbull and



Sadler had the best of the debate; but on the following day Robert Grant and Lord Palmerston made excellent speeches; and then Attorney-General Wetherell made one of the most vulgar, and violent, and personal speeches I ever heard in any assembly. Amongst other "facts" he told us that Peel, only seven days before the session opened, had asked him to draw the Catholic Bill, at which period, Wetherell said, he knew nothing of the intentions of the Government. He spoke for two hours, most part of the time like a man "possessed," and was most obstreperously cheered when he sat down. Some of us had been urging Sir James Mackintosh to speak, but he went across the House and asked Peel what his wishes were. Peel said he wished to answer Wetherell himself. He did so; and, after charging the Attorney-General with a breach of confidence, made a very good speech. Wetherell rose, and said "it was untrue that he had been guilty of a breach of confidence, for he had not told any part of the conversation." Peel very coolly replied that "his telling the date of the conversation was telling everything," and so it was: and Mackintosh whispered to me, that he thought it "the most aggravated breach of confidence that he had ever heard of."

We divided 353 to 173; our numbers were rather diminished by the absence of some lawyers on circuit, and by certain peers having turned out their members to replace them by enemies



1829. of Catholic Emancipation. These personages seemed resolved to stick at nothing. Lord Winchilsea published a letter withdrawing his name from King's College in London, and assigning motives personally offensive to some of the Ministers in Parliament, and to the higher Clergy, whom he accused of "betraying the cause of scriptural truth."

*March* 19.—Mr. Palmer, M.P. for Surrey, presented the so-called London and Westminster anti-Catholic Petition, said to be signed by 113,000 householders of those cities and the parts adjacent. On this occasion I made a short speech, stating that, in that case, the petition contained more than double the number of householders to be found in London and Westminster, and added that, if the electors of Westminster were against Catholic Emancipation, I was not fit to be their member.

Amongst the mad freaks of the anti-Catholics must be reckoned Lord Winchilsea's encounter with the Duke of Wellington. It is difficult at this time of day, so many years since the change of opinion, and of usage, in regard to duelling, to give an impartial judgment on this transaction. The offensive phrase, as I was given to understand, in Lord Winchilsea's speech, was about the Duke "appearing in the new light as the protector of morality and religion."

It seems that the Duke thought it impossible to disregard the insult conveyed by the expres-



sions in question, and that, when Lord Winchilsea refused to retract them, he was very much in earnest about what he was doing; for he said to Hardinge, "Don't let him stand so near the ditch, or he'll tumble into it if I shoot him." And it is now well known that, after the Duke fired, and Lord Winchilsea had consented to retract his words, the Duke, looking at the paper brought to him by Lord Falmouth, said, "This is no apology," and insisted on the alteration of it, to which Lord Falmouth persuaded Lord Winchilsea to consent. After the affair was over, the Duke said to Hardinge, "I only fired at his legs."

Duelling, like bull-baiting, prize-fighting, cock-fighting, and other barbarous usages, had its rules, which could not be transgressed without some amount of censure; and I believe that it was not reckoned fair for the person accused to terminate the duel before he had exposed himself to two shots; and on the Monday following this business, as the Speaker and myself were talking it over in his library, he remarked that Lord Winchilsea had no right to fire in the air, but ought to have received the Duke's second fire. I confess that was my opinion at the time; and, after standing the two shots, I would not have retracted. The fact was, neither party gained much credit by the transaction.

FROM DIARY.

*March 23.*—I had a great deal of conversation



1829. with the Speaker. He said he hoped the Bill in the Lords would be carried not by a large majority, as it would lower that House too much, considering the past votes of the Peers.

*March 30.*—The Catholic Relief Bill, after a poor debate, in which Mr. W. Bankes, Member for Marlborough, made a most successful speech, was read a third time by a majority of 320 to 142, and passed. When the Speaker put the question, "That Mr. Secretary Peel do carry this Bill to the Lords, and ask their Lordships' concurrence," we set up a loud shout, and walked away in great glee.

Thus ended the last discussion that probably will ever take place on this great question in the House of Commons. None of our Whig friends spoke, and except myself I believe no one was prepared to speak. Indeed, we were anxious to finish the debate in one night, and to that desire sacrificed any little wish to have a share in the discussion and partake, as it were, of the last struggle for this glorious victory.

The whole result was very satisfactory, except that the gross blunders and perversions of history by Wetherell were not exposed as they ought to have been.

*March 31.*—At 5 o'clock I accompanied Mr. Peel with the Catholic Relief Bill to the House of Lords. We had nearly 100 members in attendance. Fyshe Palmer, Robert Wilson, and Dawson of the Treasury, were next to Peel, and



1829.

the anti-Catholic journals took care to make their names the most prominent, as if to confound the Secretary with the radicals and apostates. Certainly to see Peel with a Catholic Emancipation Bill in his hand was not to be conceived within the possibilities of chance, but there he was, and there too was Lord Chancellor Lyndhurst, taking the Bill from the convert with his well-known smile. There was a cheer in the Lords when the title of the Bill was read.

The Duke of Wellington moved the first reading and then fixed the second reading for Thursday. There was a warm discussion in which Lord Malmesbury and several others objected to *this great haste*, as they called it, but Holland answered them most successfully, and the Duke had his way.

*April 2.*—At 4 o'clock on this day I went to the door of the House of Lords, and was much squeezed by the crowd there for an hour before and after the Commons entered. The steps of the throne were half covered with ladies. I had never heard the Duke speak before, and was much struck with the man and with the occasion—both the one and the other being such as history has seldom, if ever, furnished. The Duke spoke slowly but without hesitation or embarrassment of any kind. He did not refer to notes at all, and only once read from a paper containing an extract from the Journals of the Scottish Parliament. His speech was clear and satisfactory in



1829. every part, except perhaps when he referred to the Revolution settlement, when he did not appear quite at home.

The most striking part of his speech was when he alluded to his own experience of the horrors of civil war, and said that he would willingly lay down his life to avoid one month of it. The effect of this in the mouth of the great soldier was visible in all who heard him. The words were not the boasting of an orator, but the expression of real feeling from one who had seen thousands die around him, and was, as Lord Grey afterwards said, "red with the blood of a hundred battles."

The Duke spoke for an hour and a quarter; and certainly very few of the most experienced talkers in either House of Parliament could have acquitted themselves so well. He was looking very well. His action was not vehement; but, now and then, was energetic. For the most part he spoke with arms folded. I heard people talk of his iron manner, but the phrase was borrowed perhaps more from his former life than his present appearance.

I stayed just long enough to hear the Archbishop of Canterbury, a poor creature, declare his intention of voting against the motion, and then left the House almost suffocated with heat.

*April 5.*—The division on the Catholic Bill took place in the Lords last night, when, to the great surprise of all, towards the end of the



discussion the Duke had a majority of 105. Now 1829.  
I had never heard of a majority higher than 95, and the general notion was that there would be no more than between 70 and 80. Ten bishops voted for the Bill, and the Bishop of Oxford spoke powerfully for it. The general result is that 59 Peers of Parliament seem to have been converted since the last vote in 1828. Never did State necessity work such wonders! In spite, too, of the known disinclination of the sovereign. The poor King is still subject to the visits of Lord Eldon and the Duke of Newcastle, and to compunctions of his own terrified conscience. It is certain that the Duke of Wellington did not declare to the King the intention of the Cabinet until a week before the meeting of Parliament. The King then asked Peel if he could form an anti-Catholic Ministry, and on hearing that no such thing could be done His Majesty gave in, but insisted on Peel's staying in office, to make the apology for the King and the Cabinet in the House of Commons.

The Duke of Wellington said the other day, "I never heard of such odd fellows as these Lords; they blame me for what I thought they would like—keeping a secret."

*April 10.*—Mr. Halcomb's procession to Windsor consisted of two postchaises; and the Protestant people at Hyde Park Corner amounted to something between 150 souls, who laughed when addressed by their great champion.



1829. *April 11.*—The third reading of the Catholic Emancipation Bill was carried in the Lords last night by a majority of 104. The one who voted before and who did not vote now was the Duke of Rutland.

Just as the vote was over the Duke of Wellington came up to Lord Duncannon, who was standing with Mrs. Fox Lane, and said gaily, "Well, I said I would do it, and I have done it handsomely, have I not?"

Lord Eldon made a two hours and a half speech, very malicious and very canting, taking leave of public life. Lord Winchilsea said he would never enter the House of Lords again. Lord Grey's speech was much extolled, but I thought it commonplace, as all his usually are. Lord Plunket's speech was thought not equal to his House of Commons efforts. How could it be? But individual distinction is lost in the great victory!

*April 13.*—I went to the House of Commons. A little before four o'clock we were summoned by Black Rod to the Lords, and went up in force, headed by our Speaker, to their Lordships' House. The titles of the Acts to which the Royal Assent was to be given were read—one by one. The Roman Catholic Relief Bill was named first, when Mr. Courtenay, Clerk of Parliament, in the usual manner exclaimed, "LE ROI LE VEUT": and thus was consummated this great act of national justice and saving policy.



General Ferguson, who was standing next to me, exclaimed, "By G——! it seems to me like a dream"; a very homely but expressive mode of describing what we all felt. 1829.

The Disfranchisement Bill came next, and important as it was, was almost overlooked.

Returning to our House, the Speaker read over the titles of the Acts from the Chair, and, not being able to cheer in the Lords, we cheered vehemently for some time.

