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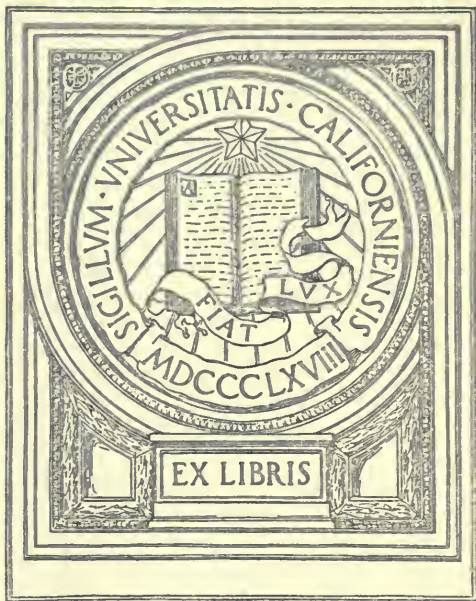
EDITED BY  
R. H. STODDARD.

## GREVILLE MEMOIRS



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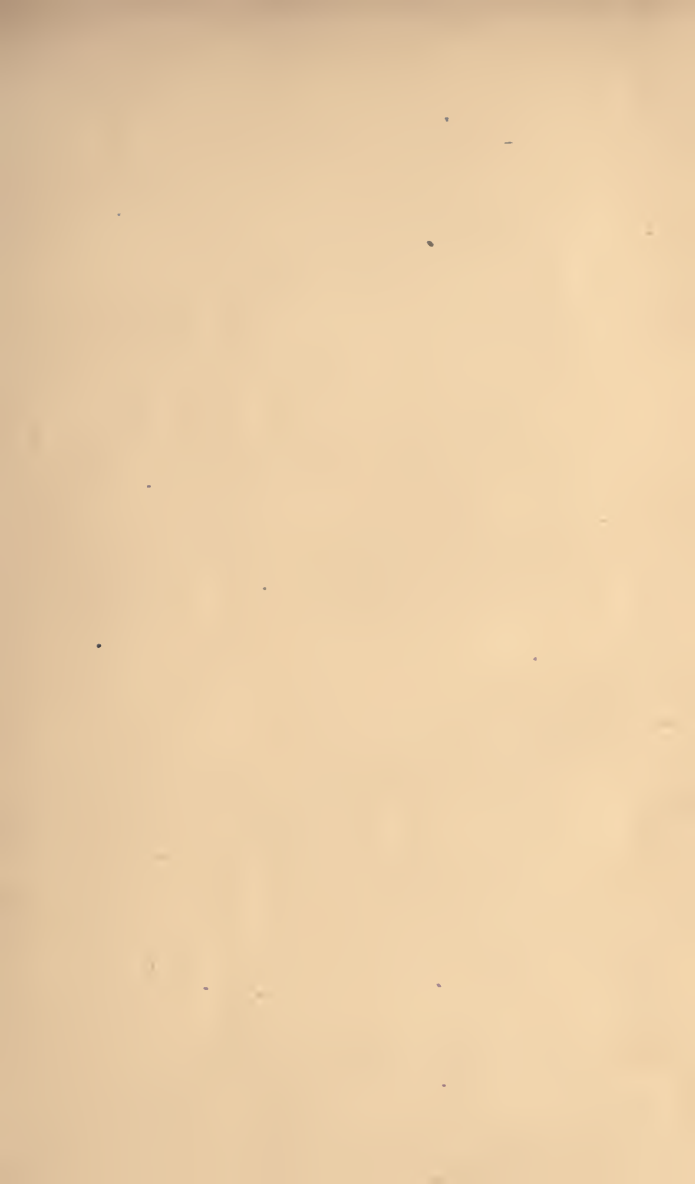


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THE GREVILLE MEMOIRS:

A JOURNAL OF THE REIGNS OF

KING GEORGE IV. AND KING WILLIAM IV.



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# THE GREVILLE MEMOIRS

A JOURNAL OF THE REIGNS OF

KING GEORGE IV. AND KING  
WILLIAM IV.

BY

CHARLES C. F. GREVILLE

CLERK OF THE COUNCIL TO THOSE SOVEREIGNS

EDITED BY

RICHARD HENRY STODDARD



NEW YORK

SCRIBNER, ARMSTRONG, AND COMPANY

1875

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## PREFACE.

**I**F the American reader of the Greville Memoirs requires an explanation of the circumstances under which they were written, and which have led to their publication, it is furnished by their English editor, Mr. Henry Reeve. "The author of these Journals requested me," he writes, "in January, 1865, a few days before his death, to take charge of them with a view to publication at some future time. He left that time to my discretion, merely remarking that Memoirs of this kind ought not, in his opinion, to be locked up until they had lost their principal interest by the death of all those who had taken any part in the events they describe. He placed several of the earlier volumes at once in my hands, and he intimated to his surviving brother and executor, Mr. Henry Greville, his desire that the remainder should be given me for this purpose. The injunction was at once complied with after Mr. Charles Greville's death, and this interesting deposit has now remained for nearly ten years in my possession. In my opinion this period of time is long enough to remove every reasonable objection to the publication of a contemporary record of events already separated from us by a much longer interval, for the transactions related in these volumes commence in 1818,

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and end in 1837. I therefore commit to the press that portion of these Memoirs which embraces the reigns of King George IV. and King William IV., ending with the accession of her present Majesty.

“In accepting the trust and deposit which Mr. Greville thought fit to place in my hands, I felt, and still feel, that I undertook a task and a duty of considerable responsibility ; but from the time and the manner in which it was offered me I could not decline it. I had lived for more than five and twenty years in the daily intercourse of official life and private friendship with Mr. Greville. Sir George Cornwall Lewis, to whom he had previously intended to leave these Journals, died before him. After that event, deeply to be regretted on so many accounts, Mr. Greville did me the honor to select me for the performance of this duty, which was unexpected by myself ; and my strong attachment and gratitude to him for numberless acts of kindness and marks of confidence bound me by every consideration to obey and execute the wishes of my late friend.

“In the discharge of this trust I have been guided by no other motive than the desire to present these Memorials to the world in a manner which their Author would not have disapproved, and in strict conformity with his own wishes and injunctions. He, himself, it should be said, had frequently revised them with great care. He had studiously omitted and erased passages relating to private persons or affairs, which could only serve to gratify the love of idle gossip and scandal. The Journals contain absolutely nothing relating to his own family, and but little relating to his private life. In a passage (not now published) of his own writings, the Author remarks :—  
‘ A journal to be good, true, and interesting, should be



written without the slightest reference to publication, but without any fear of it; it should be the transcript of a mind that can bear transcribing. I always contemplate the possibility that hereafter my journal will be read, and I regard with alarm and dislike the notion of its containing matters about myself which nobody will care to know.' (*January 2d, 1838.*)

“These notes were designed chiefly to preserve a record of the less known causes and details of public events which came under the Author's observation, and they are interspersed with the conversations of many of the eminent men with whom he associated. But it must be borne in mind that they are essentially what they profess to be — a *contemporary* record of facts and opinions, not altered or made up to square with subsequent experience. Hence some facts may be inaccurately stated, because they are given in the shape they assumed at the time they were recorded, and some opinions and judgments on men and things are at variance (as he himself acknowledges and points out) with those at which the writer afterwards arrived on the same persons and subjects. Our impressions of what is passing around us vary so rapidly and so continually, that a contemporary record of opinion, honestly preserved, differs very widely from the final and mature judgment of history: yet the judgment of history must be based upon contemporary evidence. It was remarked by an acute observer to Mr. Greville himself, that the *nuances* in political society are so delicate and numerous, the details so nice and varying, that unless caught at the moment, they escape, and it is impossible to collect them again. That is the charm and the merit of genuine contemporary records.

“The two leading qualities in the mind of Mr. Greville

were the love of truth and the love of justice. His natural curiosity, which led him to track out and analyze the causes of events with great eagerness, was stimulated by the desire to arrive at their real origin, and to award to every one, with judicial impartiality, what appeared to him to be a just share of responsibility. Without the passions or the motives of a party politician, he ardently sympathized with the cause of Liberal progress and Conservative improvement, or, as he himself expresses it, with Conservative principles on a Liberal basis. He was equally opposed to the prejudices of the old Tory aristocracy, amongst whom he had been brought up, and to the impetuous desire of change which achieved in his time so many vast and various triumphs. His own position, partly from the nature of the permanent office he held in the Privy Council, and partly from his personal intimacies with men of very opposite opinions, was a neutral one ; but he used that neutral position with consummate judgment and address to remove obstacles, to allay irritations, to compose differences, and to promote, as far as lay in his power, the public welfare. Contented with his own social position, he was alike free from ambition and from vanity. No man was more entirely disinterested in his judgments on public affairs, for he had long made up his mind that he had nothing to gain or to lose by them, and in the opinions he formed, and on occasion energetically maintained, he cared for nothing but their justice and their truth. I trust that I do not deceive myself in the belief that the impressions of such a man, faithfully rendered at the time, on the events happening around him, will be thought to possess a permanent value and interest. But I am aware that opinions governed by no party standard will appear to a certain

extent to be fluctuating and even inconsistent. I have not thought it consistent with my duty as the Editor of these papers to suppress or modify any of the statements or opinions of their Author on public men or public events ; nor do I hold myself in any way responsible for the tenor of them. Some of these judgments of the writer may be thought harsh and severe, and some of them were subsequently mitigated by himself. But those who enter public life submit their conduct and their lives to the judgment of their contemporaries and of posterity, and this is especially true of those who fill the most exalted stations in society. Every act, almost every thought, which is brought home to them leaves its mark, and those who come after them cannot complain that this mark is as indelible as their fame. The only omissions I have thought it right to make are a few passages and expressions relating to persons and occurrences in private life, in which I have sought to publish nothing which could give pain or annoyance to persons still alive."

"Of the author of these Journals," continues Mr. Reeve, "it may suffice to say that Charles Cavendish Fulke Greville was the eldest of the three sons of Charles Greville (who was grandson of the fifth Lord Warwick), by Lady Charlotte Cavendish Bentinck, eldest daughter of William Henry, third Duke of Portland, K. G., who filled many great offices of state. He was born on the 2d of April, 1794. Much of his childhood was spent at his grandfather's house at Bulstrode. He was educated at Eton and at Christ Church, Oxford ; but he left the University early, having been appointed private secretary to Earl Bathurst before he was twenty.

"The influence of the Duke of Portland obtained for

him early in life the sinecure appointment of the secretaryship of Jamaica, the duties of that office being performed by deputy, and likewise the reversion of the clerkship of the council. He entered in 1821 upon the duties of clerk of the council in ordinary, which he discharged for nearly forty years. During the last twenty years of his life Mr. Greville occupied a suite of rooms in the house of Earl Granville in Bruton Street, and there, on the 18th of January, 1865, he expired. I was with him on the previous evening until he retired to rest ; from that sleep he never woke.

“No additions whatever have been made to the text of these Journals. The passages occasionally interposed in a parenthesis, at a later date, to correct or comment upon a previous statement, are all by the hand of the author.”

The Greville Memoirs have attracted a larger share of attention than any work of the kind which has seen the light within the last twenty years. They have been widely read in England, in spite of their voluminousness, and the antiquated nature of many of the events which they chronicle, and they will be more widely read in America. But not in their entirety. As originally published they contain much that is uninteresting, not to say tiresome, to readers of to-day. The political movements which Greville describes so minutely were important, no doubt, to the actors therein, but the issues involved were for the most part temporary, and are now obsolete. The historical student may be attracted to them, but the average reader will be repelled. He will do what I have done for him here — he will skip.

The great charm of Greville's Journals is their manliness. A franker, more independent gentleman never

committed his thoughts to paper. He judged his contemporaries and associates impartially. The most striking examples of his personal insight are his characterizations of Brougham and Wellington, who start into life under his spirited and masterly hand. Not less happy in the line of historical portraiture are his sketches of George IV. and William IV. The divinity that doth hedge a king was not apparent to him. Royalty fares as hardly with him as with Thackeray, and its living English representative, it is said, does not approve of his Journals. She appears to great advantage, but whether this advantage will be maintained in the portions which are still unpublished, and which cover the first twenty-four years of her reign, may be questioned, when one considers the strong personality of Greville, — the keenness of his observation, and the severity of his judgment. However this may be, we have the authority of Mr. Reeve for stating that many years must elapse before the more recent portions of these Journals can with propriety be published.

The moral of the Greville Memoirs, and the best motto that could be prefixed to them, is the sagacious remark of the wise old Chancellor Oxenstiern, "You do not know yet, my son, with how little wisdom mankind is governed."

R. H. S.







## THE GREVILLE MEMOIRS.

A JOURNAL OF THE REIGNS OF KING GEORGE THE  
FOURTH AND WILLIAM THE FOURTH.

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1818.

**B**EGAN to keep a Journal some time ago, and, after continuing it irregularly, dropped it entirely. I have since felt tempted to resume it, because, having frequent opportunities of mixing in the society of celebrated men, some particulars about them might be interesting hereafter.

*June 7th.* — The dissolution of Parliament is deferred on account of the mistakes which have been made in passing the Alien Bill. On Friday night the exultation of the opposition was very great at what they deemed a victory over the ministers. It is said that there will be one hundred contests, and that government will lose twenty or thirty members. The Queen was so ill on Friday evening that they expected she would die. She had a severe spasm.<sup>1</sup>

The Duchess of Cambridge<sup>2</sup> has been received in a most

<sup>1</sup> Queen Charlotte, consort of George III., died on the 17th of November of this year, 1818.

<sup>2</sup> Prince Adolphus Frederick, Duke of Cambridge, seventh son of George III., married on the 7th of May, 1818, Augusta Wilhelmina Louisa Princess of Hesse, youngest daughter of the Landgrave of Hesse-Cassel. Ernest, Duke of Cumberland, the King's fourth son, married on the 29th of August, 1815, at Strelitz, the Princess Frederica, third daughter of the Duke of Mecklenburg-Strelitz. This lady had been twice married before, first to Prince Frederic Louis Charles of Prussia, and secondly to the Prince of Salms-Braunfels. As the Duchess of Cumberland had been divorced from her last husband, the Queen received her with great coldness;

flattering manner here, and it is said that the Duchess of Cumberland is severely mortified at the contrast between her reception and that of her sister-in-law. On the Sunday after her arrival the Duke took her to walk in the Park, when she was so terrified by the pressure of the mob about her that she nearly fainted away.

The Regent drives in the Park every day in a tilbury, with his groom sitting by his side ; grave men are shocked at this undignified practice.

*June 21st.* — I dined at Holland House last Thursday. The party consisted of Lord Lansdowne, Mr. Frere, and Mrs. Tierney and her son. After dinner Mr. Frere repeated to us a great deal of that part of "Whistlecraft" which is not yet published.<sup>1</sup> I laughed whenever I could, but as I have never read the first part, and did not understand the second, I was not so much amused as the rest of the company.

*August 4th.* — I went to Oatlands<sup>2</sup> on Saturday. There was a very large party — Mr. and Mrs. Burrell, Lord Alvanley, Berkeley Craven, Cooke, Arthur Upton, Armstrong, Foley Lord Lauderdale, Lake, Page, Lord Yarmouth. We played at whist till four in the morning. On Sunday we amused ourselves with eating fruit in the garden, and shooting at a mark with pistols, and playing with the monkeys. I bathed in the cold bath in the grotto, which is as clear as crystal and as cold as ice. Oatlands is the worst managed establishment in England ; there are a great many servants, and nobody waits on you ; a vast number of horses, and none to ride or drive.

*August 15th.* — The parties at Oatlands take place every Saturday, and the guests go away on Monday morning. These parties begin as soon as the Duchess leaves London, and last till the October meetings. During the Egham races there is a large party which remains there from the Saturday before the races till the Monday se'nnight following ; this is called and the position in which she was placed contrasted strongly with that of the Duchess of Cambridge on her marriage.

<sup>1</sup> The whole poem of *Whistlecraft* has since been republished in the collected works of the Right Hon. Hookham Frere.

<sup>2</sup> Oatlands Park, Weybridge, at that time the residence of the Duke of York.



the Duchess's party, and she invites the guests. The Duke is only there himself from Saturday to Monday. There are almost always the same people, sometimes more, sometimes less. We dine at eight, and sit at table till eleven. In about a quarter of an hour after we leave the dining-room the Duke sits down to play at whist, and never stirs from the table as long as anybody will play with him. When anybody gives any hint of being tired he will leave off, but if he sees no signs of weariness in others he will never stop himself. He is equally well amused whether the play is high or low, but the stake he prefers is fives and ponies.<sup>1</sup> The Duchess generally plays also at half-crown whist. The Duke always gets up very early, whatever time he may go to bed. On Sunday morning he goes to church, returns to a breakfast of tea and cold meat, and afterwards rides or walks till the evening. On Monday morning he always sets off to London at nine o'clock. He sleeps equally well in a bed or in a carriage. The Duchess seldom goes to bed, or if she does only for an hour or two; she sleeps dressed upon a couch, sometimes in one room, sometimes in another. She frequently walks out very late at night, or rather early in the morning, and she always sleeps with open windows. She dresses and breakfasts at three o'clock, afterwards walks out with all her dogs, and seldom appears before dinner-time. At night, when she cannot sleep, she has women to read to her. The Duchess of York<sup>2</sup> is clever and well-informed; she likes society and dislikes all form and ceremony, but in the midst of the most familiar intercourse she always preserves a certain dignity of manner. Those who are in the habit of going to Oatlands are perfectly at their ease with her, and talk with as much freedom as they would to any other woman, but always with great respect. Her mind is not perhaps the most delicate; she shows no dislike to coarseness of sentiment or language, and I have seen her very much amused with jokes, stories,

<sup>1</sup> Five-pound points and twenty-five pounds on the rubber.

<sup>2</sup> The Duchess of York was born Princess Royal of Prussia; she married the Duke of York in 1791, and died on the 6th of August, 1820.

and allusions which would shock a very nice person. But her own conversation is never polluted with anything the least indelicate or unbecoming. She is very sensible to little attentions, and is annoyed if anybody appears to keep aloof from her or to shun conversing with her. Her dogs are her greatest interest and amusement, and she has at least forty of various kinds. She is delighted when anybody gives her a dog, or a monkey, or a parrot, of all of which she has a vast number; it is impossible to offend her or annoy her more than by ill-using any of her dogs, and if she were to see anybody beat or kick any one of them she would never forgive it. She has always lived on good terms with the royal family, but is intimate with none of them, and goes as little as possible to court. The Regent dislikes her, and she him. With the Princess Charlotte she was latterly very intimate, spent a great deal of time at Claremont, and felt her death very severely. The Duchess has no taste for splendor or magnificence, and likes to live the life of a private individual as much as possible.

The Duke of York is not clever, but he has a justness of understanding which enables him to avoid the errors into which most of his brothers have fallen, and which have made them so contemptible and unpopular. Although his talents are not rated high, and in public life he has never been honorably distinguished, the Duke of York is loved and respected. He is the only one of the princes who has the feelings of an English gentleman; his amiable disposition and excellent temper have conciliated for him the esteem and regard of men of all parties, and he has endeared himself to his friends by the warmth and steadiness of his attachments, and from the implicit confidence they all have in his truth, straightforwardness, and sincerity. He delights in the society of men of the world and in a life of gayety and pleasure. He is very easily amused, and particularly with jokes full of coarseness and indelicacy; the men with whom he lives most are *très-polissons*, and *la polissonnerie* is the *ton* of his society. But his aides-de-camp and friends, while they do not scruple

to say everything before and to him, always treat him with attention and respect. The Duke and the Duchess live upon the best terms; their manner to one another is cordial, and while full of mutual respect and attention, they follow separately their own occupations and amusements without interfering with one another. Their friends are common to both, and those who are most attached to the Duke are equally so to the Duchess. One of her few foibles is an extreme tenaciousness of her authority at Oatlands; one way in which this is shown is in the stable, where, although there are always eight or ten carriage-horses which seldom do any work, it is impossible ever to procure a horse to ride or drive, because the Duchess appropriates them all to herself. The other day one of the aides-de-camp (Cooke) wanted to drive Burrell (who was there) to Hampton Court; he spoke of this at breakfast, and the Duke hearing it, desired he would take the curricule and two Spanish horses which had been given to him. The Duchess, however, chose to call these horses hers and to consider them as her own. The curricule came to the door, and just as they were going to mount it a servant came from the Duchess (who had heard of it) and told the coachman that her Royal Highness knew nothing of it, had not ordered it, and that the curricule must go home, which it accordingly did.

*September 3d.* — I went to Oatlands for the Egham races. The party lasted more than a week; there was a great number of people, and it was very agreeable. Erskine was extremely mad; he read me some of his verses, and we had a dispute upon religious subjects one morning, which he finished by declaring his entire disbelief in the Mosaic history. We played at whist every night that the Duke was there, and I always won. The Duchess was unwell most of the time. We showed her a *galanterie* which pleased her very much. She produced a picture of herself one evening, which she said she was going to send to the Duchess of Orleans; we all cried out, said it was bad, and asked her why she did not let Lawrence paint her picture, and send a miniature copied from that. She declared she could not afford it; we then said, if she

would sit, we would pay for the picture, which she consented to do, when all the men present signed a paper, desiring that a picture should be painted and a print taken from it of her Royal Highness. Lawrence is to be invited to Oatlands at Christmas to paint the picture. The men who subscribe are Culling Smith, Alvanley, B. Craven, Worcester, Armstrong, A. Upton, Rogers, Luttrell, and myself, who were present. The Duchess desired that Greenwood and Taylor might be added. From Oatlands I went to Cirencester, where I stayed a week and then returned to Oatlands, expecting to find the Queen dead and the house empty, but I found the party still there.

*Amphill*,<sup>1</sup> *September 9th.*—I rode down here to-day. Alvanley and Montround came in a chaise and four, and were only three hours and three quarters coming from town. Luttrell and Rogers are here. The dinner very bad, because the cook is out of humor. The evening passed off heavily.

*Amphill*, *September 11th.*—The Duke and Duchess of San Carlos came yesterday with their two daughters, one of whom is fourteen and the other twelve or thirteen years old. The eldest is betrothed to the Count Altimira, a boy of seventeen years old, son of one of the richest Spanish grandees. He has 70,000*l.* a year. The Duke of Medina-Cœli before the French invasion had 215,000*l.* a year.

Lord Holland was talking to Mr. Fox the day after the debate on the war (after the Peace of Amiens) about public speakers, and mentioned Sheridan's speech on the Begums. Fox said, "You may rest assured that that speech was the finest that ever was made in Parliament." Lord Holland said, "It is very well of you to say so, but I think your speech last night was a pretty good one." Fox said, "And that was a devilish fine speech too."

*Teddesley*, *November 30th.*—I went to Tixall<sup>2</sup> on Tuesday,

<sup>1</sup> Amphill Park, at that time the seat of Lord and Lady Holland, who had inherited it from the Earl of Upper Ossory. On the death of Lady Holland, Amphill was purchased by the Duke of Bedford, and has since been inhabited by Lord and Lady Wensleydale.

<sup>2</sup> Tixall, the seat of Sir Clifford, constable in Staffordshire, was let at this time to Lord and Lady Granville.

the 10th of November. There were Luttrell, Nugent, Montagu, Granville Somerset (who went away the next day), and afterwards Granville Vernon, Wilmot, and Mr. Donald. I never remember so agreeable a party — “*le bon goût, les ris, l'aimable liberté.*” Everybody was pleased because each did what he pleased, and the tone of the society was gay, simple, and clever.

It is hardly possible to live with a more agreeable man than Luttrell. He is difficult to please, but when pleased and in good spirits, full of vivacity. He has a lively imagination, a great deal of instruction, and a very retentive memory, a memory particularly happy for social purposes, for he recollects a thousand anecdotes, fine allusions, odd expressions, or happy remarks, applicable to the generality of topics which fall under discussion. He is extremely sensitive, easily disconcerted, and resents want of tact in others, because he is so liable to suffer from any breach of it. A skeptic in religion, and by no means austere in morals, he views with indulgence all faults except those which are committed against society, but he looks upon a bore with unconcealed aversion. He is attached to a few persons whose talents he respects and whose society he covets, but towards the world in general he is rather misanthropical, and prides himself upon being free from the prejudices which he ridicules and despises more or less in everybody else. Detesting the importance and the superiority which are assumed by those who have only riches or rank to boast of, he delights in London, where such men find their proper level, and where genius and ability always maintain an ascendancy over pomp, vanity, and the adventitious circumstances of birth or position. Born in mystery,<sup>1</sup> he has always shrouded himself in a secrecy which none of his acquaintance have ever endeavored to penetrate. He has connections, but they are unknown or only guessed at. He has occupations, amusements, and interests unconnected with

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Luttrell was believed to be a natural son of Lord Carhampton. He had sat in the last Irish Parliament before the Union, and died about 1855 at a very advanced age.

the society in which he publicly moves. Of these he never speaks, and no one ever ventures to ask him any questions. Ostensibly he has no friend. Standing thus alone in the world, he derives but little of his happiness from others ; and he seems to delight in the independence of his feelings as well as of his situation. He is very witty and says excellent things, brilliant in general society and pleasant in *tête-à-tête*. Many men infinitely less clever *converse* more agreeably than he does, because he is too epigrammatic, and has accustomed himself so much to make brilliant observations that he cannot easily descend to quiet, unlabored talk. This only applies to him when in general society ; when alone with another person he talks as agreeably as possible.

Nugent is clever, and in many respects a more amiable companion than Luttrell, though very inferior to him in ability. He is well-informed, gentlemanlike, sensible, with good manners, good taste, and has a talent for music ; he is always in good humor, and discriminating without being difficult.

Lady Granville<sup>1</sup> has a great deal of genial humor, strong feelings, enthusiasm, delicacy, refinement, good taste, *naïveté* which just misses being affectation, and a *bonhomie* which extends to all around her.

Nothing could exceed the agreeableness of the life we led at Tixall. We breakfasted about twelve or later, dined at seven, played at whist and macao the whole evening, and went to bed at different hours between two and four. “*Nous faisons la bonne chère, ce qui ajoute beaucoup à l'agrément de la société. Je ne dis pas ceci par rapport à mes propres goûts ; mais parce que je l'ai observé, et que les philosophes n'y sont pas plus indifférents que les bons vivants.*”

Tixall was the most agreeable party I ever was at. We were all pleased and satisfied ; we played at whist, and afterwards at macao. Littleton was the greatest winner and Lord

<sup>1</sup> Henrietta Elizabeth, daughter of William, fifth Duke of Devonshire, married in 1809 to Lord Granville. Leveson Gower, created Viscount Granville in 1815, and Earl Granville in 1833, during his embassy at the court of France.

Granville the loser. I wrote a description of the macao in verse : —

## MACAO.

The solemn chime from out the ancient tower<sup>1</sup>  
 Invites to Macao at th' accustomed hour.  
 The welcome summons heard, around the board  
 Each takes his seat and counts his iv'ry hoard.  
 'T is strange to see how in the early rounds  
 The cautious punters risk their single pounds,  
 Till, fired with generous rage, they double stake  
 And offer more than prudent dealers take.  
 My lady<sup>2</sup> through her glass with keen delight  
 Observes the brisk beginnings of the fight ;  
 To some propitious, but to me unkind,  
 With candor owns the bias of her mind,  
 And asks of Fortune the severe decree  
 T' enrich the happy Skew,<sup>3</sup> to ruin me.  
 The fickle goddess heard one half the prayer,  
 The rest was melted into empty air ;  
 For while she smiled complacent on the Skew,<sup>4</sup>  
 On me she shed some trifling favors too.  
 Sure Granville's luck exceeds all other men's  
 Led through a sad variety of tens ;<sup>5</sup>  
 The rest have sometimes eights and nines, but he  
 Is always followed by " the jolly three ;"<sup>6</sup>  
 But the great Skew some guardian sylph protects,  
 His judgment governs, and his hand directs  
 When to refrain, when boldly to put in,  
 And catch with happy nine the wayward pin.<sup>7</sup>

The next morning Luttrell came down with a whole paper full of epigrams (I had been winning at macao, and had turned up five nines in my deal) : —

" Why should we wonder if in Greville's verses  
 Each thought so brilliant and each line so terse is?  
 For surely he in poetry must shine  
 Who is, we know, so favored by the nine.<sup>8</sup>

## THE JOLLY TENS.

" Quoth Greville ' The commandments are divine ;  
 But as the're ten, I lay them on the shelf :

<sup>1</sup> A clock tower.

<sup>2</sup> Lady Granville.

<sup>3</sup> E. Montagu.

<sup>4</sup> We gave him this nickname.

<sup>5</sup> Tens ruinous at macao

<sup>6</sup> Tens.

<sup>7</sup> The middle pin, a large gain.

<sup>8</sup> Nines are the grand desiderata at macao.

O could they change their number and be nine,  
I'd keep them all, and keep them to myself!"

Thus we trifled life away.

1819.

*February 3d.* — I went with Bouverie to Newmarket on Monday to look at the horses. On Wednesday I came to town and went on to Oatlands. Madame de Lieven was there. This woman is excessively clever, and when she chooses brilliantly agreeable. She is beyond all people fastidious. She is equally conscious of her own superiority and the inferiority of other people, and the contempt she has for the understandings of the generality of her acquaintance has made her indifferent to please and incapable of taking any delight in general society. Her manners are very dignified and graceful, and she is extremely accomplished. She sometimes endeavors to assume popular and gracious manners, but she does this languidly and awkwardly, because it is done with an effort. She carries *ennui* to such a pitch that even in the society of her most intimate friends she frequently owns that she is bored to death. She writes memoirs, or rather a journal, of all that falls under her observation. She is so clever, has so much imagination and penetration, that they must be very entertaining. She writes as well as talks with extraordinary ease and gracefulness, and both her letters and her conversation are full of point; yet she is not liked, and has made hardly any friends. Her manners are stately and reserved, and so little *bonhomie* penetrates through her dignity that few feel sufficiently attracted to induce them to try and thaw the ice in which she always seems bound.<sup>1</sup>

*February 5th.* — I have finished Madame de Staël's "Considérations sur la Révolution Française." It is the best of her works, extremely eloquent, containing the soundest political opinions conveyed in a bold and eloquent style. It is

<sup>1</sup> A very imperfect character of Princess Lieven, with whom Mr. Greville was at this time but slightly acquainted. But in after years he became one of her most intimate and confidential friends, and she frequently reappears in the course of these memoirs.



perhaps too philosophical and not sufficiently relieved by anecdotes and historical illustrations. Her defense of her father is written with much enthusiasm and great plausibility, but the judgment of the world concerning Necker is formed, and it is too late to alter it. The effect of her eloquence is rather weakened by the recollection of her conduct to him, for she lived with him as little as possible, because she could not bear the *ennui* of Coppet.<sup>1</sup>

*June 12th.*— I have been at Oatlands for the Ascot party. On the course I did nothing. Ever since the Derby ill fortune has pursued me, and I cannot win anywhere. Play is a detestable occupation · it absorbs all our thoughts and renders us unfit for everything else in life. It is hurtful to the mind and destroys the better feelings ; it incapacitates us for study and application of every sort ; it makes us thoughtful and nervous ; and our cheerfulness depends upon the uncertain event of our nightly occupation. How anyone can play who is not in want of money I cannot comprehend ; surely his mind must be strangely framed who requires the stimulus of gambling to heighten his pleasures. Some indeed may have become attached to gaming from habit, and may not wish to throw off the habit from the difficulty of finding fresh employment for the mind at an advanced period of life. Some may be unfitted by nature or taste for society, and for such gaming may have a powerful attraction. The mind is excited ; at the gaming-table all men are equal ; no superiority of birth, accomplishments, or ability avail here ; great noblemen, merchants, orators, jockies, statesmen, and idlers are thrown together in leveling confusion ; the only preëminence is that of success, the only superiority that of temper. But why does a man play who is blessed with fortune, endowed with understanding, and adorned with accomplishments which might insure his success in any pursuit which taste or fancy might

<sup>1</sup> In the latter years of Madame de Staël's life Coppet became one of the most brilliant social resorts in Europe, for she attracted there the Schlegels, B. Constant, Bonstetten, Sismondi, Byron, and a host of other celebrities. Towards her father Madame de Staël expressed the most passionate regard.

incite him to follow? It is contrary to reason, but we see such instances every day. The passion of play is not artificial; it must have existed in certain minds from the beginning; at least some must have been so constituted that they yield at once to the attraction, and enter with avidity into a pursuit in which other men can never take the least interest.

*June 25th.* — The Persian Ambassador has had a quarrel with the court. He wanted to have precedence over all other ambassadors, and because this was not allowed he was affronted and would not go to court. This mark of disrespect was resented, and it was signified to him that his presence would be dispensed with at Carlton House, and that the ministers could no longer receive him at their houses. On Sunday last the Regent went to Lady Salisbury's, where he met the Persian, who, finding he had given offense, had made a sort of apology, and said that illness had prevented him from going to court. The Regent came up to him and said, "Well, my good friend, how are you? I hope you are better?" He said, "Oh, sir, I am very well, but I am very sorry I offended your Royal Highness by not going to court. Now, sir, my sovereign he tell me to go first, and your congress, about which I know nothing, say I must go last; now this very bad for me (pointing to his head) when I go back to Persia." The Regent said, "Well, my good friend, never mind it now; it does not signify." He answered, "Oh, yes, sir; but your Royal Highness still angry with me, and you have not asked me to your party to-morrow night." The Regent laughed and said, "I was only going to have a few children to dance, but if you like to come I shall be very happy to see you." Accordingly he went to Carlton House, and they are very good friends again.

*August 30th.* — I am just returned from Oatlands; we had an immense party, the most numerous ever known there. The Duchess wished it to have been prolonged, but there were no funds. The distress they are in is inconceivable. When the Duchess came down there was no water in the house. She

asked the reason, and was informed that the water came by pipes from St. George's Hill, which were stopped up with sand ; and as the workmen were never paid, they would not clear them out. She ordered the pipes to be cleared and the bills brought to her, which was done. On Thursday there was a great distress, as the steward had no money to pay the trades-people, and the Duke was prevailed on with great difficulty to produce a small sum for the purpose. The house is nearly in ruins.

*December 24th.* — The Duke of Kent gave the name of Alexandrina to his daughter<sup>1</sup> in compliment to the Emperor of Russia. She was to have had the name of Georgiana, but the Duke insisted upon Alexandrina being her first name. The Regent sent for Lieven and made him a great many compliments (*en le persiflant*) on the Emperor's being god-father, but informed him that the name of Georgiana could be second to no other in this country, and therefore she could not bear it at all.

1820.

*February 4th.* — I returned to Woburn on Sunday. We shot the whole week and killed an immense quantity of game ; the last two days we killed 245 and 296 pheasants, 322 and 431 head. On Sunday last arrived the news of the King's death.<sup>2</sup> The new King has been desperately ill. He had a bad cold at Brighton, for which he lost eighty ounces of blood ; yet he afterwards had a severe oppression, amounting almost to suffocation, on his chest. Halford was gone to Windsor, and left orders with Knighton not to bleed him again till his return. Knighton was afraid to bleed him. Bloomfield sent for Tierney, who took upon himself to take fifty ounces from him. This gave him relief ; he continued, however, dangerously ill, and on Wednesday he lost twenty ounces more. Yesterday afternoon he was materially better for the first time. Tierney certainly saved his life, for he must have died if he had not been blooded. Brougham sent a courier to

<sup>1</sup> The Princess, afterwards Queen, Victoria, born 24th May, 1819.

<sup>2</sup> King George III. died on the 29th of January, 1820.

the Queen immediately after the late King's death, and gave notice at Carlton House that he had applied for a passport for a courier to her Majesty the Queen.

*February 14th.* — I think Fleury's book<sup>1</sup> almost the most interesting memoir I ever read; it is excessively well written, and his partiality to Bonaparte has not blinded him to the errors he committed. This book was wanted to bring under the same view the immediate causes of his return to France and the situation in which he found himself when seated on the throne. This was essentially different from that in which he had been before his abdication; so much so that I do not believe, if he had concluded a peace with the allies, he could have remained upon the throne. Not only his civil power was reduced within very narrow limits, but his military authority was no longer the same; men seemed to have lost that reverential submissiveness which caused all his orders to be so blindly and implicitly obeyed. During the height of his power none of his generals would have dared to neglect or oppose his orders as Ney did at the battles of the 16th of June. It is impossible now to determine what might have been the political result in France of the success of Bonaparte's arms had he gained the battle of Waterloo. He would probably have made peace with the allies. Had he returned to Paris triumphant, he might have dissolved the Chambers and reëstablished the old Imperial Government. In such a measure he must have depended upon his army for success. But a spirit of liberty had sprung up in France during his absence, which seemed to be the more vigorous from having been so long repressed. The nation, and even the army, appear to have imbibed the principles of freedom; and if upon this occasion Bonaparte was placed on the throne by the force of opinion, he could not have restored the ancient despotism without exciting universal dissatisfaction. Men seem

<sup>1</sup> M. Fleury de Chabaulon was a young *auditeur* at the Conseil d'État who had joined Napoleon at Elba, and afterwards returned with him to France, when he was attached to the Imperial Cabinet during the Hundred Days. His memoir of that period is here referred to.

formerly to have been awed by a conviction of his infallibility, and did not suffer themselves to reason upon the principles of action of a man who dazzled their imaginations by the magnificence of his exploits and the grandeur of his system.

*February 20th.* — The ministers had resigned last week because the King would not hear reason on the subject of the Princess. It is said that he treated Lord Liverpool very coarsely, and ordered him out of the room. The King, they say, asked him “if he knew to whom he was speaking.” He replied, “Sir, I know that I am speaking to my sovereign, and I believe I am addressing him as it becomes a loyal subject to do.” To the Chancellor he said, “My lord, I know your conscience always interferes except where your interest is concerned.” The King afterwards sent for Lord Liverpool, who refused at first to go; but afterwards, on the message being reiterated, he went, and the King said, “We have both been too hasty.” This is probably all false, but it is very true that they offered to resign.

*February 24th.* — The plot<sup>1</sup> which has been detected had for its object the destruction of the Cabinet Ministers, and the chief actor in the conspiracy was Arthur Thistlewood. I was at Lady Harrowby's last night, and about half past one o'clock Lord Harrowby came in and told us the following particulars: A plot has been in agitation for some time past, of the existence of which, the names and numbers of the men concerned, and of all particulars concerning their plans, government has been perfectly well informed. The conspirators had intended to execute their design about last Christmas at a cabinet dinner at Lord Westmoreland's, but for some reason they were unable to do so and deferred it. At length government received information that they were to assemble to the number of from twenty to thirty at a house in Cato Street, Edgware Road, and that they had resolved to execute their purpose last night, when the Cabinet would be at dinner at Lord Harrowby's. Dinner was ordered as usual. Men had been observed watching the house, both in front and rear,

<sup>1</sup> The Cato Street Conspiracy.

during the whole afternoon. It was believed that nine o'clock was the hour fixed upon for the assault to be made. The ministers who were expected at dinner remained at Fife House, and at eight o'clock Mr. Birnie with twelve constables was dispatched to Cato Street to apprehend the conspirators. Thirty-five foot guards were ordered to support the police force. The constables arrived upon the spot a few moments before the soldiers, and suspecting that the conspirators had received intimation of the discovery of their plot, and were in consequence preparing to escape, they did not wait for the soldiers, but went immediately to the house. A man armed with a musket was standing sentry, whom they secured. They then ascended a narrow staircase which led to the room in which the gang were assembled, and burst the door open. The first man who entered was shot in the head, but was only wounded; he who followed was stabbed by Thistlewood and killed. The conspirators then with their swords put out the lights and attempted to escape. By this time the soldiers had arrived. Nine men were taken prisoners; Thistlewood and the rest escaped.

*March 1st.* — Thistlewood was taken the morning after the affair in Cato Street. It was the intention of these men to have fired a rocket from Lord Harrowby's house as soon as they had completed their work of destruction; this was to have been the signal for the rising of their friends. An oil shop was to have been set on fire to increase the confusion and collect a mob; then the Bank was to have been attacked and the gates of Newgate thrown open. The heads of the ministers were to have been cut off and put in a sack which was prepared for that purpose. These are great projects, but it does not appear they were ever in force sufficient to put them in execution, and the mob (even if the mob had espoused their cause, which seems doubtful), though very dangerous in creating confusion and making havoc, are quite inefficient for a regular operation.

*June 4th.* — I went to Oatlands on Tuesday. The Duchess continues very ill; she is not expected to recover. The King

was at Ascot every day; he generally rode on the course, and the ladies came in carriages. One day they all rode. He was always cheered by the mob as he went away. One day only a man in the crowd called out, "Where 's the Queen?" The Duke of Dorset was at the Cottage, and says it was exceedingly agreeable. They kept very early hours. The King always breakfasted with them, and Lady Conyngham looked remarkably well in the morning, her complexion being so fine. On Friday she said she was bored with the races and should not go; he accordingly would not go either, and sent word to say he should not be there. They stay there till to-morrow. In the mean time the Queen is coming to England, and Brougham is gone to meet her. Nobody knows what advice he intends to give her, but everybody believes that it is his intention she should come. It was supposed that Lady Conyngham's family (her son and brother) had set their faces against her connection with the King; but Lord Mount Charles was at the Cottage, and Denison was at the levee and very well received.

*June 7th.* — The Queen arrived in London yesterday at seven o'clock. I rode as far as Greenwich to meet her. The road was thronged with an immense multitude the whole way from Westminster Bridge to Greenwich. Carriages, carts, and horsemen followed, preceded, and surrounded her coach the whole way. She was everywhere received with the greatest enthusiasm. Women waved pocket handkerchiefs, and men shouted whenever she passed. She travelled in an open landau, Alderman Wood sitting by her side and Lady Ann Hamilton and another woman opposite. Everybody was disgusted at the vulgarity of Wood in sitting in the place of honor, while the Duke of Hamilton's sister was sitting backwards in the carriage. The Queen looked exactly as she did before she left England, and seemed neither dispirited nor dismayed. As she passed by White's she bowed and smiled to the men who were in the window. The crowd was not great in the streets through which she passed. Probably people had ceased to expect her, as it was so much later than the hour

designated for her arrival. It is impossible to conceive the sensation created by this event. Nobody either blames or approves of her sudden return, but all ask, "What will be done next? How is it to end?" In the House of Commons there was little said; but the few words which fell from Creevy, Bennett, or Denman seem to threaten most stormy debates whenever the subject is discussed. The King in the mean time is in excellent spirits, and the ministers affect the greatest unconcern and talk of the time it will take to pass the bills to "settle her business." "Her business," as they call it, will in all probability raise such a tempest as they will find it beyond their powers to appease; and for all his Majesty's unconcern, the day of her arrival in England may be such an anniversary to him as he will have no cause to celebrate with much rejoicing.<sup>1</sup>

*June 9th.* — Brougham's speech on Wednesday is said by his friends to have been one of the best that was ever made, and I think all agree that it was good and effective. The House of Commons is evidently anxious to get rid of the question if possible, for the moment Wilberforce expressed a wish to adjourn, the county members rose one after another and so strongly concurred in that wish that Castlereagh was obliged to consent. The mob have been breaking windows in all parts of the town and pelting those who would not take off their hats as they passed Wood's door. Last night Lord Exmouth's house was assaulted and his windows broken, when he rushed out armed with sword and pistol and drove away the mob. Frederick Ponsonby saw him. Great sums of money have been won and lost on the Queen's return, for there was much betting at the clubs. The alderman showed a specimen of his taste as he came into London; when the

<sup>1</sup> On the day that the Queen landed at Dover a royal message was sent down to Parliament, by which the King commended to the lords an inquiry into the conduct of the Queen. In the House of Commons there was some vehement speaking; and on the following day, before Lord Castlereagh moved the address in answer to the message, Mr. Brougham read to the House a message from the Queen, declaring that her return to England was occasioned by the necessity her enemies had laid upon her of defending her character.



Queen's coach passed Carlton House he stood up and gave three cheers.

It is odd enough Lady Hertford's windows have been broken to pieces and the frames driven in, while no assault has been made on Lady Conyngham's. Somebody asked Lady Hertford "if she had been aware of the King's admiration for Lady Conyngham," and "whether he had ever talked to her about Lady C." She replied that "intimately as she had known the King, and openly as he had always talked to her upon every subject, he had never ventured to speak to her upon that of his mistresses."

*June 16th.* — There was some indiscipline manifested in a battalion of the Third Guards the day before yesterday; they were dissatisfied at the severity of their duty and at some allowances that had been taken from them, and on coming off guard they refused to give up their ball cartridges. They were ordered off to Plymouth, and marched at four yesterday morning. Many people went from the ball at Devonshire House to see them march away. Plymouth was afterwards changed for Portsmouth in consequence of their good behavior on the route. Worcester<sup>1</sup> met many of them drunk at Brentford, crying out, "God save Queen Caroline!" There was some disturbance last night in consequence of the mob assembling round the King's mews, where the rest of the battalion that had marched to Portsmouth still remained.

*June 27th.* — The mob was very abusive to the member who carried up the resolution to the Queen, and called Wilberforce "Dr. Cantwell." The Queen demanded to be heard by counsel at the bar of the House of Lords. Contrary to order and contrary to expectation, the counsel were admitted, when Brougham made a very powerful speech. Denman began exceedingly well; Lord Holland said his first three or four sentences were the best thing he ever heard; *si sic omnia*, he would have made the finest speech possible; but on the whole he was inferior to Brougham. If the House had refused to hear her counsel, it is said that she would have gone down to

<sup>1</sup> The Marquis of Worcester, afterwards seventh Duke of Beaufort.

day to the House of Lords and have demanded to be heard in person. As usual Brougham's speech is said by many of his political adversaries to have been weak in argument. Many, however, do him the justice to acknowledge that it was a very powerful appeal for his client.

*July 14th.* — The Duchess of York died on Sunday morning of water on her chest. She was insensible the last two days. She is deeply regretted by her husband, her friends, and her servants. Probably no person in such a situation was ever more really liked. She has left 12,000*l.* to her servants and some children whom she had caused to be educated. She had arranged all her affairs with the greatest exactitude, and left nothing undone.

The Queen's letter was brought to the King whilst he was at dinner (at the Cottage). He said, "Tell the Queen's messenger that the King can receive no communication from her except through the hands of his ministers." Esterhazy was present, and said he did this with extraordinary dignity.

