

1821

## **1821. Death of Napoleon. Coronation of George IV. Death and funeral of Queen Caroline.**

*January 1st-December 31st 1821*  
*Edited from BL.Add.Mss.56541-4*

On **January 1st 1821** Hobhouse shoots in the fields around Whitton, in the midst of a “hard frost”. On **January 2nd** he goes on, as he would put it, “stupefying” himself, by writing letters, cutting out from newspapers, shooting, eating and drinking. The same inactivity continues on **January 3rd and 4th**. On **January 5th** he hears of “a county meeting in Wiltshire”, and writes “to Methuen and High Sheriff Goddard to put my name to requisition”. Inactivity continues (“Epicuri de gorge porces”) on **January 6th**.

On **January 7th**, Methuen answers:

... he afraid of my coming down to preach radical doctrines at Devizes – these men think the Reformers fools – without deference to time or place. I wrote and told him his mistake, saying I should come down, but should not speak unless the Whigs said anything about blasphemy and sedition, in which case nothing should prevent me from censuring such odious and pernicious hypocrisy. I wrote to Tom Smith to the same purpose.

On January 9th the Hobhouses are having a ball, so on **January 8th** Hobhouse writes letters and tidies his room in preparation. How these activities *do* help prepare for a ball, he doesn't say.

The ball on **January 9th** brings forth a capital piece of Hobhousean self-portraiture:

As before – setting books to rights. In evening, we had a ball [with] all the folks of the neighbourhood – I danced with a Miss Johnstone, daughter of Sir A. Johnstone, Governor-General of Ceylon. She employed herself in being smart – telling me, truly enough, that I could not dance, but went on so long in this vein that I was tired and disgusted. However, she has stopped my capering for ever, for it is not good to be doing anything in a very bungling way. Sam Whitbread, also a novice at the amusement, danced. Up all night.

Samuel Whitbread Jr stays on **January 10th**:

... he told me the Whigs would never again oppose me in Westminster – told me

they did not know me before, &c. He asked me seriously whether I had not written the *Trifling Mistake* knowing I should be sent to Newgate. He told me Whigs never wrote circulars to him. Told me Lord Grey was a very “unkind” relation to all but his children, and had done nothing for him or his. He is going to [the] County of Bedford meeting.

[The] *Times* filled with accounts of County meetings, some called by “antiministerialists” and others by “loyalists”, as they call themselves, but at almost all of which the latter [are] beaten. The government has put in motion loyal addresses for the Gazette, and yet scar[c]e one of the loyal addresses approves of [the] proceedings against the Queen, or speaks of ministers at all – they confine themselves by decrying “blasphemy and sedition”.

Miss Byngs, Colonel and Miss Marley, &c., dined with us. The excellent Samuel Whitbread went away last night.

**Thursday January 11th:** Employed as usual. Mrs William Smith came to stay here. She an agreeable woman, and preserves her spirits though let down in life: from being the wife of the reputed richest commoner in England, with a house in country and in town, to the wife of half a bankrupt, living in or over a shop in Minching Lane. How the change has been brought about is not known, but it is said William Smith<sup>1</sup> has somehow or other lost £150,000.

**Friday January 12th:** As usual, with newspapers &c. William Smith came here: he is not much of a man of talent, but is milder and more agreeable than in days of yore.

**Saturday January 13th:** Rode to London with Isaac to look at lodgings or houses – saw good lodgings [at] 14 Park Place St James’s, and very nearly concluded a bargain, but agreed to be off until Monday. My father has offered to help me in this way, and would, if I had chosen, have taken rooms for me in Albany. Came back to dinner.

On **January 14th** Hobhouse writes letters: on **January 15th** he thinks of riding to Wiltshire but then changes his mind.

**Tuesday January 16th:** Went in the Swindon coach to Fulwar Craven’s Chilton House – dined there with young Thomas. Heard some instances of the tyranny of Popham of Littlecot, and of the subserviency of some Ramsbury clients. Craven leads a strange life: he has lost £300 by farming this year, though he has got up at

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**1:** William Smith, MP – the enemy of Southey.

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five in the morning.

**Wednesday January 17th:** Craven drove me over to Devizes in his Tilbury<sup>2</sup> – we breakfasted at Marlborough. The meeting at Devizes was most excellent. Previous to going on [the] hustings, Lord Lansdowne asked me whether I was for the insertion of the Queen's name in the liturgy – I said most certainly – he said he had no objection. Presently Sir Edward Poore, a Tory – young man – who was the move the address – said he could not go so far as that. Paul Methuen supported the liturgy. Presently Burdett came, and supported it: so it was resolved it should be demanded, and that Poore should only second the address.

Tom Smith and Thomas of Malmesbury were there. The Chair was taken at one. Paul Methuen opened [the] proceedings, High Sheriff Goddard in the chair. Young Ivy made a long speech. It was unnecessary for Burdett or myself to be prominent, for Calley, late MP for Cricklade, and and Robert Gordon, now MP, made reforming, anti-Whig speeches. Lord Lansdowne said he was not prepared to support the corruptions of parliament.

Burdett and I tried not to speak, but after [the] Sheriff had been thanked, we were called upon, one after the other, and were very well received indeed. This I thought a singular sign in such a county; but in fact a very great change has taken place in public opinion. The ministers are almost universally held in odium, yet will they prevail in parliament, as I told the meeting. Burdett, our MP, spoke well, and out fairly. Astley said he would promise nothing.

All went off excellently after the meeting. My old friend and fellow sportsman James Watson came up to me – he had ridden up on purpose to see me – he told me he had made a little fortune by farming, and was about to purchase land. He said he was in great consternation at my being sent to Newgate, and had intended to come up to London to take me to task for my impudence. He told Thomas Kembray and Samuel Sawyer, my father's old servants, that I should have my head cut off, and they believed it and cried bitterly – so he said.

Burdett wanted me to go back to Bath but I could not. Returned with Craven to Whitton – twenty-four miles – and dined at nine o'clock.

Craven gave me a singular account of the depravity which he had discovered in his servants' hall: the butcher used to sleep with two of the maids every night. The toast after dinner was ——. The men used to display their αἰδοῖα. An old fellow threw a farthing over his head from his ——, the man's son being present. The women were present, and were not unemployed. When Craven turned off all his servants, the butcher told him he had lived forty years in gentlemen's houses, and Mr Craven might depend upon it, the same thing was going on in every

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2: A tilbury was a light, open, two-wheel carriage.

family in England. The men took the French method to prevent the girls from breeding.

**Thursday January 18th:** Craven drove me over to Newbury in his Tilbury – at Hungerford we saw a loyal address, to which were signatures of John Pearce's bailiffs, and other persons not freeholders. At Newbury we walked about, and Craven pinched the girls – at the same time he signed an order for application of a bastard – which seems the great employment in this county. I had no idea of the general profligacy.

I got into a chaise at Mrs Botham's, and going away Mrs Botham told me how much everybody was obliged to me for coming down on this occasion, and hoped I would do her the honour to accept a couple of wild ducks. I took them – this is all I ever got or shall get for my patriotism!!

Drove to Reading. There walked two miles and got into the Regulator coach. Arrived at Hounslow at nine – came home, &c.

**Friday January 19th:** I have lately had some fuss with Francis Place. He has been wanting Burdett and me to go up with the High Bailiff to the Queen with the Westminster address. The death of the Queen's last brother has put off the presentation of this address – luckily, or neither of us could have gone. After some difficulty I have persuaded Burdett to go.

Place is still afraid of Cobbett – though that scoundrel has now quarreled with his last friend in Westminster – Benbow – whom he has tried to cheat, and who has now gone over to The Rump. A thing is just published concerning Cobbett, called *The Book of Wonders*, illustrated by Cruikshank, Hone's engraver in wood. It is very clever, and sets Cobbett's inconsiderateness in a very curious light.

Employed looking over papers, &c.

**Saturday January 20th:** Cobbett having announced a letter against the Whigs for this day, gives, this day, a letter showing the Whigs are not rogues. His change of sentiments is, he says, in consequence of declarations made by Folkestone, Tavistock, [the] Duke of Bedford, Lord Holland and Lord Grey, in favour of reform. So he writes Letter III to Lord Grey – in this letter he attacks Burdett violently, calls him a "hunks", insinuates he does not owe Burdett any money, and certainly there is a great change in the language of the Whigs.

Lord Albemarle was very strong at the Fox dinner at Norwich, and Coke of Norfolk said outright he was a "radical reformer"!!!

Sat up half the night sorting newspapers, doing little or nothing.

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**Sunday January 21st:** Burdett came to dinner. William Smith and he do not hit it much, but the impiety of the latter is very striking – Smith tells us he is going to a Whig meeting at Burlington House tomorrow, to settle upon what is to be done Tuesday. Burdett and I determine to give the Whigs fair play, and let them do all they can, without interruption from us. They shall not have to say we prevented them from turning those fellows out, which would of itself be a great blessing, and would ensure a very material change of system – if not that “complete change of system”, without which Lord Grey told the Northumberland meeting he would not come into place.

**Monday January 22nd:** Burdett and I rode up to London dressed in black, and went in my father’s carriage to Cadogan Place, where we took up the High Bailiff, and carried him to Brandenburgh House. It was a great day there – immense crowds – more MPs than ever I saw. Lambton – Fergusson<sup>3</sup> – Honeywood – Lord Archibald Hamilton, and others – City of London there. The Queen looked well, and in spirits – asked Burdett and me to dine, which we declined for [the] present – she told us to come any day at three o’clock.

*Cobbett, Cartwright and Wooller* presented an address from Bolton!!! Cartwright has been writing to Burdett explaining his former conduct – yet he was seen walking up and down the gallery at Brandenburgh House with Cobbett!!

Came away – I took up quarters with Burdett – went to Brooke’s – saw Whigs – great cordiality – Tavistock asked me what I thought best to be done? – he told me [the] Whigs had asked him to move against ministers – and that he thought a motion preferable to one about the liturgy – as Vernon and Lord Aberdeen, he had reason to know, had expressed themselves, as well as others, hostile to the conduct of ministers – but not prepared to vote for reinsertion of the Queen’s name.

Dine at the Athenian Club. Mr Salisbury there, a botanist, told me some things of the late Sir Joseph Banks.<sup>4</sup> Amongst other [things] he had often heard him say – *he did not care a damn for posthumous fame!* He said Banks had no heart – he heard Banks receive the news of the death of an old friend with a joke. He heard Banks treat the notion of a future state with contempt. He knew that Sir Joseph Banks had made every effort to be friend of the present king, as he had been of the last – but the King never would forget that Bankes had advised his father George III not to employ the Prince of Wales.

He told other things of him – he left £200 a year to the gardener at Kew “until

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**3:** Ronald Craufurd Fergusson (1773-1841), MP for Dysart Burghs.

**4:** Banks had died on June 19th 1820.

His Majesty should please to provide for him” – the King has provided for him. He prevented Browne, his librarian, from accepting a Scotch professorship worth £800 a year, and then left him £200 a year. Browne, however, says he is satisfied. Finding that calling the Institute<sup>5</sup> “the first society in the world” had given offence, he took the first opportunity of insulting Bonaparte, who thereupon sent away Blagden<sup>6</sup> from Paris, where he had before suffered him to reside.

After dinner went to Brooke’s – heard there that it had been determined at Burlington House that Tavistock should bring forward his motion for a censure on ministers before Lord Archibald’s motion for the liturgy question – and that no amendment should be moved tomorrow.

**Tuesday January 23rd:** Saw the King return to Carlton Palace. I was at a distance, but it appeared to me he was well received. One thing, however, struck me – the soldiers (officers) of the Life Guards waved their hats and swords.

Called on Place – he was angry at the people for shouting.

Went down to the House of Commons – at first we had a sprightly debate on Mr Weatherall moving for some papers relative to the liturgy – Castlereagh divided the House, though he said he would grant the papers tomorrow. For the motion: 169; against: 260; majority: 91. The ministers made a most wretched figure. Bragge Bathurst was stopped by Hume and asked if he had vacated his seat since becoming President of the Board of Control.<sup>7</sup> He said “No, for he did not receive any salary” – I cannot think this an answer, but it passed. The address was moved next by George Banks, my young friend<sup>8</sup> and such an exhibition was never seen – such trash and tropes dealt out in such a drawling tone, and so abusive of the radicals. He was followed by young Denis Browne, not quite so bad, but still very wretched.

What men to bring forward on such an occasion!! The Speech from the Throne was mere milk and water – the Queen was mentioned, and a suitable provision for her. Nothing said about blasphemy and sedition, but the Loyal Addressers [were] lauded. Curwen spoke and Tierney spoke, and Lord Folkestone – the latter exposed the state of representation manfully. The address was then agreed to, and the House broke up.

Went to Brooks’s, and dined upstairs – everybody much discontented with the turn taken – agreed nothing was to be done by way of vote – but not agreed that Tierney should make so poor a speech. Lambton said to me, “A fine night

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**5:** The Institut de France.

**6:** Sir Charles Blagden, physician (1748-1820).

**7:** A post H. will later fill.

**8:** B. calls him “the Father of all mischiefs”.

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for the Reformers". Lord Milton sat next to me at dinner – he owned to me that reform was gaining ground in his mind. Indeed, I never saw so great a change as to reform in my life. General discontent as to the conduct of our First Bench – our leaders – the country, that has been expecting so much, to see so little done –

Burdett and I complained at our ease at home, but still resolved to give [the] Whigs fair play. It seems now that the liturgy question is to come on first – Tavistock told me he knew not why, but it had been so determined by somebody after the meeting at Burlington House – what are these meetings good for, then?

**Wednesday January 24th:** At the House of Commons, many petitions presented for restoring the Queen's name to the liturgy, and for reform of parliament. We had a sprightly fire, doing ten times more good than last night. Burdett and I dined with the Sheriffs of the City of London, Waithman and Williams, upstairs. Had a specimen of City wit: Wood was rowing Wilson all dinner time – presently up comes Alderman Heygate, hot from attacking the Queen's letter – Wood told him he had behaved unhandsomely – Heygate told Wood he was doing his utmost to upset the government and said that he would "kick up a dust wherever he could".

Went to Brooks's. Had there a long conversation with Lord Nugent, and agreed with him that it would be expedient if we could get some forty of the House of Commons to act together independently of party, but not against party. We got eighteen names for a dinner on Thursday next for this purpose, or at least to talk over matters.

**Thursday January 25th:** No House today. Speaker goes up to the King with the address. Dined with Burdett at Brookes'. Had a long talk with Dominick Browne. He told me the story of Dick Martin's quarrelling with George Ponsonby in the House of Commons after having dined with him. He told the House that the family of Ponsonby were all rotten – from the toothless hag whom he saw grinning in the gallery (Ponsonby's mother was there) to the corrupt member whom he, &c. Ponsonby did not call him out, and never recovered [from] that omission – he was a timid man. Martin told Browne the story himself – they dined *tête-à-tête* and almost hugged each other.

Browne told me that I had done very well in parliament – that I had done some bold things – that the House could not help hearing me – I had something to tell them. I do not know whether he spoke sincerely, but so he said. Great debate tomorrow – Lord Archibald Hamilton does not move the reinsertion of the Queen's name in the liturgy, but [says] only that the omission of it was ill-advised and ill expedient. This to get as many votes as possible, and to expose [the] House if they will not agree to it. But some of us think the proposition too

milk and watery.

Presided at a meeting [at] St George's Hanover Square. Nicholson moved an anti-Whig address, which was rejected.

**Friday January 26th:** A little after three went down to the House – took a place at prayers – put down my name for presenting petitions, one from St George's, one from Sidmouth, another from Langport, another from bookbinders of London and Westminster. Made a speech on presenting these petitions in favour of reform.<sup>9</sup> Members continued presenting petitions till past eight o'clock. Many made excellent speeches.

Went upstairs to dine with Creevey, Fergusson, Wilson, and Burdett. Lord Lansdowne told us a story. At a church in Bedfordshire the parson prayed for the Queen. The clerk said, "From all such Queens, good Lord, deliver us!" The parson next day suspended the clerk. The bishop next day suspended the parson. Next day it was discovered the parson had no right to suspend the clerk. Next day it was discovered the bishop had no right to suspend the parson. Next day the church was shut up.

I had no intention of speaking, but hearing Ellis defending Canning, and Robinson making poor work for the cabinet. I got up, as did Weatherall – there was a great call for each of us. I was going to give way, but Lambton said, "Don't – you have got the House!" so I spoke.<sup>10</sup> Not badly, but Weatherall's speech, which followed, effaced mine.

The debate lasted till six in the morning – we divided: 209; they, 310.

The ministers had expected 70 only majority. William Peel voted with us – Robert Peel went away. Ward went away. Wilberforce went away.

Did not get to bed till near eight.

**Saturday January 27th:** Cuthbert called – said he had just come from Boodles, and that Gooch and others were shouting for joy at the division. The ministers expected only 70 – message sent to the King, by Castlereagh from the lobby after the division. At Brooks's Lord John Russell told me that Sir Thomas Acland told him that Lord Archibald Hamilton's motion was a truism – yet he voted against it.

Dined at Brooks's with Burdett.

On **January 28th** Hobhouse drives down to Whitton. The family have

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**9: Hansard (New Series), Vol. IV, 1821, pp.123-5.**

**10: Hansard (New Series), Vol. IV, 1821, pp.158-62.**

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Captain Parry to dine. He spends **January 29th writing his journal** and walking. **He continues his journal** on **January 30th**, adding “Rode with Bessy Wood – and funds up”. On **January 31st** he rides up to London, puts up at Burdett’s as before, and goes to the House, where he makes an interjection.<sup>11</sup>

**Thursday February 1st 1821:** I believe [I] went down with Burdett to the King’s Bench and heard Scarlett argue in arrest of judgement, most ably. [The] Chief Justice said that he would pay that deference to the argument to wait until Saturday before the court pronounced.

Went to the House of Commons in [the] evening – Castlereagh proposed £50,000 a year for [the] Queen – [the] Queen sent [a] message that she would take nothing until her name was in [the] liturgy.

**Friday February 2nd 1821:** Spent this day as usual doing nothing and at the House of Commons.

**Saturday February 3rd 1821:** Judges refused the *rule*!!<sup>12</sup>

This day [I] dined with a large party at Brooks’s – first suggested by myself to Lord Nugent. Lord Althorpe was in the chair. [The] party were: Lambton, Fergusson, Lord Ebrington, Sir W. Rowley, Beaumont, Burdett, Honeywood, Lord Nugent, Barrett, Dundas, &c., – all Reformers, but of different descriptions. Excellent dinner. After dinner Lord Nugent spoke about some sort of project for a pledge or declaration about Reform – and about acting together. Lambton said he considered Tierney his leader – and after some little talk – Reform [was] dropped.

We then talked about what was to be done in consequence of the Queen’s message to parliament, that she would not take any allowance. [We] agreed that Lambton, Burdett, Ebrington, Beaumont, Wywill, [and] Fergusson should form a committee to communicate with Lord Fitzwilliam, [the] Duke of Bedford, &c., about a subscription to purchase an annuity for the Queen of £50,000.

Brougham, the adviser of the message, spoke to me the other day, about the necessity of doing something immediately, and wished to know how Westminster people felt. I spoke to Place, who said that if the Whig Lords would only put down their names for any sum, and allow the list to be read at a public meeting, no more was required of them. Certainly the party are bound to do something, for I *know* the refusal of the money was Brougham’s own act. The Queen had resolved to accept it, and said it was the first gracious act of the King, and she

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**11: Hansard (New Series), Vol. IV, 1821, p.223.**

**12:** Burdett is fined £2,000 and imprisoned for three months.

should accept it as such. Brougham and Denman went to Brandenburgh House on the Tuesday, and the consequence was the message on the following day. Denman since wishes to back out, and attack[s] the whole plan to Brougham.

**Sunday February 4th 1821:** This day at Brooks's, hear that Lord Fitzwilliam and Alexander Baring give heartily into the subscription, but that Lord George Cavendish throws cold water on it – as usual on every plan for moving popular feeling.

Burdett and I dined with Mr Speaker – I think on the whole it is the handsomest gala dinner in Europe. Mr Speaker very pointedly civil to me. Burdett thought it was very handsome *his* asking *him* while under conviction, and said little shabby Abbott would not have done it. We had a radical party, except Lord John Russell, Sir Robert Wilson, Alderman Wood, Curren, &c. The Chaplain told me my colleague was the best speaker in parliament.

**Monday February 5th 1821:** At the House of Commons, dined upstairs. Tavistock's motion for a censure on ministers for [their] conduct towards the Queen. He spoke out nobly about a Reform, and total change – very well seconded by Lambton. Bankes spoke, and put the whole upon not wishing for a change of system, nor Reform. Mackintosh gave him a good thrashing, and said the majority of the House made war on the people – he was called to order by Castlereagh. Peel spoke – feebly, I thought – said the ministers were wrong in striking the Queen's name out of the liturgy, but that he would vote for them now. Burdett and Lord Nugent rose – the Speaker fixed Nugent, who spoke ill – then rose Lord Milton, who spoke well – then Horace Twiss – a most impudent and impotent effort – a complete failure. He was hooted and coughed through his first effort. I felt much for him, until he became so impudent. Mackintosh told me that Horace Twiss had been overheard by Dr Holland passing through Searle Street practising – a crowd of little boys were assembled under the window. Holland stopped, and heard this phrase: "'Tis the bill of pains and penalties!" Bruce told me he saw Twiss swallow a raw egg and a glass of brandy just before he spoke. He is a profligate scoundrel, and scarcely deserves pity.<sup>13</sup>

[The] House adjourned [the] debate at twelve o'clock.

**Tuesday February 6th 1821:** Down at the House, Sir Robert Wilson resumed [the] debate – read letters from Italy to the Queen's character. Bathurst, Bennett and Burdett spoke. Burdett [was] not well tonight.<sup>14</sup> Castlereagh and Brougham

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**13:** H. repeats these anecdotes about Twiss in a letter to B. of February 15: BB 304-5.

**14:** "B. not well to night" (Ms.)

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closed the debate. Divided at six in the morning – great majority against us.

**Wednesday February 7th 1821:** In bed greater part of day – no House – dined at Brooks's with Burdett.

**Thursday February 8th 1821:** Went down with Burdett to Court of King's Bench. Serving there, Mr Paulet and Sir Robert Heron. Lord Nugent, Lambton, and Wilson were in court. Burdett's affidavit was read – Scarlett made a most beautiful and masterly speech in mitigation [of] punishment. Denman talked about his own conduct. Phillips gave up the language of the letter. Blackburne did tolerably well. Evans made a violent, ill-timed speech. [The] Attorney-General (whom Burdett attacked violently in his speech on Tuesday), did not aggravate much. [The] Solicitor-General said nothing. There was a painful interval between the speeches and the Judgement – Bailey at last began, "Sir Francis Burdett, it is my painful duty, &c ..." as far as respected Burdett, he was mild. He acquitted him of bad motives, but as far as respected the law, he was most nefarious – he said Burdett might have been tried in Leicestershire if it could be proved that any London or other paper to which he had sent his letter had been seen in Leicestershire. Here is law!! He also said that his difference with the other judges had been only technical!! He said that in cases of libel, where malice was evident, punishment would be aggravated – where it did not appear, then the party would have to consider himself with the purity of his intentions – !!! – so that the law never considers the prisoner's case.

When Bailey said "This court do therefore adjudge, &c., that you do pay a fine of £2,000 to the King, and also ..." here there was a most intense anxiety on the face of everyone ... Bailey ended, "that you be imprisoned in his Majesty's jail ..." then correcting

[END OF B.L.Add.Mss. 56541; START OF B.L.Add.Mss. 56542]

himself – said, "In the King's Bench prison for the space of three calendar months!!!"

This was a great relief – all except Scarlett, who expected no imprisonment, thought the term would be a year at least. The Solicitor-General told Bright he expected six months.

In a short time Burdett, the tipstaff, Maxwell and I got into a hackney coach and drove off midst the hurrahs of a great crowd to the King's Bench Prison. Jones, the Marshall, received Burdett very civilly, and sent him a turkey for dinner. Burdett [was] lodged over the gate, where Swan was. [His] rooms [are] not nearly so good as mine in Newgate – grate before the windows, and grate at

the door.

I went to Burdett's for books, &c. Dined with him. Bickersteth ad Maxwell there.

**Friday February 9th 1821:** At the House of Commons – with Burdett in the evening. Also at a committee of electors of Westminster, in which it was resolved to address Burdett at a public meeting – also to pay his fine. Place and I were against the latter project, thinking it would be sooner said than done – but Brooks, Adams, and all the rest were clamorous, and we were silenced. I was asked to write the address.

**Saturday February 10th 1821:** Wrote address this morning to Burdett – there was some discussion yesterday whether or not Lambton should be asked to take the chair at our public meeting. It seems this was proposed owing to a hope that the Whigs would submit if Lambton took the chair. I told them that I thought the Whigs would not help at all, and proposed Sturch for the chair – but Adams proposed me, which was carried unanimously.

I dined this day with Burdett.

**Sunday February 11th 1821:** Did nothing. Dined with Burdett. Forget whom I met.

**Monday February 12th 1821:** At the public meeting at the Crown and Anchor, in the chair – not a Whig there, nor one gentleman – as they call them – but the room full of most respectable citizens, both of Westminster and London. I made a good speech – so said all – and [the] *Times* reporter!! The shabby *Chronicle* scarcely noticed the meeting. James Mills tried to create a disturbance, and appropriate part of the subscription to Major Cartwright – this was scarcely seconded, but kept us in hot water some time. At last, however, all went off excellently – £92 subscribed in the room.

Went to the House of Commons, then to Burdett.

**Tuesday February 13th 1821:** At the House of Commons<sup>15</sup> and I believe Burdett in the evening.

**Wednesday February 14th 1821:** At the House of Commons.

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**15:** In fact H. present three petitions on this date: **Hansard (New Series), Vol. IV, 1821, pp.614-7.**

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**Thursday February 15th 1821:** At the House of Commons.<sup>16</sup>

**Friday February 16th 1821:** At the House of Commons, and in [the] evening with Burdett – with whom dined William Penn – “The Pen often cut and never mended” – a very agreeable man, I thought. He told us many queer stories, and talked about America, where he resided ten years. He is now living in the Rules of the Bench. He is, I fancy, [the] eldest descendant of the founder of Pennsylvania. He confessed that the voting by ballot in Philadelphia kept down the interest of the Federals, who are the principal landowners. He has married a whore.

**Saturday February 17th 1821:** I believe I dined with Burdett again today.

**Sunday February 18th 1821:** This day rode down to Whitton and dined.

**Monday February 19th 1821:** Rode up to London. Went to House of Commons – nothing done. Dined with Burdett. Lord Grey’s motion respecting Naples came in tonight.

**Tuesday February 20th 1821:** Positive intelligence arrived that [the] Austrian army has crossed the Po to march on Naples.

[I] returned to N<sup>o</sup> 10, Hill Street, Berkeley Square, where my father has taken a good house belonging to Lord Templeton.

At the House of Commons, where I asked a question respecting Johnson, confined in Lincoln Castle for his conduct on the 10th of August, who was not suffered to go and see his dying wife. [The] Attorney-General said there was no way of letting Johnson go without remitting the remainder of his imprisonment. I divided twice with the minority – once on the rejection of the Nottingham Petition, and once on the conduct of the Sheriff of Cheshire.

Went to Burdett and took cold meat.

**Wednesday February 21st 1821:** Prepared to speak on Mackintosh’s motion respecting Naples – Mackintosh made a most brilliant speech, of two hours. Castlereagh answered him, very feebly. Wilson answered Castlereagh. Ward, Wilberforce, Wortley,<sup>17</sup> all spoke against the aggression of the allies – and even Castlereagh did not defend it. Lord Grey complained to me at Brooks’s that he could not lash up himself or his audience to any enthusiasm on Monday – in fact,

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**16:** H. writes to B. on this day: BB 304-5. He refers to hearing about *Don Juan V*.

**17:** James Archibald Stuart Wortley (1776-1845) MP for Yorkshire.

he did not divide the House. I observed that the Gallery in our house was ill-attended, and the members went away even in the middle of Mackintosh's noble speech – e.g., Peel and Lambton – this is to me inconceivable. We divided, [for.] 125; against, 194 – the vote being directly contrary to the universal feeling of the House.

This night Dennis O'Boyen [O'Brien??] was acquitted of the placard conspiracy, though his connection with Fletcher, or Franklin, was distinctly proved. John Hunt of the *Examiner* was convicted of a libel on the House of Commons – the jury [were] out two hours and more. Only two tales men on the jury. Went with deputation to Burdett – he answered the address with a speech.

**Thursday February 22nd 1821:** At the House of Commons – voted on Lord John Russell's motion for an enquiry into the military outrage at Kilmainham. For the motion, 90; against, 424. Ellis, [the] new MP for Dublin, spoke, and spoke ill – went to Burdett's.

**Friday February 23rd 1821:** At the House of Commons, spoke on Davison's petition respecting the fine imposed on him during his defence<sup>18</sup> – Denman presented his petition, I seconded it. A debate arose. Castlereagh was warm, and said he would admonish the people of England not to waste the time of the House with petitions. He tried to explain this away. Numbers, 64 to 27. Bright was the only man except myself who expressed a doubt as to the power of fining a defendant during his defence.

<Dined> with Burdett in evening. Curious proof of ignorance in Macfarlan, a fellow of Trinity College Cambridge.

**Saturday February 24th 1821:** <Rode down to Whitton> Dined with Burdett – *no* Crompton.

**Sunday February 25th 1821:** Dined with Burdett.

**Monday February 26th 1821:** Went up with a deputation from St George's Hanover Square with an address to the Queen at Hammersmith. Tolerably respectful show at Brandenburgh House. Queen asked me to dine – asked me to come any day – she said she and Burdett were the two worst-used people in Europe – wondered people did not pull the prison down.

[I] hear from Wood that she must take the money after all. The Whigs will do nothing, and the people, very naturally, are half-tired. I observed this at the

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18: Hansard (New Series), Vol. IV, 1821, pp.921-2.

1821

Crown and Anchor meeting on the 12th. The advice to refuse the money was absolutely Brougham's – even Denman backs out of it. The Queen had resolved to accept it on the Sunday – Brougham and Denman came down and changed her mind on Tuesday. I asked her about Marlborough House – she said Prince Leopold would not let her have it – he was a poor creature – she has taken Cambridge House, much to her dislike, for she told me she would never see the sun there. I feel confident she will go abroad.

Went to the House of Commons and then dined with Burdett.

**Tuesday February 27th 1821:** Lord Sidmouth has written to the Duke of Devonshire to take out Burdett's name from the list of deputy lieutenants of the county of Derby. [The] Duke of Devonshire wrote to [the] clerk of the peace and found Burdett's name was not there!! He sent Lord Dungannon with the story to Burdett.

On Friday last the Duke of Leinster presented several petitions to the King for dismissal of ministers – when he had mentioned their titles and objects, the King said, “Et cetera, et cetera, et cetera!” and turned his back.

Lord Darlington, having to present an address from the County of Durham to the King for dismissal of ministers, &c., saw Sidmouth, and told him that as he had lost a daughter, and as Lady Darlington was ill, he hoped he might present the address to His Majesty privately. Lord Sidmouth told him to write to Sir Benjamin Bloomfield,<sup>19</sup> and that of course he might do as he wished – comes an answer from Sir Benjamin Bloomfield – has it in command from His Majesty to say His Majesty regrets Lord Darlington's domestic afflictions, but that the present state of acquaintance between the King and the Earl is not such as to induce His Majesty to stray<sup>20</sup> from his general rule of doing no public business at Brighton. Lord Darlington goes to Lord Sidmouth in a rage – Lord Sidmouth says the whole shall be rectified, and in twenty-four hours after comes a letter from Sir Benjamin Bloomfield, with the King's commands to present the address at Brighton. Lord Darlington goes and presents the address – on which the King says, “You have done your duty, my lord, and I have done mine,” and turns away. Of this interview, Lord Darlington afterwards gave an account in a letter to the County of Durham.

I went to the House tonight – nothing done.

**Wednesday February 28th 1821:** Dined at the Eumelian Club – Dr Ashe there,

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**19:** Sir Benjamin Bloomfield (1768-1846), George IV's private secretary.

**20:** “say” (Ms.)

and Heber. Very pleasant day. Did not hear Plunket's<sup>21</sup> great speech on the Catholic claims, but went down and voted in the majority: 227 to 221. Cheering when the numbers were announced. I had been spoken to by an elector not to vote, but was determined to do so, although the leading Catholics have behaved shabbily to the Reformers, certainly. No-one knew which way the division would turn – up till two.

**Thursday March 1st 1821:** Took Sir Robert Wilson to dine with the Queen at Hammersmith. We dined a little after three – a sort of Italian dinner. Lord and Lady Hood,<sup>22</sup> who have now places about the Queen, Keppel Craven, Lady Anne Hamilton, Wilson's eldest son, who is to have a place about the Queen, there. Madame and Mr Felice, Chevalier Bischi, Prince Ruffanelli (or some such name), Marquis Antoldi, Madame Oldi, William Austin, and others whom I do not recollect – Wood. A queer party. A black waiting. Two servants in red and gold, two servants in plain clothes.

Nothing particular in the conversation. [The] Queen called William Austin and the Prince "La Jeunesse" – said, with tears in her eyes, "On ne vit que pour les souvenirs". – "Madame," said I, "there may be something as good in the future as in the past". – "Oh no," said she. She made us taste some wine just brought from her own villa at Pesaro by Carlo Forti. She told me before dinner that Coutts had refused to honour her draught for £3,000 – and was very angry about it – said she had had no money since October.

At half-past five we went in three carriages by Fulham and Vauxhall Bridge to the Mansion House – got with some difficulty into the room where the Lord Mayor, Thorpe, and the ladies and gentlemen of the committee were waiting for the Queen. After a short time we crammed into the Egyptian Hall, which was full, chiefly of the female sex – all decently, many handsomely, dressed. [The] Queen went to a sort of throne prepared for her, the music playing by direction *God Save the King*. Lady Ann Hamilton sat on her right, Lady Hood on her left, Lord Hood behind Lady Ann Hamilton, Keppel Craven behind the Queen, young Wilson, I, and Sir Robert, behind Lady Hood – to my great discomfiture, who did not intend so conspicuous a place, but was brought there by Wilson. There was something half ridiculous in the whole, though everything went off very well, except the music, which with the exception of Madame Camporese,<sup>23</sup> was very

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**21:** William Conyngham, first Baron Plunket (1764-1854), protestant champion of Catholic claims. Lord Chancellor of Ireland under Grey.

**22:** Henry, Baron Hood (1753-1836), son of the famous Admiral Hood, and his wife.

**23:** Violante Camporese (1785-1839), soprano. The first London Donna Anna in 1817.

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bad.<sup>24</sup> The Queen thought so, and was commenting on it all the while to me – at one time she said, “This is the real bill of pain and penalties”. The sight was beautiful – many very pretty women near us. Lord Milton came late. [The] Duke of Leinster – Fergusson – Westen Monk – Palmer – Robert Gordon – Ricardo – and various other MPs, there. The Queen pointed out Wylde to me – praised him much as her own choosing. Talked highly of Lushington, who she said was always gay – this was what she liked. She was very eager to get away. There did not appear to me to be so much applause as on former occasions, but then the great mass of audience were women. There was great shouting without doors – they say a thousand guineas were collected for the charity.

Came home heartily tired.

**Friday March 2nd 1821:** Went to House of Commons, but did not stay. Went to Burdett’s and dined. Coming back to the House, found there had been a division on giving [the] franchise to Sat and Cot at Leeds, and that Baring had attacked Westminster by saying that although there might not be much money spent there, the candidates were called upon for a great expenditure of nonsense. Wilson answered him on behalf of Westminster. I was ready to gnaw my fingers off at not having been there.

**Saturday March 3rd 1821:** Dined at Hanbury Tracey’s. Sat next to a large man, who told me that he had once been as much for the Catholics as anybody, but that living in France he had found they left out the second commandment, and cut the fourth into two – he had sent over for twelve copies to disperse among honourable members!! Now this is hardly credible – I never heard the large man’s name. Dr Lushington of the party – a most agreeable man.

Went to Brooks’s.

**Sunday March 4th 1821:** Dined with Burdett.

**Monday March 5th 1821:** Went to the House. Dined upstairs. Hurried down, hearing [the] Grampound disenfranchisement bill was on, which I found Lord John Russell had given up in disgust to Stuart Wortley. Baring was not in the House, but I made my answer to him<sup>25</sup> – told of his parading into Taunton with a big loaf and four cupids before him. Was much cheered, and was told I had made a very good speech afterwards. I ended by saying that, although a radical Reformer, I should support the bill even in its present wretched form.

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**24:** H. rarely notices the quality of the music played.

**25:** Hansard (New Series), Vol. IV, 1821, p.1078.

Voted with the minority for Dr Lushington's motion to disqualify Ellis from being a Master in Chancery in Ireland and MP for Dublin – this is the strongest proof of the corruption of parliament I ever saw – the House, last session, had voted this by a large majority. Grant and Castlereagh had brought in the bill – Castlereagh had said that he must be a bold man who would oppose an address to the crown disqualifying Ellis. Ellis himself had sworn before a committee that the duties of the office required ten months' daily attendance – yet we had only 52 against 101. Said he still stuck to the principle and would vote for a bill prospectively disqualifying. Peel took the strong line, saying "Justice before all things – no *ex post facto* laws". Plunket spoke admirably – we had all the reason – but not a vote was gained by truth or eloquence.

**Tuesday March 6th 1821:** Went to the House – dined with Burdett – voted with the minority on Maberly's motion for the reduction of taxation – we had 83 to 109.

**Wednesday March 7th 1821:** Went to the House – presented a petition on the subject of fining a defendant from 1,000 inhabitants of Westminster and London – spoke for three-quarters of an hour<sup>26</sup> – house impatient, but I had the satisfaction of making them attentive, and when I had done, of hearing all about me say, "Capital speech!" Creevey said, "The best speech you ever made!" I attacked the judges by name, and yet neither Attorney- nor Solicitor-[General] dared to reply. I found that Scarlett and Denman, who had before given up the night, now seemed inclined to agree with me, or deny it. Wynne threw out the petition by an informality – there being allusion to a member's speech in it.

I went and dined with Lambton, Wilson, and James, at Lambton's house. Lady Louisa there – sure she is afraid of our friend.

Came back to the House – but nothing done except committee appointed in agricultural distresses.

**Thursday March 8th 1821:** Made preparations for speaking about Naples, when, to my delight, found there was no House. Dined at home<sup>27</sup> for once, with my father, and mother and dear sisters, who came here last Tuesday.

**Friday March 9th 1821:** At the House, Stuart Wortley moved Lambert, publisher and printer of the *Morning Chronicle*, to the bar, for heading the list of the minority, as if they voted against Lord Castlereagh's admonition to the people

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**26: Hansard (New Series), Vol. IV, 1821, pp.1132-6.**

**27:** That is, at No 10, Hill Street, Berkeley Square.

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of England not to trouble the House any more with petitions. Wortley was well laughed-at, and made himself a great fool.