*April 22.*—Lord John Hay told me that all the refractory men—Lowther, Beckett, and even George Bankes—were to stay in. The Duke of Wellington sent for Lowther, and said that he had placed his resignation before the King, who would not accept of it, "and so," said he, "you had better set about pulling down houses again!" He told G. Bankes that his conduct had been quite satisfactory, and so the worthy gentleman condescended to serve under the great enemy of the Protestant Constitution.

Lord John Hay also told me that Lord Leveson Gower resigned his place of Under-Secretary when the Duke came in at the desire of his father. The Duke said he wished Douro might turn out equally obedient, and that if Lord Leveson Gower could afterwards join him he should be happy to find some office for him. Soon after Lord Leveson Gower came to the Duke and said that his conduct was such as he could support, on which the Duke offered him



1829. the Irish Secretaryship, which W. Horton had refused.

*April 23.*—Lord Maitland told me to-day that the Duke of Wellington was not quite sure of the King standing firmly by him until he made that announcement in the Lords about the middle of the discussion. Now the King calls it his measure, and says he knew he should carry it in a canter, although the Duke was *very nervous*!! Irresistibly droll.

FROM BOOK, "RECOLLECTIONS."

*May 3.*—This Session I was much employed upon my Select Vestries Bill. I had also a good deal of trouble about a separate Vestry Bill for the parish of St. Paul's, Covent Garden; and, after it had passed the Commons, had to write letters to Lords Grey, King, and Durham, requesting their assistance. This was the first occasion on which I applied privately for the help of any Peer of Parliament.

*May 15.*—I went to the House, and saw O'Connell attempt to take his seat. He tendered the paper which showed that he had been sworn before the High Steward's Commissioners. Mr. Ley, after a short conference with the Speaker, delivered his opinion that O'Connell could take no other than the old oath, and if he refused to take that oath, he must withdraw. O'Connell, who did not seem to understand the Speaker's order, handed his paper over to Brougham, but



the Speaker, in a decisive tone of voice and manner, repeated his order, and O'Connell bowed slightly and withdrew. 1829.

*May 18.*—O'Connell, at his own request, stated his case at the Bar of the House. His chief argument was that under the words "civil rights" was included the privilege of sitting in Parliament; but upon a strict interpretation of the statute I think it is only as a prospective act.

The next day O'Connell was asked if he would take the Oath of Supremacy. After looking at it a little, he said: "There is here one proposition which I know to be not true, and another which I believe to be not true. I refuse to take the oath." The Speaker told him to withdraw, and he withdrew, with a slight reverence.

In the course of the evening I introduced a Bill to amend my own Factory Bill of 1825, relative to the employment of children in Cotton Mills.

#### FROM DIARY.

*May 30.*—The Duke of Wellington stands very ill at Windsor, but he says that if they turn him out to-morrow they will not find a letter unanswered.

He fell off his horse the other day, when marching at the head of his own regiment of Guards before the Duc de Chartres. His Majesty at his own table said aloud to Lord Anglesey, "Anglesey, did you ever fall off your horse in



1829. front of your own regiment ? ” “ No, Sir,” said Anglesey, “ not before I had a wooden leg.” A poor vengeance !

The King-is not civil to those who voted for the Catholics, and he *cut* the Bishop of Oxford *dead*.

*June 1.*—I dined at Sir George Warrender’s. I met Lord Lauderdale, who is for the Duke of Wellington against the world. For his age and the life he has led, he is a very singular man, and it is not difficult to understand how he should have played the part he has in public life.

*June 2.*—I voted and spoke in favour of Lord Blandford’s resolutions in favour of Parliamentary Reform ; but I was obliged to say I did not approve his reasons, nor his plan of doing away with the seats, which were to be bought with money. Peel was a little waggish upon my conversion, as he called it, though my meaning was clear enough, but he was not pleased at being represented by me as not so hostile as Canning to Parliamentary Reform.

*June 14.*—Called at Holland House. Lord Holland told me that Lord Rosslyn’s late appointment to the Privy Seal was offered to him in a very dry letter written by the Duke of Wellington and telling him the King’s service required an immediate answer.

Lord Holland said he thought Wellington had the littleness to wish to appear to do everything himself. In his intercourse with Foreign Ministers, he knew this was the case.



By the way, I have seen Tom Moore twice lately at Murray's, and he was very cool indeed, and all for why? I have lent Murray my portrait of Byron by Saunders, to be engraved for Tom's book. I prevented Mrs. Leigh from publishing her brother's letters, which would have hurt Tom's book, *not* for that reason. In short, I have done him much service, but then I will not contribute to his book, and, besides, he feels I know him. He is a poor creature!

*June 19.*—I went to the Lords to look after my Cotton Factories Regulation Bill, and heard it had *not* received any amendments, and would pass in due form.

*June 23.*—Find that my Cotton Factory Bill had an amendment, and passed without being brought back to the Commons, and received the Royal Assent; so there were conferences between the two Houses, and Parliament sat a day longer than intended.

*June 24.*—Mr. Wardress, the King's surgeon, told me that three days before the Royal Assent was given to the Catholic Relief Bill, the King swore nothing should induce him to do so.

Lord Lauderdale was at the King's ball. His Majesty received him in the most friendly manner, and told him to come the next day and talk over things. Lord Lauderdale went, and the King said to him that he had never met with a man of whom he could be so sure as the Duke of Wellington. Yet it is quite certain that His



1829. Majesty has done his utmost to get rid of this trustworthy person, and has been prevented only by the impossibility of finding a successor.

That the King should wish to remodel the Ministry as far as the Duke's colleagues are concerned is very natural, for such a set of incapables were never brought together. Nor has Lord Rosslyn's appointment brought strength to the Administration. On the whole there is a great probability that changes will take place before the meeting of Parliament for the next Session, but who are to be taken in ? the nation ?

Parliament prorogued this day.



NARRATIVE OF EVENTS

CONNECTED WITH

THE DESTRUCTION OF LORD BYRON'S  
MEMOIRS







## PREFACE

THE notes from which the following Narrative is compiled were written immediately after the occurrences to which they relate and the conversations which they record. I can pledge myself to the accuracy of the facts, and to the fairness of the impression which this Narrative is meant to convey—and I should certainly have thought it my duty to have disabused the public, and to have corrected the statements which have been put forth relative to the destruction of Lord Byron's Memoirs, if I could have done so without compromising the character of my friend, by telling what I know of the nature of those Memoirs, and what I think of the propriety of either giving or accepting such a present for the purpose of indiscriminate private perusal and of subsequent publication. Although, however, this consideration has hitherto induced me to be silent—circumstances may occur which will compel me to break that silence, and, contemplating such a necessity, I have drawn out the ensuing statement, contenting myself, as far as possible, with a bare recital of facts, without intermixing them,



except where absolutely necessary, with the expression of those opinions and feelings to which the occasion gave birth, and which will, I think, naturally suggest themselves to those who peruse the following pages.

JOHN C. HOBHOUSE.

WHITTON PARK, *July* 18, 1825.



# THE DESTRUCTION

## OF

### LORD BYRON'S MEMOIRS

IN 1819-20 Lord Byron wrote some Memoirs 1824.  
containing an account of a certain portion of his  
life—particularly of his residence in London  
after the publication of his two first Cantos of  
“Childe Harold,” in 1812, and of his marriage  
with Miss Milbanke. These Memoirs he gave to  
Mr. Thomas Moore, as a present, by which he  
or his family might receive some pecuniary  
benefit. Lord Byron gave to Mr. Moore the  
permission to show the manuscript to the “Elect.”  
Whom his Lordship meant to designate by that  
epithet it is not very easy to divine; but on the  
strength of this permission, Mr. Moore showed  
the Memoirs to many persons; and, amongst  
others, to an English lady residing abroad, who  
was allowed to retain them in her possession long  
enough to copy a small portion of them. This  
copy she afterwards burnt at the desire of  
Mr. Moore. Mr. Moore himself employed a  
person to copy the Memoirs, and when he sub-  
sequently made them over to Mr. Murray, of  
Albemarle Street, he delivered up the copy with  
original papers. This transfer took place in and



1824. upon that occasion, an agreement was entered into and signed by Lord Byron, Mr. Thomas Moore, and Mr. Murray. The agreement was upon stamped paper and drawn up in the phrases and form of law. By this document it appeared, that, upon receiving the MSS., Mr. Murray had given to Mr. Thomas Moore the sum of 2,000 guineas—that for this consideration Mr. Moore had transferred his property in the *Memoirs* to Mr. Murray, and had, moreover, stipulated that he would, in case he survived Lord Byron, write a *Life* of his Lordship, interweaving the said *Memoirs* in the proposed biography—also that he would employ whatever letters or papers he might have now or hereafter in his possession, written by or referring to Lord Byron, for the same object of writing his Lordship's *Life*—and that in case he should die before his Lordship, then the *Memoirs* and the letters and the papers should be considered the entire property of Mr. Murray, who might appoint a biographer in order to make the intended use of them—and to this provision was added, that in case Mr. Murray should die previously to Mr. Moore, or to Lord Byron, or both, he might give to his executor a power of naming a person to compose the said *Life* and to employ the said materials. To this compact and to every part of it Lord Byron made himself a party; and also engaged, that he would not allow or encourage any person to write his *Life* except Mr. Moore, or a writer named by Mr. Murray or Mr. Murray's executor, for whose use he undertook to preserve whatever materials might be employed in such a composition.



1824.