*London, October 8th.* — I came to town with Payne on Friday, having won a little at Newmarket. He told me a good story by the way. A certain bishop in the House of Lords rose to speak, and announced that he should divide what he had to say into twelve parts, when the Duke of Wharton interrupted him, and begged he might be indulged for a few minutes, as he had a story to tell which he could only introduce at that moment. A drunken fellow was passing by St. Paul's at night, and heard the clock slowly chiming twelve. He counted the strokes, and when it had finished looked towards the clock and said, "Damn you! why could n't you give us all that at once?" There was an end of the bishop's story.

The town is still in an uproar about the trial, and nobody has any doubt that it will finish by the bill being thrown out and the ministers turned out. Brougham's speech was the most magnificent display of argument and oratory that has been heard for years, and they say that the impression it made upon the House was immense; even his most violent

opponents (including Lord Lonsdale) were struck with admiration and astonishment.

*October 15th.* — Since I came to town I have been to the trial every day. I have occupied a place close to Brougham, which, besides the advantage it affords of enabling me to hear extremely well everything that passes, gives me the pleasure of talking to him and the other counsel, and puts me behind the scenes so far that I cannot help hearing all their conversation, their remarks, and learning what witnesses they are going to examine, and many other things which are interesting and amusing. Since I have been in the world I never remember any question which so exclusively occupied everybody's attention, and so completely absorbed men's thoughts and engrossed conversation. In the same degree is the violence displayed. It is taken up as a party question entirely, and the consequence is that everybody is gone mad about it. Very few people admit of any medium between pronouncing the Queen quite innocent and judging her guilty and passing the bill. Until the evidence of Lieutenant Hownam it was generally thought that proofs of her guilt were wanting, but since his admission that Bergami slept under the tent with her all unprejudiced men seem to think the adultery sufficiently proved. The strenuous opposers of the bill, however, by no means allow this, and make a mighty difference between sleeping dressed under a tent and being shut up at night in a room together, which the supporters of the bill contend would have been quite or nearly the same thing. The Duke of Portland, who is perfectly impartial, and who has always been violently against the bill, was so satisfied by Hownam's evidence that he told me that after that admission by him he thought all further proceedings useless, and that it was ridiculous to listen to any more evidence, as the fact was proved; that he should attend no longer to any evidence upon the subject. This view of the case will not, however, induce him to vote for the bill, because he thinks that upon grounds of expediency it ought not to pass. The ministers were elated in an extraordinary manner by this evidence of Hownam's. The

Duke of Wellington told Madame de Lieven that he was very tired ; “ *mais les grands succès fatiguent autant que les grands revers.*” They look upon the progress of this trial in the light of a campaign, and upon each day’s proceedings as a sort of battle, and by the impression made by the evidence they consider that they have gained a victory or sustained a defeat. Their anxiety that this bill should pass is quite inconceivable, for it cannot be their interest that it should be carried ; and as for the King, they have no feeling whatever for him. The Duke of Portland told me that he conversed with the Duke of Wellington upon the subject, and urged as one of the reasons why this bill should not pass the House of Lords the disgrace that it would entail upon the King by the recrimination that would ensue in the House of Commons. His answer was “ that the King was degraded as low as he could be already.” The vehemence with which they pursue this object produces a corresponding violence in their language and sentiments. Lady Harrowby, who is usually very indifferent upon political subjects, has taken this up with unusual eagerness. In an argument which I had with her the day before yesterday, she said that if the House of Lords was to suffer itself to be influenced by the opinions and wishes of the people, it would be the most mean and pusillanimous conduct, and that after all what did it signify what the people thought or what they expressed if the army was to be depended upon ? I answered that I never had expected that the day would come when I should be told that we were to disregard the feelings and wishes of the people of this country, and to look to our army for support. In proportion as the ministers were elated by what came out in Hownam’s cross-examination so were they depressed by the unlucky affair of Rastelli,<sup>1</sup> which has given such an important advantage to their adversaries. Mr. Pow-

<sup>1</sup> Rastelli was a witness for the bill — not a very important one. After his examination was over he was allowed to leave the country. Brougham found this out, and instantly demanded that he should be recalled for further cross-examination, well knowing this could not at the moment be done. This answered his purpose, and he then turned with incredible vehemence on the other side, and accused them of spiriting away the witness.

ell's explanation was extremely unsatisfactory, and in his examination yesterday they elicited from him what is tantamount to a contradiction of what he had said the day before. It is not possible to doubt what is the real state of the case. Rastelli is an active, useful agent, and they had occasion for his services ; consequently they sent him off, and trusted that he would be back here before he could possibly be called for, if ever he should be called for again. It was a rash speculation, which failed. The last two days have been more amusing and interesting than the preceding ones. The debates in the House, a good deal of violence, and some personalities have given spirit to the proceedings, which were getting very dull. Lord Holland made a violent speech, and Lord Carnarvon a clever one, which was violent enough too, on Rastelli's affair. Lord Holland made one or two little speeches which were very comical. Lord Lauderdale made a violent speech the other day, and paid himself in it a great many compliments. It must be acknowledged that the zeal of many of the peers is very embarrassing, displayed as it is, not in the elucidation of the truth, but in furtherance of that cause of which they desire the success. There is no one more violent than Lord Lauderdale,<sup>1</sup> and neither the Attorney-general nor the Solicitor-general can act with greater zeal than he does in support of the bill. Lord Liverpool is a model of fairness, impartiality, and candor. The Chancellor is equally impartial, and as he decides personally all disputes on legal points which are referred to the House, his fairness has been conspicuous in having generally decided in favor of the Queen's counsel. Yesterday morning some discussion arose about a question which

<sup>1</sup> In the course of the trial, in order to show that the Queen had associated in Italy with ladies of good character, it was stated that a Countess T— frequented her society at Florence. On cross-examination it came out that the Countess spoke a provincial dialect, anything but the purest Tuscan, whence it was implied that she was a vulgar person, and Lord Lauderdale especially pointed out this inference, speaking himself in very broad Scotch. Upon which Lord —, a member of the opposition, said to the witness, "Have the goodness to state whether Countess T— spoke Italian with as broad an accent as the noble earl who has just sat down speaks with in his native tongue." The late Sir Henry Holland was present when this occurred, and used to relate the anecdote.

Brougham put to Powell. He asked him who was his principal, as he was an agent. The question was objected to, and he began to defend it in an uncommonly clever speech, but was stopped before he had spoken long. He introduced a very ingenious quotation which was suggested to him by Spencer Perceval, who was standing near him. Talking of the airy, unsubstantial being who was the principal, and one of the parties in this cause, he said he wished to meet

“ This shape —  
If shape it could be called — that shape had none,  
Distinguishable in member, joint, or limb :  
Or substance might be called that shadow seemed,  
For each seemed either. . . .

What seemed its head  
The likeness of a kingly crown had on.”

*Paradise Lost*, ii. 666.

*Whersted, December 10th.* — I left Woburn on Thursday night last, and got here on Friday morning. The Lievens, Worcesters, Duke of Wellington, Neumann, and Montagu were here. The Duke went away yesterday. We acted charades, which were very well done. Yesterday we went to shoot at Sir Philip Brookes's. As we went in the carriage, the Duke talked a great deal about the battle of Waterloo and different things relating to that campaign. He said that he had 50,000 men at Waterloo. He began the campaign with 85,000 men, lost 5,000 on the 16th, and had a corps of 20,000 at Hal under Prince Frederick. He said that it was remarkable that nobody who had ever spoken of these operations had ever made mention of that corps,<sup>1</sup> and Bonaparte was certainly ignorant of it. In this corps were the best of the Dutch troops; it had been placed there because the Duke expected the attack to be made on that side. He said that the French army was the best army that was ever seen, and that in the previous operations Bonaparte's march upon Belgium was the finest thing

<sup>1</sup> The Duke of Wellington has frequently been criticised for leaving so important a body of troops at Hal, so far upon his right that they were of no use in the battle. He always defended this disposition, and maintained that the greater probability was that Napoleon would attack his extreme right and advance by Hal. On this occasion (in 1820) he himself drew attention to it, as is explained in the text.

that ever was done — so rapid and so well combined. His object was to beat the armies in detail, and this object succeeded in so far as that he attacked them separately; but from the extraordinary celerity with which the allied armies were got together he was not able to realize the advantages he had promised himself. The Duke says that they certainly were not prepared for this attack,<sup>1</sup> as the French had previously broken up the roads by which their army advanced; but as it was in summer this did not render them impassable. He says that Bonaparte beat the Prussians in a most extraordinary way, as the battle<sup>2</sup> was gained in less than four hours; but that it would probably have been more complete if he had brought a greater number of troops into action, and not detached so large a body against the British corps. There were 40,000 men opposed to the Duke on the 16th, but he says that the attack was not so powerful as it ought to have been with such a force. The French had made a long march the day before the battle, and had driven in the Prussian posts in the evening. I asked him if he thought Bonaparte had committed any fault. He said he thought he had committed a fault in attacking him in the position of Waterloo; that his object ought to have been to remove him as far as possible from the Prussian army, and that he ought consequently to have moved upon Hal, and to have attempted to penetrate by the same road by which the Duke had himself advanced. He had always calculated upon Bonaparte's doing this, and for this purpose he had posted 20,000 men under Prince Frederick at Hal. He said that the position at Waterloo was uncommonly strong, but that the strength of it consisted alone in the two farms of Hougoumont and La Haye Sainte, both of which were admirably situated and adapted for defense. In Hougoumont there were never more than from 300 to 500 men, who were reinforced as it was necessary; and although the French repeatedly attacked this point, and

<sup>1</sup> This passage is obscure, as the pronoun *they* can hardly refer to the allied armies: but it stands so in the MS.

<sup>2</sup> The battle of Ligny, 16th of June, 1815.

sometimes with not less than 20,000 men, they never could even approach it. Had they obtained possession of it, they could not have maintained it, as it was open on one side to the whole fire of the English lines, whilst it was sheltered on the side towards the French. The Duke said the farm of La Haye Sainte was still better than that of Hougoumont, and that it never would have been taken if the officer who was commanding there had not neglected to make an aperture through which ammunition could be conveyed to his garrison.

When we arrived at Sir Philip Brookes's it rained, and we were obliged to sit in the house, when the Duke talked a great deal about Paris and different things. He told us that Blücher was determined to destroy the bridge of Jena. The Duke spoke to Müffling, the governor of Paris, and desired him to persuade Blücher to abandon this design. However, Blücher was quite determined. He said the French had destroyed the pillar at Rosbach and other things, and that they merited this retaliation. He also said that the English had burnt Washington, and he did not see why he was not to destroy this bridge. Müffling, however, concerted with the Duke that English sentinels should be placed on the bridge, and if any Prussian soldiers should approach to injure it, these sentinels were not to retire. This they conceived would gain time, as they thought that previous to making any attempt on the bridge Blücher would apply to the Duke to withdraw the English sentinels. This was of no avail. The Prussians arrived, mined the arches, and attempted to blow up the bridge, sentinels and all. Their design, however, was frustrated, and the bridge received no injury. At length Müffling came to the Duke, and said that he was come to propose to him a compromise, which was that the bridge should be spared and the column in the Place Vendôme should be destroyed instead. "I saw," said the Duke, "that I had got out of the frying-pan into the fire. Fortunately at this moment the King of Prussia arrived, and he ordered that no injury should be done to either." On another occasion Blücher announced his



intention of levying a contribution of 100 millions on the city of Paris. To this the Duke objected, and said that the raising such enormous contributions could only be done by common consent, and must be a matter of general arrangement. Blücher said, "Oh! I do not mean to be the only party who is to levy anything; you may levy as much for yourselves, and, depend upon it, if you do it will all be paid; there will be no difficulty whatever." The Duke says that the two invasions cost the French 100 millions sterling. The allies had 1,200,000 men clothed at their expense; the allowance for this was 60 francs a man. The army of occupation was entirely maintained; there were the contributions, the claims amounting to ten millions sterling. Besides this there were towns and villages destroyed and country laid waste.

1821.

*London, February 7th.* — The King went to the play last night (Drury Lane) for the first time, the Dukes of York and Clarence and a great suite with him. He was received with immense acclamations, the whole pit standing up, hurraing and waving their hats. The boxes were very empty at first, for the mob occupied the avenues to the theatre, and those who had engaged boxes could not get to them. The crowd on the outside was very great. Lord Hertford dropped one of the candles as he was lighting the King in, and made a great confusion in the box. The King sat in Lady Bessborough's box, which was fitted up for him. He goes to Covent Garden to-night. A few people called "the Queen," but very few. A man in the gallery called out, "Where's your wife, Georgy?"

*February 23d.* — Yesterday the Duke of York proposed to me to take the management of his horses, which I accepted. Nothing could be more kind than the manner in which he proposed it.<sup>1</sup>

*March 22d.* — I was sworn in the day before yesterday, and

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Greville continued to manage the racing establishment of the Duke of York from this time till the death of his Royal Highness.

kissed hands at a council at Carlton House yesterday morning as clerk of the council.

*May 2d.* — Lady Conyngham lives in one of the houses in Marlborough Row. All the members of her family are continually there, and are supplied with horses, carriages, etc., from the King's stables. She rides out with her daughter, but never with the King, who always rides with one of his gentlemen. They never appear in public together. She dines there every day. Before the King comes into the room she and Lady Elizabeth join him in another room, and he always walks in with one on each arm. She comports herself entirely as mistress of the house, but never suffers her daughter to leave her. She has received magnificent presents, and Lady Elizabeth the same; particularly the mother has strings of pearls of enormous value. Madame de Lieven said she had seen the pearls of the Grand Duchesses and the Prussian Princesses, but had never seen any nearly so fine as Lady Conyngham's. The other night Lady Bath was coming to the Pavilion. After dinner Lady Conyngham called to Sir William Keppel and said, "Sir William, do desire them to light up the saloon" (this saloon is lit by hundreds of candles). When the King came in she said to him, "Sir, I told them to light up the saloon, as Lady Bath is coming this evening." The King seized her arm and said with the greatest tenderness, "Thank you, thank you, my dear; you always do what is right; you cannot please me so much as by doing everything you please, everything to show that you are mistress here."

*June 24th.* — The King dined at Devonshire House last Thursday se'nnight. Lady Conyngham had on her head a sapphire which belonged to the Stuarts, and was given by Cardinal York to the King. He gave it to the Princess Charlotte, and when she died he desired to have it back, Leopold being informed it was a crown jewel. This crown jewel sparkled in the head-dress of the Marchioness at the ball. I ascertained the Duke of York's sentiments upon this subject the other day. He was not particularly anxious to discuss it,

but he said enough to show that he has no good opinion of her. The other day, as we were going to the races from Oatlands, he gave me the history of the Duke of Wellington's life. His prejudice against him is excessively strong, and I think if ever he becomes king the other will not be commander-in-chief. He does not deny his military talents, but he thinks that he is false and ungrateful, that he never gave sufficient credit to his officers, and that he was unwilling to put forward men of talent who might be in a situation to claim some share of credit, the whole of which he was desirous of engrossing himself. He says that at Waterloo he got into a scrape and avowed himself to be surprised, and he attributes in great measure the success of that day to Lord Anglesea, who, he says, was hardly mentioned, and that in the coldest terms, in the Duke's dispatch.<sup>1</sup>

*December 18th.*—I have not written anything for months. "*Quante cose mi sono accadute!*" My progress was as follows, not very interesting: To Newmarket, Whersted, Riddlesworth, Sprotborough, Euston, Elveden, Welbeck, Caversham, Nun Appleton, Welbeck, Burghley, and London. Nothing worth mentioning occurred at any of these places. Sprotborough was agreeable enough. The Grevilles, Montagu, Wilmot and the Wortleys were there. I came to town, went to Brighton yesterday se'nnight for a council. I was lodged in the Pavilion and dined with the King. The gaudy splendor of the place amused me for a little and then bored me. The dinner was cold and the evening dull beyond all dullness. They say the King is anxious that form and ceremony should be banished, and if so it not only proves how impossible it is that form and ceremony should not always inhabit a palace. The rooms are not furnished for society, and, in fact, society cannot flourish without ease; and who

<sup>1</sup> The unjust and unfavorable opinion expressed of the Duke of Wellington by the Duke of York dated from the appointment of Sir Arthur Wellesley to a high command, and afterwards to the chief command of the army in Portugal. The Duke of York had at one moment entertained hopes of commanding that army, but when he was made to understand that this was impossible he erroneously attributed this disappointment to the intrigues of those who were preferred before him.

can feel at ease who is under the eternal constraint which etiquette and respect impose? The King was in good looks and good spirits, and after dinner cut his jokes with all the coarse merriment which is his characteristic. Lord Wellesley did not seem to like it, but of course he bowed and smiled like the rest. I saw nothing very particular in the King's manner to Lady Conyngham. He sat by her on the couch almost the whole evening, playing at patience, and he took her in to dinner; but Madame de Lieven and Lady Cowper were there, and he seemed equally civil to all of them. I was curious to see the Pavilion and the life they lead there, and I now only hope I may never go there again, for the novelty is past and I should be exposed to the whole weight of the bore of it without the stimulus of curiosity.

*December 19th.* — I dined with Lord Gwydir yesterday, and sat next to Prince Lieven. He told me that Bloomfield is no longer in favor, that he has been supplanted by Lord Francis Conyngham,<sup>1</sup> who now performs almost all the functions which formerly appertained to Bloomfield. He is quite aware of his decline, and submits himself to it in a manly way. He is no longer so necessary to the King as he was, for a short time ago he could not bear that Bloomfield should be absent, and *now* his absence is unfelt. Francis goes to the King every morning, usually breakfasts with him, and receives all his orders. He was invited to go to Panshanger for two days, and was very anxious to go, but he could not obtain leave from the King to absent himself. Bloomfield does not put himself forward; "*même il se retire,*" he said, and it is understood that he has made up his mind to resign his situation and leave the court. The King is still perfectly civil and good-humored to him, but has withdrawn his confidence from him, and Bloomfield is no longer his first servant.

I asked Lieven whether Francis Conyngham, in performing the other duties which had been hitherto allotted to Bloom-

<sup>1</sup> Lord Francis Conyngham, second son of the first Marquis of Conyngham (who was raised to the British peerage in June, 1821), afterwards himself Marquis of Conyngham.

field, also exercised the functions of private secretary, because this involved a much more serious question. He said that he did not know; all he knew was that whilst he was at Brighton Bloomfield was absent for five days, and that during that time the other had ostensibly occupied the place which Bloomfield used to hold about the King's person. The commencement of this revolution in the King's sentiments is to be dated from the journey to Hanover. Now Bloomfield sits amongst the guests at dinner at the Pavilion; the honors are done by the father on one side and the son on the other.

1822.

*July 30th.* — Madame de Lieven is ill with the King, and is miserable in consequence. Lady Cowper is her *confidante*, and the Duke of Wellington; but this latter pretends to know nothing of it, and asked me the other day what it was, I am sure in order to discover what people say. When the Duke was at Brighton in the winter, he and the King had a dispute about the army. It began (it was at dinner) by the King's saying that the Russians or the Prussians (I forget which) were the best infantry in the world. The Duke said, "Except your Majesty's." The King then said the English cavalry were the best, which the Duke denied; then that an inferior number of French regiments would always beat a superior number of English, and, in short, that they were not half so effective. The King was very angry; the dispute waxed warm, and ended by his Majesty rising from table and saying, "Well, it is not for me to dispute on such a subject with your Grace." The King does not like the Duke, nor does the Duke of York. This I know from himself.

*August 13th.* — I went to Cirencester on Friday and came back yesterday. At Hounslow I heard of the death of Lord Londonderry.<sup>1</sup> When I got to town I met several people who had all assumed an air of melancholy, a *visage de circonstance*, which provoked me inexpressibly, because it was certain that

<sup>1</sup> Lord Castlereagh, far better known by that name, succeeded as second Marquis of Londonderry on the 11th of April, 1821 — only sixteen months before his death.

they did not care ; indeed, if they felt at all, it was probably rather satisfaction at an event happening than sorrow for the death of the person. It seems Lord Londonderry had been unwell for some time, but not seriously, and a few days before this catastrophe he became much worse, and was very much dejected. He told Lord Granville some time ago that he was worn out with fatigue, and he told Count Münster the other day that he was very ill indeed. The Duke of Wellington saw him on Friday, and was so struck by the appearance of illness about him that he sent Bankhead to him. He was cupped on Saturday in London, got better, and went to Foot's Cray. On Sunday he was worse, and the state of dejection in which he appeared induced his attendants to take certain precautions, which unfortunately, however, proved fruitless. They removed his pistols and his razors, but he got hold of a penknife which was in the room next his, and on Sunday night or early on Monday morning he cut his throat with it.

I had hardly any acquaintance with Lord Londonderry, and therefore am not in the slightest degree affected by his death. As a minister he is a great loss to his party, and still greater to his friends and dependents, to whom he was the best of patrons ; to the country I think he is none. Nobody can deny that his talents were great, and perhaps he owed his influence and authority as much to his character as to his abilities. His appearance was dignified and imposing ; he was affable in his manners and agreeable in society. The great feature of his character was a cool and determined courage, which gave an appearance of resolution and confidence to all his actions, and inspired his friends with admiration and excessive devotion to him, and caused him to be respected by his most violent opponents. As a speaker he was prolix, monotonous, and never eloquent, except, perhaps, for a few minutes when provoked into a passion by something which had fallen out in debate. But, notwithstanding these defects, and still more the ridicule which his extraordinary phraseology had drawn upon him, he was always heard with attention. He never spoke ill ; his speeches were continually replete with good

sense and strong argument, and though they seldom offered much to admire, they generally contained a great deal to be answered. I believe he was considered one of the best managers of the House of Commons who ever sat in it, and he was eminently possessed of the good taste, good humor, and agreeable manners which are more requisite to make a good leader than eloquence, however brilliant. With these qualities, it may be asked why he was not a better minister, and who can answer that question? or who can aver that he did not pursue the policy which he conscientiously believed to be most advantageous to his country? Nay, more, who can say but from surmise and upon speculation that it was not the best? I believe that he was seduced by his vanity, that his head was turned by emperors, kings, and congresses, and that he was resolved that the country which he represented should play as conspicuous a part as any other in the political dramas which were acted on the Continent. The result of his policy is this, that we are mixed up in the affairs of the Continent in a manner we have never been before, which entails upon us endless negotiations and enormous expenses. We have associated ourselves with the members of the Holy Alliance, and countenanced the acts of ambition and despotism in such a manner as to have drawn upon us the detestation of the nations of the Continent; and our conduct towards them at the close of the war has brought a stain upon our character for bad faith and desertion which no time will wipe away, and the recollection of which will never be effaced from their minds.

*August 19th.* — I went to Brighton on Saturday to see the Duke (of York); returned to-day. The Pavilion is finished. The King has had a subterranean passage made from the house to the stables, which is said to have cost 3,000*l.* or 5,000*l.*: I forget which. There is also a bath in his apartment. with pipes to conduct water from the sea; these pipes cost 600*l.* The King has not taken a sea bath for sixteen years.

The Marquis of Londonderry is to be buried to-morrow in

Westminster Abbey. It is thought injudicious to have anything like an ostentatious funeral, considering the circumstances under which he died, but it is the particular wish of his widow. She seems to consider the respect which is paid to his remains as a sort of testimony to his character, and nothing will pacify her feelings or satisfy her affection but seeing him interred with all imaginable honors. It seems that he gave several indications of a perturbed mind a short time previous to his death. For some time past he had been dejected, and his mind was haunted with various apprehensions, particularly with a notion that he was in great personal danger. On the day (the 3d of August) he gave a great dinner at Cray to his political friends, some of them finding the wine very good, wished to compliment him upon it, and Arbutnot called out, "Lord Londonderry!" He instantly jumped up with great vivacity, and stood as if in expectation of something serious that was to follow. When he was told that it was about the wine they wished to speak to him, he sat down; but his manner was so extraordinary that Huskisson remarked it to Wilmot as they came home. In the last interview which the Duke of Wellington had with him he said he never heard him converse upon affairs with more clearness and strength of mind than that day. In the middle of the conversation, however, he said, "To prove to you what danger I am in, my own servants think so, and that I ought to go off directly, that I have no time to lose, and they keep my horses saddled that I may get away quickly; they think that I should not have time to go away in a carriage." Then ringing the bell violently, he said to the servant, "Tell me, sir, instantly, who ordered my horses here; who sent them up to town?" The man answered that the horses were at Cray, and had never been in town. The Duke desired the man to go, and in consequence of this strange behavior wrote the letter to Bankhead which has been since published.

*August 20th.* — Knighton went with the King to Scotland, and slept in one of his Majesty's own cabins, that next to him. He is supposed to have been appointed Privy Purse. Bloom-



field has got the mission to Stockholm. When Bloomfield was dismissed a disposition was shown to treat him in a very unceremonious manner: but he would not stand this, and displayed a spirit which he was probably enabled to assume in consequence of what he knows. When they found he was not to be bullied they treated with him, and gave him every honor and emolument he could desire.

*September 22d.* — The danger in which the Duke of Wellington was sensibly affected the King, because at this moment the Duke is in high favor with him; and when he heard he was so ill he sent Knighton to him to comfort him with a promise that he would reconsider the proposal of receiving Canning, and the next day he signified his consent. I saw a note from Lady Conyngham to Lady Bathurst, in which she gave an account of the uneasiness and agitation in which the King had been in consequence of the Duke's illness, saying how much she had suffered in consequence, and how great had been *their* relief when Knighton brought word that he was better. The "dear King," she said, was more composed. She added that she (Lady B.) would hear that evening what would give her pleasure, and this was that the King had agreed to take Canning. In a conversation also Lady C. said that she did hope, now the King had yielded his own inclination to the wishes and advice of his ministers, that they would behave to him better than they had done. Canning was sworn in on Monday. His friends say that he was very well received. The King told Madame de Lieven that having consented to receive him, he had behaved to him, *as he always did*, in the most gentlemanlike manner he could, and that on delivering to him the seals, he said to him that he had been advised by his ministers that his abilities and eloquence rendered him the only fit man to succeed to the vacancy which Lord Londonderry's death had made, and that, in appointing him to the situation, he had only to desire that he would follow the steps of his predecessor. This Madame de Lieven told to Lady Jersey, and she to me. It seems that the King was so struck with Lord Londonderry's manner (for he said to the

King nearly what he said to the Duke of Wellington), and so persuaded that some fatal catastrophe would take place, that when Peel came to inform him of what had happened, he said to him before he spoke, "I know you are come to tell me that Londonderry is dead." Peel had just left him, and upon receiving the dispatches immediately returned; and when Lady Conyngham was told by Lord Mount Charles that there was a report that he was dead, she said, "Good God! then he has destroyed himself." She knew what had passed with the King, and was the only person to whom he had told it.

*December 24th.* — The other day I went to Bushy with the Duke [of York], and as we passed over Wimbledon Common he showed me the spot where he fought his duel with the Duke of Richmond. He then told me the whole story and all the circumstances which led to it, most of which are in print. That which I had never heard before was that at a masquerade three masks insulted the Prince of Wales, when the Duke interfered, desired the one who was most prominent to address himself to him, and added that he suspected him to be an officer in his regiment (meaning Colonel Lennox), and if he was he was a coward and a disgrace to his profession; if he was not the person he took him for, he desired him to unmask, and he would beg his pardon. The three masks were supposed to be Colonel Lennox, the Duke of Gordon, and Lady Charlotte. This did not lead to any immediate consequences, but perhaps indirectly contributed to what followed. The Duke never found out whether the masks were the people he suspected.

1823.

Some particulars concerning the late King's will were told me by the Duke of York as we were going to Oatlands to shoot on Wednesday, the 8th of January, 1823. The King was empowered by Act of Parliament to make a will about the year 1766. In 1770 he made a will, by which he left all he had to the Queen for her life, Buckingham House to the Duke of Clarence, some property to the Duke of Kent, and to the

Duke of York his second best George and some other trifling remembrance. He considered the Duke of York provided for by the Bishopric of Osnaburgh. Of this will three copies were made ; one was deposited in the German *chancellerie* in England, one in Hanover, and the other it was believed the King kept himself. He afterwards resolved to cancel this will, and two of the copies of it were destroyed, the third still existing (I could not make out by what means — if he told me I have forgotten — or which copy it was that survived). In 1810 the King made another will, but for various reasons he always put off signing it, once or twice because he wished to make alterations in it ; at length he appointed a day to sign it, but when the Chancellor brought it one of the witnesses was absent, and the signature was again postponed. Other days were afterwards fixed for this purpose, but before the signature was affixed the King was taken ill, and consequently the will never was signed. After the death of the King the only good will, therefore, was his original will of 1770, which was produced and read in the presence of the King, the Chancellor, Vice-chancellor, Lord Liverpool, the Duke of York, Adair, the King's solicitor (Spyer his name), and one or two others whom he mentioned. Buckingham House, which had been left to the Duke of Clarence, had been twice sold ; the Queen and the Duke of Kent were dead ; the only legatee, therefore, was the Duke of York. Now arose a difficulty—whether the property of the late King demised to the king or to the crown. The Chancellor said that the only person who had anything to say to the will was the Duke of York ; but the Duke and the King differed with regard to the right of inheritance, and the Duke, wishing to avoid any dispute or discussion on the subject, begged to wash his hands of the whole matter. The King conceives that the whole of the late King's property devolves upon him personally, and not upon the crown, and he has consequently appropriated to himself the whole of the money and jewels. The money did not amount to more than 120,000*l.* So touchy is he about pecuniary matters that his ministers have never dared to

remonstrate with him, nor to tell him that he has no right so to act. The consequence is that he has spent the money, and has taken to himself the jewels as his own private property. The Duke thinks that he has no right thus to appropriate their father's property, but that it belongs to the crown. The King has acted in a like manner with regard to the Queen's [Charlotte's] jewels. She possessed a great quantity, some of which had been given her by the late King on her marriage, and the rest she had received in presents at different times. Those which the late King had given her she conceived to belong to the crown, and left them back to the present King; the rest she left to her daughters. The King has also appropriated the Queen's [Caroline's] jewels to himself, and conceives that they are his undoubted private property. The Duke thinks that the ministers ought to have taken the opportunity of the coronation, when a new crown was to be provided, to state to him the truth with regard to the jewels, and to suggest that they should be converted to that purpose. This, however, they dared not do, and so that matter remains. The King had even a design of selling the library collected by the late King, but this he was obliged to abandon, for the ministers and the royal family must have interfered to oppose so scandalous a transaction. It was therefore presented to the British Museum.

*January 25th.*—The Duke saw the King of France twice while he was in Paris. He was much broken, but talked of living twelve or fourteen years. The second time he was in better health and spirits than the first time. Madame du Cayla sent to the Duke to ask him to call upon her; he went twice and she was not at home. At his levee the King said, "*Il y a une personne qui regrette beaucoup de n'avoir pas eu le plaisir de vous voir.*" The courtiers told him the King meant Madame du C. He went the same evening and saw her. She is a fine woman, about forty, and agreeable. She sees the King every Wednesday; he writes notes and verses to her, and he has given her a great deal of money. He has built a house for her, and given her a *terre* near St. Denis

which is valued at 1,500,000 francs. The King likes M. de Villèle<sup>1</sup> exceedingly. He has occasionally talked to the Duke of Bonaparte. One day, when they were standing together at the window which looks upon the garden of the Tuileries, he said, "One day Bonaparte was standing here with —, and he said, pointing to the Chamber of Deputies, '*Vous voyez ce bâtiment là : si je les démuselais, je serais détrôné.*' I said, 'The King has given them freedom of debate, and I think I go on very well with it.'"

The Duke said he had been struck down by a musket shot whilst reconnoitring the enemy as they were retreating in the Pyrenees. The people round him thought he was killed, but he got up directly. Alava was wounded a few minutes before him, and Major Brooke nearly at the same time. He is of opinion that Massena was the best French general to whom he was ever opposed.

He said that Bonaparte had not the patience requisite for defensive operations. His last campaign (before the capture of Paris) was very brilliant, probably the ablest of all his performances. The Duke is of opinion that if he had possessed greater patience he would have succeeded in compelling the allies to retreat; but they had adopted so judicious a system of defense that he was foiled in the impetuous attacks he made upon them, and after a partial failure which he met with, when he attacked Blücher at Laon and Craon, he got tired of pursuing a course which afforded no great results, and leaving a strong body under Marmont to watch Blücher, he threw himself into the rear of the Grand Army. The march upon Paris entirely disconcerted him and finished the war. The allies could not have maintained themselves much longer, and

<sup>1</sup> Villèle was a lieutenant in the navy, and afterwards went to the Isle of France, where he was a member of the council (or whatever the legislation was called). At the Revolution he returned to France and lived with his family near Toulouse, became a member of the departmental body, and subsequently Mayor of Toulouse; he was afterwards elected a member of the Chamber, when he distinguished himself by his talents for debate, and became one of the chiefs of the Ultra party. He was a member of the Duc de Richelieu's government, which he soon quitted, and was one of the principal instruments in overturning it. He anticipates a long administration. — C. C. G.

had he continued to keep his force concentrated, and to carry it as occasion required against one or other of the two armies, the Duke thinks he must eventually have forced them to retreat, and that their retreat would have been a difficult operation. The British army could not have reached the scene of operations for two months. The allies did not dare attack Napoleon ; if he had himself come up he should certainly have attacked him, for his army was the best that ever existed.

The Duke added that he traced back the present politics of France to their chagrin at the dissolution of the family compact. At the general pacification the Duke, on the part of the English government, insisted upon that treaty not being renewed, and made a journey to Madrid for the purpose of determining the Spanish government. Talleyrand and the King of France made great efforts to induce the Duke to desist from his opposition to the renewal of the treaty, and both were exceedingly mortified at being unable to shake the determination of our government on this point.

The Duke of Wellington told me that Knighton<sup>1</sup> managed the King's affairs very well, that he was getting him out of debt very quickly, and that the ministers were well satisfied with him. When he was appointed to the situation he now holds, he called at Apsley House to announce it to the Duke, and expressed his hopes that the appointment would not displease him. The Duke said that he could have no objection, but he would give him a piece of advice he trusted he would take in good part : this was, that he would confine himself to the discharge of the functions belonging to his own situation, and that he would not in any way interfere with the government ; that as long as he should so conduct himself he would go on very well, but that if ever he should meddle with the concerns of the ministers he would give them such offense that they would not suffer him to remain in a situation which

<sup>1</sup> Sir William Knighton, who was originally the King's physician, had been appointed Keeper of the King's Privy Seal, and Receiver of the Duchies of Lancaster and Cornwall ; but in fact he acted as the King's Private Secretary, and it was to the duties of that delicate office that the Duke's advice applied.

he should thus abuse. Knighton thanked him very much for his advice, and promised to conform himself to it. It seems that he told this to the King, for the next time the Duke saw him the King said he had heard the advice which he had given to "a person," and that he might depend upon that person's following it entirely.

*November 29th.* — In the various conversations which I have with the Duke of York he continually tells me a variety of facts more or less curious, sometimes relating to politics, but more frequently concerning the affairs of the royal family, that I have neglected to note down at the time, and I generally forget them afterwards. I must acknowledge, however, that they do not interest me so much as they would many other people. I have not much taste for court gossip. Another reason, too, is the difficulty of making a clear narrative out of his confused communications. The principal anecdotes he has told me have been, as well as I recollect, relative to the Duchess of Gloucester's marriage, to the Duke of Cumberland's marriage and all the dissensions to which that event gave rise in the royal family, the differences between the King and Prince Leopold, and other trifling matters which I have forgotten. In all of these histories the King acted a part, in which his bad temper, bad judgment, falseness, and duplicity were equally conspicuous. I think it is not possible for any man to have a worse opinion of another than the Duke has of the King. From various instances of eccentricities I am persuaded that the King is subject to occasional impressions which produce effects like insanity; that if they continue to increase he will end by being decidedly mad. The last thing which I have heard was at Euston the other day. I went into the Duke's room, and found him writing; he got up and told me that he was thrown into a great dilemma by the conduct of the King who had behaved extremely ill to him. The matter which I could collect was this: Upon the disturbances breaking out in the West Indies it became necessary to send off some troops as quickly as possible. In order to make the necessary arrangements without delay, the Duke

made various dispositions, a part of which consisted in the removal of the regiment on guard at Windsor and the substitution of another in its place. Orders were expedited to carry this arrangement into effect, and at the same time he communicated to the King what he had done and desired his sanction to the arrangement. The Duke's orders were already in operation, when he received a letter from the King to say that he liked the regiment which was at Windsor, and that it should not move ; and in consequence of this fancy the whole business was at a stand-still. Thus he thought proper to trifle with the interests of the country to gratify his own childish caprice. He gave, too, great offense to the Duke, in hindering his dispositions from being carried into effect, at the same time.

The Duke told me another thing which he thought was indirectly connected with the first. It seems one of the people about the court had ordered some furniture to be removed from Cumberland Lodge to Windsor (something for the chapel). Stephenson, as head of the Board of Works, on being informed this was done, wrote to the man to know by what orders he had done it. The man showed the letter to the King, who was exceedingly incensed, and wrote to Lord Liverpool to say that Stephenson's letter was insulting to him, and desired he might be turned out. After some correspondence on the subject Lord Liverpool persuaded the King to reinstate him ; but he was obliged to make all sorts of apologies and excuses for having done what it was his duty to do. Stephenson is a friend and servant of the Duke's, and in his ill-humor he tried to revenge himself upon the Duke as well as on Stephenson, and he thwarted the Duke in his military arrangements. What made his conduct the less excusable was that it was important that these things should be done quickly, and as the Duke was out of town a correspondence became necessary, by which great delay would be caused.



1826.

*London, December 14th.* — The Duke of York very ill ; has been at the point of death several times from his legs mortifying. Canning's speech the night before last was most brilliant ; much more cheered by the opposition than by his own friends. He is thought to have been imprudent, and he gave offense to his colleagues by the concluding sentence of his reply, when he said, "*I* called into existence the new world to redress the balance of the old." The *I* was not relished. Brougham's compliment to Canning was magnificent, and he was loudly cheered by Peel ; altogether it was a fine display.

Yesterday the Duke [of York] told me that the late King [George III.] was walking with him one day at Kew, and his Majesty said, "The world tells many lies, and here is one instance. I am said to have held frequent communication with Lord Bute, and the last time I ever saw or spoke to him was in that pavilion in the year 1764." The King went over to breakfast with his mother, the Princess Dowager, and she took him aside and said, "There is somebody here who wishes very much to speak to you." "Who is it?" "Lord Bute." "Good God, mamma ! how could you bring him here ? It is impossible for me to hold any communication with Lord Bute in this manner." However, he did see him, when Lord Bute made a violent attack upon him for having abandoned and neglected him. The King replied that he could not, in justice to his ministers, hold any communication with him unknown to them, when Lord Bute said that he would never see the King again. The King became angry in his turn and said, "Then, my lord, be it so, and remember from henceforth we never meet again." And from that day he never beheld Lord Bute or had any communication with him.

1827.

*Friday night, January 5th, half-past one.* — I am just come from taking my last look at the poor Duke.<sup>1</sup> He expired at twenty minutes after nine. Since eleven o'clock last night the physicians never left his room. He never moved, and they repeatedly thought that life was extinct, but it was not till that hour that they found it was all over. The Duke of Sussex and Stephenson were in the next room ; Taylor, Torrens and Dighton, Armstrong and I, were up-stairs. Armstrong and I had been there about half an hour when they came and whispered something to Dighton and called out Taylor. Dighton told Torrens and they went out ; immediately after Taylor came up, and told us it was all over, and begged we would go down-stairs. We went directly into the room. The Duke was sitting exactly as at the moment he died, in his great arm-chair, dressed in his gray dressing-gown, his head inclined against the side of the chair, his hands lying before him, and looking as if he were in a deep and quiet sleep. Not a vestige of pain was perceptible on his countenance, which, except being thinner, was exactly such as I have seen it a hundred times during his life. In fact, he had not suffered at all, and had expired with all the ease and tranquillity which the serenity of his countenance betokened. Nothing about or around him had the semblance of death ; it was all like quiet repose, and it was not without a melancholy satisfaction we saw such evident signs of the tranquillity of his last moments.

In about a quarter of an hour Taylor and Halford set off to Windsor to inform the King ; the Duke of Sussex went to the Princess Sophia ; letters were written to all the Cabinet Ministers, to the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishop of London, and the Speaker of the House of Commons. Orders were given that the great bell of St. Paul's should toll. The servants were then admitted to see the Duke as he lay. Worley<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> His Royal Highness the Duke of York, second son of King George III., died on the 5th of January, 1827.

<sup>2</sup> Worley was the Duke's stud-groom.

was very much affected at the sight, and one woman, the wife of Kendal cried bitterly, and I saw her stoop down and kiss his hand. The room was then cleared and surrendered to the Lord Chamberlain's people. Thus did I take my last leave of the poor Duke. I have been the minister and associate of his pleasures and amusements for some years, I have lived in his intimacy and experienced his kindness, and am glad that I was present at this last sad occasion to pay my poor tribute of respect and attachment to his remains.

After the October meetings of 1825 the Duke came to town, not in good health. At the end of November the Duchess of Rutland died, which was a great blow to him, and probably made him worse. A short time after her funeral he went to Belvoir, when the Duke of Rutland took him down into the vault, where he stayed an hour and returned excessively chilled. From that moment he grew worse till the time of the Ascot races. We went to Frogmore two days before the party began, and for those two days he led a quiet life. When the party was assembled he lived as he had been used to do, going to the races, sitting at table, and playing for hours at whist. He slept wretchedly and seldom went to bed, but passed the greater part of the night walking about the room or dozing in his chair. I used to go into his room, which was next to mine, the moment I was out of bed, and generally found him in his dressing-gown, looking harassed and ill. He showed me his legs, which were always swelled. Still he went on till the last day of the party, and when we got to town he was so ill that M'Gregor, who came to him that night, thought him in danger. From that moment the illness was established which has ended in his death. They began by putting him through several courses of mercury, and they sent him to the Greenwoods' villa at Brompton. Here he continued to receive everybody who called on him, and went out in his carriage every day. They always said that he was getting better. In August he went to Brighton, and soon after his arrival his legs mortified. It was then that Taylor went down to him and told him that he was in great and immediate

danger. He received the information with perfect composure. The gangrene, however, was stopped, and he came to town to the Duke of Rutland's house. The dropsy continued to make rapid progress, and some time in September he was tapped; twenty-two pints of water were drawn from him. This operation was kept secret, for the Duke did not like that his situation should be known. He recovered from the operation and regained his strength; no more water formed in his body, but there was still water in his system, and a constant discharge from his legs, which occasioned him great pain and made wounds which were always open and extending. These wounds again produced gangrene, but they always contrived to stop its progress, and put the legs in a healing condition. As often, however, as the legs began to heal the water began to rise, and the medicines that were given to expel the water drove it again to the legs, through which it made its way, making fresh sores and entailing fresh mortification. In this way he went on, the strength of his constitution still supporting him, till towards the end of December, when the constitution could resist no longer; his appetite totally failed, and with loss of appetite came entire prostration of strength, and in short a complete break-up. From that moment it was obvious that his recovery was impossible, but he continued to struggle till the 5th of January, although he had tasted no solid food whatever for above a fortnight. At all the different periods at which his state was critical it was always made known to him, and he received the intimation with invariable firmness and composure. He said that he enjoyed life, but was not afraid to die. But though perfectly acquainted with his own danger he never could bear that other people should be informed of it, and so far from acknowledging it, he always told his friends that he was better, and his language was invariably that of a man who did not doubt of his recovery. He was particularly anxious that nobody should know he had been tapped, and it was not till many weeks after that operation that he talked of it one day to me. Up to the last moment that I saw him (the day week before he died) he told me

he was better, and he desired me to tell Montrond, who had called upon him, that he would see him as soon as he was well enough. He held the same language to everybody until the day previous to his death, when he sent for Taylor and Stephenson into his room. He could then hardly speak, but he took hold of Stephenson's hand, and looking at Taylor, said, "I am now dying." He tried to articulate something else, but he was unintelligible. About a fortnight before his death, soon after his appetite began to fail, Taylor had to announce to him his danger. He received the intelligence with the same coolness he had before shown, but it was not without difficulty that he admitted the conviction. A few days after he received the Sacrament, which was administered by the Bishop of London, in the presence of Sir H. Halford, Taylor, and the Princess Sophia. He was then very weak, but calm and collected during the ceremony. When it was over he shook hands with the men and kissed the Princess. The King saw him the next day, but he was in a lethargic state nearly the whole time that he was there. For many days before his death the physicians thought that every day must close the scene, but such was the natural strength of his constitution that he evinced a tenacity of life and maintained a struggle which astonished them all, and of which they unanimously declared that their practice had never furnished them with a similar instance. It seems that three years ago, when he was very unwell, M'Gregor told him that unless he was more prudent he would certainly be afflicted with dropsy. He had been subject to spasms, and in consequence of them was averse to lie down in bed, and to this pernicious habit and that of sitting for many hours together at table, or at cards, they attribute the origin of the complaint which has terminated so fatally. Had he been a more docile patient, from the amazing vigor of his constitution he might have looked forward to a very long life. His sufferings in the course of his illness have been very great, and almost without cessation. Nothing could exceed the patience and courage with which he endured them; his serenity and good humor were never disturbed, and he

never uttered a word or complaint, except occasionally at the length of his confinement. He not only saw all the visitors who chose to call upon him, even those with whom he was not in habits of intimacy, but he transacted the whole of his public business every day, and every paper was laid before him and every detail gone through as if he had been in perfect health. This he continued to within a few days of his death, till his strength was so entirely exhausted that he lay in a state of almost complete insensibility. It is remarkable that from the beginning to the end of his illness I never saw him that he did not tell me that he was a great deal better, and he never wrote to me without assuring me that he was going on as well as possible.