I denied the power of the House,<sup>28</sup> and was called to order, but went on, and made a decent short speech. We divided on Bennett's motion of adjournment, and had only 34 to 155, but Lambton then moved the previous question and we agreed to go on as long as we could. This induced Castlereagh to advise Wortley to desist, and after trying in vain to make us say it was a breach of privilege, Wortley withdrew his motion.

I had this night an opportunity of seeing how few men act upon established principles. Wilson and others made speeches upon *ad misericordium*, and I alone stood out against the power. I divided with Creevey upon his motion against placemen in parliament: 33 / 172 – many of the opposition voted against us. Heard Hume's speech on army estimates. Committee adjourned till Monday at twelve o'clock.

**Saturday March 10th 1821:** Called on Cuthbert – called at Murray's – saw Henry Matthews – the *Invalid*<sup>29</sup> – reminded me very much of poor Charles Skinner – he appears to have given up his notion of publishing a memoir of Charles.

Went to Brooks's. Saw by the *Chronicle* that the shabby Perry had given up the "libel," and begged pardon for it – after all our fight for it. Lord Lansdowne, Calcroft, and even Ricardo, to my great surprise, objected to the "heading"<sup>30</sup> of the minority. It is impossible to act with such candid gentlemen. Lord Opalston, Bennett, Lambton and myself fought stoutly for it.

I dined with Burdett, Bickersteth, [and] Cullen. Fyshe Palmer there. [I was] very ill with a bad cold and [a] pain in my side, which I have had some time – consequence of excess, and of that horrid House of Commons, which I would quit if I could do it with character, especially as I do not think I shall ever succeed much there. I have heard a cry or two for questions, and a cough whilst I have been speaking.

Walked home – put feet in warm water – took calomel – ill all night.

**Sunday March 11th 1821:** Took salts – stayed in bed till five in the afternoon. Found I had omitted dining, according to invitation, with Ricardo yesterday, thinking it today.

**Wrote journal for a month today.**

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**28: Hansard (New Series), Vol. IV, 1821, p.1168.**

**29:** Matthews was author of *Diary of an Invalid* (1820).

**30:** Could be "pleading".

Mem: [the] Queen has accepted the money by a letter to Lord Liverpool, which Wood tells me was written in a hurry, he believes by Wylde. She takes the money by an act of grace, and asks for insertion in the liturgy as an act of grace. I fear the people will think this giving in.

On Sunday last I called with Kinnaird on the Duke of Sussex at Kensington – he was smoking in a bed gown in the midst of books – [he] told us [the] succession was altered – we stared – young Princess Elizabeth died at two that morning. [He] showed me a little book called *Intrigues of the Court of Hanover*, in which it was mentioned that the wife of George I was divorced by both the Consistory Courts of Zell and Hanover, although the latter made some difficulty doing it. We talked of the Queen – [the] Duke said that she had done wrong to refuse the money in the first instance, and then to give great dinners, and live *en Reine*. She ought, said the Duke, to have taken a small house in Pall Mall, dismissed all her servants but one, covered that servant's coat with gold lace, dismissed all her chamberlains, &c., and stuck up a damned large brass plate at the door with "The Queen of England" upon it.

[The] Duke told us that *Croker* had actually got the Queen's apartments at Kensington. He gave me a transcript of the Irish Act of Uniformity passed just two years after the English, in Car. II., which certainly settled the point of the liturgy.

He seems a very hard-reading, painstaking man, and a good-natured one, certainly.

Lord Forbes told me that Lord Fife told him [that] he (Lord Fife) had been to the King and asked him which way he should vote about the Catholics. [The] King said, "Which way you please". Now the last time, the King told Lord Fife to vote against the Catholics. Lord Grenville told Lord Nugent he never was sanguine about carrying the question until now – and yet some people will bet ten to one it is not carried.<sup>31</sup>

**Monday March 12th 1821:** Went to the House – voted once with Hume on army estimates, and then went home. There was a row afterwards, and fourteen divisions took place in order to put off "the further consideration of the question". Castlereagh gave in at last, at half-past three in [the] morning

**Tuesday March 13th 1821:** Nothing at the House. Dined with Burdett.

**Wednesday March 14th 1821:** Robert Smith's motion for papers relative to [the] Austrian loan – not refused. Went to dine with Burdett, and came back in

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**31:** The Roman Catholic Relief Bill is not passed until 1829.

1821

time to divide twice, for a reduction of ten and five thousand men of the army.

**Thursday March 15th 1821:** The King of Spain has been playing his ministers a trick and speaking, like Hamlet's players, "more than was set down for him," at the opening of the Cortes – ministers resigned. I hear from David Baillie from Madrid that the King is at the bottom of the disturbance at his palace gates, of which he afterwards complained himself. The Cortes have found him out, and Baillie thinks that this treachery will one day or other end in his abdication.

I had a letter from Byron,<sup>32</sup> who tells me that Austrian troops will get their "gruel" – they marched from Ravenna ten days before they intended, on account of discovering a plan to rise and massacre them.<sup>33</sup> I hear also from Mr Strutt at Rome – he says the Austrians are twenty miles from Rome, which they will not enter. All tranquil at Naples – but he fear[s the] result.

I sent these notions to the *Times* – went to the House, but did not stay to divide.

**Friday March 16th 1821:** Catholic question – second reading in the House this night. Dined upstairs. Canning came, and spoke last. He had a hit at

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**32:** BLJ VIII 83-4 (February 22nd 1821).

**33:** For confirmation of what B. reports, see this translation of postscript to police report from Vatican Archives, KSHR, Gay Papers 36A: "The public spirit of this town [*Ravenna*] and the province remains in the same state described in the recent extraordinary report, and now the political sights of this ministry focus with particular attention on the District of Lugo, which, like the one which for holiday purposes is being filled with a gathering of foreigners coming from different parts, gives much scope for political inspection. / Furthermore, no positive information has arrived from Venice regarding Signor Marchese Gio. Battista Canonici, who is detained there, as is referred to in the aforementioned extraordinary report, which increases concern for his own family. / From the careful and diligent investigations specially started, as mentioned already, not losing sight either of all that can have related to the neighbouring province of the state, where it is worth finding out about everything which is advantageous to the peace of mind of the public in every aspect of the same, it has come to our knowledge that in the indicated province, a muffled voice is spreading in a serpentine fashion, without our being able to trace its real origin, but which jealously submits as if we were expected to find out about it. / It is thus claimed, that there are in Ravenna some ill-disposed persons, who are supported by Lord Byron, who is at this time settled in the house of the Cavaliere Guiccioli, who, it is said, have secret relations with Romagna and with Bologna: that the Fair at Lugo will be for them a signal for a combined revolt, and that there will at that time occur in Ravenna a take-over of the public places and private houses, and that it is possible that these ill-disposed persons include some soldiers from Linea, not excluding the commander of that place, and his second-in-command."

“demagogues” and “Palace Yard,” which to me seemed very personal, and was certainly very much out of place. I, like a fool, was very uncomfortable about it. He talked about such demagogues “finding their levels and shrinking to their proper dimensions in six months”. The House laughed, and looked at me – but I do not think the thing was relished much beyond the moment. It was the last speech, at near three in the morning, and I voted with Canning, so I could not answer him: but this shall be added to the *ordia in longum*. Lambton said to me afterwards that I had “risen” since I came into the House, so Canning’s attack could not affect me. I said I knew not whether I had risen or no – but I determined to give Canning as good as he brought. [The] question [was] carried by 254 to 243.

**Saturday March 17th 1821:** This morning news arrived of Piedmont having risen and declared [for the] Spanish constitution. [The] Prince of Corignan [is] at the head of the revolution, apparently.

I rode down to Whitton, out of sorts at the debate of last night. Dined, and evening with Charlotte. Miss Bayley there.

**Sunday March 18th 1821:** Day at Whitton, thinking of a “retort courteous” to Mr Canning.

**Monday March 19th 1821:** Rode up to London. Went to a committee of [the] House of Commons on Newington Vestry, and helped to discomfit the bill for a select vestry.<sup>34</sup> Also attended the water-monopoly committee, of which I have been a tolerable attender.

At the House, Plunket put off Catholic claims till Friday, after some dispute. Bank cash payment discussed. Grampound disfranchisement bill passed.<sup>35</sup> King of Sardinia abdicates.

I dined with Burdett.

**Tuesday March 20th 1821:** Occupied in morning by thinking and reading for [the] question respecting Naples in the House. Dined there. Wilson’s motion for [a] copy of Sir W A’Count’s letter to [the] Duke de Gallo – although primed and loaded, I did not speak – no division. Ward spoke well, Canning ill.

I am employed about getting up a Reform dinner in the City of London for Lambton’s motion, and to show that we radicals will help the Whigs when the

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**34:** This is the start of H.’s interest in the Select Vestries issue, a campaign for freer local government which was an important precursor of the 1832 Reform Bill.

**35:** H. speaks in this debate: **Hansard (New Series), Vol. IV, 1821, pp.1339-44.**

1821

Whigs will do anything. [I] apply to sundry MPs for their names as stewards.

**Wednesday March 21st 1821:** At the House of Commons. Dined with Burdett. Voted with Western for the repeal of the last Malt Tax. In the majority: 149 to 129. Scotch and country gentlemen for us. Castlereagh in a great rage, and announced his determined opposition to the second reading.

I went to court today and presented an address to the King from St James's parish Westminster, for [the] dismissal of ministers. His Majesty did not speak to me, but was gracious as far as smiling and bowing went. Hearing how he had treated others, I hung back, but the Marquis of Winchester cried out, "Kiss hands!" and I did so. The King would not speak to Hughues, MP.

The court not much crowded.

**Thursday March 22nd 1821:** At the House of Commons. Hume got a committee to enquire into the offices of Receivers General and Distributors of Stamps.<sup>36</sup> Mackintosh made a most foolish speech.

Dined at home.

**Friday March 23rd 1821:** At the House of Commons. Dined with Burdett. Voted for Catholic claims in committee, 230 to 216. Horace Twiss made, I hear, a most excellent speech – a complete resurrection for him – for the claims. Plunket [was] obliged to go away on account of his wife's illness, and leave the question in Newport's hands.

Rumour of Austrian success.

**Saturday March 24th 1821:** Lord Fife dismissed for voting against the Malt Tax.

Dine at home. Go to Speaker's levée.

**Sunday March 25th 1821:** Anniversary of my election for Westminster. Reading for a motion, of which I have given notice, of [the] Foreign Enlistment Bill.<sup>37</sup>

Dined with the Duke of Sussex at Kensington Palace. Met there Edward Ellice, Kinnaird, Lord Bury, Mr Gore, Mr Stephen, Mr (Captain) Morris, Dominick Browne, and others. Very good meat and wine, but no conversation

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**36:** Wordsworth's post in Westmoreland was Distributor of Stamps.

**37:** H. wants to repeal the bill making it illegal for British officers to enlist in foreign armies and navies. B. has volunteered to join the Neapolitan rebels, but it is not clear that the two things are connected.

worth mentioning. His Royal Highness [was] very good-natured and civil, &c. The cursed smoking made me half, and Browne quite, sick.

Went to Brooks's, and talked over news with Robert Adair and others. Rumour of an engagement between Piedmontese and Austrians near Pavia – rumour of insurrections in France.

**Monday March 26th 1821:** At House of Commons, put off motion for repeal of Foreign Enlistment Bill. Presented a petition from Gibbon Nicholls, [a] grocer in the Strand, who had twenty-three forged notes taken in his shop in a few days – [I] carried the notes to the House – produced a considerable sensation, as is always the case on these subjects.

Dined with Burdett. Lord Thanet, Motteux, Penn, Cullen and Hume there.

Catholic MPs admitted to sit in parliament by [a] majority of 223 to 211. Adjourned after repealing the *Irish Witchcraft Bill*!! We had a squabble about going on with the clauses.

Sir H. Inglis, who is just come from France, told me today that the liberals in Paris are quite alive, and talk of nothing short of the Constitution on 1791.

**Tuesday March 27th 1821:** Paid some small bills. At the House of Commons, voted twice for the Catholics in a committee. Majority, 188 to 169, and 163 to 120. The first about judgeships, the second about governors of colonies. Up till one.

**Wednesday March 28th 1821:** Report of Austrians being beaten in Italy. Went to House of Commons, but did not stay to hear Hutchinson,<sup>38</sup> who opposed the Security Roman Catholic Bill.

Dined with Burdett. Came back to House of Commons. Up till one.

**Thursday March 29th 1821:** Report of Naples being taken by the Austrians. Went to House of Commons, but did not stay to hear debate on Timbo duties. Dined with Burdett. Something said in favour of Bonaparte by Wilson made nothing but a laugh in the House.

**Friday March 30th 1821:** [It] appears that Naples is taken,<sup>39</sup> and fears for a

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**38:** Christopher Hely Hutchinson (1767-1826), MP for Cork.

**39:** The Neapolitan revolt against their Bourbon King Ferdinand I started on July 2nd, 1820, and three days later the terrified Ferdinand granted a constitution. A parliament was opened on October 1st, but achieved little; Ferdinand appealed to the Austrians for help; and his new government promptly declared war on Austria. B. offered his services, but his

1821

counter-revolution in Piedmont. Prince Carginano [has] resigned the Regency and run away – fine fellow!!

At the House of Commons, voted with Hume against any estimates.

Dined at Hackney with the freeholders of Middlesex. Spoke very well.

**Saturday March 31st 1821:** Think I dined at home and went to the opera with my mother and sisters. Saw Albert and Madame Noblet dance – beautiful.

Byron's letter about Bowles and the Pope controversy<sup>40</sup> published – it is very good, I think.

**Sunday April 1st 1821:** Believe I dined with Burdett. Doubtful whether or not I should bring on my promised motion for repeal of the Foreign Enlistment Bill.

Matters look desperate in Italy.

**Monday April 2nd 1821:** Dined with Edward Ellice – met there a Scotch party, and among them, Jeffrey the Great – for the first time. A little smart, ill-tempered [and] mannered man, not attentive to any. [He] cut Douglas Kinnaird, who was there. J.W. Ward there – a great deal better company.<sup>41</sup> Mrs Jeffrey, an American lady, dark, with St Vitus' dance in her nose and chin. Heard nothing said.

Went away at ten to [the] third reading of [the] Catholic Bill. House divided, and at exactly twenty-three minutes to four in the morning, the Speaker passed the Bill. The division in this reading was 216 to 197. Going out, Mackintosh said to me that someone had said to him that the Lords would throw out the Bill, on which Mackintosh had observed there was no instance of their throwing out so important a measure when passed by the Commons. The other said, "The Exclusion Bill". – "No," said Mackintosh; "that was passed at the Revolution".

**Tuesday April 3rd 1821:** Naples certainly taken, and without a struggle – 120,000 soldiers dispersed without a shot – and Count Santerre Santa Rosa trying to keep the Revolutionists together in Piedmont.

At the House of Commons. Dined with Burdett. Came back and voted for the

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letter was intercepted (BLJ \*\*\*). Austria placed her occupying troops on a war footing; the would-be insurgents of northern Italy prepared for an uprising in mid-February 1821; the Austrians, forewarned, crossed the Po before that date; and on March 7th, on the plain of Rieti, the Neapolitan army fled from the Austrians without a shot being fired. The Austrians occupied Naples by March 23rd.

**40:** *A Letter to \*\*\*\* \* (John Murray Esqr) on the Rev. W. L. Bowles' Strictures on the Life and Writings of Pope.* Written 7th-10th February 1821, published by John Murray 31st March 1821. H. buys it (or is given a copy) the day it comes out.

**41:** "better company a great deal" (Ms.)

second reading of the Malt Tax Repeal Bill. We were shamefully beaten, 242 to 144, Castlereagh declaring he would resign if beaten. Some of our friends, Grenfell, Baring, &c. – voted against us; and yet Western had really the folly to imagine the division would be a near thing. Lord Fife declared this night that he had been told by authority that he had been turned away solely for voting for the repeal. I asked him if he had any objection to repeat that fact on his legs – he begged me not to do it, so I did not.

Tonight I withdrew my motion altogether, the thing being up in Italy.<sup>42</sup>

**Wednesday April 4th 1821:** Dined this day at the great Reform Dinner at the City of London. All the Whig Reformers (almost) there – the “Despised Rump” managed the whole – Gardner, our secretary, delivered the toasts to the Lord Mayor. What a change since last year, when scarcely a Whig would speak to Burdett or me:<sup>43</sup> and yet no compromise has, I am sure, been made on my or our part. Lambton’s health first, after “King, Queen, and People, and a full, fair, and equal representation!” I drew up the toasts – and contrived to name almost all the MPs present. I believe there were thirty-four (out of forty-four) MPs stewards. The room [was] crowded to excess – three guineas offered for a ticket. Four hundred dined – no disturb[ance]. Did not break up till one, nearly. I spoke well but too long – Lambton excellent – Wilson badly.

**Thursday April 5th 1821:** At the House of Commons. Dined with Burdett. Came back and voted in a committee for free timber trade.

**Friday April 6th 1821:** At the House of Commons, seconded some resolutions of Creevey’s relative to provisions in parliament and to the dismissal of Lord Fife – speech good.<sup>44</sup> Castlereagh said that he had a great respect for the Hon. Member, who always spoke “with considerable talent and much civility”. Afterwards Holmes<sup>45</sup> told me that Castlereagh said in the lobby, “By God, it’s true – he is one of the most gentlemanly men in parliament”. Creevey and I told – our numbers were 36 to 120. Tierney spoke against us, and Mackintosh and Scarlett voted against us, Lord Milton for us.

Dined with Burdett – came back and voted against [the] army estimates.

**Saturday April 7th 1821:** Went down to Whitton.

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42: H. had hoped to facilitate Englishmen assisting the Neapolitan insurgents.

43: H. refers to the dinner of April 6th 1820.

44: **Hansard (New Series), Vol. V, 1821, pp.73.**

45: William Holmes (1779-1851), MP with Kinnaird for Bishop’s Castle.

1821

**Sunday April 8th 1821:** At Whitton – writing and reading for a speech on Reform.

**Monday April 9th 1821:** Delicious weather. Rode up to London. Dined with Burdett. Did not vote in the House of Commons on Baring's motion about delaying bank cash payments, for I do not understand the question at all.

**Tuesday April 10th 1821:** No House. Dined with Burdett, I think. News of an insurrection in Moldavia and Wallachia, at the head of which is Prince Alexander Ypsilanti.<sup>46</sup> Russia disclaims him, but *Aides* tells me he thinks she is at the bottom of it. [The] King of Naples arrived in his capital amidst the acclamations of his faithful subjects. A boy, Rowley, flung himself out of [a] window in Dean's Yard – supposed suicide.

**Wednesday April 11th 1821:** Dined today at Ricardo's – a large party. Mackintosh and Dr Holland the best. We talked a good deal Mackintosh confessed his disbelief in Francis being Junius<sup>47</sup> – or rather, laughed at it as being impossible, and he knew not who it was – said Lord Grenville did. [The] Duke of Gloucester once asked Lord Grenville at his own table if he did not know – Lord Grenville said, "No, Sir!" – but he tells his friends he does know. Mackintosh said it was certain that Scott was the author of the novels.

I danced in the evening with pretty Mrs Osmond Ricardo.

**Thursday April 12th 1821:** At the Newington committee in the morning, where my time has been much taken up in attempting to prevent the iniquitous measure of disfranchising the inhabitants of a great part on account of the tumult at one or two vestry meetings. In the House of Commons I moved an amendment<sup>48</sup> to a petition presented by Lambton from Lyme against the interference of a peer, Lord Westmoreland, in their elections. [I] moved that [their] petition be referred to [the] committee of privileges. [We] divided 33 against 80 – [I] told – Mackintosh and Scarlett ran to the door too late, and the house laughed – they then divided against us: Lord Milton, Lord Althorpe, Lord Tavistock, for us.

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**46:** The one-armed Greek general Ipsilanti's revolt against the Turks failed. In June 1821 he surrendered to the Austrians after being defeated by the Turks at the battle of Drăgășani, and was imprisoned. A few survivors of his "Sacred Battalion" (composed of young Greeks) were eventually released in 1826 or 1827.

**47:** It is now generally taken that Sir Philip Francis was the pamphleteer Junius.

**48:** *Hansard (New Series), Vol. V, 1821, pp.171-3.*

Wynne said it was useless to refer the petition to the committee of privileges, because the House could do nothing with the Peer[s] – their resolution, entered at the commencement of each session, was a *bratum fulmen*!!!! Sir John Newport<sup>49</sup> said then, “Let us rescind it”. [We] divided on ordnance disfranchisement, and on Scotch petitions – in the minority, of course.

Up very late.

**Friday April 13th 1821:** Employed at Newington vestry, and at Water Committee, at the House of Commons. Divided several times on army estimates – once with ministers, thus: Colonel Davies<sup>50</sup> proposed a reduction of £4,000 in the Comptroller’s Office – Mr Evans<sup>51</sup> and Mr Tremayne<sup>52</sup> said they would vote for £2,000. We divided on the first, then the second was put – Evans, Tremayne, and two or three others, marched over to our side. I, to show how I despised the self-importance and coxcombry of these pretended independent men, walked over alone to the ministry. Robert Ward<sup>53</sup> said to me, “Pray – may I ask how we are honoured with your company?” I told him the reason.

[I] mentioned in the House<sup>54</sup> the state of the Sussex coast, and the free pardon given to England, who murdered a man at Hastings, and was convicted at Horsham, tried by that scoundrel C.B.Richards – who said he “was sorry for the verdict”.

**Saturday April 14th 1821:** Thought of going to Whitton – employed about Reform – showed Kinnaird something I intended for George Canning on Tuesday. He approved. The case was this: Canning insulted me the first night I spoke in parliament last year – he insulted me equally wantonly on the Catholic question a month ago – no possibility of reply given to me on either occasion. Besides this, he is always attacking the people, and besides this, if Westminster men send me to parliament in an extraordinary and most generous way, I must do something to show myself a little above par in courage, at least – I mean moral courage. So I got up a portrait of a political adventurer, as a contrast to the demagogue whom Canning is so fond of letting fly at – and I connected it with parliamentary Reform, by showing how much such a being is caressed in parliament.

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**49:** Sir Simon John Newport (1756-1843), MP for Castleborough, Co. Wexford.

**50:** Thomas Henry Hastings Davies (1789-1846), MP for Worcester. Waterloo veteran.

**51:** William Evans (1788-1856), MP for East Retford.

**52:** John Hearle Tremayne (1780-1851), MP for Cornwall.

**53:** Robert Ward (1765-1846), reactionary MP for Haslemere.

**54:** *Hansard (New Series), Vol. V, 1821, p.215.*

1821

Douglas Kinnaird took up all my morning – dined at home.

**Sunday April 15th 1821:** On Reform. Called on Burdett and consulted him as to the projected attack on the adventurer – he said he would think of it. I told him I was prepared for all events.<sup>55</sup> My great aim was so to contrive it so not to be stepped on by the Speaker, but yet to be as strong and as pointed as possible.

Dined at home and worked in the evening.

**Monday April 16th 1821:** On Reform. Dined with Burdett – [we] both agreed that the thing was to be done, and would do well. I was aware that it was hit or miss – would fail, or succeed, completely. Returned to the House of Commons, where a battle royal took place between Brougham and Wellesley Pole – very harsh words – “base, foul, false” – used by the Irishman, and not much retracted. Hume accused the government of inciting and employing Franklin<sup>56</sup> – the Treasury bench was in a foam, particularly Robinson,<sup>57</sup> who appears to me an honest man, and not instructed in the villainous mysteries of government.

Palmerston said we were only in the “first year of peace” – “my tablets,” as Hamlet says, “my tablets!”<sup>58</sup> – remark that – no vote. Catholic question second reading in the Lords – all say it will be beat[en] by fifteen at least. [I] forgot to note that Castlereagh’s father’s death has made him Lord Londonderry.<sup>59</sup> The new writ for Orford was moved, whilst Split-port Douglas, the holder of the seat, was in the House, and practically said he had not been told the writ was to be moved.<sup>60</sup> The Speaker remarked the fact to Holmes, who moved the writ. Holmes walked off to Douglas and moved him out of the House – here is a “Representation of the People”!

**Tuesday April 17th 1821:** Many efforts made to persuade Lambton to postpone his motion. Adjourned debate in the Lords – Castlereagh’s absence, Burdett’s absence, all argued – but Lambton would not. The Whigs sent me to him because they said he would do it for me – but he would not.

I got my materials just ready by four o’clock, and went in [a] carriage during

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**55:** H. anticipates a duel with Canning.

**56:** See Oct 17, 20. Franklin was an apparently radical pamphleteer accused of being a Tory double-agent, as George Edwards had been during the Cato Street Conspiracy.

**57:** Frederick John Robinson (1782-1859), MP for Ripon.

**58:** *Hamlet*.

**59:** Castlereagh’s father had died on Apr 6.

**60:** John Douglas (?1774-1838), has to give up his Orford seat to Castlereagh, who takes it over on Apr 28. Castlereagh had already represented Orford, 1796-7.

a storm to the House – took a place on [the] second bench. Went out, dined on cold meat at Holmes’s – came back. Lambton rose at seven o’clock. Very few on the ministerial side. Only Bragge Bathurst<sup>61</sup> and Vansittart<sup>62</sup> on the floor. Canning [was] in his place.

Lambton spoke an hour, and well – but detailed his plan too much, and spoke too much on foreign politics. Whitbread’s seconding was not very good. Wilmot<sup>63</sup> got up, I hurried out. Met Kinnaird and Cullen in the kitchen upstairs. Took with them a glass of white wine and a biscuit – went down again – heard the latter end of Wilmot’s speech. Bennett put me next to him, and told me what Wilmot had said. When Wilmot sat down, several rose, but the Speaker called on me.<sup>64</sup> I noticed some sophistries of Wilmot’s, and went on, very glibly, for some time without notes. Then [I] came to my notes. House very silent and well-behaved the greater part of the time – Canning particularly civil, crying “Hear! Hear!”, nodding and smiling when I made a point – so much so that I began to waver in my resolution<sup>65</sup> – but then the necessity of the case and the folly of letting a civil word or look put me aside from my first purpose overcame my scruples.

I first attacked his pamphlet – the Liverpool speech – which I took out, and called “the *vade mecum*,<sup>66</sup> the manual of corruption”. At last I came to the portrait – the House took it at once – a dead silence prevailed. Dick Martin<sup>67</sup> at last could stand it no longer – he lifted up his eyes, and cried “Hear! Hear!” when I came to “froth and foam”. I stopped and smiled, but went on instantly – the House all attention – every eye turned on Canning, who, I was told, turned all colours – pulled his hat over his eyes,<sup>68</sup> and, in short, *totum accepit vulnus*. I only missed one short sentence, and got through the whole with the utmost coolness and precision.

I sat down unexpectedly, so that the cheers were but faint, but I had not been down a minute before people told me that the thing was complete. Bennett said my whole speech was excellent. Baring said to me, “Now I see what you can do, I feel how much obliged I should be to you for letting me off so easily with the

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**61:** Charles Bragge Bathurst (1754-1831), MP for Harwich.

**62:** George Vansittart (1745-1825), MP for Berkshire.

**63:** Robert John Wilmot Horton (1784-1841), MP for Newcastle-under-Lyme. Husband of the subject of B.’s *She Walks in Beauty*; friend of Annabella. Burner of B.’s memoirs.

**64:** H. made a very long speech: **Hansard (New Series), Vol. V, 1821, pp.395-427.**

**65:** *Macbeth*,.

**66:** “Go with me”: a *vade mecum* was a pocket guide to its subject.

**67:** Richard Martin (1754-1834), MP for County Galway.

**68:** *Macbeth*,.

1821

cupids".<sup>69</sup> Lord Nugent told me, "Either you or Canning will this night have had the damnedest dressing ever a man received in parliament". Horace Twiss attempted an answer, and like a fool said he would not for *my* sake allude to the latter part of my speech – poor work. Martin got up. I walked upstairs – hear that he compared me to Danton, who wished to put down the aristocracy of talent.

Came downstairs again. Debate dull. Went up and got some tea. Cullen in the gallery told me the thing was capital all together ... came down again ... speaker after speaker, but Canning not up. Ellice told me his friends advise[d him] not to fit the cap, but that he is determined – so all told me to prepare. I defied him, and spoke first on purpose to give him as well as myself fair play.

At half-past one, [the] Chancellor of the Exchequer moved an adjournment, and [the] House broke up. Going downstairs, Lord Tavistock joined me, and told me how delighted he was. Walked with Kinnaird, who told me that the effect was very great. Lord Dacre, who was sitting next to him, thought me quite right. William Smith came up to me and said, "Well, if you are nothing else, I must say you are the boldest man in parliament". Sir Robert Wilson thought the time ill-chosen, and called Canning "his right honourable friend". This was folly, or envy, or both.

I went to Brooks's. All the world there pleased – Lambton said nothing could be better – asked me if I did not tremble for tomorrow. "No," I said. I defied him.

Went home – slept little.

**Wednesday April 18th 1821:** Up late. Burdett sent a kind note asking if all [was] well, thinking, from reading my speech in [the] *Times*, [that] something must have taken place. [The] rumour in the House of Commons this afternoon was that we met and were both shot. Went down to the House of Commons at five. Stayed there till near six, then went to Burdett. He [was] delighted. "The portrait would stick to the fellow through life." Palmer there – we dined. I agreed that if Canning said anything tonight that I must take notice of, I would call on Burdett afterwards. Rode down to the House, prepared for a shot of both kinds. At the door found strangers excluded – lobby shut – division going in, *at eight o'clock* – was there ever anything so ridiculous? Division: 54 to 43. Lambton and Whitbread both absent.

Canning did not come down until half-past seven. [He] had a great book under his arm – at last [he] got up, and said that as the mover and seconder were absent, as well as those who had taken a share in the discussion, he should not stop the division. A fine come-off, I think. There were plenty of people there last night, and, forsooth, this mountebank would play off – except to a crowd. I came

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<sup>69</sup>: See Mar 5, 21.

in just after the division, and sat down opposite Canning – he soon walked off. So this is the end of his coming from Paris to oppose Reform!<sup>70</sup> – and this is the end of Lambton's motion. I spoke to Tierney – he said he had never seen such a thing in his life. I suspect the leading Whigs were glad, and thought the thing would be made ridiculous.

Lambton and Whitbread came in – there was a titter. Lambton rose in his place, and desired the man who laughed to avow himself openly!! He designated the member for Chichester as having laughed – Huskisson rose,<sup>71</sup> said something. [The] Speaker made one or two servile remarks. Dawson spoke – Samuel Whitbread spoke. I asked Lord Nugent whether I ought to say anything. He said, “No.” I remained silent. Poor Lambton – he made a most ridiculous exhibition indeed – like a spoiled child.

I walked off to Burdett's. He did not know whether to be sorry or glad – glad Canning and I had not come to blows, sorry that Canning had had an opportunity of shuffling out of the business. We agreed that it was possible Canning might now take another opportunity of paying me off.

Walked home late. Slept well.

**Thursday April 19th 1821:** No message from Master Canning. Went to Brooks's – all in great glee with the portrait. [The] *Times* observes today that “Canning would not take up the gauntlet which a chivalrous opponent had thrown down”.

Went to the House. Tennyson<sup>72</sup> spoke to me about Canning. Said I was remarkable for civil language in that House, and had done right to stop Mr Canning. I presented [a] petition<sup>73</sup> respecting fining defendants. [The] House adjourned until [the] 30th inst: Horace Twiss stopped me going out, and said that he was glad to see me “well,” adding, “for certain of us ought to assassinate you”. – “Do you think so?” said I. The hockhead presumed to think that part of the portrait was meant for his obscure villainy – he also alluded to the letter to Canning. He must be stopped. I believe him as profligate a fellow as ever came into that House.

Dined at home. Henry's wife there, and her son, the *spes altera Romæ* – my heir, I am sure.<sup>74</sup> A pretty, quick child – I say my heir, because I shall not marry

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**70:** Canning had actually returned from Paris because the Queen's business was over.

**71:** William Huskisson (1770-1830), MP for Chichester. The first person ever to be killed by a train.

**72:** Charles Tennyson (1784-1861), MP for Great Grimsby. Uncle of the poet.

**73:** *Hansard (New Series), Vol. V, 1821, pp.456-8.*

**74:** I do not know when H.'s nephew dies. H. has no heirs after one generation.

1821

and indeed shall not live long. I feel my head will go suddenly.

**April 20th 1821 (Good Friday):** Burdett sent a kind note – enquiring; so he thought all might not be over yet. **I wrote journal.** Forgot to mention that [the] Catholic Question was lost in the Lords by thirty-nine – The Duke of York<sup>75</sup> spoke against it, so no pope for the next reign. Found on Wednesday that Mackintosh had recommended Murray the bookseller to send for the *Times* to read my speech.

Byron's *Doge of Venice*<sup>76</sup> and *Prophecy of Dante*<sup>77</sup> published.  
Went down to Whitton.

**Saturday April 21st 1821:** At Whitton, writing at speed for printing. Delicious weather.

**Sunday April 22nd 1821:** At Whitton, writing as before. Delightful walk with girls.

**Monday April 23rd 1821:** Rode up to London – dined at the Mansion House – a very pretty sight, the women and festoons and flowers giving a foreign air to everything. I sat next but one to Mackintosh, who amused me with stories. He told me that Charles Townshend being asked by [the] Duke of Argyle, whose daughter he had married, “Why he looked so melancholy?” said, “How can I but be melancholy when your Grace's daughter has so narrow an understanding and so wide a ——?” – “Deficiencies,” says the Duke, “which you are so ill qualified to supply.”

Also, [he] told how Jack Wilkes, standing on [the] throne of [the] House of Lords, heard Thurlow (I believe) say that “If he forgot his King he hoped God would forget him.” – “Forget you?” growled Wilkes; “He'll see you damned first.” Mackintosh said to me, “I hear you said in your speech the other day that all the nobility of George I's and George II's reign were Jacobites.”

I told him what I did say. He said that the great Lords were Whigs, but that the *petite noblesse* and country gentry were Tories. The French ambassador had told this to the Pretender. The Pretender said that the English confined their

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**75:** The future William IV.

**76:** B.'s first neo-classical drama *Marino Faliero*, started Apr 4, 20, finished in fair-copy August 16-17, 20. Sent to Murray Aug 7-14, 20.

**77:** *The Prophecy of Dante*, started mid-June 1819, fair-copied and sent to Murray early Mar 1820. Published in the same volume as *Faliero*.

attachment to the House of Stuart by drinking his health – the Scotch had nothing but their lives to give, but these they gave freely.

Mackintosh and Charles Wynne are commissioners for the Stuart papers. Mackintosh first showed Wynne that his (Wynne's) grandfather was to have been appointed to some great place under James III. Wynne next showed Mackintosh that the Laird of Mackintosh was to have been made one of the Scotch sixteen peers.

I had Lambton on my right – he was very sulky about his motion – said he had not slept since – said it was a trick of the Whigs. I told him I did not think so – he said he was sure of it. They had done all they could to make him and the cause ridiculous. He talked wildly of going abroad – of giving up parliament – of cutting his friends – and the Lord knows what. I told him the Westminster Reformers were not the least hurt at the fate of the motion. He said that was the first word of comfort he had heard for a long time. When he returned thanks for his health he said he should persevere in face [of] open enemies and the treachery “of pretended friends”.

The Duke of Sussex was there – and poor old Tom Erskine, who spoke feebly but honourably when his health was drunk – he said “Nothing would do but a reformed House of Commons” – I drank his health and cheered. He had to do the same for me when “J.C.H. and the Electors of Westminster” were given. Singular, this – who would have believed it if foretold some twelve months ago? Or that I should have to reconcile Lambton to the Whigs?

Mackintosh made a good speech when his health was drunk as Reformer of the Civil Code. I asked him if he had read the statement of the Question of Parliamentary Reform in answer to his article in the late *Edinburgh Review*. He said yes, and it was very clever – but that there was a fallacy in what it said about “interests” or “classes”. I have read it – it is unanswerable, I think. It is written by one Grote or Groot (“Grotius”),<sup>78</sup> a banker in the City – Place lent him the books.

An immense crowd came to the ball – some four thousand.

**Tuesday April 24th 1821:** After riding, dined with Frederick Byng, Tavistock, Leinster, Lord William Fitzgerald, and Mr Standish. Douglas Kinnaird [was] there. A pleasant day, but nothing said. Went to the opera – saw Mlle Nollet in the *Paysanne Supposée* – a very pretty dancer indeed. Heard *Tancredi* murdered.

**Wednesday April 25th 1821:** Rode into City – made calls – dined with Burdett.

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**78:** George Grote (1794-1871), future historian of Greece.

1821

Chauntrey<sup>79</sup> the sculptor and Cline the surgeon there – the latter very silent, but told us he had often seen Garrick. Garrick’s voice was wonderfully clear – sounded loud off the stage, but natural on the stage.

Chauntrey, Kinnaird and I went to Drury Lane Theatre, where they had acted<sup>80</sup> *Marino Faliero* in defiance of an injunction procured this morning from the Lord Chancellor by Murray, who dispensed handbills to that effect in the house. The play succeeded, some say, but [the] *Times* called it a cold reception.<sup>81</sup> I was introduced to Elliston,<sup>82</sup> who talked loud to Kinnaird, and was on perfectly easy terms with him.<sup>83</sup>

Walked about the streets – lovely night.

**Thursday April 26th 1821:** Paid some small bills – walked about – called on Place – dined at home. Sent some letters from Italy from Lady Jane Harley to *The Times*.

**Friday April 27th 1821:** **Write journal** – rode to Whitton – spent the day there.

**Saturday April 28th 1821:** Rode up to London – dined with Burdett. The Duke of Sussex, the Duke of Leinster, William Penn, W. Fowler, Sir B. Graham, Mr Macey,<sup>84</sup> Colonel Hughues and myself composed the party. Burdett gave the Duke a very plain dinner, and in his usual room, not in the Marshal’s house, where he receives Lady Burdett.

We had a very pleasant day – nothing particular. [The] Duke of Sussex told me that the King told him that Lord Grenville always wrote all his speeches, and got them by heart. [The] Duke and Penn had a controversy with the Pole family. Penn showed wonderful knowledge on that and many subjects, but “Royal Highnessed” the Duke most unmercifully. The Duke gave Burdett’s health, and afterwards “[the] next merry meeting”. He was very good-tempered, and we did not break up till late – near twelve.

Now, does this not show the folly of punishing Burdett? Does any man in the

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**79:** “Chantry” (Ms.)

**80:** Not the pluperfect, but meaning “caused to be acted”.

**81:** If H. saw B.’s tragedy acted this night, his failure to record his own opinion, or to describe the show at all, is very disappointing.

**82:** Robert William Elliston (1774-1831), actor-manager.

**83:** The implication is that Elliston, a mere theatre man, has no right to talk easily to Kinnaird, brother of a baronet.

**84:** Conjectural reading. Looks like “Maxey”.

community think any worse of Burdett for his libel? Do not the great majority of the people think the better – and has he not been sympathized with by the best and first men in the country?