To this most extraordinary agreement (by which Lord Byron made a present of himself to Mr. Moore, and Mr. Moore sold his Lordship to the booksellers) the signatures of the parties concerned were, as before stated, attached: but Lord Byron owned to Mr. Hobhouse he had signed the paper without reading it—and Mr. Moore also confessed to Mr. Hobhouse that he had not attended to the conditions of the compact. Such, indeed, was the character of the whole transaction that when the paper in question was put into the hands of the Hon. Douglas Kinnaird, who held his Lordship's power of Attorney, and acted for him in all pecuniary concerns in England, that gentleman said he should retain it until he received from Lord Byron positive orders as to the person to whom he wished it to be delivered. As his Lordship never gave any such orders Mr. Kinnaird considered that Lord Byron had signed the paper without being aware of its contents, and such being, in fact, the truth of the case, Mr. Kinnaird did not deliver up the document until it had been virtually cancelled by a second agreement entered into by Mr. Moore and Mr. Murray.

This second agreement was suggested to Mr. Murray by Mr. Moore, who wished to have it in his power to redeem the MSS.; as he entertained different notions of the former transactions than those which he had previously held.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> DIARY. *May 15.*—It is as well to record here that after Moore had found out that Lord Holland and others, as well as myself, disapproved very much of the original transaction respecting these Memoirs, namely that Moore should raise money on them and that they should be published at Lord Byron's death, he had determined to alter the nature of the agreement between himself and Murray.



1824. Although Mr. Murray had doubtless made himself master of a property which would produce a very considerable profit, either to himself or his heirs, yet, as his friend, and Lord Byron's friend, Mr. Gifford, had, on the reading the Memoirs, assured him that they were totally unfit for publication in every point of view, and as both his Lordship and Mr. Moore seemed now to wish to recover them, he consented to cancel the first indenture and to accede to the proposal of Mr. Moore. A paper was accordingly drawn up and signed by Mr. Moore and Mr. Murray—and at the same time Mr. Moore gave Mr. Murray a bond for 2,000 guineas, redeemable upon no other contingency than repayment of the same sum with legal expenses and interest.

Circumstances had induced Mr. Moore, early in 1824, to wish to redeem the Memoirs, which were lying, as it may be called, as a kind of pledge, in the hands of Mr. Murray, who, in case of Mr. Moore's death, had no other valuable consideration than the use of these papers, by which he might repay himself the sum advanced to Mr. Moore. Whilst Mr. Moore was making arrangements for this purpose, news arrived of the death of Lord Byron. This event took place on the 19th of April, and the intelligence reached London on the 14th of May. On the afternoon of the same day, Mr. Kinnaid, Mr. Hobhouse, and Sir Francis Burdett consulted together on the best means of securing the MSS. They were not aware exactly what progress had been made by Mr. Moore in his attempt to recover them from Mr. Murray, and, thinking that perhaps



there might be some difficulty in his procuring the requisite sum, Mr. Kinnaird wrote a note to Mr. Moore, offering to advance the money so as to enable Mr. Moore to put the MSS. into the hands of Lord Byron's family, that is, of his sister, Mrs. Leigh. Sir Francis Burdett expressed his readiness to do the same. 1824.

Mr. Kinnaird at the same time said that he doubted not Lord Byron's family, or Lady Byron, would see the propriety of making good the disbursement to any one who should advance the money.

#### DIARY.

*May 15.*—I sent for Mr. Murray to give him Fletcher's letter, and also to sound him respecting the Memoirs, for I own I did him the injustice to think that he might prove the obstacle to their destruction.

Mr. Murray called upon Mr. Hobhouse at his rooms in Albany Court. He said that the Memoirs were still in his hands, and Mr. Moore had not paid the money. He added that he had thoughts of giving up the MSS. at once, into the hands of Mr. Wilmot Horton, of the Colonial Office, to be by him delivered into the hands of Lady Byron, or of Mrs. Leigh, and that he had communicated with Mr. W. Horton on that subject. He expressed himself as being indifferent whether or not Mr. Moore paid him back the money lent, believing that Lord Byron's family would make good that sum to him.

Mr. Hobhouse then told Mr. Murray that if he



1824. would put the Memoirs into the hands of Mrs. Leigh he should be repaid the money he had advanced to Mr. Moore. To this Mr. Murray made no objection, but said, that, as he had already communicated with Mr. W. Horton on the subject, he should like that gentleman to be a party to the transaction. Mr. Hobhouse consented, and then alluding to a large collection of letters and papers written by Lord Byron in the hands of Mr. Murray, he conjured Mr. Murray to look over them, and to destroy whatever might be unfit afterwards to get abroad. Mr. Murray solemnly promised that he would do so; he then took his leave, and Mr. Moore, who had been in another room during a part of this interview, was shown in to Mr. Hobhouse. He said he had received Mr. Kinnaird's note, but that he would not permit any one to pay the money to Mr. Murray except himself. He added that he would pay it. He complained of Mr. Murray for not having informed Mr. Hobhouse that the MSS. were actually at this moment the property of Mr. Moore, and could be by him disposed of on his repaying the loan. Mr. Moore then said "that he had no objection to deliver the Memoirs to Mrs. Leigh, but he would do it himself; he would have the grace of this sacrifice himself; he would take the Memoirs home with him, and then give them up to Mrs. Leigh."

Mr. Moore and Mr. Hobhouse then walked down to Mr. Kinnaird's, and found that gentleman at home. Mr. Kinnaird agreed with Mr. Moore that as the property was his (for so Mr. Moore represented it to be, although without any foundation), he alone should have the merit of the



1824.

sacrifice; but he thought it unnecessary that Mr. Moore should take the MSS. home with him. Accordingly, to meet Mr. Moore's views, he drew up, on the part of Mr. Moore, the following paper:

"Mr. Moore has the right to demand from Mr. Murray the restoration of the MSS. on paying him (Mr. M.) £2,000, for which he holds Mr. Moore's bond at this time, and the MSS. as security for the same.

"Mr. Moore proposes to meet Mr. Murray at Mrs. Leigh's house, and in her presence to pay over to Mr. Murray £2,000; to receive from Mr. Murray the MSS., and to hand them over to Mrs. Leigh, to be entirely at her own absolute disposal."

To this paper Mr. Moore agreed, permitting that it should be made use of by Mr. Hobhouse as his credentials in carrying into effect the transaction with Mr. Murray. At the same time, Mr. Moore remarked "that the drawing up the paper looked too much like a bargain, and that if his friends had been engaged with him they would have trusted to his honour." To this remark he subjoined, "I hope, after this sacrifice, that if any Memoirs are to be written, the family will give me the preference." Mr. Kinnaird said, "I think they ought." Mr. Hobhouse observed, "That must be for consideration."

Mr. Hobhouse immediately went to Mr. Murray's, in Albemarle Street. Upon reading the paper, Mr. Murray, without hesitation, agreed to abide by its contents, with an additional proviso, that the sum to be repaid was "2,000



1824. *guineas, with interest, and the collateral expenses of stamps, agreement, bond, &c., already disbursed by Mr. Murray.*" Mr. Hobhouse undertook for this further demand. Mr. Murray then added, that, as Mr. W. Horton had been spoken to previously to this arrangement, he should wish that gentleman to be present when the MSS. were delivered up to Mrs. Leigh.

Mr. Hobhouse then had an interview with Mrs. Leigh, with whom arrangements were made for the proposed meeting, and for the immediate destruction of the manuscripts.

On the next day, Sunday, May 16th, Mr. Moore and Mr. Kinnaird called on Mr. Hobhouse, and the former gentleman said that he had procured the requisite sum of money, and would pay it the next day at twelve o'clock.

#### DIARY.

*May 16.*—I mentioned that Murray had said he hoped if any Memoirs were published he should have the preference. T. Moore decried this, forgetting he had made the very same stipulation.

Mr. Kinnaird having left the room, being obliged to depart immediately for Scotland, Mr. Moore told Mr. Hobhouse that "*he would not be present at the destruction of the MSS.*" This was the first time that he had hinted anything that looked like the least dislike of that proceeding, and Mr. Hobhouse told him that he had better be present, as it might be a satisfaction to him to be able to say here-



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after, should any spurious copy of the Memoirs appear, that he had himself seen them destroyed. Mr. Moore replied, "*I will think of it*"; and the conversation then took another turn, and Mr. Moore left Mr. Hobhouse, who soon afterwards informed Mrs. Leigh of the appointment made for the next day at her house. In the course of the day, Mr. Murray communicated to Mr. Hobhouse that Mr. W. Horton would be accompanied by Colonel Doyle, an intimate friend of Lady Byron, who, it was thought, might as well be represented by some person on the occasion of the destruction of the Memoirs.

Early the next morning, Monday, May 17th, Mr. Thomas Moore wrote the following letter to Mr. Hobhouse:

*"Monday morning.*

"DEAR HOBHOUSE,

"There has been, since I saw you yesterday, a sort of *modification* of the arrangement then agreed between us, which was suggested by my own friends, Luttrell, Rogers, and Lord Lansdowne, and concurred in by Mr. Wilmot Horton, and Doyle, whom I saw on the subject. I trust that this arrangement will be equally satisfactory to *you*. As the first step towards it, I mean to redeem the MSS. this morning from Murray, at eleven o'clock (in Albemarle Street), and it would be perhaps as well that you should be there.

"Very truly yours,

"THOMAS MOORE."

Immediately on the receipt of this letter, Mr. Hobhouse left his house, and, as he was going towards Mr. Luttrell's rooms in the Albany, met Mr. Moore, with whom he expostulated on this



1824. sudden change of his resolution respecting the immediate and total destruction of the Memoirs, to the arrangement for which object he had made Mr. Hobhouse a party.

DIARY.