*February 12th.* — The Duke of York was no sooner dead than the public press began to attack him, and while those private virtues were not denied him for which he had always been conspicuous, they enlarged in a strain of severe invective against his careless and expensive habits, his addiction to gambling; and above all they raked up the old story of Mrs. Clark and the investigation of 1809, and published many of his letters and all the disgusting details of that unfortunate affair, and that in a manner calculated to throw discredit on his character. The newspapers, however, soon found they had made a mistake, that this course was not congenial to public feeling, and from that moment their columns have been filled with panegyrics upon his public services and his private virtues. The King ordered that the funeral should be public and magnificent; all the details of the ceremonial were arranged by himself. He showed great feeling about his brother and exceeding kindness in providing for his servants, whom the Duke was himself unable to provide for. He gave 6,000*l.* to pay immediate expenses and took many of the old servants into his own service. There appeared a few days after the Duke's death an infamous forgery, purporting to be a letter or declaration written by him a short time before his death (principally upon the subject of the Catholic question), which, however, was disavowed by Taylor, but not till after many

thousand copies had been sold. I dare say many people believe still that he was the author of this pamphlet. All his effects either have been or will be sold by auction. The funeral took place a fortnight after his death. Nothing could be managed worse than it was, and except the appearance of the soldiers in the chapel, which was extremely fine, the spectacle was by no means imposing; the cold was intense, and it is only marvelous that more persons did not suffer from it. As it is, the Bishop of Lincoln has died of the effects of it; Canning has been dangerously ill, and is still very unwell; and the Dukes of Wellington and Montrose were both very seriously unwell for some days after. The King was very angry when he heard how miserably the ceremony had been performed. I have been this evening to hear Peel move the address of condolence to the King, which Canning would have done if he had been here; and it is a pity he was not, for Peel did it very ill: it was poor and jejune, and undistinguished by eloquence or the appearance of deep feeling. I was greatly disappointed, for I expected to hear a worthier tribute to his merits. Canning was very anxious to have been here to have performed this duty himself. The letters which he wrote to the royal family abroad announcing the event of his death were admirable, and gave great satisfaction to the King.

*February 21st.*—Old Rundell (of the house of Rundell and Bridge, the great silversmiths and jewelers) died last week, and appointed Robarts one of his executors. Robarts called on me this morning, and told me he had been yesterday to Doctors' Commons to prove the will. Rundell was eighty years old, and died worth between 1,400,000*l.* and 1,500,000*l.*, the greater part of which is vested in the funds. He has left the bulk of his property to his great nephew, a man of the name of Neal, who is residuary legatee and will inherit 900,000*l.* — this Mr. Neal had taken care of him for the last fourteen years — to a woman who had lived with him many years, and in whose house he died, and to two natural sons by her, he only left 5,000*l.* apiece. The old man began the world without a guinea, became in the

course of time partner in that house during its most flourishing period, and by steady gains and continual parsimony amassed this enormous wealth. He never spent anything and lived wretchedly. During the panic he came to Robarts, who was his banker, and offered to place at his disposal any sum he might require. When the executors went to prove the will, they were told at Doctors' Commons that it was the largest sum that ever had been registered there.

*March 16th.* — On Wednesday at the council at St. James's the King desired I would go down to Windsor, that he might speak to me. I went down on Thursday to the Cottage, and, after waiting two hours and a half, was ushered into his bedroom. I found him sitting at a round table near his bed, in a *douillette*, and in pretty good health and spirits. He talked about his horses and told some old stories, lamented the death of the Duke of York, which he said was a loss to him such as no one could conceive, and that he felt it every instant. He kept me about an hour, was very civil, and then dismissed me.

*June 17th.* — I was at the Royal Lodge for one night last Wednesday; about thirty people sat down to dinner, and the company was changed nearly every day. It is a delightful place to live in, but the rooms are too low and too small for very large parties. Nothing can exceed the luxury of the internal arrangements; the King was very well and in excellent spirits, but very weak in his knees and could not walk without difficulty. The evening passed off tolerably, owing to the Tyrolese, whom Esterhazy brought down to amuse the King, and he was so pleased with them that he made them sing and dance before him the whole evening; the women kissed his face and the men his hand, and he talked to them in German. Though this evening went off well enough, it is clear that nothing would be more insupportable than to live at this court; the dullness must be excessive, and the people who compose his habitual society are the most insipid and uninteresting that can be found. As for Lady Conyngham, she looks bored to death, and she never speaks, never appears to



have one word to say to the King, who, however, talks himself without ceasing. Canning came the day I went away, and was very well received by his Majesty; he looked dreadfully ill. The only thing which interested me was the account I heard from Francis Conyngham about Knighton. He is seldom there, and when he comes scarcely stays above a night or two. But he governs everything about the house, and cannot endure anybody who is likely to dispute his empire. The King certainly does not like him, is always happier when he is away, and never presses him to stay or to return. When he is there he has constant access to the King at all times and whenever he pleases. He is on bad terms with Mount Charles, he bullies Lord Conyngham, and he is barely civil to Lady C.; he knows that Mount Charles is independent of him, and that the King likes him and admits him continually and familiarly to his presence, and of this it seems that he is jealous. I was more struck with one word which dropped from him than with all he told me of Sir W. Knighton. While the Tyrolese were dancing and singing, and there was a sort of gay uproar going on, with which the King was greatly delighted, he said, "I would give ten guineas to see Knighton walk into the room now," as if it were some master who was absent, and who should suddenly return and find his family and servants merry-making in his absence; it indicates a strange sort of power possessed by him.

*August 9th.*—Canning died yesterday morning at four o'clock. His danger was only announced on Sunday night, though it had existed from the preceding Wednesday. When he saw the King on Monday his Majesty told him he looked very ill, and he replied that "he did not know what was the matter with him, but that he was ill all over." Nothing could exceed the consternation caused by the announcement of his danger and the despair of his colleagues. From the first there was no hope. He was aware of his danger, and said, "It is hard upon the King to have to fight the battle over again." The cabinet met on Monday, and great unanimity prevailed among them. They all agreed to stand by each other in the

event of his death. As soon as it happened Lord Lansdowne went down to Windsor and saw the King. His Majesty spoke with great affection of Canning, and said something of the difficulties in which he was again involved. Lord L. replied that he had come down, as it was his official duty to do, to announce to him the event; that nothing could be further from his wish or intention than to elicit from him any opinion as to the future, and he begged his Majesty would not say one word upon that subject. The King said that the first thing he should do would be to show every mark of respect to the memory and attachment to the person of Canning, and that he should therefore send for those of his ministers who had been the most closely connected with him in public and private life. He sent immediately for Lord Goderich and Sturges Bourne, who went down to him when Lord Lansdowne returned.

*August 10th.* — The Duke of Wellington talked of Canning the other day a great deal at my mother's. He said his talents were astonishing, his compositions admirable, that he possessed the art of saying exactly what was necessary and passing over those topics on which it was not advisable to touch; his fertility and resources inexhaustible. He thought him the finest speaker he had ever heard; though he prided himself extremely upon his compositions, he would patiently endure any criticisms upon such papers as he submitted for the consideration of the Cabinet, and would allow them to be altered in any way that was suggested; he (the Duke) particularly had often "cut and hacked" his papers, and Canning never made the least objection, but was always ready to adopt the suggestions of his colleagues. It was not so, however, in conversation and discussion. Any difference of opinion or dissent from his views threw him into ungovernable rage, and on such occasions he flew out with a violence which, the Duke said, had often compelled him to be silent that he might not be involved in bitter personal altercation. He said that Canning was usually very silent in the Cabinet, seldom spoke at all, but when he did he maintained his opinions with extraordinary tenacity. He said that he was one of the idlest of men. This

I do not believe, for I have always heard that he saw everything and did everything himself. Not a dispatch was received that he did not read, nor one written that he did not dictate or correct.

1828.

*January 2d.*—M'Gregor told me the other day that not one of the physicians and surgeons who attended the Duke of York through his long and painful illness had ever received the smallest remuneration, although their names and services had been laid before the King. He told me in addition that during sixteen years that he attended the Duke and his whole family he never received one guinea by way of fee or any payment whatever.

About three weeks ago I passed a few days at Panshanger, where I met Brougham; he came from Saturday till Monday morning, and from the hour of his arrival to that of his departure he never ceased talking. The party was agreeable enough—Luttrell, Rogers, etc.,—but it was comical to see how the latter was provoked at Brougham's engrossing all the talk, though he could not help listening with pleasure. Brougham is certainly one of the most remarkable men I ever met; to say nothing of what he is in the world, his almost childish gayety and animal spirits, his humor mixed with sarcasm, but not ill-natured, his wonderful information, and the facility with which he handles every subject, from the most grave and severe to the most trifling, displaying a mind full of varied and extensive information, and a memory which has suffered nothing to escape it, I never saw any man whose conversation impressed me with such an idea of his superiority over all others. As Rogers said the morning of his departure, "this morning Solon, Lycurgus, Demosthenes, Archimedes, Sir Isaac Newton, Lord Chesterfield, and great many more went away in one post-chaise." He told us a great many details relating to the Queen's trial, and amongst other things (which I do not believe) his conviction that the Queen had never had any intrigue with Bergami. He told us the whole story of his finding out the departure of Rastelli, which happened from a

friend of his accidentally seeing Rastelli in the street, recognizing him, and telling Brougham. Brougham told none of his colleagues, and at first did not believe the story, but by putting artful questions, and watching their effect, he found it was so, and then out he came with it. There was a grand discussion whether they should not throw up their briefs and stop there, and he was all for it, but was overruled and gave way. The person who was most anxious they should go on was Lord Grey, for he had got a notion that they could not any of them speak to evidence, and he wanted to make such a speech, which he fancied he could do very well. Brougham said that as leading counsel for the Queen he always reserved to himself the power of acting as he thought fit, whatever the opinions of his colleagues might be, though they always consulted together and gave their sentiments upon every debated point *seriatim*. He and Denman invariably thought alike. The Queen never could bear him, and was seldom civil to him. When she had to answer the address of the House of Commons she appealed to her counsel for their advice, which they declined to give, and she was furious, for she wanted to make them advise her to accept the propositions of the House, which would have been very unpopular, and then throw the odium of doing so on them.<sup>1</sup> He spoke very highly of Alderman Wood, who behaved very well, never annoyed or interfered with them, and seems to have been altogether a *brave homme*.

If it had been possible to recollect all that Brougham said on this and a hundred other subjects, it would be well worth writing down, but such talk is much too evanescent, and I remember no more.

June 29th. — I dined yesterday with the King at St. James's — his Jockey Club dinner. There were about thirty

<sup>1</sup> This was the address moved by Mr. Wilberforce on the 22d of June, 1820. Lord Brougham states in his *Memoirs* that the Queen resolved to reject the advice of Parliament without consulting her lawyers. In one of Lord Brougham's letters written at the time he calls Wood "the ass and alderman called *Thistle-wood*," and attributed to him the intrigue which brought the Queen to England.

people, several not being invited whom he did not fancy. The Duke of Leeds told me a much greater list had been made out, but he had scratched several out of it. We assembled in the throne room, and found him already there, looking very well and walking about. He soon, however, sat down, and desired everybody else to do so. Nobody spoke, and he laughed and said, "This is more like a Quaker than a Jockey Club meeting." We soon went to dinner, which was in the great supper room and very magnificent. He sat in the middle, with the Dukes of Richmond and Grafton on each side of him. I sat opposite to him, and he was particularly gracious to me, talking to me across the table and recommending all the good things; he made me (after eating a quantity of turtle) eat a dish of crawfish soup, till I thought I should have burst. After dinner the Duke of Leeds, who sat at the head of the table, gave "The King." We all stood up, when his Majesty thanked us, and said he hoped this would be the first of annual meetings of the sort to take place there or elsewhere under his roof. He then ordered paper, pens, etc., and they began making matches and stakes; the most perfect ease was established, just as much as if we had been dining with the Duke of York, and he seemed delighted. He made one or two little speeches, one recommending that a stop should be put to the exportation of horses. He twice gave "The Turf," and at the end the Duke of Richmond asked his leave to give a toast, and again gave "The King." He thanked all the gentlemen, and said that there was no man who had the interests of the turf more at heart than himself, that he was delighted at having this party, and that the oftener they met the better, and he only wanted to have it pointed out to him how he could promote the pleasure and amusement of the turf, and he was ready to do anything in his power. He got up at half-past twelve and wished us good-night. Nothing could go off better, and Mount Charles told me he was sure he was delighted.

*August 6th.* — About three weeks ago I went to Windsor to a council. The King had been very ill for a day or two,

but was recovered. Bob Adair<sup>1</sup> was sworn in privy councillor, and he remained in the room and heard the speech, which he ought not to have done. The Duke attacked me afterwards (in joke) for letting him stay; but I told him it was no business of mine, and his neighbor ought to have told him to go. That neighbor, however, was Vesey Fitzgerald, who said it was the first time he had attended a council, and he could not begin by turning another man out. I brought Adair back to town, and he told me a great many things about Burke, and Fox, and Fitzpatrick, and all the eminent men of that time with whom he lived when he was young. He said what I have often heard before, that Fitzpatrick was the most agreeable of them all, but Hare the most brilliant. Burke's conversation was delightful, so luminous and instructive. He was very passionate, and Adair said that the first time he ever saw him he unluckily asked him some question about the wild parts of Ireland, when Burke broke out, "You are a fool and a blockhead; there are no wild parts in Ireland." He was extremely terrified, but afterwards Burke was very civil to him, and he knew him very well.

He told me a great deal about the quarrel between Fox and Burke. Fox never ceased to entertain a regard for Burke, and at no time would suffer him to be abused in his presence. There was an attempt made to bring about a reconciliation; and a meeting for that purpose took place of all the leading men at Burlington House. Burke was on the point of yielding, when his son suddenly made his appearance unbidden, and on being told what was going on said, "My father shall be no party to such a compromise," took Burke aside and persuaded him to reject the overtures. That son Adair described as the most disagreeable, violent, and wrong-headed of men, but the idol of his father, who used to say that he united all his own talents and acquirements with those of Fox and everybody else. After the death of Richard Burke, Fox and

<sup>1</sup> Right Hon. Sir Robert Adair, the friend of Fox, formerly Ambassador at Constantinople and Vienna. It was he whom Canning once called "Bobadare-a-dool-fowla."

Burke met behind the throne of the House of Lords one day, when Fox went up to Burke and put out both his hands to him. Burke was almost surprised into meeting this cordiality in the same spirit, but the momentary impulse passed away, and he doggedly dropped his hands and left the House.

*December 16th.*—A council at Windsor yesterday; very few present, and no audiences but Aberdeen for three quarters of an hour and the Duke for five minutes. I sent for Batchelor and had a long talk with him. He said the King was well, but weak, his constitution very strong, no malady about him, but irritation in the bladder which he could not get rid of. He thinks the hot rooms and want of air and exercise do him harm, and that he is getting every day more averse to exercise and more prone to retirement, which, besides that it weakens his constitution, is a proof that he is beginning to break. Batchelor thinks he is in no sort of danger; I think he will not live more than two years. He says that his attendants are quite worn out with being always about him, and living in such hot rooms (which obliges them to drink) and seldom getting air and exercise. B. is at present well, but he sits up every other night with the King and never leaves him. He is in high favor, and Sir William Knighton is now as civil and obliging to him as he used to be the reverse. The King instructs him in his duties in the kindest manner, likes to have him about him, and talks a great deal to him. But his Majesty keeps everybody at a great distance from him, and all about him are afraid of him, though he talks to his pages with more openness and familiarity than to anybody. He thinks Radford (who is dying) is not in such favor as he was, though he is always there; of O'Reilly the surgeon, who sees the King every day and carries him all the gossip he can pick up, Batchelor speaks with very little ceremony. The King told them the other day that "O'R. was the damnedest liar in the world," and it seems he is often in the habit of discussing people in this way to his *valets de chambre*. He reads a great deal, and every morning has his boxes brought to him and reads their contents. They are brought up by Knighton or Watson, both

of whom have keys of all the boxes. He says there is not one person about him whom he likes — Mount Charles pretty well, Taylor better than anybody, Knighton constantly there and his influence unbounded ; he thinks K. can do anything.

*December 21st.* — I might as well have put in on the 25th of November what the King said to me, as it seems to have amused everybody. I was standing close to him at the council, and he put down his head and whispered, “Which are you for, Cadland or the mare ?” (meaning the match between Cadland and Bess of Bedlam) ; so I put my head down too and said, “The horse ;” and then as we retired he said to the Duke, “A little bit of Newmarket.”

1829.

*January 12th.* — Lord Mount Charles came to me this morning and consulted me about resigning his seat at the Treasury. He hates it and is perplexed with all that has occurred between the Duke and Lord Anglesey. I advised him to resign, feeling as he does about it. He told me that he verily believed the King would go mad on the Catholic question, his violence was so great about it. He is very angry with him and his father for voting as they do, but they have agreed never to discuss the matter at all, and his mother never talks to the King about it. Whenever he does get on it there is no stopping him. Mount Charles attributes the King’s obstinacy to his recollections of his father and the Duke of York and to the influence of the Duke of Cumberland. He says that “his father would have laid his head on the block rather than yield, and that he is equally ready to lay his head there in the same cause.” He is furious with Lord Anglesey, but he will be very much afraid of him when he sees him. Mount Charles was in the room when Lord Anglesey took leave of the King on going to Ireland, and the King said, “God bless you, Anglesey ! I know you are a true Protestant.” Anglesey answered, “Sir, I will not be considered either Protestant or Catholic ; I go to Ireland determined to



act impartially between them and without the least bias either one way or the other." Lord Anglesey dined with Mount Charles the day before he went. The same morning he had been with the Duke and Peel to receive their last instructions, and he came to dinner in great delight with them, as they had told him they knew he would govern Ireland with justice and impartiality, and they would give him no instructions whatever. He showed me a letter from Mr. Harcourt Lees full of invectives against the Duke and lamentations at the recall, to show how the Protestants regretted him as well as the Catholics.

He then talked to me about Knighton, whom the King abhors with a detestation that could hardly be described. He is afraid of him, and that is the reason he hates him so bitterly. When alone with him he is more civil, but when others are present (the family, for instance) he delights in saying the most mortifying and disagreeable things to him. He would give the world to get rid of him, and to have either Taylor or Mount Charles instead, to whom he has offered the place over and over again, but Mount Charles not only would not hear of it, but often took Knighton's part with the King. He says that his language about Knighton is sometimes of the most unmeasured violence — wishes he was dead, and one day when the door was open, so that the pages could hear, he said, "I wish to God somebody would assassinate Knighton." In this way he always speaks of him and uses him. Knighton is greatly annoyed at it, and is very seldom there. Still it appears there is some secret chain which binds them together, and which compels the King to submit to the presence of a man whom he detests, and induces Knighton to remain in spite of so much hatred and ill-usage. The King's indolence is so great that it is next to impossible to get him to do even the most ordinary business, and Knighton is still the only man who can prevail on him to sign papers, etc. His greatest delight is to make those who have business to transact with him, or to lay papers before him, wait in his anteroom while he is lounging with Mount Charles or anybody, talking

of horses or any trivial matter ; and when he is told, " Sir, there is Watson waiting," etc., he replies, " Damn Watson ; let him wait." He does it on purpose, and likes it.

This account corresponds with all I have before heard, and confirms the opinion I have long had that a more contemptible, cowardly, selfish, unfeeling dog does not exist than this king, on whom such flattery is constantly lavished. He has a sort of capricious good-nature, arising however out of no good principle or good feeling, but which is of use to him, as it cancels in a moment and at small cost a long score of misconduct. Princes have only to behave with common decency and prudence, and they are sure to be popular, for there is a great and general disposition to pay court to them. I do not know anybody who is proof against their seductions when they think fit to use them in the shape of civility and condescension. The great consolation in all this is the proof that, so far from deriving happiness from their grandeur, they are the most miserable of all mankind. The contrast between their apparent authority and the contradictions which they practically meet with must be peculiarly galling, more especially to men whose minds are seldom regulated, as other men's are, by the beneficial discipline of education and early collision with their equals. There have been good and wise kings, but not many of them. Take them one with another they are of an inferior character, and this I believe to be one of the worst of the kind. The littleness of his character prevents his displaying the dangerous faults that belong to great minds, but with vices and weaknesses of the lowest and most contemptible order it would be difficult to find a disposition more abundantly furnished.

*January 16th.* — I went to Windsor to a council yesterday. There were the Duke, the Lord Chancellor, Chancellor of the Exchequer, Master of the Mint, Lord President, Lord Aberdeen, Peel, Melville, Ellenborough. The King kept us waiting rather longer than usual. He looked very well, and was dressed in a blue great-coat, all over gold frogs and embroidery. Lord Liverpool was there to give up the late lord's

Garter, and had an audience. He said to me afterwards that the King had asked him all sorts of questions about his family concerns, with which he seemed extraordinarily well acquainted, and to some of which he was puzzled to give an answer. The King is the greatest master of gossip in the world, and his curiosity about everybody's affairs is insatiable.

*January 25th.* — The Duke when he dined with us the other day said that a Russian Extraordinary Ambassador was coming here to overhaul Lieven, a M. Matuscewitz. He is the principal writer in their Foreign Office, a clever man. Their dispatches are more able than they used to be, but the Duke said that the Turkish offices are better conducted than any, and the Turkish ministers extremely able. Lord Bathurst told me he had lately read the minutes of a conversation between the Reis-Effendi and the allied ministers after the battle of Navarino, when they were ignorant whether the Turk had received intelligence of the event, and that his superiority over them was exceedingly striking. This was the conference in which when they asked him "supposing such an event had happened, what he should say to it." He replied "that in his country they never named a child till its sex was ascertained."

Yesterday I went with Amyot to the State Paper Office to look after my council books. I found one book belonging to my office and nearly thirty volumes of the "Register of the Council of State,"<sup>1</sup> which I mean to ask for, but which I suppose they will refuse. Amyot suggests that as all the acts of the Council of State were illegal and of no authority, they cannot be considered as belonging to the Council Office, and are merely historical records without an official character. I shall try, however, to get them. Mr. Lemon showed us a great many curious papers. When he first had the care of the state papers they were in the greatest confusion, and he has been diligently employed in reducing them to order. Every day

<sup>1</sup> Of the time of the Commonwealth. The *Privy Council Register* extends from the last years of Henry.VIII. to the present time, not including the Commonwealth.

has brought to light documents of importance and interest, which as they are successively found are classed and arranged and rendered disposable for literary and historical purposes.

Lemon has found papers relating to the Powder Plot alone sufficient to make two quarto volumes, exceedingly curious ; all Garnett's original papers and I hope hereafter they will be published.<sup>1</sup> We saw the famous letter to Lord Mounteagle, of which Lemon said he had, he thought, discovered the author. It has been attributed to Mrs. Abington, Lord Mounteagle's sister, but he thinks it was written by Mrs. Vaux, who was a friend of hers, and mistress, probably, of Garnett ; it is to her that many of Garnett's letters are addressed. It seems that Mrs. Vaux and Mrs. Abington were both present at the great meeting of the conspirators at Hendlip, and he thinks that the latter, desirous of saving her brother's life, prevailed on Mrs. Vaux to write the letter, for the handwriting exactly corresponds with some other writing of hers which he has seen. There is a remarkable paper written by King James with directions what questions should be put to Guy Faux, and ending with a recommendation that he should be tortured first gently, and then more severely as might be necessary.

Then the depositions of Faux in the Tower, which had been taken down (contrary to his desire) in writing, and which he was compelled to sign upon the rack ; his signature was written in faint and trembling characters, and his strength had evidently failed in the middle, for he had only written

<sup>1</sup> The substance of these papers has since been published by the late David Jardine, Esq., in his excellent *Narrative of the Gunpowder Plot* (Murray, London, 1857). Some of the particulars here referred to by Mr. Greville are not strictly accurate, or at least have not been confirmed by subsequent investigation. It is not probable that the letter to Lord Mounteagle was written by Mrs. Abington or by Mrs. Vaux, nor is it at all certain that either of these ladies had any knowledge of the Plot. Mr. Jardine ascribes the letter to Tresham (*Narrative*, etc., p. 83). Garnett's admissions are printed in Jardine's Appendix. His knowledge of the Plot was derived from Greenway, a priest to whom Catesby had revealed it in confession. The Pope was probably not privy to the Plot. The celebrated *Treatise on Equivocation* was found in Tresham's desk. The identical copy with Garnett's notes is still in the Bodleian ; it was reprinted in 1851.

“Guido.” There is a distinct admission in the Plot papers in Garnett’s own hand that he came to a knowledge of the Plot otherwise than by the Sacrament of Confession, which oversets Lingard; a paragraph by which it is clear that the Pope knew of it; and a curious paper in which, having sworn that he had never written certain letters, which letters were produced when he was taxed with the false oath, Garnett boldly justifies himself, and says that they ought not to have questioned him on the subject, having the letters in their hands, and that he had a right to deny what he believed they could not prove—a very remarkable exposition of the tenets of his order and the doctrines of equivocation.

*February 11th.*—A ridiculous thing happened the other day in the Vice-chancellor’s Court. Sugden had taken a brief on each side of a case without knowing it. Horne, who opened on one side and was followed by another lawyer, was to be answered by Sugden; but he, having got hold of the wrong brief, spoke the same way as Horne. The Vice-chancellor said coolly, “Mr. Sugden is with you?” “Sir,” said Horne, “his argument is with us, but he is engaged on the other side.” Finding himself in a scrape, he said “it was true he held a brief for the other party, but for no client would he ever argue against what he knew to be a clear rule of law.” However, the court decided against them all.

*March 2d.*—Saw M—— yesterday; he has been at Windsor for several days, and confirmed all that I had heard before about the King. The Duke of Cumberland has worked him into a state of frenzy, and he talks of nothing but the Catholic question in the most violent strain. M—— told me that his Majesty desired him to tell his household that he wished them to vote against the bill, which M—— of course refused to do. I asked him if he had told the Duke of Wellington this; he said he had not, but that the day the ministers came to Windsor for the council (Thursday last, I think) he did speak to Peel, and told him the King’s violence was quite alarming. Peel said he was afraid the King was greatly excited, or something to this effect, but seemed embarrassed

and not very willing to talk about it. The result, however, was that the Duke went to him on Friday, and was with him six hours, and spoke to his Majesty so seriously and so firmly that he will now be quiet. Why the Duke does not insist upon his not seeing the Duke of Cumberland I cannot imagine. There never was such a man, or behavior so atrocious as his — a mixture of narrow-mindedness, selfishness, truckling, blustering, and duplicity, with no object but self, his own ease, and the gratification of his own fancies and prejudices, without regard to the advice and opinion of the wisest and best informed men or to the interests and tranquillity of the country.

*March 4th.* — The correspondence between the Duke of Wellington and the Duke of Cumberland was pretty violent, I believe, but the Duke of Cumberland misrepresents what passed both in it and at their interview. He declared to the Duke that he would not interfere in any manner, but refused to leave the country; to Madame de Lieven he said that the Duke had tried everything — entreaties, threats, and bribes — but that he had told him he would not go away, and would do all he could to defeat his measures, and that if he were to offer him 100,000*l.* to go to Calais he would not take it. The degree of agitation, alternate hopes and fears, and excitement of every kind, cannot be conceived unless seen and mixed in as I see and mix in it. Spring Rice said last night he thought these next four days to come would be the most important in the history of the country of any for ages past, and so they are. I was told last night that Knighton has been cooperating with the Duke of Cumberland, and done a great deal of mischief, and that he has reason to think that K. is intriguing deeply, with the design of expelling the Conyngham family from Windsor. This I do not believe, and it seems quite inconsistent with what I am also told — that the King's dislike of Knighton, and his desire of getting rid of him is just the same, and that no day passes that he does not offer Mount Charles Knighton's place, and, what is more, that Knighton presses him to take it.

*March 19th.* — *17th.* — I received a message from the King, to tell me that he was sorry I had not dined with him the last time I was at Windsor, that he had intended to ask me, but finding that all the ministers dined there except Ellenborough, he had let me go, that Ellenborough might not be the only man not invited, and “he would be damned if Ellenborough ever should dine in his house.” I asked Lord Bathurst afterwards, to whom I told this, why he hated Ellenborough, and he said that something he had said during the Queen’s trial had given the King mortal offense, and he never forgave it. The King complains that he is tired to death of all the people about him. He is less violent about the Catholic question, tired of that too, and does not wish to hear any more about it. He leads a most extraordinary life — never gets up till six in the afternoon. They come to him and open the window curtains at six or seven o’clock in the morning; he breakfasts in bed, does whatever business he can be brought to transact in bed too, he reads every newspaper quite through, dozes three or four hours, gets up in time for dinner, and goes to bed between ten and eleven. He sleeps very ill, and rings his bell forty times in the night; if he wants to know the hour, though a watch hangs close to him, he will have his *valet de chambre* down rather than turn his head to look at it. The same thing if he wants a glass of water; he won’t stretch out his hand to get it. His valets are nearly destroyed, and at last Lady Conyngham prevailed on him to agree to an arrangement by which they wait on him on alternate days. The service is still most severe, as on the days they are in waiting their labors are incessant, and they cannot take off their clothes at night, and hardly lie down. He is in good health, but irritable, and has been horribly annoyed by other matters besides the Catholic affair.

*18th.* — I was at Windsor for the council and the recorder’s report. We waited above two hours; of course his Majesty did not get up till we were all there. A small attendance in council — the Duke, Bathurst, Aberdeen, Melville, and I think no other Cabinet Minister. I sent for Batchelor, the King’s

*valet de chambre*, and had a pretty long conversation with him; he talked as if the walls had ears, but was anxious to tell me everything. He confirmed all I had before heard of the King's life, and said he was nearly dead of it, that he was in high favor, and the King had given him apartments in the Lodge and some presents. His Majesty has been worried to death, and has not yet made up his mind to the Catholic bill (this man knows, I'll be bound). But what he most dwelt on was Sir William Knighton. I said to him that the King was afraid of the Duke. He replied he thought not; he thought he was afraid of nobody but of Knighton, that he hated him, but that his influence and authority were without any limit, that he could do anything, and without him nothing could be done; that after him Lady Conyngham was all-powerful but in entire subserviency to him; that she did not dare have anybody to dine there without previously ascertaining that Knighton would not disapprove of it; that he knew everything, and nobody dared say or do a thing of any sort without his permission. There was a sort of mysterious awe with which he spoke of Knighton, mixed with dislike, which was curious. He is to call on me when he comes to London, and will, I dare say, tell me more.

*March 21st, at night.*— This morning the Duke fought a duel with Lord Winchelsea. Nothing could equal the astonishment caused by this event. Everybody of course sees the matter in a different light; all blame Lord W., but they are divided as to whether the Duke ought to have fought or not. Lord W.'s letter appeared last Monday, and certainly from that time to this it never entered into anybody's head that the Duke ought to or would take it up, though the expressions in it were very impertinent. But Lord Winchelsea is such a maniac, and has so lost his head (besides the ludicrous incident of the handkerchief<sup>1</sup>), that everybody imagined the Duke would treat what he said with silent contempt. He thought otherwise, however, and without saying a word to any of his colleagues or to anybody but Hardinge, his second, he wrote

<sup>1</sup> The incident of the handkerchief is related farther on.



and demanded an apology. After many letters and messages between the parties (Lord Falmouth being Lord Winchelsea's second), Lord Winchelsea declined making any apology, and they met. The letters on the Duke's part are very creditable, so free from arrogance or an assuming tone; those on Lord Winchelsea's not so, for one of them is a senseless repetition of the offense, in which he says that if the Duke will deny that his allegations are true he will apologize. They met at Wimbledon at eight o'clock. There were many people about, who saw what passed. They stood at a distance of fifteen paces. Before they began Hardinge went up to Lords Winchelsea and Falmouth, and said he must protest against the proceeding, and declare that their conduct in refusing an apology when Lord Winchelsea was so much in the wrong filled him with disgust. The Duke fired and missed, and then Winchelsea fired in the air. He immediately pulled out of his pocket the paper which has since appeared, but in which the word "apology" was omitted. The Duke read it and said it would not do. Lord Falmouth said he was not come there to quibble about words, and that he was ready to make the apology in whatever terms would be satisfactory, and the word "apology" was inserted on the ground. The Duke then touched his hat, said "Good morning, my lords," mounted his horse, and rode off. Hume was there, without knowing on whose behalf till he got to the ground. Hardinge asked him to attend, and told him where he would find a chaise, into which he got. He found there pistols, which told him the errand he was on, but he had still no notion the Duke was concerned; when he saw him he was ready to drop. The Duke went to Mrs. Arbuthnot's as soon as he got back, and at eleven o'clock she wrote a note to Lord Bathurst, telling him of it, which he received at the council board and put into my hands. So little idea had he of Lord Winchelsea's letter leading to anything serious that when on Wednesday, at the council at Windsor, I asked him if he had read it, he said, laughing, "Yes, and it is a very clever letter, much the wisest thing he ever did; *he has got back his money.* I wish I could

find some such pretext to get back mine." At twelve o'clock the Duke went to Windsor to tell the king what had happened. Winchelsea is abused for not having made an apology when it was first required ; but I think, having committed the folly of writing so outrageous a letter, he did the only thing a man of honor could do in going out and receiving a shot and then making an apology, which he was all this time prepared to do, for he had it ready written in his pocket. I think the Duke ought not to have challenged him ; it was very juvenile, and he stands in far too high a position, and his life is so much *publica cura* that he should have treated him and his letter with the contempt they merited ; it was a great error in judgment, but certainly a venial one, for it is impossible not to admire the high spirit which disdained to shelter itself behind the immunities of his great character and station, and the simplicity, and almost humility, which made him at once descend to the level of Lord Wincheslea, when he might, without subjecting himself to any imputation derogatory to his honor, have assumed a tone of lofty superiority and treated him as unworthy of his notice. Still it was beneath his dignity ; it lowered him, and was more or less ridiculous. Lord Jersey met him coming from Windsor, and spoke to him. He said, "I could not do otherwise, could I ?"

*March 26th.* — Everything is getting on very quietly in the House of Commons, and the opposition are beginning to squabble among themselves, some wishing to create delay, and others not choosing to join in these tricks, when they know it is useless. The Duke came here the night before last, but I was not at home. He talked over the whole matter with his usual simplicity. The King, it seems, was highly pleased with the Winchelsea affair, and he said, "I did not see the letter (which is probably a lie) ; if I had, I certainly should have thought it my duty to call your attention to it." Somebody added that "he would be wanting to fight a duel himself." Sefton said, "He will be sure to think he has fought one." Hume gave the two lords a lecture on the ground after the duel, and said he did not think there was a

man in England who would have lifted his hand against the Duke. Very uncalled for, but the Duke's friends have less humility than he has, for Lord Winchelsea did not lift his hand against him.

*March 29th.* — I have, I see, alluded to Lord Winchelsea's handkerchief story,<sup>1</sup> but have not mentioned the circumstances, which I may as well do. Lord Holland came home one night from the House of Lords, and as soon as he had occasion to blow his nose pulled his handkerchief out of his pocket; upon which my lady exclaimed (she hates perfumes), "Good God, Lord H., where did you get that handkerchief? Send it away directly." He said he did not know, when it was inspected, and the letter *W* found on it. Lord H. said, "I was sitting near Lord Winchelsea, and it must be his, which I took up by mistake and have brought home." Accordingly the next day he sent it to Lord Winchelsea with his compliments. Lord Winchelsea receiving the handkerchief and the message, and finding it marked *W*, fancied it was the Duke's, and that it was sent to him by way of affronting him; on which he went to the Duke of Newcastle and imparted to him the circumstances, and desired him to wait on Lord Holland for an explanation. This his Grace did, when the matter was cleared up and the handkerchief was found to be the property of Lord Wellesley. The next day Lord Winchelsea came up laughing to Lord Holland in the House of Lords, and said he had many apologies to make for what had passed, but that he really was in such a state of excitement he did not know what he said and did.<sup>2</sup>

*April 8th.* — Lady Jersey is in a fury with Lord Anglesey, and goes about saying he insulted her in the House of Lords the other night. She was sitting on one of the steps of the throne, and the Duchess of Richmond on the step above. After Lord Anglesey had spoken he came to talk to the

<sup>1</sup> *Supra*, p. 66.

<sup>2</sup> Lord Winchelsea was in the habit of flourishing a white pocket handkerchief while he was speaking in the House of Lords. This peculiarity, associated with his sonorous tones, his excited action, and his extravagant opinions, gave point to the incident.

Duchess, who said, "How well you did speak;" on which he said, "Hush! you must take care what you say, for here is Lady Jersey, and she reports for the newspapers;" on which Lady Jersey said very angrily, "Lady Jersey is here for her own amusement; what do you mean by reporting for newspapers?" to which he replied with a profound bow, "I beg your ladyship's pardon; I did not mean to offend you, and if I did I beg to make the most ample apology." This is his version; hers, of course, is different. He says that he meant the whole thing as a joke. It was a very bad joke if it was one, and as he knows how she abuses him one may suspect that there was something more than joking in it.

The other night Lord Grey had called Lord Falmouth to order, and after the debate Falmouth came up to him with a menacing air and said, "My Lord Grey, I wish to inform you that if upon any future occasion you transgress in the slightest degree the orders of the House, I shall most certainly call you to order." Lord Grey, who expected from his air something more hostile, merely said, "My lord, your lordship will do perfectly right, and whenever I am out of order I hope you will."

*April 13th.* — After the Old Bailey I went and dined at the Covent Garden Theatrical Fund dinner. The Duke of Clarence could not come, so they put Lord Blessington in the chair, who made an ass of himself. Among other toasts he was to give "The memory of the Duke of York," who was the founder of the institution. He prefaced this with a speech, but gave "The health," etc., on which Fawcett, who sat opposite, called out in an agony, "The memory, my lord!" He corrected himself, but in a minute after said again, "The health." "The memory, my lord!" again roared Fawcett. It was supremely ridiculous.

*May 14th.* — I have been at Newmarket for three weeks, and have had no time to write, nor has anything particular occurred. The King came to town, and had a levee and drawing-room, the former of which was very numerous, the other shabbily attended. At the levee he was remarkably civil to

all the peers, particularly the Duke of Richmond, who had distinguished themselves in opposition to government in the late debates, and he turned his back on the bishops who had voted for the bill. O'Connell and Shiel were both at the levee ; the former had been presented in Ireland, so had not to be presented again, but the King took no notice of him, and when he went by said to somebody near him, "Damn the fellow ! what does he come here for ?" — dignified.

There was an odd circumstance the day of the drawing-room. The Duke of Cumberland, as gold stick, gave orders at the Horse Guards that no carriages should be admitted into the Park, and Peel and the Duke of Wellington, when they presented themselves on their way to court, were refused admission. The officer on guard came to the Duke's carriage and said that such were his orders, but that he was sure they were not meant to extend to his Grace, and if he would authorize him he would order the gates to be opened. The Duke said, "By no means," and then desired his carriage to go round the other way. Many people thought that this was a piece of impertinence of the Duke of Cumberland's, but the Duke says that the whole thing was a mistake. Be this as it may, the Duke of Cumberland and the Duke of Wellington do not speak, and whenever they meet, which often happens in society, the former moves off.

Yesterday morning Batchelor called on me, and sat with me for an hour telling me all sorts of details concerning the interior of Windsor and St. James's. The King is well in health, except that since last September he has been afflicted with a complaint in his bladder, which both annoys and alarms him very much. There is no appearance of stone or gravel, but violent irritation, which is only subdued by laudanum, and always returns when the effect of the opiate is gone off. The laudanum, too, disagrees much with his general health. He is attended by Sir Henry Holland, Brodie, and O'Reilly. Sir A. Cooper, who did attend him, is not now consulted, in consequence (Batchelor thinks) of some petty intrigue in some

quarter. This O'Reilly, who has gradually insinuated himself into the King's confidence, and by constantly attending him at Windsor, and bringing him all the gossip and tittle-tattle of the neighborhood (being on the alert to pick up and retail all he can for the King's amusement), has made himself necessary, and is not now to be shaken off, to the great annoyance of Knighton, who cannot bear him, as well as of all the other people about the King, who hate him for his meddling, mischievous character. The King's *valets de chambre* sit up alternately, and as he sleeps very ill he rings his bell every half hour. He talks of everybody and everything before his valets with great freedom, except of politics, on which he never utters a word in their presence, and he always sends them away when he sees anybody or speaks on business of any kind. Batchelor thinks that this new disorder is a symptom of approaching decay, and that the King thinks so himself.

In the mean time the influence of Knighton and that of Lady Conynham continue as great as ever; nothing can be done but by their permission, and they understand one another and play into each other's hands. Knighton opposes every kind of expense, except that which is lavished on her. The wealth she has accumulated by savings and presents must be enormous. The King continues to heap all kinds of presents upon her, and she lives at his expense; they do not possess a servant; even Lord Conyngham's *valet de chambre* is not properly their servant. They all have situations in the King's household, from which they receive their pay, while they continue in the service of the Conynghams. They dine every day while in London at St. James's, and when they give a dinner it is cooked at St. James's and brought up to Hamilton Place in hackney coaches and in machines made expressly for the purpose; there is merely a fire lit in their kitchen for such things as must be heated on the spot. At Windsor the King sees very little of her except of an evening; he lies in bed half the day or more, sometimes goes out, and sometimes goes

to her room for an hour or so in the afternoon, and that is all he sees of her. A more despicable scene cannot be exhibited than that which the interior of our court presents—every base, low, and unmanly propensity, with selfishness, avarice, and a life of petty intrigue and mystery.

*May 29th.*—Yesterday the King gave a dinner to the Dukes of Orleans and Chartres, and in the evening there was a child's ball. It was pretty enough, and I saw for the first time the Queen of Portugal<sup>1</sup> and our little Victoria. The Queen was finely dressed, with a ribbon and order over her shoulder, and she sat by the King. She is good looking and has a sensible Austrian countenance. In dancing she fell down and hurt her face, was frightened and bruised, and went away. The King was very kind to her. Our little Princess is a short, plain looking child, and not near so good looking as the Portuguese. However, if nature has not done so much, fortune is likely to do a great deal more for her. The King looked very well, and stayed at the ball till two. There were very few people, and neither Arbuthnot nor Mrs. A. were asked. I suspect this is owing to what passed in the House about opening the Birdcage Walk. It puts the King in a fury to have any such thing mentioned, not having the slightest wish to accommodate the public though very desirous of getting money out of their pockets.

The day before yesterday there was a review for the Duke of Orleans, and the Marquis of Anglesey, who was there at the head of his regiment, contrived to get a tumble, but was not hurt. Last night at the ball the King said to Lord Anglesey, "Why Paget, what's this I hear? they say you rolled off your horse at the review yesterday." The Duke as he left the ground was immensely cheered, and the people thronged about his horse and would shake hands with him. When Lord Hill went to the King the day before to give him

<sup>1</sup> Donna Maria II. da Gloria, Queen of Portugal, on the abdication of her father, Don Pedro, succeeded to the throne on the 2d of May, 1826. She was born on the 4th of April, 1819, and was consequently but a few weeks older than the Princess Victoria.

an account of the intended review and the dispositions that had been made, he said, "Hill, if I can throw my leg over your Shropshire horse, don't be surprised if you see me amongst you."

*June 11th.*—Yesterday the King had his racing dinner, which was more numerously attended and just as magnificent as that he gave last year, but not half so gay and joyous. I believe he had some gouty feeling and was in pain, for, contrary to his usual custom, he hardly spoke, and the Duke of Richmond, who sat next to him, told me that the little he did say was more about politics than the turf, and he fancied that something had annoyed him. He looked well enough, and was very cheerful before dinner. When his health was drunk "as Patron of the Jockey Club, and many thanks to him for condescending to accept that title," he made a speech, in which he said that "he was much gratified by our kindness, and he could assure us that in withdrawing himself as he had done from the Jockey Club he was not influenced by any unkindness to any member of it, or any indifference to the interests of the turf."

*June 24th.*—Went to Stoke for the Ascot races. There was such a crowd to see the cup run for as never was seen before. The King was very anxious and disappointed. I bought the winner for Chesterfield<sup>1</sup> two hours before the race, he having previously asked the King's leave, which he gave with many gracious expressions. I have set about making a reconciliation between the King and Lord Sefton. Both are anxious to make it up, but each is afraid to make the first advances. However, Sefton must make them, and he will. The cause of their quarrel is very old, and signifies little enough now. . . . They have been at daggers drawn ever since, and Sefton has revenged himself by a thousand jokes at the King's expense, of which his Majesty is well aware. Their common

<sup>1</sup> George Augustus, sixth Earl of Chesterfield, born in 1805, died in 1866. He married in 1830 Anne, daughter of Lord Forester. In 1829 he was one of the most brilliant of the young men of fashion of that day, having succeeded to a large rental and large accumulations in his minority.



pursuit, and a desire on the one side to partake of the good things of the Palace, and on the other side to be free from future pleasantries, has generated a mutual disposition to make it up, which is certainly sensible. The King has bought seven horses successively, for which he has given 11,300 guineas, principally to win the cup at Ascot, which he has never accomplished. He might have had Zinganee; but would not, because he fancied the Colonel would beat him; but when that appeared doubtful he was very sorry not to have bought him, and complained that the horse was not offered to him. He is now extravagantly fond of Chesterfield, who is pretty well bit by it. There is always a parcel of eldest sons and lords in possession invited to the Cottage for the sake of Lady Maria Conyngham. The King likes to be treated with great deference but without fear, and that people should be easy with him, and gay, and listen well. There was a grand consultation at the Cottage between the King, Lieven, Esterhazy, and the Duke of Cumberland, as to the way in which the ladies should be placed at dinner, the object being that Lady Conyngham should sit next to his Majesty, though according to etiquette the two ambassadresses should sit one on each side of him. It was contrived by the Duke of Cumberland taking out one of them and sitting opposite, by which means the lovely Thais sat beside him and he was happy.

July 10th. — I dined with the Duke of Wellington yesterday; a very large party for Mesdames the Duchesse d'Escars and Madame du Cayla; the first is the widow of the Duc d'Escars, who was *premier maître d'hôtel* of Louis XVIII. and who was said to have died of one of the King's good dinners, and the joke was, "*Hier sa Majesté a eu une indigestion, dont M. le Duc d'Escars est mort.*" Madame du Cayla<sup>1</sup> is

<sup>1</sup> Madame du Cayla had been the *soi-disant* mistress of Louis XVIII., or rather the favorite of his declining years. "*Il fallait une Esther,*" to use her own expression, "*à cet Assuérus.*" She was the daughter of M. Talon, brought up by Madame Campan, and an early friend of Hortense Beauharnais. Her marriage to an officer in the Prince de Condé's army was an unhappy one; and she was left, deserted by her husband, in straitened circumstances. After the assassination of the Duc de Berry, M. de la Rochefoucauld, one of the leaders of the ultra-Royalist party, contrived to

come over to prosecute some claim upon this government, which the Duke has discovered to be unfounded, and he had the bluntness to tell her so as they were going to dinner. She must have been good-looking in her youth ; her countenance is lively, her eyes are piercing, clear complexion, and very handsome hands and arms ; but the best part about her seemed to be the magnificent pearls she wore, though these are not so fine as Lady Conyngham's. All kings' mistresses seem to have a rage for pearls ; I remember Madame Narischkin's were splendid. Madame du Cayla is said to be very rich and clever.