**Sunday April 29th 1821:** Rode down to Whitton – walked out with Sophy.

**Monday April 30th 1821:** Rode up to London. Cobbett says Canning was not present when I rowed him the other night, and not a single paper does deny [it]. I asked the *Times* – which is under my obligation<sup>85</sup> – [but they] refused, or neglected.

Went to Brooks's – had [a] long conversation with Lord Grey, who seems most inclined to be civil. He told me that Canning had come to a regular agreement to come into place with the Whigs in 1807, and then came in with those who turned them out. He told me of a dirty trick of Wilberforce's to him and to Lord Grenville at the Freemason's Tavern (I think) when it was agreed to thank the Lords Grey and Grenville for what they have done in abolishing the slave trade. Grey and Grenville retired, not to hear their own praises, and Wilberforce contrived to get the vote withdrawn.

Robert Adair mentioned that he had never read the *Vindiciae Galliae*, but that Lawrence had read it, and said it was a poor performance – very little in it. Both Adair and Lord Grey thought Burke's rancour towards Fox on French affairs arose from Fox having said that many writers had answered Burke – Rouse, Mackintosh, &c., – in other words, disappointed or irritated authorship – Lord Grey talked of the “contemptible” life of Pitt by Prettyman, just published, and the “puling” letters of Lord Chatham to his son. I see an article in *The Traveller*, telling as how Prettyman would not give up his bond on Pitt, when Rose and Lord Carrington tore theirs, but took his library in lieu of payment. Is this true?

I went to the House – <dined with Burdett -> returned to the House and voted on [the] army estimates.

**Tuesday May 1st 1821:** At House of Commons – dined <at home> {with Burdett} – returned to House of Commons, and [stayed] up.

**Wednesday May 2nd 1821:** At the Crown and Anchor - a meeting respecting paying Burdett's fine – called on Burdett, and talked with him thereon.

Also a most impudent attack made on me by William Lisle Bowles, who

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**85:** “... who is under obligation of me and the *Times*”(Ms.)

1821

compares me to Santerre<sup>86</sup> – and all this because Lord Byron mentions that I suggested the attack on Bowles's paper. Burdett said, "Take no notice – attack nobody – you have done enough."<sup>87</sup>

I dined at home – went to the House – came home late.

**Thursday May 3rd 1821:** No House – dined with Walter Fawkes<sup>88</sup> – a large party – Creevey – and Wynne!! Charles Wynne, clever and civil, told me I was wrong as to the Stuart papers showing how treacherous the nobles were to George II – still, he owned they were inclined to Charles, although they would not enter into any positive engagement with him.

Fawkes showed us Lambert's sword, and Fairfax's sword, and talked a deal of nonsense after dinner.

I drank too much wine, and in short my life is but a bad one now, what with one excess and another.<sup>89</sup> I am getting very deaf in both ears.

**Friday May 4th 1821:**<sup>90</sup> Went at twelve to Water Committee in House of Commons, and stayed, with a little interruption, at House of Commons, until near one at night. Divided twice on navy estimates. Lord Croker – a vile imitator of Canning.

**Saturday May 5th 1821:** Gave G. W. Service ten guineas for *Manchester Observer*. See Cobbett contradicts his lie – Peter Finnerty told me he had spoken to young Cobbett about it, not at my request. J. Smith of Eastern Grey.

Rode down to Whitton, spent the evening, &c.

**Sunday May 6th 1821:** At Whitton, walking, reading, &c. Delightful weather.

**Monday May 7th 1821:** Rode up to London, thinking to dine with Burdett in the King's Bench, and see him out of, as I had seen him into, prison, when I found a note from one of his daughters, telling me her father had come out of the King's Bench at his own desire. I found afterwards that he came out at eight in the morning.

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**86:** Santerre assassinated the duc de Berri.

**87:** For more details, see H.'s letter to B. of May 7th, 1821.

**88:** Walter Ramsden Fawkes (1769-1825), sometime MP for Yorkshire. Patron of J.M.W. Turner.

**89:** H. has chronicled very little excess of any kind lately.

**90:** A fake or phantom Byron appears in London on this date. See letter, May 7th.

1821

Dined at home. Went down to the House of Commons and voted with the House to reduced dockyard expenditure.

Lord Londonderry said tonight that the Russian army had suspended its march.

[Not in diary: Hobhouse's letter to Byron, written on May 7th but not referred to: (Source: text from National Library of Scotland Ms.43443; BB 306-9)

[Le très honorable Milord / Milord Byron / Pair d'Angleterre / Ravenne / Italie / par Calais]

[*letter concludes at top of first sheet:*] for venturing to be jocose with you – Tis a cowardly dog for he thinks he shall be joined by all parties in attacking me – but shrinks from ever defending himself against you – However – I expect retribution. Write a line when convenient – your's ever &c J. C. H. –

50 Hill Street. May 7

My dear Byron

A singular thing happened last Friday – Whilst Sir F. Burdett was preparing in his other room<sup>91</sup> just before dinner came a post chaise to the door – The servant announced to him that Lord Byron was below – Burdett begg'd he would step up and promised to join him in a minute adding at the same time that he hoped Lord B would stay to dine Lady Burdett being expected – The messenger came back saying his Lordship had driven away before his answer arrived – I did not happen to be present but was stopt in the Park to know where you were – no one has yet been discovered who can be supposed to have assumed your stile and title – This is singular enough is it not? Burdett's imprisonment terminates this day – I saw him in and I shall see him out – What asses our government are to think they punish a man by such a project – He has had all the world sympathising with him and half London – from the King's brother (D. of Sussex)<sup>92</sup> downwards, dining with him – I suppose you have heard all about the play<sup>93</sup> – Kinnaird told me he had been an honest Chronicler of the events connected with his Doge ship to you so I shall say little – except that I was the only man who foretold that it would do well on the stage – so that ever after I shall expect you to hold me in as much esteem as Moliere did his old woman – But you sad fellow you

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**91:** Burdett is in the King's Bench Prison.

**92:** The Duke of Sussex was a freemason and semi-covert radical Whig.

**93:** *Marino Faliero*; premiered at Drury Lane the previous April.

1821

1:2

are always getting me into scrapes – I came home from the House of Commons one morning at two o'clock and found on my table a pamphlet "two letters &c to the R<sup>l</sup>. Hon. Lord Byron from the Reverend W.L. Bowles &c"<sup>94</sup> and turning hastily to the last page saw something about "the gallant and puissant knight for Westminster."<sup>95</sup> The slip slop did not know that cities send citizens not knights.<sup>96</sup> But let that pass. Enough to tell you now is that the attack on the knight is the most blackguard you ever saw, it consists principally of a parody of your lines on Bowles and ends thus –

"Against king, Commons, Lords, and Canning bray  
And do for hate what Santerre did for pay."

The "parson much bemused in beer" then goes on to state that he thinks that "the knight & he are now even" – and that he is now prepared to meet him in forgetfulness & good humour at the next Wiltshire dinner. – . What a strange conception this priest in drink must have of people to think – that he can compare them to cut-throats and jack apes – and then shake hands & slobber them – Every body who has spoken to me on the subject says the attack is the most brutal & ungentlemanlike he ever saw – L'ami Murray tells me as God is his judge he never saw it until it was published – but that's a bounce no doubt – . It is lucky for me that the fellow is a clergyman or I should be obliged to wink & hold up my cold iron<sup>97</sup> to him – I trust, however, that you will do

1:3

justice and sarve him out in stile – The allusion to Canning is made in consequence of a speech of mine on Reform of parliament which has made some noise & which I flatter myself you would if you read it approve – The Right Honorable George had chosen to suspect me of writing a certain letter to him some three years ago – and consequently threw out two uncivil sayings to or towards me in parliament – contriving so to do it as to prevent me from fitting the cap – I knew he had come over to England on purpose to speechify on Lambton's

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**94:** Published by Mu., who had published B.'s letter about Bowles; Mu. thus profits from both sides of the Pope-Bowles controversy.

**95:** Bowles makes a reference to H.

**96:** H. is not a knight anyway.

**97:** Shakespeare, *Henry V*, II i 5; Corporal Nym speaks.

motion indeed he had written to Lambton from Paris to that effect – so I got up a portrait of a political adventurer beginning from the Microcosm<sup>98</sup> up to the last speech made by him against palace-yard demagogues – and closed my speech on Reform with it on the 17<sup>th</sup> of April – I bray'd to some tune I assure you – The prototype spoke not that evening & it was from his friends that the cry of adjournment came to give him time to sleep over his answer. – . The next day he shuffled out of the debate under the pretext of Lambton not being present – and he is now gone back to Paris – The effect in and out of parliament has been such as you would wish when in good humour and not bent on mischief making – I think he will not attack palace-yard demogogues again tho' doubtless he will try his hand at something for which I shall take care to be ready – Had I not had provocation the attempt would have been impudent – but as it was I have been told on all hands – Whigs & Tories – that I was quite right – I was sensible that it would be either a complete hit or a complete miss – It was not the latter – and yet after this – after

1:4

[*above address*:] daring & I may say, dumbfounding the foremost man of our den, comes your yelping clerical cur & snaps at my heels – and that other ass Botherby<sup>99</sup> says to me at Murray's – “Well I hope you are pleased at Bowles' good nature – he has made all smooth between you now.” [*below address*:] Pooh, said I, the fellow's drunk – So, Byron you see what your “mention honorable au bulletin” has done for me – It is not enough that I must be bewrayed with filth in every form that anonymous slander can assume from the Quarterly down to the Courier – but you must set a vile pumple nosed parson at me with his beaver up – There is no dealing with this fellow – he goes about saying you have treated him with the utmost respect – and he absolutely apologises [*letter concludes at top of first sheet*]

**Tuesday May 8th 1821:** At the House of Commons tonight, Bennett, like a blockhead, brought on a question of privilege – an attack on him in the *John Bull* newspaper, accusing him of not liking to fight a Mr Hope, son of [the] Lord President of Scotland.

Lennard<sup>100</sup> made his motion for repealing two of the six acts of 'nineteen – [I] hear he made a good speech. Scarlett brought on his Poor Law bill. The Greek

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**98:** A journal founded by Canning.

**99:** William Sotheby.

**100:** Thorne lists no MP of this name.

1821

insurrection seems to go on – but one is tired of insurrections now.<sup>101</sup> Gold sovereigns in plenty since [the] beginning of the month – 94,00 issued at the bank the first day – Cobbett seems to back out of his feast of the gridiron. Dined with Lennard.

**Wednesday May 9th 1821:** At the House of Commons – [a] question of privilege. Robert Weaver, printer and publisher of *John Bull*, examined. I blushed for my friends – not a word asked by [the] other side of the House. The fellow Weaver [is] evidently a scapegoat.

Lord John Russell moved his resolution as to corrupt boroughs, in a good speech, [and] had 124 to 155 – this is a strong Parliamentary Reform minority, though Lambton tells me he should have had 137 for him. Voted with Sir J. Newport and with Lord John Russell.

Up as usual till two o'clock.

King at Drury Lane.

**Thursday May 10th 1821:** At the Literary Fund dinner – gave £10 10s.

At the House of Commons – [a] question of privilege. Lord Alexander Hamilton brought in his motion relative to the representation of Scotland, but there being only ninety members about in the House, he was sulky – would not speak, and divided immediately, 41 to 57. I was not there, being at <home I believe> [the] Literary [Fund dinner.]

Revolution at *Rio de Janeiro*!!

**Friday May 11th 1821:** Privilege. Bennett inclined to prosecute Weaver and Cooper, [the] editor who fathered the paragraph by the Attorney General, but Castlereagh objected yesterday, and Burdett objected also – Alexander Baring moved Cooper's commitment to Newgate; Lord Nugent moved amendment and reprimand – I seconded that amendment. By degrees, the House seemed inclined to commit the man, and would not have divided had it not been for me. Lambton begged me not to divide, but I persisted, and had 23 with me – Fergusson and I were tellers. 109 [were] for the committal – Weaver was sent to Newgate by 34 to 27. Arrowsmith and Shackle, the evident proprietors, discharged.

This has been a very disgraceful scene. Sturge Bourne said he had never heard of such an examination in his life, "but had not the nerve to speak against the sense of the House". Think of this confession. The Whigs, particularly

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**101:** H.'s first reference to the Greek revolt is a very casual one.

Brougham and Scarlett, were most bitter.

Afterwards we had [the] ordnance estimate, and I divided with Hume.

**Saturday May 12th 1821:** I went down to Whitton. Stayed there.

**Sunday May 13th 1821:** At Whitton, thinking whether I should support Burdett's Manchester motion.

**Monday May 14th 1821:** Rode up to London. Dined at the Freemason's Tavern with the St Patrick's Charity Schools – [the] Duke of Sussex in the chair. Gave five pounds.

Went to House of Commons. Voted with Hume on ordnance estimates.

**Tuesday May 15th 1821:** At the House of Commons. Presented seventeen petitions from individuals mangled at Manchester. House of Commons occupied receiving petitions till eight, when Burdett rose, and spoke nobly for an hour and a half. Bootle [and] Wilbraham answered him in speech[es] of two hours, reading depositions all the time. [The] Solicitor-General and Wilmot spoke on the other side. House full, and adjourned [the] debate at half-past two.

**Wednesday May 16th 1821:** Dined at House of Commons. Sir Robert Wilson resumed [the] debate at seven. Sir William de Crespigny,<sup>102</sup> Tynte,<sup>103</sup> Beecher,<sup>104</sup> Egerton,<sup>105</sup> Grenfell,<sup>106</sup> and Twiss spoke. Twiss had evidently been crammed – he spoke ill- and mis-stated facts. Bennett and I rose together – Bennett gave way – I spoke, I believe an hour and more,<sup>107</sup> the House very silent most part of the time. [I was] loudly cheered by the opposition during the speech, and, for the first time since [I was] in the House, several rounds of applause when I sat down. All told me I had made a “capital speech!!” Mackintosh shook hands with me upon it – Bennett said, the best I had ever made. The fact is, we had all the justice on our side, and they nothing but sophistry and assertion. Wilmot will not soon get over his calling the massacre “Justice on an extended scale”.

Lord Londonderry followed me – said nothing but *ad hominem*. Then came

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**102:** Sir William Champion de Crespigny (1765-1829), MP for Southampton.

**103:** Tynte unidentified.

**104:** Beecher unidentified.

**105:** Wilbraham Egerton (1781-1856), MP for Cheshire, where Peterloo is a local issue.

**106:** Pascoe Grenfell (1761-1838), MP for Penrhyn.

**107:** Hansard (New Series), Vol. V, 1821, pp.799-830.

1821

Scarlett, who had a difficult part to play, but I thought did it well. He seemed to say that Hulton told him [that] the magistrates had not given orders to the Germans to charge.

Then came [the] Attorney-General, then Stuart Wortley, then Burdett closed – his speech was not very good. [The House] divided at two: 111 to 235. On the whole [the] debate [was] very satisfactory – [the] ministers [were] completely exposed. Not a single assertion on which the bills were passed in 1819 ventured now to be upheld, and Castlereagh not pretending that they were true, but only made to “quiet the country,” or some such expression. This [is] hardly credible, but yet true. *The Times* charges him with this.

**Thursday May 17th 1821:** Dined at home. Mackintosh did not make his expected speech on criminal law mitigation. Went to the House – found it up.

**Friday May 18th 1821:** Dined with Walter Fawkes. A large party. Fairfax’s and Lambert’s swords there. He is a singular crichetty man, and when he gets into the castle yard at York, is a long time getting out of it. He is now for annual parliaments and universal suffrage, having before said he never would be for that species of the form.

Water Committee report agreed to.

**Saturday May 19th 1821:** Rode down to Whitton.

**Sunday May 20th 1821:** At Whitton, writing and walking and *falicissimo* as always.

**Monday May 21st 1821:** Came up to London. No House made. Dined at home. Went to the House – voted on estimates.

**Tuesday May 22nd 1821:** No House today. Dined with R.L.Gwatkin – sat next to a very pretty woman, one Miss Nagle. Danced at night. Sir Joshua Reynolds’ paintings, left by Lady Thormond to Gwatkin and Mr Palmer, I believe, have been sold by auction and have brought already £15,000 and probably will bring near £18,000. They were offered to my father for £10,000 – he is executor to Lady Thormond.

Brooks, Puller and Gardner called, to desire me to ask MPs to our anniversary dinner tomorrow. This they do after determining it should not be done formally, by invitation, as it was formerly. ’Tis an awkward thing, but I

speak to some. Lambton very kind – he would have come, but [is] afraid of identifying himself with the Committee. Byng pretended he had not heard of the dinner, and was engaged. Sir Bobby Wilson – shabby fellow – said he had not been asked, and would not give an answer. Many others very civil, though engaged – Lushington, Nugent, Lennard, wrote letters to me, regretting their engagement in the House on Criminal Law. Had the Committee chosen, they might have had plenty of MPs, for the feeling of animosity is certainly subsiding between the Westminster Radicals and the Whigs.

**Wednesday May 23rd 1821:** Dined at our anniversary Crown and Anchor – 440 present – room quite full. Kinnaird, Whitbread, Hume, Wood, Peter Moore, and many gentlemen there. [The] Committee says it is [the] best dinner they have had in years. Wood proposed Burdett’s health, and Kinnaird mine. The description of me was ridiculous – “Intrepid opposer of apostasy though sheltered by power,” meaning Canning, who was not in power when I let fly at him. *The Courier*, of course, quizzes this description, and calls me “dull”. Perhaps I am – never mind – all went of capitally – we drank Lambton and Coke. Only Burdett’s speech and mine [were] reported in consequence of [a] long debate in the Commons on [the] Forgery Punishment Mitigation Bill. I went there, and divided for the Bill, being (oh, rare!) in a majority. Lord Londonderry was against – Bright against. Everyone says Buxton made an admirable speech – near three hours.

**Thursday May 24th 1821:** At House of Commons, vote with Creevy on Lennard[’s] Islands Fund.  
At Opera House. Queen there. Dandies hissed.[The] woman behaved well.

**Friday May 25th 1821:** This morning one Edmund Wentworth Pearce called – his godfathers Edmund Burke and Lord Rockingham – gave [a] horrid account of his treatment in a private madhouse, White Lane, Bethnal Green, where e was sent by his brother, whom he represents [as] a perfect monster. In a pamphlet published by him he says he saw a keeper commit ——— with a lunatic.  
Dined at home. Went to House of Commons. Voted for reducing extraordinaries – made out lists for opposition. Up till half-past two, as indeed I always am.

**Saturday May 26th 1821:** Thought of dining at Westminster School anniversary, but did not go. Rode down to the country, calling on [the] Queen by the way. Cold, rainy weather. Wrote parody against Billy Bowles.

1821

**Sunday May 27th 1821:** At Whitton, walking, &c. Mrs H.W.Hobhouse came to take leave before she goes to India to join Henry.

**Monday May 28th 1821:** Rode up to London. Went to the House of Commons. Dined with Mr James, member for Carlisle. Met George A. Caldwell and others, college acquaintances. Also Dr Hodgson, Dean of Carlisle and preacher at St George's Hanover Square. He asked me to get the horn blowers put down, and told me that three of the Westminster vestries had petitioned for it, and that he had moved the petition should be given to me, but Marylebone having petitioned it was thought Byng should be the man. I told him I would do what I could. He seems an agreeable man.

Returned to the House of Commons – voting over – home late as usual.

**Tuesday May 29th 1821:** Holiday at the House of Commons. Going to call on the Queen, going to dine with Ricardo. **Wrote journal since 4th May**, dined with Ricardo – a large party: Smyth of Peterhouse, Malthus, Mill, Groot, the young banker, the author of the *Question of Parliamentary Reform*, stated, Whishaw, and others.

We had a deal of talk about Reform – much – Smyth's ignorance shocked us all. He said to me, "What do you mean by Parliament being different from what it used to be?" He also said that he liked government being carried on by influence instead of prerogative, that is, by cheating and fraud and delusion, instead of downright power. I talked most long and most loud, being in very outrageous spirits – told Smyth he knew nothing about Parliamentary Reform and that therefore I could not argue with him. Indeed he did know nothing – when I quoted to him the act of Henry VI, restricting voters to forty-shilling freeholders, he said, "*What?* Is that all?" as if that was nothing.

I walked away with Mill and Grote to Charing Cross, talking all the time. Mill said he thought Frank Place the most extraordinary man he had ever known.

**Wednesday May 30th 1821:** At the House of Commons – voted with Michaelangelo Taylor for [an] enquiry into the Appellant Jurisdiction of the Court of Chancery – near beating ministers – 52 to 56. Grampound Disenfranchisement Bill passed, and amendments agreed to, giving two members more to Yorkshire.

**Thursday May 31st 1821:** Dined with Queen. Burdett and Wilson there.

1821

At House of Commons, voted for the Slave Removal Bill. Bennett's bill for disabling certain placemen, about thirty-nine, from sitting in parliament, went off with little discussion – members 52 to 76. Burdett and I intended to speak, but did not. I attended two or three divisions on the Ordnance Estimates.

**Friday June 1st 1821:** Dined at home – not in the House of Commons until late. Cartwright sentenced today to pay £100 fine for his share in choosing the legislative attorney at Birmingham. Wooler – fifteen months imprisonment – another eighteen months – shocking punishments.

**Saturday June 2nd 1821:** Went down to Whitton – stayed there, &c.

**Sunday June 3rd 1821:** Passed the day very agreeably at Whitton, copying my Manchester speech. Walked to Peterham with Julia – fine weather.

**Monday June 4th 1821:** Rode up to London. Attended the House of Commons and vote with Sir James Mackintosh for mitigating the punishments in certain cases of forgery – we carried the third reading by a majority of seven – some of our friends went away. Cripps<sup>108</sup> of Cirencester moved a clause and beat us by nine. Londonderry then said he should oppose the passing of the bill – this gave rise to angry discussion. Mackintosh threatened to move adjournment of the House. After much talk we divided, and were beaten by six – 114 to 120. So, after all opposition, saints, Grenvillites, &c., could not carry the measure. One of the chief opponents was my old schoolfellow H. Bright,<sup>109</sup> who is a very crotchety person [and] is against Parliamentary Reform, against Roman Catholics, [and] against mitigating the forgery part of [the] criminal code.

[The] House sat till one as usual – I am never in bed till two and three.

This day there was a great dinner to commemorate [the] virtues of George IV, but I hear it failed. Nash, [the] architect, or Wyatt,<sup>110</sup> at the bottom of it.

**Tuesday June 5th 1821:** No House – dined at home – went to the play with my sisters – saw *Dirce and Therese*.

**Wednesday June 6th 1821:** At House of Commons, where dined. Voted with

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**108:** Joseph Cripps (1765-1847), MP for Cirencester.

**109:** Word cramped. Conjectural decipherment. MP hard to trace.

**110:** Matthew Cotes Wyatt (1777-1862), sculptor of the statue of George IV in Pall Mall.

1821

Lord Nugent for enquiring into administration of justice in Tobago – Wilberforce spoke for it, and was coughed down – a lesson for all inopportune attempts. Nugent ventured to reproach the House and he was coughed at too. Voted afterwards with Courtney for indemnifying the American loyalists. Ministers against us,<sup>111</sup> but we had a majority – 77 to 60. House adjourned at *two*.

**Thursday June 7th 1821:** At House of Commons. Presented a petition against Scarlett's Poor Bill. Stated that all laws against the poor, such [as] emigration, combination, and vagrancy laws, should first be repealed, and that I was afraid I should not be able to vote for the bill. I said nothing harsh, *à la* Wilson, who has been most violent. Like a monkey he showed me a letter from one of his Borough friends, stating that his speech against this bill would secure his re-election, should it ever be in jeopardy. Cobbett has been buttering him.

[I] voted with Hume for enquiring into the government of the Ionian Islands. Lauderdale<sup>112</sup> was under the gallery the greater part of the time. Hume spoke three hours, Goulborn<sup>113</sup> two.

**Friday June 8th 1821:** At the House of Commons. Dined with Kinnaird. Voted against granting £18,000 arrears to the Duke of Clarence. Took the lists of placemen who voted against us – Tierney, Calcraft,<sup>114</sup> and all Rotten Row (as Creevy calls them) except Brougham, voted for the grant. It is quite disgraceful to see the manner in which the Row act on all occasions where interest operates. We were about 43 to 119 – we gave him £6,000 a year, which he refused in 1818 without a division.

This day, going to Kinnaird's, I found Lord William Bentinck with him. After some palaver, when my Lord was gone, Kinnaird told me that George Canning (who is returned, and is reported to be coming into office), had called Burdett out for his letter written to the Parliamentary Reformers on April 4th, which I carried to ye dinner at the City of London Tavern. Kinnaird told me that at first Canning had written a letter in such terms that Burdett had accepted his challenge, after waiting for Kinnaird's coming from Epsom, and had actually given his answer to Lord William Bentinck – that when Kinnaird returned from Epsom yesterday he

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**111:** Perhaps on the grounds that to fight for the English in 1777 was to oppose what was now (1821) a legitimate government.

**112:** Lord Lauderdale was brother to "King" Tom Maitland, Governor of the Ionians.

**113:** Henry Goulborn (1784-1856) MP for West Looe.

**114:** John Calcraft (1765-1831), MP for Wareham.

1821

was just in time to stop delivery of the answer – that with Lord William Bentinck he had agreed that Canning should withdraw his letter and write in such an altered tone as Kinnaird should recommend – that in that case Kinnaird should write in [the] part of Burdett, stating that he did not intend personal allusion more than he could help – that Lord William Bentinck had consented – that Canning had altered his letter and accepted Kinnaird's letter with one or two alterations of no moment. That all arrangements had been mutually agreed to – and in short the affair had been terminated.

I was furious. I did not like the letter written by Kinnaird for Burdett, and I said that had the case been mine I would not have replied to a challenge for a thing done two months ago – that I considered Canning as an assassin, and that I was sure that he would have been hanged had he shot Burdett.

Kinnaird told me that he agreed with me – that had the case been mine he would have let us fight – but he felt otherwise respecting Burdett – that he had resolved, had the duel taken place, to have entered his solemn protest against it. He told me that he had found Burdett perfectly tranquil and ready to fight, that he had witnessed a codicil to his will and was more than ever charmed with the dignity and courage of our friend.

I felt very uneasy all night.

**Saturday June 9th 1821:** I did not go down to Whitton, but dined at Pearce's, the bank director – met there a Mr Cradock, who is going abroad – promised him a letter to Byron.

Heard from Byron – he compliments me on my Philippic on Canning, which by the way was undoubtedly the cause of this assault on Burdett – the scoundrel thought to ride home on the better horse of the two.

[Not in diary: Byron's letter to Hobhouse, May 20 1821:

Ravenna, May 20th. 1821

My dear Hobhouse / – Galignani gave with great accuracy your defence – & offence – for “this defence offensive comes by cause.” against Mr. Canning – which is as pretty a piece of invective – as one would wish to read on a Summer's day. – – You served him right because he had attempted like Addison “to cuff down new-fledged merit”. – Besides [to] talk of “a demagogue's dimensions” to a Gentleman of the middle stature – was downright “scurrilous”. – But you have not spared him – like the

1821

Boatswain on boarding the French vessel (don't you remember Bathurst's story?) "no no you b-gg-r *you* fired first." It is a piece of eloquence, – & the style much more easy than your usual prose (in *writing* that is) and I begin to think that your real strength lies in vituperation. – How did he look under it? – He has not attempted any rejoinder – but I suppose that you will be both at it for the remainder of yr. lives. – It must have had a great effect. I am glad that you quoted Pope too – that's always right, – though you might as well have left out the further quotation from Sir Car Scrope – a vulgar lampooner of the most licentious gang of Charles the Second's reign. – –

You will be well acquainted with the row about the ryghte merry & conceitede tragedy of your humble Servant. – But you do not know that for *four* days I believed it damned – owing to a paragraph from an Italian French paper. – which added that *I had brought* it on the stage! – The next post set me at ease on that point – by papers & letters – explaining the whole thing – but making me wonder that either the town or the Chancellor permitted the buffoons to go on acting it. – I bore the belief with philosophy as my letter to Murray written during the interval will show. – But this very circumstance is an additional one against the Managers – for what can compensate for four such days to a man who had so anxiously avoided the exhibition? – Ten years ago I should have gone crazy – at present I lived on as usual. – I will have the question brought to a pleading however – just to see how the right really stands. – It is thus far of import to all writers, for the future.

Douglas has written – but neither you nor Moray – nor anybody else. – I cannot write news because the letters are all opened. However I suppose you know what is no news – that the Neapolitans were bought & sold. – The *Spy* is *here* (in Ravenna) who carried the letters between Frimont & Carascosa – and complains publicly of being ill-paid for his pains. – Perhaps he may be *better* paid if he don't take care. – It is a savage sort of neighbourhood. – – Our Greek acquaintances are making a fight for it – which must be a dilemma for the Allies – who can neither take their part (as liberals) nor help longing for a leg or a wing & bit of the heart – of Turkey. – Will you tell Douglas that as he had agreed (& I also) upon *that* price with M[urray] that of course I abide by it – but he should recollect that I have been entirely guided by *himself* (Douglas) & *you* – in your opinion of what I ought to ask or receive. – From my absence & ignorance of how things stand in literature in England – It is impossible for me to know how to act otherwise. I do not even know how the Bowles pamphlet has sold – nor the drama – nor anything else. Lady Noel is dangerously

1821

*well* again I hear. – Mrs. Leigh's news who never sends any thing agreeable to herself or anybody else.

Yours ever

Fletcher's respects, & expects that you & Canning will *fight*, but *hopes not*. – (BLJ VIII 121-3)]

**Sunday June 10th 1821:** Dined at Sir Francis Burdett's, a large male party – W.Fawkes, Hanbury Tracey, Lord Nugent, Beecher, and others – sat with him alone till near two, talking over the affair. I proposed to take some decisive measures in order to put the press in motion and lead public opinion, which I thought might be misled by the corruptionists. Burdett was quite cool about it, though he saw all the villainy of Canning.

**Monday June 11th 1821:** Holiday at House of Commons – thought of going down to Whitton but did not, in consequence of Burdett's affair. Found some squabbling still between Kinnaird and Lord William Bentinck, about authenticating the correspondence – but Canning had written a rather handsome acknowledgement to Burdett, closing the business.

At Brookes's Bruce spoke to me about the rumour, and said the letters would be in this night's *Courier*, and so they were – but to my surprise I found Kinnaird made a party to the publication, and also certain comments appended to the correspondence, which had all the appearance of coming from the person communicating the letters to the paper ... Kinnaird wrote to me to come to him – I did. I showed him the *Courier*. He was in a rage – walked off at once to find Lord William Bentinck, who was at dinner in Stratford Place. Lord William Bentinck said he had done nothing of the sort, and that Canning had written expressing his regrets, and disapprobation of the comments. Kinnaird would not take this, but told me he had been ill-used, and would have one of them out. We took a hackney coach [and] drove to Ludgate Hill. At [the] London Coffee House, [we] took tea, and I wrote for him a letter to the papers, complaining of his having been made a party to the publication, stating that Burdett could not object to what did him so much honour, but would not be a party to publication, and adding that Kinnaird had told Lord William Bentinck that he should be surprised if Canning should wish to give notoriety to such a transaction.

I thought this quite necessary, inasmuch as it appeared to me that Lord William Bentinck had been humbugging Kinnaird. Kinnaird himself had somewhat altered his opinion of the effect of the letters, since his partner Williams had told him that Canning appeared to him to have the upper hand –

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this made him more anxious to speak out.

We took the letter to [the] *Times*, to [the] *Chronicle*, and to [the] *Morning Post* – I did not appear. The letter appeared the next morning, with the correspondence, in all the papers. We were out and about till past twelve. I had written an article, with my opinions. This I gave to Place, but told him to copy [it], and not disclose the author, for Burdett had written me a very serious letter, entreating me to take no part whatever, but wait confidently for public opinion – he said, “Press not a fallen man”. I was, however, not quite so sure of Kinnaird’s letter of excuse, and resolved to put the transaction in the true light – at least, in what I thought the true light. Place sent the article to the *Times*, with his name. The *Times* would not insert it, but took part with Burdett most decidedly, calling his answer “calm and dignified”.

**Tuesday June 12th 1821:** Holiday at the House of Commons. Kinnaird is very much pleased with [the] effect of the letter – I find all persons think Canning a shabby fellow and that he has tried to trick Kinnaird, and also that he wrote the comments in the *Courier* which are published in all the papers. My article was in the *Traveller*. People at Brookes’s said it was either Brougham’s, or mine – it is a tickler for the ruffian. Place took it to send to him, and to have it placarded. Lord William Bentinck remonstrated with Kinnaird for his letter, and showed him an answer which he intended for the *Courier* of this evening. It appears that Canning and Lord William called, and left their cards on Burdett on Monday. It also appears that addressing the authentication of the correspondence to the *Courier* was done by the editor of that paper. However, the affair is but ill-settled as far as the seconds are concerned.

Dined at home. Went in the evening to a concert at Cambridge House. Lord and Lady Jersey, Lord and Lady Milton, Lord and Lady Tavistock there, and many others – MPs in good proportion, the Lord Mayor, &c. Her Majesty did the honours most admirably, and everybody observed the grace and dignity with which she departed. She sent Lord Hood to command me to dine with her on Tuesday next.

All went off very well. Broke up a little after twelve.

**Wednesday June 13th 1821:** At House of Commons – affair dropped in all the papers – no comment, scarcely. Lord William Bentinck’s last letter in *Times*, *Chronicle* and *Post*.

At House of Commons, Canning came down. I forget what was done in the Den – occupied with Tobacco Dealers in the morning.

**Thursday June 14th 1821:** Presented a petition to the King, and made a speech against the Constitutional Association<sup>115</sup> in the House of Commons.

Walked about with Bruce. He told me there were not two opinions as to the folly and brutality of Canning's conduct, but that there were two opinions about the propriety of Burdett's making any civil answer to a letter containing a threat of fighting. He said that Kinnaird should have insisted on that threat being withdrawn before any excuse was made. Kinnaird owned Bruce was right.

I went to [the] House of Commons. Voted for [the] repeal of [the] Agricultural House tax, and was in [a] majority of 145 to 113. Gooch<sup>116</sup> and Davenport<sup>117</sup> spoke against ministers, and praised Hume.

I stayed upstairs over a bottle of port with Creevey and Denison. Creevey told us anecdotes of Sheridan – said Sheridan never forgave a slighting expression – that he was the vainest mortal living – that one night he asked a watchman what he was for – the watchman said he was for peace. “Aye,” says Sherry, “but what man are you for?” – “Why, no offence,” says the man, “but I am for Mr Fox.” – Creevey asked him what he thought of Mr Sheridan. – “I can't say,” said the watchman, “that I ever heard of the gentleman”. – “Come along,” said Sheridan, “and leave the fellow!” Denison told us instances of his cheating – of a fête he gave at Polesden, which lasted for a week, though the day before, a butcher's boy would not part with a leg of mutton to his servants without ready money – the servants turned the boy's horse loose and he set a-running after it with the mutton in his hand.

Creevey told me that Whitbread showed him a note from Tierney in which Tierney refused a sum of money from Whitbread sent to him just after his victory in Southwark, “Because the boon came from a *Whig!*!” – and this man is now leader of the Whigs. We agreed that there never was anything like the conduct of *our* leader and his friends on Rotten Row, and that if a man of station and talents would revolt, he would be joined by a hundred good men of the party.

Creevey told me that Sheridan was always a long time preparing his speeches and trying his good things on his friends before he said them in the House of Commons – that he died about £1,000 in debt, but all to tradesmen creditors – did not ask his friends for money, like Burke.

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**115:** Society for the suppression of seditious literature. Wellington is its patron, and it prosecutes *TVOJ*. H.'s speech is at **Hansard (New Series), Vol. V, 1821, pp.1181-2.**

**116:** Thomas Sherlock Gooch (1767-1851), MP for Suffolk.

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

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Came back to a concert at home – nice people and very good singing.

**Friday June 15th 1821:** Walked in park with Sophy. Went to House of Commons – voted against Frankland Lewis<sup>118</sup> being sent Commissioner to Ireland. Dined at home. Went to House of Commons. Voted for grant to General Desporeaux against some Whigs – but Hume and Ellice [were on] the same side.

To bed late – near three – read some of Lord John Russell’s life of Lord William Russell. Lord John is really a good man. He stayed in the House very late the other night to vote against Maitland’s Ionian Government, though Lauderdale and Holland House opposed.

**Saturday June 16th 1821:** **Wrote journal.** Cobbett lets fly at Burdett for his Canning quarrel.

Rode down to Whitton.

**Sunday June 17th 1821:** Rode up to London – dined at Bruce’s with Sophy – Sir Francis Burdett, Sir Robert Wilson, L. Hutchinson there – jolly day, but nothing notable.

**Monday June 18th 1821:** At the House of Commons, voting against the Duke of Clarence’s annuity in small minorities. Tierney, Wilson, Warre, Abercromby, J.P. Grant and others of Rotten Row, thirteen in number, for the grant, and “the arrears of £18,000” as they impudently call them. Voted against a grant for glebe houses in Ireland.

**Tuesday June 19th 1821:**<sup>119</sup> Hume’s motion on the expenditure was to come on, but ministers contrived not to make a house.

I dined with the Queen at five. Present, Lord and Lady Milton, Lord and Lady Tavistock, Lord and Lady Hood, Sir Robert Fergusson, Michaelangelo Taylor and Mrs Taylor, William Whitbread, Lord William Fitzgerald, Brougham.

Lord and Lady Jersey did not come, but went out of town – Lady Jersey has had a fracas with the Duke of Devonshire.

The King dined with the Duke of Devonshire on Thursday last. He had a party in the evening – Lady Jersey was invited. The Duke met Lord Jersey in the

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**118:** Lewis, Thomas Frankland, MP for Beaumaris.

**119:** H. writes to B. on this day (BB 310-12), referring to the Semiramis stanza in *Don Juan V*.

park, and asked after Lady Jersey's swelled face. Lord Jersey said that Lady Jersey was better, and had been at the Queen's on Tuesday, and was nursing herself for the Duke's that evening. The Duke seemed surprised, and said he would write to Lady Jersey – so he did, and told her she could not possibly come to meet the King, having been with the Queen, and he would advise her to have a headache. Lady Jersey was furious, and wrote a very trimming letter.

Brookes's resounded with the contest. It was very spirited in Lady Jersey to come to the Queen's, for she was really ill, and the King had for the last few days been sending Sir William Knighton to enquire after her. But her ladyship was silly to be angry with the poor Duke.

Our party at the Queen's was very formal. Before dinner I asked her how she bore this bad, cold weather. – "Oh," said she, "I am an old, weather-beaten creature!"

I sat next to Brougham. Told him that Canning had called on Burdett, but that Burdett had not returned the card. Brougham advised me to advise Burdett to do so by all means – it would look like discontent at his own proceeding if he did not. I said that Canning had not behaved like a gentleman, and was not to be treated as such. Brougham said that Burdett, having condescended to treat him as such at first, should continue to do so. I agreed to this, and wrote to Burdett accordingly next morning. Burdett left his card on Canning in a day or two.