*May 17.*—At last I said that he must excuse me for telling him that, if the matter were ever publicly discussed, I must say what I thought of the whole transaction. He quoted Lord Lansdowne's and Rogers's opinion. I said I cared for no man's opinion, I had his agreement. I was born all my life to be in a minority, but I was certain that in this case there was but one line for a man of honour and for a friend of Lord Byron to take.

Mr. Moore proposed a consultation with Mr. Luttrell, and that gentleman being at home, agreed to follow Mr. Moore and Mr. Hobhouse to the house of the latter.

Before the arrival of Mr. Luttrell, Mr. Murray came to Mr. Hobhouse's; shortly afterwards, the other gentlemen entered, and Mr. Murray was then informed of Mr. Moore's change of wishes, and that it was now intended by him that the MSS. should be perused, and extracts made from them for publication. On hearing this, Mr. Murray expressed himself warmly; he sat down, and in a very determined voice and manner protested that the MSS. should be burnt forthwith, according to Mr. Moore's own proposal for handing them over to Mrs. Leigh, who, it was known, had resolved to destroy the papers at once, without any perusal.



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Mr. Moore said that "the MSS. were his, and that he had now the right and power to redeem them." To this, Mr. Murray replied in the following words :

"I do not care whose the MSS. are; here am I, as a tradesman; I do not care a farthing about having your money, or whether I ever get it or not; but such regard have I for Lord Byron's fame and honour, that I am willing and am determined to destroy these MSS. which have been read by Mr. Gifford, who says they would be damaging to Lord Byron's name. It is very hard that I, as a tradesman, should be willing to make a sacrifice which you, as a gentleman, will not consent to."

Mr. Moore made a short remark upon these words, when Mr. Murray rose and said, in a vehement tone, "*Then, by God, I say I will burn the papers, let what will come of it. You agreed to it; you proposed it; you have acted anything but like a man of honour.*"

Mr. Moore said: "*Go on, sir, you know you may say what you like.*"

Mr. Luttrell now and then put in a word, saying he could see no harm in reading the MSS. Mr. Hobhouse insisted very strongly on the impropriety of such a proceeding. Mr. Moore said that both Mr. Wilmot Horton and Colonel Doyle, friends of Lady Byron and of Lord Byron's family, saw no objection to the perusal of the Memoirs. Mr. Hobhouse remarked that he could hardly bring himself to believe that; and Mr. Murray stated that those two gentlemen themselves were at this moment waiting at his house, in order to be present at the destruction of the Memoirs.



1824. On hearing this, the whole party left Mr. Hobhouse's rooms, and proceeded to Mr. Murray's house in Albemarle Street. There they found Mr. Wilmot Horton and Colonel Doyle. The former had just written a letter to Mr. Murray, which he read aloud. The discussion then began on the whole transaction; when it appeared that Mr. Moore, when he previously consulted Messrs. Horton and Doyle, had only stated a naked case to them; he had not told them of his having empowered Mr. Hobhouse to make a written proposal to Mr. Murray, according to which the MSS. were to be given up unopened to the absolute disposal of Mrs. Leigh; nor had he told them of Mrs. Leigh's wish and intention that the MSS. should be destroyed.

Now that they were made acquainted with these facts, both gentlemen insisted that nothing else could be done, and they urged the necessity of the destruction of the papers. Mr. Moore talked of what Lord Byron's wishes might have been on the subject. Mr. Hobhouse said, that his Lordship had, in 1822, expressed himself to him in connection as to the unfitness of making the use originally intended of the Memoirs. After some altercation, the original MSS., and the copy made under Mr. Moore's inspection, were brought into the room; and upon Mr. Hobhouse proposing to adjourn to Mrs. Leigh's house, according to the original proposal made by Mr. Moore, Mr. Wilmot Horton said this step need not be taken, as Mrs. Leigh had given him authority, on her part, to see the MSS. destroyed. Mr. Moore reluctantly gave his consent, but said to Mr. Hobhouse:



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*"Recollect, I told you I would be no party to the burning."* Mr. Hobhouse replied: *"No you did not; you only said you would not be present at the burning; and when I replied that I thought it would be more satisfactory to you afterwards, if you were present, you said 'you would think of it.'"*

Mr. Hobhouse continued to tell Mr. Moore that he had no notion whatever that Mr. Moore had entertained any doubt as to the necessity of destroying the Memoirs, and he recalled to Mr. Moore what that gentleman had said the day before, namely, *"that if Lord Byron had lived long, the Memoirs might have been considered merely as an early frolic; but that his dying so soon after the writing of them altered the case."*

Mr. Moore still continued his remonstrance, saying, *"Remember, I protest against the burning, as contradictory to Lord Byron's wishes, and unjust to me."*

Mr. Hobhouse, holding out the paper containing Mr. Moore's original proposal to deliver over the Memoirs to Mrs. Leigh, said, *"I find nothing of this in your paper here."* Mr. Moore exclaimed, *"Shylock and his bond."* Mr. Hobhouse said, *"Whatever you please; but I protest against your protestation, which you never said one word of originally."*

Some one then asked whether or not the end proposed might not be answered by depositing the manuscripts under seals in the hands of some banker, in order to compare them with any spurious copy of the Memoirs which might afterwards appear. Mr. Hobhouse said he could see



1824. no objection to this proposal if Mrs. Leigh consented, but the proposal was overruled.

Colonel Doyle then said to Mr. Moore, "*I understand then that you stand to your original proposal to put the MSS. at Mrs. Leigh's absolute disposal.*" Mr. Moore replied, "*I do, but with the former protestation.*" "Well then," said Colonel Doyle, "*on the part of Mrs. Leigh I put them into the fire.*"

Accordingly Mr. Wilmot Horton and Colonel Doyle tore up the Memoirs and the copy of them, and burnt them. Mr. Wilmot Horton handed some of the papers to Mr. Hobhouse to be put into the fire, but that gentleman declined, saying, that those only who were empowered by Mrs. Leigh should have any share in the actual destruction of the Memoirs. When the papers were burnt Mr. Moore made a declaration that to the best of his belief no copy had been taken of the Memoirs whilst in his possession, except that which had been just destroyed. Mr. Murray signed a paper stating that no copy had been taken whilst the MSS. were lodged with him.

It was now suggested that the next step to take was to see the loan repaid and the bond of Mr. Moore returned, and then other papers relative to the transaction cancelled.

Mr. Murray left the room, and shortly afterwards returned, saying, that he had been unable to find the second agreement. This gave rise to another dispute as to whether the property of the MSS. had been vested in Mr. Moore or Mr. Murray. Mr. Moore contended that there was a clause in the second agreement by which he had been



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allowed three months after Lord Byron's decease to redeem the MSS. Mr. Murray denied that there was any such clause. During the altercation Mr. Murray's solicitor appeared with a foul copy of the said agreement, which contained no such clause as that alleged by Mr. Moore. Shortly after the solicitor left the room, and returned with the agreement itself. That paper did, indeed, as has before been seen, contain a stipulation as to the lapse of three months after Lord Byron's decease, but of a very different nature from the clause as represented by Mr. Moore; for it now appeared that the MSS. could not be redeemed by Mr. Moore except during Lord Byron's lifetime, but that Mr. Murray could not publish the Memoirs unless he should do so within three months after his Lordship's decease. Mr. Moore asserted that he was not aware of any such condition being contained in the agreement, and he further contended that it was not in the spirit of their compact. Mr. Murray denied this position, and stated that the chance given him of becoming the final owner of the MSS. was the only equivalent which he had had in his hands against the chance of his losing his loan of 2,000 guineas by the death of Mr. Moore.

Mr. Hobhouse then proceeded to point out to Mr. Moore the passage in the agreement, in which the motive for the said agreement was stated to be *Lord Byron's and Mr. Moore's not now inclining to make the said MSS. public*; and Mr. Hobhouse asked Mr. Moore how he could reconcile that passage with what he had just said as to the wishes of Lord Byron being contravened and



1824. injustice done to himself by the destruction of the Memoirs. Mr. Hobhouse, moreover, asked Mr. Moore how he could possibly have forgotten a particular so important which in fact decided the whole question. Mr. Moore said that *upon his honour he had not remembered the passage referred to*. He was asked if he had not a copy of the agreement, he replied *he did not know*; and he repeated what he had before told Mr. Hobhouse, "that he had not even read the original indenture to which he had affixed his name," and which, as previously mentioned, was cancelled by the second agreement. This indenture was now produced and read by Mr. Wilmot Horton and Colonel Doyle, who expressed their surprise that such a compact should ever have been entered into, or have been signed by either of the parties without having been read. The indenture was then burnt. The whole party now expressed their regret that previously to any dispute having taken place as to the Memoirs Mr. Murray had not found and produced the agreement, which by showing that the Memoirs were actually and without the possibility of doubt the property of Mr. Murray only, would have made the interference of Mr. Moore altogether unnecessary, and would have spared all the parties the unpleasant altercations which had attended the transaction, as Mr. Murray might at once have handed the Memoirs, according to his original wishes, over to Mr. W. Horton or to any other person empowered by Lord Byron's representatives to receive them, and might at their hands have been repaid the money advanced by him to Mr. Moore.