After dinner the Duke talked to me for a long time about the King and the Duke of Cumberland, and his quarrel with the latter. He began about the King's making Lord Aberdeen stay at the Cottage the other day when he had engaged all the foreign ambassadors to dine with him in London. Aberdeen represented this to him, but his Majesty said, "it did not mat-

throw her in the way of Louis XVIII., in the hope of counteracting the more liberal influence which M. de Cazes had acquired over the King. Madame du Cayla became the hope and the mainstay of the altar and the throne. The scheme succeeded. The King was touched by her grace and beauty, and she became indispensable to his happiness. His happiness was said to consist in inhaling a pinch of snuff from her shoulders, which were remarkably broad and fair. M. de Lamartine has related the romance of her life in the thirty-eighth book of his *Histoire de la Restauration*, and Béranger satirized her in the bitterest of his songs — that which bears the name of "Octavie" : —

" Sur les coussins où la douleur l'enchaîne  
 Quel mal, dis-tu, vous fait ce roi des rois ?  
 Vois-le d'un masque enjoliver sa haine  
 Pour étouffer notre gloire et nos lois.

" Vois ce cœur faux, que cherchent tes caresses,  
 De tous les siens n'aimer que ses aïeux ;  
 Charger de fer les muses vengeresses,  
 Et par ses mœurs nous révéler ses dieux.

" Peins-nous ces feux, qu'en secret tu redoutes,  
 Quand sur ton sein il cuve son nectar,  
 Ces feux dont s'indignaient les voûtes  
 Où plape encor l'aigle du grand César."

It is curious that in 1829 the last mistress of a king of France should have visited London under the reign of the last mistress of a king of England.

ter, he should stay, and the ambassadors should for once see that he was king of England." "He has no idea," said the Duke, "of what a king of England ought to do, or he would have known that he ought to have made Aberdeen go and receive them, instead of keeping him there." He said the king was very clever and amusing, but that with a surprising memory he was very inaccurate, and constantly told stories the details of which all his auditors must know to be false. One day he was talking of the late King, and asserted that George III. had said to himself, "Of all the men I have ever known, you are the one on whom I have the greatest dependence, and you are the most perfect gentleman." Another day he said "that he recollected the old Lord Chesterfield, who once said to him, 'Sir, you are the fourth Prince of Wales I have known, and I must give your Royal Highness one piece of advice: stick to your father; as long as you adhere to your father you will be a great and a happy man, but if you separate yourself from him you will be nothing and an unhappy one;' and, by God (added the King), I never forgot that advice, and acted upon it all my life." "We all," said the Duke, "looked at one another with astonishment. He is extremely clever and particularly ingenious in turning the conversation from any subject he does not like to discuss.

"I," added the Duke of Wellington, "remember calling upon him the day he received the news of the battle of Navarino. I was not a minister, but commander-in-chief, and after having told me the news he asked me what I thought of it. I said that I knew nothing about it, was ignorant of the instructions that had been given to the admiral, and could not give any opinion; but 'one thing is clear to me, that your Majesty's ships have suffered very much, and that you ought to reinforce your fleet directly, for whenever you have a maritime force yours ought to be superior to all others.' This advice he did not like; I saw this, and he said, 'Oh, the Emperor of Russia is a man of honor,' and then he began talking, and went on to Venice, Toulon, St. Petersburg, all over the Continent, and from one place and one-subject to another, till

he brought me to Windsor Castle. I make it a rule never to interrupt him, and when in this way he tries to get rid of a subject in the way of business which he does not like, I let him talk himself out, and then quietly put before him the matter in question, so that he cannot escape from it. I remember when the Duke of Newcastle was going to Windsor with a mob at his heels to present a petition (during the late discussions), I went down to him and showed him the petition, and told him they ought to be prevented from coming. He went off and talked upon every subject but that which I had come about, for an hour and a half. I let him go on till he was tired, and then I said, 'But the petition, sir; here it is, and an answer must be sent. I had better write to the Duke of Newcastle and tell him your Majesty will receive it through the Secretary of State; and, if you please, I will write the letter before I leave the house.' This I did, finished my business in five minutes, and went away with the letter in my pocket. I know him so well that I can deal with him easily, but anybody who does not know him, and who is afraid of him, would have the greatest difficulty in getting on with him. One extraordinary peculiarity about him is, that the only thing he fears is ridicule. He is afraid of nothing which is hazardous, perilous, or uncertain; on the contrary, he is all for braving difficulties; but he dreads ridicule, and this is the reason why the Duke of Cumberland, whose sarcasms he dreads, has such power over him, and Lord Anglesey likewise; both of them he hates in proportion as he fears them." I said I was very much surprised to hear this, as neither of these men were wits, or likely to make him ridiculous; that if he had been afraid of Sefton or Alvanley it could have been understood. "But," rejoined the Duke, "he never sees these men, and he does not mind anybody he does not see; but the Duke of Cumberland and Lord Anglesey he cannot avoid seeing, and the fear he has of what they may say to him, as well as of him, keeps him in awe of them. No man, however, knows the Duke of Cumberland better than he does; indeed, all I know of the Duke of Cumberland I know from him, and so I

told him one day. I remember asking him why the Duke of Cumberland was so unpopular, and he said, 'Because there never was a father well with his son, or husband with his wife, or lover with his mistress, or a friend with his friend, that he did not try to make mischief between them.' And yet he suffers this man to have constant access to him, to say what he will to him, and often acts under his influence." I said, "You and the Duke of Cumberland speak now, don't you?" "Yes, we speak. The King spoke to me about it, and wanted me to make him an apology. I told him it was quite impossible, 'Why,' said he, 'you did not mean to offend the Duke of Cumberland, I am sure.' 'No, sir,' said I; 'I did not wish to offend him, but I did not say a word that I did not mean. When we meet the royal family in society, they are our superiors, and we owe them all respect, and I should readily apologize for anything I might have said offensive to the Duke; but in the House of Lords we are their peers, and for what I say there I am responsible to the House alone.' 'But,' said the King, 'he said you turned on him as if you meant to address yourself to him personally.' 'I did mean it, sir,' said I, 'and I did so because I knew that he had been here, that he had heard things from your Majesty which he had gone and misrepresented and misstated in other quarters, and knowing that, I meant to show him that I was aware of it. I am sorry that the Duke is offended, but I cannot help it, and I cannot make him an apology.'"

The Duke went on, "I was so afraid he would tell the Duke that I was sorry for what I had said, that I repeated to him when I went away, 'Now, sir, remember that I will not apologize to the Duke, and I hope your Majesty will therefore not convey any such idea to his mind.' However, he spoke to him, I suppose, for the next time I met the Duke he bowed to me. I immediately called on him, but he did not return my visit. On a subsequent occasion [I forget what he said it was] I called on him again, and he returned my visit the same day."

The Duke then talked of the letter which the Duke of Cumberland had just written (as Grand Master of the Orange

Lodges) to Enniskillen, which he thought was published with the most mischievous intentions. However, he said, "I know not what he is at, but while I am conscious of going on in a straightforward manner I am not afraid of him, or of anything he can do," which I was surprised to hear, because it looked as if he was afraid of him. I asked him whether, with all the cleverness he thought belonged to the King, he evinced great acuteness in discussing matters of business, to which he replied, "Oh, no, not at all, the worst judgment that can be." This was not the first time I had heard the Duke's opinion of the King. I remember him saying something to the Duke of Portland about him during the Queen's trial indicative of his contempt for him.

*July 21st.* — The Duke of Cumberland is doing all he can to set the King against the Duke ; he always calls him "King Authur," which made the King very angry at first, and he desired he would not, but he calls him so still, and the King submits. He never lets any of the royal family see the King alone ; the Duchess of Gloucester complains bitterly of his conduct, and the way in which he thrusts himself in when she is with his Majesty. The other day Count Münster came to the King, and the Duke of Cumberland was determined he should not have a private audience, and stayed in the room the whole time. He hates Lady Conyngham, and she him. They put about that he has been pressed to stay here by the King, which is not true ; the King would much rather he went away. The Duke of Wellington told me that he one day asked the King when the Duke was going, and he said, "I am sick to death of the subject. I have been told he was going fifty times, but when he goes, or whether he ever goes at all, I have not the least idea." He is now very much provoked because the King will not talk politics with him. His Majesty wants to be quiet, and is tired of all the Duke's violence and his constant attacks.

*August 8th.* — There is a story current about the Duke of Cumberland and Lady Lyndhurst which is more true than most stories of this kind. The Duke called upon her, and

grossly insulted her ; on which, after a scramble, she rang the bell. He was obliged to desist and to go away, but before he did he said, "By God, madam, I will be the ruin of you and your husband, and will not rest till I have destroyed you both."

*August 18th.* — Last Saturday I came back from Goodwood, and called on Lady Jersey, whom I found very curious about a correspondence which she told me had taken place between the Duke of Cumberland and the Chancellor relative to a paragraph which had appeared in the "Age," stating that his Royal Highness had been turned out of Lady Lyndhurst's house in consequence of having insulted her in it. She said she was very anxious to see the letter, for she heard that the Duke had much the best of it, and that the Chancellor's letter was evasive and Jesuitical. The next day I was informed of the details of this affair. I found that the Duke had called upon her, and had been denied ; that he had complained, half in jest and half in earnest, to the Chancellor of her not letting him in ; that on a subsequent day he had called so early that no orders had been given to the porter, and he was let in ; that his manner and his language had been equally brutal and offensive ; that he afterwards went off upon politics, and abused the whole administration, and particularly the Chancellor, and after staying two or three hours, insulting and offending her in every way, he took himself off. Soon after he met her somewhere in the evening, when he attacked her again. She treated him with all possible indignation, and would have nothing to say to him.

Yesterday I met the Chancellor at the Castle at a council. He took me aside, and said that he wished to tell me what had passed, and to show me the correspondence. He then began, and said that after the Duke's visit Lady L. had told the Chancellor of his abuse of him and the government, but had suppressed the rest, thinking it was better not to tell him, as it would put him in a very embarrassing position, and contenting herself with saying she would never receive the Duke again upon the other grounds, which were quite sufficient : but that

some time after reports reached her from various quarters (Lord Grey, Lord Durham, Lord Dudley, and several others), that the Duke went about talking of her in the most gross and impertinent manner. Upon hearing this, she thought it right to tell the Chancellor the other part of his conduct, which she had hitherto concealed, and this she did in general terms, namely, that he had been very insolent and made an attack upon her. The Chancellor was exceedingly incensed, but he said after much consideration he thought it better to let the matter drop; a long time had elapsed since the offense was committed; all communication had ceased between all the parties; and he felt the ridicule and inconvenience of putting himself (holding the high office he did) in personal collision with a royal duke, besides the annoyance which it would be to Lady Lyndhurst to become publicly the subject of such a quarrel. There, then, he let the matter rest, but about a fortnight ago he received a letter from the Duke inclosing a newspaper to this effect (as well as I can recollect it, for I was obliged to read the letter in such a hurried way that I could not bring the exact contents away with me, though I am sure I do not err in stating their sense): —

“MY LORD, — I think it necessary to inclose to your lordship a newspaper containing a paragraph which I have marked, and which relates to a pretended transaction in your lordship’s house. I think it necessary and proper to contradict this statement, which I need not say is a gross falsehood and I wish, therefore, to have the authority of Lady Lyndhurst for contradicting it.

“I am, my lord, yours sincerely,

“ERNEST.”

This was the sense of the letter, though it was not so worded; it was civil enough. The Chancellor answered: “The Lord Chancellor with his duty begs to acknowledge the favor of your Royal Highness’s letter. The Lord Chancellor had never seen the paragraph to which your Royal Highness alludes, and which he regards with the most perfect indiffer-



ence, considering it as one of that series of calumnies to which Lady Lyndhurst has been for some time exposed from a portion of the press, and which she has at length learnt to regard with the contempt they deserve." He said that he thought it better to let the matter drop, and he wrote this answer by way of waiving any discussion on the subject, and that the Duke might contradict the paragraph himself if he chose to do so. To this the Duke wrote again: "My Lord, — I have received your lordship's answer, which is not so explicit as I have a right to expect. I repeat again that the statement is false and scandalous, and I have a right to require Lady Lydhurst's sanction to the contradiction which I think it necessary to give to it." This letter was written in a more impertinent style than the other. On the receipt of it the Chancellor consulted the Duke of Wellington, and the Duke suggested the following answer, which the Chancellor sent: "The Lord Chancellor has had the honor of receiving your Royal Highness's letter of ——. The Lord Chancellor does not conceive it necessary to annoy Lady Lyndhurst by troubling her upon the subject, and with what relates to your Royal Highness the Lord Chancellor has no concern whatever; but with regard to that part which states that your Royal Highness had been excluded from the Lord Chancellor's house, there could be no question that the respect and grateful attachment which both the Chancellor and Lady Lyndhurst felt to their sovereign made it impossible that any brother of that sovereign should ever be turned out of his house." To this the Duke wrote another letter, in a very sneering and impertinent tone in the third person, and alluding to the *loose reports* which had been current on the subject, and saying that the Chancellor might have his own reasons for not choosing to speak to Lady Lyndhurst on the subject; to which the Chancellor replied that "he knew nothing of any loose reports, but that if there were any, in whatever quarter they might have originated, which went to affect the conduct of Lady Lyndhurst in the matter in question, they were most false, foul, and calumnious." So ended the correspondence; all

these latter expressions were intended to apply to the Duke himself, who is the person who spread the *loose reports* and told the lies about her. When she first denied him, she told Lord Bathurst of it, who assured her she had done quite right, and that she had better never let him in, for if she did he would surely invent some lies about her. Last Sunday week the Chancellor went down to Windsor, and laid the whole correspondence before the King, who received him very well, and approved of what he had done ; but of course when he saw the Duke of Cumberland and heard his story, he concurred in all his abuse of the Chancellor. I think the Chancellor treated the matter in the best way the case admitted of. Had he taken it up, he must have resigned his office and called the Duke out, and what a mixture of folly and scandal this would have been, and how the woman would have suffered in it all !

*August 22d.* — The day before yesterday Sir Henry Cooke called on me, and told me that he came on the part of the Duke of Cumberland, who had heard that I had seen the correspondence, and that I had given an account of it which was unfavorable to him, that his Royal Highness wished me, therefore, to call on him and hear his statement of the facts. Cooke then entered into the history, and told me that it was he who had originally acquainted the Duke with the reports which were current about him, and had advised him to contradict them, but that he had not found any opportunity of taking it up till this paragraph appeared in the "Age" newspaper ; that the Duke had given him an account of what had passed, which was that Lady Lyndhurst had begged him to call upon her, then to dine with her, and upon every occasion had encouraged him. I heard all he had to say, but declined calling on the Duke. As I wished, however, that there should be no misrepresentation in what I said on the subject, I wrote a letter to Cooke, to be laid before the Duke, in which I gave an account of the circumstances under which I had been concerned in the business, stating that I had not expressed any opinion of the conduct of the parties, and that I did not wish

to be in any way mixed up in it. After I had seen Cooke I went to the Chancellor and read my letter to him. I found he had not shown the King the two last letters that had passed ; and as Cooke had told me that the Duke meant to go to Windsor the next day and lay the whole correspondence before the King, the Chancellor immediately sent off a messenger with the two letters which the King had not seen. The Chancellor has since circulated the correspondence among his friends, but with rather too undignified a desire to submit his conduct to the judgment of a parcel of people who only laugh at them both, and are amused with the gossip and malice of the thing.

*September 5th.*—Yesterday I went with Amyot to his house, where he showed me a part of Windham's diary ; there are twenty-eight little volumes of it, begun in 1784, when he was thirty-four years old, and continued irregularly till his death ; it seems to be written very freely and familiarly, and is probably a correct picture of the writer's mind. I only read a few pages, which were chiefly notices of his moving about, where he dined, the company he met, and other trifles, often very trifling and sometimes not very decent ; it abounds with expressions of self-reproach for idleness, breach of resolutions, and not taking care of his health ; talks of the books he reads and means to read, and constantly describes the state of spirits he is in. There is a paper containing an account of his last interview with Johnson, shortly before Johnson died ; he says that he told Johnson how much he reproached himself for not having lived more in his society, and that he had often resolved to be with him as much as he could, but that his not having done so was a proof of the fallacy of our resolutions that he regretted. In Windham's diary are several Johnsoniana, after the manner of Boswell, only much shorter, his opinions on one or two subjects briefly given, some quotations and criticisms. I was much struck with his criticisms on Virgil, whom he seems to have held in great contempt, and to have regarded as inferior to Ovid. He says, "Take away his imitation of Homer, and what do you

leave him?" Of Homer his admiration was unbounded, although he says that he never read the whole of the "Odyssey" in the original, but that everything which is most admirable in poetry is to be found in Homer. I care the less about remembering these things because they will probably appear in print before long.<sup>1</sup>

Windham told Johnson that he regretted having omitted to talk to him of the most important of all subjects on which he had often doubted. Johnson said, "You mean natural and revealed religion," and added that the historical evidences of Christianity were so strong that it was not possible to doubt its truth, that we had not so much evidence that Cæsar died in the Capitol as that Christ died in the manner related in the Bible; that three out of four of the Evangelists died in attestation of their evidence, that the same evidence would be considered irresistible in any ordinary historical case. Amyot told me, as we were coming along, that Windham had questioned Johnson about religion, having doubts, and that Johnson had removed them by this declaration: if, then, the commonest and hundred times repeated arguments were sufficient to remove such doubts as were likely to occur to a mind like Windham's, it may be counted a miracle, for I am sure, in the ordinary affairs of life, Windham would not have been so easily satisfied. It has always appeared to me questionable whether Johnson was a believer (I mean whether his clear and unbiassed judgment was satisfied) in Christianity; he evidently dreaded and disliked the subject, and though he would have been indignant had anybody hinted that he had doubts, his nervous irritation at any religious discussion betokened a mind ill at ease on the subject. I learnt one thing from Windham's diary which I put into immediate practice, and that is, to write mine on one side only, and leave the other for other matters connected with the text; it is more convenient certainly.

<sup>1</sup> A selection from Mr. Windham's journals was published by Mrs. Henry Baring in 1866. The *Johnsoniana* had previously been published by Mr. Croker in his edition of Boswell's *Life of Johnson*.

*September 16th.* — The King has nearly lost his eyesight, and is to be couched as soon as his eyes are in a proper state for the operation. He is in a great fright with his father's fate before him, and indeed nothing is more probable than that he will become blind and mad too ; he is already a little of both. It is now a question of appointing a private secretary, and Knighton, it is supposed, would be the man ; but if he is to abstain from all business, there would seem to be no necessity for the appointment, as he will be as little able to do business with his private secretary as with his minister.

*September 23d.* — At Fulham till Friday, when I came to town. Went to Stoke on Saturday, and returned yesterday ; old Lady Salisbury, Giles, E. Capel, and Conroy. There is always something to be learnt from everybody, if you touch them on the points they know. Giles told me about the letter to his sister written by Francis,<sup>1</sup> and which was supposed to have afforded another proof that he was Junius. Many years ago Francis was in love with his sister, Mrs. King (at Bath), and one day she received an anonymous letter, inclosing a copy of verses. The letter said that the writer had found the verses, and being sure they were meant for her, had sent them to her. The verses were in Francis's handwriting, the envelope in a feigned hand. When the discussion arose about Francis being Junius, Giles said to his sister one day, "If you have kept those verses which Francis wrote to you many years ago at Bath, it would be curious to examine the handwriting and see if it corresponds with that of Junius." She found the envelope and verses, and, on comparing them, the writing of the envelope was identical with that of Junius as published in Woodfall's book.

Old Creevey is rather an extraordinary character. I know nothing of the early part of his history, but I believe he was an attorney or barrister ; he married a widow, who died a few

<sup>1</sup> Sir Philip Francis, the reputed author of the *Letters of Junius*. This anecdote has since been verified with great minuteness by Mr. Twisleton in his researches on the authorship of *Junius*. The copy of verses and the envelope in a feigned hand are still in existence. I have seen them. The feigned hand appears to be identical with that of Junius.

years ago ; she had something, he nothing ; he got into Parliament, belonged to the Whigs, displayed a good deal of shrewdness and humor, and was for some time very troublesome to the Tory government by continually attacking abuses. After some time he lost his seat, and went to live at Brussels, where he became intimate with the Duke of Wellington. Then his wife died, upon which event he was thrown upon the world with about 200*l.* a year or less, no home, few connections, a great many acquaintances, a good constitution, and extraordinary spirits. He possesses nothing but his clothes, no property of any sort ; he leads a vagrant life, visiting a number of people who are delighted to have him, and sometimes roving about to various places, as fancy happens to direct, and staying till he has spent what money he has in his pocket. He has no servant, no home, no creditors ; he buys everything as he wants it at the place he is at ; he has no ties upon him, and has his time entirely at his own disposal and that of his friends. He is certainly a living proof that a man may be perfectly happy and exceedingly poor, or rather without riches, for he suffers none of the privations of poverty and enjoys many of the advantages of wealth. I think he is the only man I know in society who possesses nothing.

*November 9th.* — Dined to-day with Byng and met Tom Moore, who was very agreeable ; he told us a great deal about his forthcoming "Life of Byron." He is nervous about it ; he is employed in conjunction with Scott and Macintosh to write a history of England for one of the new publications like the Family Library.<sup>1</sup> Scott is to write Scotland, Macintosh England, and Moore Ireland ; and they get 1,000*l.* apiece ; but Scott could not compress his share into one volume, so he is to have 1,500*l.* The republication of Scott's works will produce him an enormous fortune ; he has already paid off 30,000*l.* of the Constable bankruptcy debt, and he is to pay the remaining 30,000*l.* very soon. A new class of readers is produced by the Bell and Lancaster schools, and this is the cause of the prodigious and extensive sale of cheap

<sup>1</sup> Dr. Lardner's *Cyclopædia*.

publications. Moore<sup>1</sup> had received a letter from Madame de Guiccioli to-day; he says she is not handsome. Byron's exploits, especially at Venice, seem to have been marvelous. Moore said he wrote with extraordinary rapidity, but his corrections were frequent and laborious. When he wrote the address for the opening of Drury Lane Theatre, he corrected it repeatedly.

I saw Miss Fanny Kemble for the first time on Friday, and was disappointed. She is short, ill made, with large hands and feet, an expressive countenance, though not handsome, fine eyes, teeth, and hair, not devoid of grace, and with great energy and spirit, her voice good, though she has a little of the drawl of her family. She wants the pathos and tenderness of Miss O'Neill, and she excites no emotion; but she is very young, clever, and may become a very good, perhaps a fine actress. Mrs. Siddons was not so good at her age. She fills the house every night.

*November 12th.* — At Roehampton at Lord Clifden's from Tuesday, the 10th, till to-day; Sir James Macintosh, Moore, Poodle Byng,<sup>1</sup> and the Master of the Rolls. It was uncommonly agreeable. I never was in Macintosh's society for so long before, and never was more filled with admiration. His prodigious memory and the variety and extent of his information remind me of all I have heard and read of Burke and Johnson, but his amiable, modest, and unassuming character makes him far more agreeable than they could either of them (particularly Johnson) have been, while he is probably equally instructive and amusing. Not a subject could be mentioned of which he did not treat with equal facility and abundance, from the council of Trent to Voltaire's epistles; every sub-

<sup>1</sup> Moore told me that the editor of one of the annuals offered him 600*l.* to write two articles for his work, but "that he loathed the task" and refused, though the money would have been very acceptable. The man said he did not care about the merit of the performance, and only wanted his name; when Moore refused, the editor raked out some old and forgotten lines of his to Perry, and inserted them with his name. — C. C. G.

<sup>2</sup> Hon. Frederick Byng, formerly of the Foreign Office, universally known at this time as "The Poodle," probably because he once kept a fine animal of that breed.

ject, every character, every work, all were familiar to him, and I do not know a greater treat than to hear him talk.

Macintosh said he was a great reader of novels ; had read " Old Mortality " four times in English and once in French. Ellis said he preferred Miss Austen's novels to Scott's. Talked of the old novelists — Fielding, little read now, Smollet less ; Macintosh is a great admirer of Swift, and does not think his infamous conduct to Vanessa quite made out. Talked of the articles of our religion, and said that they were in almost exact conformity with certain doctrines laid down in the council of Trent. The Jansenists differ very little from our Church, except as to the doctrine of the Real Presence. Speaking of India, Macintosh said that it was very remarkable that we had lost one great empire and gained another in the same generation, and that it was still a moot point whether the one really was a gain or the other a loss. Called America the second maritime power. Franklin wept when he quitted England. When he signed the treaty at Paris, he retired for a moment and changed his coat. It was remarked, and he said he had been to put on the coat in which he had been insulted by Lord Loughborough at the English council board. Madame de Staël, he said, was more agreeable in *tête-à-tête* than in society ; she despised her children, and said, "*Ils ne me ressemblent pas.*" He told her she did not do them justice, particularly her daughter. She said, "*C'est une lune bien pâle.*" She took an aversion to Rogers, but when she met him at Bowood, and he told her anecdotes, she liked him. She had vanquished Brougham, and was very proud of those conquests.

Moore told several stories which I don't recollect, but this amused us : Some Irish had emigrated to some West Indian colony ; the negroes soon learnt their brogue, and when another ship-load of Irish came soon after, the negroes as they sailed in, said, " Ah, Paddy, how are you ? " " Oh, Christ ! " said one of them, " what, y're become black already ! "

Moore without displaying the astonishing knowledge of



Macintosh, was very full of information, gayety, and humor. Two more delightful days I never passed. I could not help reflecting what an extraordinary thing success is in this world, when a man so gifted as Macintosh has failed completely in public life, never having attained honors, reputation, or wealth, while so many ordinary men have reaped an abundant harvest of all. What a consolation this affords to mediocrity. None can approach Macintosh without admiring his extraordinary powers, and at the same time wondering why they have not produced greater effects in the world either of literature or politics. His virtues are obstacles to his success; he has not the art of pushing or of making himself feared; he is too *doucereux* and complimentary, and from some accident or defect in the composition of his character, and in the course of events which have influenced his circumstances, he has always been civilly neglected. Both Macintosh and Moore told a great many anecdotes, but one morning at breakfast the latter related a story which struck us all. Macintosh said it was enough to furnish materials for a novel, but that the simple narrative was so striking it ought to be written down without exaggeration or addition. I afterwards wrote it down as nearly as I could recollect it. It was Crampton, the Surgeon-general, who told it to Moore and Crampton *loquitur*.

“Some years ago I was present at a duel that was fought between a young man of the name of MacLoughlin and another Irishman. MacL. was desperately wounded; his second ran up to him, and thought to console him with the intelligence that his antagonist had also fallen. He only replied, “I am sorry for it if he is suffering as much as I do now.” I was struck by the good feeling evinced in this reply, and took an interest in the fate of the young man. He recovered, and a few years after my interest was again powerfully excited by hearing that he had been arrested on suspicion of having murdered his father-in-law, his mother’s second husband. He was tried and found guilty on the evidence of a soldier who happened to be passing in the middle of the night near the house in which the murder was committed. Attracted by a

light which gleamed through the lower part of the window, he approached it, and through an opening between the shutter and the frame was able to look into the room. There he saw a man in the act of lifting a dead body from the floor, while his hands and clothes were stained all over with blood. He hastened to give information of what he had seen; MacLoughlin and his mother were apprehended, and the former, having been identified by the soldier, was found guilty. There was no evidence against the woman, and she was consequently acquitted. MacLoughlin conducted himself throughout the trial with determined calmness, and never could be induced to acknowledge his guilt. The morning of his execution he had an interview with his mother; none knew what passed between them, but when they parted he was heard to say, "Mother, may God forgive you!" The fate of this young man made a deep impression on me, till time and passing events effaced the occurrence from my mind. It was several years afterwards that I one day received a letter from a lady (a very old and intimate acquaintance) entreating that I would immediately hasten down to the assistance of a Roman Catholic priest who was lying dangerously ill at her house, and the symptoms of whose malady she described. Her description left me doubtful whether the mind or the body of the patient was affected. Being unable to leave Dublin, I wrote to say that if the disease was bodily the case was hopeless, but if mental I should recommend certain lenitives, for which I added a prescription. The priest died, and shortly after his death the lady confided to me an extraordinary and dreadful story. He had been her confessor and intimate friend, and in moments of agony and doubt produced by horrible recollections he had revealed to her a secret which had been imparted to him in confession. He had received the dying confession of MacLoughlin, who, as it turned out, was not the murderer of his father-in-law, but had died to save the life and honor of his mother, by whom the crime had been really committed. She was a woman of violent passions; she had quarreled with her husband in the middle of the night, and after throwing

him from the bed, had dispatched him by repeated blows. When she found he was dead she was seized with terror, and hastening to the apartment of her son, called him to witness the shocking spectacle and to save her from the consequences of her crime. It was at this moment, when he was lifting the body and preparing to remove the bloody evidence of his mother's guilt, that the soldier passed by and saw him in the performance of his dreadful task. To the priest alone he acknowledged the truth, but his last words to his mother were now explained."

*November 20th.* — Roehampton. Only Moore and myself; Washington Irving and Maclane, the American Minister, come to-morrow. Moore spoke in the highest terms of Luttrell, of his wit and information, and of his writings, to which he does not think the world does justice, particularly the "Advice to Julia," but he says Luttrell is too fearful of giving offense. Moore was very agreeable, told a story of Sir — St. George in Ireland. He was to attend a meeting at which a great many Catholics were to be present (I forget where), got drunk, and lost his hat, when he went into the room where they were assembled and said, "Damnation to you all! I came to emancipate you, and you've stole my hat." In the evening Moore sang, but the pianoforte was horrid, and he was not in good voice; still his singing "*va dritto al cuore*," for it produces an exceeding sadness, and brings to mind a thousand melancholy recollections, and generates many melancholy anticipations. He told me as we came along that with him it required no thought to write, but that there was no end to it; so many fancies on every subject crowded on his brain; that he often read what he had written as if it had been the composition of another, and was amused; that it was the greatest pleasure to him to compose those light and trifling pieces, humorous and satirical, which had been so often successful. He holds Voltaire to have been the most extraordinary genius that ever lived, on account of his universality and fertility; talked of Scott and his wonderful labor and power of composition, as well as the extent to which he has carried the art of book-

making ; besides writing this history of Scotland for Dr. Lardner's "Encyclopædia," he is working at the prefaces for the republication of the *Waverley Novels*, the "Tales of a Grandfather," and has still found time to review *Tytler*, which he has done out of the scraps and chips of his other works. A little while ago he had to correct some of the proofs of the history of Scotland, and being dissatisfied with what was done, he nearly wrote it over again, and sent it up to the editor. Some time after finding another copy of the proofs, he forgot that he had corrected them before, and he rewrote these also and sent them up, and the editor is at this moment engaged in selecting from the two corrected copies the best parts of each.

Yesterday I met the Chancellor at dinner at the Master of the Rolls', when he told me about the King and Denman.<sup>1</sup> The King would not have the Recorder's report last week, because the Recorder was too ill to attend, and he was resolved not to see Denman. The Duke went to him, when he threw himself into a terrible tantrum, and was so violent and irritable that they were obliged to let him have his own way for fear he should be ill, which they thought he would otherwise certainly be. He is rather the more furious with Denman from having been forced to consent to his having the silk gown, and he said at that time that he should never set his foot in any house of his ; so that business is at a standstill, and the unfortunate wretches under sentence of death are suffered to linger on, because he does not choose to do his duty and admit to his presence an officer to whom he has taken an aversion. As the Chancellor said to me, "the fact is, he is mad." The fact is that he is a spoiled, selfish, odious beast, and has no idea of doing anything but what is agreeable to himself, or of there being any duties attached to the office he holds. The expenses of the civil list exceed the allowance in every branch, every quarter ; but nobody can guess how

<sup>1</sup> Thomas Denman, afterwards Lord Denman and Lord Chief Justice of England, was at this time Common Serjeant of the City of London. George IV. hated him for the part he had taken on the Queen's trial, and did all he could to prevent his having a silk gown.

the money is spent, for the King makes no show and never has anybody there. My belief is that — and — — — plunder him, or rather the country, between them, in certain stipulated proportions. Among other expenses his tailor's bill is said to be 4,000*l.* or 5,000*l.* a year. He is now employed in devising a new dress for the Guards.

*November 21st.* — Maclane, the American Minister, could not come, but Irving did. He is lively and unassuming, rather vulgar, very good-humored. We went to Strawberry Hill to-day — Moore, Ellis, Lady Georgiana, and I. Ellis is an excellent cicerone; everything is in the state in which old Horace Walpole left it, and just as his catalogue and description describe it. He says in that work that he makes that catalogue to provide against the dispersion of his collections, and he tied up everything as strictly as possible. Moore sang in the evening and was very agreeable the whole day. He said that Byron thought that Crabbe and Coleridge had the most genius and feeling of any living poet. Nobody reads Crabbe now. How dangerous it is to be a story-teller, however agreeable the manner or amusing the budget, for Moore to-day told a story which he told here last week. However, they all laughed just the same, except me, and I moralized upon it thus. Clifden is a very odd man, shrewd and well informed, and somewhat sarcastic, but very gay and good-humored, fond of society and the "Times" newspaper, a great enemy to the Church, and chuckles over its alarms and its dangers, but I was amused with a comical contradiction. Somebody told a story about an erratum in an Irish paper, which said that such a one had abjured the errors of the Romish Church and embraced those of the Protestant, at which he was greatly diverted, and said, "That is just what I should have said myself;" and to-day after dinner, all of a sudden, he said grace (he says grace on Sunday only).

Moore gave an account this morning of his being examined in Trinity College, Dublin, when a boy, during the rebellion. Many of the youths (himself, and he says he is pretty sure Croker, among the number) had taken the oath of the United

Irishmen<sup>1</sup> (Emmett<sup>2</sup> and some others who were in the college had absconded). The Chancellor (Lord Clare) came to the college, erected his tribunal, and examined all the students upon oath. He asked first if they had belonged to any society of United Irish, and if the answer was in the affirmative, he asked whom they had ever seen there and what had passed. Contumacy was punishable by expulsion and exclusion from every profession. At the end of the first day's examination Moore went home to his parents, and told them he could not take an oath which might oblige him to criminate others (as he should be forced to answer any question they might choose to put), and though they were poor, and had conceived great hopes of him, they encouraged him in this resolution. The next day he was called forth, when he refused to be sworn, stating his reasons why. The Chancellor said he did not come there to dispute with him, but added that they should only ask him general questions, on which he took the oath, but reserved to himself the power of declining to answer particular questions. They only asked him such questions as he could conscientiously answer (they had got all the information they wanted, and were beginning to relax), but when they had done with him Lord Clare asked him why he had demurred to answer. He said he was afraid he might be called on to criminate others, and that he had never taken an oath before, and naturally felt some reluctance and dread on such an occasion.

Moore told a story of an Irishman who saw from the pit a friend of his acting Othello, and he called out, "Larry, Larry, Larry, there's the least taste in life of your linen hanging out!" One day in America, near the Falls of Niagara, Moore saw this scene: An Indian, whose boat was moored to the shore, was making love to the wife of another Indian; the husband came upon them unawares; he jumped into the boat, when the other cut the cord, and in an instant it was carried into the middle of the stream, and before he could seize his

He did not take the oath till after this examination.  
He had lived in intimacy with Emmett.

paddle was already within the rapids. He exerted all his force to extricate himself from the peril, but finding that his efforts were vain, and his canoe was drawn with increasing rapidity towards the falls, he threw away his paddle, drank off at a draught the contents of a bottle of brandy, tossed the empty bottle into the air, then quietly folded his arms, extended himself in the boat, and awaited with perfect calmness his inevitable fate. In a few moments he was whirled down the falls, and disappeared forever.

Washington Irving wants sprightliness and more refined manners. He was in Spain four years, at Madrid, Seville, and Granada. While at the latter place he was lodged in the Alhambra, which is excellently preserved and very beautiful; he gives a deplorable description of the ignorance and backward state of the Spaniards. When he returned to France he was utterly uninformed of what had been passing in Europe while he was in Spain, and he says that he now constantly hears events alluded to of which he knows nothing.

*December 1st.* — After I left Roehampton last week, came to town and dined with Byng, Moore, Irving, Sir T. Lawrence, and Vesey Fitzgerald; very agreeable. No news but the failure of the Spanish expedition against Mexico, which capitulated, and the soldiers promised never to bear arms against Mexico again. On Friday went to see Lord Glengall's comedy, with a prologue by F. Mills and an epilogue by Alvanley.<sup>1</sup> It succeeded, though the first two acts went off heavily: not much novelty in it, but the characters well drawn and some of the situations very good; it amused me very well, and was exceedingly well acted. Glengall came to me afterwards to get criticisms on his play. I told him some of the faults, and he was not in the Sir Fretful line, but took it all very thankfully. At Roehampton on Sunday; Byng, Sir Robert Wilson, Sharpe,<sup>2</sup> and Luttrell. There is a joke of Luttrell's about Sharpe. He was a wholesale hatter formerly; having a dingy complexion, somebody said he had transferred the color of

<sup>1</sup> A comedy by the Earl of Glengall, entitled, I think, *The Fools of Fashion*.

<sup>2</sup> Richard Sharpe, Esq., well known by the *sobriquet* of "Conversation Sharpe."

his hats to his face, when Luttrell said that "it was *darkness which might be felt.*"

*December 5th.*—This morning the Duke of Wellington sent for me about the council on Monday, and after settling that matter he began talking about the King's conduct with reference to the Recorder's report. I told him it was thought very extraordinary. He said, "You have no idea what a scene I had with him; there never was anything like it. I never saw him so violent." He then rang the bell, when Drummond (his secretary) appeared, and the Duke desired him to bring the correspondence with the King about the Recorder, which was done. He then said, "I came to town on the Monday for the council and report, which was to have been on Tuesday, and which he had himself settled, without consulting me: in the afternoon Phillips came to me and said that the Recorder could not attend, and that they did not know if his Majesty would receive Denman. I wrote to the King directly this letter." He then read the letter, which was to this effect: that he informed the King that the Recorder was ill, and therefore the Common Serjeant, Mr. Denman, would have the honor of making the report to his Majesty; that he thought it right to apprise him of this, and if he had any objection to receive Mr. Denman, it would be better to put off the council, as no other person could now lay the report before him. "To this the King wrote an answer, beginning 'My dear Duke,' not as usual," the Duke said, "'My dear friend,' that the state of his eyes would not allow him to write by candle-light, and he was therefore obliged to make use of an amanuensis. The letter was written by Watson, and signed by the King, 'Your sincere friend, G. R.' It was to the effect that he was quite surprised the Duke should have made him such a proposal; that he had been grossly insulted by Denman, and would never admit him to his presence; that it had been settled the Deputy Recorder, Arabin, in the absence of the Recorder, should make the report, and that he had already done so; that he was surprised, knowing as the Duke must do the firmness of his character, that he



should think him capable of yielding on this subject ; that he never would do so, and desired the council might take place, and the report be made by Arabin." His letter was much longer, but this was the pith of it. On the receipt of this the Duke held a consultation with Peel and the Chancellor, when they determined to put off the council, which was done, and the Duke wrote to the King as nearly as I can recollect, as follows. This was an admirable letter — business-like, firm, and respectful : " That upon the receipt of his Majesty's letter he had thought it his duty to consult the Chancellor, and that they had come to the resolution of postponing the council and report ; that the making of this report was the privilege of the city of London, and that the Recorder in the execution of this duty, being unable to attend, had placed it in the hands of the Common Serjeant, whose duty it then became to present it ; that it was now in his hands, and could not be withdrawn without his consent ; that the only occasion on which it had been presented by Mr. Serjeant Arabin had been when the Common Serjeant was on the circuit ; that as his Majesty objected to admit Mr. Denman to his presence, they had thought it best to put off the council, as if Mr. Arabin was summoned he could have no report to present, and there would probably arise some discussion between the Common Serjeant and him, which would be a proceeding such as ought not to take place in his Majesty's palace, and that he would wait upon his Majesty the next morning and take his commands upon the subject." The next day, he continued, he went to Windsor, where he had a grand scene with his Majesty. " I am sure," said the Duke, " that nobody can manage him but me." He repeated all he had said in his letter, and a great deal more ; represented to him that having given his sanction to the official appointment of Denman since the Queen's trial, he could not refuse to receive him in the execution of his duty without alleging legal objections for so doing ; to which the King replied that Lord Liverpool had behaved very ill to him, and had made him do this, and then he became very violent, and cursed and swore, and said he never would

see him. The Duke said that he might put off the report ; that there were three men who must be hanged, and it did not signify one farthing whether they were kept in prison a little longer or shorter time (he forgets that there are others lying under sentence of death, probably several), and that he had better put it off than have the Common Serjeant come down to a scene in his palace. After letting him run on in his usual way, and exhaust his violence, he left him, and the report stands over once more ; but the Duke told me that it could not stand over after this, and if the Recorder is not well enough when the time arrives for the next report, his Majesty must receive Denman whether he will or no, and that he shall insist upon it. He told me the whole history in great detail mixed with pretty severe strictures on the King. I have put down all I could carry away. I have not such a memory (or such an invention) as Bourrienne.

The Duke then told me that he had made strong remonstrances about the excess of expenditure on the civil list ; that in the Lord Steward's department there had been an excess of 7,000*l.*, in that of the Master of the Horse of 5,000*l.*, and that of the Master of the Robes (the tailor's bill) of 10,000*l.* in the last half-year ;<sup>1</sup> that he had stated that unless they could save the difference in the next half-year, or pay it out of the privy purse, he must go to Parliament, which would bring the whole of the expenses of the civil list under discussion. He said it was very extraordinary, that the King's expenses appeared to be nothing ; his Majesty had not more tables than he (the Duke) had.

I asked him about Brummell and his consulship. He said Aberdeen hesitated ; that he had offered to take all the responsibility on himself ; that he had in Dudley's time proposed it to him (Dudley), who had objected, and at last owned he was afraid the King might not like it, on which he had spoken to the King, who had made objections, abusing Brummell — said he was a damned fellow and had behaved very ill to him (the old story, always himself — *moi, moi, moi*) — but

<sup>1</sup> I am not sure that I am correct in the sums, but very nearly so. — C. C. G.

after having let him run out his tether of abuse, he had at last extracted his consent ; nevertheless Dudley did not give him the appointment. The Duke said he had no acquaintance with Brummell.

*December 7th.*—At Windsor for a council ; the Duke was there, and Lord Aberdeen, Murray, Lord Roslyn, the Chancellor, and Herries. There was a chapter of the Bath, when the Duke of Clarence was installed Grand Master, Stratford Canning and Robert Gordon, Grand Crosses. The King looked very well but was very blind. The council was by candle-light, but he could not see to read the list, and begged me to read it for him. However, I was so good a courtier that I held the candle in such a way as to enable him to read it himself. He saw the Duke for a short time, and the Chancellor for a long time. I asked the latter if the King had been *Denmanizing*, and he said, “Oh, yes—‘I said when I consented to that fellow’s having the silk gown that I would never admit him,’” etc., I was amused with old Conyngham, who told me his wife had been in danger, “so they tell me,” talking of her as if she were somebody else’s wife. The Duke went from the council to Stowe ; we all returned to town.

*December 19th.*—Ashley told me a curious thing about Sir Thomas Lawrence the other day. His father kept the inn at Devizes,<sup>1</sup> and when Lord Shaftesbury’s father and mother were once at the inn with Lord Shaftesbury, then a boy, the inn-keeper came into the room and said he had a son with a genius for drawing, and if they would allow him, his little boy should draw their little boy’s picture ; on which the little Lawrence was sent for, who produced his chalk and paper, and made a portrait of the young lord.

*December 22d.*—Dined with Byng yesterday and met Moore, Fitzgerald, and Luttrell. Luttrell is a great lover of conundrums, which taste he acquired from Beresford, the author of the “Miseries of Human Life,” who has invented

<sup>1</sup> Sir Thomas Lawrence’s father at one time kept the “Black Bear” at Devizes. In 1775 Lord and Lady Kenyon had the young prodigy (as he was called) introduced to them there. Lawrence was then only six years old.

some very curious but elaborate conundrums. They are not worth repeating. Moore told a story of an Irishman at the play, calling out, "Now, boys, a clap for Wellington!" which being complicated with, "And now silence for the rest of the family!" He complained that all the humor which used to break out in an Irish audience is extinct.

*December 27th.* — At Panshanger since the 24th; Lievens, J. Russell, Montrond, M. de la Rochefoucauld, F. Lamb. On Christmas Day the Princess [Lieven] got up a little *fête* such as is customary all over Germany. Three trees in great pots were put upon a long table covered with pink linen; each tree was illuminated with three circular tiers of colored wax candles — blue, green, red, and white. Before each tree was displayed a quantity of toys, gloves, pocket-handkerchiefs, workboxes, books, and various articles — presents made to the owner of the tree. It was very pretty. Here it was only for the children; in Germany the custom extends to persons of all ages. The Princess told us to-day about the Emperor of Russia's relapse and the cause of it. He had had a cold which he had neglected, but at length the physicians had given him some medicine to produce perspiration, and he was in bed in that state, the Empress sitting by him reading to him, when on a sudden a dreadful noise was heard in the next (the children's) room, followed by loud shrieks. The Empress rushed into the room, and the Emperor jumped out of bed in his shirt and followed her. There the children, the governess, and the nurses were screaming out that Constantine (the second boy, of two years old) was destroyed; a huge vase of porphyry had been thrown down and had fallen over the child, who was not to be seen. So great was the weight and size of the vase, that it was several minutes before it could be raised, though assistance was immediately fetched, and all that time the Emperor and Empress stood there in ignorance of the fate of the child, and expecting to see the removal of the vase discover its mangled body, when to their delight it was found that the vase had fallen exactly over him, without doing him the least injury, but the agitation and the cold brought on a violent

fever, which for some time put the Emperor in great danger. The Princess said she was surprised that it did not kill the Empress, for she is the most nervous woman in the world, ever since the conspiracy at the time of his accession, when her nerves were *ébranlés* by all she went through. That scene (of the revolt of the guards) took place under the window of the palace. The whole imperial family was assembled there and saw it all, the Emperor being in the middle of men by whom they expected him to be assassinated every moment. During all that time — many hours — the young Empress never spoke, but stood "*pâle comme une statue*," and when at length it was all over, and the Emperor returned, she threw herself on her knees and began to pray.

1830.