Went away from the Queen's at about nine o'clock. Home.

**Wednesday June 20th 1821:** Dined at the Freemasons'. Dinner of Trinity College Students. Duke of Sussex in the chair, Duke of Gloucester at his right – about eighty there. We had toasts, speaking, &c. I sat near Chambers, and Seton, and Aubrey. At ten o'clock [the] Dukes went away. "Stewards for next year" [was] given. I one<sup>120</sup> – but did not rise. To my surprise, however, Jonathan Raine, after a civil speech, gave "The Trinity Member for Westminster!" George Lamb was in the chair, and had to give my health – awkward enough, but I said a few words, which were very well received, and I believe I got out of the scrape tolerably. Raine prefaced by saying that he was a friend of Lamb's and therefore politics could not operate.

The Duke of Sussex ordered me to dine with him next day.

William Bankes there. Frere of Downing<sup>121</sup> there. Baron<sup>122</sup> Graham.

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**120:** Conjectural reading. H. may mean that he was one of the next year's stewards.

**121:** William Frere (1775-1836), Master of Downing. Younger brother of J.H.Frere.

**122:** Conjectural reading. Could be "Brown".

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<Went to House of Commons and voted three times, the last time against [the] tobacco regulation bill, which I prevented ministers going on with. House up at two.

I could not be present this night to vote with Lord William Bentinck on Sicilian affairs, nor with Stuart Wortley on lay ball circular.><sup>123</sup>

**Thursday June 21st 1821:** Dined with the Duke of Sussex and a large party of Trinitarians at Kensington – Baron Graham, Smyth of Cambridge, MP, and Frere, Hustler, &c. [I was] complimented on yesterday's behaviour to Lamb – we had healths drunk, and made little speeches, Stephenson setting us on – went down to House of Commons, where that happened which I have recorded and scratched over in yesterday's journal by mistake. I asked if the word for coronation was to be applied to barrack building.

**Friday June 22nd 1821:** Dined with Southwark electors at The Horns, Kennington, to celebrate Wilson's return – only 140 present. Fifty tickets returned, on account of Wilson's vote for [the] grant to [the] Duke of Clarence. When Wilson's health was given, this vote was alluded to. I begged Wilson to touch it very lightly, but he went into the depths, and plunged dreadfully – talked of his obligations to the Royal Family, and no-one was satisfied. Galloway came up, and told Wilson he had sunk two hundred per cent. Burdett said, "We must give him a lift" – according[ly] Burdett, in a most splendid and masterly speech, did his utmost to serve Sir Robert, [but,] after all, he was obliged to own the vote a mistake. I gave my helping hand also, but when C. Hutchinson said a member ought to be independent of his constituents, there was a cry of "No – no!" Ex-Sheriff Perkins made a queer speech abusing the City magistrates and the London press – very true in part.

Came to the House of Commons. Voted for putting down horn-blowing in the streets of Westminster. Three parish vestries have continued for it – this is my reason. I think petitioners should be attended to, otherwise I do not like interference in such trifles.

Late as usual.

**Saturday June 23rd 1821:** Rode down to Whitton. Read at night Buxton's *Prison Discipline* – horrid stories of madhouses and poor-houses.

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**123:** All the deleted material applies to June 21st. See next entry.

**Sunday June 24th 1821:** Looking over journal of tour in 1816, to give [a] memorandum to the Miss Fosters, who are going to Switzerland.

Walked out with Isaac, a fine, tall boy,<sup>124</sup> going to college at Oxford.<sup>125</sup> Bland, his tutor, says he is very clever. He is odd, but he may turn out well.

Cold weather.

**Monday June 25th 1821:** Employed as yesterday – then rode up to London – went to House of Commons – dined there – voted in minority of fourteen against the Duke of Clarence’s Annuity Bill. Stayed till nearly the last – half-past one.

**Tuesday June 26th 1821:** Called on Miss Forbes – down to House of Commons – voted twice, and spoke against employing Frankland Lewis MP on commission to Ireland.<sup>126</sup>

Home, and dined with my father, who is just returned from Bath – D. Clutterbuck dead at seventy-seven. The Bath paper says, “One may say of him, *as Burke did of Chatham,*” &c., &c.!!

Came back to House of Commons at nine – found Owen’s plan for “quadrangular paradises,” as Buxton called them, negated without a division – Hume told me Londonderry had made a capital speech. Heard Wilberforce and Mackintosh speak admirably on the encouragement still given by foreign powers to [the] slave trade – a long address to the King agreed to – nem. Con. – half-past one.

**Wednesday June 27th 1821:** *Dies natalis – 35!!!*

Last year spent in such a manner as gives no consolation in the retrospect – I say this as to private life. In regard to public life, no great cause to regret, except that I have not done more, and been more active in parliament. I have very constantly attended, but going to bed late and rising late have had no time to prepare for debate, and I do not like to speak without.

I find politics a most engrossing pursuit, and the more I see of them the more I am convinced that men of common capacities are best qualified for them – a great eagerness to excel<sup>127</sup> creates a fastidiousness which is fatal to excellence – and generally speaking the study of passing events irritates too much to improve

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**124:** Unlike his step-brother.

**125:** Isaac goes to Exeter College, where he gets into trouble as usual. See June 1, 22.

**126:** *Hansard (New Series), Vol. V, 1821, p.1315.*

**127:** Such as B. showed in his brief parliamentary career.

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the intellectual faculty.

One thing I know for certain – namely that my constitution is rapidly giving way before the incessant and wearisome application which, without occupying my mind much, I have bestowed upon my parliamentary duty. I am getting deaf in both ears. I must say, however, that this is not to be attributed so much to late sittings as to other excesses, *que je porterai ou qui me porteront au tombeau*.<sup>128</sup>

I purpose to travel this summer, and see whether that will break my bad habits ..... “Be wise today this madness to defer.”<sup>129</sup>

## 2

Went down to House. Came back. Dined at home. Return to House – Hume brought in his resolutions for economy.<sup>130</sup> Tavistock seconded in a radical reform speech, in which he said he would never spend another shilling to get into parliament, and that he hoped Hume would give up a useless struggle. Bankes moved an amended resolution, little differing from Hume’s, except that he approved of what had been doing in the Customs. Gooch seconded Bankes. It seems Hume had shown his resolution to Arbuthnot, and Castlereagh and Bankes had plotted the amendment. Bankes did not deny this – here is a fellow to pretend to independence!!

Castlereagh made a most violent speech, rolling Tavistock and the Whigs in the kennel – Rotten Row made no effort in behalf of Tavistock, which enraged Bennett so, he swore he would go to another bench.

Lord Titchfield spoke a very strong speech tonight – abused ministers, talked of their “sitting paying up to auction in the markets of Milan” – it was very good – and as I had seen his uncle, Canning, prowling about with him and then leave the House, I thought Canning, for love of mischief, had a hand therein. Lord Titchfield spoke from [the] bench behind Bankes, whose address he called “milk and water”. It was, I believe, almost [his] maiden speech – we cheered him gloriously – it had a great effect – I learned afterwards that he was quite capable of making the speech himself.

[The] House divided – 98 for Hume, and a majority of 74 against. In the lobby Tierney said to me “We ought not to have divided, but to have taken

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**128:** “Which either I shall carry, or which will carry me, to the tomb”. H. has ceased to record his sex-life, even in the scant detail he used to.

**129:** Quotation unidentified. Last word conjectural.

**130:** “economy” (Ms.)

Banks' amendment and passed it unanimously". In fact the amendment address does promise a reduction of expenditure by a reduction of the army. Hume was crowned by a complete victory – all praised him – he has certainly done wonders this session, but I think he has produced amongst the people rather an over-anxiety about economy and a consequent apathy to all invasions of public liberty.

The Whigs are done and down for ever.

At half-past one, broke up.

**Thursday June 28th 1821:** At the House of Commons – met Mackintosh, and asked him why he had not answered Londonderry last night – he said he had given way like a fool to Lord Milton, and that he would never do so again.

Think I dined at home.

**Friday June 29th 1821:** At the House of Commons, spoke against supply for the Alien Bill, and against the grant to the Duke of Clarence<sup>131</sup> – in latter speech, answered B.Bathurst in favour of coronation – divided in small divisions on both questions – 24, and 27.

**Saturday June 30th 1821:** Rode to Whitton.

**Sunday July 1st 1821:** At Whitton – doing nothing.

**Monday July 2nd 1821:** Went to London in hard rain to oppose a Tobacco Bill in the House of Commons, affecting my constituents – it did not come on after all, and I found the differences had been adjusted between the Trade and the Treasury.

Took cold meat at House of Commons.

**Tuesday July 3rd 1821:** At House of Commons, presented a petition from William Benbow of the Strand<sup>132</sup> – he is in King's Bench because he cannot find bail for good behaviour, as well as appearance upon an indictment found for libels, on behalf of the Constitutional Association. He finds that the coronation is

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**131: Hansard (New Series), Vol. V, 1821, p.1448.** H. is not recorded as speaking about the grant to the Duke of Clarence.

**132: Hansard (New Series), Vol. V, 1821, p.1484.** William Benbow (1784-1852??) radical and pornographer; colleague of Cobbett (dug up Paine's bones for him). Believed in annual parliaments and universal suffrage. His printing house in the Strand was called The Byron's Head. In 1822, pirates *Cain*.

likely to defer his trial until October, so that he may be in jail six months before trial. I made a strong speech, and said I should oppose the adjournment of the House unless I heard something satisfactory from ministers. [The] Attorney-General promised to procure Benbow's liberation in case his trial should be deferred – I was satisfied, and ought to have been so – 'tis no little matter to get a man out of prison by a speech in [the] House, let the case be ever so strong.

I dined at home – went back – Whitbread speaking on his motion to address [the] King to order [the] Attorney-General to enter a *ridi prosequi* against all indictments found at the suit of [the] Constitutional Association.<sup>133</sup> Whitbread spoke in a manly manner – Bathurst answered – Sir M. Chomeley spoke – Lushington made a strong speech and drew up the arch-saint Wilberforce on behalf of [the] Society for the Suppression of Vice. Dr Cantwell<sup>134</sup> was on<sup>135</sup> his stilts – he talked of some members in the House being “fathers and brothers,” as if we, the profane, were not. He accused the Attorney- and Solicitor-General[s] of being remiss in prosecution – abused the press – and in short was full of the true spirit; yet he ended by complimenting Samuel Whitbread, and hoping that his zeal for liberty would never be abated.

Denman answered him ill. [The] Attorney-General answered Denman, and told a lie about [the] King's petition, which was presented by me the other day. Wonderful this, for any man might have contradicted him out of the petition. Brougham answered [the] Attorney-General, and showed a trait of his singular character. Whitbread had said in his speech that since his friend the Member for Westminster had introduced [the] King's petition, the Society had stopped its progress. Brougham said, “I have to pick a quarrel with my Hon. Friend the mover – he said so and so. Now it was not my Hon. Friend the member for Westminster who first moved in this matter – it was I.”

I saw all smiling at this, and Denison whispered to me, “Richard's himself again”.<sup>136</sup>

For the rest, Brougham spoke forcibly. [The] Solicitor-General answered Brougham.

I ran off to the play to see my sisters – came back – found Scarlett speaking. Whitbread did not divide the House – indeed, the question was a difficult one – I

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**133:** “of constitutional society” (Ms.)

**134:** “Dr Cantwell” is Wilberforce.

**135:** “in” (Ms.)

**136:** Line inserted by Colley Cibber into *Richard III* – “Off with his head!” [pause] “Richard is himself again”.

do not think the House should interfere with associations of any kind. Remember that the Attorney-General said tonight that he filed more ex-officio informations than any of his predecessors, and had never failed.

Murray, the solicitor to the Association, a one-legged fellow,<sup>137</sup> was under the gallery, with a lad or two, perhaps Orton – I saw [the] Solicitor-General speak to him. Lord Powerscourt, a reformed rake, has sent £300 to the Association. John Bennet told me that Ambrose Goddard had subscribed £10.10.0., thinking the Society was for promoting education!!

We had a few speeches on the Appropriations Bill. Creevey and Brougham praised the House of Commons – and Londonderry very properly took them up and asked, what the House had done? – It had not acceded to one of Hume's propositions for reducing the estimates. Lord Liverpool<sup>138</sup> mentioned that œconomy was projected before Hume stirred in the House. Brougham said that it did great mischief to say that no good could be got from the House. I had half a mind to speak, and say I would never believe that [the] House would do any good till I saw it.

Londonderry, in moving [an] adjournment till Tuesday next, said [the] House had sat on average eight hours and forty minutes per day. We broke up at a quarter-past one, in good humour on the whole.

**Wednesday July 4th 1821:** Walked in the park with my sisters – home – went out again about half-past five, at the top of Hay Hill. Met Gauler, who stopped me and said, “So our old friend is gone – he's dead at last.” – “Who?” said I. – “Why, haven't ye heard it? *Bonaparte!*” – “No!” – “Yes! He'd dead, it's certainly true – government had the news this morning.” Gauler then went on to say he was a republican and never liked Bonaparte, but was sorry he had been so used.

I went to Brookes's. There read the news in the evening papers. Yes, he is dead – he died on the fifth of May of a cancer in the stomach, after an illness of forty days, [in] the last fortnight of which he was aware of his approaching end. It is said he was sensible to within five or six hours of his death – gave orders that he should be opened – said his son might benefit from knowing the disease of which he died, as it was hereditary, his father having died of the same. [He] left in his will that he wished to be buried under some willows near a spring of water

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**137:** Murray the one-legged solicitor had the same Christian name as Murray the one-eyed, “Arimaspian” publisher.

**138:** “Lord L.” (Ms.)

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which he used to drink of during his rides.

Sir James Mackintosh said to me, “What a sensation this would have made nine years ago, and what a sensation will it make nine hundred years hence!” He went on to say he thought Napoleon the best of the great conquerors. We all joined in abusing Lowe. Creevey told me that the Duke of Wellington told him at Brussels in 1818 that it was wrong to use any unnecessary restraint over Napoleon – that two hundred men would keep him in the island – that Lowe was a damned “stupid fellow” – that Lowe had tried to teach him how the British army should be accoutred, and referred to the Prussians – that he told Lowe that he commanded British, and not Prussians – that Lowe, being Quartermaster General,<sup>139</sup> returned to the charge more than once, and that accordingly he wrote to the government and had Lowe sent home.

There was a horn or two blowing about the streets – but so little was the sensation that my father met me at home and never mentioned that he had heard the news. John Warrender has since told me that the rumour had reached France, and created no sensation there.<sup>140</sup>

We had a party to dine with us – Jekyll, Bruce, Kinnaird, and ladies,<sup>141</sup> Hon. Matthews. Bruce told us that Caulaincourt told him that Napoleon had swallowed poison at Fontainebleau in 1814,<sup>142</sup> and had written a farewell letter to his wife, which Caulaincourt had seen – the dose was not strong enough.<sup>143</sup>

No other talk about the death of this wonderful man.

I went to a party at the Queen’s – no great ladies there – this second attempt foolish, and a falling-off. [The] Queen spoke to me about Napoleon’s death, and said, “It will be a black speck in your history”. She added, “What will Marie Louise say?” (I have heard that Prince Esterhazy stayed from a ball or concert tonight on account of this death).

Lord Duncannon told me that Tierney and the Whig Privy Councillors were summoned for tomorrow to hear the Queen’s claim to be crowned stated to the Council at Whitehall. Lord Fitzwilliam had some doubts about going because the notice said, “... to attend a committee of the Privy Council,” but Lord

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**139:** Hudson Lowe was Quartermaster-General of the army in the Low Countries from June 1814 until his appointment to St Helena in 1815.

**140:** George IV was told, “Sire, allow me to inform you that your greatest enemy is dead.” – “No! is she, by Jove?” he responded, thinking it was Queen Caroline.

**141:** It would be interesting to know (a) whether Kinnaird was still with Maria Keppel and (b) whether she would accompany him to a dinner.

**142:** He had done so on the very day B. had corrected the proofs of *OtNB*.

**143:** In fact the poison had been prepared for too long to be effective.

Duncannon tried to convince Lord Fitzwilliam<sup>144</sup> that the word “committee” meant all those sworn in at the board, in contradistinction to all peers who are hereditary privy councillors. I said the Opposition should all go. He agreed. He then talked with me of the complete downfall and folly of the Whig leaders. He remarked the number of independent men in parliament who wanted no places – said it was greater than ever he had recollected – he owned to me that the radicals had behaved very well to the Whigs.

Mrs Grey Bennett came in for a short time, and then went off to Almack’s – a pretty way to treat a Queen of England!! A shabby, presuming, mean nobility – I foresee the Queen must yield after all.

**Thursday July 5th 1821:** Up at nine – rode to Whitton – then rode over to Hampton Court races at Moulsey<sup>145</sup> – attended Matilda and Julia and Lady Hobhouse there, Isaac with me. Dined at home, and went in evening to ball at Hampton Court. Home at three.

**Friday July 6th 1821:** Rode up to London – dined at home. My father saw a person (Wilkins) at [the] Royal Society Club yesterday who had seen a man just come from St Helena. Napoleon is buried where he desired. He was laid in state in his green and red uniform with all his orders on, and everyone admitted to see him. His countenance was particularly placid – Hume, the surgeon, told my father it was always the case with those who died of stomach complaints. There is a rumour he died a good Xtian. He gave Captain Poppleton a snuff-box just before he died, saying, “Adieu, mon ami – voilà la seule bagatelle qui me reste. Je vous la présente afin que vous puissiez faire voir le don de ma reconnaissance après ma mort.”<sup>146</sup>

I saw at Moulsey, on the raceground, a sorrel horse which had carried Napoleon in one of his campaigns. It had got into our King’s stable, then it became Douglas ([ ])[’s]<sup>147</sup> property, who gave it to his brother-in-law Sir B. Bloomfield. I really did not like to look at the horse: my sisters, kind girls, said the same thing.

The news of his death was announced at the India House<sup>148</sup> whilst a court was

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**144:** “Lord W.” (Ms.)

**145:** Is Foscolo at Moulsey yet?

**146:** B.’s comment about preferring a nod from a American to a snuff-box from an Emperor isn’t made till June 8, 22 (letter to Moore, BLJ IX 171).

**147:** This word looks like “splitport” or “splitpart” or splitfirst”.

**148:** Headquarters of the East India Company, from whom St Helena had been bought.

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sitting. Mr Lowndes said, "Mr Chairman, I congratulate you and the Company." There was loud disapprobation of this sentiment, and Douglas Kinnaird, much to his honour, said it was unmanly and ungenerous to rejoice at the natural death of one who had long been politically dead. Lowndes explained that he was glad the expenses of the St Helena establishment would cease.

I went in the evening to the French play at the Argyle rooms with Amelia and Julia. I never saw anything so *aristocratical*. The ladies patronesses sit like little Queens, with a troop of fops about them on one side of the room, whilst the less favoured company are elsewhere. The Duke of Wellington was there, laughing loud at the farce. An aide-de-camp of Napoleon's was there, in deep mourning. I am glad to hear that the Duke of Wellington the other night at Almack's talked with great admiration of Napoleon.

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**Saturday July 7th 1821: Writing journal for ten days.** Queen's claim argued Thursday and Friday, and this day [the] Attorney-General answered, or, as was said, "gave his view of" the question, which appears to me very indecent, as it shows the King employing his law officers to thwart his wife. Brougham has made a deal more of the claim than either friends or enemies expected.

I did not go down to Whitton, but stayed to take care of my sisters here.

Cold, misty, east wind weather.

**Sunday July 8th 1821:** Idled at home – walked out with Sophy – dined at home.

**Monday July 9th 1821:** Decision of Privy Council against the Queen's claim to be crowned – unanimous, for Tierney, and one or two other opposition councillors, who were present during the argument, retired from the vote – the decision [was] not known until next day. The Queen [is] going about to the minor theatres,<sup>149</sup> where she is well-received, but hears a hiss or two now and then. It is certain that the bustle for preparation for the coronation rather deadens public feeling towards her.

I dined at home and forget where I went, or if I did go anywhere in the evening (I went to the British Gallery with [my] sisters). Papers contain an account of Bonaparte's funeral. He was buried where he desired.

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**149:** Caroline goes to Drury Lane on July 11th. Smaller theatres were licensed during the summer.

**Tuesday July 10th 1821:** Papers contain an account of Holkam sheep-shearing: it seems Burdett was received with the greatest enthusiasm. Indeed, Lord Tavistock told me he had never met anything like it in his life. Now I recollect when Coke would not speak to Burdett, and that not two years ago. It is agreeable to find how consistency and spirit triumph over these petty disgusts. I am also pleased to see that although Joseph Hume has his merits acknowledged, he does not, by the exertions of one session, obliterate the memory of all done by my colleague during a quarter of a century.

I went down to the House of Commons, which met today. There, upon a petition presented from the insolvent debtors asking to see the coronation, I said a word for Henry Hunt. I entreated [the] ministers to mark the ensuing ceremony by some act of grace in favour of political offenders, and particularly of Hunt. The fellow is a bad man, but his punishment is really atrocious.<sup>150</sup> No remark was made, and indeed I wished none to be made, knowing it would be a negative if given hastily. I also asked the Attorney-General what he had done respecting Benbow – he answered that he had given orders to release him upon recognizances for reappearance. Scarlett whispered to me that he was glad to find the King's Attorney-General had so much influence with the solicitor for the Association, for that there was no law to enforce this – only a favour.

[I] remember that Wilberforce tonight paid a tribute to Dr Lushington's private character – as if he wanted it, from Wilberforce or from anyone. This canting, hypocritical fellow should be taken down – he certainly has lost character, both in the House and country lately.

I went away and dined with Hanbury Tracey, leaving the House to Hume, and to Sir Francis Ommoney,<sup>151</sup> between whom a curious scene afterwards took place about the Queen – Hume announced his intentions to make a motion tomorrow relative to Her Majesty's appearance at the coronation.<sup>152</sup>

I went to the opera, behind the scenes – saw Nollet close – she is frightful.

Lowther asked me what [the] Queen intended to do – he said he would have her given a peer's ticket for a sight of [the] coronation. Staffordshire Littleton told me he would never have opposed the Queen's coming over, or taken her

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**150:** "Orator" Hunt had been sentenced to two-and-a-half years' imprisonment on May 15, 20, for inciting insurrection at Peterloo. He is released on Oct 30, 22.

**151:** Francis Molyneux Ommoney (?1774-1840), MP for Barnstaple.

**152:** " ... a motion relative to Her Majesty's appearance at the coronation tomorrow" (Ms.) The coronation is on 19 July.

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name out of the liturgy. I find all these people right enough in private – but when it comes to House of Commons vote, ah, that is another thing.

**Wednesday July 11th 1821:** Went down to House of Commons – Speaker came at a quarter to nine – House made chiefly by ministerialists, for opposition stayed away – I met Brougham, walking the other way. He told me that Hume would be jostled somehow or the other.

Hume got up at three, no-one sitting on the bench with him – so I ran up from below and put myself next to him, intending to take off my hat and second his motion. Hume spoke a minute too long, for he had only just time to read to the end of his proposed address when the Usher of the Black Rod knocked, and came in. There was no time to second him – a general titter rose. The Speaker got up, and we all walked away to the House of Lords.

Hume should have got his motion on the journals, otherwise it was as well that the thing should terminate as it did.

We heard much Royal Assent being given to some bills, then the Chancellor read the King's Speech, which was very meagre, and noticed nothing but returning to metallic currency and intentions of œconomy. The Speaker came back – read the speech at the table to us, and then we separated, being adjourned until the 20th of September. I walked back with Joseph Hume. The *Times* of today said his motion would electrify the capital and the country – it did no such thing, although Hume took care to announce that the Queen had resolved to be present at the coronation and that therefore, to preserve the peace of the metropolis, His Majesty should admit his consort to be crowned. The Queen was at Drury Lane last night, well-received.

We had a large dinner-party at home – William Smith among others. He told me that William Pitt was sincere about the slave trade – he highly extolled Wilberforce, whom he said was as conscientious a man as any living – he had known him forty years.

I went with my sisters Sophy and Matilda to Lady D. Smith's in Piccadilly. Heard some delightful singing from Mrs Salmon<sup>153</sup> – a noble house.

**“Thursday July 12th 1821” (see next entry):** The *Times* publishes the report of the Privy Council, deciding against the Queen's claim to be crowned, and also a letter from the Queen to Lord Sidmouth, stating her resolution to be present at the coronation.

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**153:** Eliza Salmon (1787-1849) popular leading soprano.

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I rode into y<sup>c</sup> city – called on Bickersteth – told him of the demand of £100 made for chairing expenses on Burdett and me. I had the satisfaction of hearing from him that all were satisfied with my conduct in parliament. He told me he had heard nothing but panegyrick, and said everything had turned out lucky for me. Luck is nothing but prudence and spirit, though one is afraid to say so, almost, after the signal reverses of some men.

Dined at home. Went with my sisters and father to the Lyceum, and laughed very much at a farce called *Walk for a Wager*.

**Friday July 13th 1821:** By mistake I put down yesterday what happened this day. I walked out last night, and did not go out as said above.

**Saturday July 14th 1821:** See by *Times* that the King has actually refused the Queen even a sight of the coronation. The news was communicated in a letter from the Home Office, to which Sidmouth had forgotten to sign his name. The Queen answered, and said she should treat the letter as anonymous – she reiterated her claim.

In this night's *Gazette* appears the list of coronation peers – twenty-one promotions in all, besides [the] Chancellor, who was made an earl in Tuesday's *Gazette*.<sup>154</sup> Not many commoners raised – Wellesley Pole, Forrester, Sir T. Lyddel, John Forster and Lady C. Strett. They say the list contains seventeen fools, three rogues and an old woman. Donoughmore [is] made an English peer. This is excellent – reward a judge for his verdict. Tavistock talked to me of it as the most enormous thing ever done.

I rode down to Whitton – slept there, &c.

**Sunday July 15th 1821:** Very hard rain in morning – pasted newspapers – then drove my horse Tommy in a gig – *sic itur ad umbras*.

**Monday July 16th 1821:** Rode up to London with Isaac. [The] *Times* says that y<sup>c</sup> Queen has received an apology from Sidmouth for forgetting to sign the letter to her – that the Queen has written to the Archbishop of Canterbury, demanding to be crowned – that his Grace has answered he cannot stir a step without orders from the King – and that finally the Queen is resolved to be in the Abbey on the 19th – at least to go down and try to enter.

I dined with Kinnaird – met a party of Dandies: Lord Glenallan, Colonel

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**154:** Lord Eldon is from now on Baron Stowell.

MacKinnon, John Warrender, Bidwell, and a Count Gettenburgh, who is come over in old Prince Esterhazy's suite to be present at the coronation. This Count is the man who, with seventy dragoons, drove the Piedmontese army before him and entered Alexandria, he scarcely knew how. He talked in raptures of the horses of our artillery, and seemed a very profligate young fellow. He mentioned that not a single arrest had taken place in Lombardy.

Colonel MacKinnon asked me what he should do if the Queen tried to force an entrance where he was on guard, and whether it was high treason to touch her. He told me the guards had orders to be under arms at twelve o'clock on Wednesday night.

It seems the King is extremely jealous of Charles Kemble's acting the King Henry V so well at the coronation<sup>155</sup> at Covent Garden theatre – also that he is jealous at Esterhazy's fine coat, covered with jewels – also at the few peers that will be present at the coronation. He is in the highest anxiety, but swears if he dies the coronation shall take place on Thursday.

Colonel MacKinnon told me some stories, almost incredible, of his own debauchery. Amongst others, that he stayed three weeks in bed at Paris with a girl now in keeping with Sir Charles Stuart, our ambassador – also of the profligacy of the Portuguese females – he was made [to] sleep with a young creature of the highest rank, the night before her marriage, though he had a violent gonorrhoea and was obliged to use a redingote.<sup>156</sup> He told us of his celebrated adventure in the convent.<sup>157</sup> It seems the nuns were perfectly furious after him. This extraordinary harlequin of a gentleman got into the convent through the roundabout. He told me that he is in the habit of taking a great deal of medicine – ten grains of calomel, and a black dose, for example – to counteract his debaucheries.

We talked of Alvanley – everybody spoke of him as a prodigy of natural wit. It appears he has completely won Talleyrand's heart, who takes him down to Vallancy, his country seat. Also that he has persuaded several young French dandies to take to drinking, and made Monteron lend him money. MacKinnon says he (Alvanley) owes £120,000, and will shoot himself one morning.

We went to Vauxhall – saw Berkeley Craven and Monteron – had a specimen of their profligacy to which I have been long unaccustomed – Monteron, an old

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**155:** In *Henry IV* ii.

**156:** Corruption of "riding-coat". Slang for condom.

**157:** For Dan MacKinnon's adventures amongst the Lisbon nuns, see Borst, 9n. He may have inspired *Don Juan*, I, 38, 8.

debauchee of forty-five, thought he must take *two* girls into a dark walk. This man I recollect employed by Napoleon in 1815, and reckoned a wit.

Vauxhall was very thin. Came home at half-past two.<sup>158</sup>

**Tuesday July 17th 1821:** Walked down to see preparation for the coronation. Saw old Smedley, who told me that Sir George Nayler had told his son that there would be a box for the Queen in the Abbey.

Dined at home. Went with my sisters in [a] public box at<sup>159</sup> the theatre, Covent Garden, to see *Henry IV*, i.e., the coronation scene. The House was crowded beyond anything I ever saw, almost. I was delighted with Macready in [the role of] King Henry, and Shallow and Silence, though overdone, were good – Falstaff bad – Fawcett<sup>160</sup> could not act it. The coronation [a] very fine show. A few faint cries for the Queen, but no strong diversion. Serjeant Onslow [was] with us – he said [the] Queen should have a box; and that seems [the] general opinion. It is said, I believe on good authority, that [the] ministers were for giving her one, and that Lauderdale stopped it. Onslow said the House of Commons ought to have been invited. It appears the Speaker has had forty tickets sent to him for ladies.

**Wednesday July 18th 1821:** The *Times* contains [the] Queen's protest against the decision of the Privy Council – well written – and which I think would have been enough without any other steps. Also another letter from Lord Hood, on the part of the Queen, to Lord Howard of Effingham, demanding a place at [the] coronation – and Lord Howard's answer, that he cannot give her one.

I walked about town. No-one seemed to know whether [the] Queen would go to y<sup>c</sup> Abbey or not. Brougham asked me at Brookes's whether she would be let in. I told him what I had heard from Smedley. He said that he believed the ministers changed their minds twenty times a day. The protest was not written, so they say, by the Queen's lawyers.

I walked about with Tavistock. He told me [of] the intrigue used to get the Whigs to the coronation. The King had thrown out, through Lady Cunningham to Lord Jersey, that he wished to have the young Villiers to act as pages to him. Lord Jersey had paid no attention to this hint, when, this morning or yesterday, the King sent his commands for the young boys to come up from Eaton and

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**158:** Vauxhall must have offered something to hold H.'s attention for that long.

**159:** "to" (Ms.)

**160:** John Fawcett (1768-1837), actor. His Falstaff in *The Merry Wives* was highly rated.

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attend upon him. Old Lady Cork told me that the King sent for Lady Jersey to show her his dresses – saluted her – made up matters, and told her to send for her sons. Whether this is true I know not, but the other is. Tavistock told me that he feared Lady Jersey had not stood out so stoutly as she ought. He added that the same hint had been sent to him and Lady Tavistock respecting young Lord Russell, but they had thrown cold water on it at once.

He told me that Lord Lansdowne had been sent for to act as High Constable of Ireland, although Lord Londonderry wanted that place for himself. Also that the Duke of Devonshire was to carry the orb, much to the dislike of the ministers, who, however, submit to everything in order to keep their places. He lamented that the Duke of Bedford<sup>161</sup> was going to the coronation, and said that he would not have done it had he not put in his claim to be High Almoner – the claim was decided in favour of Lord Exeter, but the Duke thought that it would look like spite if he kept away. Lord Jersey walks, and Lord Foley walks, but there will not be above two hundred peers in all.

Tavistock talked to me very despairingly – said he found no love of freedom amongst the higher classes, and that any talk on old constitutional principles was received with a laugh. [He] agreed that the tradesman was the most liberal and enlightened class of the whole empire.

I dined at home, and stayed at home, hearing Matty play on the piano. My mother and Melly went to bed early, as they are to get up at half-past one tomorrow to be dressed for the coronation. They have tickets for the Chamberlain's box, and for the Abbey. Lady Willoughby sent the first, and Lord Howard the others – very quickly – on demand.

I could no sleep all night – dozed a little towards morning.

**Thursday July 19th 1821:** Roused about seven by a shouting under the front windows. When I got up at eleven, heard that the shouting arose from a mob who had accompanied the Queen after her repulse (for repulsed she was, at the Abbey and Westminster Hall), in her return to Cambridge House. I find the people called out for me to come forward and take the Queen down again, and that they went to Lord Chatham's next door and broke down the preparations for the illuminations there, as well as at Lady Willoughby's, and Owen Williams' ... they did this at Lord Londonderry's and a few other places ... but did no other mischiefs. They were only a few when they passed Hill Street, though I learn that the crowd was enormous when they came up from the Abbey by Charing Cross.

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**161:** Tavistock's father.

The Queen's own statement appeared in the *Traveller* the same evening, and the account of the dialogue at Poet's Corner Door between Lord Hood and the doorkeeper was given correctly enough (so Lord Hood told me) in the *Courier*. I find that Lady Hobhouse and Melly got into the Hall at four o'clock. I saw Ridley Colbourne across the street, and ran out to ask him what had happened – he knew nothing – he told me the crowd in Hill Street was very insignificant – he also told me that he had got five tickets the night before by merely writing, and that he was sure tickets went begging.

I walked out with Tom to see the balloon go off from the Green Park – stayed in a crowd some time – just as we walked away, [the] balloon ascended, and it was up some height before we saw it. It travelled fifty miles in forty minutes, and came down at South Mimms, beyond Barnet. A Mr Green<sup>162</sup> went up in it.

Tom and I then walked into Hyde Park – a great many people there. At half-past one the guns announced that the crown was put on the King's Head. There was a brigade of six guns in Hyde Park. We saw some wooden elephants on a raft rowed up the Serpentine, and saw also the preparations for the fireworks. I resolved to see whether the booths erected for spectators for the procession were crowded – so I walked through St James's Park and Tothill Street to the back of the platform opposite the Abbey door. The booths there did not appear a tenth part occupied – people were hawking the tickets as at a fair. Places (as I since learn) might be got for fifteen, ten, five, or even two shillings, although as many guineas had been asked before. The crowd without the enclosure was very small, and generally speaking there appeared no sort of sympathy with the ceremony within. I have heard the same account from all people.

I walked around to Milbanke – crossed the water to Lambeth<sup>163</sup> – walked over Westminster Bridge, and made the same observation as to the booths on that side – walked to Charing Cross through a crowded street – no cry of "King!" or "Queen!" – people in good humour, but no more. Called on Place – his wife gave me an account of the Queen's return – she looked well, and sedate, and silent – she was cheered by an immense crowd.

We came home exhausted by our long walk.

Lady Cork called – I got into her carriage, and she told me about Lady Jersey – told me that Lord Hertford had resigned his place last night because he was not

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**162:** Charles Green (1785-1870), aeronaut. This was his first ascent, and the first ever ascent in a balloon filled with carburetted hydrogen gas.

**163:** Vauxhall Bridge (called Regent's Bridge), had been built in 1816. The modern one replaced it in 1906.

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allowed a helper out of the Jewel Office – this is like a cook bargaining for a scullion. Others say he was out at rehearsal. However, he is out – and Lady Warwick and Lady Cunningham are trying to bring the Whigs in. Lord Winchester would go out, but he is so poor.

My mother and Melly returned from [the] coronation at about half-past seven [and] gave an account of the show, which seems really to have been excellent. My mother told me that several of all parties near her seemed to pity the Queen and to be indignant at her repulse. There was a great fright when she came to the Hall door, and cries of “Shut the door! Shut the door!” from all quarters. Smith, our butler, saw the procession from the Hall to the Abbey. He says the King was much hissed by the people, and not much applauded by the spectators in the booths. He says the King must have heard the hisses, and cries of “Queen!” – he looked pale. The Duke of Wellington turned round and smiled – Lord Londonderry, who, except Prince Leopold, was the only man in full garter dress, did the same.

I scarcely know why I did not go to this ceremony – I might have got a ticket easily – but I did not like to be a spectator of such a triumph over the poor Queen.

There were upwards of twenty thousand troops of all sorts in and about the purlieu of the Abbey, and the day before a Horse Guards order contained a detail of the strength and station of the troops, to the amount of five and six thousand men, infantry and cavalry.

At nine o'clock I walked out with my sisters and Tom to see the fireworks in the park. They were splendid, and there was a great crowd, which seemed to be in good humour, but in no sympathy for the occasion. The illumination was very poor, except at the public offices, and very partial. Every now and then a few called out “Queen!” but nothing was done. We had some difficulty crossing at Stanhope Street Gate, and the next morning it appeared that one or two fatal accidents had taken place.

I went to bed very tired after the walking of the day.

**Friday July 20th 1821:** Walked to Brooks's. Found Burdett there – [he] looks very well. Rode together in the park. He gave me an account of the excellent spirit of the people in Norfolk, and talked of the utility of making fresh efforts [at] the next session of parliament. He said, very sensibly, that when he abused the House of Commons as a place where no good was to be done, it was merely to give the people a general notion of its corrupt quality – not that it was not a place where, by exposing the maladministration of affairs, much good might be

done.

Dined and passed the evening with my sisters, with whom (Matilda and Sophy) [I] had a very pleasant walk in the park.

**Saturday July 21st 1821:** Burdett and I rode, and called on the Queen at Brandenburgh House. She was in a very lively mood – I thought, rather forced spirits. She said she never expected to get into the Hall or Abbey, but she thought it right to try, for the sake of future Queens. She said that she hoped now we saw she was a woman of courage. We told her we wanted no fresh proof of her courage. She laughed at the fright of Lady Hood on that occasion, and said the whole scene was ridiculous. She said the soldiers treated her with great respect.

I took the liberty of telling her that I saw no use in her appealing to the Privy Council – she said the people would not have been satisfied had she not tried every means. Burdett said that when once at the door, he would have gone in although alone, which it seems she might have done, for the ticket signed Wellington admitted one. The Queen said no, she would not go in alone – that was not becoming – besides, she knew there were people stationed to hiss her. This was no reason, to be sure, but we did not tell her so. She told us the account in the papers (the *Traveller*) was correct – she had sent it.

The Queen said the people had no spirit – she had given them up ever since they suffered Burdett to go to prison.

We talked about Naples.<sup>164</sup> She said that the nobles had not been hearty in the revolution because there was no separate chamber or House of Lords preserved. Just then Captain Hesse entered, who had been at Naples during the revolution – the Queen appealed to the Captain, but he did not seem to confirm the account. She asked us to appoint a day to dine with her, and offered to alter her hour – we appointed Wednesday next – she told us to come in boots.