Mr. Moore now took the money owing by him to Mr. Murray from his pocket, and placed it on the table. Mr. Murray said he would not take it. "*He had,*" he said, "*as it now turned out destroyed not Mr. Moore's property but his own property, and he would not take money for that.*" On the other hand, Mr. Moore insisted "that when he consented to the burning the papers he had looked upon the Memoirs as his own, consequently he ought to pay the money." This friendly contention lasted some time, and it appeared that Mr. Murray was likely to prevail when Mr. Luttrell said, "*Recollect, Moore, you have had the money of Murray.*" On this Mr. Moore insisted on handing the sum to Mr. Murray, who accordingly received it, and returned to Mr. Moore the bond in which he had acknowledged the loan. The agreement being now virtually cancelled and of no value was permitted to remain in the hands of Mr. Murray. Mr. Wilmot Horton and Colonel Doyle then left the room; but previously to the other gentlemen going away Mr. Murray expressed his regret at having used harsh words to Mr. Moore. Mr. Hobhouse took this opportunity of saying, "And I, Moore, am sorry I was obliged to tell you what I thought, but I did so to Lord Byron respecting the original transaction, and I did so to you; besides, I felt that by changing your mind as to the destruction of the manuscript you had compromised me with Mrs. Leigh and Lady Byron, as well as with Murray. . . ."

Mr. Moore replied, "Oh, I kept watch on your words; you did not go beyond the bounds, if you had I should have stopped you."



1824. Mr. Luttrell and Mr. Moore went away, and Mr. Hobhouse was following them, when Mr. Murray stopped him to urge the propriety of Lord Byron's family reimbursing Mr. Moore, and to say that he should advise that step. Mr. Hobhouse immediately rejoined Mr. Luttrell and Mr. Moore, and told them what Mr. Murray had just said. Mr. Luttrell entirely agreed with Mr. Murray on this point, and Mr. Moore stated no opinion to the contrary; he said neither *yes* nor *no*. Mr. Hobhouse said that "*Mr. Moore must own that Mr. Murray had acted perfectly well and honourably in the business.*" Mr. Luttrell assented, and Mr. Moore answered that he had no complaint to make of him in this part of the transaction. He laughed, however, and said that he might say with the Irishman, who, being asked by the judge if he had anything to say why sentence of death should not be passed upon him, exclaimed, "*Oh nothing, except that by Jasus you've settled it all very nicely amongst you.*" Mr. Hobhouse added, "Well, Moore, you must own it has been all your own fault; if it had not been for that Irish honour of yours, Murray would have burnt the MSS., you would not have had to pay the money. Now it appears that Murray was right, Kinnaird was right, I was right, and you were wrong."

Mr. Luttrell recommended to Mr. Moore's notice Father Forgarde's distinction of taking money *logice*, and the party separated in apparent good humour; this took place about two o'clock in the afternoon. Mr. Hobhouse returning home at half-past six found lying on his table the following letter:



"15, DUKE STREET, ST. JAMES'S.

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"DEAR HOBHOUSE,

"Though it is difficult to suppose (particularly after the apparently friendly manner in which you parted from me) that you could seriously have intended to insult me during the conversation of to-day, yet there was something in your manner and certain expressions which looked so very like it, and which haunts me so uncomfortably, that it would be highly satisfactory to be told by yourself that you had no such intention; and I trust you will do me [the] favour, as soon as possible, to set my mind at rest on the subject.

"Yours truly,

"THOMAS MOORE.

"To J. C. HOBHOUSE, Esq."

In the course of the evening Mr. Hobhouse communicated to Sir Francis Burdett the preceding letter, and the circumstances that had given rise to it. He informed Sir Francis of his resolution not to comply with Mr. Moore's request, and begged that gentleman would meet him the next morning at Mr. Luttrell's, from whom he might hear all that had happened during the dispute at Mr. Murray's house.

## DIARY.

May 17.—Burdett joined with me in regretting that Moore should have played such a part throughout the whole transaction, but attributed it to his *poverty and his vanity*, which to be sure is the best excuse to be made for him.

I should mention that this day I received a curious message from Lady Byron through Captain George (Lord) Byron. It was that she



1824. wished me to give out that I should write Lord Byron's Memoirs in conjunction with the assistance of the family, including Lady Byron, as that would stop all spurious efforts and would be particularly agreeable to her. I returned for answer that I had no spirits now nor inclination for undertaking or thinking of any such task.

Poor Byron! Here is his dear friend Tom Moore, his publisher, Murray, and his wife: the first thing they think of is of writing his Life or getting it written. Such are the friendships of great authors!

The next morning Sir Francis Burdett and Mr. Luttrell and Mr. Hobhouse met by appointment. Mr. Luttrell confirmed the view of the transaction which had been taken by Mr. Hobhouse, and stated his surprise at Mr. Moore having written his letter to Mr. Hobhouse. He said that he conceived Mr. Moore did not want any written assurance, but only an explanation by word of mouth. Mr. Hobhouse replied that, considering all that had passed, he would not do even that. Mr. Luttrell rejoined that certainly Mr. Moore had no right to demand such an acknowledgment, and he authorized Sir Francis Burdett to state that opinion to Mr. Moore. Sir Francis immediately went away, being requested by Mr. Hobhouse to convey his refusal to do what Mr. Moore desired; and also being empowered to report the sentiments of Mr. Luttrell on the same subject. In the course of the afternoon he saw Mr. Moore, and communicated the above answer, on which Mr. Moore replied that "*he had no more to say.*"



## DIARY.

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*May 18.*—I found that Moore had been with Burdett early in the morning, and had said, "We must be either good friends as before or quarrel." I told Burdett that I saw no necessity for the alternative; but if it were so, I should not hesitate a moment in making my choice, of course—my mind was made up.

In the *Times* newspaper the next morning appeared the following paragraph:

"The Memoirs of Lord Byron, written by himself, are, we understand, lost to the world for ever. This posthumous record of the deceased nobleman had been deposited, as our readers may have informed themselves, in the keeping of Mr. Thomas Moore, and designed as a legacy for his benefit. This gentleman, with the consent, and at the desire, of Lord Byron, had long ago sold the manuscript to Mr. Murray, for, we have been told, the large sum of £2,000. Since the death of Lord Byron it occurred to the sensitive and honourable mind of Mr. Moore, that by possibility, although the noble author himself had given full authority for a disclosure of the document, some of his family might be wounded or shocked by it. He appointed, therefore, a time for meeting a near connexion of the noble Lord (not Lady Byron), and after a deliberate and joint perusal of the work, finding that the lady apprehended from it much pain to the minds of many persons still living, though no sort of imputation on her brother's memory, Mr. Moore, with a spirit and generosity which the better part of mankind will be at no loss to appreciate, placed the manuscript in the lady's hands, and permitted her to burn it in his presence! This sacrifice of self-



1824. interest to lofty feeling was made the day before yesterday, and the next morning the £2,000 was repaid to Mr. Murray by Lord Byron's self-destituted legatee."

All the individuals concerned with Mr. Moore in the transaction alluded to felt extremely indignant at the total perversion of facts contained in the above paragraph, to which, however, they would have paid no attention had it not appeared to come from some sort of authority, considering that the story of the burning the *Memoirs* was true, and the fact had taken place so very shortly before the appearance of the paragraph, as to warrant the supposition that no one but a party to the act could have communicated the intelligence to the public. Immediate steps would have been taken to give a formal contradiction to the paragraph, had it not been conceived that Mr. Moore would have seen the propriety of losing no time in himself correcting the misstatement. But as this ill-timed attempt to attribute credit where certainly no credit was due was not discountenanced at once by Mr. Moore, Mr. Wilmot Horton inserted a short paragraph in an evening paper of the next day (May 20), merely asserting, in general terms, the incorrectness of the previous statement; but both that gentleman and Colonel Doyle informed Mr. Hobhouse that it was their intention to draw up and publish a more formal and detailed contradiction of the article in the *Times*.

On this day (Thursday, May 20) Mr. Wilmot Horton wrote a letter to Mr. Luttrell strongly urging the propriety of Mr. Moore accepting a



reimbursement from Lord Byron's family, and begging him to communicate with Mr. Moore on the subject. Some conversation on this point took place on the evening of the same day at Lansdowne House, between Mr. W. Horton, Colonel Doyle, Mr. Luttrell, and Mr. Hobhouse, all of whom, on that occasion, seemed to incline to the opinion that Mr. Moore might accept the reimbursement.

The following morning (Friday, May 21) Mr. Luttrell and Mr. Thomas Moore called on Mr. Hobhouse, who took the latter gentleman by the hand; on which he (Mr. Moore) said, "Believe me, I am most happy to take you by the hand again." Mr. Hobhouse made no reply, but handed a chair to Mr. Moore, and a conversation began relative to Mr. Moore's accepting the money. Mr. Moore said, that he had great difficulties in taking it, and Mr. Luttrell owned that, since the conversation of the last evening, he had found some difficulty in advising Mr. Moore to do so. After some time, Mr. Moore said to Mr. Hobhouse, "Now tell me, if I had been a rich instead of a poor man, what would you have said?" After hesitating a little, Mr. Hobhouse replied, "Do you wish me to speak exactly what I think?" "Certainly," said Mr. Moore. "Then," replied Mr. Hobhouse, "although, if I were your enemy, I should be silent, yet as I am not, I will say that it is my opinion you should *not* take the money."

Mr. Moore took Mr. Hobhouse by the hand, and said: "There, you spoke as a man of honour, and as a friend; thank you a thousand times. I



1824 felt all along I could not take this money; I am now sure I was right." Mr. Hobhouse rejoined: "Do not mistake me; if Lord Lansdowne, or others, your friends, should advise you to take the money, and you can reconcile it to your notions, I shall be glad for you to have it, and you may have it; for their opinion is as likely to be right as mine. All I mean is, that in not taking the sum you are quite safe; and in taking it, there might be a difference of opinion; I mean I would not take it myself."

Mr. Moore added: "I know your meaning. You would wish me as a poor man to have the money; as a man of honour, you would wish me not."