*Roehampton, January 9th.* — Yesterday morning died Sir Thomas Lawrence after a very short illness. Few people knew he was ill before they heard he was dead. He was *longè primus* of all living painters, and has left no one fit to succeed him in the chair of the Royal Academy. Lawrence was about sixty, very like Canning in appearance, remarkably gentlemanlike, with very mild manners, though rather too *doucereux*, agreeable in society, unassuming, and not a great talker; his mind was highly cultivated, he had a taste for every kind of literature, and was enthusiastically devoted to his art; he was very industrious, and painted an enormous number of portraits, but many of his later works are still unfinished, and great complaints used to be made of his exacting either the whole or half payment when he began a picture, but that when he had got the money he could never be prevailed on to complete it. Although he is supposed to have earned enormous sums by his paintings, he has always been a distressed man, without any visible means of expense, except a magnificent collection of drawings by the ancient masters, said to be the finest in the world, and procured at great cost. He was, however, a generous patron of young artists of merit and talent. It was always said that he lost money at play, but

this assertion seems to have proceeded more from the difficulty of reconciling his pecuniary embarrassments with his enormous profits than from any proof of the fact. He was a great courtier, and is said to have been so devoted to the King that he would not paint anybody who was personally obnoxious to his Majesty : but I do not believe this is true. He is an irreparable loss ; since Sir Joshua there has been no painter like him ; his portraits as pictures I think are not nearly so fine as Sir Joshua's, but as likenesses many of them are quite perfect. Moore's was the last portrait he painted, and Miss Kemble's his last drawing.

*January 22d.* — Lawrence was buried yesterday ; a magnificent funeral, which will have cost, they say, 2,000*l.* The pall was borne by Clanwilliam, Aberdeen, Sir G. Murray, Croker, Agar Ellis, and three more — I forget who. There were thirty-two mourning-coaches and eighty private carriages. The ceremony in the church lasted two hours. Pretty well for a man who died in very embarrassed circumstances. The favorites for the chair of the Academy are Shee and Wilkie, painters, and Westmacott and Chantrey, sculptors.

We were talking of Clanwilliam, who Agar said was the quickest man he had ever known ; Luttrell said he and Rogers were “the *quick* and the *dead*.” Looking over the “Report of the Woods and Forests and the Cost of the Palaces,” somebody said “the *pensive*” (meaning the public : see “Rejected Addresses”) must pay ; Luttrell said “the public was the *pensive* and the King the *expensive*.”

*February 3d.* — I have just finished the first volume of Moore's “Life of Byron.” I don't think I like this style of biography, halfway between ordinary narrative and self-delineation in the shape of letters, diary, etc. Moore's part is agreeably and feelingly written, and in a very different style from the “Life of Sheridan” — no turgid diction and brilliant antitheses. It is, however, very amusing ; the letters are exceedingly clever, full of wit, humor, and point, abounding in illustration, imagination, and information, but not the most agreeable sort of letters. They are joined together by a suc-

cession of little essays upon his character. But as to life, it is no life at all ; it merely tells you that the details of his life are not tellable, that they would be like those of Tilly or Casanova, and so indecent, and compromise so many people, that we must be content to look at his life through an impenetrable veil. Then in the letters and diary, the perpetual hiatus, and asterisks, and initials are exceedingly tantalizing ; but altogether it is very amusing. As to Byron, I have never had but one opinion about his poetry, which I think of first-rate excellence ; an enormous heresy, of course, more particularly with those whose poetical taste rests upon the same foundation that their religious creed does — that of having been taught what to admire in the one case as they have been enjoined what to believe in the other. With regard to his character, I think Moore has succeeded in proving that he was far from deficient in amiable qualities ; he was high-minded, liberal, generous, and good-natured, and, if he does not exaggerate his own feelings, a warm-hearted and sincere friend. But what a wretch he was ! how thoroughly miserable with such splendid talents ! how little philosophy ! — wretched on account of his lame foot ; not even his successes with women could reconcile him to a little personal deformity, though this is too hard a word for it ; then tormenting himself to death nobody can tell why or wherefore. There never was so ill-regulated a mind, and he had not even the talent of making his pleasures subservient to his happiness — not any notion of *enjoyment* ; all with him was riot, and debauchery, and rage, and despair. That he very sincerely entertained a bad opinion of mankind may be easily believed ; but so far from his pride and haughtiness raising him above the influence of the opinion of those whom he so despised, he was the veriest slave to it that ever breathed, as he confesses when he says that he was almost more annoyed at the censure of the meanest than pleased with the praises of the highest of mankind ; and when he deals around his fierce vituperation or bitter sarcasms, he is only clanking the chains which, with all his pride, and defiance, and contempt, he is unable to throw off. Then

he despises pretenders and charlatans of all sorts, while he is himself a pretender, as all men are who assume a character which does not belong to them, and affect to be something which they are all the time conscious they are not in reality. But to "assume a virtue if you have it not" is more allowable than to assume a vice which you have not. To wish to appear better or wiser than we really are is excusable in itself, and it is only the manner of doing it that may become ridiculous; but to endeavor to appear worse than we are is a species of perverted vanity the most disgusting, and a very bad compliment to the judgment, the morals, or the taste of our acquaintance. Yet, with all his splendid genius, this sort of vanity certainly distinguished Lord Byron, and that among many other things proves how deeply a man may be read in human nature, what an insight he may acquire into the springs of action and feeling, and yet how incapable he may be of making any practical application of the knowledge he has acquired and the result of which he can faithfully delineate. He gives a list of the books he had read at eighteen which appears incredible, particularly as he says that he was always idle, and eight years after Scott says he did not appear well read either in poetry or history. Swift says "some men know books as others do lords—learn their titles, and then boast of their acquaintance with them," and so perhaps at eighteen he knew by name the books he mentions; indeed, the list contains Hooker, Bacon, Locke, Hobbes, Berkeley, etc. It sounds rather improbable; but his letters contain allusions to every sort of literature, and certainly indicate considerable information. "*Dans le pays des aveugles les borgnes sont rois,*" and Sir Walter Scott might think a man only half read who knows all that is contained in the brains of White's, Brookes', and Boodle's, and the greater part of the two Houses of Parliament. But the more one reads and hears of great men the more reconciled one becomes to one's own mediocrity.

"Say thou, whose thoughts at nothingness repine,  
Shall Byron's fame with Byron's fate be thine?"



Who would not prefer any obscurity before such splendid misery as was the lot of that extraordinary man? Even Moore is not happy. One thinks how one should like to be envied, and admired, and applauded, but after all, such men suffer more than we know or they will confess, and their celebrity is dearly purchased.

“ Se di ciascun l'interno affanno  
Si leggesse in fronte scritto,  
Quanti guai ch' invidia fanno  
Ci farebbe pietà.”

One word more about Byron and I have done. I was much struck by the coincidence of style between his letters and his journal, and that appears to me a proof of the reality and nature which prevailed in both.

*February 5th.*—There is a charlatan of the name of Chobert, who calls himself the Fire King, who has been imposing upon the world for a year or more, exhibiting all sorts of juggleries in hot ovens, swallowing poisons, hot lead, etc. ; but yesterday he was detected signally, and after a dreadful uproar was obliged to run away to avoid the ill-usage of his exasperated audience. He pretended to take prussic acid, and challenged anybody to produce the poison, which he engaged to swallow. At last Mr. Walkley, the proprietor of the “Lancet,” went there with prussic acid, which Chobert refused to take, and then the whole deception came out, and there is an end of it ; but it has made a great deal of noise, taken everybody in, and the fellow has made a great deal of money. It was to have been his last performance, but “*tant va la cruche à l'eau qu'enfin.*” . . .

*February 16th.*—Last night the English Opera House was burnt down—a magnificent fire. I was playing at whist at the “Travellers” with Lord Granville, Lord Auckland, and Ross, when we saw the whole sky illuminated and a volume of fire rising in the air. We thought it was Covent Garden, and directly set off to the spot. We found the Opera House and several houses in Catherine Street on fire (sixteen houses), and, though it was three in the morning, the streets filled by

an immense multitude. Nothing could be more picturesque than the scene, for the flames made it as light as day, and threw a glare upon the strange and motley figures moving about. All the gentility of London was there from Princess Esterhazy's ball and all the clubs; gentlemen in their fur cloaks, pumps, and velvet waistcoats mixed with objects like the *sans-culottes* in the French Revolution — men and women half dressed, covered with rags and dirt, some with nightcaps or handkerchiefs round their heads — then the soldiers, the firemen, and the engines, and the new police running and bustling, and clearing the way, and clattering along, and all with that intense interest and restless curiosity produced by the event, and which received fresh stimulus at every renewed burst of the flames as they rose in a shower of sparks like gold dust. Poor Arnold lost everything and was not insured. I trust the paraphernalia of the Beefsteak Club perished with the rest, for the enmity I bear that society for the dinner they gave me last year.

*February 21st.* — Dined with the Chancellor; Granvilles, Hollands, Moore, Luttrell, Lord Lansdowne, Auckland, and one or two more; very agreeable. Lord Holland told stories of Lord Thurlow, whom he mimicks, they say, exactly. When Lord Mansfield died, Thurlow said, "I hesitated a long time between Kenyon and Buller. Kenyon was very intemperate, but Buller was so damned corrupt, and I thought upon the whole that intemperance was a less fault in a judge than corruption, not but what there was a damned deal of corruption in Kenyon's intemperance." Lady Holland and I very friendly; the first time I have met her in company since our separation (for we have never quarreled). She is mighty anxious to get me back, for no other reason than because I won't go.

*February 23d.* — Dined with Lord Bathurst and a dull party; but after dinner Lady Bathurst began talking about the King, and told me one or two anecdotes. When the account of Lord Liverpool's seizure reached the King at Brighton, Peel was at the Pavilion; the King got into one of

his nervous ways, and sent for him in the middle of the night, desiring he would not dress ; so he went down in his bed-gown and sat by the side of the King's bed. Peel has got an awkward way of thrusting out his hands while he talks, which at length provoked the King so much that he said, "Mr. Peel, it is no use going on so (taking him off), and thrusting out your hands, which is no answer to my question."

*February 25th.* — Yesterday at Windsor for a council : the first time I have seen one held in the new rooms of the Castle. They are magnificent and comfortable, the corridor really delightful—furnished through its whole length of about 500 feet with the luxury of a drawing-room, and full of fine busts and bronzes and entertaining pictures, portraits, and curious antiquities. There were the Chancellor, the Duke, three Secretaries of State, Bathurst, and Melville. The King very blind — did not know the Lord Chancellor, who was standing close to him, and took him for Peel ; he would not give up the point, though, for when he found his mistake he attributed it to the light, and appealed to Lord Bathurst, who is stone-blind, and who directly agreed.

*February 27th.* — Dined at Lord Lansdowne's ; Moore, Rogers, J. Russell, Spring Rice, Charles Kemble, Auckland, and Doherty ; very agreeable, but Rogers was overpowered by numbers and loud voices. Doherty told some good professional stories, and they all agreed that Irish courts of justice afforded the finest materials for novels and romances. The "Mertons" and "Collegians" are both founded on facts ; the stories are in the "New Monthly Magazine ;" they said the author had not made the most of the "Collegians" story. Very odd nervousness of Moore ; he could not tell that story (of Crampton's), which I begged him to do, and which would not have been lugged in neck and shoulders, because everybody was telling just such stories ; he is delighted with my note of it. Charles Kemble talked of his daughter and her success—said she was twenty, and that she had once seen Mrs. Siddons in "Lady Randolph" when she was seven years old. She was so affected in "Mrs. Beverley" that he was

obliged to carry her into her dressing-room, where she screamed for five minutes ; the last scream (when she throws herself on his body) was involuntary, not in the part, and she had not intended it, but could not resist the impulse. She likes Juliet the best of her parts.

*February 28th.*—Dined yesterday with Lord Stanhope ; Murray the bookseller (who published “Belisarius”), Wilkie the painter, and Lord Strangford ; nobody else of note. Wilkie appears stern, and might pass for mad ; he said very little. Murray chattered incessantly ; talked to me a great deal about Moore, who would have been mightily provoked if he had heard him. An odd dinner, not agreeable, though Lord Stanhope is amusing, so strange in his appearance, so ultra-Tory and anti-Liberal in his politics, full of information and a good deal of drollery. Murray told me that Moore is going to write a “Life of Petrarch.” Croker would have written Lawrence’s Life, if Campell [the poet] had not seized the task before anybody else thought of laying hold of it. He has circulated a command that all persons who have anything to communicate will send their letters to *his secretary*, and not to him.

*Paris, March 8th.*— It will be difficult to get away from this place if I don’t go at once ; the plot thickens, and I am in great danger of dawdling on. Yesterday morning I walked about, visiting, and then went through the Tuileries and the Carrousel. The gardens were full of well-dressed and good-looking people, and the day so fine that it was a glorious sight. The King is, after all, hardly master of his own palace, for the people may swarm like bees all around and through it, and he is the only man in Paris who cannot go into the gardens. Dined with Standish, Brooke Greville, Madame Alfred de Noailles and her daughter, and then went to Madame de Flahault’s to see the world and hear politics. After all, nobody has an idea how things will turn out or what are Polignac’s intentions or his resources. Lord Stuart<sup>1</sup> told me that he knew nothing, but that when he saw all the ministers perfectly

<sup>1</sup> Lord Stuart de Rothesay was then British Ambassador in Paris.

calm and satisfied, and heard them constantly say all would be well, although all France and a clear majority in both Chambers seemed to be against them, he could not help thinking they must have some reason for such confidence, and something in reserve, of which people were not aware. Lady Keith,<sup>1</sup> with whom I had a long talk, told me that she did not believe it possible they could stand, that there was no revolutionary spirit abroad, but a long determination to provide for the stability of their institutions, a disgust at the obstinacy and pretensions of the King, and a desire to substitute the Orleans for the reigning branch, which was becoming very general; that Polignac is wholly ignorant of France, and will not listen to the opinions of those who could enlighten him. It is supposed that the King is determined to push matters to extremity, to try the Chambers, and if his ministry are beaten to dissolve them and govern *par ordonnance du Roi*, then to try and influence the elections and obtain a Chamber more favorable than the present. Somebody told her the other day of a conversation which Polignac had recently had with the King, in which his Majesty said to him, "Jules, est-ce que vous m'êtes très dévoué?" "Mais oui, Sire; pouvez-vous en douter?" "Jusqu'à aller sur l'échafaud?" "Mais oui, Sire, s'il le faut." "Alors tout ira bien." It is thought that he has got into his head the old saying that if Louis XVI. had got upon horseback he could have arrested the progress of the Revolution — a piece of nonsense, fit only for a man "*qui n'a rien oublié ni rien appris.*" It is supposed the Address will be carried against the government by about 250 to 130. (It was 221 to 180. — has a *tabatière Warin* of that day, with the names of the 221 on the lid.) All the names presented to the King yesterday for the presidency are obnoxious to him, but he named Royer Collard, who had twice as many votes as any of the others. It was remarked at the *séance royale* that the King dropped his hat and that the Duke of Orleans picked it up, and they always make a great deal of these trifles. The

<sup>1</sup> Married to Count de Flahault; in her own right Baroness Keith and Nairn. She died in 1867.

Duke of Orleans is, however, very well with the court, and will not stir let what will happen, though he probably feels like Macbeth before the murder of Duncan —

“ If chance will have me king, why let chance crown me  
Without my stir.”

*March 9th.* — Dined with M. de Flahault; met M. de Talleyrand, Madame de Dino, General Sébastiani, M. Bertin de Vaux, Duc de Broglie, and Montrond. Sébastiani and Bertin de Vaux are Deputies, and all violent Oppositionists. After dinner M. de Lescure, another man, and the young Duc de Valençay, Madame de Dino's son, came in. They talked politics all the time, and it was curious enough to me. Bertin is the sort of man in appearance that Tierney was, and shrewd like him; he is brother to the editor, and principal manager himself, of the “*Journal des Débats.*” Sébastiani is slow and pompous. The Duc de Broglie is one of the best men in France. They all agreed that the government cannot stand. Talleyrand is as much against it as any of them. Sébastiani told me they should have 280 against 130. Talleyrand said that it was quite impossible to predict what might be the result of this contest (if the court pushed matters to extremity) both to France and Europe, and that it was astonishing surrounding nations, and particularly England, did not see how deeply they were interested in the event. He said of us, “*Vous avez plus d'argent que de crédit.*” He looks horridly old, but seems vigorous enough and alive to everything. After dinner they all put their heads together and chattered politics as fast as they could. Madame de Flahault is more violent than her husband, and her house is the resort of all the Liberal party. Went afterwards to the opera and saw Maret, the Duc de Bassano, a stupid, elderly, bourgeois looking man, with two very pretty daughters. The battle is to begin in the Chamber on Saturday or Monday on the Address. Talleyrand told me that the next three weeks would be the most important of any period since the Restoration. It is in agitation to deprive him of his place of grand chambellan.

*Susa, March 15th, 9 o'clock.* — Just arrived at this place at the foot of Mont Cenis. Left Paris on the 11th, at twelve o'clock at night. On the last day, Montrond made a dinner for me at a club to see M. des Chapelles play at whist. I saw it, but was no wiser; but I conclude he plays very well, for he always wins, is not suspected of cheating, and excels at all other games. At twelve I got into my carriage, and (only stopping an hour and a half for two breakfasts) got to Lyons in forty-eight hours and a half. Journey not disagreeable, and roads much better than I expected, particularly after Maçon, when they became as good as in England; but the country presents the same sterile, uninteresting appearance as that between Calais and Paris — no hedges, no trees, except tall, stupid-looking poplars, and no châteaux or farm-houses. I am at a loss to know why a country should look so ill which I do not believe is either barren or ill cultivated. Lyons is a magnificent town. It was dark when I arrived, or rather moonlight, but I could see that the quay we came along was fine, and yesterday morning I walked about for an hour and was struck with the grandeur of the place; it is like a great and magnificent Bath; but I had not time to see much of it, and, with beautiful weather, I set off at ten o'clock. The mountains (*les Échelles de Savoie*) appear almost directly in the distance, but it was long before I could make out whether they were clouds or mountains.

After crossing the Pont de Beauvoisin we began to mount the *Échelles*, which I did on foot, and I never shall forget the first impression made upon me by the mountain scenery. It first burst upon me at a turn of the road — one huge perpendicular rock above me, a deep ravine with a torrent rushing down, and a mountain covered with pines and ilexes on the other side, and in front another vast rock which was shining in the reflected light of the setting sun. I never shall forget it. How I turned round and round, afraid to miss a particle of the glorious scene. It was the liveliest impression because it was the first. I walked nearly to the other post with the most exquisite pleasure, but it was dark by the time I got to *La Grotta*.

I went on, however, all night, very unhappy at the idea of losing a great deal of this scenery, but consoled by the reflection that there was plenty left. As soon as it was light I found myself in the middle of the mountains (the Lower Alps), and from thence I proceeded across the Mont Cenis. Though not the finest pass, to me, who had never seen anything like it, it appeared perfectly beautiful, every turn in the road presenting a new combination of Alpine magnificence. Nothing is more striking than the patches of cultivation in the midst of the tremendous rocks and precipices, and in one or two spots there were plots of grass and evergreens, like an English shrubbery, at the foot of enormous mountains covered with snow. There was not a breath of air in these valleys, and the sun was shining in unclouded brightness, so that there was all the atmosphere of summer below with all the livery of winter above.

“ The altitude of some tall crag  
That is the eagle’s birthplace, or some peak  
Familiar with forgotten years, that shows,  
Inscribed as with the silence of the thought  
Upon its bleak and visionary sides,  
The history of many a winter storm  
Or obscure record of the path of fire.

“ There the sun himself  
At the calm close of summer’s longest day  
Rests his substantial orb ; between those heights,  
And on the top of either pinnacle,  
More keenly than elsewhere in night’s blue vault  
Sparkle the stars, as of their station proud :  
Thoughts are not busier in the mind of man  
Than the mute agents stirring there, — alone  
Here do I sit and watch.”

In one place, too, I remarked high up on the side of the rugged and barren mountain two or three cottages, to arrive at which steps had been cut in the rock. No sign of vegetation was near, so exactly the description of Goldsmith : —

“ Dear is that shed to which their souls conform,  
And dear that hill that lifts them to the storm ”

In another place there was a cluster of houses and a church newly built. Not far from Lans-le-Bourg (at the foot of Mont



Cenis) is a very strong fort, built by the King of Sardinia, which commands the road. It has a fine effect perched upon a rock, and apparently unapproachable. A soldier was pacing the battlement, and his figure gave life to the scene and exhibited the immensity of the surrounding objects, so minute did he appear. At Lans-le-Bourg they put four horses and two mules to my carriage, but I took my courier's horse and set off to ride up the mountain with a guide who would insist upon going with me, and who proposed to take me up a much shorter way by the old road, which, however, I declined; he was on foot, and made a short cut up the hill while I rode by the road, which winds in several turns up the mountain. Fired with mountainous zeal, I had a mind to try one of these short cuts, and giving my horse to Paolo (my *valet de chambre*), set off with my guide to climb the next intervening ascent; but I soon found that I had better have stuck to my horse, for the immensity of the surrounding objects had deceived me as to the distance, and the ground was so steep and slippery that, unprepared as I was for such an attempt, I could not keep my footing. When about half-way up, I looked ruefully round and saw steeps above and below covered with ice and snow and loose earth. I could not get back, and did not know how to get on. I felt like the man who went up in a balloon, and when a mile in the air wanted to be let out. My feelings were very like what Johnson describes at Hawkestone in his tour in Wales. "He that mounts the precipices at —— wonders how he came thither, and doubts how he shall return; his walk is an adventure and his departure an escape. He has not the tranquillity, but the horrors of solitude — a kind of turbulent pleasure between fright and admiration." My guide, fortunately, was active and strong, and properly shod; so he went first, making steps for me in the snow, into which I put my feet after his, while with one hand I grasped the tail of his blue frock and with the other seized bits of twig or anything I could lay hold of; and in this ludicrous way, scrambling and clambering, hot and out of breath, to my great joy I at last got to the road, and for the rest of the ascent contented myself

with my post-horse, who had a set of bells jingling at his head, and was a sorry beast enough. I was never weary, however, of admiring the scenery. The guide told me he had often seen Napoleon when he was crossing the mountain, and that he remembered his being caught in a *tormento*,<sup>1</sup> when his life was saved by two young Savoyards, who took him on their backs and carried him to a *rifugio*.<sup>2</sup> He asked them if they were married, and finding they were not, inquired how much was enough to marry upon in that country, and then gave them the requisite sum, and settled pensions of 600 francs on each of them. One is dead, the other still receives it. As I got near the top of the mountain, the road, which had hitherto been excellent, became execrable, and the cold intense. I had left summer below and found winter above. I looked in vain for the chamois, hares, wolves, and bears, all of which I was told are found there. At last I arrived at the summit, and found at the inn a friar, the only inhabitant of the Hospice, who hearing me say I would go there (as my carriage was not yet come), offered to go with me; he was young, fat, rosy, jolly, and dirty, dressed in a black robe with a travelling-cap on his head, appeared quick and intelligent, and spoke French and Italian. He took me over the Hospice, which is now quite empty, and showed me two very decently furnished rooms which the Emperor Napoleon used to occupy, and two inferior apartments which had been appropriated to the Empress Maria Louisa. The N.'s on the *grille* of the door had been changed for V. E.'s (Victor Emmanuel) and M. T.'s (Maria Theresa), and frightful pictures of the Sardinian King and Queen have replaced the imperial portraits. All sorts of distinguished people have slept there *en passant*, and do still when compelled to spend the night on Mont Cenis. He offered to lodge and feed me, but I declined. I told him I was glad to see Napoleon's bedroom, as I took an interest in

<sup>1</sup> A *tormento* (most appropriate name) is a tempest of wind and sleet and snow exceedingly dangerous to those who are met by it.

<sup>2</sup> A *rifugio* is a sort of cabin of which there are several built at certain distances all the way up the mountain, where travellers may take shelter.

everything which related to that great man, at which he seemed extremely pleased, and said, "*Ah, monsieur, vous êtes donc comme moi.*" I dined at the inn (a very bad one) on some trout which they got for me from the Hospice — very fine fish, but very ill dressed. The sun was setting by the time I set off; it was dusk when I got half-way down the descent, and dark before I had reached the first stage. When half-way down the descent, the last rays of the sun were still gilding the tops of the crags above, and the contrast between that light above and the darkness below was very fine. From what I saw of it, and from what I guess, straining my eyes into the darkness to catch the dim and indistinct shapes of the mountains, the Italian side is the finest — the most wild and savage and with more variety. On the French side you are always on the breast of the same mountain, but on the Italian side you wind along different rocks, always hanging over a precipice, with huge black, snow-topped crags frowning from the other ridge. I was quite unhappy not to see it. Altogether I never shall forget the pleasure of the two days' journey and the first sight of the Alps, exceeding the expectations I had formed, and for years I have enjoyed nothing so much. The descent (at the beginning of which, by the bye, I was very nearly overturned) only ends at this place, where I found a tolerable room and a good fire, but the *cameriere* stinking so abominably of garlic that he impregnated the whole apartment.

*Genoa, March 18th.* — Got on so quick from Turin that I went to Alessandria that night, and set off at half-past six yesterday morning. Crossed the field of battle of Marengo, a boundless plain (now thickly studded with trees and houses), and saw the spot where Desaix was killed. The bridge over the Bormida which Melas crossed to attack the French army is gone, but another has been built near it. The Austrians or Sardinians have taken down the column which was erected to the memory of Desaix on the spot where he fell; they might as well have left it, for the place will always be celebrated, though they only did as the French had done before. After

the battle of Jena they took down the column of Rossbach,<sup>1</sup> but that was erected to commemorate the victory, and this the death, of the hero. I feel like Johnson — “far from me and my friends be that frigid philosophy which can make us pass unmoved over any scenes which have been consecrated by virtue, by valor, or by wisdom” — and I strained the eyes of my imagination to see all the tumult of this famous battle, in which Bonaparte had been actually defeated, yet (one can hardly now tell how) was in the end completely victorious. This pillar might have been left, too, as a striking memorial of the rapid vicissitudes of fortune : the removal of it has been here so quick, and at Rossbach so tardy, a reparation of national honor.

*Evening.* — Passed the whole day seeing sights. Called on Madame Durazzo, and went with her and her niece, Madame Ferrari, to the King's palace, formerly a Durazzo palace. Like the others, a fine house, full of painting and gilding, and with a terrace of black and white marble commanding a view of the sea. The finest picture is a Paul Veronese of a Magdalen with our Saviour. The King and Queen sleep together, and on each side of the royal bed there is an assortment of ivory palms, crucifixes, boxes for holy water, and other spiritual guards for their souls. For the comfort of their bodies he has had a machine made like a car, which is drawn up by a chain from the bottom to the top of the house ; it holds about six people, who can be at pleasure elevated to any story, and at each landing-place there is a contrivance to let them in and out. From thence to the Brignole Palace (called the Palazzo Rosso), where I met M. and Madame de Brignole, who were very civil, and ordered a scientific footman to show us the pictures. They are numerous and excellent, but we could only take a cursory look at them ; the best are the Vandykes, particularly a Christ and a portrait of one of the Brignoles on horseback, and a beautiful Carlo Dolce, a small bleeding Christ. I saw the churches — San Stefano, Annunziata, the

<sup>1</sup> The battle of Rossbach was gained by Frederick the Great over the French and Austrians in 1757.

Duomo, San Ambrosio, San Cyro. There are two splendid pictures in the Ambrosio, a Guido and a Rubens; the Martyrdom in the San Stefano, by Julio Romano and Raphael, went to Paris and was brought back in 1814. The churches have a profusion of marble, and gilding, and frescoes; the Duomo is of black and white marble, of mixed architecture, and highly ornamented — all stinking to a degree that was perfectly intolerable, and the same thing whether empty or full; it is the smell of stale incense mixed with garlic and human odor, horrible combination of poisonous exhalations. I must say, as everybody has before remarked, that there is something highly edifying in the appearance of devotion which belongs to the Catholic religion; the churches are always open, and, go into them when you will, you see men and women kneeling and praying before this or that altar, absorbed in their occupation, and who must have been led there by some devotional feeling. This seems more accordant with the spirit and essence of religion than to have the churches, as ours are, opened like theatres at stated hours and days for the performance of a long service, at the end of which the audience is turned out and the doors are locked till the next representation. Then the Catholic religion makes no distinctions between poverty and wealth — no pews for the aristocracy well warmed and furnished, or seats set apart for the rich and well dressed; here the church is open to all, and the beggar in rags comes and takes his place by the side of the lady in silks, and both kneel on the same pavement, for the moment at least, and in that place reduced to the same level.

I saw the Ducal Palace, where there are two very fine halls,<sup>1</sup> the old Hall of Audience and the Hall of Council, the latter 150 by 57 feet; and the Doria Palace, delightfully situated with a garden and fine fountain, and a curious old gallery opening upon a marble terrace, richly painted, gilt and carved, though now decayed. Here the Emperor Napoleon lived

<sup>1</sup> They are left just in the state in which they were in the time of the Republic; the balustrade still surrounds the elevated platform on which the throne of the Doge was placed.

when he was at Genoa, preferring Andrew Doria's palace to a better lodging: he had some poetry in his ambition after all. Lastly to the Albergo dei Poveri,<sup>1</sup> a noble institution, built by a Brignole and enriched by repeated benefactions; like all the edifices of the old Genoese, vast and of fine proportions. The great staircase and hall are adorned with colossal statues of its benefactors (among whom are many Durazzos), and the sums that they gave or bequeathed are commemorated on the pedestals. In the chapel is a piece of sculpture by Michael Angelo, a dead Christ and Virgin (only heads), and an altar-piece by Puget. Branching out from the chapel are two vast chambers, lofty, airy, and light, one for the men, the other for the women. About 800 men and 1,200 or 1,300 women are supported here. Many of the nobles are said to be rich — Ferrari, Brignole, Durazzo, and Pallavicini particularly. I forgot to mention the chapel and tomb of Andrew Doria; the chapel he built himself; his body, arrayed in princely robes, lies in the vault. There is a Latin inscription on the chapel, signifying that he stood by the country in the days of her affliction. It is a pretty little chapel full of painting and gilding. In the early part of the Revolution the tomb narrowly escaped destruction, but it was saved by the solidity of its materials. I gave the man who showed me this tomb a franc, and he kissed my hand in a transport of gratitude.

*March 23d.* — Yesterday morning breakfasted with Lord

<sup>1</sup> The Albergo dei Poveri and the Scoggetti Gardens pleased me more than anything I saw in Genoa. I am sorry I did not see the Sordi e Muti, which is admirably conducted, and where the pupils by all accounts perform wonders. The Albergo is managed by a committee consisting of the principal nobles in the town. The Scoggetti Gardens are delightfully laid out; there is a shrubbery of evergreens with a cascade, and a summer-house paved with tiles — two or three rooms in it, and a hot and cold bath. It is astonishing how they cherish the memory of "Lord Bentinck."<sup>1</sup> I heard of him in various parts of the town, particularly here, as he lived in the house when first he came to Genoa. The gardens command a fine view of the city, the sea, and the mountains. The saloon in the Serra is only a very splendid room, glittering with glass, and gold, and lapis lazuli; by no means deserves to be called, as it is by Forsyth, the finest saloon in Europe. It is not very large, and not much more gilt than Crockford's drawing-room, but looks cleaner, though it has been done these seventy years or more.

<sup>1</sup> Lord William Bentinck was Mr. Greville's uncle.

Normanby, who has got a house extending 200 feet in front, court, garden, and stables for about 280*l.* a year, everything else cheap in proportion, and upon 2,000*l.* a year a man may live luxuriously. His house was originally fitted up for the Pretender, and C. R.'s are still to be seen all over the place. Called on Lord Burghersh,<sup>1</sup> who was at breakfast — the table covered with manuscript music, a pianoforte, two fiddles, and a fiddler in the room. He was full of composition and getting up his opera of "Phædra" for to-morrow night. The Embassy is the seat of the Arts, for Lady Burghersh has received the gift of painting as if by inspiration, and she was in a brown robe in the midst of oils, and brushes, and canvas; and a model was in attendance, some part of whose person was to be introduced into a fancy piece. She copies pictures in the Gallery, and really extraordinary well if it be true that till a year ago she had never had a brush in her hand, and that she is still quite ignorant of drawing.

Went into two or three of the churches, then to the Gallery, and sat for half an hour in the Tribune, but could not work myself into a proper enthusiasm for the "Venus," whose head is too small and ankles too thick, but they say the more I see her the more I shall like her. I prefer the "Wrestlers," and the head of the "Remontleur" is the only good *head* I have seen, the only one with expression. "Niobe" is fine, but I can't bear her children, except one. Then to the Casine on horseback to see the town and the world: it seems a very enjoyable place. This morning again dropped into some of the churches, after which I have always a hankering, though there is great sameness in them, but I have a childish liking for Catholic pomp. The fine things are lost amidst a heap of rubbish, but there is no lack of marble, and painting, and gilding in most of them. They are going on with the Medici Chapel, on which millions have been wasted and more is going after, for the Grand Duke is gradually finishing the work. The profusion of marble is immense, and very fine and curi-

<sup>1</sup> Lord Burghersh, afterwards Earl of Westmoreland, was then British Minister at Florence.

ous if examined in detail; the precious stones are hardly seen, and when they are, not to be recognized as such. To the Pitti Palace, of which one part is under repair and not visible, but I saw most of the best pictures. I like pictures better than statues. It is a beautiful palace, and well furnished for show. Nobody knows what Vandyke was without coming here. To the Gabinetto Fisico, and saw all the wax-works, the progress of gestation, and the representation of the plague, incomparably clever and well executed. I saw nothing disgusting in the wax-works in the museum, which many people are so squeamish about.

Before dinner, yesterday, called upon Thorwaldsen, who was in the inn, to tell him Lord Gower likes his "Ganymede." He was mighty polite, squeezed my hand, and reconducted me to my own door. At night went to the opera and heard David and Grisi in "Ricciardo e Zoraida." She is like Pasta in face and figure, but much handsomer, though with less expression. She is only eighteen. He has lost much of his voice, and embroiders to make up for it, but every now and then he appears to find it again, and his taste and expression are exquisite. To-night at a child's ball at Lady Williamson's, where I was introduced to Lord Cochrane, and had a great deal of talk with him; told him I thought things would explode at last in England, which he concurred in, and seemed to like the idea of it, in which we differ, owing probably to the difference of our positions; he has nothing, and I everything, to lose by such an event.

*Rome, March 30th.*— This morning I awoke very early, and could not rest till I had seen St. Peter's; so set off in a hackney coach, drove by the Piazza della Colonna and the Castle of St. Angelo (which burst upon me unexpectedly as I turned on the bridge), and got out as soon as St. Peter's was in sight. My first feeling was disappointment, but as I advanced towards the obelisk, with the fountains on each side, and found myself in that ocean of space with all the grand objects around, delight and admiration succeeded. As I walked along the piazza and then entered the church, I felt



that sort of breathless bewilderment which was produced in some degree by the first sight of the Alps. Much as I expected I was not disappointed. St. Peter's sets criticism at defiance; nor can I conceive how anybody can do anything but admire and wonder there, till time and familiarity with its glories shall have subjected the imagination to the judgment. I then came home and went with Morier to take a cursory view of the city and blunt the edge of curiosity. In about five hours I galloped over the Forum, Coliseum, Pantheon, St. John Lateran, Santa Maria Maggiore, the Vatican, and several arches and obelisks. I cannot tell which produced the greatest impression, St. Peter's or the Coliseum; but if I might only have seen one it should be the Coliseum, for there can be nothing of the same kind besides.<sup>1</sup>

They only who have seen Rome can have an idea of the grandeur of it and of the wonders it contains, the treasures of art and the records of antiquity. Of course I had the same general idea of there being much to see that others have, but was far from being prepared for the reality, which exceeds my most sanguine expectations. The Vatican alone would require years to be examined as it deserves. It is remarkable, however, how the pleasure of the imagination arising from antiquities depends upon their accidents. The busts, statues, columns, tombs, and fragments of all sorts are heaped together in such profusion at the Vatican that the eyes ache at them, the senses are bewildered, and we regard them (with some exceptions) almost exclusively as objects of art, and do not feel the interest which, separately, they might inspire by their connection with remote ages, whereas there is scarcely one of those, if it were now to be discovered, that would not excite the greatest curiosity, and be, in the midst of the ruins to which it belongs, an object, of far greater interest than a finer production which had taken its splendid but frigid position in this collection. We went to the Sistine Chapel, and

<sup>1</sup> Of the same kind there is, at Pompeii, but not near so fine; more perfect as a specimen, far less beautiful as an object. And the amphitheatre at Verona, but that is very inferior.

saw Michael Angelo's frescoes, which Sir Joshua Reynolds says are the finest paintings in the world, and which the unlearned call great rude daubs. I do not pretend to the capacity of appreciating their merits, but was very much struck with the ease, and grace, and majesty of some of the figures ; it was, however, too dark to see the "Last Judgment." I ended by St. Peter's again, where there were many devout Catholics praying round the illuminated tomb of the Apostle, and many foolish English poking into it to stare and ask questions, the answers to which they did not understand. I have but one fault to find, and that is with the Glory, a miserable transparency in the great window opposite the entrance, throwing a yellow light upon the Dove, which has the most paltry effect, and is utterly unworthy of the grandeur of such a place.

*April 1st.* — Yesterday morning at nine o'clock went with Edward Cheney and George Hamilton to Frascati to dine with Henry Fox, who has got a villa there. As soon as we arrived, Cheney and I walked over to Grotta Ferrata to see Domenichino's frescoes. The convent is about a mile and a half off, large, formerly rich, full of monks, and a fortress ; also the scene of various miracles performed by St. Nilo, the founder and patron saint ; now tenanted by a few beggarly friars, and part of it let to Prince Gagarin, the Russian minister, as a villa. Domenichino sought and found an asylum there in consequence of some crime he had committed or debt he had incurred ; he stayed there two years, and in return for the hospitality of the monks adorned their chapel with (some think) the finest frescoes in the world. They are splendid pictures, and all painted by his own hand.

At dinner we had Hortense, the ex-Queen of Holland, her son, Prince Louis Napoleon, her lady in waiting, Lady Sandwich and her daughter, Cheney, Hamilton, Lord Lovaine, and Fordwich. We dined in the garden, but there was too much wind for a *fête champêtre*. Hortense is not near so ugly as I expected, very unaffected and gay, and gives herself no royal airs. The only difference between her and anybody else was

that, after dinner, when she rose from table, her own servant presented her with a finger-glass and water, which nobody else had. She is called Madame.

We returned by moonlight, and though I did not go into the Coliseum, because the moon was not full enough, it looked fine, and the light shining through the lower arches had a beautiful effect. This morning went a long round of sights — Cæsar's Palace, of which there are no remains but fragments of walls ; it really does "grovel on earth in indistinct decay." Caracalla's Baths, which are stupendous ; the *custode* showed us a room in which were heaped up bits of marble of all sorts and sizes, fragments of columns and friezes ; and he told us that they never excavated without finding something. And Titus's Baths, less magnificent but equally curious, because they contain the remains of the Golden House of Nero, on which Titus built his Thermæ. The ruins are, in fact, part of the Golden House, for the Thermæ have been altogether destroyed. Then to the Capitol, Forum, Temple of Vesta, Fortuna Virilis, and other places with Morier. The Capitol contains an interesting collection of busts and statues of all the emperors, most famous characters of ancient Rome and Greece, together with various magnificent objects of art. By dint of repeatedly seeing their effigies, one becomes acquainted with the faces of these worthies. These tastes grow upon one strangely at Rome, and there is a sort of elevation arising from this silent intercourse with the "great of old."

"Proud names, who once the reins of empire held,  
In arms who triumphed, or in arts excelled,  
Chiefs graced with scars, and prodigal of blood,  
Stern patriots who for sacred freedom stood,  
Just men by whom impartial laws were given  
And saints who taught, and led the way to heaven."

TICKELL.

There has been a wrangle about the Borghese Gardens, which the prince ordered to be shut up ; the government remonstrated, and a correspondence ensued which ended in their being reopened to the public, whom he has no right to

exclude. Paul V. gave the Borghese Gardens to his nephew (Aldobrandini), with a condition that they should always be open to the public, which they have been from then till now. They were a part of the Cenci property, which was immense, and confiscated by an enormous piece of injustice.

*April 4th.* — To the Sistine Chapel for the ceremonies of Palm Sunday; we got into the body of the chapel, not without difficulty; but we saw M. de la Ferronnays in his box, and he let us in (Morier and me). It was only on a third attempt I could get there, for twice the Papal halberdiers thrust me back, and I find since it is lucky they did not do worse; for upon some occasion one of them knocked a cardinal's eye out, and when he found who he was, begged his pardon, and said he had taken him for a bishop. Here I had a fine opportunity of seeing the frescoes, but they are covered with dirt, the "Last Judgment" neither distinguishable nor intelligible to me. The figures on the ceiling and walls are very grand even to my ignorance. The music (all vocal) beautiful, the service harmoniously chanted, and the responsive bursts of the chorus sublime. The cardinals appeared a wretched set of old twaddlers, all but about three in extreme decrepitude — Odescalchi, who is young and a good preacher, Gregorio, Capellari [afterwards Pope Gregory XVI.]. On seeing them, and knowing that the sovereign is elected by and from them, nobody can wonder that the country is so miserably governed. These old creatures, on the demise of a Pope, are as full of ambition and intrigue as in the high and palmy days of the Papal power. Rome and its territory are certainly worth possessing, though the Pontifical authority is so shorn of its beams; but the fact is that the man who is elected does not always govern the country,<sup>1</sup> and he is condemned to a life of privation and seclusion. An able or influential cardinal is sel-

<sup>1</sup> This, from what I have heard since, was not true of the last Pope, Leo XII., who was an odious, tyrannical bigot, but a man of activity, talent, and strength of mind, a good man of business, and his own minister. He was detested here, and there are many stories of his violent exertions of authority. He was a sort of bastard Sixtus V., but at an immense distance from that great man, "following him of old, with steps unequal." He used, however, to interfere with the private transactions of society, and banish and imprison people even of high rank, for immorality.

dom elected. The parties in the conclave usually end by a compromise, and agree to elect some cardinal without weight or influence, and there are not now any Sixtus the Fifths to make such an arrangement hazardous. Austria, Spain, and France have all vetos, and Portugal claims and exercises one when she can. To this degradation Rome is now obliged to submit. The most influential of the cardinals is Albani.<sup>1</sup> At the last election the Papal crown was offered to Cardinal Caprara, but Albani stipulated that he should make him secretary of state; Caprara refused to promise, and Albani procured the election of the present Pope (who did not desire or expect the elevation), became secretary of state (being eighty), and governs the country. He is rich and stingy. The great powers still watch the proceedings of the conclave with jealousy; and though it is difficult to conceive how the Pope can assist any one of them to the detriment of another, an ambassador will put his veto upon any cardinal whom he thinks unfavorable to his nation; this produces all sorts of trickery, for when the conclave want to elect a man who is obnoxious to Austria, for example, they choose another whom they think is equally so (but whom they do not really wish to elect), that the veto may be expended upon him, for each government has one veto only. The last veto absolutely put was on Cardinal —, who was elected on the death of Pius VII. He had behaved very rudely to the Empress Maria Louisa when she took refuge in the north of Italy after the downfall of Napoleon, thinking it was a good moment to bully the abdicated Emperor's wife. She complained to her father, who promised her the Cardinal never should be Pope. He was a young and ambitious man, and the veto killed him with vexation and disappointment.

Went and walked about St. Peter's and was surprised to find how very little longer it is than St. Paul's. To the Far-

<sup>1</sup> Albani holds the Austrian veto, and is supported by her authority. But I have heard that since Clement XI., who was an Albani, there has always been a powerful Albani faction in the conclave. This cardinal is enormously rich and the head of his house. The Duke of Modena is his nephew, and it is generally thought will be his heir.

nese Palace, built by Paul III. out of the ruins of the Coliseum, which now, with all the Farnese property, belongs to the King of Naples, and is consequently going to decay. It got into his hands by the marriage of a King of Naples with the last heiress of the house of Farnese. The Neapolitan property here consists of the Farnese and Farnesina Palaces, the Orti Farnesiani, and the Villa Madama, all in a wretched state; and the Orti, in which there are probably great remains, they will not allow to be excavated. Many of the fine things are gone to Naples, but a few remain, most of which came out of the Thermæ of Caracalla, and originally from the Villa of Adrian. These two, principally the one through the other, have been the great mines from which the existing treasures of art were drawn. The frescoes in this palace are beautiful — a gallery by Annibal and Agostino Caracci, with a few pictures by Domenichino, Guido, and Lanfranco. Annibal Caracci's are as fine as any I have seen; also a little cabinet picture painted entirely by Annibal, which is exquisite.

As we were going to this palace we drove by the Cancelleria (which was likewise built out of the Coliseum), and heard by accident that a dead cardinal (Somaglia) was lying in state there. Somaglia was secretary of state in Leo's time. Having seen all the living cardinals, we thought we might as well complete our view of the Sacred College with the dead one, and went up. After a great deal of knocking we were admitted to a private view half an hour before the public was let in. He had been embalmed, and lay on a bed under a canopy on an inclined plane, full dressed in cardinal's robes, new shoes on, his face and hands uncovered, the former looking very fresh (I believe he was rouged), his fingers black, but on one of them was an emerald ring, candles burning before the bed, and the window curtains drawn. He was eighty-seven years old, but did not look so much, and had a healthier appearance in death than half the old walking mummies we had seen with palms in their hands in the morning.

Took a look at Pasquin, who had nothing but advertisements pasted upon him. I had seen Marphorius in the Capi-

tol ; there has long been an end to the witty dialogues of the days of Sixtus V., so quaintly told by Leti ; they are so little "birds of a feather" (for Pasquin is a mutilated fragment, Marphorius a colossal statue of the ocean) that, residing as they did at different parts of the town, it is difficult to understand how they ever came to converse with each other at all. I remember one of the best of his stories. Sixtus V. made his sister a princess, and she had been a washerwoman. The next day Pasquin appeared with a dirty shirt on. Marphorius asks him "why he wears such foul linen," and he answers "that his washerwoman has been made a princess, and he can't get it washed."

To the Farnesina : Raphael's frescoes, the famous Galatea, and the great head which Michael Angelo painted on the wall, as it is said as a hint to Raphael that he was too minute. There it is just as he left it. Here Raphael painted the Transfiguration, and here the Fornarina was shut up with him that he might not run away from his work. It might be thought that to shut up his mistress with him was not the way to keep him to his work. Be that as it may, the plan was a good one which produced these frescoes and the Transfiguration.