Coming away we met Lord Hood in the antechamber. He seemed eager to say he had share in advising the journey to Westminster – he told us the doors were slammed in their faces at two or three entrances. He confirmed the fact that the Queen might have gone in alone – he had got the ticket at Lord Gwydir's the night before. I asked him as to the erasure observable about the name – he said it did look as if there had been some erasure, but that he had not done it. He said the account of the dialogue between him and the doorkeeper given in the *Courier* was correct. The doorkeeper of a superior order who told the Queen there was no

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**164:** A revolution at Naples earlier in the year had been suppressed by the Austrians.

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place for her was my friend Sir Robert Harry Inglis,<sup>165</sup> who for the sake of staring had some menial office for the day, and was the lucky man who had to communicate this indignity to the Queen. Lord Hood said Sir R.H.Inglis was civil.

We caught a glimpse of Lady Hood, who said she had not yet recovered from the fright and fatigue of Thursday.

Rode back. Burdett said it was very dangerous to have anything to do with Her Majesty – she generally took the advice she liked best – this was the case when she went abroad in 1814. Brougham, Whitbread and himself all had advised against going abroad. Then came Canning, and gave the advice she wanted – this she followed.

I dined with a large party at home today. J.B.Cramer, the celebrated player on the pianoforte,<sup>166</sup> [was] near me. He told me that he never was alarmed at playing on the pianoforte whilst he was rising, but now that he had a reputation, he was afraid of losing it, and was nervous. He seems a very sensible, well-mannered man.

Lady Mary Shepherd there – she is quite a fool. She talked of Riccardo being a republican and a deist, and said it aloud. Michael Bruce and Lady Parker<sup>167</sup> were of the party. We had a little music – Cramer played one of his own compositions in a most masterly style.

**Tuesday July 22nd 1821:** Walked in the park. Dined at home. Burdett, young Cuthbert, Chauntrey, Dr Chambers, [and] Hanbury Tracey [were] with us. Pleasant people, but not a very pleasant day. Chauntrey told us that he had ploughed an acre in a day, and mowed an acre in a day. I expressed my surprise – he said he was brought up in the country and was not always intended for a sculptor. I told him I thought he was always intended for a sculptor.

He told us he did this to amuse himself on holidays. I believe, however, he was a mason's boy. He mentioned that when at Rome the Princess Pauline (Borghese)<sup>168</sup> showed him her leg up to her knee – pulled off her shoe and pulled up her petticoat – she did this without a blush, as to an artist. She had shown Canova everything except her knee. Chauntrey told us that there was no want of

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**165:** Sir Robert Harry Inglis (1786-1855), reactionary lawyer.

**166:** Johann Baptist Cramer (1771-1858). Friend of Haydn. Out of sympathy with the music of Beethoven, whom he knew. Trust H. not to know what questions to ask.

**167:** Lady Parker is Bruce's wife.

**168:** Pauline Borghese was Napoleon's sister.

living models at the Academy in London, although the pay is only fifteen shillings for the exhibition. The men have but ten shillings, and they stand sometimes two hours.

Chauntrey has been about to take a bust of me for more than a year – he promised now to do it next season.<sup>169</sup> The King has kept him constantly employed upon his own head for some days. The King sent for Chauntrey to see his robes, and then told Bloomfield afterwards to desire him to come to the coronation. Chauntrey told me he thought the general effect beautiful, but the details wretched, especially the King himself, who had spoiled his head with curls and feathers and looked like an old woman. He remarked how much the old dresses gave the wearers exactly the old appearance of our pictured ancestors. He admired Lord Londonderry's appearance at the coronation, and said the people admired it too. He told us that his bust of Lord Londonderry was a portrait in everything – Lord Londonderry observed to Chauntrey that he had not done justice to his neck and shoulders – “Nor had I,” said Chauntrey, “until I saw them – they are very good – Lord Londonderry falls off in his lower extremities”. Chauntrey said the King was well-made about the neck.

Chauntrey told us that the Archduke Maximilian had procured a large quantity of marble of the best quality to be put apart for him at Carrara. Chauntrey went under a feigned name to look at the quarries, but saw no marble worth buying – at last he told his name, and was immediately conducted to this deposit, which was hidden under some rubble, and kept apart for him.

Chauntrey said the reason the ancients were such great artists was that they imitated nature – the moderns do nothing but copy.

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Mem. – Grey Bennett told me at Brooks's that it was observed that at the coronation the King, when kneeling in the Abbey, was kissing his rings and looking at Lady Cunningham – and that he cut the Duke of Sussex, and Duke of Gloucester. I met George Lamb there, and asked him if the Whigs were coming in – he said no, he thought not – there had often been this coquetting before, but nothing serious –

**Monday July 23rd 1821:** I find that the Queen wrote to Lord Sidmouth and to the Archbishop of Canterbury immediately on her return from the Abbey door, demanding to be crowned on y<sup>e</sup> Monday following. [She received] a polite

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**169:** There is no bust of H.

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reference from his Grace to higher authority and a polite refusal from Sidmouth on the part of the King. I have reason to know Sidmouth is a greater favourite than ever with the King, who insists that he shall go to Ireland with him,<sup>170</sup> and will not hear of my Lord's going out to make room for George Canning, who seems quite out for this half year. The *Times* abuses the Whigs for backing ministers.

I dine at home. Went with Isaac to the orchestra of Drury Lane to see Kean in Richard III, on his arrival from America. He was well-received, but was too hoarse to act the part as I have heard him. I went to congratulate him in the dressing-room, but he was unable to rise. He had only arrived the same day – it seems a mistake to have brought him out now. There were thunders of applause, almost unmingled with hisses, at the word “Alas! poor injured Queen,” but to my great surprise the applause was as great at the words, “The King's name is a tower of strength,” &c. How the deuce is public opinion to be collected? A most stupid farce called *The Spectre Bridegroom* followed.

**Tuesday July 24th 1821:** I went (as did my four sisters) to Westminster Abbey, to hear the musical festival (of which I was one of the stewards) performed in honour of the coronation for the benefit of Westminster Hospital. A very splendid sight indeed – the ladies all well-dressed – the place well-filled – the Abbey dressed as at the coronation, with the two thrones. Two thousand tickets were sold, besides what was taken at the door – admittance one guinea.

The music was not half loud enough, there not being above two hundred performers – but Braham and Mrs Salmon were delightful in their solos.

Dined alone, and went to the opera with my sisters – [was] introduced to a Marquess Beccaria, son of the famous Beccaria of Milan.

**Wednesday July 25th 1821:** Dined with the Queen at Hammersmith – Burdett and Kinnaird with us, Lord and Lady Hood at table, and the usual foreign guests, with Mr William Austin. A vulgar little married woman, Mrs John Wood, the Alderman's son's wife. Dined a little after three – a nasty Italian dinner. Colonel Grisitti sat next to me – he is a clever, agreeable man. He told me that in the duels between French and Italians in Italy, it was not usual to allow of thrusting, only of cutting – a sure proof of the superiority of the latter.

The Queen was in artificial spirits, I thought, and Lord Hood confirmed it. She told us that Brougham was with her at past twelve the night before the

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**170:** George's visit to Ireland takes place in August, and inspires B.'s *The Irish Avatar*.

coronation. I suspect he advised her going down. She told us Lushington had a great deal to do with writing the protest. She praised him highly, and said he was always in spirits.

After some strange, queer repast, we went upstairs. She sat down to chess with Marques Antaldi, others went to play Russian billiards. I talked with Lord and Lady Hood. Lord Hood complained of the whole *ménage* – said that the Queen should get rid of her Italian – that Antaldi, who was a worthy man, wanted to go – that one of the fellows was a jeweller, a great friend of Bergami's – that William Austin, who had a carriage at his orders, and who by the way is a little presumptuous, ill-mannered cub, I think should be diminished.<sup>171</sup> He knew not whether the Queen would go to Edinburgh as she has threatened in her letter to Lord Sidmouth. [Hood] agreed with me [that] she should be quiet. Lady Hood told me that Lady Jersey, on the night of the Queen's first party, had appointed a day on which she would dine with the Queen, who in consequence asked Lady Milton and Lady Tavistock to meet her. Lady Jersey, after making the appointment herself, wrote to the Queen a day or two afterwards, and said she was obliged to go to Ascot. The day of the Queen's second evening party, Lady Jersey went out of town, and returned the next day.

This is not right. I wish I had known this before I had asked her<sup>172</sup> to send my sisters tickets to Almack's. But poor thing,<sup>173</sup> it is difficult to stand the frowns, and much more the smiles, of kings. The story now is she is good friends with Ber——,<sup>174</sup> a proof how foolish it was ever to have quarreled with one who was so sure to be able to bring her back when he pleased.

We rode away from Brandenburgh House at six, and cantered across the country to the Harrow Road – came home in the rain. Evening at home. Heard from Mrs Benyon that Captain Melville, the officer who handed the Queen across the platform when she came down to Westminster, says he shall lose his promotion by so doing.

**Thursday July 26th 1821: Journal from half Friday last** – sent off my books to Whitton – went to Whitton and put up my books there.

**Friday July 27th 1821:** At Whitton arranging books.

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171: It's not clear whether we are to understand H., or Hood, saying this last.

172: "her" refers to the treacherous Lady Jersey.

173: "Poor thing" refers to Queen Caroline.

174: "Bergami".

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**Saturday July 28th 1821:** At Whitton arranging books and papers.

**Sunday July 29th 1821:** Ditto, ditto.

**Monday July 30th 1821:** Wrote to Burdett, asking him to give fifty pounds towards paying for [the] charring of us in April 1820, and also to give his subscription money to the Manchester Outrage Fund, which is five hundred pounds in debt. He wrote an answer, kindly complying with both requests – at least, he said he would send five hundred to the Fund, and give the remaining £120 to worthy and wanting people.

Dined at home, and went to the play with father and sisters.

**Wednesday August 1st 1821:** Called on Wivell the artist.<sup>175</sup> Saw Hume sitting for his portrait, and also for a bust, which a young man of the name of Bonomi or some such name, was modeling for him. He said this was for œconomy of time, but the fact is that Wivell assists the young sculptor. Called on Newton the painter, who has taken a good likeness of Lady Byron.

Joseph Hume took me to Fishmongers' Hall to dine. We saw the six watermen start for Doggett's Badge<sup>176</sup> – sat down to a magnificent turtle and venison and burgundy dinner, and good company – [the] Duke of Sussex, [the] Duke of Gloucester, Lord Erskine, Scarlett, Denman, Bennett, Buxton, Wood, &c. &c., about 120. The speeches were political. Erskine spoke nobly against the Constitutional Association,<sup>177</sup> and looked, as Denman said, “a beautiful creature”. I was quite affected, and when my health was given (which happened at the end of all) I paid him my little compliment, very much to his own and the general satisfaction. The Duke of Sussex stayed too long, until half the company were gone, and then called for cigars.<sup>178</sup> When the winner of the Badge was brought up, the Duke of Sussex said, “I warrant you did not sleep with your wife last night!!” – very bad taste indeed. The dessert was very fine, and came from Granges'. Walworth and his dagger fill a niche at the upper end of Fishmongers' Hall. The modern hero of the company seems to be the Lord St Vincent.

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**175:** Abraham Wivell (1786-1849), drew everyone from George IV to the Cato Street conspirators.

**176:** Rowing competition set up by the actor Thomas Doggett (d. 1721). The competitors rowed from London Bridge to Chelsea. Administered by the Fishmongers' Guild.

**177:** “Constitutional Society” (Ms.)

**178:** “segars” (Ms.)

**Thursday August 2nd 1821:** Dined with Douglas Kinnaird and went to the play at [the] Lyceum – *Two Pence* – laughed heartily. Sat to Wivell.

**Friday August 3rd 1821:** Rode to Whitton. Called first at Jackson's, and at Philipps' (artists'), to see [the] portrait of my father. Heard of the first, who by the way is treading hard on the steps of Lawrence, that Wivell was a barber. Wivell is a very clever man – no-one takes such pencil likenesses. Wivell told me he never read anything – not even a newspaper – not a word of Lord Byron's poetry, even. He has a way of his own, quite – mixes up lead pencil with water – his portrait of Brougham at the Queen's trial is wonderful in its way.

I called at Brandenburgh House, having heard of the Queen's illness and reputed death – found things looking fatally – all her counsel there – her will made – people in consternation. The disease [is] a stoppage in her bowels – no passage since Saturday last, they say. The bath tried today, without effect. It appears she thinks herself dying.

Dined, &c., at Whitton.

**Saturday August 4th 1821:** Sent up to enquire after Queen. The same – no change.

**Sunday August 5th 1821:** Father gave me fifty pounds – very opportune – I have a cursed printer's bill of eighty-six pounds to pay.

Rode up to London. Called at Brandenburgh House – Queen same.

Dined with Kinnaird. Met Kean there, Calcraft, Bidwell and others. Kean [is] much disgusted with [the] Americans, who think we are in the last stages of degeneracy, and they have better men in everything – “A nameless lady writes better than Lord Byron,” for example.

Hear that the Queen has taken crude quicksilver, without effect.

A Mr Playfair, just returned from India, there – landed at St Helena five days after Napoleon's burial – found all the island military, and all, in mourning – and only one opinion as to the heroism and decency of Napoleon's death. [He] told us that General Bertrand had dined with Sir Hudson Lowe, and made up all matters – owning that Napoleon was not to be satisfied with anything, and that Lowe had done his duty.

Bertrand said that Napoleon was Emperor to the last – neither he nor Madame Bertrand spoke to him when dying without being first spoken to. His last words were, “My son ...” Bertrand advanced. “Your son ...?” – “Yes. Give

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my son a sword, and tell him that I leave him to the protection and generosity of the French army.” This sword, I understand, was the sword which was given to Napoleon for a prize at the military college. It had an inscription upon it. Napoleon was buried with another sword by his side, in full regimentals, in three coffins, ready for removal if necessary. Napoleon in his will expressed a wish to be removed to France, and buried between two French generals, Duroc and another – but if the government would not let him be removed, then he wished to be buried in the valley where he now lies. He expressed a wish to have no other inscription than “Napoleon” on a simple slab – and if that was not permitted, he wished to have nothing put.

He left Bertrand’s son (they say) to the amount of £12,000 a year – also left his valet<sup>179</sup> £500 a year, and requested Bertrand and Montholon would treat him as their equal. The next day, after his death, the two were seen walking arm-in-arm with the valet through the principal street of the town.

It is said that a regular correspondence with France was found in his papers – also that his life up to 1814 had been found – but that none of the papers published as his were authentic.

This Mr Playfair seemed an intelligent man, and what he said was doubtless a faithful report of what he had heard. He told us how Joseph Hume had made his fortune in seven years in India, by contracting to supply the army with corn, and by paying in bad rupees – but all quite honourably.

Kean was very dull – walked about with Bidwell and Kinnaird till two o’clock in [the] morning.

**Monday August 6th 1821:** In the agonies of determining what to do with myself this summer. Sitting for Wivell. Queen much better I believe – the obstruction partially removed. Saw Mrs Denman, who tells me that Dr Baillie had told her the Queen was in a precarious state, but would recover.

Walked about the town on business – dined at Mr Sastres’ with my father, who is far from well, I think. Old Sastres bedridden and fatuous.

**Tuesday August 7th 1821:** Sat to Wivell, who has made, I think, a capital likeness of me. Paid Mr Creery £87 7s 0d – owe him now for nothing but a speech on Reform. **Wrote journal from Friday July 27th.** Thinking of going to Scotland ... resolved to dine with Roger Wilbraham at Twickenham, and perhaps return to London – enquired at the Steam Boat packet office, and found there was

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179: Napoleon’s valet was called Marchand.

no place on the Thursday's boat to Edinburgh, so [was] obliged to put off my intention of migrating northwards.

Set off at half-past five on horseback for Whitton. Going along South Audley Street, saw a crowd before the Queen's house, and two or three men on horseback, looking at the bulletin. Amongst them MacNamara, who said, "By God, the Queen will die! The bulletin says she is suddenly become much worse!" I started off – he tried to retain me, I suppose, to get intelligence for a bet – but I cantered away – rode fast down to Brandenburg House. No-one [was] at the gate, and I was let in at once. [I] walked to the door, and spoke to one of the footmen, who shook his head and said he feared all was over. [I] sent up to know if I could be of any use in getting assistance, or in conveying intelligence – heard that the Lord Mayor had been apprized of the change, and that I could do nothing.

Wood came down to me, poor fellow – the tear was in his eye. "No hope," he said. "Our bulletin is gone up to prepare the people for the next news, of her death – she is dying of a broken heart just as sure as you are there. Her original complaint is over – she had two evacuations this morning, and yesterday we thought her sure of recovery." I repeated my offer of service. Dr Warren came in, and passed into an adjoining room. I found all the five physicians were in the house. Wood told me she had been in convulsions – that she had little or no pulse – and that yet in intervals she had talked cheerfully. He left me to speak to Lushington. I wrote my name down in the book – perhaps the last name that ever was written down there – and went away from Brandenburg House. At the gate were two decent-looking men who pulled off their hats, and asked me how things were going on. I said I feared there were no hopes.

Rode down to Wilbraham's. Found Mr Vials, Mr R Penn, Mr Calvert Clarke, Mr Serjeant Marshall and Mr Isted there. Told my news – found a very general sympathy for the poor creature – except that old Wilbraham seemed past feeling. He told a story of the present King of Naples, who, when he had lost some relation by the smallpox, was said to be overwhelmed, and covered with grief. When the truth was known, it appeared His Majesty and one of his sons had employed themselves in playing at dying – the child was stretched out, and the King powdered his face with chocolate and meal, to represent the pustules of smallpox!! Wilbraham applied this to our King's grief on the present occasion.

After dinner a message came from Charles Calvert – his compliments to Mr Wilbraham – he had met Dr Holland, who had told him the Queen would not live an hour.

Walked to Whitton after tea – could not sleep – read a good deal in bed of

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Johnson's *Lives of the Poets*. [The Life of] Savage delightful, and by far the best. Frequent instances of rash judgement, for example in [the] Life of Congreve (I think) he talks contemptuously of the *Arminia* and *Pastor Fido* – he calls the opera of the Italians in England “barbarous and exotic” – in [the] Life of Gay (I think) – or “absurd and ecstatic” – he talks of not having read Congreve's plays so recently as to be able to give a judgement of them – as if it were not his business to read him whom he was criticizing. But he is now and then delightful, and there is a passage in praise of Addison which surpasses anything Addison ever wrote. Mem. – What Granville the poet says in his letter to his ———: “From all I can learn all wish well to the King, but they would be glad if his ministers were hanged,” or some such phrase – it would do for George as well as James.

**Wednesday August 8th 1821:**<sup>180</sup> Charlotte came in at breakfast, and told me that *the Queen died yesterday evening at twenty-five minutes past ten o'clock*. The *Times* newspaper in deep black came at one, and confirmed the intelligence. The article announcing the event in that paper was inflated and overdone. [It] called her “the greatest perhaps best woman of the day”. But the detail of her last sufferings and death was exceedingly touching. The article in the *Times* of the next day, evidently from authority, was exceedingly well done, and gave particulars which I am sure must leave a lasting impression on every mind capable of receiving generous sentiments. She certainly seems herself to have thought that she died of a broken heart – the words “They have destroyed me” admit of no other interpretation. Her unaffected heroism is equal to anything I ever read of.

There was no mumbling of prayers over her, but it seems that the Hammersmith clergyman was sent for on the Sunday to give her the sacrament, but did not come until the Monday, when her medical men would not allow of his interference. The language put into her mouth I think I can swear to, as I have so often heard her talk in a similar way. Her reflections on the persecutions she experienced, and the very little she gained by the rejection of the Bill of Pains and Penalties, are too true, and will be for ever a comment on the most disgraceful page of English history. Indeed nothing can equal the baseness with which our nobility have evinced towards this unfortunate woman. Even now a Lady something Bentinck, having been represented as calling to enquire after the Queen when on her dying bed, thought fit to contradict by authority that

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**180:** *Don Juan* Cantos III, IV and V are published on this date. Bad timing.

statement in the morning. This odious bitch, probably a gambler and a whore and a spendthrift neglecter of all the duties of social life, thought she ought to be ashamed of being suspected of an act of pity and generosity.

I have heard nothing of the last moments of the Queen except what appeared in the newspapers. The *Morning Post*, in black, assumes a tone of pity, regret, and forgiveness!!!

It seems the bell of St Paul's did toll, though the verger refused to toll it at the order of the Lord Mayor – at last y<sup>e</sup> Hon. and Revd. Mr Wellesley sent the order. The shops in London [are] very generally shut – also in Twickenham. The supplement to the *Gazette* announced the event in common terms, without any “inexpressible grief of the whole royal family” or any phrase of regret. It only says, “After a short but painful illness ...” People think so ill of the King as to prophesy the mourning will be very short, and that he will continue with his Irish tour as if nothing had happened. To be sure, he can't do this, though Ireland seems in a transport of loyalty and folly at seeing him: “A thousand, thousand welcomes!” inscribed on the buttons of those deputed to receive his Majesty.

[End of B.L.Add.Mss. 56542. Start of B.L.Add.Mss. 56543.]

**Wednesday August 8th 1821 (continued):** Remained at Whitton, thinking that the Queen's death might make my presence in Westminster necessary.

**Thursday August 9th 1821:** At Whitton. The *Times* contains an interesting and apparently authentic account of the Queen's last illness – she certainly appears to have thought herself she died of a broken heart.

**Friday August 10th 1821:** At Whitton. The papers notice the government wishes to hurry the Queen's funeral. Also that the committee who regulated the procession to St Paul's are beginning to move and provide some ceremony on the present occasion. It appears that Alderman Wood is not mentioned in the Queen's will – Lushington and Wilde are the executors – William Austin the residual legatee.

Walked, &c.

**Saturday August 11th 1821:**<sup>181</sup> At Whitton. Nothing for certain [is] known as to

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**181:** On this date George IV leaves for his visit to Ireland, and H. writes B. a letter (BB 314-15).

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the Queen's funeral, or where she is to be buried. Some say Windsor, some Brunswick.

There is a three months' mourning ordered at Parma<sup>182</sup> for Napoleon, who is called "the most serene husband of our august sovereign".

William Petre and young Cole dined with us – nothing occurred worth mentioning.

**Sunday August 12th 1821:**<sup>183</sup> At Whitton. I walked with Matilda and Joanna to Twickenham Church – heard sermon from young Carr, pompous blockhead. Even the girls could see the absurdity of such a boy setting up for a teacher of anybody or anything. Matilda confessed to me that neither she, nor, as far as she had seen, young women in general, were entertained with the conversation of men. She said that she could scarcely keep close her attention even when they were most agreeable – now Matilda is a very clever girl.<sup>184</sup>

The people were in mourning at church. Walked in Twickenham meadows.

**Monday August 13th 1821:** Rode up to London. Met Holmes at Horse Guard. He told me that the Queen was positively to be conveyed tomorrow from Brandenburgh House on the road to Harwich, escorted by dragoons and attended by mourning coaches and with all due decorum in every way. [He] said that the King had not been seen on deck since he heard the news, which was on the Thursday after it happened.<sup>185</sup> [He] said that he knew<sup>186</sup> she could not recover – knew she had four ounces of quicksilver in her body – had written to Bloomfield to tell him not to care about the bulletin: die she must. Bloomfield answered "He feared Holmes' wishes made him sanguine"!!! Holmes said, "Was there ever such a lucky fellow as our King?" He told me that neither Wood nor Brougham nor Denman were mentioned in the will – that she had given orders to be conveyed out of the country in three days, and to be buried at Brunswick, with the inscription, "Here lie the remains of Caroline of Brunswick, the *injured* Queen of England". Holmes did not know whether there was to be any procession.

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**182:** Marie Louise, Napoleon's widow, was Arch-Duchess of Parma. She had been cuckolding him for years with Count Neipperg.

**183:** H. writes to B. on this date (BB 314-15), referring to *Don Juan* III, IV and V and *Sardanapalus*.

**184:** It is to Matilda that Ugo Foscolo proposes. See 22 Mar, 24.

**185:** The Queen died on a Tuesday.

**186:** "he" is George IV.

I called on Place. He [was] out, but his son told me he believed there was to be something like a procession. I called on Henry Brookes. He knew nothing about the procession, except that the committee at Freemasons' Tavern, with Joseph Hume in the chair, had met on Saturday and had resolved on doing something – he knew not what. It appears that a correspondence has taken place between Lady Hood and Lord Liverpool respecting the hurrying of the funeral and the employment of soldiers on the occasion – also between Sheriff Waithman and my cousin Hobhouse, respecting the passing of the corpse through the city, and the wish of the Lord Mayor and Common Council to meet and attend the procession. Henry Hobhouse at first gave an evasive answer, saying that if the procession went through the City<sup>187</sup> the soldiers could not go without the leave of the Lord Mayor. Waithman caught at this, and wished to know whether, if the Lord Mayor consented, the procession would then be permitted to go through the city. Henry Hobhouse said he must consult Lord Liverpool, and shortly after sent a letter to the Sheriff, stating that *the corpse would not go through the City*. Lord Liverpool answered a second letter of Lady Hood's, much to the same effect. Lady Hood in her letter foretold there would be bloodshed if the military attended the funeral.

I went to the Freemasons' Tavern. Found the committee sitting, and in great confusion. Sir G. Noel and Joseph Hume there, the celebrated John Frost<sup>188</sup> in the chair. Message after message came in – some from [the] City, some from Hammersmith, but nothing seemed to be determined on except that a procession of horsemen should attend the funeral tomorrow, and be at Hammersmith at seven in the morning. I found Bennett and Whitbread had promised to be of the party. Hume said he would be, whatever were the consequences, and if no-one else went. I agreed to come. Bought my scarf, &c.<sup>189</sup>

The feeling appears to be very intense. A crape-seller told me he had sold more crape than when the Princess Charlotte died.

I walked away with Hume. He complained to me of the conduct of Lushington. Wilde had consented to do all he could against hurrying the funeral, but Lushington had had an interview with Lord Liverpool, and from that moment seemed to fall in with the schemes of government. Someone said to him that "The public would expect ..." and Lushington said he "did not give a damn for the

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**187:** The most direct route to Harwich.

**188:** John Frost (1750-1842), secretary of the Corresponding Society. Imprisoned for sedition in 1793.

**189:** His mourning gear.

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public". All that was done by the executors came too late – they obtained nothing but a suspension of the time from Monday to Tuesday. Lady Hood and Lady Anne Hamilton scarcely had time to get black. Hume told me that the Queen had, a few days before her death, spoken to Miss Wood of the pain she felt at having refused the grant of £50,000 and then taken it – she said she had never broken a promise before – this evidently preyed on her spirits. I mention here that when Sir Robert Inglis informed her at the Abbey on Coronation Day that there was no place for her, she asked how she could get to her carriage, but added, "It does not matter into what carriage I get".

I determined to accompany the procession to Harwich – rode back as fast as I could to Whitton. At Hammersmith a man stopped me with a large bouquet of flowers, saying, "For the poor Queen –" and his eyes were filled with tears. The shops all partially shut in London.

Could not sleep a wink all night.

**Tuesday August 14th 1821:**<sup>190</sup> Up before five o'clock. Sent on my horses, and went in a chaise to Brandenburgh House. Found Lushington, Bennett, [and] Wilson. It rained incessantly, but a crowd was collected outside the gates. The mourning coaches and the hearses were drawn up in that alley and field in which but a few months before I had seen so many equipages and such vast multitudes bearing the symbols of joy and triumph after the defeat of the Bill of Pains and Penalties. A squadron of the Blues in their cloaks were drawn up in front of the House, their standard hung with crape. The great door of the House was covered with black, as was the passage, and beyond I found the funeral chamber, where was the coffin. It was lighted up with wax tapers, and hung with the proper escutcheons, but there was nobody in formal waiting at the head and foot of the coffin. Sir George Nayler, with his Herald's coat of gold, was in the room.

A considerable bustle prevailed below stairs amongst the undertakers, now distributing staffs, &c. The servants, in deep mourning, looked most affected – William Austin was the least so of any, and in his whole deportment I think showed the Queen to have made a most unfortunate choice – indeed, Wood tells me the Queen used to cry about "that boy," and say the nation would say she had spoiled him. She told Wood that he had once flung a pack of cards in her face.

After waiting upstairs some time, Lushington asked Wilson, Bennett, and myself to go down with him to the funeral chamber. This we did, and, the room being cleared of all but ourselves, Sir George Nayler, Mr Bailey and Mr Thomas

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**190:** H. underlines this date dramatically.

(that is, the undertaker acting for government and the person from the Chamberlain's office), Lushington then requested us to attend to what he said. Then [he] protested against the removal of the Queen's body at the time and in the manner proposed. The conversation that ensued is given in substance, but not exactly, in the papers.

Lushington asked for Bailey's orders. Bailey showed him a paper, which contained only an order of procession, and a kind of march route, *with no signature*. Lushington remarked this; but Bailey said he was content to act upon it. Lushington then told him that as executor he forbade<sup>191</sup> the removal of the body, and declared that whoever touched it did so at his peril. Bailey said he was contented to do so – he acted by order of government – he hoped Lushington did not intend to use force, nor countenance it in others. Lushington said “Certainly not,” and then added that he should attend the funeral, not as executor, but merely as a private friend, out of respect.

A similar protest, in stronger language, was made by Mr Wilde, just before the procession set out, when Mr Bailey, for the first time, communicated the exact route which the procession was to take. This route, it appeared, was to go by the direct road no farther than Kensington Church, where it was to turn to the left, by the Gravel Pits Lane, and so into the Uxbridge Road to Bayswater. All the persons attached to the late Queen, executors and others, were kept completely in the dark as to every arrangement, and no-one knew exactly who was the real conductor of the expedition – sometimes Mr Thomas, sometimes Mr Bailey, sometimes Sir George Nayler, at others Mr Chittenden, an undertaker – but at no time the Queen's executors, or any of her household. Brougham was refused a place in one of the mourning coaches, because Lushington had forgot to put down his name in the list he had handed to Bailey. Alderman Wood had, at Hume's suggestion, had the precaution to take a carriage and mourning coach, and six of his own.<sup>192</sup>

When Wilson asked Lushington where the mourners of London and Hammersmith, that is, the [ ] [ ]<sup>193</sup> were to go, he said he knew nothing of the matter. Wilde would not go in a mourning coach, but in his own carriage.

We resolved to take up our station behind the last mourning coach. There were minute guns firing all the morning, but I believe they were fired by some private individuals. Bennett and myself were on horseback half an hour before

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**191:** “forbid” (Ms.)

**192:** Brougham rode with Wood.

**193:** These words look like “horse principii”.

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the procession moved into such a position as to allow us to fall in, which we did thus: a committee man of Hammersmith – Sir Robert Wilson – Joseph Hume and John Frost (a singular old fellow, in a stretched<sup>194</sup> hat and mourning cloak. Behind came another committee man – Grey, Bennett, and myself, and Sheriff Perkins – about sixty horsemen followed. I believe that the Freemasons' horsemen went before the procession.

We moved out of the gates a little before eight. A pouring rain. I had my camlet cloak on. Sheriff Waithman's carriage fell in just before us at Hammersmith Church. The crowd was very great, and the effect produced by their umbrellas very striking. Sheriff Perkins chattered so incessantly as to distract my attention much, but I could clearly perceive the most undoubted signs of deep grief depicted on every countenance. We moved on very slowly, the crowd increasing – arrived beyond Kensington Turnpike, opposite the public house, the ———.<sup>195</sup> We found the head of the procession halted. We had no idea of the course. At last a man on horseback came cantering back to us, and told us that the entrance to the Gravel Pit Lane was so completely blocked up by carts and wagons that the procession could not turn down to the left. Various reports reached us. One man said that the soldiers were cutting the people – another told how the dung-carts were upset – a third maintained that the people were cutting trenches behind.

Wilson and Hume rode to the front. Whilst there, Wilson induced the people to let a wagon with soldiers and their wives pass by – all other vehicles were quickly turned down the Lane, and the blockade thus augmented. Bennett and I remained quietly at our posts, and under the gateway of the public house. Waithman sent to know if he should go in front, and require the military not to act – he offered to go if Bennett and I would accompany him – we both thought that complete inaction was the most politic line of conduct. We had nothing to do – were in no official capacity, and were sure to have every[thing] we did misinterpreted. We recommended Waithman also to be quiet – the government had got into the scrape, let the government get out of it.

We heard soon that some of the Foot Guards had arrived, as also that the Horse Guards, red, with Sir Robert Baker, the magistrate, were in front (the first report was false). Sheriff Perkins rode off to London to speak to my cousin Henry Hobhouse, or to Lord Liverpool. We continued waiting under the gateway. At last, after one hour and a half, we saw the procession begin to move, and

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**194:** Conjectural reading.

**195:** Ms. dash.

instantly trotted to our posts – the government had *yielded*!!

On we moved towards Knightsbridge, everybody in high glee that the people had gained their point.<sup>196</sup> It appears that Baker had read the Riot Act, and that scuffles had ensued between constables and people – but the soldiers had not acted. I remarked Cobbett's house, N<sup>o</sup> 9, in Kensington, on the right hand, covered with black from top to bottom, with only a hole for the doorway – it had a singular effect – the hearse stopped opposite it during the delay – the rogue makes good use of this coincidence in his last paper.

There was a stop again at the Kensington Hyde Park Gate, but I did not hear what occurred at the time – the papers since report a partial scuffle. When we moved on we all thought that the great object was gained. The crowd increased, and in spite of the rain not the least abatement was perceived in the zeal and fervour of the multitude. Sheriff Perkins rejoined us in Knightsbridge – he told of his interview with Henry Hobhouse, who took him to Fife House, where he wanted to see Liverpool, but only received a message from him – I could not make out whether this message conveyed the intelligence that the funeral would be permitted to go through the City – but certainly that was the general impression with Bennett, Hume, Wilson and myself when we got to Hyde Park Corner – especially as a person on horseback (who has since published an account in the papers, signed “William Grey, 32 City Road”) told us that he had seen Sir Robert Baker and that Sir Robert had told him the funeral would be allowed to go through the City. On this intelligence, Waithman, at our request, forwarded a letter to the Lord Mayor that he might be in attendance at Temple Bar, to receive the procession. I looked anxiously, however, towards the Park entrance, to see whether the procession would through the Park, or proceed down Piccadilly – but shortly after, another stoppage, and a much larger one, occurred.

I soon learned that those who headed the funeral were trying to get down Park Lane. This they could not do, that avenue being blocked up. They turned, however, back, to the surprise of all of us, and entered the Park Gate. William Grey, in his letter, says he reproached Sir Robert Baker with having broken his promise, and that Sir Robert Baker answered nothing. Greig was sent by Waithman again to the Mansion House, and told what was going on to the Lord Mayor.

We entered the Park, our Blue Guards being now headed by some Red Guards. A picquet of these Red were then stationed at the Gate, as if to keep all but the procession out – but numbers crowded in, and accompanied us,

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**196:** For the procession to go through the City.

notwithstanding that the hearse now moved on at a trot. A multitude rushed through Stanhope Street Gate, and the green on the left was filled with people – a great crowd was also seen running down Park Lane. When [we] were near Grosvenor Gate, a troop, or some body of the Horse Guards, passed us at a full trot, their swords drawn. Here [it was] for the first time that I heard the people in the Park and in the Lane hiss, and groan<sup>197</sup> loudly – but I am positive that nothing was thrown. The hissing, indeed, was very loud and general. Bennett and Hume said to me, “There will be mischief here.”

I saw Henry Cavendish in an undress without sword. I asked him what he was doing – he said he had orders to keep the Gates open, that was all. I see he is Colonel of the Regiment.

The head of the procession had now got to Cumberland Gate. We stopped for a little time, and then moved on. During this move part of the procession had, it seems, got through the gates after a scuffle between the people, who tried to shut, and the soldiers, who tried to open them. We then stopped again. Very soon afterwards heard a shot, and then another, and another, and then as if a volley from pistols. The crowd on the field ran from the Gate towards us in vast numbers – those in Park Lane rushed towards the Gate – the flapping of their umbrellas, the loud but indistinct sound of huzzahs and screams, the dead sort of noise of the shots in the rain, made an impression upon one sense which was much deepened by the effect produced upon the eye by the funeral train, and the rushing multitude, and the soldiery, and the lowering sky, and the mourning garb of the spectators that crowded the balconies and windows and roofs of the houses that look upon the Park. Wilson rode off towards the Gate.<sup>198</sup>

Hume, Bennett and I looked at each other and shook our heads. We called upon all the horsemen about us to keep their places, and on no account to leave the procession. For my own part, though by no means pleased with my own situation, I resolved to go through with what I had begun. I expected, and so we all did, a second and improved edition of the Manchester Massacre.

The firing continued – not very frequent – I should think forty or fifty shots were fired – one seemed a carbine. Just as the last went off, I saw a man, with a blue greatcoat rolled up behind him, in plain clothes, accompanied by a single dragoon, ride by. “There goes Sir Robert Baker,” said Hume.

A party of horse came in the right at the same time. The people hissed, and cried “Shame!” Hume joined them – that is, in the hisses – till I advised silence

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**197:** “hissed and groaned” (Ms.)

**198:** Wilson persuades the soldiers to cease firing.

on our part – “We shall find a time to speak”. Baker was going towards Cumberland Gate.

In a little time after, the procession moved on. We passed Cumberland Gate, and crossed Oxford Street. We enquired what had occurred, and were answered, there had been bloody work – a man was lying dead in the toll-house – two others said that more were killed,<sup>199</sup> and very many wounded. We passed over the obstructions that had been placed in Cumberland Street, and got into the Edgware Road. The procession now trotted along, but the pedestrians ran alongside with us. The houses on both sides, and the outlets of the streets on our right, crowded with people. The rain abated a little. Bennett left us after Cumberland Gate, and I, thinking that all was over, and that the procession would be forced the way the government pleased, without any other attempt on the part of the people, proposed to Hume to leave it when we had proceeded a little farther: but he said, “Well well, we will see,” and on we went.

We had some struggle at the first turnpike gate, but got through at last, and joined the carriages again. We got to the end of the new Paddington Road [at] about half-past one. A short stop took place, and here we were much surprised that when the procession proceeded, instead of crossing at the end of Tottenham Court Road into the new City Road, we turned down to the right, into Tottenham Court Road. It was not until afterwards that I knew that the entrance to the intended route had been completely blocked up, and that Baker had judged it prudent not to attempt to force a passage. Looking here on the right as we went down, I saw an immense stream of people running in parallel lines with us at the head of the streets leading out of Tottenham Court Road on the left, and I observed that the mouths of all the streets were blocked up, as if by a simultaneous though not concerted movement, with carts, wagons and coaches. No tumult occurred – the people were in perfect possession of themselves – the houses were all crowded at the doors and windows. I was very much cheered as I passed – so was Wood – but we always stopped the people, who soon recollected they were at a funeral.