When the conversation on this subject had been concluded, Mr. Hobhouse pointed out to Mr. Moore the propriety of his contradicting the article in the *Times*. To this Mr. Moore acceded, and after a little time drew up a paragraph which, although it did not entirely tell the whole truth, nor go far enough in doing away the entirely false impression which that article was calculated to make, did rectify some of the gross misstatements it contained. Mr. Hobhouse, on reading what Mr. Moore had written, said that he could not answer for Mr. Murray being satisfied, but that he would undertake to prevent Mr. W. Horton and Colonel Doyle from putting into the newspaper any counter-statement for the present. The article that appeared in the *Times* of the next day (May 22) was as follows:

"We gave a statement the other day of the late transaction with respect to Lord Byron's MSS.



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which, though correct in the leading facts, viz. the destruction of the manuscript and the repayment by Mr. Moore of the 2,000 guineas, contained, we find from authority, some errors which we hasten to correct. The manuscript was *not* perused by Mrs. Leigh or any of the persons concerned previously to its destruction, though it was the opinion of Mr. Moore and others that such a step should be taken. We are also informed that, although it was originally the intention of the noble author to have this document published, yet that latterly both himself and Mr. Moore strongly doubted the propriety of such a measure. With respect to Mr. Murray's share in the transaction, we understand from the same authority, that this gentleman was equally desirous with the rest of Lord Byron's friends for the destruction of the MSS., and so little regarded his own interest in the concern that he declined accepting the money from Mr. Moore, who, however, insisted upon his receiving it as a debt due upon his bond."

When Mr. Hobhouse showed this article in the *Times* to Mr. Murray he expressed himself tolerably satisfied with its contents; but he remarked

"That one part of the whole transaction had been kept out of sight, namely, that he had advanced to Mr. Moore the 2,000 guineas not only for transferring the Memoirs to him, but also stipulating that Mr. Moore should write for him a Life of Lord Byron, and should furnish materials for the same from Lord Byron's correspondence and other documents. As nothing of this had been done, or was intended to be done, by Mr. Moore for Mr. Murray, how could Mr. Moore do otherwise than repay the money which, under



1824. any other view of the case, was only a simple loan ? ”

In consequence of this omission, and in order to give a new impression to the public respecting the merits of the case as regarded Mr. Moore and Mr. Murray, some person<sup>1</sup> in the confidence of the latter gentleman transmitted an article to a paper called the *Literary Observer*, whence it was copied into the *Courier* of Saturday, May 22. The article was on the whole a fair detail of facts, but it omitted to mention the important circumstance of Mr. Moore having repaid the loan. The *John Bull* of the next day took advantage of this neglect, and made an unfounded attack on Mr. Moore. That gentleman's first impressions as to this attack were such as became the occasion. He wrote the following letter to Mr. Hobhouse :

“ MY DEAR HOBHOUSE,

“ Don't let any one correct that lie about me in *John Bull* to-day—it is worth any money. *Simpliciter pateat.*

“ How did you like, too, that precious statement in the *Courier* last night, evidently done up from the great Bibliopola Tryphon's own dictation? The hitting ‘the little bronze Shakspeare’ was nothing to it for minuteness and truth. I do not intend to take the slightest notice of these things, and I advise that we all should adopt the same line.

“ Yours very sincerely and cordially,

“ THOMAS MOORE.

“ *Sunday morning.*”

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Murray's son believed that this article was not sent to the paper by his father, or with his knowledge. He contented himself with the statement which he addressed to Mr. Wilmot Horton, which is printed in the *Quarterly Review*, No. 185, June, 1853, and which agrees with that of Mr. Hobhouse.



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The next morning, however (Monday, May 24), Mr. Moore called on Mr. Hobhouse and informed him that Lord Lansdowne thought he (Mr. M.) should answer the article contained in the *Literary Observer* and the *Courier*. Mr. Moore asked Mr. Hobhouse if he would object to join in a statement. To which Mr. Hobhouse replied that "he would not object provided all the gentlemen present at the transaction also joined." Mr. Moore left the room, and shortly after returned with Mr. Luttrell, who gave it as his opinion that if any notice was to be taken of the business, it had better be done in Mr. Moore's own name.

Mr. Moore drew up a statement in the form of a letter to the *Times*, which he communicated to the parties concerned. Mr. Murray called on Mr. Hobhouse (Tuesday, May 25) to inform him that neither he (Mr. M.) nor Mr. Wilmot Horton nor Colonel Doyle would agree to that statement. Mr. Hobhouse did not at first sight think it open to much objection; but he promised to call on Mr. Moore and point out what in his opinion ought to be altered. Mr. Hobhouse did so; but unfortunately Mr. Moore was not at home, and Mr. Hobhouse, conceiving that Mr. Moore would not publish the statement without some communication with and assent from him and the other gentlemen concerned, did not write, but waited for an opportunity of speaking to Mr. Moore. But in the *Times* of Thursday (May 27) the letter did appear, accompanied by a comment on the part of the editor:



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"TO THE EDITOR OF THE 'TIMES.'

"SIR,

"In consequence of the many misconceptions that are abroad with respect to the share which I have had in the destruction of Lord Byron's Memoirs, I think it right to state the leading facts of that transaction to the public.

"Without entering into the respective claims of Mr. Murray and myself to the property in these Memoirs, a question which, now they are destroyed, can be but of little moment to any one, it is sufficient to say that, believing the manuscript still to be mine, I placed it at the disposal of Lord Byron's sister, Mrs. Leigh, with the sole reservation of a protest against its total destruction—at least without previous perusal and consultation amongst the parties. The majority of the persons present disagreed with this opinion, and it was the only point upon which there did exist any difference between us. The manuscript was accordingly torn and burned before our eyes; and I immediately paid to Mr. Murray, in the presence of the gentlemen assembled, 2,000 guineas with interest, &c., being the amount of what I owed him upon the security of my bond, and for which I now stand indebted to my publishers, Messrs. Longman and Co.

"Since then the family of Lord Byron have, in a manner highly honourable to themselves, proposed an arrangement, by which the sum thus paid to Mr. Murray might be reimbursed me; but from feelings and considerations which it is unnecessary here to explain, I have respectfully but peremptorily declined their offer.

"I am, sir, yours, &amp;c.,

"THOMAS MOORE.

"May 26, 1824."

Any one who is acquainted with the facts as they really occurred and as they are stated in



the previous pages, will naturally remark on this letter of Mr. Moore's that it by no means conveys a correct impression of what passed, nor does what it pretends to do, "*state the leading facts of the transaction.*" 1824.

The leading fact was that Mr. Moore, in the first instance, wished to get the manuscript out of Mr. Murray's hands, and was preparing to take measures for that purpose. At the suggestion, however, of Mr. Hobhouse and Mr. Kinnaird he agreed to deliver it to Mrs. Leigh, at once, and made a proposal to that effect to Mr. Murray. When that gentleman had consented and every arrangement was made for the transfer, Mr. Moore changed his mind, and wished to redeem the Memoirs as "a first step," and to take them home and make extracts for publication. When Mr. Murray and the others concerned would not consent to this departure from his original agreement, he most reluctantly was obliged to fulfil his first engagement, and saw the manuscript destroyed. This is the leading fact as far as Mr. Moore was concerned in the burning of the Memoirs.

Mr. Moore declines *entering into the respective claims of Mr. Murray and himself to the property in the Memoirs*, but it has been seen that Mr. Moore had no claim whatever to the property of the Memoirs, and this fact was undeniable and undenied from the moment the agreement was produced by Mr. Murray's solicitor. Mr. Moore, therefore, should not have subsequently, in this letter, raised any doubt on that point. Mr. Moore says that he placed the MS. at the disposal of



1824. Mrs. Leigh, "*with the sole reservation of a protest against its total destruction.*" Now it will have been seen that when Mr. Moore did offer to place the Memoirs at the absolute disposal of Mrs. Leigh, he made no such reservation—the only bargain he made was that he should have the grace of the sacrifice and not Mr. Murray. He did protest afterwards—but that protest was in violation of and against the spirit of his original compact with Mr. Murray. Nor is it correct to say, as Mr. Moore says in his letter, that this was the only point of difference between the parties present at the burning of the papers. The real point of difference was, whether or not Mr. Moore should stand by his original engagement—and there was nothing like unanimity of feeling between Mr. Moore and several of the other gentlemen as to the other points connected with these Memoirs.

The first inclination of some of the parties concerned was to expose the transaction in its true colours, but after some conversation between Mr. Hobhouse and Mr. Wilmot Horton, in the House of Commons, on the evening of the 27th May, when the letter appeared in the *Times*, it was agreed that such a proceeding would only give rise to a disagreeable controversy, and on Mr. Hobhouse engaging to satisfy Mr. Murray that his share in the transaction should be correctly stated in some quarters where misrepresentations had been made of his conduct, that gentleman also consented to give no contradiction to the last letter of Mr. Moore. The consequence of that silence has, however, been that Mr. Moore's friends have



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lost no opportunity of extolling his magnanimity for his share in a transaction of which the account has been hitherto furnished to the world by no one but himself.