*April 9th.* — On Wednesday called on Bunsen, the Prussian Minister, who lives at the top of the Tarpeian Rock, in a house commanding one of the best views of Rome. He has devoted himself to the study of Roman history and antiquities, and has the whole subject at his fingers' ends. He is really luminous, and his conversation equally amusing and instructive. He is about to publish a book about ancient and modern Rome, which, from what I hear, will be too minute and prolix. I then went to look at the Tarpeian Rock, but the accumulation of earth has diminished its height — there is the rock, but in a very obscure hole. It was probably twice as high as it is now. I think it is now about forty feet. Bunsen says that though the antiquaries pretend to point out the course of the ancient triumphal way, he does not think it can ever be ascertained. The only remains (only bits of

foundations) of the temple of the Capitoline Jupiter, to which the conquerors ascended, are in the garden under his windows. He thinks the population of ancient Rome may be taken at two millions at its most flourishing period. It is curious that there are hardly any houses on the hills on which ancient Rome was built, and that there were none formerly where modern Rome stands — no private houses, only public buildings and temples.

To the Mamertine Prisons, probably not a stone of which has been changed from the time that Jugurtha was starved in them. The tradition about St. Peter and the well of course is not to be believed; but it is very odd there should be a well there when there are so few in Rome. To the Sistine Chapel with M. de la Ferronnays, and very much disappointed with the music, which was not so good as on Sunday; nor was the ceremony accompanying the *Miserere* at all imposing. Yesterday morning to the Sistine again; prodigious crowd, music moderate. As soon as it was over we set off to see the benediction; and, after fighting, jostling, and squeezing through an enormous crowd, we reached the *loggia* over one side of the colonnade. The piazza of St. Peter's is so magnificent that the sight was of necessity fine, but not near so much so as I had fancied. The people below were not numerous or full of reverence. Till the Pope appears the bands play and the bells ring, when suddenly there is a profound silence; the feathers are seen waving in the balcony, and he is borne in on his throne; he rises, stretches out his hands, blesses the people — *URBI ET ORBI* — and is borne out again. A couple of indulgences were tossed out, for which there is a scramble, and so it ends. Off we scampered, and, by dint of tremendous exertions reached the hall in which the feet of the pilgrims are washed. The Pope could not attend, so the Cardinal Deacon officiated. No ceremony can be less imposing, but none more clean. Thirteen men are ranged on a bench — the thirteenth represents the angel who once joined the party — dressed in new white caps, gowns, and shoes; each holds out his foot in succession; an attendant pours a few drops of water on it from a golden jug,



which another receives in a golden basin ; the cardinal wipes it with a towel, kisses the foot, and then gives the towel, a nosegay, and a piece of money to the pilgrim — the whole thing takes up about five minutes — certain prayers are said, and it is all over. Then off we scampered again through the long galleries of the Vatican to another hall where the pilgrims dine. The arrangements for the accommodation of the ambassadors and strangers were so bad that all these passages were successive scenes of uproar, scrambling, screaming, confusion, and danger, and, considering that the ceremonies were all religious, really disgraceful. We got with infinite difficulty to another box, raised aloft in the hall, and saw a long table at which the thirteen pilgrims seated themselves ; a cardinal in the corner read some prayers, which nobody listened to, and another handed the dishes to the pilgrims, who looked neither to the right nor the left, but applied themselves with becoming gravity to the enjoyment of a very substantial dinner. The whole hall was filled with people, all with their hats on, chattering and jostling, and more like a ring of blacklegs and blackguards at Tattersall's than respectable company at a religious ceremony in the palace of the Pope. There remained the cardinals' dinner, but I had had more than enough, and came away hot, jaded, and disgusted with the whole affair.

In the evening I went to St. Peter's, when I was amply recompensed for the disappointment and bore of the morning. The church was crowded ; there was a *Miserere* in the chapel, which was divine, far more beautiful than anything I have heard in the Sistine, and it was the more effective because at the close it really was night. The lamps were extinguished at the shrine of the Apostle, but one altar — the altar of the Holy Sepulchre — was brilliantly illuminated. Presently the Grand Penitentiary, Cardinal Gregorio, with his train entered, went and paid his devotions at this shrine, and then seated himself on the chair of the great confessional, took a golden wand, and touched all those who knelt before him. Then came a procession of pilgrims bearing muffled crosses ; peni-

tents with faces covered, in white, with tapers and crosses ; and one long procession of men headed by these muffled figures, and another of women accompanied by ladies, a lady walking between every two pilgrims. The cross in the procession of women was carried by the Princess Orsini, one of the greatest ladies in Rome. They attended them to the church (the Trinità delle Pellegrine) and washed their feet and fed them. A real washing of dirty feet. Both the men and the women seemed of the lowest class, but their appearance and dresses were very picturesque. These processions entered St. Peter's, walked all round the church, knelt at the altars, and retired in the same order, filing along the piazza till they were lost behind the arches of the colonnades. As the shades of night fell upon the vast expanse of this wonderful building it became really sublime ; " the dim religious light " glimmering from a distant altar, or cast by the passing torches of the procession, the voices of the choir as they sang the *Miserere* swelling from the chapel, which was veiled in dusk, and with no light but that of the high taper half hid behind the altar, with the crowds of figures assembled round the chapel moving about in the obscurity of the aisles and columns, produced the most striking effect I ever beheld. It was curious, interesting, and inspiring — little of mummery and much of solemnity. The night here brings out fresh beauties, but of the most majestic character. There is a color in an Italian twilight that I have never seen in England, so soft, and beautiful, and gray, and the moon rises " not as in northern climes obscurely bright," but with far-spreading rays around her. The figures, costume, and attitudes that you see in the churches are wonderfully picturesque. I went afterwards to the Jesù, where there was a tiresome service (the Tre Ore), and heard a Jesuit preaching with much passion and emphasis, but could not understand a word he said.

*At night.* — To St. Peter's where the *Miserere* was not so good as last night. It was reported that the Pope was coming to St. Peter's, and the Swiss Guards lined the nave, but he did not arrive. Formerly, when the cross was illuminated, he

used to come with all the cardinals to adore it. Now the cardinals (or rather some of them) came and adored the cross and the relics belonging to the church, which were exhibited in succession from one of the balconies — a bit of the true cross, Santa Veronica's bloody handkerchief, and others. There were, as the night before, several fraternities of penitents, some in black, others in white or brown, all disguised by long hoods, but there was to-night one of the most striking and remarkable exhibitions I ever beheld.

The Grand Penitentiary, Cardinal Gregorio, again took his seat in the chair of the great confessional. All those who have been absolved after confession by their priest, and who present themselves before him, are touched with his golden wand, in token of confirmation of the absolution, and here again that quality which I have so often remarked as one of the peculiar characteristics of the Catholic religion is very striking. Men and women, beggars and princesses, present themselves indiscriminately; they all kneel in a row, and he touches them in succession. In the churches there seem to be no distinctions of rank; no one, however great or rich, is contaminated by the approximation of poverty and rags. But to return to the confessional. There are some crimes of such enormity that absolution for them can only be granted by the Pope himself, who delegates his power to the Grand Penitentiary, and he receives such confessions in the chair in which he was seated to-day. They are, however, very rare; but this evening, after he had finished touching the people, a man, dressed like a peasant in a loose brown frock, worsted stockings, and brogues, apparently of the lowest order, dark, ill-looking, and squalid, approached the confessional to reveal some great crime. The confession was very long, so was the admonition of the cardinal which followed it. The appearance of the cardinal is particularly dignified and noble, and, as he bent down his head, joining it to that of this ruffian like figure, listening with extreme patience and attention, and occasionally speaking to him with excessive earnestness, while the whole surrounding multitude stood silently gazing at the scene,

all conscious that some great criminal was before them, but none knowing the nature of the crime, it was impossible not to be deeply interested and impressed with such a spectacle. Nothing could exceed the patience of the cardinal and the intensity with which he seemed absorbed in the tale of the penitent. When it was over he wiped his face, as if he had been agitated by what he heard. It was impossible not to feel that be the balance for or against confession (which is a difficult question to decide, though I am inclined to think the balance is against), it is productive of some good effects, and, though susceptible of enormous abuses, is a powerful instrument of good when properly used. I have no doubt it is largely abused, but it is the most powerful weapon of the Romish Church, the one, I believe, by which it principally lives, moves, and has its being. That penitence must be real, and of a nature to be worked upon, which can induce a man to come forward in the face of multitudes and exhibit himself as the perpetrator of some atrocious though unknown crime.

*Sunday.*—High Mass in St. Peter's, which was crowded. I walked about the church to see the groups and the extraordinary and picturesque figures moving through the vast space. They are to the last degree interesting: in one place hundreds prostrate before an altar—pilgrims, soldiers, beggars, ladies, gentlemen, old and young, in every variety of attitude, costume, and occupation. The benediction was much finer than on Thursday, the day magnificent, the whole piazza filled with a countless multitude, all in their holiday dresses, and carriages in the background to the very end. The troops forming a brilliant square in the middle, the immense population and variety of costume, the weather, and the glorious locality certainly made as fine a spectacle as can possibly be seen. The Pope is dressed in white, with the triple crown on his head; two great fans of feathers, exactly like those of the Great Mogul, are carried on each side of him. He sits aloft on his throne, and is slowly borne to the front of the balcony. The moment he appears there is a dead silence, and every

head is bared. When he rises, the soldiers all fall on their knees, and some, but only a few of the spectators. The distance is so great that he looks like a puppet, and you just see him move his hands and make some signs. When he gives the blessing — the sign of the cross — the cannon fires. He blesses the people twice, remains perhaps five minutes in the balcony, and is carried out as he came in.

The numbers who come to the benediction are taken as a test of the popularity of the Pope, though I suppose the weather has a good deal to do with it. Leo XII. was very unpopular from his austerity, and particularly his shutting up the wine shops. The first time he gave the benediction after that measure hardly anybody came to be blessed.

*At night.* — The illumination of St. Peter's is as fine as I was told it was, and that is saying everything. I saw it from the Pincian, from the windows of the French Academy and Horace Vernet's room. He is established in the Villa Medici ; a very lively little fellow, and making a great deal of money as director of the Academy and by his paintings. His daughter is very pretty. Here I met Savary, the Duc de Rovigo, a tall, stout, vulgar-looking man. We were introduced and conversed on French politics. Afterwards drove down to the piazza and round it. The illumination is more effective at a distance, but I think it looks best from the entrance to the piazza and the Bridge of St. Angelo ; the blaze of light, the crowd, and the fountains, covered with a red glare, made altogether the most splendid sight in the world. (One poor devil was killed, and there is almost always some accident.) Eight hundred men are employed in illuminating St. Peter's ; the first pale and subdued light, which covers the whole church, is brought out by the darkness of night, the little lamps being lit in the daytime. The blazing lights which succeed are made by large pots of grease with wicks in them ; there is one man to every two lamps. On a given signal, each man touches his two lamps as quick as possible, so that the whole building bursts into light at once by a process the effect of which is quite magical — literally, as the "Rejected

Addresses" say, "starts into light, and makes the lighter start."

*April 13th.* — Breakfasted with Bunsen at the Capitol; Lovaine, Morier, Haddington, Hamilton, Kestner, Falck, G. Fitzclarence, Sir W. Gell, a little Italian savant, and Mr. Hall, Bunsen's brother-in-law. Haddington told the story of Canning's sending to Bagot a dispatch in cipher, containing these lines: —

"In matters of commerce the fault of the Dutch  
Is giving too little and asking too much;  
With equal protection the French are content:  
So we'll lay on Dutch bottoms just twenty per cent.

*Chorus of Officers.* — We'll lay, etc.

*Chorus of Douaniers.* — Nous frapperons Falck avec  
Twenty per cent."

He received the dispatch at dinner, and sent it to be deciphered. After some hours they brought him word they did not know what to make of it, for it seemed to be in verse, when he at once saw there was a joke.

Bunsen's history is rather curious. He was a poor German student destined for the Church; came to Rome, and got employed by Niebuhr, from whom he first got a taste for antiquities. The King of Prussia came to Rome and saw him; he was struck with his knowledge and the character he heard of him, and consulted him about a new liturgy he wished to introduce into Prussia. Bunsen gave him so much satisfaction in that matter, as well as in some others which were intrusted to him, that on Niebuhr's return to Prussia he was appointed to succeed him, and has been at Rome ever since — thirteen years. Some say he is not a profound man, and that his speculations about the ruins are all wrong. He talks English, French, and Italian like his own language.

*Naples, April 22d.* — This morning we went to an Ursuline convent to see two girls take the veil. The ceremony was neither imposing, nor interesting, nor affecting, nor such as I expected. I believe all this would have been the case had it been the black veil, but it was the white unfortunately. I thought they would be dressed splendidly, have their hair cut

off in the church, be divested (in the convent) of their finery, and reappear to take leave of their relations in the habit of the order. Not at all. I went with A. Hill and Legge, who had got tickets from the brother of one of the *sposine*; we were admitted to the grating, an apartment about ten feet long by five wide, with a very thick double grating, behind which some of the nuns appeared and chattered. A turning box supplied coffee and cakes to the company. I went to the door of the parlor (which was open), but they would not admit me. There the ladies were received, and the nuns and novices were laughing and talking and doing the honors. Their dress was not ugly — black, white, and a yellow veil. The chapel was adorned with gold brocade, and blue and silver hangings, flowers, tapers; a good orchestra, and two or three tolerable voices. It was as full as it could hold, and soldiers were distributed about to keep order; even by the altar four stood with fixed bayonets, who when the Host was raised presented arms — a military salute to the Real Presence! The brother of one of the girls did the honors of the chapel, placing the ladies and bustling about for chairs, which all the time the ceremony was going on were handed over heads and bonnets, to the great danger of the latter. It was impossible not to be struck with this man's gayety and *sang-froid* on the occasion, but he is used to it, for this was the fourth sister he has buried here. When the chapel was well crammed the *sposine* appeared, each with two *marraines*. A table and six chairs were placed opposite the altar; on the table were two trays, each containing a Prayer Book, a pocket-handkerchief, and a white veil. The girls (who were very young, and one of them rather pretty) were dressed in long black robes like dressing-gowns, their hair curled, hanging down their backs and slightly powdered. On the top of their heads were little crowns of blue, studded with silver or diamonds. The ladies attending them (one of whom was Princess Fondi and another Princess Bressano) were very smart, and all the people in the chapel were dressed as for a ball. There was a priest at the table to tell the girls what to do. High Mass was performed.

then a long sermon was delivered by a priest who spoke very fluently, but with a strange twang and in a very odd style, continually apostrophizing the two girls by name, comparing them to olives and other fruit, to *candelabri*, and desiring them to keep themselves pure that "they might go as virgins into the chamber of their beloved." When the Sacrament was administered the ladies took the crowns off the girls, who were like automata all the time, threw the white veils over them, and led them to the altar, where the Sacrament was administered to them; then they were led back to their seats, the veils taken off, and the crowns replaced. After a short interval they were again led to the altar, where, on their knees, their profession was read to them; in this they are made to renounce the world and their parents; but at this part, which is at the end, a murmuring noise is made by the four ladies who kneel with them at the altar, that the words may not be heard, being thought too heart-rending to the parents; then they are led out and taken into the convent, and the ceremony ends. The girls did not seem the least affected, but very serious; the rest of the party appeared to consider it as a *fête*, and smirked and gossiped: only the father of one of them, an old man, looked as if he felt it. The brother told me his sister was eighteen; that she would be a nun, and that they had done all they could to dissuade her. It is a rigid order, but there is a still more rigid rule within the convent. Those nuns who embrace it are forever cut off from any sort of communication with the world, and can never again see or correspond with their own family. They cannot enter into this last seclusion without the consent of their parents, which another of this man's four sisters is now soliciting.

*Thursday, May 3d.* — Yesterday the miracle of the blood of San Gennaro was performed, and of course successfully; it will be repeated every morning for eight days. I went to-day to the Cathedral, where San Gennaro's silver bust was standing on one side of the altar, surrounded by lights, and the vessel containing the blood on the other. Round the altar were ranged silver heads of various saints, his particular



friends, who had accompanied him there to do him honor, and who will be taken this evening with him in procession to his own chapel. Acton and I went together, and one of the people belonging to the church seeing us come in, and judging that we wanted to see the blood, summoned one of the canons, who was half asleep in a stall, who brought out the blood, which is contained in a glass vase mounted with silver. It liquefies in the morning, remains in that state all day, and congeals again at night. A great many people were waiting to kiss the vessel, which was handed to us first. We kissed it, and then it went round, each person kissing it and touching it with his head, as they do St. Peter's foot at Rome. San Gennaro and his silver companions were brought in procession from one of the other churches, all the nobility and an immense crowd attending. I had fancied that the French had exposed and put an end to this juggle, but not at all. They found the people so attached to the superstition that they patronized it; they adorned the Chapel of St. Januarius with a magnificent altar-piece and other presents. The first time (after they came to Naples) that the miracle was to be performed the blood would not liquefy, which produced a great ferment among the people. It was a trick of the priest's to throw odium on the French, and the French General Championnet thought it so serious that he sent word that if the blood did not liquefy forthwith the priests should go to the galleys. It liquefied immediately, and the people were satisfied. Acton told me that nobody believed it but the common people, but that they did not dare to leave it off. It is what is called a false position to be in, when they are obliged to go on pretending to perform a miracle in which no men of sense and education believe, and in which it is well known they don't any of them believe themselves. Miracles, if sometimes useful and profitable, are sometimes awkward incumbrances. Drove round the obscure parts of the town, and through dense masses of population, by the old palace of Queen Joan and the market-place, which was the scene of Masaniello's sedition. He was killed in the great church (in 1646).

*May 7th.* — In the morning to the Chapel of St. Januarius, to see the blood liquefy. The grand ceremony was last Saturday at the Cathedral, but the miracle is repeated every morning in the chapel for eight days. I never saw such a scene, at once so ludicrous and so disgusting, but more of the latter. There was the saint all bedizened with pearls on the altar, the other silver ladies and gentlemen all round the chapel, with an abundance of tapers burning before them. Certain people were admitted within the rails of the altar; the crowd consisting chiefly of women, and most of them old women, were without. There is no service, but the priests keep muttering and looking at the blood to see if it is melting. To-day it was unusually long, so these old sybils kept clamoring, "*Santa Trinità!*" "*Santa Vergine!*" "*Dio onnipotente!*" "*San Gennaro!*" in loud and discordant chorus; still the blood was obstinate,<sup>1</sup> so the priest ordered them to go down on their knees and to say the Athanasian Creed, which is one of the specifics resorted to in such a case. He drawled it out with his eyes shut, and the women screamed the responses. This would not do, so they fell to abuse and entreaties with a vehemence and volubility, and a shrill clamor, which was at once a proof of their sincerity and their folly. Such noise, such gesticulations. One woman I never shall forget, with outstretched arm, distorted visage, and voice of piercing sharpness. In the mean time the priest handed about the vial to be kissed, and talked the matter over with the bystanders. "*È sempre duro?*" "*Sempre duro, adesso v'è una piccola cosa.*" At last, after all the handling, praying, kissing, screaming, entreating, and abusing, the blood did melt,<sup>2</sup> when the organ struck up, they all sang in chorus, and so it ended. It struck me as particularly disgusting, though after all it is not fair to abuse these poor people, who have all been brought up in the belief of the miracle, and who fancy that

<sup>1</sup> I dined at Hill's; sat next to the Duchesse de Dalberg, talked of the miracle, which she told me she firmly believed. I fancied none believed it but the lowest of the people, and was (very foolishly) astonished; for what ought ever to produce astonishment which has to do with credulity in matters of religion?

<sup>2</sup> "*Illarum lacrymæ meditataque murmura præstant.*" — Juvenal, 6.

the prosperity of their city and all that it contains is somehow connected with its due performance. The priests could not discontinue it but by acknowledging the imposture, and by an imaginative people, who are the slaves of prejudice, and attached to it by force of inveterate habit, the acknowledgment would not be believed, and they would only incur odium by it ; there it is, and (for some time at least) it must go on.

*12th.* — This morning went with the Lovaines and Monsignore Spada to see the library of the Vatican, which was to have been shown us by Monsignore Maii, the librarian, but he was engaged elsewhere and did not come. These galleries are most beautiful, vast, and magnificent, and the painting of the old part interesting and curious, but that which was done by Pius VI. and Pius VII. has deformed the walls with such trash as I never beheld ; they present various scenes of the misfortunes of these two Popes, and certain passages in their lives. The principal manuscripts we saw were a history of Federigo di Felto, Duke of Urbino, and nephew of Julius II., beautifully illuminated by Julio Clovio, a scholar of Giulio Romano. I never saw anything more exquisite than these paintings. Amongst the most curious of the literary treasures we saw are a manuscript of some of St. Augustine's works, written upon a palimpsest of Cicero's " *De Republicâ* " ; this treatise was brought to light by Maii ; the old Latin was as nearly erased as possible, but by the application of gall it has been brought out faintly, but enough to be made out, and completely read : Henry VIII.'s love-letters to Anne Boleyn, in French and English ; Henry's reply to Luther, the presentation copy to the Pope (Clement VII.), signed by him twice at the end, in English at the end of the book, in Latin at the dedication, which is also written by his own hand, only a line ; the pictures representing St. Peter's in different stages of the work are very curious. In the print room there is a celestial globe painted by Julio Romano.

Everybody here is in great alarm about the King (George IV.), who I have no doubt is very ill. I am afraid he will die before I get home, and I should like to be in at the death and

see all the proceedings of a new reign ; but, now I am here, I must stay out my time, let what will happen. I shall probably never see Rome again, and “according to the law of probability, so true in general, so false in particular,” I have a good chance of seeing at least one more king leave us.

*May 24th.* — Dined with M. de la Ferronnays — a great party — and was desired to hand out Madame la Comtesse de Maistre, wife to the Comte Xavier de Maistre, author of the “*Voyage autour de ma Chambre*” and “*Le Lépreux*,” to which works I gave a prodigious number of compliments. The Dalbergs and Aldobrandinis dined there, and some French whom I did not know. The Duc de Dalberg and his wife are a perpetual source of amusement to me, she with her devotion and believing everything, he with his air *moqueur* and believing nothing ; she, so merry, he so shrewd, and so they squabble about religion. “*Qui est cet homme ?*” I said to him when a ludicrous looking abbé, broader than he was long, came into the room. “*Que sais-je ? quelque magot.*” “*Ah, je m’en vais dire cela à la Duchesse.*” “*Ah, mon cher, n’allez pas me brouiller avec ma famille.*”

He had been talking to me about La Ferronnays the day before, and said he was a sensible, right headed man, “*mais diablement russe ;*” and last night La Ferronnays gave us an account of the revolt of the Guards on the Emperor Nicholas’s accession, of which he had been a witness — of the Emperor’s firmness and his subsequent conversations with him, all which was very interesting, and he recounted it with great energy. He said that the day after the affair of the Guards all the *Corps Diplomatique* had gone to him, that he had addressed them in an admirable discourse and with a firm and placid countenance. He told them that they had witnessed what had passed, and he had no doubt would give a faithful relation of it to their several courts ; that, on dismissing them, he had taken him (La Ferronnays) into his closet, when he burst into tears and said, “*You have just seen me act the part of emperor ; you must now witness the feelings of the man.*” I speak to you as to my best friend, from whom

I conceal nothing." He went on to say that he was the most miserable of men, forced upon a throne which he had no desire to mount, having been no party to the abdication of his brother, and placed in the beginning of his reign in a position the most painful, irksome, and difficult; but that though he had never sought this elevation, now that he had taken it on himself he would maintain and defend it. When La Ferronays had done, "L'entendez-vous?" said Dalberg. "Comme il parle avec goût; cela lui est personnel. L'Empereur ne lui a pas dit la moitié de tout cela."

La Ferronays introduced me to Cardinal Albani, telling him I had brought him a letter from Madame Craufurd, which I did, and left it when I was here before. He thought I was just come, and asked for the letter, which I told his Eminence he had already received. He had, however, forgotten all about me, my letter, and old Craaf. We had a long conversation about the Catholic question, the Duke's duel with Lord Winchelsea (which he had evidently never heard of), the King's illness, etc. He is like a very ancient, red-legged macaw, but I suppose he is a dandy among the cardinals, for he wears two stars and two watches. I asked him to procure me an audience of the Pope, which he promised to do. Escaped at last from the furnace his room was, and went to air in the streets; came home early and went to bed.

*May 29th.* — At ten Kestner called for Lovaine and me, and we went to the Pöpe.<sup>1</sup> His court is by no means despicable. A splendid suite of apartments at the Quirinal with a very decent attendance of Swiss Guards, Guardie Nobili, Chamberlains — generally ecclesiastics — dressed in purple, valets in red from top to toe, of Spanish cut, and in the midst of all a barefooted Capuchin. After waiting a few minutes, we were introduced to the presence of the Pope by the Chamberlain, who knelt as he showed us in. The Pope was alone at the end of a very long and handsome apartment, sitting

<sup>1</sup> The Pope was Pius VIII. (Francisco Xavierio Castiglioni), whose reign was a very short one, for he succeeded Leo XII. in March, 1829, and was succeeded by Gregory XVI. in December, 1830.

under a canopy of state in an arm-chair, with a table before him covered with books and papers, a crucifix, and a snuff-box. He received us most graciously, half rising and extending his hand, which we all kissed. His dress was white silk, and very dirty, a white silk skull cap, red silk shoes with an embroidered cross, which the faithful kiss. He is a very nice, squinting old twaddle, and we liked him. He asked us if we spoke Italian, and when we modestly answered, a little, he began in the most desperately unintelligible French I ever heard; so that, though no doubt he said many excellent things, it was nearly impossible to comprehend any of them; but he talked with interest of our King's health, of the antiquities, and Vescovali, of Lucien Bonaparte and his extortion (for his curiosities), said when he was cardinal he used to go often to Vescovali. He is, in fact, a connoisseur. Talked of quieting religious dissensions in England and the Catholic question; and when I said, "*Très-Saint Père le Roi mon maître n'a pas de meilleurs sujets que ses sujets catholiques,*" his eyes whirled round in their sockets like teetotums, and he grinned from ear to ear. After about a quarter of an hour he bade us farewell; we kissed his hand and backed out again.

*Bologna, June 14th.* — Dined with Lady Normanby at Sesto, set off at half-past eight, and arrived here at nine this morning. The first thing I did was to present my letter to Madame de Marescalchi from her sister, the Duchesse de Dalberg, who received me graciously and asked me to dinner; the next to call on Mezzofanti at the public library, whom I found at his desk in the great room, surrounded by a great many people reading. He received me very civilly, and almost immediately took me into another room, where I had a long conversation with him. He seems to be between fifty and sixty years of age, short, pale, and thin, and not at all remarkable in countenance or manner. He spoke English with extraordinary fluency and correctness, and with a very slight accent. I endeavored to detect some inaccuracy of expression, but could not, though perhaps his phraseology was occa-

sionally more stiff than that of an Englishman would be. He gave me an account of his beginning to study languages, which he did not do till he was of a mature age. The first he mastered were the Greek and Hebrew, the latter on account of divinity, and afterwards he began the modern languages, acquiring the idioms of each as he became acquainted with the parent tongue. He said that he had no particular disposition that way when a child, and I was surprised when he said that the knowledge of several languages was of no assistance to him in mastering others; on the contrary, that when he set to work at a fresh language he tried to put out of his head all others. I asked him of all modern languages which he preferred, and which he considered the richest in literature. He said, "Without doubt the Italian." He then discussed the genius of the English language, and the merits of our poets and historians, read, and made me read, a passage of an English book, and then examined the etymology and pronunciation of several words. He has never been out of Italy, or farther in it than Leghorn, talks of going to Rome, but says it is so difficult to leave his library. He is very pleasing, simple, and communicative, and it is extraordinary, with his wonderful knowledge, that he should never have written and published any work upon languages. He asked me to return if I stayed at Bologna. The library has a tolerable suite of apartments, and the books, amounting to about 80,000 volumes, are in excellent order. One thousand crowns a year are allowed for the purchase of new books.

*Paris, July 3d.* — Got here last night, after a fierce journey of sixty-three hours from Geneva, only stopping two hours for breakfast; but by never touching anything but bread and coffee I was neither heated nor tired. The Jura Mountains, which they say are so tedious, were the pleasantest part of the way, for the road is beautiful all through them, not like the Alps, but like a hilly, wooded park. It rained torrents when I set out, but soon cleared up, and when I got to the top of the first mountain I saw a mass of clouds rise like a curtain and unveil the whole landscape of Geneva, lake, mountains, and

country — very fine sight. We heard of the King's death in the middle of the night.

*London, July 16th.* — I returned here on the 6th of this month, and have waited these ten days to look about me and see and hear what is passing. The present King and his proceedings occupy all attention, and nobody thinks any more of the late King than if he had been dead fifty years, unless it be to abuse him and to rake up all his vices and misdeeds. Never was elevation like that of King William IV. His life has been hitherto passed in obscurity and neglect, in miserable poverty, surrounded by a numerous progeny of bastards, without consideration or friends, and he was ridiculous from his grotesque ways and little meddling curiosity. Nobody ever invited him into their house, or thought it necessary to honor him with any mark of attention or respect; and so he went on for above forty years, till Canning brought him into notice by making him lord high admiral at the time of his grand ministerial schism. In that post he distinguished himself by making absurd speeches, by a morbid official activity, and by a general wildness which was thought to indicate incipient insanity, till shortly after Canning's death and the Duke's accession, as is well known, the latter dismissed him. He then dropped back into obscurity, but had become by this time somewhat more of a personage than he was before. His brief administration of the navy, the death of the Duke of York, which made him heir to the throne, his increased wealth and regular habits, had procured him more consideration, though not a great deal. Such was his position when George IV. broke all at once, and after three months of expectation William finds himself king.

*July 18th.* — King George had not been dead three days before everybody discovered that he was no loss, and King William a great gain. Certainly nobody ever was less regretted than the late King, and the breath was hardly out of his body before the press burst forth in full cry against him, and raked up all his vices, follies, and misdeeds, which were numerous and glaring enough.



The new King began very well. Everybody expected he would keep the ministers in office, but he threw himself into the arms of the Duke of Wellington with the strongest expressions of confidence and esteem. He proposed to all the household as well as to the members of government to keep their places, which they all did except Lord Conyngham and the Duke of Montrose. He soon after, however, dismissed most of the equerries, that he might fill their places with the members of his own family. Of course such a king wanted not due praise, and plenty of anecdotes were raked up of his former generousities and kindnesses. His first speech to the council was well enough given, but his burlesque character began even then to show itself. Nobody expected from him much real grief, and he does not seem to know how to act it consistently; he spoke of his brother with all the semblance of feeling, and in a tone of voice properly softened and subdued, but just afterwards, when they gave him the pen to sign the declaration, he said in his usual tone, "This is a damned bad pen you have given me." My worthy colleague Mr. James Buller began to swear privy councilors in the name of "King George IV. — William, I mean," to the great diversion of the council.

A few days after my return I was sworn in, all the ministers and some others being present. His Majesty presided very decently, and looked like a respectable old admiral. The Duke [of Wellington] told me he was delighted with him — "If I had been able to deal with my late master as I do with my present, I should have got on much better" — that he was so reasonable and tractable, and that he had done more business with him in ten minutes than with the other in as many days.

I met George Fitzclarence, afterwards Earl of Munster,<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Eldest son of King William IV. by Mrs. Jordan, who was shortly after the accession created an earl by his father. The rank of "marquis's younger children" was conferred upon the rest of the family. The King had nine natural children by Mrs. Jordan: 1. George, a major-general in the army, afterwards Earl of Munster; 2. Frederick, also in the army; 3. Adolphus, a rear-admiral; 4. Augustus, in holy orders; 5. Sophia, married to Lord de l'Isle; 6. Mary, married to Colonel Fox;

the same day, and repeated what the Duke said, and he told me how delighted his father was with the Duke, his entire confidence in him, and that the Duke might as entirely depend upon the King; that he had told his Majesty, when he was at Paris, that Polignac and the Duke of Orleans had both asked him whether the Duke of Clarence, when he became King, would keep the Duke of Wellington as his minister, and the King said, "What did you reply?" "I replied that you certainly would; did not I do right?" "Certainly, you did quite right."

He began immediately to do good-natured things, to provide for old friends and professional adherents, and he bestowed a pension upon Tierney's widow. The great offices of chamberlain and steward he abandoned to the Duke of Wellington. There never was anything like the enthusiasm with which he was greeted by all ranks; though he has trotted about both town and country for sixty-four years, and nobody ever turned round to look at him, he cannot stir now without a mob, patrician as well as plebeian, at his heels. All the park congregated round the gate to see him drive into town the day before yesterday. But in the midst of all this success and good conduct certain indications of strangeness and oddness peep out, which are not a little alarming, and he promises to realize the fears of his ministers that he will do and say too much, though they flatter themselves that they have muzzled him in his approaching progress by reminding him that his words will be taken as his ministers', and he must, therefore, be chary of them.

At the late King's funeral he behaved with great indecency. That ceremony was very well managed, and a fine sight, the military part particularly, and the Guards were magnificent. The attendance was not very numerous, and when they had all got together in St. George's Hall a gayer company I never beheld; with the exception of Mount Charles, who was deeply

7. Elizabeth, married to the Earl of Errol; 8. Augusta, married first to the Hon. John Kennedy Erskine, and secondly to Lord John Frederick Gordon; 9. Amelia, married to Viscount Falkland.

affected, they were all as merry as grigs. The King was chief mourner, and, to my astonishment, as he entered the chapel directly behind the body, in a situation in which he should have been apparently, if not really, absorbed in the melancholy duty he was performing, he darted up to Strathaven, who was ranged on one side below the Dean's stall, shook him heartily by the hand, and then went on nodding to the right and left. He had previously gone as chief mourner to sit for an hour at the head of the body as it lay in state, and he walked in procession with his household to the apartment. I saw him pass from behind the screen. Lord Jersey had been in the morning to Bushy to kiss hands on being made chamberlain, when he had received him very graciously, told him it was the Duke and not himself who had made him, but that he was delighted to have him. At Windsor, when he arrived, he gave Jersey the white wand, or rather took one from him he had provided for himself, and gave it him again with a little speech. When he went to sit in state, Jersey preceded him, and he said when all was ready, "Go on to the body, Jersey; you will get your dress coat as soon as you can." The morning after the funeral, having slept at Frogmore, he went all over the Castle, into every room in the house, which he had never seen before except when he came there as a guest; after which he received an address from the ecclesiastical bodies of Windsor and Eton, and returned an answer quite unpremeditated which they told me was excellent.

He is very well with all his family, particularly the Duke of Sussex, but he dislikes and seems to know the Duke of Cumberland, who is furious at his own discredit. The King has taken from him the gold stick, by means of which he had usurped the functions of all the other colonels of the regiments of the Guards, and put himself always about the late King. He says the Duke's rank is too high to perform those functions, and has put an end to his services. He has only put the gold sticks on their former footing, and they are all to take the duty in turn.

In the mean time the Duke of Cumberland has shown his

teeth in another way. His horses have hitherto stood in the stables which are appropriated to the Queen, and the other day Lord Errol, her new master of the horse, went to her Majesty and asked her where she chose her horses should be; she said, of course, she knew nothing about it, but in the proper place. Errol then said the Duke of Cumberland's horses were in her stables, and could not be got out without an order from the King. The King was spoken to, and he commanded the Duke of Leeds to order them out. The Duke of Leeds took the order to the Duke of Cumberland, who said "he would be damned if they should go," when the Duke of Leeds said that he trusted he would have them taken out the following day, as unless he did so he should be under the necessity of ordering them to be removed by the King's grooms, when the Duke was obliged sulkily to give way. When the King gave the order to the Duke of Leeds, he sent for Taylor that he might be present, and said at the same time that he had a very bad opinion of the Duke of Cumberland, and he wished he would live out of the country.

The King's good-nature, simplicity, and affability to all about him are certainly very striking, and in his elevation he does not forget any of his old friends and companions. He was in no hurry to take upon himself the dignity of king, nor to throw off the habits and manners of a country gentleman. When Lord Chesterfield went to Bushy to kiss his hand, and be presented to the Queen, he found Sir John and Lady Gore there lurching, and when they went away the King called for their carriage, handed Lady Gore into it, and stood at the door to see them off. When Lord Howe came over from Twickenham to see him, he said the Queen was going out driving, and should "drop him" at his own house. The Queen, they say, is by no means delighted at her elevation. She likes quiet and retirement and Bushy (of which the King has made her ranger), and does not want to be a queen. However, "*l'appétit viendra en mangeant.*" He says he does not want luxury and magnificence, has slept in a cot, and he has dismissed the King's cooks, "*renversé la marmite.*"

He keeps the stud (which is to be diminished) because he thinks he ought to support the turf. He has made Mount Charles a lord of the bedchamber, and given the robes to Sir C. Pole, an admiral. Altogether he seems a kind-hearted, well-meaning, not stupid, burlesque, bustling old fellow, and if he does n't go mad may make a very decent king, but he exhibits oddities. He would not have his servants in mourning — that is, not those of his own family and household — but he sent the Duke of Sussex to Mrs. Fitzherbert to desire she would put hers in mourning, and consequently so they are. The King and she have always been friends, as she has, in fact, been with all the royal family, but it was very strange. Yesterday morning he sent for the officer on guard, and ordered him to take all the muffles off the drums, the scarfs off the regimentals, and so to appear on parade, where he went himself. The colonel would have put the officer under arrest for doing this without his orders, but the King said he was commanding officer of his own Guard, and forbade him. All odd, and people are frightened, but his wits will at least last till the new Parliament meets. I sent him a very respectful request through Taylor that he would pay 300*l.*, all that remained due of the Duke of York's debts at Newmarket, which he assented to directly, as soon as the privy purse should be settled — very good-natured. In the mean time it is said that the bastards are dissatisfied that more is not done for them, but he cannot do much for them at once, and he must have time. He has done all he can; he has made Errol master of the horse, Sidney a Guelph and equerry, George Fitzclarence the same and adjutant-general, and doubtless they will all have their turn. Of course the stories about the rapacity of the Conynghams have been innumerable. The King's will excited much astonishment, but as yet nothing is for certain known about the money, or what became of it, or what he gave away, and to whom, in his lifetime.

*July 20th.* — Yesterday was a very busy day with his Majesty, who is going much too fast, and begins to alarm his

ministers and astonish the world. In the morning he inspected the Coldstream Guards, dressed (for the first time in his life) in a military uniform and with a great pair of gold spurs half-way up his legs like a game cock, although he was not to ride, for having chalk-stones in his hands he can't hold the reins. The Queen came to Lady Bathurst's to see the review and hold a sort of drawing-room, when the ministers' wives were presented to her, and official men, to which were added Lady Bathurst's relations; everybody was in undress except the officers. She is very ugly, with a horrid complexion, but has good manners, and did all this (which she hated) very well. She said the part as if she was acting, and wished the green curtain to drop. After the review the King, with the Dukes of Cumberland, Sussex, and Gloucester, and Prince George and the Prince of Prussia, and the Duchess of Cumberland's son, came in through the garden gate; the Duchess of Gloucester and Princess Augusta were already there; they breakfasted and then went away, the Duke of Gloucester bowing to the company while nobody was taking any notice of him or thinking about him. Nature must have been merry when she made this prince, and in the sort of mood that certain great artists used to exhibit in their comical caricatures; I never saw a countenance which that line in Dryden's "M'Flecknoe" would so well describe —

“ And lambent dullness plays around his face.”

At one there was to be a council, to swear in privy councilors and lords-lieutenant, and receive Oxford and Cambridge addresses. The review made it an hour later, and the lieutenants, who had been summoned at one, and who are great, selfish, pampered aristocrats, were furious at being kept waiting, particularly Lord Grosvenor and the Duke of Newcastle, the former very peevish, the latter bitter-humored. I was glad to see them put to inconvenience. I never saw so full a court, so much nobility with academical tagrag and bobtail. After considerable delay the King received the Oxford and Cambridge addresses on the throne, which (having only one

throne between them) he then abdicated for the Queen to seat herself on and receive them too. She sat it very well, surrounded by the princesses and her ladies and household. When this mob could be got rid of the table was brought in and the council held. The Duke was twice sworn as Constable of the Tower and Lieutenant of Hants; then Jersey and the new privy councilors; and then the host of lieutenants six or seven at a time, or as many as could hold a bit of the Testament. I begged the King would, to expedite the business, dispense with their kneeling, which he did, and so we got on rapidly enough; and I whispered to Jersey, who stood by me behind the King with his white wand, "The farce is good, is n't it?" as they each kissed his hand. I told him their name or county, or both, and he had a civil word to say to everybody, inviting some to dinner, promising to visit others, reminding them of former visits, or something good-humored; he asked Lord Egremont's *permission* to go and live in his county, at Brighton.

All this was very well; no great harm in it; more affable, less dignified than the late King; but when this was over, and he might very well have sat himself quietly down and rested, he must needs put on his plainer clothes and start on a ramble about the streets, alone too. In Pall Mall he met Watson Taylor, and took his arm and went up St. James Street. There he was soon followed by a mob making an uproar, and when he got near White's a woman came up and kissed him. Belfast (who had been sworn in privy councilor in the morning), who saw this from White's, and Clinton thought it time to interfere, and came out to attend upon him. The mob increased, and, always holding W. Taylor's arm, and flanked by Clinton and Belfast, who got shoved and kicked about to their inexpressible wrath, he got back to the palace amid shouting and bawling and applause. When he got home he asked them to go in and take a quiet walk in the garden, and said, "Oh, never mind all this; when I have walked about a few times they will get used to it, and will take no notice." There are other stories, but I will put down nothing I do not see or

hear, or hear from the witnesses. Belfast told me this in the Park, fresh from the scene and smarting from the buffeting he had got. All the Park was ringing with it, and I told Lady Bathurst, who thought it so serious she said she would get Lord Bathurst to write to the Duke directly about it. Lord Combermere wanted to be made a privy councilor yesterday, but the Duke would not let it be done ; he is in a sort of half disgrace, and is not to be made yet, but will be by and by.

*Grove Road, July 21st.* — I came and established myself here last night after the Duchess of Bedford's ball. Lady Bathurst told me that the Queen spoke to her yesterday morning about the King's walk and being followed, and said that for the future he must walk early in the morning, or in some less public place, so there are hopes that his activity may be tamed. He sent George Fitzclarence off from dinner in his silk stockings and cocked hat to Boulogne to invite the King of Würtemberg to come here ; he was back in fifty-six hours, and might have been in less. He employs him in everything, and I heard Fitzclarence yesterday ask the Duke of Leeds for two of his father's horses to ride about on his jobs and relieve his own, which the Duke agreed to, but made a wry face. Mount Charles has refused to be lord of the bed-chamber ; his wife can't bear it, and he does n't like to go to Windsor under such altered circumstances. I hardly ever record the scandalous stories of the day, unless they relate to characters or events, but what relates to public men is different from the loves and friendships of the idiots of society.

*July 24th.* — Went to St. James's the day before yesterday for a council for the dissolution, but there was none. Yesterday morning there was an idea of having one, but it is today instead, and early in the morning, that the ministers may be able to go to their fish dinner at Greenwich. I called on the Duke yesterday evening to know about a council, but he could not tell me. Then came a Mr. Moss (or his card) while I was there. "Who is he?" I said. "Oh, a man who wants to see me about a canal. I can't see him. Everybody will



see me, and how the devil they think I am to see everybody, and be the whole morning with the King, and to do the whole business of the country, I don't know. I am quite worn out with it." I longed to tell him that it is this latter part they would willingly relieve him from.

I met Vesey Fitzgerald, just come from Paris, and had a long conversation with him about the state of the government; he seems aware of the difficulties and the necessity of acquiring more strength; of the universal persuasion that the Duke will be all in all, and says that in the Cabinet nobody can be more reasonable and yielding and deferential to the opinions of his colleagues. But Murray's appointment, he says, was a mistake,<sup>1</sup> and no personal consideration should induce the Duke to sacrifice the interests of the country by keeping him; it may be disagreeable to dismiss him, but he must do it. Hay told me that for the many years he had been in office he had never met with any public officer so totally inefficient as he, not even Warrender at the Admiralty Board.

In the mean time the King has had his levee, which was crowded beyond all precedent. He was very civil to the people, particularly to Sefton, who had quarreled with the late King.

Yesterday he went to the House of Lords, and was admirably received. I can fancy nothing like his delight at finding himself in the state coach surrounded by all his pomp. He delivered the speech very well, they say, for I did not go to hear him. He did not wear the crown, which was carried by Lord Hastings. Etiquette is a thing he cannot comprehend. He wanted to take the King of Würtemberg with him in his coach, till he was told it was out of the question. In his private carriage he continues to sit backwards, and when he goes with men makes one sit by him and not opposite to him. Yesterday, after the House of Lords, he drove all over the town in an open calèche with the Queen, Princess Augusta, and the King of Würtemberg, and coming home he set down the

<sup>1</sup> Sir George Murray was secretary of state for the Colonial Department.

King (*dropped him*, as he calls it) at Grillon's Hotel. The King of England dropping another king at a tavern! It is impossible not to be struck with his extreme good-nature and simplicity, which he cannot or will not exchange for the dignity of his new situation and the trammels of etiquette; but he ought to be made to understand that his simplicity degenerates into vulgarity, and that without departing from his natural urbanity he may conduct himself so as not to lower the character with which he is invested, and which belongs not to him, but to the country.

At his dinner at St. James's the other day, more people were invited than there was room for, and some half dozen were forced to sit at a side table. He said to Lord Brownlow, "Well, when you are flooded (he thinks Lincolnshire is all fen) you will come to us at Windsor." To the Freemasons he was rather good. The Duke of Sussex wanted him to receive their address in a solemn audience, which he refused, and when they did come he said, "Gentlemen, if my love for you equaled my ignorance of everything concerning you, it would be unbounded," and then he added something good-humored. The consequence of his trotting about, and saying the odd things he does, is that there are all sorts of stories about him which are not true, and he is always expected everywhere. In the mean time I believe that politically he relies implicitly on the Duke, who can make him do anything. Agar Ellis (who is bustling and active, always wishing to play a part, and gets mixed up with the politics of this and that party through his various connections) told me the other day that he knew the Duke was knocking at every door, hitherto without success, and that he must be contented to take a *party*, and not expect to strengthen himself by picking out individuals. I think this too, but why not open his doors to all comers? There are no questions now to stand in his way; his government must be remodeled, and he may last forever personally.