It now appeared that we should go by the road wished by the people – at least through part of it – but I own I did not guess we should actually get to Temple Bar. At the head of Oxford Street<sup>200</sup> we saw a battalion of the guards drawn up with fixed bayonets. Edmund Byng ran out to meet me and said, “They were just five minutes too late for you!” It appears they were sent to occupy the outlets of

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**199:** “... some said two others that more were killed” (Ms.)

**200:** They are now where Centre Point is today.

1821

the streets on the left of Tottenham Court Road, so as to allow of the funeral being forced down one of them.<sup>201</sup> I heard that Liverpool had promised any force, and that the thing was resolved upon. Byng said, "You have done the thing well – now come home!"

Of course I went on.

It rained very little now – we thought we should go down Holborn, but the people were more resolute than we thought them. Coming to the head of Drury Lane it was found that a most formidable barrier had been drawn across Holborn. After a short stop, the leaders turned down Drury Lane. Even Great Queen Street was blockaded by the provident people, and at last we found ourselves where we might have been if our fools had not interfered at nine o'clock – namely in the Strand. There also was a battalion of guards drawn up, but too late, except to see us pass, and hear some of us cheered and congratulated.

We turned down from Newcastle Street and went towards Temple Bar. I think it was about two when we passed into the City. The Blues continued to escort, but the Reds left us here. The Blues were cheered during the route – their conduct had formed a striking contrast with that of the Red.<sup>202</sup>

After passing through Temple Bar, no farther interruption took place. The procession proceeded slowly and regularly through the heart of the City, by the usual streets, to Whitechapel – an immense crowd accompanied us, and the houses were covered with spectators, all in mourning, and the greater part of them in visible affliction. The women of all descriptions seemed in tears. Hume and myself could not help calling to mind, as we went up Ludgate Hill, that a few months ago we had accompanied the poor Queen amidst equal multitudes by the same route to St Paul's. I never saw a feeling more general, I think, so general as was displayed through the whole line of population, which was equally thick in every quarter. Our procession had been for some time headed by traders carrying banners.

The sailors joined us at Whitechapel, and we continued increasing in numbers until we had passed a turnpike just beyond the stones' end. The Lord Mayor, who had met us in his private carriage near Temple Bar, and Sheriff Waithman, left us at the stones' end. The traders and the Freemasons and Hammersmith horse committee left us a little out of the City precincts.

The rain had ceased. We began to trot, but hundreds on foot still continued

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**201:** To force the procession north-east, avoiding the City.

**202:** Had the Guards charged the procession, either the Reds or Blues would have had to fight them.

running beside the coaches, which they occasionally caught hold of. Hume asked a poor fellow drenched with mud what made him continue with the procession so long – he said he thought himself honoured by it. Wilson, Hume and I kept our place behind the last mourning coach. Wilson now told us that he had interfered to stop the firing.<sup>203</sup> He had spoken to the officer commanding the Horse Guards, and asked him whether he had received or given orders. The officer said he had not, either one or the other. He had told the officer that a dreadful responsibility weighed upon him. The officer said he had done his utmost to prevent the firing. Wilson called the men cowards – indeed, he said that they seemed to act from fright. They were firing as if in skirmish, for it is not usual with cavalry to fire pistols in line – their horses were rearing and turning round. I remarked to him that I had seen a small body of the Guards returning from the action headed by a young officer, who looked pale and frightened and ashamed, and that two or three men (one of whom had been cut in the hand) had told Hume and me that the officer was the man who had shot the man who had been killed.<sup>204</sup> Wilson said that the superior officer had behaved well, but that the men had behaved shamefully – that he had complained of their conduct to a person who was apparently a magistrate on the spot, and who said yes, he should have to report their conduct.

Wilson and Brougham left us at Ilford. The only London horsemen who continued now with the coaches were Hume, myself, and John Frost. Carriages and gigs and carts joined us on the road for a short time, but very few additional equipages came into Romford with us. We did not reach Romford till eight o'clock. I was glad enough to get off my horse, which I had not done during the whole day, having been thus twelve hours on horseback.

We found a troop or two of dragoons, the Fourth, drawn out to relieve our Blues. The greatest confusion prevailed in the town – no-one knew whether the procession was to proceed or not until we had been there an hour, when we learned it was to go on to Chelmsford that night. Lushington protested against this haste, and sent off a dispatch to Lord Liverpool. Lord and Lady Hood, and Lady Ann Hamilton, declared they would go no farther that evening – they had been in their carriages thirteen hours.

The funeral train, however, hearse, and Queen's carriage, were dragged off, and did not arrive at Chelmsford until half-past four. Hume and myself put up at

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**203:** H. has left Wilson out of the picture since Cumberland Gate. His interference there will soon cause him to be cashiered from the army.

**204:** In fact two men had been killed: Richard Honey and George Francis.

1821

a pothouse, the Red Lion, and after a lamb dinner went to bed at half-past twelve. Had but little sleep, notwithstanding the fatigue and horrors of the day.

**Wednesday August 15th 1821:** Hume and myself set off on horseback at six o'clock, and rode to Chelmsford, seventeen miles. [We] admired the country as we rode along. Joseph Hume entertained me and instructed me by his conversation – he is a very singular man. [He] talked on medical subjects, but did not drop a word about his having been a surgeon.<sup>205</sup> This vanity, then, he has. [He] told me I should die of a complaint in my head, and he of a complaint in his heart.

[We] arrived at Chelmsford. Found the escort drawn out in the streets, and a bustle at the principal inn, the Black Boy, where the Queen's suite were. The coffin was in the church, but [as] the church was locked we could not see it, nor were the people let in to have a view of it. The crown and cushion were not with it. Young Wilson (Sir Robert Wilson's son), attending as an equerry in mourning, asked Bailey the undertaker the meaning of this omission. Bailey said his orders were not to show any state.

We called on the household. Lushington told me that on their first arrival this morning Bailey and Thomas talked of going at seven, so as to arrive at Harwich this day, but that he (Lushington) had received a letter from Lord Liverpool, telling him that the procession was not to be hurried, and that if required by the household it was to be two nights on the road. Lushington showed this letter to Thomas, or Bailey, I forget which, and the man said, "I can't help it – my orders are from the King, and are positive. I must go on". However, it seems the lords of the procession relented, for they waited at Chelmsford until eleven o'clock.

Hume and I put up at the Saracen's Head, which, it appears, is the opposition inn. Our landlord told us that parties ran very high at Chelmsford, and that everything is done by the Blues to ruin the Yellows. He seemed pleased, because Lord Castlereagh once came to his house, and told him that he would not take away his custom from the Saracen's Head, though it was an opposition inn. The landlord complained that orders had been sent down from Wilde to provide accommodation for the household at his inn, but that the others had taken the procession from the Black Boy, because the landlord was a violent Blue. He told us every means of giving exclusive patronage to the Blues was tried at Chelmsford.

There was very decent behaviour towards the funeral here, but I saw no signs

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**205:** Hume had started as a naval surgeon for the East India Company.

of grief, as in London.

Hume and I started a little before the procession, and had a pleasant ride to Colchester, twenty-two miles. There were little crowds of people waiting on the road, especially at Witham, where C.C. Western MP<sup>206</sup> came out with a party of horsemen and attended the funeral for a mile or two. The shops were everywhere shut, and the people in Sunday clothes.

We reached Colchester at two o'clock – put up at the Three Cups, which we found in a great bustle. I found Captain Barlow there, Fourth Dragoons, who had come over with his troop to receive the royal corpse. He had heard of the affair in London, which was much exaggerated by rumour. He owned to me the Guards should not have fired, but used their swords.<sup>207</sup>

Joseph Hume and I ordered dinner at half-past three. [We] walked about, and endeavoured to feel what the public feeling was. As usual, [we] perceived that the mayor and corporation and all connected with them were in direct opposition to the popular feeling, and did everything to suppress it.<sup>208</sup>

The funeral did not come in until five o'clock. It was preceded by 180 respectable mourners from the town and neighbourhood, walking in fours and fives, led by a clergyman, Mr Frank they called him, from Sudbury, the same I had seen with addressers at Brandenburgh House. Not one of the corporation walked – the women in the windows did not weep – I saw a common man or two wipe his eyes. The hearse was halted in the street and surrounded by dragoons after the horses were taken off. No-one could find out whether it was to go on to Harwich that night or not – Bailey, Thomas and Nayler, when spoken to, gave no determinate answer. At last, after it being kept in the open street for three hours, the word was given that it would remain at Colchester during the night. All was bustle and confusion at the inn, and what with the appearance of dragoons everywhere, and with the mystery and absolute orders given, the whole procession appeared more like the removal of a criminal than a royal funeral.

Brougham and Sir Robert Wilson both came from London. Shortly after, an altercation ensued between them. Brougham wanted to go towards Harwich – being refused to attend in one of the mourning coaches, as he had been, he said, he would not go near the household. At last Hume and I compromised matters by recommending removal to another inn, and we said we would go too. Accordingly Wilson, Hume, Brougham and I removed to the Red Lion.

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**206:** Charles Callis Western (1767-1844), MP for Essex.

**207:** But the yeomanry had used their swords at Manchester.

**208:** But this is not “as usual,” for in London the Mayor is a Queen’s champion.

Brougham talked of Lushington's extraordinary conduct in not putting him down as one of the household, and seemed far from pleased. In short, I see that as many dissensions prevail amongst the Queen's friends as in the other party. Not even Lushington and Wilde are agreed upon any one point: Alderman Wood does not agree with them: Brougham is distinct from all: Lord and Lady Hood and Lady Ann Hamilton seem to act the most consistent and respectable part.

About nine o'clock we were told that Lushington intended to make an attempt to put on the inscription ordered by the Queen in her will<sup>209</sup> – Wood had brought it with him. Brooks in the Strand had got it engraved on a silver gilt plate. It was agreed to put it on in the church, and to keep the resolution secret. When everything was ready, and a cabinet-maker had been procured, with screws, &c., we all followed the hearse to the church. The crowd was very great, and the dragoons were employed to escort us all as mourners, and to keep the people off from us – they little dreamt that they should be employed in half an hour in turning us out of the church.

We got to the church, and ranged ourselves up each side of the aisle towards the communion table. Presently the coffin was brought in, carried by the undertakers. It was taken with the rails of the altar, and laid on the table – we crowded on each side of it. Sir George Nayler was present – also the curate was present – and young Wood, in full canonicals. After a short pause, Lushington stepped forward, and said, "I am now about to perform the duty imposed on me by Her late Majesty's will. I desire that the inscription commanded by that will be now affixed to Her Majesty's coffin".

Wood handed the plate, and the men began to fix the screws. Sir George Nayler at first seemed thunderstruck – but bent over the coffin, looked at the inscription backwards, and still said nothing. At last he said he could not suffer such a proceeding. Lushington said, "Touch it if you dare!" There was now a bustle, and squeezing round the altar place. The men still continued screwing, and Sir George Nayler still continued protesting. At last a voice called out for Mr Thomas – Mr Thomas was heard from the lower part of the church – we then made a push backwards and forwards to keep Thomas out until the plate was screwed down. A man near me began to take our part, and offered to call the Mayor who, he said, was waiting without, ready to give any force that might be wanting. Just as the plate was fixed, Thomas squeezed in, and began to expostulate very loudly with Lushington. The curate was also attacked for allowing the plate to be put on. He excused himself, and the ball was now taken

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209: "Here lie the remains of Caroline of Brunswick, the *injured* Queen of England".

up by young Wood, who reproved Thomas for making so much noise in a church. There was a cry now of "Send for the churchwarden!" The man next to me began talking again – I told him he had better leave the business to the proper people – he gave an angry answer. I afterwards found that this officious gentleman was one Round, a Distributor of Stamps, at £1,500 or £1,200 a year.

There was still a great deal of talk at the head of the altar – Nayler and Thomas protested they would tear off the inscription – Lushington defied them. Wood and Wilson joined in the clamour – Wood the parson occasionally exhorted to peace. The crowd increased, until at last someone exclaimed, "Send for the soldiers!" and in a minute or two in came the soldiers, a proceeded quietly to beg us all to walk out. Mrs Wilde, who was near me, was very nearly fainting with fright – "Oh, the soldiers! Oh, the soldiers!" she said. On the other hand, Hume heard a female say, "How the *devil* came you to let them do this? – 'tis all your fault – 'tis a disgrace to the church!" I handed Mrs Wilde out, and got her across the dragoons, who were drawn up opposite the church. When she was safe, she began to be frightened for her husband, and told me I did not know his impetuous temper. I saw her safely to the Three Cups, and then walked about the town.

It was an hour before I met Hume, who had been one of the last to be turned out – he told me that Chittenden, the undertaker, had promised Lushington that the plate should not be torn off until orders came from Lord Liverpool, and that two men were left in the church as a guard over the inscription. At the same time, Nayler and Thomas protested that they would not suffer the plate to remain on. So stood affairs now; but we learned in an hour afterwards that someone in authority at the church had desired these men to walk out of the church, and that upon their demurring, five men had proceeded to, and succeeded in, expelling them by force. It is supposed the plate was torn off, and the King's inscription immediately put on. What became of the plate, no-one knew. The next day, Lushington heard from Lord Liverpool, stating his surprise that, the executors having renounced acting, [they] should think the coffin under their care and control, and that the King's inscription must remain whilst the coffin remained in England – but that the executors might do what they pleased when it got to Stadt.

We learned that the civil authorities at Colchester had appeared to think better of having called in the military to act in a church without trying to use the ordinary functionaries first, and had accordingly employed the churchwarden to eject Lushington's guards over the inscription.

We took a glass of brandy and water at our inn with Brougham and Wilson.

1821

Brougham laughed at Lushington bringing his wife of a week old<sup>210</sup> in a funeral coach. He also laughed at his exploit of this evening – “Why act now when he would not act before, and why put the plate on at Colchester, of all places in the world?” There is something in the objection, but still the tearing off the plate will add to the odium of the proceeding, and will be of use.

Hume then told Brougham of the comments made on the Queen’s will – on her leaving out her servants, and on her omitting Wood’s name. Brougham said [the] government would provide for her servants, which were not, after all, her old servants, but new ones just hired. As for Wood, the will-makers did not think it right to suggest names. He seemed to say that the great object of the will was to get the Queen’s papers. Hume observed to me upon this that he had no doubt the lawyers would try to make use of these papers afterwards, to frighten the King and so [ ]<sup>211</sup> upon the possession of them.

Brougham told us that he had no doubt all the stories trumped up against the Queen had been founded on the supposition of Victorine being her son by Bergami, just as William Austin had been the cause of her former persecution. During two hours in the Tuesday of her death she was delirious, and she never once mentioned Bergami’s name. This is a strong fact against her supposed intercourse with him – I see Brougham is really convinced of her innocence.

He let out a trait of his character this evening – he mentioned jocularly that Alderman Wood employed a man of the *Times* to put his name down first in all mention made of proceedings, processions, &c. Now this would never have entered into the head of any man, but of one who thought such a precedence of consequence. My friend Hume today, when he read the account of yesterday, said, “Why are we not mentioned?” Thus it is the love of distinction does not belong exclusively to those of lively minds – your calculating man is equally alive to this feeling. I own I was equally disappointed at finding no notice taken of our exertions, which certainly are of much greater sacrifice in us than in the “lower classes,” as Lamb calls them. Besides, it is of consequence that the public should know who stand by them and who do not. Burdett is the only man in whom I never discovered this love of notoriety, and of having all the credit due to him fairly rendered.

The *Times* has not got a good account of the fray – Hume and I sent something by Murray, a reporter to that paper.

We went to bed in the same room with damp sheets, at half-past twelve,

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**210:** Lushington had married Sarah Grace on Aug 8, 21.

**211:** Looks like “tervise” or “torvise”.

Brougham and Wilson near us.

**Thursday August 16th 1821:** Hume and I rode off at six o'clock (the procession being then drawn up in the streets), for Harwich – twenty-two miles, about. Admired Mistley Park (Colonel Rigby's). Arrived at Harwich about nine. The Three Cups<sup>212</sup> all engaged – went to the White Hart, where we were regally treated as soon as known, by landlord, waiters and all. Walked about the town after breakfast – saw the pier, and the new rope on the crane which was to sling the poor Queen's coffin out of England – it really reminded me of a new rope ready to execute a criminal.

The funeral procession came at half-past eleven, and then the scene occurred which is described in the *Times* of August 17th, and which was put down upon paper by myself, assisted by Hume, very shortly after it occurred – Mr Murray and Mr Tyas of the *Times* waited for it until past four, and then took it off express to London. I shall not therefore describe the last shameful indignities offered to the remains of this injured woman.

[NOT IN DIARY: HOBHOUSE'S ACCOUNT OF THE QUEEN'S COFFIN'S EMBARKATION AT HARWICH.]

#### HARWICH.

ARRIVAL OF THE FUNERAL PROCESSION, AND EMBARKATION OF HER LATE MAJESTY'S REMAINS.

At half-past eleven the procession arrived in this place. It was met on the outside of town by a detachment of the 86th, of about 150 men, with a stand of colours, and band. The crowds of well-dressed people in mourning who were waiting on the slopes of the fort, and on the edges of the road, certainly expected a procession of a very different kind from that which wound down the hill into the town, after the assurance given by Lord Liverpool to Lady Hood, that the funeral should be conducted with decency, order, and in a becoming manner. The procession as it entered Harwich was literally such as is now mentioned. A small advanced guard of cavalry preceded; Mr Chittenden, the undertaker, on a lame horse, headed; ten undertakers on horseback, in pairs – a miserable spectacle, both as to cattle, dress, and persons, some with shoes, some with garters, others in boots, some in spurs, others not – followed their leader. Three mourning

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**212:** Where he'd stayed on his departure for the Continent: see May 26, 13.

1821

coaches and six, one of which contained the real directors and lords of this strange ceremony, Mr. Bailey and Mr. Thomas; the two others containing the servants of the Queen's household, came next. Mr. Bailey the head undertaker, and Mr. Thomas the deputy of the non-existent Lord Chamberlain. About 25 cavalry, 4th Dragoons, followed. Then came her Majesty's own carriage, drawn by six bay horses, containing Sir George Nayler, his companion, the cushion and crown: the crown, a tawdry bauble decorated with white beads, strung round in a manner that would have disgraced a country stage. Then followed the hearse, drawn by eight black horses. No plumes on the horses – a few paltry feathers on the hearse. No plateaus of plumes carried, as is the case at almost all respectable funerals. The royal arms were still left upon the hearse, but all the escutcheons, if there ever have been any, were removed from the horses. No attendance of heralds or marshal's men. Two undertaker's men on foot graced this part of the procession, and the same number of cavalry as had preceded the Queen's carriage followed the body. Nine mourning coaches, containing Lord Hood, Lady Hood and Lady Anne Hamilton, and those of her Majesty's family enumerated in former accounts, were next seen: one appeared to contain undertaker's men, and another nothing but luggage. The wretched appearance of the carriages, of the horses, of the drivers, and of the trappings, surprised every spectator. Then followed the private carriage of Mr. Brougham, containing Mr. Brougham and Sir Robert Wilson. Near this carriage were remarked Mr. Hume and Mr. Hobhouse, who had attended the funeral from London. A mourning coach and six succeeded, apparently empty. Then came Lord Hood's private carriage and four. Lady Perceval's (the wife of Lord Perceval) carriage and pair came next. The carriage of Mr. Saville, of Colchester, with that gentleman and another in it. Dr. Lushington's empty carriage. The Rev. Mr. Fonnereau's family, of Christ church Park, Ipswich, in an open barouch and four. An empty gig. These equipages, brought up by another detachment of dragoons, closed, the "*decent,*" "*orderly,*" and "*becoming*" funeral of the Queen of England – the wife, as the new inscription says, of the most *potent Monarch* George the Fourth! But if the reader be astonished at the foregoing details, how will he be surprised at what ensued? The executors, suite, and friends of her late Majesty, were kept in entire ignorance of the intention of Government as to the embarkation, either as to time or place. The ladies who had got into the carriage before six o'clock, knew not whether they were to proceed on board immediately or stay for refreshment. The procession, as before described, marched into the town. The dragoons preceded playing the *Dead March in Saul* on their trumpets. The infantry, with arms reversed, took up the tune, going before the cavalry. The infantry had one stand

of colours; the cavalry, we think, two standards. The head of the procession arrived on the jetty before Lord Hood, the executors, or any persons knew what was to take place. The troops drew up, opened their ranks, and formed a line on each side. Mr. Chittenden and his ten men dismounted; and it then, for the first time, appeared that the body was to be instantly removed. Mr. Wilde, the only person authoritatively employed by her late Majesty who was to be seen, was on foot near the jetty. This gentleman, the executor of her Majesty, was at first stopped, and had to get permission of a deputy to follow the Royal body as the coffin was carried down the jetty; and permission was graciously granted after some delay; and the favour was extended to Mr. Hobhouse and Mr. Hume, who stood by him. The soldiers and constables kept back the crowd. All the latter part of the procession, except the Queen's coach, and the hearse, were necessarily far behind. The Queen's coach now drew up, and Sir G. Nayler and his companion got out. The crown and cushion were previously handed out to an undertaker's man, who carried it tottering, apparently unaccustomed to carry crowns, and stood alone without a single attendant near him in front. The hearse drew up next, and Mr. Chittenden, and his ten slip-shod undertakers, dragged the royal coffin from the carriage. They raised it on their shoulders, and moved off, preceded only by Mr. Chittenden, without waiting a single instant, down the jetty. It is scarcely credible, but it is a fact, not a single attendant of any description – no military officer – no civil functionary! no, not a soul attended the royal corpse. No pall – no plumes. We have never even seen a pauper's coffin so unattended. A decent man would have thought that, as is the practice at every funeral, some little stop would have been made to allow Lord Hood and the Ladies of her Majesty's household to come up and follow their Royal mistress. But no; the body and the undertakers had advanced full 30 yards, and were on the edge of the outer jetty before Lord Hood could get into his carriage, and hurry after the coffin. The next carriage, containing Lady Hood and Lady A. Hamilton, was opened in haste by some common fellow, and there being no person to receive them, either civil, military, or of the Queen's household, Lady Hood nearly fell on her face, the undertakers proceeding all the time with their burden. Lady Hood and Lady A. Hamilton standing alone, looking around them, at a loss, apparently, whither to go or what to do. Mr. Hume and Mr. Hobhouse came back in haste from their position on the edge of the jetty where they stood with Mr. Wilde. Mr. Hume gave his arm to Lady Hood, Mr. Hobhouse to Lady Anne Hamilton, and followed Lord Hood. The body still was carried forward. By this indecent haste, neither Dr. Lushington nor Mr. Brougham, nor any of those more immediately connected with her Majesty, could join the body until this *unpalled* coffin was

slipped off the undertakers' shoulders upon the slings and under the crane, that in a minute or two swung in from the shore. Be it recollected, that this part of the ceremony, as far as regarded England, was in fact the funeral of her Majesty. Not even Mr. William Austin, the residuary legatee, could come up to be a mourner in the procession of five! Mr. Brougham, Dr. Lushington, Mr. Alderman Wood, Sir R. Wilson (who had travelled post from Paris on purpose to attend), – not one of these gentlemen, nor any of the suite, could come up except just in time to see the slings wound round the coffin. It was at this moment, that in the faces of all the ladies and gentlemen above mentioned, the deepest grief was depicted. Not a person refrained from shedding tears. The vulgar hands that were bustling about the rites of departed Majesty added to the horror and sorrow of the scene. Some naval officers, who had taken their station previously on the jetty, seemed much affected. The band which had preceded the coffin played the dead march. This was the only tribute of homage which distinguished the ceremony; but this is granted to a grenadier. The barge of the *Glasgow* frigate, bearing the half-hoisted standard of England, with its commander, Captain Doyle, had been drawn under the point of the jetty, and six other men of war's boats attended on the outside ready to tow it off. A few minutes before twelve, the body was raised by the crane. At that instant Landgard fort fired the first minute gun. The coffin was lowered into the *Glasgow's* barge. A loud shriek announced that a female had fainted in one of the many boats that surrounded the point of the jetty crowded with spectators: and the most painful anxiety and death-like stillness prevailed amongst those who, from all the surrounding points, as well as the vessels, were able to witness the last melancholy scene. A period of deeper interest, mingled with horror and disgust, never occurred in any civilized ceremony in any age or country. The coffin was in the barge, and the spectators could now see that the silver plate had replaced the gilt plate ordered by her Majesty's will, which was affixed by the executors, and torn off by the orders of those persons who had, agreeably to his Majesty's instructions, declared their determination to fulfil her last wishes. Sir George Nayler, Mr. Chittenden, Mr. Bailey, and Mr. Thomas, now carried the crown and cushion into the barge, and placed them on the head of the coffin; and these worthy gentlemen were the only persons who were allowed to accompany the Queen's remains from the shore. Thus a single herald, an undertaker, a deputy undertaker, and a nondescript from the Chamberlain's office, without a signed order, paid the last honour to the departed Queen of England. The barge was quickly towed off surrounded by the men of war's boats to the *Pioneer* schooner, a vessel employed in the preventive service which instantly hoisted the royal standard, and made sail out of the harbour to join the

*Glasgow* frigate, which lay two miles east of Landguard fort. As soon as Lord Hood could recover from the agitation of the melancholy scene, his attention was directed to his own situation and to that of his wife, and of Lady Anne Hamilton, and the others of her late Majesty's household. His lordship, besides the distressing circumstances of the scene described, had been much affected by the sight of Mr. Mason, midshipman on duty in the barge of the *Tyne*. The father of this young gentleman commanded the *Jupiter*, the ship that brought the Queen to England; and Lord Hood was also struck by another strange coincidence, that Captain Doyle, who was now in charge of her Majesty's remains to convey them from England, was the very midshipman who handed the rope to her Majesty, on her ascending the man of war that brought her to England. Up to this period no one had communicated to Lord Hood when or how he was to attend the royal corpse. Mr. John Calvert, member of parliament for Huntingdon, who had made his appearance for the first time this morning, and who was understood to have full powers from Government to attend and direct the remainder of this disgraceful proceeding, was observed upon the jetty. Lord Hood turned to this gentleman, and asked if he knew in what manner he and her late Majesty's household were to proceed from Stadt to Brunswick, and afterwards return to England. Mr. Calvert said he knew nothing of the matter. Lord Hood then remonstrated, and said, that unless he knew there was some provision for their progress and return, he should not proceed. Captain White, of the *Tyne* frigate, most feelingly and politely assured his lordship he *believed* a ship of war would attend his lordship's return to Stadt; as to his progress he of course knew nothing; but Mr. Calvert still professed ignorance as to the whole matter. Since this, however, Captain White communicated an order from the Admiralty, which satisfied his lordship that a ship will be ready to bring him back. It might have been expected that boats would have been prepared to take him at the time.

A short time afterwards his Lordship and his Lady, Lady Ann Hamilton, Dr. and Mrs. Lushington, Count Vassali, and young Austin, embarked on board the boats of one of the schooners in the offing, and immediately proceeded for the vessel which had been prepared for their reception, and which, a few minutes after they had reached it, hoisted its sails and left the harbour to join the rest of the squadron.

Such was the beggarly manner in which those who wield the power of Great Britain thought fit to dismiss from its shore the body of their late Queen. But the line of conduct which they in their folly thought it expedient to pursue, served only to render the affection with which the people regarded her remains more clear and powerful by the contrast. The whole population of the neighbouring

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villages seemed poured out to take their last farewell of this member of the House of Brunswick. Long before we arrived at Harwich we could see the beach filled with spectators and the river covered with boats to witness the conclusion of the mournful drama which has recently been passing before the eyes of the country. The neighbouring hills and forts, viewed from the river itself, appeared to be crowned by a black mass of living mourners, whilst on the river itself every vessel, yacht and fishing-boat that could be procured was occupied by persons soliciting to catch a parting glimpse of the loved remains of her in whose calamities they had long felt a lively sympathy. The situation in which we were when the coffin was lowered into the boat prepared for it, enabled us to observe that the friction occasioned by the indecent rapidity with which it was hurried along the road, had not only torn asunder, but had absolutely torn off the bottom of it the crimson velvet which was placed there for the purpose of ornament. On the crown being lowered into the boat, it immediately proceeded to the *Pioneer* schooner, and was followed at a short distance by numbers of the boats which had previously been stationed around the jetty, and of which several had arrived from the neighbouring ports, especially Ipswich, filled with most respectable individuals. The coffin, on the boat's reaching the schooner, was hoisted on board, and received by a party of marines with arms reversed. The crown and cushion immediately followed, with some little show of decency; the pall was, however, thrown out of the boat to the sailors on deck by one of the three gentlemen who had it in charge, with no more ceremony than if it had been his cloak. Almost before the body was safe on deck, the sailors were busily employed in unfurling the sails, and in less than ten minutes the *Pioneer* was under sail to join the *Glasgow* frigate, which is to carry the royal corpse over to Germany. It was followed part, if not the whole, of the way out to sea by a body of musicians, as we were informed, from Ipswich, in a boat, playing funeral marches, the melody of which, softened as it was by being heard over the water, inspired a general melancholy, not inappropriate to the solemnity of the scene. All the vessels in the roads had their colours half mast high.

We understand that Mr. Brougham and Ald. Wood proceed, the first by Dover, the latter by Helvoetsluys, to attend the funeral in Brunswick.

#### HARWICH

HALF PAST FOUR O'CLOCK P.M.

The schooner is approaching the *Glasgow* frigate; the Queen's household have just reached the vessel destined to receive them; the other ships composing the funeral squadron have weighed anchor, and are proceeding to join the

*Glasgow*; the mourning coaches are removing from the shore; the dragoons and infantry have proceeded to their quarters; the friends of her Majesty are coming to the beach to snatch a last view of the ship that conveys her from the land of her sufferings; the wind is favourable for Germany, and the lessening sail will soon disappear. The state carriage of her Majesty has been taken to the Three Cups, and crowds of people both from the town and country have pressed to see it.

In closing the account of her Majesty's funeral, we cannot help again recurring to the deep and general feeling which the sight of the procession excited on the whole way through which it passed. The road between London and Harwich during the day, and even a part of the night (for such was the Government expedition in this usually slow and solemn proceeding, that they hurried it forward the whole of one night), was lined with spectators; the hedgerows were frequently peopled; they had even climbed trees; the windows and even tops of the houses in the towns and villages were crowded, and this immense mass seemed to have only one common feeling, which nearly all manifested by a voluntary mourning-dress, and many by tears which they could not restrain. We only wish that those who had been denying the general affection and admiration entertained for her Majesty, had witnessed a scene which would have disproved their calumnies. Many families of respectability had come from a distance in their own carriages, and had drawn up on the road in decent mourning, more to pay a melancholy duty to the remains of their Queen, than to witness the sorry spectacle of a miserable funeral.

The bands of mourners from the towns were remarkable for the order with which they conducted their processions, the numbers they contained, and the strong feelings of veneration and regret which they evinced. We believe that the only exception to the general feeling towards her late Majesty existed among those who thought themselves officially bound to abet the indignities and insolence of her persecutors. – *The Times*, August 17th 1821.]

**August 16th 1821 (continued):** All were much affected – I could not help the tears starting from my eyes as the coffin was wound up by the crane – but the most bitter anguish was shown by Captain Manby – his violent grief will remain impressed on my memory as long as I live. He continued gazing in the coffin until the last moment, and when he returned to the inn, still wept. I was much struck with his air and manner – he seemed near sixty years of age. I found he had come from Yarmouth, as he told me, “To take a last look at his old friend”. Wood told me that [the] government had tried to get papers and information from him during the late trial, but he said he had none. It was thought expedient to

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leave out all mention of him in our account, but I confess I know not why.

The naval officers treated Lord Hood with the utmost deference, approaching to servility. They seemed to feel for his situation, and he behaved like a gentleman, and a man of sense and spirit. I can't say I was pleased with Lushington's conduct – his great anxiety seemed to be to give his new wife a trip to Brunswick. Nothing would persuade him to put Wood's name down as one of the Queen's household, although Brougham said he ought, so that Wood was obliged to wait to go by the packet to Cuxhaven. I think Wood wrong for wishing to go in the King's ship.

Wood, Hume and I dined together – Hume picked up correspondants for [the] next session of parliament. Hume and I set off on horseback for our return at half-past six. The Glasgow, with the royal standard half-mast high, without the Langard fort, had not yet sailed, and [was] to sail at nine. A farmer rode with us, and gave Hume some information. I witnessed indeed on the whole route a great respect for Hume's labours.

Slept at the Red Lion, Colchester.

**Friday August 17th 1821:** Hume, having lost leather, could ride no farther, so I set off alone at seven o'clock in the morning – rode to Chelmsford – breakfasted. A gentleman here introduced himself to me, and bore witness to my public conduct – spoke highly of my “Canning-ippic”, as Byron calls it<sup>213</sup> - extolled Hume.

I set off about twelve on [the] same horse (Isaac),<sup>214</sup> and rode to London without stopping. Called on Place (not at home), on Kinnaird (not at home either); hired a horse at Mason's and rode down to Whitton, where [I] arrived about half-past seven – my ride this day about sixty-four or sixty-five miles. My darling sisters [were] all well, and our meeting such as I have always found after any absence, however short. They had imagined that I had suffered, or was in danger, during the fray of Tuesday. Edward Ellice and Sam Whitbread had called on that day to tell them how things were going on, and that they had seen me dripping with wet after passing Temple Bar.

On the whole I must say the whole expedition was a most singular one, and such as no man without a strong sense of public duty would undertake. The general desertion of our poor Queen by the great body of our nobility and higher gentry made in my mind the constancy of those few who stood by her more

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**213:** In a letter we do not have.

**214:** Either “a horse called Isaac” or “Isaac's horse” (his young half-brother's).

requisite, and their perseverance to the last a more striking and useful contrast with the baseness of others.

**Saturday August 18th 1821:** At Whitton. See by the *Times* that an inquest is sitting on the body of Honey, who was shot at Cumberland Gate. Higgs, the deputy coroner, seems a Kingsman, and doubtless some means will be adopted to frustrate the ends of justice. Francis, another man, [is] dead.

Walked out – dined – went in the water with my sisters.<sup>215</sup> Cobbett very good on the Queen's funeral.

**Sunday August 19th 1821:** Felt myself unwell in the head. Rode to Richmond, saw Mr Julius – he advised me to get cupped<sup>216</sup> – went to Ellington's a Richmond, and was cupped accordingly – went to church – young Carr the curate preached arrant nonsense – walked home – was ill in the evening.

**Monday August 20th 1821: Wrote journal.** Read a little. *Times* newspaper contains inquest. Bustled about this day, and walked after dinner, so that my head was bad in the evening, and I felt very queer. Julius told me I should take care of my head – also that my father's twist in his mouth was an awkward thing, and required attention.

**Tuesday August 21st 1821:** Read Lord Waldegrave's memoirs<sup>217</sup> – had no notion he was so good a writer – his character very well-written. He seems to have thought better of George II than of any of the politicians about him.

See by the *Times* that every difficulty is thrown in the way of inspecting the soldiers in order to identify the men who fired at Cumberland Gate<sup>218</sup> – also see that other soldiers, besides those employed, were drawn up for [the] inspection of witnesses – and that Mr Henson says this is right!!.

Kept quiet – drank no wine – better today.

**Wednesday August 22nd 1821:** Finished Lord Waldegrave – **wrote journal.** Walked out with Matilda. It has been delightful weather these few days. Inquest

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**215:** Presumably H. means "on the water".

**216:** Compare June 16, 19.

**217:** James, second Earl Waldegrave (1715-63). His memoirs were published earlier in 1821.

**218:** Compare the Bloody Sunday inquiry of our own day.

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going on. Ipsilanti has been deserted by his troops,<sup>219</sup> but Russia seems resolved to make war on Turkey – her army [is] rated above 900,000!! Read some of Thomas Hollis’s memoirs<sup>220</sup> – very ill-done, confused, and un-entertaining. Do something for right ear.

**Thursday August 23rd 1821: Finished journal of last fortnight.** Read an article or two this morning in Voltaire’s *Philosophical Dictionary*. [He] compares the flattery showered upon Louis XIV to the rose leaves under which the man was suffocated – but says he, Louis, was not suffocated.<sup>221</sup>

*Times* of today contains [an] account of the manner in which the jury and witnesses have been treated at the Horse Guards’ barracks, Knightsbridge – also letters from Bertrand and Montholon respecting Napoleon – written last year.

Joseph Hume sends me his account, by which I perceive that our joint expenses were only £5.15s.6d.

At home – not well.

**Friday August 24th 1821:** At Whitton, reading a little. We had a party to dinner – Wilbraham, the Byngs and others.

**Saturday August 25th 1821:** At Whitton. My father and I went to dine at Wilbraham’s – met amongst others Richard Penn, of Lord Bathurst’s office – he told me that he and others [had] suspected the people would stop the Queen’s body in the City and lodge it in St Paul’s. He was highly indignant at the verdict “wilful murder” in the inquest on Francis, given last night. I asked him why, if they really wanted a quiet funeral, they had not taken the body by water. He said he had recommended it, but he supposed the undertakers were against it, as they would have been losers. He said it was well-known in the Life Guards who had shot Honey, but it was not Lieutenant Gore – Gore positively had no pistol on that day. He said a row was expected tomorrow at the funeral procession of Honey and Francis. He intended to be at the Colonial Office in readiness – Lord Bathurst now acts for Lord Sidmouth.

I see Waithman has deprecated the funeral procession – I see Mr Benson of the Queen’s Cavalcade Committee has also taken upon himself to deprecate the same – the *Times* newspaper has done so likewise. I told Penn I supposed the

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**219:** See Sep 18, 22.

**220:** Thomas Hollis (1720-74), republican writer and recluse.

**221:** Voltaire, *Dictionnaire Philosophique*, article *Flatterie*.

government spies would be at work – he told me they had received information of much intended mischief, but did not believe half they heard – this shows they have their runners about.

Played at whist, and won a shilling.

**Sunday August 26th 1821:** Wrote letters to several – heard from Burdett – went to church – the curate Carr preached intolerable nonsense. Looked over Guerino's pictures engraved chiefly by Bartolezzi, and [was] ashamed to find I did not know the story of Sophonisba,<sup>222</sup> which I confounded with that of Sigismonda<sup>223</sup> – which I also confounded with another tale in Boccaccio – must correct this inaccuracy, and if I find my memory fail, must not talk at all.

**Monday August 27th 1821:** Translated the story of Sophonisba from Livy<sup>224</sup> and gave it to Matilda – read the opening of the Jugurthine War in Sallust – looked into Boccaccio.

See by the *Times* that there was a dreadful affray at Knightsbridge yesterday – and that Sheriff Waithman, who behaved most nobly, was near being murdered by the Life Guards. This took place at the return of the procession, which seems to have been conducted with great decency and propriety, in spite of all denouncements. If this is to be borne, then away with all attempts to recover our freedom.

Weather got cold and rainy again, like November – dined, &c., at home.

**Tuesday August 28th 1821:** Letter from Burdett – he seems inclined to wait a little, till after the inquest on Honey, before the Westminster people stir. I write a letter to be in readiness, in case we should determine to meet. Write to Burdett. Cage-making for sisters – walk out. Kinnaird dined here – a friendly fellow.<sup>225</sup>

I read some of Dr Franklin's letters – Franklin put no faith in reforming parliament – he said, "Reduce salaries". Now this is extraordinary in a sensible man – as if a reformed parliament would not reduced salaries, besides doing all other good things.