What were likely to be the sentiments of a man of honour as to the propriety of preserving the Memoirs may be seen from the following letter, addressed to Mr. Hobhouse by Lord Rancliffe, who had read these Memoirs, having been permitted by Mr. Moore, when at Paris, to take them home with him for that purpose. His Lordship had been for many years intimate with Lord Byron, to whose family he is in some degree allied, and, being also very well acquainted with Mr. Moore, he may be supposed to speak without any prejudice or partiality. It may be recollected that the destruction of the Memoirs was made the pretext of publishing the inaccurate work of Mr. Medwin; and also that many anonymous writers, in newspapers, magazines, and reviews, totally ignorant of the circumstances attending that transaction, took upon themselves to condemn it as an unjust and unnecessary sacrifice to false delicacy. Mr. Hobhouse, therefore, having heard Lord Rancliffe express a decided opinion upon the subject, wrote to him to know whether he would object to put that opinion upon paper to be quoted, as occasion might require. His Lordship's answer was as follows:

"BUNNY PARK, *Monday.*

"MY DEAR HOBHOUSE,

"I have to make my excuses for not answering your letter sooner. I am, indeed, as much disgusted as you and every friend of poor



1824. Lord Byron must be at the way in which his memory is treated by a parcel of book-making traders. I am glad you can expose Mr. Medwin, and am astonished that any one who had lived on terms of friendship with the late Lord Byron could think of publishing such a work, and I am certain that what you say is the fact, that most of it is false. With regard to Moore and the Life that was put into his hands, I have not the slightest hesitation (having read it) in saying that it was not fit to be published on several accounts. Had it been entrusted to me, I should in the first instance have committed it to the flames, and never have allowed any person to peruse it. If I remember right, after I read it I told Moore that it was not fit for publication, and if he were a friend of Lord Byron's he ought to destroy it. Those who had not read it could not possibly judge of its contents, and might perhaps on that account have some excuse for an anxiety for its publication, as no doubt the Life of so extraordinary a genius must be an object of great interest, but a person having read it could have no excuse, and in my opinion but one wish, and that for its destruction. I give you this my opinion, and I am certain you, as well as any friend of Lord Byron's, who felt any interest in his memory, would at once say the flames were the fit place for a Life written in the way the one in question was.

"Have I any chance of seeing you here? it will give me great pleasure should you chance to be coming this way.

"Believe me, my dear Hobhouse,

"Ever most truly yours,

"RANCLIFFE.

"To J. C. HOBHOUSE, Esq."

This letter was sent in December 1824, and on



the fifteenth of that month Mr. Thomas Moore 1824.  
called on Mr. Hobhouse, at his rooms in Albany Court, and told him, that "*he had become a convert to Mr. Hobhouse's opinion about the propriety of destroying all the Memoirs and not making extracts for publication as he had proposed.*"

With this conversion of Mr. Moore the foregoing Narrative may very naturally be brought to a close.

The succeeding letter, appended to the MS., would seem to show Mr. Moore's opinion at that date.

"Feb. 1, 1825. SLOPERTON COTTAGE.

"DEAR HOBHOUSE,

"Though I have hardly a minute left to catch the post, I do not like to leave you under the impression that my view of our destruction of the Memoirs differs in any degree from what I expressed to you last summer. It was solely and entirely to have the power of placing them, when called upon to do so, either at his own or his family's disposal, that I broke the first agreement with Murray, and suggested that clause in the second, on the strength of which (though so unaccountably omitted) I presumed throughout all the steps that led to the destruction of the manuscript. I quite agree with you that I have much higher grounds on which to justify myself than any wish of Lord Byron's; but, as it was not a little consoling to me to think, from what you told me, that his own after views coincided with mine (which were, indeed, also after views), and as there are some, even of my intimate friends, who think that this expression or appearance of regret, which he manifested to you, forms the most convincing point in the explanation of my conduct,



1824. I was naturally anxious, both for my own satisfaction and theirs, to have something more than a mere verbal testimony to it. This was all that induced me to make the request—not, I assure you, for the purpose of controversy, or for any use of your communication other than what you, yourself, would I think approve.

“Yours, very truly,

“THOMAS MOORE.”

#### DIARY.

*May 30.*—Lord Lansdowne called. I told him the whole story about Tom Moore and the Memoirs, when I showed him Moore's note in which he mentions him, Lord Lansdowne, as having advised the partial preservation of the Memoirs. Lord Lansdowne said, “Ah, I never said that. I only saw him for half a minute opposite your house in Piccadilly, and all I said was, that he should be cautious in what he did.” So that it turns out that our friend Tom will not stick at a little bit of ——. I did what I promised Murray I would do, namely set his conduct in a proper point of view in the eyes of Lord Lansdowne.



COUNT PIETRO GAMBA'S ACCOUNT  
OF  
LORD BYRON'S LAST ILLNESS  
IN  
A LETTER TO THE HON. MRS. LEIGH

*Translated from the original Italian by J. C. H., August 27, 1824.*







# COUNT PIETRO GAMBA'S ACCOUNT

OF

## LORD BYRON'S LAST ILLNESS

HONOURABLE LADY,

After the ever-to-be-lamented loss of your illustrious brother, with whose friendship I was so long honoured, my sole aim was to fulfil all my duties towards his memory and towards those whom I knew were nearest and dearest to him when alive. Would that my information on this subject were such as to satisfy your wishes, but it will be difficult for me to tell you anything with which you are not already acquainted. I kept note of every word uttered by him in his last solemn moments, but my narrative will make it clear to you that his disorder was so sudden, as to take us all by surprise, and himself more than all. 1824.

If you chose it I could give you a minute and exact account of his manner of life and of everything concerning state of body and mind from the beginning of his fatal expedition to Greece, for I was not only constantly with him, but I kept a regular journal. But at present I will speak only of the last part of that period, after his attack of epilepsy.

*February 15.*—About seven o'clock in the evening



1824. he was taken with a sudden seizure, as you will have been informed. After that he lived with the strictest abstinence: vegetables and a little fish were his only food. But he took too much medicine, as indeed he was accustomed at all times to do. He persuaded himself that diet and exercise were the best preventives against a relapse. He took, therefore, long rides every day that the weather permitted him, nor did he think that enough, for every evening, and sometimes twice a day, he played at single-stick or at the sword exercise. The continued demands of the Greeks for money were become insupportable to him. Attempts were made to keep them at a distance, but who can defend himself against the importunities of these people? When the turbulent conduct and the unreasonable pretensions of the Suliotes (a warlike tribe of Albania) had induced him to force himself from all connection with them and to abandon his favourite enterprise against Lepanto, he employed himself in the organisation of a Greek brigade to be officered by Franks, paid and commanded by himself. I was his second in command. We were on the point of having everything ready, and he counted upon leaving the marshes of Missolonghi as soon as possible.

*March* 18.—A messenger arrived from Colonel Stanhope from Athens, inviting my Lord and Mavrocordato to a Congress to be held at Salona. He hoped that journey would do good to his health and to his spirits, as had been the case the last year in Ithaca. In two or three days everything was ready for his departure, but the weather



1824.

was against us, the roads were impracticable. For fifteen days it was impossible to attempt the passage across the mountains. In the meantime my Lord, by persevering in the same mode of living, had become very thin; but he was glad of it, being much afraid at all times of the contrary habit of body. His temper was more irritable; he was frequently angry about trifles, more so indeed than about matters of importance, but his anger was only momentary. Frequently he complained of not feeling well, of vertigos in the head, of a disposition to faint, and occasionally he told me that he experienced a sort of alarm without any apparent cause.

He wrote little or nothing, except now and then a private letter; all his letters on public business or from the various Greek leaders who annoyed him from all quarters he handed over to me.

*April 9.*—In the morning of that fatal day he received letters from the Ionian Islands and from England full of the most gratifying intelligence, particularly one of yours containing an account of the health of his daughter Ada, together with her profile cut in black. He came out of his bedchamber early, with the portrait in his hand. He talked about it a good deal, and he remarked to me that his daughter (just as was the case with him when a child) preferred tales and stories in prose to poetry; and he then observed that it was very singular that his sister should have had a severe illness at the very time of his fit.

As he had not ridden for three or four days, he was determined, although it threatened to rain,



1824.

to go out on horseback. Three or four miles from town we were caught in a heavy rain. Missolonghi lies in a low flat, on one side covered by a wide ditch, on the other washed by the sea-marshes. Our house was on the marshes. The entrance into the town and the streets are so muddy that both going and returning he always preferred being ferried in a little boat to and from the place of his ride.

When he came back to the town wall, he was very wet and in a perspiration. I wanted to go home on horseback, instead of sitting still in a boat whilst in that state, but he would not, and he replied, "I should make a fine soldier if I did not know how to stand such a trifle as this." Two hours after coming home, he found himself shivering all over. He had a little fever and rheumatic pains. About eight o'clock I came into his room. He was lying on a sofa, restless and melancholy. He said to me, "I am in great pain; I should not care for dying, but I cannot bear these pains." The doctors proposed bleeding. He refused, saying, "Is there no remedy but bleeding?" I am afraid that one of the physicians complied too much with his prejudice against bleeding, and told him there was no necessity for it. But at that time there was not the slightest suspicion of danger, nor was there any danger then.

*April 10.*—He was always shivering; he did not go out of doors, but he got up at his usual hour. He transacted some business.

*April 11.*—At ten o'clock in the forenoon he would go out on horseback, an hour earlier than



usual for fear that it might rain later in the day. 1824.  
He rode a long time in the olive-woods a mile from the town. He talked a good deal, and seemed in better health and spirits.

In the evening the police acquainted my Lord that a Turkish spy had taken refuge in his house. He was a relation of the master of the house. Byron himself gave orders for his arrest. The discovery of these disgraceful and vile plots had little effect upon him, if I may judge by what he said and did.

*April 12.*—My Lord kept his bed with a rheumatic fever. He thought that his saddle had been wet when he rode the day before, but it was more probably the effect of the wetting he had on the previous day.

*April 13.*—He got out of bed, but did not go out of his house. His fever was allayed, but his pains still continued. He was out of spirits and irritable.