*July 25th.* — Yesterday at court at eleven; a council for the dissolution. This King and these councils are very unlike

the last — few people present, frequent, punctual, less ceremony observed. Though these ministers have been in office all their lives, nobody knew how many days must elapse before Parliament was summoned; some said sixty, some seventy days, but not one knew, nor had they settled the matter previously; so Lord Rosslyn and I were obliged to go to Bridgewater House, which was near, and consult the journals. It has always been fifty-two days of late.

In the afternoon another embarrassment. We sent the proclamations to the Chancellor (one for England and one for Ireland), to have the great seal affixed to them; he would only affix the seal to the English, and sent back the Irish unsealed. The secretary of state would not send it to Ireland without the great seal, and all the ministers were gone to the fish dinner at Greenwich, so that there was no getting at anybody. At last we got it done at Lincoln's inn and sent it off. The fact is, nobody knows his business, and the Chancellor least of all. The King continues very active; he went after the council to Buckingham House, then to the Thames Tunnel, has immense dinners every day, and the same people two or three days running. He has dismissed the late King's band, and employs the bands of the Guards every night, who are ready to die of it, for they get no pay, and are prevented earning money elsewhere. The other night the King had a party, and at eleven o'clock he dismissed them thus: "Now ladies and gentlemen, I wish you a good-night. I will not detain you any longer from your amusements, and shall go to my own, which is to go to bed; so come along, my Queen." The other day he was very angry because the guard did not know him in his plain clothes and turn out for him — the first appearance of jealousy of his greatness he has shown — and he ordered them to be more on the alert for the future.

*July 26th.* — Still the King; his adventures (for they are nothing else) furnish matter of continual amusement and astonishment to his liege subjects. Yesterday morning, or the evening before, he announced to the Duke of Wellington that he should dine with him yesterday; accordingly the Duke was

obliged, in the middle of preparations for his breakfast, to get a dinner ready for him. In the morning he took the King of Würtemberg to Windsor, and just at the hour when the Duke expected him to dinner he was driving through Hyde Park back from Windsor—three barouches and four, the horses dead knocked up; in the front the two kings, Jersey, and somebody else, all covered with dust. The whole mob of carriages and horsemen assembled near Apsley House to see him pass and to wait till he returned. The Duke on hearing he was there, rushed down without his hat and stood in his gate in the middle of servants, mob, etc., to see him pass. He drove to Grillon's "to drop" the King of Würtemberg, and at a quarter past eight he arrived at Apsley House. There were about forty-five men, no women, half the ministers, most of the foreign ministers, and a mixture rather indiscriminate. In the evening I was at Lady Salisbury's, when arrived the Duke of Sussex, who gave a short account to Sefton of what had passed, and of the King's speech to the company. "You and I," he said, "are old Whigs, my lord, and I confess I was somewhat astonished to hear his Majesty's speech." I went afterwards to Crockford's, where I found Matuscewitz, who gave me a whole account of the dinner. The two kings went out to dinner arm in arm, the Duke followed; the King sat between the King of Würtemberg and the Duke. After dinner his health was drunk, to which he returned thanks, sitting, but briefly, and promised to say more by and by when he should give a toast. In process of time he desired Douro to go and tell the band to play the merriest waltz they could for the toast he was about to give. He then gave "The Queen of Würtemberg," with many eulogiums on her and on the connubial felicity of her and the King; not a very agreeable theme for his host, for conjugal fidelity is not his forte. At length he desired Douro to go again to the band and order them to play "See the conquering hero comes," and then he rose. All the company rose with him, when he ordered everybody to sit down. Still standing, he said that he had been so short a time on the throne that he did not

know whether etiquette required that he should speak sitting or standing, but, however this might be, he had been long used to speak on his legs, and should do so now ; he then proposed the Duke's health, but prefaced it with a long speech — instituted a comparison between him and the Duke of Marlborough ; went back to the reign of Queen Anne, and talked of the great support the Duke of Marlborough had received from the crown, and the little support the Duke of Wellington had had in the outset of his career, though after the battle of Vimeiro he had been backed by all the energies of the country ; that, notwithstanding his difficulties, his career had been one continued course of victory over the armies of France ; and then recollecting the presence of Laval, the French Ambassador, he said, "Remember, Duc de Laval, when I talk of victories over the French armies, they were not the armies of my ally and friend the King of France, but of him who had usurped his throne, and against whom you yourself were combating ;" then going back to the Duke's career, and again referring to the comparison between him and Marlborough, and finishing by adverting to his political position, that he had on mounting the throne found the Duke minister, and that he had retained him because he thought his administration had been and would be highly beneficial to the country ; that he gave to him his fullest and most cordial confidence, and that he announced to all whom he saw around him, to all the Ambassadors and ministers of foreign powers, and to all the noblemen and gentlemen present, that as long as he should sit upon the throne he should continue to give him the same confidence. The Duke returned thanks in a short speech, thanking the King for his confidence and support, and declaring that all his endeavors would be used to keep this country in relations of harmony with other nations. The whole company stood aghast at the King's extraordinary speech and declaration. Matuscewitz told me he never was so astonished ; that for the world he would not have missed it, and that he would never have believed in it if he had not heard it.

Falck<sup>1</sup> gave me a delightful account of the speech and of Laval. He thought, not understanding one word, that all the King was saying was complimentary to the King of France and the French nation, and he kept darting from his seat to make his acknowledgments, while Esterhazy held him down by the tail of his coat, and the King stopped him with his hand outstretched, all with great difficulty. He said it was very comical.

*July 27th.* — Review in the morning (yesterday), breakfast at Apsley House, chapter of the Garter, dinner at St. James's, party in the evening, and ball at Apsley House. I don't hear of anything remarkable, and it was so hot I could not go to anything, except the breakfast, which I just looked into for a minute, and found everybody sweating and stuffing and the royalties just going away. The Duke of Gloucester keeps up his quarrel with the Duke; the Duke of Cumberland won't go to Apsley House, but sent the Duchess and his boy. The Queen said at dinner the other day to the Duke of Cumberland, "I am very much pleased with you for sending the Duchess to Apsley House," and then turned to the Duke of Gloucester and said, "but I am not pleased with you for not letting the Duchess go there." The fool answered that the Duchess should never go there; he would not be reconciled, forgetting that it matters not twopence to the Duke of Wellington and a great deal to himself.

*July 29th.* — Yesterday a standing council at the levee, to swear in Lord Hereford and Vesey Fitzgerald, and to declare Lord Bathurst President of the Council and the Duke of Northumberland Lord-lieutenant of Ireland. Previously the King received the address of the dissenting ministers, and then that of the Quakers, presented by William Allen; they were very prim and respectable persons; their hats were taken off by each other in the room before the throne room, and they

<sup>1</sup> Baron Falck, Dutch Minister at the court of St. James. M. de Laval was the French Ambassador. This dinner took place on the day after the publication of the ordinances of July. Three days later Charles X. had ceased to reign. M. de Laval instantly left London on the receipt of the intelligence, leaving M. de Vaudreuil as chargé d'affaires.

did not bow, though they seemed half inclined to do so ; they made a very loyal address, but without "Majesty," and said "O King." There was a question after his answer what they should do. I thought it was whether they should kiss hands, for the King said something to Peel, who went and asked them, and I heard the King say, "Oh, just as they like ; they need n't if they don't like ; it's all one."

But the great event of the day was the reception of the King of France's two decrees, and the address of his ministers, who produced them ; nothing could surpass the universal astonishment and consternation. Falck told me he was reading the newspaper at his breakfast regularly through, and when he came to this the teacup almost dropped from his hands, and he rubbed his eyes to see whether he read correctly. Such was the secrecy with which this measure was conceived and acted on, that Pozzo, who is quicker and has better intelligence than anybody, had not a notion of it, as Matuscewitz told me. Aberdeen learnt it through the "Times," and had not a line from Stuart. That, however, is nothing extraordinary. I suspect somebody had it, for Raikes wrote me a note the day before, to ask me if there was not *something bad* from France. Matuscewitz told me that Russia would not afford Charles X. the smallest support in his new crusade against the Constitution of France, and this he pronounced openly *à qui voulait l'entendre*. I suspect the Duke will be desperately annoyed. The only minister I had a word with about it was Lord Bathurst, whose Tory blood bubbled a little quicker at such a despotic act, and while owning the folly of the deed, he could not help adding that "he should have repressed the press when he dissolved the Chambers, then he might have done it."

*July 30th.*—Everybody anxious for news from France. A few hope, and still fewer think, the King of France will succeed, and that the French will submit ; but the press here joins in grand chorus against the suppression of the liberty of that over the water. Matuscewitz told me he had a conference with the Duke, who was excessively annoyed, but what seems

to have struck him more than anything is the extraordinary secrecy of the business, and neither Pozzo nor Stuart having known one word of it. Up to the last Polignac has deceived everybody, and put such words into the King's mouth that nobody could expect such a *coup*. The King assured Pozzo di Borgo the day before that nothing of the sort was in contemplation. This, like everything else, will be judged by the event — desperate fatuity if it fails, splendid energy and accurate calculation of opposite moral forces if it succeeds. I judge that it will fail, because I can see no marks of wisdom in the style of execution, and the state paper is singularly puerile and weak in argument. It is passionate and not dexterous, not even plausible. All this is wonderfully interesting, and will give us a lively autumn.

The King has been to Woolwich, inspecting the artillery, to whom he gave a dinner, with toasts and hip, hip, hurrahing and three times three, himself giving the time. I tremble for him ; at present he is only a mountebank, but he bids fair to be a maniac.

Brougham will come in for Yorkshire without a contest his address was very eloquent. He is rather mad without a doubt ; his speeches this year have been sometimes more brilliant than ever they were ; but who with such stupendous talents was ever so little considered ? We admire him as we do a fine actor, and nobody ever possessed such enormous means, and displayed a mind so versatile, fertile, and comprehensive, and yet had so little efficacy and influence. He told me just before he left town that Yorkshire had been proposed to him, but that he had written word he would not stand, nor spend a guinea, nor go there, nor even take the least trouble about the concerns of any one of his constituents, if they elected him, but he soon changed his note.

*July 31st.* — Yesterday morning I met Matuscewitz in St. James Street, who said, "You have heard the news?" But I had not, so I got into his cabriolet, and he told me that Bülow had just been with him with an account of Rothschild's estafette, who had brought intelligence of a desperate



conflict at Paris between the people and the Royal Guard, in which 1,000 men had been killed of the former, and of the eventual revolt of two regiments, which decided the business ; that the Swiss had refused to fire on the people ; the King is gone to Rambouillet, the ministers are missing, and the deputies who were at Paris had assembled in the Chambers, and declared their sittings permanent. Nothing can exceed the interest and excitement that all these proceedings create here, and unless there is a reaction, which does not seem probable, the game is up with the Bourbons. They richly deserve their fate. It remains to be seen what part Bourmont and the Algerian army will take ; the latter will probably side with the nation, and the former will be guided by his own interest, and is not unlikely to endeavor to direct a spirit which he could not expect to control. He may reconcile himself to the country by a double treachery.

*At night.* — To-day at one o'clock Stuart's messenger arrived with a meagre account, having left Paris on the night of the 29th. The tricolored flag had been raised ; the National Guard was up, commanded by old Lafayette (their chief forty years ago), who ruled in Paris with Gérard, Odier, Casimir Périer, Lafitte, and one or two more. The Tuileries and the Louvre had been pillaged ; the King was at Rambouillet, where Marshal Marmont had retired, and had with him a large force. Nobody, however, believed they would fight against the people. The deputies and the peers had met, and the latter separated without doing anything ; the former had a stormy discussion, but came to no resolution. Some were for a republic, some for the Duke of Orleans, some for the Duke of Bordeaux with the Duke of Orleans as regent. Rothschild had another courier with later intelligence. The King had desired to treat, and that proposals might be made to him ; all the ministers escaped from Paris by a subterranean passage which led from the Tuileries to the river, and even at St. Cloud the Duke told Matuscewitz that "Marmont had taken up a good military position," as if it was a military and not a moral question. Strange he should think of such a thing, but they

are all terrified to death at the national flag and colors, because they see in its train revolutions, invasions, and a thousand alarms. I own I would rather have seen an easy transfer of the crown to some other head under the white flag. There was Lady Tankerville going about to-day inquiring of everybody for news, trembling for her brother "and his brigade." Late in the day she got Lady Jersey to go with her to Rothschild, whom she saw, and Madame Rothschild, who showed her all their letters. Tankerville, who is a sour, malignant little Whig (since became an ultra-Tory), loudly declares Polignac ought to be hung. The elections here are going against government, and no candidate will avow that he stands on government interest, or with the intention of supporting the Duke's ministry, which looks as if it had lost all its popularity.

*August 2d.* — Yesterday (Sunday) we had no news and no reports, except one that Marmont was killed. I never believe reports. The elections still go against government. G. Dawson returned from Dublin; all the Peels lose their seats. Fordwich beat Baring at Canterbury by 370 votes. It is said the King was in a state of great excitement at Woolwich the other day, when it was very hot, and he drank a good deal of wine.

*Evening.* — This morning, on going into town, I read in the "Times" the news of the day — the proclamation of the provisional government, the invitation to the Duke of Orleans, his proclamation, and the account of the conversation between Lafitte and Marmont. It is in vain to look for private or official information, for the "Times" always has the latest and the best; Stuart sends next to nothing. Soon after I got to George Street the Duke of Wellington came in, in excellent spirits, and talked over the whole matter. He said he could not comprehend how the Royal Guard had been defeated by the mob, and particularly how they had been forced to evacuate the Tuileries; that he had seen English and French troops hold houses whole days not one fourth so strong. I said that there could not be a shadow of doubt that it was because they

would not fight, that if they *would* have fought they must have beat the mob, and reminded him of the French at Madrid, and asked him if he did not think his regiment would beat all the populace of London, which he said it would. He described the whole affair as it has taken place, and said that there can be no doubt that the moneyed men of Paris (who are all against the government) and the Liberals had foreseen a violent measure on the part of the King, and had organized the resistance; that on the appearance of the edicts the bankers simultaneously refused to discount any bills, on which the great manufacturers and merchants dismissed their workmen, to the number of many thousands, who inflamed the public discontent, and united to oppose the military and the execution of the decrees. He said positively that we should not take any part, and that no other government ought or could. He does not like the Duke of Orleans, and thinks his proclamation mean and shabby, but owned that under all circumstances his election to the crown would probably be the best thing that could happen. The Duke of Chartres he had known here, and thought he was intelligent. The Duke considered the thing as settled, but did not feel at all sure they would offer the crown to the Duke of Orleans. He said he could not guess or form an opinion as to their ulterior proceedings.

After discussing the whole business with his usual simplicity, he began talking of the Duke of Cumberland and his resignation of the command of the Blues. Formerly the colonels of the two regiments of Life Guards held alternately the gold stick, and these two regiments were under the immediate orders of the King, and not of the Commander-in-chief. When the Duke of Wellington returned from Spain and had the command of the Blues, the King insisted upon his taking the duty also; so it was divided into three, but the Blues still continued under the Commander-in-chief. But when the Duke of Cumberland wanted to be continually about the King, he got him to give him the command of the household troops; this was at the period of the death of the Duke of York and the Duke of Wellington's becoming commander-in-chief.

The Duke of Cumberland told the Duke of Wellington that he had received the King's verbal commands to that effect, and from that time he alone kept the gold stick, and the Blues were withdrawn from the authority of the Commander-in-chief. The Duke of Wellington made no opposition; but last year, during the uproar on the Catholic question, he perceived the inconvenience of the arrangement, and intended to speak to the King about it, for the Duke of Cumberland was concerned in organizing mobs to go down to Windsor to frighten Lady Conyngham and the King, and the Horse Guards, who would naturally have been called out to suppress any tumult, would not have been disposable without the Duke of Cumberland's concurrence, so much so that on one particular occasion, when the Kentish men were to have gone to Windsor 20,000 strong, the Duke of Wellington detained a regiment of light cavalry who were marching elsewhere, that he might not be destitute of military aid. Before, however, he did anything about this with the King ("I always," he said, "do one thing at a time"), his Majesty was taken ill and died.

On the accession of the present King the Duke of Cumberland wished to continue the same system, which his Majesty was resolved he should not, and he ordered that the colonels of the regiments should take the stick in rotation. He also ordered (through Sir R. Peel) that Lord Combermere should command the troops at the funeral as gold stick. This the Duke of Cumberland resisted, and sent down orders to Lord Cathcart to assume the command. The Duke of Wellington, however, represented to Lord Cathcart that he had better do no such thing, as nobody could disobey the King's orders gone through the Secretary of State, and accordingly he did nothing. But the King was determined to put an end to the pretensions of the Duke of Cumberland, and spoke to the Duke on the subject, and said that he would have all the regiments placed under the orders of the Commander-in-chief. The Duke recommended him to replace the matter in the state in which it stood before the Duke

of Cumberland's pretensions had altered it, but he would not do this, and chose to abide by his original intention; so the three regiments were placed under the orders of the Horse Guards like the rest, and the Duke of Cumberland in consequence resigned the command of the Blues.

*August 3d.* — Notwithstanding the above story, the King dined with the Duke of Cumberland at Kew yesterday. I went yesterday to the sale of the late King's wardrobe, which was numerous enough to fill Monmouth Street, and sufficiently various and splendid for the wardrobe of Drury Lane. He hardly ever gave away anything except his linen, which was distributed every year. These clothes are the perquisite of his pages, and will fetch a pretty sum. There are all the coats he has ever had for fifty years, 300 whips, canes without number, every sort of uniform, the costumes of all the orders in Europe, splendid furs, pelisses, hunting-coats and breeches, and among other things a dozen pair of corduroy breeches he had made to hunt in when Don Miguel was here. His profusion in these articles was unbounded, because he never paid for them, and his memory was so accurate that one of his pages told me he recollected every article of dress, no matter how old, and that they were always liable to be called on to produce some particular coat or other article of apparel of years gone by. It is difficult to say whether in great or little things that man was most odious and contemptible.

*August 5th.* — Yesterday morning at a council; all the ministers, and the Duke of Rutland, Lords Somers, Rosslyn, and Gower to be sworn lieutenants. Talked about France with Sir G. Murray, who was silly enough to express his disappointment that things promised to be soon and quietly settled, and hoped the King would have assembled an army and fought for it. Afterwards a levee. While the Queen was in the closet they brought her word that Charles X. was at Cherbourg and had sent for leave to come here, but nobody knew yesterday if this was true or not. In the afternoon I met Vaudreuil and had a long conversation with him on the state of things. He said, "My family has been twice ruined

by these cursed Bourbons, and I will be damned if they shall a third time ;” that he had long foreseen the inevitable tendency of Polignac’s determination, ever since he was here, when he had surrounded himself with low agents and would admit no gentleman into his confidence ; one of his *affidés* was a man of the name of Carrier, a relation of the famous Carrier de Nantes. Vaudreuil’s father-in-law had consulted him many months ago what to do with 300,000*l.* which he had in the French funds, and he advised him to sell it out and put it in his drawer, which he did, sacrificing the interest for that time. He had hitherto done nothing, been near none of the ministers, feeling that he could say nothing to them ; no communication had been made to him, but whenever any should be he intended to reply to it. Laval ran away just in time, and Vaudreuil was so provoked at his evasion that he sent after him to say that in such important circumstances he could not take upon himself to act without his ambassador’s instructions. No answer of course. He thinks that if this had not taken place a few years must have terminated the reign of the Bourbons, and that it is only the difference between sudden and lingering death ; that when he was at Paris he had seen the dissatisfaction of the young officers in the Guards, who were all Liberal ; and with these sentiments, what a condition they must have been in when called upon to charge and fire on the people while secretly approving of their conduct, “ *entre leurs devoirs de citoyens et de militaires.*”

*Goodwood, August 10th.*— On Saturday, the 7th, the King and Queen breakfasted at Osterley, on their way to Windsor. They had about sixty or seventy people to meet them, and it all went off very well, without anything remarkable. I went to Stoke afterwards, where there was the usual sort of party.

The King entered Windsor so privately that few people knew him, though he made the horses walk all the way from Frogmore that he might be seen. On Saturday and Sunday the Terrace was thrown open, and the latter day it was crowded by multitudes and a very gay sight ; there were sentinels on each side of the east front to prevent people walking

under the windows of the living-rooms, but they might go where else they liked. The King went to Bagshot and did not appear. All the late King's private drives through the Park are also thrown open, but not to carriages. We went, however, a long string of four carriages, to explore, and got through the whole drive round by Virginia Water, the famous fishing-pagoda, and saw all the penetralia of the late King, whose ghost must have been indignant at seeing us (Sefton particularly) scampering all about his most secret recesses. It is an exceedingly enjoyable spot, and pretty, but has not so much beauty as I expected.

*London, August 14th.*—Stayed at Goodwood till the 12th; went to Brighton, riding over the downs from Goodwood to Arundel; a delightful ride. How much I prefer England to Italy. There we have mountains and sky; here, vegetation and verdure, fine trees and soft turf; and in the long run the latter are the most enjoyable. Yesterday came to London from Brighton; found things much as they were, but almost everybody gone out of town. The French are proceeding steadily in the reconstruction of their government, but they have evinced a strong democratical spirit. The new King, too, conducts himself in a way that gives me a bad opinion of him; he is too complaisant to the rage for equality, and stoops more than he need do; in fact, he overdoes it. It is a piece of abominably bad taste (to say no worse) to have conferred a pension on the author of the Marseillaise hymn; for what can be worse than to rake up the old ashes of Jacobinism, and what more necessary than to distinguish as much as possible this revolution from that of 1789? Then he need not be more familiar as King than he ever was as Duke of Orleans, and affect the manners of a citizen and a plainness of dress and demeanor very suitable to an American President, but unbecoming a descendant of Louis XIV.

In the mean time we hear nothing of the old King, who marches slowly on with his family. It has been reported in London that Polignac is here, and also that he is taken. Nobody knows the truth. I have heard of his behavior, how-

ever, which was worthy of his former imbecility. He remained in the same presumptuous confidence up to the last moment, telling those who implored him to retract while it was still time, that they did not know France, that he did, that it was essentially Royalist, and all resistance would be over in a day or two, till the whole ruin burst on him at once, when he became like a man awakened from a dream, utterly confounded with the magnitude of the calamity and as pusillanimous and miserable as he had before been blind and confident. It must be owned that their end has been worthy of the rest, for not one of them has evinced good feeling, or magnanimity, or courage in their fall, nor excited the least sympathy or commiseration. The Duke of Fitzjames made a good speech in the Chamber of Peers, and Châteaubriand a very fine one a few days before, full of eloquence in support of the claim of the Duke of Bordeaux against that of Louis Philippe I.

*August 20th.*—On Monday to Stoke; Alvanley, Fitzroy Somerset, Matuscewitz, Stanislas Potocki, Glengall, and Mornay were there. Lady Sefton (who had dined at the Castle a few days before) asked the King to allow her to take Stanislas Potocki to see Virginia Water in a carriage, which is not allowed, but which his Majesty agreed to. Accordingly we started, and going through the private drives, went up to the door of the tent opposite the fishing-house. They thought it was the Queen coming, or at any rate a party from the Castle, for the man on board the little frigate hoisted all the colors, and the boatmen on the other side got ready the royal barge to take us across. We went all over the place on both sides, and were delighted with the luxury and beauty of the whole thing. On one side are a number of tents, communicating together in separate apartments and forming a very good house, a dining-room, drawing-room, and several other small rooms, very well furnished; across the water is the fishing-cottage, beautifully ornamented, with one large room and a dressing-room on each side; the kitchen and offices are in a garden full of flowers, shut out from everything. Opposite



the windows is moored a large boat, in which the band used to play during dinner, and in summer the late King dined every day either in the house or in the tents. We had scarcely seen everything when Mr. Turner, the head keeper, arrived in great haste, having spied us from the opposite side, and very angry at our carriages having come there, which is a thing forbidden ; he did not know of our leave, nor could we even satisfy him that we were not to blame.

The next day I called on Batchelor (he was *valet de chambre* to the Duke of York, afterwards to George IV.), who has an excellent apartment in the Lodge, which, he said, was once occupied by Nell Gwynne, though I did not know the Lodge was built at that time. I was there a couple of hours, and heard all the details of the late King's illness and other things. For many months before his death those who were about him were aware of his danger, but nobody dared to say a word. The King liked to cheat people with making them think he was well, and when he had been at a council he would return to his apartments and tell his *valets de chambre* how he had deceived them. During his illness he was generally cheerful, but occasionally dejected, and constantly talked of his brother the Duke of York, and of the similarity of their symptoms, and was always comparing them. He had been latterly more civil to Knighton than he used to be, and Knighton's attentions to him were incessant ; whenever he thought himself worse than usual, and in immediate danger, he always sent for Sir William. Lady Conyngham and her family went into his room once a day ; till his illness he always used to go and sit in hers. It is true that last year, when she was so ill, she was very anxious to leave the Castle, and it was Sir William Knighton who with great difficulty induced her to stay there. At that time she was in wretched spirits, and did nothing but pray from morning till night. However, her conscience does not seem ever to have interfered with her ruling passion, avarice, and she went on accumulating. During the last illness wagons were loaded every night and sent away from the Castle, but what their contents

were was not known, at least Batchelor did not say. All Windsor knew this. Those servants of the King who were about his person had opportunities of hearing a great deal, for he used to talk of everybody before them, and without reserve or measure.

This man Batchelor had become a great favorite with the late King. The first of his pages, William Holmes, had for some time been prevented by ill health from attending him. Holmes had been with him from a boy, and was also a great favorite; by appointments and perquisites he had as much as 12,000*l.* or 14,000*l.* a year, but he had spent so much in all sorts of debauchery, and living like a gentleman, that he was nearly ruined. There seems to have been no end to the *tracasseries* between these men; their anxiety to get what they could out of the King's wardrobe in the last weeks, and their dishonesty in the matter, were excessive, all which he told me in great detail. The King was more than anybody the slave of habit and open to impressions, and even when he did not like people he continued to keep them about him rather than change.

Brougham is to lead this opposition in the House of Commons, and Lord Grey in the Lords, and nothing is to be done, but as the result of general deliberation and agreement. Brougham in the mean time has finished his triumph at York in a miserable way, having insulted Martin Stapylton on the hustings, who called him to account, and then he forgot what he had said, and slunk away with a disclaimer of unintentional offense, as usual beginning with intemperance and ending with submission. His speeches were never good, but at his own dinner he stated so many untruths about the Duke of Wellington that his own partisans bawled out "No, no," and it was a complete failure. His whole spirit there was as bad as possible, paltry and commonplace. That man, with all his talents, never can or will *do* in any situation; he is base, cowardly, and unprincipled, and with all the execrable judgment which, I believe, often flows from the perversion of moral sentiment. Nobody can admire his genius, eloquence, variety

and extent of information, and the charm of his society more than I do ; but his faults are glaring, and the effects of them manifest to anybody who will compare his means and their results.

*August 23d.* — General Baudrand is come over with a letter from King Louis Philippe to King William. He saw the Duke and Aberdeen yesterday. Charles X. goes to Lulworth Castle. What are called moderate people are greatly alarmed at the aspect of affairs in France, but I think the law (which will be carried) of abolishing capital punishment in political cases is calculated to tranquillize men's minds everywhere, for it draws such a line between the old and the new revolution. The ministers will be tried and banished, but no blood spilt. Lord Anglesey went to see Charles X., and told him openly his opinion of his conduct. The King laid it all upon Polignac. The people of Paris wanted to send over a deputation to thank the English for their sympathy and assistance — a sort of fraternizing affair — but the King would not permit it, which was wisely done, and it is a good thing to see that he can curb in some degree that spirit ; this Vaudreuil told me last night. It would have given great offense and caused great alarm here.

*August 24th.* — Alvanley had a letter from Montrond yesterday from Paris. He was with M. Molé when a letter was brought him from Polignac, beginning, "*Mon cher Collègue,*" and saying that he wrote to him to ask his advice what he had better do ; that he should have liked to retire to his own estate, but it was too near Paris ; that he should like to go into Alsace, and that he begged he would arrange it for him, and in the mean time send him some boots, and shirts, and breeches.

The French King continues off Cowes, many people visiting him. They came off without clothes or preparation of any kind, so much so that Lady Grantham has been obliged to furnish Mesdames de Berri and D'Angoulême with everything ; it seems they have plenty of money. The King says he and his son have retired from public life ; and as to his grandson, he must wait the progress of events ; that his conscience reproaches him with nothing.

The dinner in St. George's Hall on the King's birthday was the finest thing possible — all good and hot, and served on the late King's gold plate. There were one hundred people at table. After dinner the King gave the Duke of Wellington's health, as it was the anniversary of Vimeiro ; the Dukes of Cumberland and Gloucester turned their glasses down. I can't agree with Charles X. that it would be better to "*travailler pour son pain* than to be King of England."

*At night.* — Went to Lady Glengall's to meet Marmont. He likes talking of his adventures, but he had done his Paris talk before I got there ; however, he said a great deal about old campaigning and Bonaparte, which, as well as I recollect, I will put down.

As to the battle of Salamanca, he remarked that, without meaning to detract from the glory of the English arms, he was inferior in force there ; our army was provided with everything, well paid, and the country favorable, his "*dénubé de tout,*" without pay, in a hostile country ; that all his provisions came from a great distance and under great escorts, and his communications were kept up in the same way. Of Russia, he said that Bonaparte's army was destroyed by the time he got to Moscow, destroyed by famine ; that there were two ways of making war, by slow degrees with magazines, or by rapid movements and reaching places where abundant means of supply and reorganization were to be found, as he had done at Vienna and elsewhere ; but in Russia supplies were not to be had. Napoleon had, however, pushed on with the same rapidity and destroyed his army. Marshal Davoust (I think, but am not sure) had a *corps d'armée* of 80,000 men, and reached Moscow with 15,000 ; the cavalry were 50,000 sabres, at Moscow they were 6,000. Somebody asked him if Napoleon's generals had not dissuaded him from going to Russia. Marmont said no ; they liked it ; but Napoleon ought to have stopped at Smolensk, made Poland independent, and levied 50,000 Cossacks, the Polish Cossacks being better than the Russian, who would have kept all his communications clear, and allowed the French army to repose, and then he

would have done in two campaigns what he wished to accomplish in one ; instead of which he never would deal with Poland liberally, but held back with ulterior views, and never got the Poles cordially with him. Of the campaign of 1813 he said, that it was ill conducted by Napoleon and full of faults ; his creation of the army was wonderful, and the battle of Dresden would have been a great movement if he had not suddenly abandoned Vandamme after pushing him on to cut off the retreat of the allies. It was an immense fault to leave all the garrisons in the Prussian and Saxon fortresses. The campaign of 1814 was one of his most brilliant. He (Marmont) commanded a *corps d'armée*, and fought in most of the celebrated actions, but he never had 4,000 men ; at Paris, which he said was "the most honorable part of his whole career," he had 7,500.<sup>1</sup> Napoleon committed a great fault in throwing himself into the rear as he did ; he should have fallen back upon Paris, where his own presence would have been of vast importance, and sent Marmont into the rear with what troops he could collect. I repeated what the Duke of Wellington had once told me, that if the Emperor had continued the same plan, and fallen back on Paris, he would have obliged the allies to retreat, and asked him what he thought. He rather agreed with this, but said the Emperor had conceived one of the most splendid pieces of strategy that ever had been devised, which failed by the disobedience of Eugene. He sent orders to Eugene to assemble his army, in which he had 35,000 French troops, to amuse the Austrians by a negotiation for the evacuation of Italy ; to throw the Italian troops into Alexandria and Mantua ; to destroy the other fortresses, and going by forced marches with his French troops, force the passage of Mont Cenis, collect the scattered *corps d'armée* of Augereau (who was near Lyons) and another French general, which would have made his force amount to above 60,000 men, and burst upon the rear of the allies so as to cut off all their communications. These orders he sent to Eugene, but

<sup>1</sup> This assertion of Marmont's is the more curious as it was to his alleged treachery that Napoleon when at Fontainebleau chose to ascribe his defeat.

Eugene "*rêvait d'être roi d'Italie après sa chute,*" and he sent his aide-de-camp Tascher to excuse himself. The movement was not made, and the game was up. Lady Dudley Stewart was there, Lucien's daughter and Bonaparte's niece. Marmont was presented to her, and she heard him narrate all this ; there is something very simple, striking, and soldierlike in his manner and appearance. He is going to Russia.

He was very communicative about events at Paris, lamented his own ill-luck, involved in the business against his wishes and feelings ; he disapproved of Polignac and his measures, and had no notion the *ordonnances* were thought of. In the morning he was going to St. Germain for the day ; when his aide-de-camp brought him the newspaper with the *ordonnances il tomba de son haut*. Soon after the Dauphin sent to him to desire that, as there might be some "*vitres cassées,*" he would take the command of the troops. Directly after the thing began. He had 7,000 or 8,000 men ; not a preparation had been made of any sort ; they had never thought of resistance, had not consulted Marmont or any military man ; he soon found how hopeless the case was, and sent eight estafettes to the King, one after another, during the action to tell him so and implore him to stop while it was time. They never returned any answer. He then rode out to St. Cloud, where he implored the King to yield. It was not till after seven hours' pressing that he consented to name M. de Mortemart minister, but would not withdraw the edicts. He says that up to Wednesday night they would have compromised and accepted M. de Mortemart and the suppression of the edicts, but the King still demurred. On Wednesday night he yielded, but then the communications were interrupted. That night the meeting at the Palais Royal took place, at which the King's fate was determined ; and on Thursday morning, when his offers arrived, it was too late, and they would no longer treat. Marmont said he had been treated with the greatest ingratitude by the court, and had taken leave of them forever, coldly of the King and Dauphin ; the Duchess of Berri alone shook hands with him and

thanked him for his services and fidelity. He says never man was so unlucky, that he was *maréchal de quartier* and could not refuse to serve, but he only acted on the defensive; 2,000 of the troops and 1,500 of the populace were killed. The Swiss did not behave well, but the Lanciers de la Garde beautifully, and all the troops were acting against their feelings and opinions. Marmont said that Stuart had sent Cradock to Charles X. to desire he would go as slowly as he could, to give time for a reaction which he expected would take place. Cradock did go to the King, but I rather doubt this story.<sup>1</sup>

*August 27th.* — At court the day before yesterday; Parliament was prorogued and summoned. General Baudrand came afterwards and delivered his letter, also a private letter “from the Duke of Orleans to the Duke of Clarence” — as the French King called them, “*anciens amis.*” He was well received and well satisfied. I never knew such a burst of indignation and contempt as Polignac’s letter has caused — a letter to the President of the Chamber of Peers. As Dudley says, it has saved history the trouble of crucifying that man, and speaks volumes about the recent events. Such a man to have been prime minister of France for a year.

*August 29th.* — Dined with Dudley the day before yesterday to meet Marmont, who is made very much of here by the few people who are left. He had been to Woolwich in the morning, where the Duke of Wellington had given orders

<sup>1</sup> Colonel Cradock (the late Lord Howden) was sent by the Ambassador to the King, and had an audience at Rambouillet, but it was at the request and instigation of the Duke of Orleans. The proposal intrusted to Colonel Cradock was to the effect that the King and the Dauphin, having abdicated, should quit France with the Princesses, but that Henry V. should be proclaimed King under the regency of the Duke of Orleans. Louis Philippe offered to support this arrangement, and to carry on the government as Regent, if Charles X. sanctioned it. The King received the communication in bed. The Duchess of Angoulême was consulted, and vehemently opposed the scheme, because, said she, speaking of the Orleans family, “*ils sont toujours les mêmes,*” and she referred to the preposterous stories current at the time of the death of the Duc de Bourgogne, and the regency of 1715. The offer was therefore rejected. These facts were not known to Mr. Greville at the time, nor till long afterwards, but they confirm his information that “Cradock *did* go to the King.”

that everything should be shown to him, and the honors handsomely done. He was very much gratified, and he found the man who had pointed the gun which wounded him at Salamanca, and who had since lost his own arm at Waterloo. Marmont shook hands with him and said, "*Ah, mon ami, chacun a son tour.*" Lady Aldborough came in the evening, and flew up to him with "*Ah, mon cher Maréchal, embrassez-moi;*" and so after escaping the cannon's mouth at Paris he was obliged to face Lady Aldborough's mouth here.

*Stoke, August 31st.* — On Sunday I met Prince Esterhazy<sup>1</sup> in Oxford Street with a face a yard long. He turned back with me, and told me that there had been disturbances at Brussels, but that they had been put down by the gendarmerie. He was mightily alarmed, but said that his government would recognize the French king directly, and in return for such general and prompt recognition as he was receiving he must restrain France from countenancing revolutions in other countries, and that, indeed, he had lost no time in declaring his intention to abstain from any meddling. In the evening Vaudreuil told me the same thing, and that he had received a dispatch from M. Molé desiring him to refuse passports to the Spaniards who wanted, on the strength of the French Revolution, to go and foment the discontents in Spain, and to all other foreigners who, being dissatisfied with their own governments, could not obtain passports from their own ministers. Yesterday morning, however, it appeared that the affair at Brussels was much more serious than Esterhazy had given me to understand; and, as far as can be judged from the unofficial statements which we have, it appears likely that Belgium will separate from Holland altogether, it being very doubtful whether the Belgian troops will support the King's government.

Madame de Falck is just come, but brings no news. Falck<sup>2</sup> has heard nothing. He left Holland before the outbreak.

<sup>1</sup> Prince Paul Esterhazy, Austrian Ambassador at the court of St. James for many years.

<sup>2</sup> Baron Falck, Dutch Minister at the court of St. James.



In the event of such a revolution, it remains to be seen what part Prussia will take, and, if she marches an army to reduce Belgium to obedience, whether the Belgians will not make overtures to France, and in that case whether King Louis Philippe will be able to restrain the French from seizing such a golden opportunity of regaining their former frontier ; and if they accept the offer, whether a general war in Europe will not ensue.

In these difficult circumstances, and in the midst of possibilities so tremendous, it is awful to reflect upon the very moderate portion of wisdom and sagacity which is allotted to those by whom our affairs are managed. I am by no means easy as to the Duke of Wellington's sufficiency to meet such difficulties ; the habits of his mind are not those of patient investigation, profound knowledge of human nature, and cool, discriminating sagacity. He is exceedingly quick of apprehension, but deceived by his own quickness into thinking he knows more than he does. He has amazing confidence in himself, which is fostered by the deference of those around him and the long experience of his military successes. He is upon ordinary occasions right-headed and sensible, but he is beset by weaknesses and passions which must, and continually do, blind his judgment. Above all he wants that suavity of manner, that watchfulness of observation, that power of taking great and enlarged views of events and characters, and of weighing opposite interests and probabilities, which are essentially necessary in circumstances so delicate, and in which one false step, any hasty measure, or even incautious expression, may be attended with consequences of immense importance. I feel justified in this view of his political fitness by contemplating the whole course of his career, and the signal failure which has marked all his foreign policy. If Canning was now alive we might hope to steer through these difficulties, but if he had lived we should probably never have been in them. He was the only statesman who had sagacity to enter into and comprehend the spirit of the times, and to put himself at the head of that movement which was no longer to be arrested.

The march of Liberalism (as it is called) would not be stopped, and this he knew, and he resolved to govern and lead instead of opposing it. The idiots who so rejoiced at the removal of this master mind (which alone could have saved them from the effects of their own folly) thought to stem the torrent in its course, and it has overwhelmed them. It is unquestionable that the Duke has too much participated in their sentiments and passions, and, though he never mixed himself with their proceedings, regarded them with a favorable eye, nor does he ever seem to have been aware of the immensity of the peril which they were incurring. The urgency of the danger will unquestionably increase the impatience of those who already think the present government incapable of carrying on the public business, and now that we are placed in a situation the most intricate (since the French Revolution) it is by no means agreeable to think that such enormous interests are at the mercy of the Duke's awkward squad.

Sefton gave me an account of the dinner in St. George's Hall on the King's birthday, which was magnificent — excellent and well served. Bridge<sup>1</sup> came down with the plate, and was hid during the dinner behind the great wine-cooler, which weighs 7,000 ounces, and he told Sefton afterwards that the plate in the room was worth 200,000*l*. There is another service of gold plate, which was not used at all. The King has made it all over to the crown. All this plate was ordered by the late King, and never used; his delight was ordering what the public had to pay for.

*September 9th.* — The night before last I had a letter from the Duc de Dalberg with a very sensible view of the state of France and of affairs generally in Europe, auguring well of the stability of the present government, provided the other powers of Europe do nothing to disturb the general tranquillity. I never was so astonished as when I read in the newspaper of the appointment of Talleyrand to be ambassador here. He must be nearer eighty than seventy, and though

<sup>1</sup> Of the house of Rundell and Bridge, the great silversmiths and jewelers of the day.

his faculties are said to be as bright as ever (which I doubt), his infirmities are so great that it is inconceivable he should think of leaving his own home, and above all for another country, where public representation is unavoidable. Dalberg told me that several of the ministers are going out — Guizot, Marshal Gérard, and Baron Louis, the two latter *accablés* with the *travail*, and the first unused to and unfit for official business; <sup>1</sup> Louis is seventy-three.

In the mean time the Duke does nothing here towards strengthening his government, and he will probably meet Parliament as he is. There are some circumstances in his favor, and I think it possible he may still extricate himself from his difficulties. There is unquestionably a notion amongst many persons (of the aristocracy) that he is the only man to rely upon for governing this country in the midst of difficulties. It is hard to say upon what this feeling (for it is more of a feeling than an opinion) is founded; not certainly upon any experience of his abilities for government, either as to principles or the details of particular branches of business, or his profound, dispassionate, and statesmanlike sagacity, but upon certain vague predilections, and the confidence which he has infused into others by his own firm, manly, and even dictatorial character, and the recollection of his military exploits and splendid career, which have not yet lost their power over the minds of men, and to this must be added his great influence over the late and present sovereigns.

*September 14th.*— Last Saturday to Panshanger; returned yesterday with Melbourne, George Lamb, and the Ashleys. George said there would be a violent opposition in the approaching session. William <sup>2</sup> told me he thought Huskisson was the greatest practical statesman he had known, the one who united theory with practice the most, but owned he was not popular and not thought honest; that his remaining in with the Duke when Goderich's ministry was dissolved was a fatal error, which he could never repair.

<sup>1</sup> A curious estimate, taken at the time, of the man who for the next eighteen years had a larger share of official life and business than any other Frenchman.

<sup>2</sup> William Lamb, second Lord Melbourne, afterwards prime minister.

I found Sefton in town last night, and went to the play with him. He has had a letter from Brougham, who told him he should go to the Liverpool dinner and attack the Duke of Wellington; that it was the only opportunity he should ever have in his life of meeting him face to face, and he then proceeded to relate all that he should say. Sefton wrote him word that if he said half what he intended the chairman would order him to be turned out of the room. He won't go, I am persuaded.

*Newark, September 18th.* — Went back to Panshanger last Tuesday; found there Madame de Lieven, Melbourne, and the Hollands and Allen. Lord Holland was very agreeable, as he always is, and told many anecdotes of George Selwyn, Lafayette, and others. I saw them arrive in a coach and four and chaise and pair — two footmen, a page, and two maids. He said (what is true) that there is hardly such a thing in the world as a good house or a good epitaph, and yet mankind have been employed in building the former and writing the latter since the beginning almost. Came to town on Thursday, and in the afternoon heard the news of Huskisson's horrible accident, and yesterday morning got a letter from Henry with the details, which are pretty correctly given in the "Times" newspaper. It is a very odd thing, but I had for days before a strong presentiment that some terrible accident would occur at this ceremony, and I told Lady Cowper so, and several other people. Nothing could exceed the horror of the few people in London at this event, or the despair of those who looked up to him politically. It seems to have happened in this way: While the Duke's car was stopping to take in water, the people alighted and walked about the railroad; when suddenly another car, which was running on the adjoining level, came up. Everybody scrambled out of the way, and those who could got again into the first car. This Huskisson attempted to do, but he was slow and awkward; as he was getting in some part of the machinery of the other car struck the door of his, by which he was knocked down. He was taken up, and conveyed by Wilton<sup>1</sup> and Mrs. Huskisson

<sup>1</sup> Thomas Grosvenor Egerton, second Earl of Wilton.

(who must have seen the accident happen) to the house of Mr. Blackburne, eight miles from Heaton. Wilton saved his life for a few hours by knowing how to tie up the artery; amputation was not possible, and he expired at ten o'clock that night. Wilton, Lord Granville, and Littleton were with him to the last. Mrs. Huskisson behaved with great courage. The Duke of Wellington was deeply affected, and it was with the greatest difficulty he could be induced to proceed upon the progress to Manchester, and at last he only yielded to the most pressing solicitations of the directors, and others and to a strong remonstrance that the mob might be dangerous if he did not appear. It is impossible to figure to one's self any event which could produce a greater sensation or be more striking to the imagination than this, happening at such a time and under such circumstances: the eminence of the man, the sudden conversion of a scene of gayety and splendor into one of horror and dismay; the countless multitudes present, and the effect upon them — crushed to death in sight of his wife and at the feet (as it was) of his great political rival — all calculated to produce a deep and awful impression. The death of Huskisson cannot fail to have an important effect upon political events; it puts an end to his party as a party, but it leaves the survivors at liberty to join either the opposition or the government, while during his life there were great difficulties to their doing either, in consequence of the antipathy which many of the Whigs had to him on one side and the Duke of Wellington on the other. There is no use, however, in speculating on what will happen, which a very short time will show. Agar Ellis told me yesterday morning that he had received a letter from Brougham a day or two ago, in which he said that he was going to Liverpool, and hoped there to sign a treaty with Huskisson, so that it is probable they would have joined to oppose the government. As to the Duke of Wellington, a fatality attends him, and it is perilous to cross his path. There were perhaps 500,000 people present on this occasion, and probably not a soul besides hurt. One man only is killed, and that man is his most dangerous political oppo-

ment, the one from whom he had most to fear. It is the more remarkable because these great people are generally taken such care of, and put out of the chance of accidents. Canning had scarcely reached the zenith of his power when he was swept away, and the field was left open to the Duke, and no sooner is he reduced to a state of danger and difficulty than the ablest of his adversaries is removed by a chance beyond all power of calculation.