His stories in his letters are very good – recollect Seymour, Attorney-General to King William, saying to Commissioner Blair, who wished to establish a

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**222:** Boccaccio, *De mulieribus claris*, LXX.

**223:** Boccaccio, *Decameron*, Day Four, Story One.

**224:** Livy, Book 30.

**225:** Perhaps Kinnaird was too friendly with H.'s sisters.

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college in Virginia, and who told Mr Attorney that the Virginians had souls, "Souls? Damn their souls! Make tobacco!"

I read Pope's Preface to Shakespeare a day or two ago – also Rowe's Preface. The first is exceedingly ingenious as far as relates to the cause of the corrupt state in which the plays are found. It shows Pope's power of writing, and has two or three similes or comparisons in his best style. I think little of Rowe's Preface.

I looked into Jackson's emendations of Shakespeare,<sup>226</sup> published two years ago, about. He goes on the blunders of compositors – some of his corrections [are] tolerable, but the greater part needless and absurd.

**Wednesday August 29th 1821:** See by [the] *Times* that Waithman has written to Lord Bathurst, demanding reparation for the outrage committed on him on Sunday.

Read a tale or two in Boccaccio – **wrote a few days' journal.**

**Thursday August 30th 1821:** At Whitton – doing little or nothing.

**Friday August 31st 1821:** Ditto – ditto.

**Saturday September 1st 1821:** Ditto – ditto. Read a little Italian.

**Sunday September 2nd 1821:** Walked part of the way to church with Matilda – and came back.<sup>227</sup>

**Monday September 3rd 1821:** Thinking of going away to the west – or north – or somewhere.<sup>228</sup>

**Tuesday September 4th 1821:** Rode to London – dined with Kinnaird – met there Count Montholon, Countess Montholon, and a brother of Count Bertrand's. Introduced to them formally, and many compliments made to me. They were in deep mourning – had very little conversation, if any, respecting Napoleon – but after dinner Montholon took me aside and told me that Napoleon had read my *Letters from Paris*, and had been much pleased – that he had resolved to write a

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**226:** Zachariah Jackson, *A few concise examples of seven hundred errors in Shakespeare's plays, now corrected and elucidated* (1818).

**227:** Perhaps to avoid the nonsense of Dr Carr.

**228:** He chooses west, and Burdett's estate at Ramsbury.

sort of commentary upon them – that he had begun, and that Montholon had taken some remarks down from his dictation – that these remarks had been sent off in several letters from time to time to France, just they could find opportunity – but that he did not finish his original plan. Montholon promised to get together these notes for me, which will be a great treasure, and may be of service to the cause of truth.

Montholon is a little lively black-eyed fellow – acute, apparently – his wife a genteel, handsome woman – *passée*. They had a pretty-faced black-haired boy with them.<sup>229</sup> Bertrand's brother was just arrived from Paris – a queer man with a deep-toned voice, like the *Sappeur* in *Les bonnes d'enfans*. I lamented that we could not talk on the subject of Napoleon – the few times they mentioned him it was always with the title "Empereur," and with a sort of melancholy, as of a near relation lost.

Sir Robert Wilson was there – it appears that General Gorgaud has come over from France to fight Montholon, and that Wilson prevented it.

Wilson told me that the government would not dare to turn him out of the army for his conduct at Cumberland Gate.<sup>230</sup> He desired me to tell Burdett that though going to Paris he could be back at thirty-six hours notice if anything was to be done – and so he could. There is not a more active man alive, and if the day should ever arrive for *doing something*, would be invaluable.<sup>231</sup>

I rode back to Whitton.

**Wednesday September 5th 1821:** Made preparations for leaving Whitton. Walked to [ ]<sup>232</sup> with Tom, and called on Joseph Hume.

**Thursday September 6th 1821:** At two o'clock rode to Reading – put up at Bear – walked about the town – walked in the meadow under the Forley – a fine green flat – was not well, but still enjoyed a sort of melancholy pleasure in looking at a school broke loose, running about, bathing, and saw the boys of Dr Valpy's school – this sight called up some afflicting remembrances.

Bought Piozzi's anecdotes of Johnson, which I read at dinner, and laughed heartily at some – wrote to Kate.<sup>233</sup> This Bear Inn is shamefully dear – and in

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229: "him" (Ms.)

230: Wilson is in fact thrown out of the army.

231: H. appears to be contemplating an armed insurrection.

232: Either "Town" or "Ham".

233: Kate unidentified.

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general I do not observe that the fall of prices and rise of money make any difference in tavern charges.

A tremendous thunderstorm at night.

**Friday September 7th 1821:** Rode to Newbury to breakfast – wet through – sad account of harvest everywhere. From Newbury rode on to Ramsbury, and was welcomed kindly by the Burdett's – they *en famille*.

**Saturday September 8th 1821:** Rode about, with Burdett and Miss Burdett,<sup>234</sup> into Popham's Park. Burdett told me that when Addington brought down to the House of Commons the account of the arming in the ports of France, he (Burdett) thought it a lie, and told Fox so. Fox seemed to think it was impossible that a minister should be so audacious, but it turned out as Burdett suspected. The war, however, was made, and the lie answered its object before it could be found out.<sup>235</sup>

Burdett also talked to me of the superior style of conduct and conversation which prevailed in the circle composed of Hare, Lord John Townshend, Fitzpatrick, Charles James Fox, the Duchess of Devonshire, Lady Crewe, and that set. He said there was much wit, and much trifling, but no rudeness and no folly – he saw nothing like it now.

Dined and passed evening, &c.

**Sunday September 9th 1821:** Rode out with Burdett and Dr Sigmund, in rain – got dripping wet. Craven and Thomas dined with us.

**Monday September 10th 1821:** Went out shooting. Corn not half in. Shot ill. Dined and as usual.

**Tuesday September 11th 1821:** Rode out with Dr Sigmund into Lavenake<sup>236</sup> Forest.

A large party at dinner – Miss Pearces, and others. Mr Barry returned from Paris. Had a deal of [ ] [ ]<sup>237</sup> at the performances of the Miss Pearces in the musical line. For this, Dr Sigmund, who was rather in liquor, took me to task – a

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**234:** H. does not say which Miss Burdett. There are several.

**235:** Compare Blair's "weapons of mass distraction".

**236:** Conjectural.

**237:** Two words. Looks like "lang his" or "lay hus". *Could* be "laughter".

good lesson, though rudely given.

**Wednesday September 12th 1821:** Went out shooting, and shot well – believe this arose from putting less powder in gun. Passed the evening as usual.

**Thursday September 13th 1821:** Received a curious letter from Douglas Kinnaird, respecting going to Whitbread's, so resolved to leave Ramsbury, which I did, after explaining myself to Burdett. Rode to Reading, put up at Bear.

Bought Lord Chatham's letters to his nephew, Thomas Pitt,<sup>238</sup> and read them – do not think much of them, but remark that Lord Grenville assumes the tone of a lover of liberty in the preface. His dedication to William Pitt has the address at the beginning ("My dear Sir") but has only "Grenville" at the end. I suppose my lord thought he was writing a dispatch.

Wet through today.

**Friday September 14th 1821:** Rode off and breakfasted at Cranford Bridge. Passing through Hounslow, cast a longing look at the Whitton trees, but rode on to London – wet through. Put up at Douglas Kinnaird's – dined there. Saw Lord W. Fitzgerald, just returned from Ireland. He says the King performed his part admirably in Ireland, and that the Orange party, or "systematists," are vexed at his liberality. The King is expected at Carlton House today – his vessel was in a storm off Milford Haven.

**Saturday September 15th 1821:** Sir Robert Baker [is] dismissed for his humane conduct at Cumberland Gate, or rather for not being willing to spill the blood of the people ... Morris, High Bailiff of Westminster, told me this yesterday – he loses £1,000 a year, and has twelve children.

I walked about London, looking at prints. Called on Wivell the artist, whose wife is ill. Bought Etruscan pictures at Payne's: £4.14s.6d. Payne and Foss told me that the demand for Lord Byron's works was not so great as formerly – then to be sure *Don Juan* is not a library book. Murray has offered a thousand guineas for the last three cantos of *Don Juan*, and a thousand guineas for *Sardanapalus* and *The Two Foscari* – Byron does not think this enough. Payne and Foss do.

I called with Douglas Kinnaird on Count Bertrand at Brunet's Hotel. Found him and his countess, and his brother, and another person there. The Countess

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**238:** Thomas Pitt, first Baron Camelford (1737-93), politician and connoisseur.

was<sup>239</sup> ill with a cough – a pale, tall, thin, agreeable-looking woman of a certain age. The Count very solicitous about her health.

Bertrand drew near to me and spoke frankly about my book<sup>240</sup> – said the Emperor saw at once that “il sortait de la classe” – that he saw I had had recourse to good informants – that he had at first resolved to answer the book, and to correct many points with which he alone, as<sup>241</sup> having the reins of government, could give a just account of. That he observed I had altered my opinions as to the *libéraux* in the second edition, and had seen that they did wrong to suspect the Emperor and to debate about liberty when they should be defending their country against the foreigners. This alluded to a note which Constant furnished me with. Bertrand told me that the reason why Napoleon discontinued writing his remarks on my book was, first, he took up other employment, and wrote “those things which all the world knows”. I did not ask him what he really wrote, but Montholon told Kinnaird that he wrote the account of the Battle of Waterloo which Philipps published. The other reason was that he could not write on my book without exposing the treachery of many men still about the French court, which he did not wish to do.<sup>242</sup> I said, “Fouché, for instance?” – “Yes,” said Bertrand; “I myself introduced by the back stairs to Napoleon the courier who had Fouché’s dispatches to the enemy (eight days before the Battle of Waterloo). Napoleon could have cut his head off in two hours, by a military commission.” – “Yes,” said I, “or by the common forms of justice.” – “Oh,” replied Bertrand, “that is a bad way in France – it sets all Paris a-talking, and rouses every angry passion before the thing can be done.” I asked him why Napoleon did not do what he might with Fouché – “*He was not strong enough,*” said Bertrand.

I asked him if it was true that he had shaken hands with Lowe. He answered, “Que voulez-vous? All was over. The Emperor was dead.” – “Oh,” said I, “he says you were satisfied with his conduct.” – “Oh,” replied he, “he always said so.” I asked him if he had seen Lowe since his return to England. – “J’en ai vu assez,” was his answer. I then told him the story of Lowe’s letter about my book – Bertrand said it was meant for vexation, nothing else – he added that the greatest comfort for the Emperor and his friends was the receipt of books, &c., from Europe – “C’était une fête pour nous – when your book reached us we did

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**239:** “with” (Ms.)

**240:** *Letters.*

**241:** “has (Ms.)

**242:** Both these reasons are phoney. Napoleon wrote nothing about Waterloo, and Fouché was by this time in exile, not at the Bourbon court.

nothing but read and talk about it for eight days. Lady Holland's kindness in sending books I shall never forget as long as I live – and Lord Holland was the only man in either house of parliament who dared say a word for the Emperor".

While we were talking came in the Marquis de Montchenu, who had been French commissary at St Helena, to watch Napoleon – he was just arrived, a curious old fellow in uniform with a huge cocked hat and white cockade. He seemed delighted to see the Bertrands, and told all the petty events which have taken place at St Helena since their departure. This was truly French.

Bertrand is a small, plain-looking man, with lively eyes, but a mild expression and mild manner – not so French as most Frenchmen. He told me he wished much to go to France, but had not yet gained permission. The whole of his conversation was highly interesting to me, and fully corresponded to the character I have heard of him.

Dined with Kinnaird. Pearce with us.

**Sunday September 16th 1821:** Set off in Kinnaird's carriage with him and Pearce for Southill. Arrived there in five hours, about – excellent roads. Received by William Whitbread<sup>243</sup> and his lady, who is a very extraordinary person, considering she was a Cambridge ———.<sup>244</sup> Indeed she is very sensible, well-conducted and well-looking. Tom Adtkin there, and a Captain Jones. We walked about the grounds, which are beautiful. The house [is] very noble and comfortable and tasty, except the busts with bad poetry under them. In one room there is a bust of Whitbread the grandfather, with the inscription "Nobis haec otia fecit". James Hare gave this. The same room has pictures of old Whitbread's clerks. There are some good modern pictures, by Reynolds, Opie, Northcote, Wilkie, Morland, and one – a black – by Paul Veronese, given by Sir Joshua Reynolds. There is a pretty portrait of a kitchen maid at Carlton House, who when she heard of General Payne's death, threw herself out of [the] window.

The whole house has an air of expense and magnificence such as I should expect from the late Samuel Whitbread. The present small establishment seems lost in it, but William Whitbread is a very good sort of man, and they say Mrs Whitbread does more good in the village than ever Lady E. ever did. We had a deal of foolery between Kinnaird, Pearce and Tom Adtkin – but I was out of spirits on account of bad news of Sophy's health.

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**243:** William Henry Whitbread (1795-1867), MP for Bedford. Brother of Samuel, jr.

**244:** Signifies "whore". Whitbread had been at Trinity. See May 6, 18.

1821

**Monday September 17th 1821:** Went out shooting – shot well – dined &c as usual.

**Tuesday September 18th 1821:** Went to Cardington, eight miles off. Whitbread has an enormous property in this county – he keeps a manor for the Bedford people, &c. Dined, &c.

**Wednesday September 19th 1821:** Shooting in the warren – shot well. Do nothing except eat, &c.

**Thursday September 20th 1821:** Hard rain. Stayed in all day – read Latrobe's account of Matilda, Queen of Denmark. How differently George II behaved to George IV – he insisted Matilda should be called Queen after her divorce, though Struensee had confessed his criminal intercourse with her, and she had half owned it – whether true or not. The captain of the English frigate which carried Matilda away from Denmark insisted on Matilda being saluted as Queen, and returned the salute with two guns less.

Strolled about in very melancholy mood – Wilson [is] dismissed the service.<sup>245</sup> I hear from Hume on [the] subject, and think of going to Whitton to be near if anything is to be done or said – also to see Sophy, who, alas! Still continues ill. Write to Hume.

**Friday September 21st 1821:** Thought of going shooting, but having no shoes resolved to ride to Whitton. Took leave of host and hostess and set off at eleven. Rode the same horses<sup>246</sup> without stopping except for ten minutes all the way, and arrived a little before six at Whitton, having been well drenched three or four times. Found Sophy a little better. My father in the gout.

**Saturday September 22nd 1821:** **Wrote journal since August 30th.** At home, idling.

**Sunday September 23rd 1821:** Rode with Tom to Joseph Hume, who has taken a house at Ham. Consulted with Hume on what was to be done respecting

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**245:** Wilson was dismissed from the army (without a hearing) on the grounds that his order to the troops not to fire at Cumberland Gate had constituted incitement to mutiny. He was reinstated on the accession of William IV.

**246:** His own horse and that of his groom, whom he doesn't mention.

Wilson, to whom I see two persons anonymously have subscribed £500 to enable him to purchase an annuity. We agreed that we could not step forward for Wilson without first doing something for the many persons in inferior situations persecuted by government, and that Sir Robert Baker, with his twelve children, should not be forgot. Hume talked to me of a project of publishing a résumé of his financial propositions, made during the last session of parliament.

Day at home.

**Monday September 24th 1821:** Riding or walking and idling.<sup>247</sup> William Smith with us.

**Tuesday September 25th 1821:** Hume came and read to me his first proposed letter – took up three hours – contains very valuable information. We debated as to the policy of the publication, and I inclined against it, thinking that it would give the enemy arms against himself, and not augment the impression made by him on the public mind. He asked me to write a conclusion for him, in which a Reform of Parliament should be pointed out as the only rational suggestion.

I rode out with Harriet, walked with Matilda and Sophy, and trifled at home. My father very ill of the gout.

**Wednesday September 26th 1821:** Wrote something for Hume. See by the papers that the King is leaving or has left England. Lords – Justices – nineteen – are appointed, the Duke of York at the head. No sort of sensation created by this step. [The] King goes to Sir William Curtis<sup>248</sup> at Ramsgate!!

Ride and walk and eat and talk.

**Thursday September 27th 1821:** Mourning for the Queen over – court mourning only – it was not announced as a general mourning. Better health than usual. Ride to London. See Henry Brookes, and Place – nothing to be done in Westminster respecting Wilson, but the borough people have met as they ought. Returned to dinner.

**Friday September 28th 1821:** Read part of Swift's journal to Stella. Remarkable that he and Bolingbroke thought nothing of taking up a printer. The

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<sup>247:</sup> In fact H. writes to B. on this date (BB 317-19), referring to his having "looked over" the proofs of *Don Juan* III, IV and V – a fact not recorded in the diary.

<sup>248:</sup> (1752-1829), ex-Lord Mayor of London who owned a yacht. See *AoB* 770.

1821

best trait observable in the journal is the unwillingness of Swift to proceed to severities with the Duke of Marlborough. Remember what Swift says of the conduct of the Lord Chief Justice, sending for the printer of *The Conduct of the Allies* when it was thought the minority could be turned out, but cooling when the minority stood their ground.

Rode to Sunbury and Bushy with Harriet – beautiful weather and beautiful country.

Read some of *Anastasius* at night – second time.

**Saturday September 29th 1821:** Read Swift again. Read an article in the *Edinburgh Review* for March 1821 – [A] *History of [the] English Legislature*, I believe by my friend Cohen. It corrects many errors of the Report of the Lords' Committees on the dignity of a peer, but I can't say I come from reading it with any distinct notions – perhaps the fault of my idle, confused head. I remember nothing, absolutely nothing. I remarked yesterday that my sister Matilda, a young creature of twenty, spoke on some metaphysical subjects with as much precision, and I think justice and spirit, as I ever read in any book or heard from any reasoner.

Rode with Sophy to Sunbury, &c. Walked with Matilda and Charlotte.

**Sunday September 30th 1821:** Read *Edinburgh Review*. **Wrote journal.** N.B. wrote to Lord Byron and Lady Jane Harley this week.<sup>249</sup> Paid my servants' wages up to October 1st 1821 (tomorrow). W. Avard, my groom, leaves me at his own request because I spoke hastily to him at Colchester – Swift used to cuff his servant Patrick.

Walked to church and heard a sermon on mercy. At home in evening.

**Monday October 1st 1821:** Read Swift's letters in the morning – walked about with Matilda – evening in my father's room, &c.

**Tuesday October 2nd 1821:** Working at Sophy's cage – walked a little – determined on going tomorrow to Burdett's.

**Wednesday October 3rd 1821:** Setting off for Ramsbury. Thinking of taking Thomas Crawly into my service – he has lived with Mrs Franks five years.

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**249:** On Sep 24 (BB 317-8). H. summarises the recent funeral scandal briefly.

1821

*[END OF B.L.Add.Mss. 56543; the last forty-three sheets are torn out,  
and the end has six sides of political notes  
START OF B.L.Add.Mss. 56544]*

**Wednesday October 3rd 1821:** Rode to Reading and slept there at the Bear.

**Thursday October 4th 1821:** Rode in the rain to Ramsbury – found Beecher MR, who married Miss O’Neil, there – a very agreeable man.

**Friday October 5th 1821:** Went over to Palmer’s at East Garton, pheasant shooting – dined there.

**Saturday October 6th 1821:** Went out shooting in Hemswood – there is a calf there which has escaped from a herd, and has been in the wood some months.

**Sunday October 7th 1821:** Beecher went away – a Mr Davis of Jesus College with us – he told me that when Sir Francis Burdett first settled at Oxford, all the university looked at him with dread, but when he began to be known, he was a general favourite. We talked about Heber’s success at Oxford.

The Meyricks of Ramsbury have assured me that Sir John Nicholl lost many votes by a judgement which he gave in court, obliging clergymen of the Church of England to bury those not belonging to the Church of England!! So that in fact the only liberal opinion of this man was the chief objection to him at Oxford.

Sent Wilson’s subscription – £100.

**Monday October 8th 1821:** Shooting, I believe – evening as usual – perfect idleness ...

**Tuesday October 9th 1821:** Ditto – ditto ...

**Wednesday October 10th 1821:** As before. The Southwark Committee<sup>250</sup> publish the list of subscribers – I find myself the only MP since the original list of D.A.B. &c.

**Thursday October 11th 1821:** Shooting and idling.

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**250:** Wilson is MP for Southwark.

1821

**Friday October 12th 1821:** The same – read some of Boswell’s *Life of Johnson* for the hundredth time – always delighted.

**Saturday October 13th 1821:** Shooting, &c.

**Sunday October 14th 1821:** Strolling about.

**Monday October 15th 1821:** Rode with Sir Francis to Easton Gray – a fine day, and most agreeable ride. Found my father and mother and sisters Amelia and Sophia – all pretty well. Ricardo dined with us – we had a violent argument – he would contend that to raise one man degraded others – this is a dogma of Mill’s. He told us that Place had completely answered <Methuen> Godwin’s attack on Malthus. Dr Roget, Romilly’s nephew, and a Mr McDonnell, a protégé of Whishaw’s, were of the party. We had a pleasant day.

**Tuesday October 16th 1821:** Thomas of Malmesbury breakfasted with us – he told us of Judge Burt<sup>251</sup> at Salisbury having taken in a fresh juror during the trial of a murderer without re-swearing the witnesses. He only read from his notes. The man moved for an arrest of judgement on that account, but was overruled and hanged.

My father told us that he saw Dunning,<sup>252</sup> when Recorder of Bristol, try a captain of a ship for murder – he had fired on the people and killed two – he was acquitted on the first trial. Then Dunning, as the witnesses and evidence were the same in both cases, asked the prisoner if he chose to have the whole over again, or if he would be content with the judge reading his notes. The prisoner chose the latter, and Dunning read his notes after only one witness was examined. The captain was again acquitted, but the other party (the popular) tried to kill him as he bowed out of court. He had hoisted the colours of the Blues at an election – the people wanted to haul them down – he told them if they attempted it, he would fire upon them – they began to throw millstones, &c., into his ship – he fired, and killed two. Dunning told my father that the case was a new one, but for his part he thought it a murder. He added, however, that if convicted the man should not be hanged until the twelve judges had examined his case.

Burdett told me that Dunning had said to Tooke,<sup>253</sup> “When I am on the bench,

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**251:** Looks like “But” or “Bat”.

**252:** John Dunning, first Baron Ashburton (1731-83), Lord Chancellor from 1782.

**253:** Dunning was friends with Horne Tooke.

and you are at the bar, we will restore the old constitutional law of the country". I suppose the ministers knew this, and would not trust him on the bench.

Sir Francis Burdett and I rode back to Ramsbury to dinner. Miss Burdett fell from her horse. Sassio sang after dinner with Susan Burdett.

**Wednesday October 17th 1821:** Tracy and his son, and a Mr Chauncey Hare Townshend, a young poet of pretty red and white face and pleasing manners, at Ramsbury. We laughed at him at first but found him very agreeable. He is a friend of Southey's. He told me he had heard Southey say he could not conceive why Lord Byron had attacked him,<sup>254</sup> and he heard Southey express great admiration at Lord Byron's genius. Townshend's poems are childish, and not equal to his talents. He sings and "cuts out all his friends" (as Lord Erskine said). I promised him an autograph of Lord Byron's. Mrs Hanbury Tracey and daughter joined our party – Mr Barry is here.

I think we went out hunting with Ward's hounds today – evening as usual.

**Thursday October 18th 1821:** Went out shooting to Palmer's with young Tracy.

**Friday October 19th 1821:** Shooting. Went with Barry, Chauncey Hare Townsend and Susan Burdett to dine at Littlecott. General Popham made a great show: his hall is a fine thing, but Burdett tells me that he thinks Popham does not know that Colonel Popham was a distinguished Parliamentarian – this is singular enough.

We met a Captain Dundas there, a very agreeable man indeed – he commanded the *Tagus* frigate in the Mediterranean and in the Archipelago – carried up Liston to Constantinople – but the Turks would not allow his frigate to pass the Dardanelles, although he offered to land all his guns. He gave us a curious account of General Maitland, whom he called "King Tom," and whom he had on board his ship.

He told us the Ionians say they have had enough to ruin any nation – five years [of] plague, two years [of] blockade, and three years of Tom Maitland.

Dundas allowed that Maitland had treated de Bosset in a most scandalous manner – he had been eye-witness to the transaction. He said that Hankey, Maitland's right-hand man, was a swindler without character, and that all the Ionians whom he trusted were the same. The senators he has bribed – he says this is the best way to govern. He has placed a sentinel at the door of each senator who is known by some nickname to the soldiers, who cry "women turn out to

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**254:** In one of the notes to *The Two Foscari*. *TVoJ* is written but not yet published.

1821

bandy legs!" &c ---

Maitland's plan is to overcome with favours every person whom he thinks he may have reason to dread – he tried to do so with Dundas, but in vain – at first – until he found out he wanted a clean bill of health just coming from Tunis, so he gave him *pratique* in three days. On other occasions he is so severe at Malta that an English lieutenant was shot for (*ignorantly*) crossing the *pratique* line. The late Queen had been fired at the day before. Tom Maitland, hearing of the death of the lieutenant, said to Dundas, "Why! think what a mistake – missed the woman and killed the man!" Dundas was present at Hume's charge against Maitland in the House of Commons – he said that Goldburn's speech was a tissue of stupid lies – that Maitland dictates these lies when drunk. Maitland has tried lately to get the government of Gibraltar as well as Malta.

Dundas told me that the Algerine ambassador come to complain to him of being put into a dark lodging at the back of Downing Street – he had been port admiral at Algiers and had brought considerable presents to our king. Dundas wrote to Goldburn and next day the ambassador was removed into Suffolk Street and had a coach sent to him, but he was not obliged to the government: he thanked only Dundas,

Dundas told me that when Maitland in his progress came to Paxos a priest harangued him – in the middle of his speech Maitland's spaniel ran off – he stopped the *papas* and sent his aide de camp scampering after his dog – when the dog was brought back the priest was allowed to go on. Maitland has often regretted to Dundas that he should ever have been such a damned fool as to have been in opposition. Maitland is very much alive to censure: he is afraid of facts being brought against him – he treats the army with contempt – reviews them in half-uniform – but is very attentive to the navy – he employed Hankey to write the Ionian constitution, which is a complete humbug.

Dundas told us the story of his conveying away from Naples four banditti who had stopped Lushington, the English Consul, and his two daughters, and had let them go. Dundas happened to say to Lushington on board the Tagus that he should do something for those robbers. He afterwards observed that a man used to be very attentive to him in letting him out of his cabriolet, &c. – at last he took hold of the man and asked him why he dodged him – the man said he meant no harm, and then asked him if he had not once said that Lushington should do something for the robbers who let him go – Dundas said he did say so. "Will you meet these men to-morrow morning?" said the other. – "No," said Dundas, "but I will at night" – it was then fixed that Dundas should repair at twelve o'clock the next night to the mouth of the grotta di Posilippo. He did so and there found the

four men. The chief of them then asked him if he would take them away in his ship, and so save them from the search that was then making for them. He consented, but the men would not agree to go to the ship in a Neapolitan boat – they told Dundas they would trust none but Englishmen. They asked Dundas what he would do if [the] Government demanded them of him. – “I would not give you up,” said Dundas. – “But what would you do if St Elmo were to fire upon your ship?” – “I would sail away and save you,” replied Dundas. The men seemed to place implicit confidence in what Dundas said. It was agreed that Dundas should go the next afternoon to the Chiaya and that he should place himself near a certain statue there – that he would see there a man dressed like a monk, who would look hard at him – that he should then speak to this man, who would tell him whether the robbers could go that night or not – the robbers and Dundas parted.

The next day the Captain went to the Chiaya, saw the monk – spoke to him, and learnt that the robbers could go that night – accordingly Dundas armed his barge and at midnight rowed to the appointed spot; but to his great surprise he saw a sentinel there. He soon<sup>255</sup> found that this sentinel was not an Austrian, but a Neapolitan, who was guarding the King’s nets – so he gave the man a letter for a person in Naples, and for a crown got the fellow to leave his post and his musket behind him. The robbers then came forth – they wanted to kill the sentinel, but Dundas refused. The fellows got into Dundas’ boat and were carried to the ship – they remained there four months.

The Neapolitan government made such a stir about it that Dundas left the harbour and went to Malta. Maitland suffered the men to land at Goza – they have since returned to their old pursuits – three have been executed – the chief was to be hanged, but Lushington interfered and saved him – he is now in confinement in the castle of St Elmo.

I recollect hearing this story when I was in Italy.

I returned much pleased with Captain Dundas. ’Tis a pity we could not get him to speak about Maitland.

He has dined here since. He told us that he was at Algiers when the Dey Omar was killed – he had come to Algiers with nothing but his *bernooz*, and had raised himself to the Deyship – the Algerines kept him only ten days on the throne and then told him they had found a better man, and must kill him – he said, “Give me my *bernooz* and let me go – it is all I brought with me.”<sup>256</sup> It is all I

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255: “sound” (Ms.)

256: “them” (Ms.)

1821

wish to save except my life.” Dundas and the English consul wished to save his life, but the Turks strangled him, and his successor was the man who fought the English – he has since been strangled – he shut himself up in a castle but was beat out by the plague. Dundas says that an ambassador and a frigate would have done more than Lord Exmouth has done, and that we have ruined our carrying trade by the protection we have got for other nations’ vessels.

**Saturday October 20th 1821:** Went out shooting, &c.

**Sunday October 21st 1821:** Lounging about doing nothing, but read an article in the *Edinburgh Review* about Tomline’s *Life of Pitt*.<sup>257</sup>

**Monday October 22nd 1821:** Out shooting – found Lord Erskine here on my return. He came up at once, and asked after my father and mother and sisters. No embarrassment on either side – no recollection of the *Trifling Mistake*.

This extraordinary person, now past seventy years of age, had all the manners, and a good deal of the appearance, of a young man of thirty. A certain vehemence in his mode of speaking gave an appearance of sincerity to all he said, and this conviction was not a little aided by his assertions and oaths, which were surprisingly frequent and strong. I wish to put down what I recollect of his conversation.

He said he came down in the York House Bath coach with Sir George Keith and a Methodist parson, who were going to establish an evangelical floating chapel. He said that observing it was “damned cold,” the parson checked him for swearing, and they had a controversy on regeneration, which ended amicably. The parson’s name was Smith – Lord Erskine said he was a very clever and agreeable man. He told Lord Erskine that Methodism was gaining ground in the army and navy – particularly in the Life Guards. He knew Lord Erskine.

Lord Erskine then told us what I have heard him mention before, namely how it was that Lady Huntingdon spread her chapels over the country, in consequence of the rector of the parish prosecuting her chaplain for preaching. Erskine advised her to take out a licence, and the example spread like wildfire.

Erskine spoke freely and strongly upon Wilson’s case – said it was abominable that the ministers did not advise the King to conciliation upon everything referring to the Queen. He told us that the late King was of opinion that courts martial were obliged to conform to the common law, and mentioned

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<sup>257</sup>: Pretyman (George Tomline), *Memoirs of the Life of ... William Pitt* (1821).

how he saved a sailor's life at Portsmouth by memorializing George III. The man was to be hanged on Monday – the day was Saturday. Erskine sent up an express to Windsor, and had the answer in time to save the man. He gave an account of the case for Howell's *State Trials*. Erskine and Burdett mentioned severe instances of officers being dismissed for their votes in parliament, and other ex-official conduct.

Lord Erskine gave us an account of his being employed to draw up part of the criminal code for the French at the early period of the revolution. Targot, who afterwards defended the King, called upon him, and proposed to him to do so. He said that such a thing on his part would be liable to misunderstanding, and he must first particularly know whether it was the object of the National Assembly to preserve the monarchy. Targot assured him most solemnly it was, and then Erskine agreed to meet the Lameths,<sup>258</sup> Barnave,<sup>259</sup> and others on the subject. These persons gave him the solemn assurances which he had first heard from Targot – that the King and the Crown were not to be meddled with. He then assisted them as they wished, and drew up that part of the code relative to the trial by jury, which now stands in the Code Civile. On the day the report from the committee was read, he was introduced to the National Assembly. He was seated, the President rang a bell, the whole assembly rose, and the President thanked him in the name of the nation. Erskine bowed several times, and then retired.

He repeatedly told me that he would leave records of these facts, and show how sincere the constituents were in their wish to establish a limited monarchy, and how true it was that Louis XVI was murdered by the measures adopted in England.<sup>260</sup>

He told us that when he was in France, after the Peace of Amiens, he went to court in a coat belonging to the Prince of Wales, as his Chancellor, which the Prince had given him out of his own wardrobe, and he had had altered to fit himself, though, said he to me, "It wanted very little altering over the chest".

"That stupid ass Merry," said he, "introduced me to Napoleon as 'The Chancellor of the Prince of Wales'. He seemed to know nothing of me, asking me if I had much to do – but when I came to dine afterwards at the Tuileries, I was shown into Josephine's room and she rose and curtsied to me. I thought her curtsy was for someone else, and drew back. She curtsied again, and then told

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**258:** Three brothers, Alexandre, Theodore, and Charles Lameth, French soldiers and politicians.

**259:** Antoine Pierre Joseph Marie Barnave (1761-93), French politician. Guillotined.

**260:** The English declaration of war exacerbated political conditions in France.

me that the First Consul had desired her to invite me<sup>261</sup> to her evening party after the court dinner, which would be but short. “Accordingly,” continued Erskine, “I went to the party. The First Consul soon came up to me, and complained of Merry for having been so stupid as to introduce me by the title of Chancellor of the Prince, ‘and not to know,’ added Napoleon, ‘that Mr Erskine’s name was much better known than his office’. Napoleon then spoke to me of trial by jury, and said that the English had been fitted for it by y<sup>e</sup> habit of ages, but that in France it would not be understood and appreciated, and would only be an engine of government. I replied that I could not presume to say anything about the present condition of the French nation, but that I trusted that a conqueror and a governor, who had given such proof of his talents and love of his country, would do all in his power to qualify his nation as soon as possible for the enjoyment of that inestimable blessing, and that I doubted not he would do so. I looked to see how he would take the hint. At first the under and upper part of his [face] seemed as if they belonged to two different people, one mild, the other savage – but he soon seemed all smiles, and continued speaking as if much pleased with me, and he made Brune, the twenty-second Consul, interpret my English into French for him.

“This was the same night that Fox had the conversation with him about the slave trade. He asked me if I had been in the army. I said yes, and he appointed me to go to Duroc’s the next morning and see a review of his guard in the Caroussel. I went, and saw a private room of Napoleon’s, in which he had the heart, in a bottle, of some general, a friend of his killed in battle. During the review I had my hand for a long time on the neck of the white horse on which he was mounted – it was the white horse which he rode at the battle of Marengo.

“I found Barras,<sup>262</sup> who had figured so in the revolution, employed in editing a paper for the government, as low and blackguard as John Bull.”

Lord Erskine told us also that he had seen a great deal of Tallien<sup>263</sup> and his wife. The latter had given him an animated detail of her share in the downfall of Robespierre, and had promised to put it to paper for Erskine. He went to a stag-hunt at her country house. They hunted the stag in the morning, and then dined, shutting up the stag with a purpose of hunting him after dinner – Erskine told Madame Tallien that it was impossible she should take pleasure in such cruel

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**261:** “him” (Ms.)

**262:** Looks like “Burrer”. Paul Barras (1755-1820), French revolutionary, once lover of Josephine. Enemy of Robespierre.

**263:** Jean Lambert Tallien (1767-1820), French revolutionary, enemy of Robespierre.

sport, and offered, if she would consent, to let the stag out. She consented, and Erskine did so.

We had a deal of talk about the present King. Erskine attacked the Whigs violently for their personal conduct towards the King, and said that they were angry with him for not joining in that conduct. He said the King was his private friend, and he would not – but that at the same time his friendship had never operated upon his public conduct. The King, when Prince, had repeatedly told him that he never expected him to vote or speak in parliament in any way other than [as] his conscience dictated. He told him so particularly at the Pavilion, the year that Queen Charlotte was there. Lady Hertford, however, one day at dinner asked Erskine how he, who was no friend to the Regent, could refrain from supporting the administration. Erskine said that the Regent did not wish it, and told her to ask the Regent herself. “She was,” said Erskine, “a bitter bitch. Lady Cunningham is quite a Beckey – a fool”.

Erskine now, however, seemed to think his old friend not quite so liberal. He told us that Lord Anglesey had told him that his conduct as to the Queen’s trial was extraordinary, that it had done the King the greatest harm, and that if he had not taken the side he did, the Queen would not have had a lawyer for her. Lord Hutchinson, in the early stage of the business, had told him the King intended to send for him. “If he had,” said Erskine, “and had suffered me to talk without breaking in, which he only inclined to do when most good-natured, I would [have] told him what I thought”. Erskine then gave his opinion to us that the King was entitled to a divorce if the Queen had behaved so licentious as to disgrace him and her country, even if adultery had not been proved or charged; but that if in the course of the evidence no case were made out, the prosecution should have been abandoned at once. As it was, the King was most shamefully used by Lonsdale and others, who objected to vote for a divorce.

“Dust was thrown upon his sacred head,  
And no-one cried God bless him.”<sup>264</sup>

The prosecution should have been by impeachment in the House of Commons. There was no evidence, no case at all.

Lord Erskine told me that he had gone to the coronation at Mr Coote’s particular desire – only as a peer. That when he afterwards went to the *levée*, the King treated him as if he wished to get out of his way, and when he kissed his

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<sup>264</sup>: Shakespeare, *Richard II*, V ii (two lines run together).

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hand, said not a word. “By God!” said Erskine, “he shall make the next overtures – I did not go to the drawing-room – I would have seen him at the end of the world first!”

At the same time that he told this of our King, he allowed all his early merits and friendship for him, and never omitted an opportunity of justifying the King for excluding the Whigs. The Regent was sincere in his wish to bring in the Whigs – he knew it – but Grey and Grenville were impracticable – they absolutely went the length of writing a round robin to the Regent, refusing all compromise – “I refused to sign it. Then Lord Moira was to try to make an administration with Lord Hardwicke, and, if he could, get me with him. He came to me – I told him no. I would not insult the Regent, but I would not quit my party”. – I said, “I wish you had, though”. – Lord Erskine said it would have been good for the nation if he had. It would have kept Perceval out, and we should have been soon strong enough – the love of power would soon have brought over some old friends.

The Regent told Erskine afterwards that he would sooner sweep the streets than admit those men who had insulted him in every way.

All this Erskine asserted most solemnly, with [ ]<sup>265</sup> such [as] “If this were the last word I had to speak” &c. – but he seemed to me to confound time a little, or perhaps passed so rapidly that I could not follow him.