*April 14.*—He rose at twelve o'clock. He appeared calmer; the fever was diminished, but he was weak and had pains in the head. He wished to ride, but the weather was threatening, and his doctors advised him not to go out.

It was thought that his complaint was got under, and that in a few days he would be quite recovered. There was no suspicion of danger. He was pleased at having a fever, for he thought it might counteract the tendency to epilepsy. He received many letters, and he told me to answer many of them.

*April 15.*—The fever continued, but his rheumatic pains and his headaches were gone. He



1824. seemed easier; he wished to ride, but the weather prevented him.

He received many letters, amongst them one from a Turkish Governor to whom he had sent some prisoners that he had set at liberty. The Turk thanked him, and asked him to liberate others. This letter pleased him much.

*April 16.*—I was confined to my bed all day by a strained leg. I could not see him, but they brought me word that he felt better, that his disorder was taking the regular course, and that there was no alarm. He himself wrote a letter to the Turk, and sent it to me to get it translated into Greek.

*April 17.*—I contrived to walk to his room. His look alarmed me much. He was too calm. He talked to me in the kindest way, but in a sepulchral tone. I could not bear it. A flood of tears burst from me, and I was obliged to retire.

This was the first day in which dreadful doubts were awakened. He suffered himself to be bled for the first time. During the night he could get no sleep; he perspired violently on his neck and head. It was feared that the inflammation would reach his brain.

It was only then that it was proposed to send for Doctor Thomas, but he could not come in time. Fletcher says that he had proposed it to him two or three days before, and that he refused. But I am not aware that any one suspected his danger until the 17th of April—more than that, it was thought the day before he was better.

He had not been able to sleep for some nights,



and then it was that he said to Doctor Millingen, 1824.  
“I know that without sleep one must either die or go mad. I would sooner die a thousand times.”

He said the same thing to Fletcher afterwards. In the night between the 17th and 18th he had some moments of delirium, in which he talked about going to battle, but neither in that night nor in the whole of the next morning was he ever aware of his danger.

*April 18.*—On the morning of the 18th it was feared there was an inflammation of the brain. The doctors proposed another bleeding, but he refused.

At twelve o'clock I was standing near his bed. He asked me if there were any letters come for him. There was one from a Greek Bishop; but fearing to agitate him, I said there were none. “I know,” he said, “there is one to Mavrocordato and Luriottis.” “It is true, my Lord.” “That is what I want to see.” In five minutes I returned with the letter. He opened it himself (it was partly in French, partly in modern Greek). He translated the French into English without hesitation. He tried to translate the Greek; fearing that it might fatigue him I offered to get it translated. He would not let me, but at last he made it out himself. He made several remarks upon it, and said, “As soon as Napier comes we'll do so and so.” A clear proof that at twelve o'clock on the 18th he had no notion of his danger. This being Easter Sunday, there was a grand ceremony. It is usual in Greece, after twelve o'clock, to discharge cannon and muskets



1824. on this occasion. It was thought best to march the Brigade outside the walls, and by a few distant discharges of artillery to attract the crowd so as to prevent a noise near the house. In the meantime the Governor ordered the town guard to patrol the streets to inform the citizens of the situation of their illustrious benefactor, and to exhort them to maintain tranquillity and silence near his dwelling.

Whilst we were without the city the malady increased, and he was made aware of his danger. How unfortunate that we were not at home! He tried to make himself understood by Fletcher, as he himself will have told you.

From a circumstance collected from his servant Tita, I think that he was convinced of his imminent danger after the consultation held by his physicians, about four o'clock in the afternoon. There were near his bed, Tita, Fletcher, and Doctor Millingen. The latter could not restrain his tears, nor could the other two. They wished to retire in order to hide them, on which he said, almost with a smile, "Oh, what a fine scene!" And then he exclaimed, "Call Parry; I have something of importance to tell him." Doubtless this was some testamentary direction.

Parry was out with me. When we came he could scarcely recognise any one. He wished to sleep. He continued asleep for half an hour. About half-past five he awoke. I had not the heart to see him. I sent Parry. My Lord knew him. He tried to express his wishes, but could not. About six o'clock he fell into a sleep. Alas! it was his last sleep. He breathed, however, until



six in the evening of the next day, but without speaking a word or being sensible. 1824.

I collected all the words he uttered in those few hours in which he was certain of his danger. He said, "Poor Greece, poor people (*città*), my poor family. Why was I not aware of this in time? but now it is too late." Speaking of Greece, he said, "I have given her my time, my money, and my health; what could I do more? Now I give her my life." He frequently repeated that he was content to die, and regretted only that he was aware of it too late.

He mentioned the names of many people, and several sums of money, but it was not possible to distinguish clearly what he meant.

He named his dear daughter, his sister, his wife, Hobhouse, and Kinnaird. "Why did I not go to England before I came here? I leave those that I love behind me; in other respects I am willing to die."

After six o'clock on the evening of the 18th it is certain that he suffered no pain whatever. He died in a strange land, and amongst strangers, but more loved, more wept, he could not have been.

It is a comfort to think that he died when his glory shone with its brightest lustre, and that with his turn of mind and in the career on which he had entered he would have been exposed to many disappointments.

I was charged by Prince A. Mavrocordato with the care of his papers and of his effects. The reasons and the courses of my conduct I have explained to Mr. Hobhouse. If I shall have



1824. fulfilled your wishes it will be for me the recompense most grateful to my feelings and the most soothing of all consolations.

Those who were acquainted only with his writings will lament the loss of so great a genius, but I knew his heart. If to have sincere companions of your sorrows will at all alleviate them, be assured that the grief of no one can be more deeply, more truly felt than that of your very humble servant,

PIETRO GAMBA.

THE HON. MRS. LEIGH,  
*August 17, 1824.*

END OF VOL. III





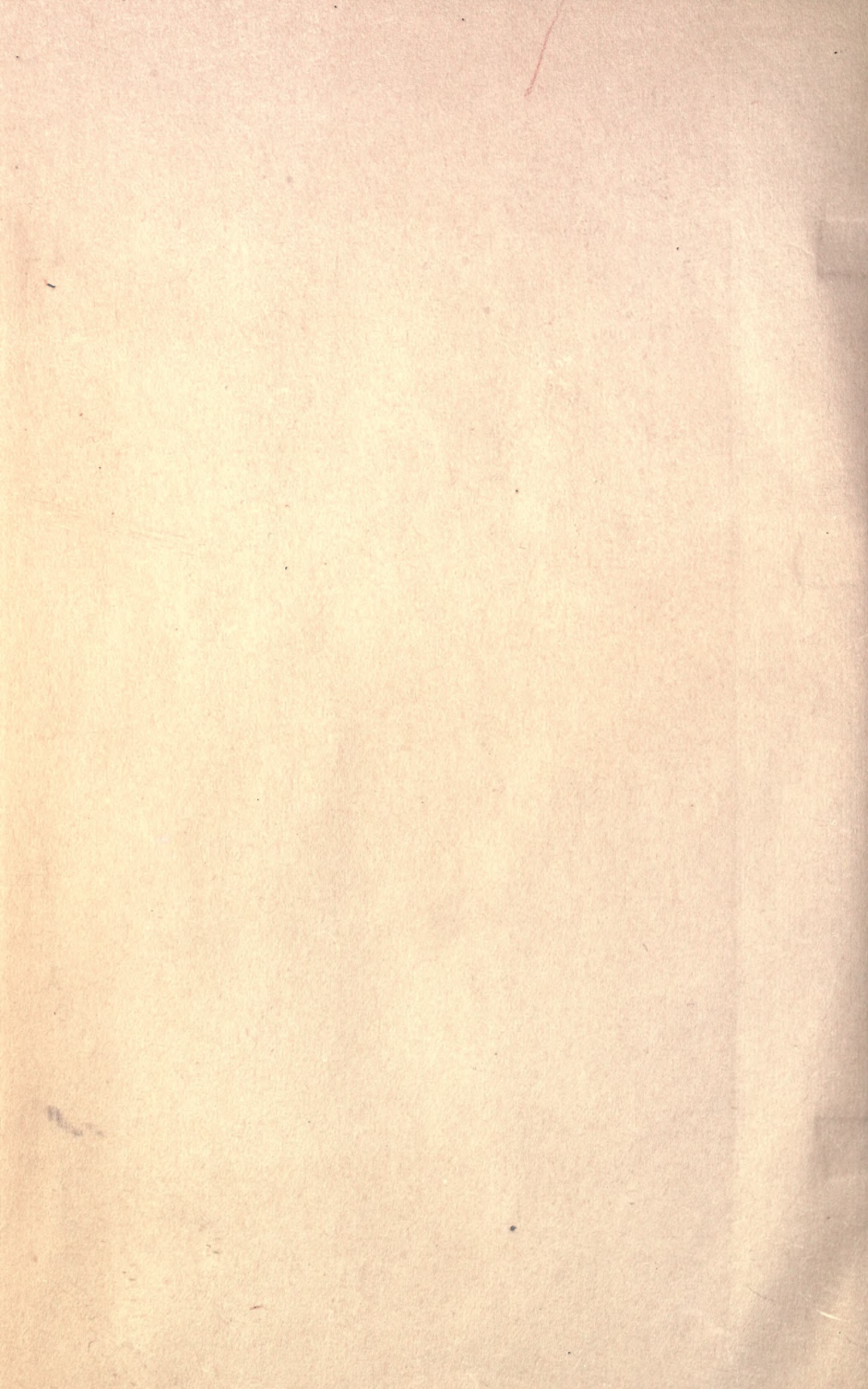














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