He told us that when he took his retainer from Tom Paine<sup>266</sup> he was Attorney-General to the Prince. The Prince came to him under the gallery of the House of Commons, and said the King would not be pleased with his Attorney-General keeping Paine’s retainer. He told the Prince that the way was to put the case to some distinguished men of the profession. The Prince did not seem to think this would satisfy the King – it ended in Erskine being deprived of the office under the Prince, and keeping his retainer. He kept entirely aloof from the Prince, who at last fell ill. A common friend then came to him, and said the Prince asked to see him – “Is it a direct or expressed message?” said Erskine. – “It is,” replied the other. – “In that case I shall go.” Erskine went. He found the Prince ill, in a small wretched bed upstairs. The Prince told him he knew nothing about the etiquette of the law, but he was certain that he, Erskine, had been right in conscience about the retainer. He then told him that the Chancellorship of the Duchy [of Lancaster] was vacant, and he would not fill it up but with him. He ordered him to go to the proper office and bring the patent with him in his pocket to dinner. Erskine did so

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**265:** Could be “utterances”.

**266:** Erskine defended Paine in 1792 for publishing *The Rights of Man*, and lost.

– he came to dinner with the patent and was appointed accordingly.

Erskine said that he had no particular ties except to the Prince – that it was the Prince who introduced him to Mr Fox – that Lord Keppel,<sup>267</sup> whose counsel he was, had introduced him to the Prince.

He said that the late King had been a most mischievous one – but had honour about him. He went on, “When our party came in, the first civil thing we did, two weeks, nay, two days, after coming in, was to lay before the King the paper which Sir John Douglas had given the Duke of Sussex relative to the Princess of Wales. The King asked Lord Grenville what he had better do – Lord Grenville said he had better send for the Chancellor (Erskine). Accordingly a copy of the paper was sent to me with an order to attend the King next morning, and I had previously refused to read the paper, saying I was a lawyer, and might sit in judgment on the case – but on the King’s commands ... I took it with me, and read it in my chaise going down to Windsor. When [I was] with the King, his Majesty made me sit down and read the paper to him, saying, “If I put a question to you, you will not object”. Accordingly he did put two questions, and if he had lived all his life in the Court of King’s Bench, he could not have put two questions more to the purpose. A day or two before I went out of office, as I was with the King, he said to me, “Do you recollect my two questions which I put to you when you read such a paper to me?” – I told him I did. – “Be assured then, says he, “that no man living knows what either you or I said on that occasion. I have never even told one of my own children.” – This was honourable.

Lord Erskine mentioned that soon after he had the seals<sup>268</sup> the King talked to him of giving patents of precedents, and said he thought it foolish for the crown to give lawyers advantages to enable them to plead against itself. The King talked of his retaining fee from Paine, and said, “Your situation had brought you in contact with some of the very worst men that ever lived in this country”. – Erskine replied, “And allow me to say that your Majesty’s situation has also brought you in contact with some of the worst men in the country”. The King laughed, and enjoyed this character of the ministers whose heads he had been knocking one against the other.

The day that Erskine went to give up the seals, he asked the King to give his purse-bearer a place, which he named. The King said he was a very good man, and would do it. He did it on the spot, and Erskine, who was desired by the King

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**267:** Augustus, First Viscount Keppel (1725-86), admiral; court-martialled 1778 for losing to the French off Ushant, but acquitted.

**268:** Erskine was Lord Chancellor from Feb 06 to Apr 07.



Burdett observed that Erskine talked blasphemy better than anybody. He does indeed quote scripture, half seriously, half ludicrously ... he evidently detests the church establishment. He gave us a good comparison from scripture relative to Reform, which I do not recollect exactly, but it was the passage in which it is said that "Gain this thing first, and all others will follow."

It is right to mention that Burdett told me that during the Delicate Investigation, as it was called, when Erskine was Chancellor, he went about saying the Princess was a damned whore. If so, no wonder George IV was surprised at Erskine's conduct in the late trial – although I see not how Erskine could have done otherwise.

I have omitted many striking things told me by Erskine – his manner is somewhat wild. He came into the library once, and as he opened the door, burst out, "It is a pity Grenville ever joined us!" He repeatedly said that the great thing for public men to do was to make the ministers odious, and spare the King. He gave the reason given by Burdett – "You must have a King, so treat him decently. If you could have another government by a word, then the case would be different". He often expressed an opinion that the Whigs were down, and would never come in.



This wonderful old man danced at Burdett's tenants' ball the same evening, and sat up till two in the morning – he wore his ribbon and star.

We had the tenants, as when I was here in 1819. Sir Francis Burdett danced every dance – the party did not break up till nearly four. I had an opportunity tonight of hearing and seeing undoubted proofs of the light in which this incomparable man is looked upon by his daughters and family. His daughter Clara kissed her finger and put it on a little silhouette of her father that I was showing her.

I had forgotten that Erskine talked very strongly about the effort of the Greeks. He mentioned that the Duke of York had said to him that if Alexander<sup>270</sup> marched against the Turks he would have all the kings against him – Erskine said, "He will have the King of Kings for him!" He said he would march to Constantinople, kick the Turks out, and tell them to go about their business, and "Stop at any place they could find short of hell!"

He talked much of Count Orloff, now at Brighton, and of his talents. Orloff

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**270:** The Tsar of Russia.

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tells him the Emperor Alexander has 1,300,000 soldiers in arms.

**Tuesday October 23rd 1821:** A very rainy day. Stayed indoors – Erskine sat with us in the library, and talked a great deal. He begged me to read his *Armata* – said he hoped to meet me at my father’s – advised Burdett and me not to go to Wilson’s meeting.

**Wednesday October 24th 1821:** Erskine left us. I went out shooting.

**Thursday October 25th 1821:** Sporting of some kind.

**Friday October 26th 1821:** Think I went out hunting today, with John Ward’s hounds, on a horse lent to me by John Pearse, the army tailor now bank director, MP for Devizes, and who gives out that when the Duke of York comes to the crown, he, Pearse, is to be made a peer. I was well carried, and had a good run.

Captain Dundas and young Pearse dined at Ramsbury. Dundas was highly interesting. He told us that he carried on his frigate, the *Tagus*, some orientals who had been traveling across the desert with the help of an astrolabe, which instrument varied but very little from the true reckoning. He told us that Adams, the American sailors’ book, was a forgery. The American consul who had encouraged the man<sup>271</sup> now gave him up.

He, Dundas, had carried some Timbuctoo merchants in his frigate, and would have gone thither with them, had he not been a married man. Timbuctoo has a black population within the town, but the masters of it, who are yellows, are encamped around it.

Dundas told us that he had seen or knew of the brother of some rajah who had ridden from Bengal to Mecca. There he had met with a Prince of Fez, who hearing that the Bengali had to complain of the conduct of the East India Company, persuaded him that the Emperor of Morocco was all-powerful with the English, and that he had better accompany him to Fez. The Bengali did so, on the same horse that had carried him to Mecca. He went on board ship at Moggadore, and came to anchor in the Thames; but the East India Company had interest enough to prevent the poor creature from landing, and he was transferred to a ship that carried him at once back to Calcutta.

Dundas agreed with me in thinking *Anastasius* the most perfect description of Oriental manners that had ever been given to the world. He had a dozen

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271: “the man and Cook/Cock/lock” (Ms.)

Mahometan ladies aboard the *Tagus*, and found them much as described in the account of the voyage to Alexandria. He offered one of these ladies anything she liked in his cabin – she took a large mahogany table.

**Saturday October 7th 1821:** I believe that I hunted this day and not yesterday – indeed I now recollect this to have been the case.

**Sunday October 28th 1821:** Idling, reading Boswell's *Life of Johnson*. Returned to Murray the bookseller the proofs of *Cain*, a poem by Lord Byron.<sup>272</sup> Burdett and I read this poem, which is inconceivably ridiculous and dull. I think it alternate raving and drivelling, with scarce one specimen of real poetry or even musical numbers in it. He says in a letter to Kinnaird<sup>273</sup> that it is written in his purest metaphysical manner. Some will call it blasphemous, and I think the whole world will finally agree in thinking it foolish. Yet I hear Tom Moore says it is the best thing Byron ever wrote. I hear from Kinnaird that Byron has given Moore some memoirs of himself,<sup>274</sup> and has promised to continue them – and that Moore has sold the actual and the reversionary life and adventures to Murray for £2,000. This appears to me quite revolting in every part of the transaction. It struck Burdett in the same light, and it serves as another proof of the little real delicacy and feeling ever to be found amongst mere literary men. Thus Lord Byron and his friends and associates are made, during his life, the property of the bookseller and Murray's great anxiety will be how many chapters more his poet shall live.

The truth, however, is that my friend Byron has a most extraordinary anxiety that every, even the minutest traits, of his conduct, and all the accidents of his life, as well as the train of his thoughts, should be in some shape or other before the world – I have often let him know<sup>275</sup> that Murray reads his confidential letters to the promiscuous frequenters of his reading room. Still he writes on, and tells

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**272:** Written Ravenna, July 16th-September 9th 1821.

**273:** BLJ VIII 205.

**274:** H. is behind with his information. B. had started to write the Memoirs in July 1818 (BLJ VI 59) and had at first intended Murray to publish them (BLJ VI 61 and 62). He changed his mind about publication just before finishing them (BLJ VI 63-4) and then, in late 1819, gave them to Moore (BLJ VI 235) who sold them to Murray on July 27th 1821 (BLJ VIII 176n).

**275:** Although there are plenty of unsympathetic references to Murray in H.'s surviving letters to B., in none of them does he mention what B. must have known even as he wrote his revealing letters to Albemarle Street – that Murray read them aloud to his circle as a matter of course.

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first what comes uppermost to this town crier of his epistles, who in turn sends him every scrap of news relating to himself, notes from Gifford in which Byron is called “a wonderful creature,”<sup>276</sup> extracts from Reviews, so that at last even Byron himself is nauseated and tells me in one of his letters that he has desired Murray to have done<sup>277</sup> and to send no more flattery or libels to him. Byron certainly gave Moore the memoirs in order to sell – but I think it would have been more spirited and delicate in Moore to have accepted £2,000 from Byron as a present rather than to have speculated upon his friend’s death.

By the way, Moore has arranged his affairs by paying £1,000 to his West India merchant creditors.\* I and Burdett wrote to congratulate him thereupon, but I would not have done so had I known of this transaction at the time.

**Monday October 29th 1821:** Fancy I was shooting.

**Tuesday October 30th 1821:** Also to-day young Chauncey Hare Townsend came back yesterday a blooming young gentleman – a poet who has published verses written between fourteen and sixteen!!! a vast admirer of Lord Byron and a friend of Southey. He gave me three silhouettes – capital likenesses of Burdett, Erskine, and Susan Burdett.<sup>278</sup> He is passionately fond of music and very entertaining.

**Wednesday October 31st 1821:** Sporting – idling – &c.

**Thursday November 1st 1821:** Went out hunting with Codrington’s hounds to Ashbourne Park. We had a good run. I rode Pearce’s horse.

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**276:** Gifford, internal memo to Murray (undated – 1821): “Lord B. will have a pretty collection of dramas, by the by – let him proceed, he will do something at last. Never mind his plays as being stageworthy: in these times, it signifies not much – but he has the true dramatic turn, & fails only in his plots. If he could but get a little into the bustle of our old dramatists, absurd as it sometimes was, it would do: otherwise he must die a martyr to his *simplicity* or *singleness*. I profess myself much taken with the gay & sprightly dialogue of the last – we have had very little like it since Fletcher & Shirley. They would, however, have crowded the canvas more. After all he is a wonderful creature – if I had him, I would keep him carefully, & shew him only on high days and holydays” (John Murray Archive, National Library of Scotland).

**277:** Letter to Murray, September 24th 1821 (BLJ VIII 219).

**278:** Susannah Burdett was Burdett’s second daughter. I am unable to determine the date of her birth. In 1832 she married J.B. Trevannion.

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**Friday November 2nd 1821:** Went out shooting – after dinner had music. I gave Susan Burdett a letter of Lord Byron's for her collection of autographs, and accompanied it with a note of my own, in which I gave her in a covered way my opinion of her own attractions, which are by no means inconsiderable.

**Saturday November 3rd 1821:** Burdett and myself took leave of Ramsbury about half-past one o'clock. The parting between this excellent man and his eldest daughter was distressing. She is an amiable young woman indeed, highly endowed with accomplishments not usually found in her sex and age. It is clear she passes a good deal of her time alone.

We rode by Kingston, Lisle, and Barrington, to Witney, about thirty miles. It was very rainy, and we were completely wetted. Put up at the Staple Hall, an excellent inn of the old fashioned sort.

**Sunday November 4th 1821:** Rode to Banbury. Got into a post-chaise and travelled to Kirby Park near Melton in Leicestershire, where we arrived at ten at night. The Park is a large field with a low wall on one side of it. The house is a farmhouse close to the road. The stables are capital – a groom is the butler – a large Newfoundland dog and a magpie, two maidservants and half-a-dozen stable helpers form the rest of the establishment.

The library consists of *The Monastery*, a curious novel containing portraits of the life called *Childe Paddie in London*, Diderot's *Jacques le Fataliste*, and Tully's *Offices*, *de Senectate* and *de Amicitiae*, a Horace, a Juvenal, and Shakespeare. The sitting room is ornamented with three pictures of horses from the life, by a Melton artist.

In this place Sir Francis Burdett has for seven years spent a good part of every hunting season. His horses are for the most part perfectly made hunters, but he has young ones, which he rides also, and rides at everything, to the peril of his neck I think. What with the Melton, the Duke of Rutland's, and the Earl of Lonsdale's hounds, he continues to hunt six or five times a week. This it must be confessed is a strange life, and though I am passionately fond of the sport whilst it is about, I cannot say that I should like to be so entirely devoted to it as this comes to.

**Monday November 5th 1821:** The Quorn, or Melton, or Osbaldiston's hounds, met at Kirby Gate, half-past ten. Proceeded thence to Ashby Pastures. Found a fox, and left off at Barkly Holt – no sport. A great field of plain coats, but not many red – at least, not many for Leicestershire. Eight hundred red coats were

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counted on the last day of one season. I rode a chestnut, and was well in with the hounds, not without apprehensions, at this my debut in the great Leicestershire world, but found it, like everything else, not so formidable as made by report.

**Tuesday November 6th 1821:** Intended to go hunting with the Duke of Rutland's hounds but found they did not go out. Walked to Melton, after writing a long letter to Byron in which I gave him my opinion of *Cain* and of the transaction respecting his Memoirs.<sup>279</sup> Murray the bookseller has made a bold stroke for Byron's bust by Thorswalden,<sup>280</sup> which Byron sat for at my request, and gave to me at Rome in 1817. He got the bust in his possession about ten days ago, God knows how – I heard of it by accident, and wrote to know if he had it – he answered yes – and said he thought Lord Byron had made him a present of it. I answered the bust was mine, and commissioned Kinnaird to carry it to his house. Kinnaird did this and has got it.

By heavens, this is the most consummately impudent thing I ever heard of – it shows that this Trypho<sup>281</sup> thinks Byron, body and soul, exclusively his property.

I should not wonder if by performing my duty towards my friend I should draw down his anger – *n'importe* – there is risk in anything that is right – either public or private, for “*when a man,*” as Joseph Surface says &c &c.<sup>282</sup> Dined at

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**279:** The letter is lost – it would be the most revealing of all H.'s letters to B. For part of B.'s reaction, see letter to Murray of Nov 24, 21, in which he describes it as “in a style which savours somewhat of the London tavern”. B. pointedly says, “But the best is – that I happen to know that *he himself* keeps – and has kept for many years a regular diary and disquisition upon all his personal as well as public transactions – and has *he* done this with no view to posthumous publication? – I will not believe it. –” (BLJ IX 70). Hints as to what the letter contained are at Medwin pp.126-7: “Hobhouse has denounced ‘Cain’ as irreligious, and has penned me a most furious epistle, urging me not to publish it, as I value my reputation or his friendship. He contends that it is a work I should not have ventured to put my name to in the days of Pope, Churchill, and Johnson (a curious trio!) Hobhouse use to write good verses once himself, but he seems to have forgotten what poetry is in others, when he says my ‘Cain’ reminds him of the worst bombast of Dryden’s” (Medwin p.126; Hobhouse’s reaction on p.127 reveals no more).

**280:** On Nov 4, 21 (BLJ IX 55) B. makes it clear to Murray that the bust is H.'s property.

**281:** A Grypho[n] is a creature half eagle and half lion. In legend gryphons lived in Scythia, where they guarded their gold jealously. H. may have read B.'s letter to Kinnaird of Sep 13, 21, which uses the reference (BLJ VIII 208).

**282:** H. recollects approximately. Joseph Surface has two interrupted lines which almost fit: I i, 101-3: ... *the man who does not share in the Distresses of a Brother, even tho' merited by his own misconduct – deserves* – and IV iii, 211- 12: *The Man who is entrusted with his Friend's Distresses can never* – Surface is a scheming hypocrite, a fact

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home, tête-à-tête with my host – no, alone.

**Wednesday November 7th 1821:** Melton hounds met at Widmerpool. I rode Rainbow, a capital horse – had a very good run – many horses beat. Burdett's bridle broke – he came home.

**Thursday November 8th 1821:** Hunted with Melton hounds at Kettleby. Rode Magna Charta – capital horse – good run – killed two foxes. Dined and slept at Somerby, a hunting box tenanted by Powlett, MP for [the] county of Durham. His wife, Lady Caroline Lowther, [is] a nice, agreeable, unaffected person.

**Friday November 9th 1821:** Wrote to Sophy. Hunted with Lord Lonsdale's hounds at Overton Park. Fine country, but bad hounds. No good run. Returned to Kirby.

**Saturday November 10th 1821:** Did not hunt – dined at the Old Club at Melton with Mr John Moore, Sir J. Musgrave, [and] Captain Berkeley. Moore and Berkeley very agreeable – the latter told me anecdotes of Christophe, King of Haiti,<sup>283</sup> whom he had seen a good deal of when Rochambeau surrendered to him. [He] described Rochambeau<sup>284</sup> as a monster – he ordered an officer of Christophe's, who came with a flag of truce, to be put between two boards and sawn in half. He said that Christophe tried to civilise his subjects too quickly – hence his fall. He dined with Rochambeau, and I think he said with Ferrand and Christophe, at one table. It is curious [that] all these persons have shot themselves.

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If the Melton Club has always consisted of company so agreeable and gentlemanlike, certainly it is very much to the credit of hunting that they who are devoted to that pursuit should be of such a sort.

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Yesterday I had a letter from a man of the name of Westwood, 13 Long Acre, begging me to give him a reverse and motto for a medal for Sir Robert Wilson. I

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of which H. could not have been unaware.

**283:** Henri Christophe (1767-1820) President and then King of Haiti, 1807-20.

**284:** Jean-Baptiste, Comte de Rochambeau (1725-1807), French general defeated by the Haitian insurgents led by Jean-Jacque Dessalines in 1803.

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sent him a civic crown with *Serveti civitus* upon it.

**Sunday November 11th 1821:** Wrote a long letter to my father on a very serious subject – namely what income he would give me if I were to marry. Walked with Burdett – dined with him alone, &c.

**Monday November 12th 1821:** Hunted with Quorn hounds at Bagrave. Capital run, as the famous Tom Smith allowed.<sup>285</sup> Ran one hour and seventeen minutes to Ashby and Barkly Holt. I rode Magna Charta, and was with hounds all the way. Twisted my thigh. Burdett dined at Somerby – I stayed at home and read Shakespeare – divine indeed.

**Tuesday November 13th 1821:** Did not hunt – **wrote journal since October 23rd**. Heard from Sophy that she is well. I must not go on in this way – it is too idle, and I do not find my health improved – my ears ring daily more and more.

**Wednesday November 14th 1821:** Believe I hunted.

**Thursday November 15th 1821:** Ditto.

**Friday November 16th 1821:** Hunted and walked in morning. Dinner with Burdett alone as usual.

**Saturday November 17th 1821:** Rode to Prestwold to hunt – lost the hounds from the beginning of the run, which was one of the best ever known in Leicestershire. Ran into the fox after two hours and five minutes at Piper's Hole. Only three in beside huntsman and whippers-in. Burdett got a fall and a kick in the knee. Evening as usual at the chateau.

I lately wrote a letter to Lord Byron remonstrating in the strongest terms against his publishing *Cain*, which appears to me, as it appears to Burdett, a complete failure, alternate raving and drivelling – find I have recorded this before.

**Sunday November 18th 1821:** [We] were to have gone to Somerby, but did not. Burdett's knee bad – walked before dinner. Read a little – Tacitus sometimes, and Shakespeare, and a thing called *Histoire du Parlement anglais* by Louis

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**285:** Reading conjectural and obscure.

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Bonaparte, with short notes by Napoleon Bonaparte. It is curious inasmuch as it shows the real egotism and despotic principles of the latter, but is totally devoid of merit, and abounding with ridiculous blunders, e.g. he imputes the events of the reign of Henry VI to Henry V.

**Monday November 19th 1821:** Hunted – had two of Burdett’s horses out. Osbaldistone out – he dined with Burdett afterwards, and told his story respecting the attempt to get him out of the country. He mentioned that Sir J. Musgrave, who broke his leg by jumping on him, visited him for the first day or two after the accident – but then sent him a note saying life was too short to lose a day, and he could not come. I find as much *tracasserie* and intrigue about fox-hunting as any other pursuit.

**Tuesday November 20th 1821:** Did not hunt – walked.

**Wednesday November 21st 1821:** Forget whether or not I hunted – day as usual.

**Thursday November 22nd 1821:** Ditto – ditto.

**Friday November 23rd 1821:** Ditto – ditto.

**Saturday November 24th 1821:** Hunted the other side of Leicester.

**Sunday November 25th 1821:** In the course of the week, had an answer from my father, doubling my income from January 1822, and promising to add £900 in case I marry. Burdett still continues ill of his knee.

**Monday November 26th 1821:** Hunted in the Harborough country, from Norton by Galby – bad day, but Osbaldistone’s hounds performed very well. The best dogs in England, that is certain. But Sir B. Graham has succeeded in getting the country from him, having purchased Quendon for £20,000 – houses, forty [ ],<sup>286</sup> all horses, &c. – pays £3,000 down – strange undertaking for a man who they say is ruined.

**Tuesday November 27th 1821:** Did not hunt – walked – read Shakespeare in

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**286:** Looks like “coussles”.

1821

evening.

**Wednesday November 28th 1821:** Did not hunt – walked.

**Thursday November 29th 1821:** Ditto – ditto.

**Friday November 30th 1821:** Ditto – ditto.

**Saturday December 1st 1821:** Ditto – ditto. Burdett still ill.

**Sunday December 2nd 1821:** Loitered – walked – chatted with Burdett.

**Monday December 3rd 1821:** Hunted with Sir B. Graham – his first appearance as master of the Querndon hounds – met at Loseby – dreadful day – wet, and no sport.

**Tuesday December 4th 1821:** Hunted with Lord Lonsdale's hounds – pretty run – rode a colt.

**Wednesday December 5th 1821:** Did not hunt – dined with the Old Club at Melton – coming home, found young Robert Burdett with his father – a singular young man – well-informed, grave, decisive, and, I think, will make a figure – he has given up being a dandy. His father told me afterwards in a letter that he was glad of his accident, as it had brought him so much better acquainted with his son.

**Thursday December 6th 1821:** Hunted with [ ] hounds at Bagrave, then dined at home with Burdett and his son.

**Friday December 7th 1821:** I took leave of Burdett at one o'clock and then left Kirby – rode to Melton, paid my horse and tailor's bills – in spite of [a] great reduction of prices, horses pay about thirty shillings a week each at Melton, whereas the *bona fide* expense cannot be nine shillings.

Rode to Kettering, about thirty-one miles. Dined and slept – read some magazine for 1769 – about – containing speeches for Lord Mansfield and Lord Camden on the Douglas case.<sup>287</sup> It seemed to me strange there should have been

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**287:** Famous Scottish litigation between claimants to the fortune of the Duke of Douglas,

two opinions on the subject. This magazine contained portraits of living characters – generally speaking much more scandalous than the tales of the present day, or the newspaper paragraphs.

**Saturday December 8th 1821:** Rode from Kettering to Southill, where I arrived about half-past five. William Whitbread not at home – but Sam Whitbread had heard, as he said, of my passing through Bedford, and came after me. This young man does not gain upon acquaintance. He hides great selfishness under a flattering exterior.

**Saturday December 9th 1821:** Took a long walk with Mrs Whitbread<sup>288</sup> – it is extraordinary what a sensible woman and well-informed woman she is. Letter from Byron<sup>289</sup> by which I find he is not at all pleased with what I have written to him about *Cain*. I find also that he has written to Kinnaird on the subject,<sup>290</sup> which I own I do not think is fair. In his letters to Kinnaird he says he will “not make a scene with an old friend”.<sup>291</sup> Now what is there to make a scene about? All I did was to tell him my opinion about his poem and about Moore’s selling his memoirs to Murray for £2,000. I now find that Moore and Byron have actually signed an indenture by which these memoirs are made over to Murray – and moreover, Moore engages to write Lord Byron’s Life – or in case he should not survive Lord Byron, to give over to his executors all his materials for writing the said life which materials are to be put into the hands of any third person to be named by Mr Murray – add to this, Lord Byron engages not to write or to sanction the writing of any other account of his life!!!!

This instrument Lord Byron has sent to Douglas Kinnaird to be transmitted to Murray – but Douglas Kinnaird has very properly not given it to Murray until he has represented to Lord Byron the view in which every honest and right-feeling man must view such a proceeding. It is neither more nor less than having Moore at £2,000 to write his life, and every confidential letter which Lord Byron shall have written or shall write to Moore he must intend for the illustration of his own life or rather for his own honour and glory. The palpable impropriety of this part of the proceeding is perhaps not quite equal to the absurdity of the position

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1762-8.

**288:** William Whitbread’s wife (with a dark Cambridge past).

**289:** BLJ IX 67-9.

**290:** BLJ IX 71-2.

**291:** “Had it been by any but an old friend – I really think I must have at the least made an answer as would have produced a scene” (BLJ IX 72).

1821

of the bargain which, in case of Moore's death before Byron, hands over the sole right of writing the life to a man to be named by Murray – as if Murray the oldest of the three must not in all probability die first.<sup>292</sup> In truth the whole compact is the strangest and most indelicate that ever was entered into even amongst that selfish and extravagant race of mortals – the authors. I knew nothing of Lord Byron's having hired Moore for his biographer when I wrote – otherwise I should have spoken ever more strongly than I did. Finding how he had used me with Kinnaid by making extracts, and those not fair ones either, from my letter to him, and characterising it also in very harsh terms I determined to write an explanatory letter, and did so, giving up his intimacy, which, whether I did it formally or not, I felt would never be on the former footing between us. But on second thoughts I thought it better not to write at all, knowing that scandal would ensue from any open rupture between two such notorious allies. Kinnaid, however, wrote a long letter exculpating me and giving his opinion as to the indenture.

Lord Byron pretends to call the terms of my letter “gross”<sup>293</sup> – this is true only of what I said of Murray's attempt to get my bust of Lord Byron, but that was said partly in joke, and had no reference whatever to Lord Byron. Lord Byron knows that those passages in the letter prevent my desiring the letter to be referred to anybody. And there is something peculiarly ungenerous in his complaining to Kinnaid, whose name I had introduced into my letter with a ridiculous epithet<sup>294</sup> attached to it – perfectly intelligible between Byron and myself but such as without explanation I should not wish Kinnaid to see though I would and have called him by that name to himself:

amicitia non nisi inter bonos<sup>295</sup>

**Monday December 10th 1821:** Went out partridge shooting with the keeper. A Mr Wiltshire came to dinner, an attorney who has made a large fortune by conducting Sam Whitbread's affairs, and is now a partner in the Chiswell Street brewery, and has an estate at Hitchin. I never saw such a formal old coxcomb in my life. I believe he is past seventy, and has lately taken up shooting, together

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**292:** Murray died in 1843; Moore in 1852.

**293:** B. describes H.'s letter as “... one of the grossest ever written in style and manner” (BLJ IX 72).

**294:** Probably “the Dougal creature” or “the hot and fiery Douglas”.

**295:** Cicero, *De Amicitia*, VII (paraphrased).

with the other pursuits of a gentleman. He affects to talk on all subjects, and seems to be thoroughly acquainted with none. He sponges<sup>296</sup> upon Whitbread for a day's shooting, and at other times hardly comes near the house. He is just such a man as if shown in a comedy would appear exaggerated.

Douglas Kinnaird came this evening.

**Tuesday December 11th 1821:** Went out shooting with Wiltshire. Dawdled away the evening as usual.

**Wednesday December 12th 1821:** Shooting again – ditto – read some of Toland's *Life of Milton*, and his proof that the *Σιχρον Βασιλικη* was not written by Charles I but by Dr Gauden,<sup>297</sup> afterwards Bishop of Worcester – conclusive. Read also some of Dr Moore's novel called *Mordaunt*<sup>298</sup> – [a] poor thing, written as a vehicle of observations on different countries, particularly France at the Revolution. Robespierre did not care for [ ].<sup>299</sup> Moore seems to have altered those opinions with which he wrote his view of manners, &c. – a violent anti-republican.

**Thursday December 13th 1821:** Breakfasted at Fyshe Palmer's at Badford[?]. Found the new ministerial appointments in the paper. Wellesley to go to Ireland, Goulburn his secretary, Wilmot to have Goulburn's place – baseness so soon rewarded. This fellow met Harry Pearce the other day and told him he was coming into office, and supposed his friends would abuse him – “But,” added he, “they have cut down the salary though”. Of such materials are our statesmen made. Peel is certain to have Sidmouth's place, and the Grenvilles are coming in.

Hunted my old horse with the Oakley hounds – had a very good run, and was very well carried, to my great surprise. Lord Tavistock has<sup>300</sup> invited me to Oakley. Returned to Southill to dinner.

**Friday December 14th 1821:** Out shooting – loitering and sleeping all evening as usual.

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**296:** “spunges” (Ms.)

**297:** John Gauden (1605-62), published the *Eikon Basilike*, and may have edited it from Charles I's papers. The point is still discussed.

**298:** Edward John Moore, *Mordaunt, Sketches of Life ...in various countries* (1800). Moore also wrote *Zeluco*.

**299:** Word cramped in corner. May start with “Li”.

**300:** Suppositious reading.

1821

**Saturday December 15th 1821:** Ditto – ditto.

**Sunday December 16th 1821:** Walked about, &c. [ ] &c.

**Monday December 17th 1821:** Hunted with Sir George Leeds' hounds, successor to Den.<sup>301</sup> This man is natural son to Sir — Leeds. He had a large fortune, and was about to be brought in by the Whig interest for Huntingdonshire. He gave up his interest, and was made a baronet by Lord Sidmouth. He has spent nearly all his fortune, and is about to give up the hounds. Political apostasy seems to me the vice of the day.

We had no sport. I saw Rawlings, of whom I used to have horses at Cambridge, and of whom I have now hired two hunters to hunt with the Oakley hounds.

**Tuesday December 18th 1821:** Left Southill – hunted on a horse of Rawlings with the Oakley hounds.

Went after dinner to Oakley. This place I had not seen since 1814.<sup>302</sup> Politics has lately kept Lord Tavistock and myself more asunder than in former days – but nothing could be now kinder than his reception of me. Lady Tavistock was also most friendly and agreeable. Kinnaird was with me. We found Mr Chig. Chester and Colonel Leigh<sup>303</sup> there. The evening passed very agreeably.

**Wednesday December 19th 1821:** Went out coursing – chiefly for [the] sake of young Lord Russell, who is grown up a tall and agreeable boy. Lady Tavistock walked with me to see the sport. We talked on the base treatment the poor Queen met with from the higher classes. She mentioned how women of the court<sup>304</sup> character were loudest against her – and how the Duchess of Bedford endeavoured to prevent her from visiting the Queen, saying she would be attacked in *John Bull*. When *John Bull* came out, all he said of Lady Tavistock was, “Of Lady Tavistock it is enough to say that she is daughter-in-law to the Duchess of Bedford” – now this proved the Duchess right. Lady Tavistock told me that she could not persuade Lady William Russell to go to the Queen, or even

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**301:** Meaning unclear.

**302:** See Dec 4-18, 14.

**303:** Augusta's husband.

**304:** Could be “correct”.

call, although in former days the Queen used to be most kind to her, giving her little presents and helping her mother to dress her out.

I found that Lady Jersey had written to Lady Tavistock, telling her that the Queen mentioned her (Lady Jersey) with kindness on her deathbed – I do not believe this, for I know the Queen was not pleased at her excusing herself from dinner with her after she had made the engagement herself.<sup>305</sup>

Young Francis Russell, the dandy, and one of the *enfants gâtés de toutes les dames*, came today. He is a very agreeable young man. We had a very pleasant dinner and evening. Lady Tavistock makes two little girls wait at dinner, the daughters of Lord Russell's nurse. It looks queer at first. Her maid plays on the pianoforte, which she does to avoid playing cards. She is not allowed to begin her music till after nine in the evening – I heard her at near twelve at night.

**Thursday December 20th 1821:** Hunted on a grey horse of Rawlings – ill-carried. We had a good run – evening as usual.

**Friday December 21st 1821:** Went out coursing – rode to Bedford. Evening at Oakley. The Grenvilles come in, and Lord Buckingham [is] to be made a duke, C.W.Wynne President of the Board of Control,<sup>306</sup> Freemantle a lord of the Admiralty, and Phillimore something, I believe. George Canning stays out – I believe he has certainly refused India.<sup>307</sup>

Read *Gulliver's Travels*. The Houyhnhnms [are] the worst part of the whole.

**Saturday December 22nd 1821:** Rode hunting on a new horse of Rawlings, and had a most capital ride of one hour and fifty minutes. Found at Galsy Wood, and killed at a mile beyond Hanwick. I was capitally carried, and resolved to buy the horse for a hundred guineas.

Old Lord Lynedock came yesterday to Oakley. He is a surprising man as to personal strength and vigour – he rides as hard as the young ones – makes nothing of travelling by night, and, in short, at past seventy has little of old age about him. He has a hunting box at Copgrove. Tavistock tells me he is a most liberal man. Though poor, he did not like to take the pension when made a peer, and he now lives with only one manservant to wait on him. He is not very intellectual – I recollect nothing of his saying, except that Mounier told him at

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**305:** See July 25, 20.

**306:** A job which H. will hold in the late 30s and 40s.

**307:** That is, the Presidency of the Board of Control for India.

1821

Paris that the *correspondance inedite et officielle* of Bonaparte's was authentic – [it] was collected by N.B. himself, and was one of the first things he enquired after on his return from Elba.

**Sunday December 23rd 1821:** Lord Lynedock, Douglas Kinnaird and Francis Russell left us. I walked about looking at the stables. The Ouse has risen more than was ever recollected, and is twice as wide as it was the day I came.

Rode to Bedford – bought the bay horse of Rawlings.

Passed evening at Oakley, and concluded a most agreeable visit at the house of a man who, bating inequality of condition,<sup>308</sup> is, I think, a friendly person with me, and wishes me well.

**Monday December 24th 1821:** Rode my old horse out hunting. We had a tremendous day – ran near two hours, and left off near Eaton Socon. My horse was beat, but after having some warm water at Eaton I rode him briskly to Southill.

I found a large party of young lawyers at Southill – not very agreeable, though I dare say good young men – they seem to have all the cant of a common room.

**Tuesday December 25th 1821:** Wrote letters, one to Burdett. Loitered about. Francis Chantry, the great sculptor, and his wife, arrived today. Also William, brother of Henry Brougham. Too large and too mixed a party, such as usual at Xmas.<sup>309</sup>

**Wednesday December 26th 1821:** Commenced the *grande battue* of the park.<sup>310</sup> Nineteen guns. I soon saw it was a most dangerous sport, and instead of retiring, as I ought to have done, showed my apprehensions. Before the day was over a Mr Baker was nearly shot. He fell into a ditch, both his barrels went off, and his powder flask blew up in his pocket. I was close behind, and thought him killed. He was quit for the fright. The quantity of game killed was 194 head, of which 69 [were] pheasants – a rainy day.

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**308:** Tavistock is a Duke, H. merely the son of a recently-made baronet.

**309:** We wonder why H. is not spending Christmas at Whitton. He doesn't spend New Year there either.

**310:** Beating all the game from cover towards the guns, with a view to clearing the area. A massacre.

This day Sam Whitbread convinced me of the truth of the character commonly given him by those who know him – a selfish, insincere, and overworldly mind. William is just the contrary, and considering the inextricable scrape into which he has got himself,<sup>311</sup> bears up well under his circumstances. With an enormous nominal rent-roll he lives upon less than £3,000 per annum, and has already paid £150,000 of his father's debts.

Douglas Kinnaird [was] with us. I like this friend of mine better daily. I think I know his faults, and I do not expect to find out more.

**Thursday December 27th 1821:** Went out shooting again, with a smaller party. Rain, as it has been for a greater succession of days than I recollect for a long time.<sup>312</sup>

After dinner Chantry and I had a long talk on sculpture. Chantry spoke in favour of the reposing figure and the single figure. He seemed to think figures in action, and groups, did not tell their story – the Laocoön he owned to be an exception, but even here, he said, there was only a single figure properly speaking, the sons being so much smaller than the father. He was very agreeable and instructive. I do not know that I quite agreed with him, but I hope I differed with him in the manner that a man such as I ought to speak to a man such as he is, when discoursing of his own art.

**Friday December 28th 1821:** Went out shooting in the park. Rain again.

At dinner, Tom Adtkin was the true *laudator temporis acti* – he spoke of the days he had seen at Southill when Hare and Fitzpatrick and Fox, and Lord John Townsend, and Sheridan composed the party. The others used to set on Fox, who, he said, was sometimes sulky, and waited some time before he put out his paw and crushed them. Hare used to play with him when he was out of sorts, and say, “Ah, Charles, remember the pig!”

The story of the pig was this: When Charles James Fox was a child in petticoats, his father having a party to dine with him, heard a noise in the kitchen, and rang the bell to enquire the cause of it. The servant told him it was Master Charles, who wanted to piss upon the roasting pig, but the cook would not let him. “What?” says Lord Holland, “not let my boy do what he likes? Send the

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**311:** Either his marriage to a *ci-devant* Cambridge demi-rep, or the obligation he has undertaken to pay off the debt which caused his father's suicide in 1816.

**312:** H. pays more attention to the weather now than he did during the truly freakish summer of 1816.

1821

cook up!" The cook came upstairs, when my lord said to him, "You French scoundrel! What do you mean by not letting my boy piss upon the pig, or upon anything he pleases? How dare you thwart him, at his age? He will have enough to vex him when he grows older. He shall have his own way now!" My lord ended by giving orders that Charles was to piss over the pig – accordingly his petticoats were held up and he had his will.

Hare used to remind Fox of this story, and by so doing seldom failed of getting him into good humour.

**Saturday December 29th 1821:** Went out hunting on a new bay horse which I just bought of Cambridge Rawlings for a hundred guineas.<sup>313</sup> No sport – country too deep and wet.

Dinner at Southill.

**Sunday December 30th 1821:** Lounging and idling, dining, &c.

**Monday December 31st 1821:** Preparing for leaving this hospitable mansion. Day as usual.

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**313:** H. has recorded this already, on Dec 23.