Huskisson was about sixty years old, tall, slouching, and ignoble looking. In society he was extremely agreeable, without much animation, generally cheerful, with a great deal of humor, information, and anecdote, gentlemanlike, unassuming, slow in speech, and with a downcast look, as if he avoided meeting anybody's gaze. I have said what Melbourne thought of him, and that was the opinion of his party. It is probably true that there is no man in Parliament, or perhaps out of it, so well versed in finance, commerce, trade, and colonial matters, and that he is therefore a very great and irreparable loss. It is nevertheless remarkable that it is only within the last five or six years that he acquired the great reputation which he latterly enjoyed. I do not think he was looked upon as more than a second-rate man till his speeches on the silk trade and the shipping interest; but when he became president of the Board of Trade he devoted himself with indefatigable application to the maturing and reducing to practice those commercial improvements with which his name is associated, and to which he owes all his glory and most of his unpopularity. It is equally true that all the ablest men in the country coincide with him, and that the mass of the community are persuaded that his plans are mischievous to the last degree. The man whom he consulted through the whole course of his labors and inquiries was Hume,<sup>1</sup> who is now in the Board of Trade, and whose vast experience and knowledge were of incalculable service to him. Great as his abilities unquestionably were, it is impossible to admire his judgment, which seems repeatedly to have failed him, particularly in his joining the

<sup>1</sup> John Deacon Hume, the assistant joint secretary of the Board of Trade.

Duke's government on Goderich's resignation, which was a capital error—his speech afterwards at Liverpool and his subsequent quarrel with the Duke. In all these cases he acted with the greatest imprudence, and he certainly contrived, without exposing himself to any specific charge, to be looked upon as a statesman of questionable honor and integrity; and of this his friends as well as his enemies were aware. As a speaker in the House of Commons he was luminous upon his own subject, but he had no pretensions to eloquence; his voice was feeble and his manner ungraceful; however, he was (unfortunately) one of the first men in the House, and was listened to with attention upon any subject. He left no children. Mrs. Huskisson has a pension of 1,200*l.* a year.

*Chatsworth, September 27th.* — Yesterday Brougham came with his brother, sister, and daughter-in-law, in the highest spirits and state of excitement, going about Yorkshire, dining and speechifying; he was at Doncaster, too. Lord Granville was just returned from Huskisson's funeral at Liverpool. It was attended by a great multitude, who showed every mark of respect and feeling. He died the death of a great man, suffering torments, but always resigned, calm, and collected; took the Sacrament and made a codicil to his will; said the country had had the best of him, and that he could not have been useful for many more years; hoped he had never committed any political sins that might not be easily forgiven, and declared that he died without a feeling of ill-will and in charity with all men. As he lay there he heard the guns announcing the Duke of Wellington's arrival at Manchester, and he said, "I hope to God the Duke may get safe through the day." When he had done and said all he desired, he begged they would open a vein and release him from his pain. From the beginning he only wished to die quickly. Mrs. Huskisson was violently opposed to his being buried at Liverpool, and it was with great difficulty she was persuaded to consent to the repeated applications that were made to her for that purpose.

*London, November 8th.* — Went from Buckingham to Euston, and then back to Newmarket, where I never have time or inclination to write or read. Parliament met, and a great clamor was raised against the King's speech, without much reason; but it was immediately evident that the government was in a very tottering condition, and the first night of this session the Duke of Wellington made a violent and uncalled for declaration against reform, which has without doubt sealed his fate. Never was there an act of more egregious folly, or one so universally condemned by friends and foes. The Chancellor said to Lady Lyndhurst after the first night's debate in the House of Lords, "You have often asked me why the Duke did not take in Lord Grey; read these two speeches (Lord Grey's and the Duke's), and then you will see why. Do you think he would like to have a colleague under him, who should get up and make such a speech after such another as his?"

The effect produced by this declaration exceeds anything I ever saw, and it has at once destroyed what little popularity the Duke had left, and lowered him in public estimation so much that when he does go out of office, as most assuredly he must, he will leave it without any of the dignity and credit which might have accompanied his retirement. The sensation produced in the country has not yet been ascertained, but it is sure to be immense. I came to town last night, and found the town ringing with his imprudence and everybody expecting that a few days would produce his resignation.

The King's visit to the city was regarded with great apprehension, as it was suspected that attempts would be made to produce riot and confusion at night, and consequently all the troops that could be mustered were prepared, together with thousands of special constables, new police, volunteers, sailors, and marines; but last night a Cabinet council was held, when it was definitely arranged to put it off altogether, and this morning the announcement has appeared in the newspapers. Every sort of ridicule and abuse was heaped upon the government, the Lord Mayor, and all who had any share



in putting off the King's visit to the city; very droll caricatures were circulated.

*November 10th.* — It was expected last night that there would be a great riot, and preparations were made to meet it. Troops were called up to London, and a large body of civil power put in motion. People had come in from the country in the morning, and everything indicated a disturbance. After dinner I walked out to see how things were going on. There was little mob in the west end of the town, and in New Street, Spring Gardens, a large body of the new police was drawn up in three divisions, ready to be employed if wanted. The Duke of Wellington expected Apsley House to be attacked, and made preparations accordingly. He desired my brother to go and dine there, to assist in making any arrangements that might be necessary. In Pall Mall I met Mr. Glyn, the banker, who had been up to Lombard Street to see how matters looked about his house, and he told us (Sir T. Farquhar and me) that everything was quiet in the city. One of the policemen said that there had been a smart brush near Temple Bar, where a body of weavers with iron crows and a banner had been dispersed by the police, and the banner taken. The police, who are a magnificent set of fellows, behave very well, and it seems pretty evident that these troubles are not very serious, and will soon be put an end to. The attack in Downing Street the night before last, of which they made a great affair, turned out to be nothing at all. The mob came there from Carlile's lecture, but the sentry stopped them near the Foreign Office; the police took them in flank, and they all ran away.

I went to Brookes's, but there was hardly anybody there, and nothing occurred in the House of Commons but some interchange of billingsgate between O'Connell and George Dawson. The Duke talks with confidence, and has no idea of resigning, but he does not inspire his friends with the confidence he feels or affects himself, though they talk of his resignation as an event which is to plunge all Europe into war, and of the impossibility of forming another administration,

all which is mere balderdash, for he proved with many others how easy it is to form a government that can go on ; and as to our Continental relations being altered, I don't believe a word of it. He may have influence abroad, but he owes it not to his own individual character, but to his possession of power in England. If the ministry who succeed him are firm and moderate, this country will lose nothing of its influence abroad. I have heard these sort of things said fifty times of ministers and kings. The death of the late King was to be the greatest of calamities, and the breath was hardly out of his body before everybody discovered that it was the greatest of blessings, and, instead of its being impossible to go on without him, that there would have been no going on with him.

The King gave a dinner to the Prince of Orange the other day, and invited all his old military friends to meet him. His Majesty was beyond everything civil to the Duke of Wellington, and the Queen likewise. Lord Wellesley, speaking of the letter to the Lord Mayor, and putting off the dinner in the city, said "it was the boldest act of cowardice he had ever heard of."

After some difficulty they have agreed to give Madame de Dino<sup>1</sup> the honors of ambassadress here, the Duke having told the King that at Vienna she did the honors of Talleyrand's house, and was received on that footing by the Emperor and Empress, so he said, "Oh, very well; I will tell the Queen, and you had better tell her too."

They say the King is exceedingly bullied by the *bâtards*, though Errol told me they were all afraid of him. Dolly Fitzclarence lost 100*l.*, betting 100 to 10 that he would go to Guildhall, and he told the King he had lost him 100*l.*, so the King gave him the money.

*November 15th.* — Yesterday morning I breakfasted with

<sup>1</sup>The Duchesse de Dino was the niece of Prince Talleyrand, then French Ambassador at the court of St. James. The precedent is a curious one, for it is certainly not customary for the daughter or niece of an unmarried ambassador to enjoy the rank and honors of an ambassadress.

Taylor<sup>1</sup> to meet Southey: the party was Southey; Strutt, member for Derby, a radical; young Mill, a political economist; Charles Villiers, young Elliot, and myself. Southey is remarkably pleasing in his manner and appearance, unaffected, unassuming, and agreeable; at least such was my impression for the hour or two I saw him. Young Mill is the son of Mill who wrote the "History of British India," and said to be cleverer than his father. He has written many excellent articles in reviews, pamphlets, etc., but though powerful with a pen in his hand, in conversation he has not the art of managing his ideas, and is consequently hesitating and slow, and has the appearance of being always working in his mind propositions or a syllogism.

Southey told an anecdote of Sir Massey Lopes, which is a good story of a miser. A man came to him and told him he was in great distress, and 200*l.* would save him. He gave him a draft for the money. "Now," says he "what will you do with this?" "Go to the banker's and get it cashed." "Stop," said he; "I will cash it." So he gave him the money, but first calculated and deducted the discount, thus at once exercising his benevolence and his avarice.

Another story Taylor told (we were talking of the negroes and savages) of a girl (in North America) who had been brought up for the purpose of being eaten on the day her master's son was married or attained a certain age. She was proud of being the *plat* for the occasion, for when she was accosted by a missionary, who wanted to convert her to Christianity and withdraw her from her fate, she said she had no objection to be a Christian, but she must stay to be eaten; that she had been fattened for the purpose and must fulfill her destiny.

In the evening I dined with Lord Sefton to meet Talleyrand and Madame de Dino. There were Brougham and

<sup>1</sup> Henry Taylor, the author of *Philip van Artevelde*. Edward Strutt was afterwards created Lord Belper. "Young Mill" was the eminent economist and philosopher John Stuart Mill. "Young Elliot," Sir Thomas Frederick Elliot, K. S. M. G., long one of the ablest members of the Colonial Department, to which Henry Taylor, the poet, himself belonged.

Denman, the latter brought by the former to show Talleyrand to him. After dinner Talleyrand held a circle and discoursed, but I did not come in for his talk. They were all delighted, but long experience has proved to me that people are easily delighted with whatever is in vogue. Brougham is very proud of his French, which is execrable, and took the opportunity of holding forth in a most barbarous jargon, which he fancied was the real accent and phraseology.

*November 17th.* — Went to Downing Street yesterday morning between twelve and one, and found that the Duke and all the ministers were just gone to the King. He received them with the greatest kindness, shed tears, but accepted their resignation without remonstrance. He told Lord Bathurst he would do anything he could, and asked him if there was nothing he could sign which would secure his son's appointment. Lord Bathurst thanked him, but told him he could do nothing.

I met the Duke coming out of his room, but did not like to speak to him; he got into his cabriolet, and nodded as he passed, but he looked very grave. The King seems to have behaved perfectly throughout the whole business, no intriguing or underhand communication with anybody, with great kindness to his ministers, anxious to support them while it was possible, and submitting at once to the necessity of parting with them. The fact is he turns out an incomparable King, and deserves all the encomiums that are lavished on him. All the mountebankery which signalized his conduct when he came to the throne has passed away with the excitement which caused it, and he is as dignified as the homeliness and simplicity of his character will allow him to be.

*November 19th.* — The day before yesterday Lord Grey went to the King, who received him with every possible kindness, and gave him *carte blanche* to form a new administration, placing even the household at his disposal — much to the disgust of the members of it. Ever since the town has been as usual teeming with reports, but with fewer lies than usual. The fact is Lord Grey has had no difficulties, and, has

formed a government at once ; only Brougham put them all in a dreadful fright. He all but declared a hostile intention to the future administration ; he boasted that he would take nothing, refuse even the great seal, and flourished his reform *in terrorem* over their heads ; he was affronted and furious because he fancied they neglected him, but it all arose, as I am told, from Lord Grey's letter to him not reaching him directly by some mistake, for that he was the first person he wrote to. Still it is pretty clear that this eccentric luminary will play the devil with their system.

[The letter could not be the cause. The history of the transaction is this : When Lord Grey undertook to form a government he sent for Lord Lansdowne and Lord Holland, and these three began to work, without consulting with Brougham or any member of the House of Commons. Brougham was displeased at not being consulted at first, but was indignant when Lord Grey proposed to him to be Attorney-general. Then he showed his teeth, and they grew frightened, and soon after they sent Sefton to him, who got him into good humor, and it was made up by the offer of the great seal. — *November 23d.*]

*November 20th.* — Here I was interrupted, and broke off yesterday morning. At twelve o'clock yesterday everything was settled but the great seal, and in the afternoon the great news transpired that Brougham had accepted it. Great was the surprise, greater still the joy at a charm having been found potent enough to lay the unquiet spirit, a bait rich enough to tempt his restless ambition. I confess I had no idea he would have accepted the chancellorship after his declarations in the House of Commons and the whole tenor of his conduct. I was persuaded that he had made to himself a political existence the like of which no man had ever before possessed, and that to have refused the great seal would have appeared more glorious than to take it ; intoxicated with his Yorkshire honors, swollen with his own importance, and holding in his hands questions which he could employ to thwart, embarrass, and ruin any ministry, I thought that he

meant to domineer in the House of Commons and to gather popularity throughout the country by enforcing popular measures of which he would have all the credit, and thus establish a sort of individual power and authority, which would insure his being dreaded, courted and consulted by all parties. He could then have gratified his vanity, ambition and turbulence; the bar would have supplied fortune, and events would have supplied enjoyments suited to his temperament; it would have been a sort of madness, mischievous but splendid. As it is the joy is great and universal; all men feel that he is emasculated and drops on the woolsack as on his political death-bed; once in the House of Lords, there is an end of him, and he may rant, storm, and thunder without hurting anybody.

*November 22d.* — Dined yesterday at Sefton's; nobody there but Lord Grey and his family, Brougham and Montrond, the latter just come from Paris. It was excessively agreeable. Lord Grey in excellent spirits, and Brougham, whom Sefton bantered from the beginning to the end of dinner.<sup>1</sup> Be Brougham's political errors what they may, his gayety, temper, and admirable social qualities make him delightful, to say nothing of his more solid merits, of liberality, generosity, and charity; for charity it is to have taken the whole family of one of his brothers who is dead — nine children — and maintained and educated them. From this digression to return to our dinner; it was uncommonly gay. Lord Grey said he had taken a task on himself which he was not equal to; prided himself on having made his arrangements so rapidly, and on having named no person to any office who was not efficient; he praised Lyndhurst highly, said he liked him, that his last speech was luminous, and that he should like very much to do anything he could for him, but that it was such an object to have Brougham on the woolsack. So I suppose he would not dislike to take in Lyndhurst by and by. He would not

<sup>1</sup> Lord Brougham had taken his seat on the woolsack as lord high chancellor on the afternoon of this day, the 22d of November. The patent of his peerage bore the same date.

tell us whom he has got for the ordnance. John Russell was to have had the War Office, but Tavistock<sup>1</sup> entreated that the appointment might be changed, as his brother's health was unequal to it; so he was made paymaster. Lord Grey said he had more trouble with those offices than with the Cabinet ones. Sefton did nothing but quiz Brougham — "My lord" every minute, and "What does his lordship say?" "I'm sure it is very condescending of his lordship to speak to such *canaille* as all of you," and a thousand jokes. After dinner he walked out before him with the fire shovel for the mace, and left him no repose all the evening. I wish Leach could have heard Brougham. He threatened to sit often at the cockpit, in order to check Leach,<sup>2</sup> who, though a good judge in his own court, was good for nothing in a court of appeal; he said that Leach's being chancellor was impossible, as there were forty-two appeals from him to the Chancellor, which he would have had to decide himself; and that he (Brougham) had wanted the seal to be put in commission with three judges, which would have been the best reform of the court, expedited business, and satisfied suitors; but that Lord Grey would not hear of it, and had forced him to take it, which he was averse to do, being reluctant to leave the House of Commons.

He said the Duke of Richmond had done admirably in capturing the incendiary who has been taken, and who they think will afford a clew whereby they will discover the secret of all the burnings. This man called himself Evans. They had information of his exciting the peasantry, and sent a Bow Street officer after him. He found out where he lived and captured him (having been informed that he was not there by the inmates of the house), and took him to the Duke, who

<sup>1</sup> The Marquis of Tavistock, Lord John Russell's eldest brother, afterwards Duke of Bedford. Lord John has since held almost every cabinet office: his brother's notion that his health was unequal to the War Office in 1830 is amusing.

<sup>2</sup> The Master of the Rolls was at that time presiding judge of appeal at the Privy Council, which was commonly spoken of as "the cockpit," because it sat on the site of the old cockpit at Whitehall; but the business was very ill done, which led Lord Brougham to bring in and carry his act for the creation of the Judicial Committee in 1832 — one of his best and most successful measures.

had him searched. On his person were found stock receipts for 800*l.*, of which 50*l.* was left; and a chemical receipt in a secret pocket for combustibles. He was taken to prison, and will be brought up to town. Montrond was very amusing — “You, Lord Brougham, when you mount your bag of wool?”

*November 25th.* — The accounts from the country on the 23d were so bad that a Cabinet sat all the morning, and concerted a proclamation offering large rewards for the discovery of offenders, rioters, or burners. Half the Cabinet walked to St. James’s, where I went with the draft proclamation in my pocket, and we held a council in the King’s room to approve it. I remember the last council of this sort we held was on Queen Caroline’s business. She had demanded to be heard by counsel in support of her asserted right to be crowned, and the King ordered in council that she should be heard. We held the council in his dressing-room at Carlton House; he was in his bed-gown, and we in our boots. This proclamation did not receive the sign manual or the great seal and was not engrossed till the next day, but was nevertheless published in the “Gazette.”

*December 1st.* — The last two or three days have produced no remarkable outrages, and though the state of the country is still dreadful, it is rather better on the whole than it was; but London is like the capital of a country desolated by cruel war or foreign invasion, and we are always looking for reports of battles, burnings, and other disorders. Wherever there has been anything like fighting, the mob has always been beaten, and has shown the greatest cowardice. They do not, however, seem to have been actuated by a very ferocious spirit; and, considering the disorders of the times, it is remarkable that they have not been more violent and rapacious. Lord Craven, who is just of age, with three or four more young lords, his friends, defeated and dispersed them in Hampshire. They broke into the Duke of Beaufort’s house at Heythrop, but he and his sons got them out without mischief, and afterwards took some of them. On Monday as the field which had been out with the King’s hounds were re-



turning to town, they were summoned to assist in quelling a riot at Woburn, which they did ; the gentlemen charged and broke the people, and took some of them, and fortunately some troops came up to secure the prisoners. The alarm, however, still continues, and a feverish anxiety about the future universally prevails, for no man can foresee what course events will take, nor how his own individual circumstances may be affected by them.

*December 12th.* — For the last few days the accounts from the country have been better ; there are disturbances in different parts, and alarms given, but the mischief seems to be subsiding. The burnings go on, and though they say that one or two incendiaries have been taken up, nothing has yet been discovered likely to lead to a detection of the system. I was at court on Wednesday, when Kemp and Foley were sworn in, the first for the ordnance, the other gold stick (the pensioners). He refused it for a long time, but at last submitted to what he thought *infra dig.*, because it was to be sugared with the lieutenancy of Worcestershire. There was an admiralty report,<sup>1</sup> at which the Chief Justice was not present. The Chancellor and the Judge (Sir C. Robinson) were there for the first time, and not a soul knew what was the form or what ought to be done ; they did, however, just as in the Recorder's reports. Brougham leans to mercy, I see. But what a curious sort of supplementary trial this is ; how many accidents may determine the life or death of the culprit. In one case in this report which they were discussing (before the council) Brougham had *forgotten* that the man was recommended to mercy, but he told me that at the last Recorder's report there was a great difference of opinion on one (a forger case), when Tenterden was for hanging the man and he for saving him ; that he had it put to the vote, and the man was saved. Little did the criminal know when there was a change of ministry that he owed his life to it ; for if Lyndhurst had been chancellor he would most assuredly have

<sup>1</sup> The High Court of Admiralty had still a criminal jurisdiction, and the capital cases were submitted to the King in council for approval.

been hanged ; not that Lyndhurst was particularly severe or cruel, but he would have concurred with the Chief Justice and have regarded the case solely in a judicial point of view ; whereas the mind of the other was probably biassed by some theory about the crime of forgery or by some fancy of his strange brain.

This was a curious case, as I have since heard. The man owes his life to the curiosity of a woman of fashion, and then to another feeling. Lady Burghersh and Lady Glengall wanted to hear St. John Long's trial (the quack who had *man-slaughtered* Miss Cashir), and they went to the Old Bailey for that purpose. Castlereagh and somebody else, who of course were not up in time, were to have attended them. They wanted an escort, and the only man in London sure to be out of bed so early was the Master of the Rolls, so they went and carried him off. When they got to the court there was no St. John Long, but they thought they might as well stay and hear whatever was going on. It chanced that a man was tried for an atrocious case of forgery and breach of trust. He was found guilty and sentence passed ; but he was twenty-three and good-looking. Lady Burghersh could not bear he should be hanged, and she went to all the late ministers and the judges to beg him off. Leach told her it was no use, that nothing could save that man ; and accordingly the old government were obdurate, when out they went. Off she went again and attacked all the new ones, who in better humor, or of softer natures, suffered themselves to be persuaded, and the wretch was saved. She went herself to Newgate to see him, but I never heard if she had a private interview, and if he was afforded an opportunity of expressing his gratitude with all the fervor that the service she had done him demanded.

*December 14th.*—Dined yesterday at Agar Ellis's with eighteen people. Brougham in great force and very agreeable, and told some stories of Judge Allan Park, who is a most ridiculous man, and yet a good lawyer, a good judge, and was a most eminent counsel.

Park is extraordinarily ridiculous. He is a physiognomist, and is captivated by pleasant looks. In a certain cause, in which a boy brought an action for defamation against his school-master, Campbell, his counsel, asked the solicitor if the boy was good-looking. "Very." "Oh, then, have him in court; we shall get a verdict." And so he did. His eyes are always wandering about, watching and noticing everything and everybody. One day there was a dog in court making a disturbance, on which he said, "Take away that dog." The officers went to remove another dog, when he interposed. "No, not that dog. I have had my eye on that dog the whole day, and I will say that a better behaved little dog I never saw in a court of justice."

*December 16th.*—There has been a desperate quarrel between the King and his sons. George Fitzclarence wanted to be made a peer and have a pension; the King said he could not do it, so they struck work in a body, and George resigned his office of deputy adjutant-general and wrote the King a furious letter. The King sent for Lord Hill, and told him to try and bring him to his senses; but Lord Hill could do nothing, and then he sent for Brougham to talk to him about it. It is not yet made up, but one of them (Frederick, I believe) dined at the dinner the King gave the day before yesterday. They want to renew the days of Charles II., instead of waiting patiently and letting the King do what he can for them, and as he can.

*Roehampton, December 26th.* — At Lord Clifden's; Luttrell, Byng, and Dudley; the latter very mad; did nothing but soliloquize, walk about, munch, and rail at reform of every kind. Lord Anglesey has entered Dublin amidst silence and indifference, all produced by O'Connell's orders, whose entry was greeted by the acclamations of thousands, and his speeches then and since have been more violent than ever. His authority and popularity are unabated, and he is employing them to do all the mischief he can, his first object being to make friends of the Orangemen, to whom he affects to humble himself, and he has on all public occasions caused the orange ribbon to be joined with the green.

*December 30th.* — Lord Anglesey's entry into Dublin turned out not to have been so mortifying to him as was at first reported. He was attended by a great number of people, and by all the most eminent and respectable in Dublin, so much so that he was very well pleased, and found it better than he expected. War broke out between him and O'Connell without loss of time. O'Connell had intended to have a procession of the trades, and a notice from him was to have been published and stuck over the door of every chapel and public place in Dublin. Anglesey issued his proclamation, and half an hour before the time when O'Connell's notice was to appear had it pasted up, and one copy laid on O'Connell's breakfast table, at which anticipation he chuckled mightily. O'Connell instantly issued a handbill desiring the people to obey, as if the order of the Lord-lieutenant was to derive its authority from his permission and he afterwards made an able speech. Since the beginning of the world there never was so extraordinary and so eccentric a position as his. It is a moral power and influence as great in its way, and as strangely acquired, as Bonaparte's political power was. Utterly lost to all sense of shame and decency, trampling truth and honor under his feet, cast off by all respectable men, he makes his faults and his vices subservient to the extension of his influence, for he says and does whatever suits his purpose for the moment, secure that no detection or subsequent exposure will have the slightest effect with those over whose minds and passions he rules with such despotic sway. He cares not whom he insults, because, having covered his cowardice with the cloak of religious scruples, he is invulnerable, and will resent no retaliation that can be offered him. He has chalked out to himself a course of ambition which, though not of the highest kind — if the *consentiens laus bonorum* is indispensable to the aspirations of noble minds — has everything in it that can charm a somewhat vulgar but highly active, restless, and imaginative being; and nobody can deny to him the praise of inimitable dexterity, versatility, and even prudence in the employment of the means which he makes conducive

to his ends. He is thoroughly acquainted with the audiences which he addresses and the people upon whom he practices, and he operates upon their passions with the precision of a dexterous anatomist who knows the direction of every muscle and fibre of the human frame. After having been throughout the Catholic question the furious enemy of the Orangemen, upon whom he lavished incessant and unmeasured abuse, he has suddenly turned round, and inviting them to join him on the repeal question, has not only offered them a fraternal embrace and has humbled himself to the dust in apologies and demands for pardon, but he has entirely and at once succeeded, and he is now as popular or more so with the Protestants (or rather Orangemen) as he was before with the Catholics, and Crampton writes word that the lower order of Protestants are with him to a man.

1831.

*January 2d.* — Came up to town yesterday to dine with the Villiers at a dinner of clever men, got up at the Athenæum, and was extremely bored. The original party was broken up by various excuses, and the vacancies supplied by men none of whom I knew. There were Poulett, Thomson, three Villiers, Taylor, Young, whom I knew; the rest I never saw before — Buller, Romilly, Senior, Maule,<sup>1</sup> a man whose name I forget, and Walker, a police magistrate, all men of more or less talent and information, and altogether producing anything but an agreeable party. Maule was senior wrangler and senior medallist at Cambridge, and is a lawyer. He was nephew to the man with whom I was at school thirty years ago, and I had never seen him since; he was then a very clever boy, and assisted to teach the boys, being admirably well taught himself by his uncle, who was an excellent scholar and a great brute. I have young Maule now in my mind's eye suspended by the hair of his head while being well caned, and recollect as if it was yesterday his doggedly drumming a lesson of Terence into my dull and reluctant

<sup>1</sup> Afterwards Mr. Justice Maule.

brain as we walked up and down the garden walk before the house. When I was introduced to him I had no recollection of him, but when I found out who he was I went up to him with the blindest manner as he sat reading a newspaper, and said that "I believed we had once been well acquainted, though we had not met for twenty-seven years." He looked up and said, "Oh, it is too long ago to talk about," and then turned back to his paper. So I set him down for a brute like his uncle and troubled him no further. I am very sure that dinners of all fools have as good a chance of being agreeable as dinners of all clever people; at least the former are often gay, and the latter are frequently heavy. Nonsense and folly gilded over with good breeding and *les usages du monde* produce often more agreeable results than a collection of rude, awkward intellectual powers.

*January 19th.*— Ellis told me (a curious thing enough) that Croker (for his "Boswell's Life of Johnson") had collected various anecdotes from other books, but that the only new and original ones were those he had got from Lord Stowell, who was a friend of Johnson, and that he had written them under Stowell's dictation. Sir Walter Scott wanted to see them, and Croker sent them to him in Scotland by the post. The bag was lost; no tidings could be heard of it, Croker had no copy, and Stowell is in his dotage and can't be got to dictate again. So much for the anecdote; then comes the story. I said how surprising this was, for nothing was so rare as a miscarriage by the post. He said, "Not at all, for I myself lost *two reviews* in the same way. I sent them both to *Brougham* to forward to Jeffrey (for the "Edinburgh"), and *they were both lost in the same way!*" That villain Brougham!

G. Lamb said that the King is supposed to be in a bad state of health, and this was confirmed to me by Keate the surgeon, who gave me to understand that he was going the way of both his brothers. He will be a great loss in these times; he knows his business, lets his ministers do as they please, but expects to be informed of everything. He lives a

strange life at Brighton, with tagrag and bobtail about him, and always open house. The Queen is a prude, and will not let the ladies come *décolletées* to her parties. George IV., who liked ample expanses of that sort, would not let them be covered.

*January 23d.* — No news; Master of the Rolls, George Ponsonby, and George Villiers here. The latter told a story of Plunket, of his wit. Lord Wellesley's aide-de-camp Keppel wrote a book of his travels, and called it his personal narrative. Lord Wellesley was quizzing it, and said, "Personal narrative? what is a personal narrative? Lord Plunket, what should you say a personal narrative meant?" Plunket answered, "My lord, you know we lawyers always understand *personal* as contradistinguished from *real*." And one or two others of Parsons, the Irish barrister. Lord Norbury on some circuit was on the bench speaking, and an ass outside brayed so loud that nobody could hear. He exclaimed, "Do stop that noise!" Parsons said, "My lord, there is a great echo here." Somebody said to him one day, "Mr. Parsons, have you heard of my son's robbery?" "No; whom has he robbed?"

*February 12th.* — I saw the day before yesterday a curious letter from Southey to Brougham, which some day or other will probably appear. Taylor showed it me. Brougham had written to him to ask him what his opinion was as to the encouragement that could be given to literature, by rewarding or honoring literary men, and suggested (I did not see his letter) that the Guelphic Order should be bestowed upon them. Southey's reply was very courteous, but in a style of suppressed irony and forced politeness, and exhibited the marks of a chafed spirit, which was kept down by an effort. "You, my lord, are *now* on the conservative side," was one of his phrases, which implied that the Chancellor had not always been on that side. He suggested that it might be useful to establish a sort of lay fellowships; 10,000*l.* would give 10 of 500*l.* and 25 of 200*l.*; but he proposed them not to reward the meritorious, but as a means of silencing or hiring the mis-

chievous. It was evident, however, that he laid no stress on this plan, or considered it practicable, and only proposed it because he thought he must suggest something. He said that honors might be desirable to scientific men, as they were so considered on the Continent, and Newton and Davy had been titled, but for himself, if a *Guelphic* distinction was adopted, "he should be a *Ghibelline*." He ended by saying that all he asked for was a repeal of the copyright act, which took from the families of literary men the only property they had to give them, and this "I ask for with the earnestness of one who is conscious that he has labored for posterity." It is a remarkable letter.

*February 17th.* — Went to Lady Dudley Stewart's last night; a party; saw a vulgar looking, fat man with spectacles, and a mincing, rather pretty pink and white woman, his wife. The man was Napoleon's nephew, the woman Washington's granddaughter. What a host of associations, all confused and degraded. He is a son of Murat, the King of Naples, who was said to be "*le dieu Mars jusqu'à six heures du soir*." He was heir to a throne, and is now a lawyer in the United States, and his wife, whose name I know not, Sandon told me, was Washington's granddaughter. (This must be a mistake, for I think Washington never had any children.)<sup>1</sup>

*February 24th.* — The King went to the play the night before last; was well received in the house, but hooted and pelted coming home, and a stone shivered a window of his coach and fell into Prince George of Cumberland's lap. The King was excessively annoyed, and sent for Baring, who was the officer riding by his coach, and asked him if he knew who had thrown the stone; he said that it terrified the Queen, and "was very disagreeable, as he should always be going somewhere."

*February 25th.* — A drawing-room yesterday, at which the Princess Victoria made her first appearance. I was not there.

<sup>1</sup> Achille Murat and his wife were living at this time in the Alpha Road, Regent's Park. It was said she was Washington's grand-niece, but I am not sure what the relationship was, if any. She was certainly not his granddaughter.



Lady Jersey made a scene with Lord Durham. She got up and crossed the room to him and said, "Lord Durham, I hear that you have said things about me which are not true, and I desire that you will call upon me to-morrow with a witness to hear my positive denial, and I beg that you will not repeat any such things about me," or, as the Irishman said, "words to that effect." She was in a fury, and he, I suppose, in a still greater. He muttered that he should never set foot in her house again, which she did not hear, as after delivering herself of her speech she flounced back again to her seat, mighty proud of the exploit. It arose out of his saying that he should make Lady Durham demand an audience of the Queen to contradict the things Lady Jersey had said of her and the other Whig ladies.

I saw Lady Jersey last night and had a long conversation with her about her squabbles. She declares solemnly (and I believe it) that she never said a syllable to the Queen against her quondam friends, owns she abused Sefton to other people, cried, and talked, and the end was that I am to try to put an end to these *tracasseries*. She was mighty glorious about her *sortie* upon Lambton, whom she dislikes, but she is vexed at the hornets' nest she has brought round her head. All this comes of talking. The wisest man mentioned in history was the vagrant in the Tuileries Gardens some years ago, who walked about with a gag on, and when taken up by the police and questioned why he went about in that guise, he said he was imprudent, and that he might not say anything to get himself into jeopardy he had adopted this precaution. I wonder what Lambton would say now about appointing others instead of Palmerston and Co. if they should go out, which he talked of as such an easy and indifferent matter. What arrogance and folly there is in the world! I don't know how long this will last, but it must end in Peel's being prime minister. What a foolish proverb that is that "honesty is the best policy."

I am just come home from breakfasting with Henry Taylor to meet Wordsworth; the same party as when he had Southey

— Mill, Elliot, Charles Villiers. Wordsworth may be bordering on sixty; hard featured, brown, wrinkled, with prominent teeth and a few scattered gray hairs, but nevertheless not a disagreeable countenance; and very cheerful, merry, courteous, and talkative, much more so than I should have expected from the grave and didactic character of his writings. He held forth on poetry, painting, politics, and metaphysics, and with a great deal of eloquence; he is more conversible and with a greater flow of animal spirits than Southey. He mentioned that he never wrote down as he composed, but composed walking, riding, or in bed, and wrote down after; that Southey always composes at his desk. He talked a great deal of Brougham, whose talents and domestic virtues he greatly admires; that he was very generous and affectionate in his disposition, full of duty and attention to his mother, and had adopted and provided for a whole family of his brother's children, and treats his wife's children as if they were his own. He insisted upon taking them both with him to the drawing room the other day when he went in state as chancellor. They remonstrated with him, but in vain.

*March 7th.*— Grant gave me a curious account of old Sir Robert Peel. He was the younger son of a merchant, his fortune (very small) left to him in the house, and he was not to take it out. He gave up the fortune and started in business without a shilling, but as the active partner in a concern with two other men — Yates (whose daughter he afterwards married) and another — who between them made up 6,000*l.*; from this beginning he left 250,000*l.* apiece to his five younger sons, 60,000*l.* to his three daughters each, and 22,000*l.* a year in land and 450,000*l.* in the funds to Peel. In his life-time he gave Peel 12,000*l.* a year, the others 3,000*l.*, and spent 3,000*l.* himself. He was always giving them money, and for objects which it might have been thought he would have undervalued. He paid for Peel's house when he built it, and for the *Chapeau de Paille* (2,700 guineas) when he bought it.

*March 15th.*— I dined with Lord Grey on Sunday; they are all in high spirits. Howick told his father that he had re-

ceived a letter from some merchant in the north praising the bill, and saying he approved of the whole government except of Poulett Thomson. In the evening Brougham, John Russell, and others arrived. I hear of Brougham from Sefton, with whom he passes most of his spare time, to relieve his mind by small talk, *persiflage*, and the gossip of the day. He tells Sefton "that he likes his office, but that it is a mere plaything and there is nothing to do; his life is too idle, and when he has cleared off the arrears, which he shall do forthwith, that he really does not know how he shall get rid of his time;" that "he does not suffer the prolixity of counsel, and when they wander from the point he brings them back and says, 'You need not say anything on that point; what I want to be informed upon is so.'" He is a wonderful man, the most extraordinary I ever saw, but there is more of the mountebank than of greatness in all this. It may do well enough for Sefton, who is as ignorant as he is sharp and shrewd, and captivated with his congenial off-handism, but it requires something more than Brougham's flippant *ipse dixit* to convince me that the office of chancellor is such a sinecure and bagatelle. He had a levee the other night, which was brilliantly attended—the archbishops, Duke of Wellington, Lord Grey, a host of people. Sefton goes and sits in his private room and sees his receptions of people, and gives very amusing accounts of his extreme politeness to the Lord Mayor and his cool *insouciance* with the Archbishop of Canterbury. The stories of him as told by Sefton would be invaluable to his future biographer, and never was a life more sure to be written hereafter.

*March 17th.*—Brougham has been getting into a squabble with the military. At the drawing-room on Thursday they refused to let his carriage pass through the Horse Guards, when he ordered his coachman to force his way through, which he did. He was quite wrong, and it was very unbecoming and undignified. Lord Londonderry called for an explanation in the House of Lords, when Brougham made a speech, and a very lame one. He said he ordered his coach-

man to go back, who did not hear him and went on, and when he had got through he thought it was not worth while to turn back. The lords laughed. A few days after he drove over the soldiers in Downing Street, who were relieving guard ; but this time he did no great harm to the men, and it was not his fault, but these things are talked of.

Dined yesterday with General Macdonald to meet the Kembles. Miss Fanny is near being very handsome from the extraordinary expression of her countenance and fine eyes, but her figure is not good. She is short, hands and feet large, arms handsome, skin dark and coarse, and her manner wants ease and repose. Her mother is a very agreeable woman. I did not sit next to Fanny, and had no talk with her afterwards.

*March 24th.* — Nothing particularly at the levee ; Brougham very good fun. The King, who had put off going to the opera on account of the death of his son-in-law Kennedy, appeared in mourning (crape, that is), which is reckoned bad taste ; the public allow natural feeling to supersede law and etiquette, but it is too much to extend that courtesy to a “son-in-law,” and his daughter is not in England. Somebody said that “it was the first time a King of England had appeared in mourning that his subjects did not wear.” In the evening to the Ancient Concert, where the Queen was, and by the bye in mourning, and the Margravine and Duchess of Gloucester too, but they (the two latter) could hardly be mourning for Lord Cassilis’s son.

*April 24th.* — At Newmarket all last week, and returned to town last night to hear from those who saw them the extraordinary scenes in both Houses of Parliament (the day before) which closed the eventful week. The reform battle began again on Monday last. The night before I went out of town I met Duncannon, and walked with him up Regent Street, when he told me that he did not believe the ministers would be beaten, but if they were they should certainly dissolve instantly ; that *he* should have liked to dissolve long ago, but they owed it to their friends not to have recourse to a

dissolution if they could help it. On Monday General Gascoyne moved that the committee should be instructed not to reduce the members of the House of Commons, and this was carried after two nights' debate by eight. The dissolution was then decided upon. Meanwhile Lord Wharnccliffe gave notice of a motion to address the King not to dissolve Parliament, and this was to have come on on Friday. On Thursday the ministers were again beaten in the House of Commons on a question of adjournment, and on Friday morning they got the King to go down and prorogue Parliament in person the same day. This *coup d'état* was so sudden that nobody was aware of it till within two or three hours of the time, and many not at all. They told him that the cream-colored horses could not be got ready, when he said, "Then I will go with anybody else's horses." Somebody went off in a carriage to the Tower to fetch the crown, and they collected such attendants as they could find to go with his Majesty. The Houses met at one or two o'clock. In the House of Commons Sir R. Vyvyan made a furious speech, attacking the government on every point, and (excited as he was) it was very well done. The ministers made no reply, but Sir Francis Burdett and Tennyson endeavored to interrupt with calls to order, and when the Speaker decided that Vyvyan was not out of order Tennyson disputed his opinion, which enraged the Speaker, and soon after called up Peel, for whom he was resolved to procure a hearing. The scene then resembled that which took place on Lord North's resignation in 1782, for Althorp (I think) moved that Burdett should be heard, and the Speaker said that "Peel was in possession of the House to speak on that motion." He made a very violent speech, attacking the government for their incompetence, folly, and recklessness, and treated them with the utmost asperity and contempt. In the midst of his speech the guns announced the arrival of the King, and at each explosion the government gave a loud cheer, and Peel was still speaking in the midst of every sort of noise and tumult when the usher of the black rod knocked at the door to summon the Commons to the

House of Peers. There the proceedings were if possible still more violent and outrageous ; those who were present tell me it resembled nothing but what we read of the “*Serment du Jeu de Paume*,” and the whole scene was as much like the preparatory days of a revolution as can well be imagined. Wharncliffe was to have moved an address to the crown against dissolving Parliament, and this motion the ministers were resolved should not come on, but he contrived to bring it on so far as to get it put upon the journals. The Duke of Richmond endeavored to prevent any speaking by raising points of order, and moving that the lords should take their regular places (in separate ranks), which, however, is impossible at a royal sitting, because the cross benches are removed ; this put Lord Londonderry in such a fury that he rose, roared, gesticulated, held up his whip, and four or five lords held him down by the tail of his coat to prevent his flying on somebody. Lord Lyndhurst was equally furious, and some sharp words passed which were not distinctly heard. In the midst of all the din Lord Mansfield rose and obtained a hearing. Wharncliffe said to him, “*For God’s sake, Mansfield, take care what you are about, and don’t disgrace us more in the state we are in.*” “*Don’t be afraid,*” he said ; “*I will say nothing that will alarm you ;*” and accordingly he pronounced a trimming philippic on the government, which, delivered as it was in an imposing manner, attired in his robes, and with the greatest energy and excitation, was prodigiously effective. While he was still speaking the King arrived, but he did not desist even while his Majesty<sup>1</sup> was entering the House of Lords, nor till he approached the throne ;

<sup>1</sup> When Lord Mansfield sat down he said, “*I have spoken English to them at least.*” Lord Lyndhurst told me that Lord Mansfield stopped speaking as soon as the door opened to admit the King. He said he never saw him so excited before, and in his robes he looked very grand. He also told me that he was at Lady Holland’s giving an account of the scene, when Brougham came in. He said, “*I was telling them what passed the other day in our House,*” when Brougham explained his part by saying that the usher of the black rod (Tyrwhit) was at his elbow saying, “*My Lord Chancellor, you must come ; the King is waiting for you ; come along ; you must come,*” and that he was thus dragged out of the House in this hurry, and without having time to sit down or say any more.

and while the King was ascending the steps the hoarse voice of Lord Londonderry was heard crying "Hear, hear, hear!" The King from the robing-room heard the noise, and asked what it all meant. The conduct of the Chancellor was most extraordinary, skipping in and out of the House and making most extraordinary speeches. In the midst of the uproar he went out of the House, when Lord Shaftesbury was moved into the chair. In the middle of the debate Brougham again came in and said "it was most extraordinary that the King's undoubted right to dissolve Parliament should be questioned at a moment when the House of Commons had taken the unprecedented course of stopping the supplies," and having so said (which was a lie) he flounced out of the House to receive the King on his arrival. The King ought not properly to have worn the crown, never having been crowned; but when he was in the robing-room he said to Lord Hastings, "Lord Hastings, I wear the crown; where is it?" It was brought to him, and when Lord Hastings was going to put it on his head he said, "Nobody shall put the crown on my head but myself." He put it on, and then turned to Lord Grey and said, "Now, my lord, the coronation is over." George Villiers said that in his life he never saw such a scene, and as he looked at the King upon the throne with the crown loose upon his head, and the tall, grim figure of Lord Grey close beside him with the sword of state in his hand, it was as if the King had got his executioner by his side, and the whole picture looked strikingly typical of his and our future destinies.

*April 29th.*—The night before last there was an illumination, got up by the foolish Lord Mayor, which of course produced an uproar and a general breaking of obnoxious windows. Lord Mansfield and the Duke of Buccleuch went to Melbourne in the morning and remonstrated, asking what protection he meant to afford to their properties. A gun (with powder only) was fired over the heads of the mob from Apsley House, and they did not go there again. The government might have discouraged this manifestation of triumph, but they wished for it for the purpose of increasing the pop-

ular excitement. They don't care what they do, or what others do, so long as they can keep the people in a ferment. It is disgusting to the last degree to hear their joy and exultation at the success of their measures and the good prospects held out to them by the elections: all of which may turn out very well, but if it does not "who shall set hoddoddy up again?"

*May 7th.* — The King has put off his visit to the city because he is ill, as the government would have it believed, but really because he is furious with the Lord Mayor at all the riots and uproar on the night of the illumination. That night the Queen went to the Ancient Concert, and on her return the mob surrounded the carriage; she had no guards, and the footmen were obliged to beat the people off with their canes to prevent their thrusting their heads into the coach. She was frightened and the King very much annoyed. He heard the noise and tumult, and paced backwards and forwards in his room waiting for her return. When she came back Lord Howe, her chamberlain, as usual preceded her, when the King said, "How is the Queen?" and went down to meet her. Howe, who is an eager anti-reformer, said, "Very much frightened, sir," and made the worst of it. She was in fact terrified, and as she detests the whole of these proceedings the more distressed and disgusted. The King was very angry and immediately declared he would not go to the city at all.

*June 5th.* — All last week at Fern Hill for the Ascot races; the Chesterfields, Tavistocks, Belfasts, George Ansons, Montague, Stradbroke, and Brooke Greville were there. The royal family came to the course the first day with a great *cortège* — eight coaches and four, two phaetons, pony sociables, and led horses — Munster riding on horseback behind the King's carriage, Augustus (the parson) and Frederick driving phaetons. The Duke of Richmond was in the King's calèche and Lord Grey in one of the coaches. The reception was strikingly cold and indifferent, not half so good as that which the late King used to receive. William was bored



to death with the races, and his own horse broke down. On Wednesday he did not come; on Thursday they came again. Beautiful weather and unprecedented multitudes. The King was much more cheered than the first day, or the greater number of people made a greater noise. A few cheers were given to Lord Grey as he returned, which he just acknowledged and no more. On Friday we dined at the Castle; each day the King asked a crowd of people from the neighborhood. We arrived at a little before seven; the Queen was only just come in from riding, so we had to wait till near eight. Above forty people at dinner, for which the room is not nearly large enough; the dinner was not bad, but the room insufferably hot. The Queen was taken out by the Duke of Richmond, and the King followed with the Duchess of Saxe-Weimar, the Queen's sister. He drinks wine with everybody, asking seven or eight at a time. After dinner he drops asleep. We sat for a short time. Directly after coffee the band began to play; a good band, not numerous, and principally of violins and stringed instruments. The Queen and the whole party sat there all the evening, so that it was, in fact, a concert of instrumental music. The King took Lady Tavistock to St. George's Hall and the ball room, where we walked about, with two or three servants carrying lamps to show the proportions, for it was not lit up. The whole thing is exceedingly magnificent, and the manner of life does not appear to be very formal, and need not be disagreeable but for the bore of never dining without twenty strangers. The Castle holds very few people, and with the King's and Queen's immediate suite and *toute la bâtardise* it was quite full. The King's four sons were there, *signoreggianti tutti*, and the whole thing "*donnait à penser*" to those who looked back a little and had seen other days. We sat in that room in which Lyndhurst has often talked to me of the famous five hours' discussion with the late King, when the Catholic Bill hung upon his caprice. Palmerston told me he had never been in the Castle since the eventful day of Herries's appointment and non-appointment; and how many things have happened since. What

a *changement de décoration*; no longer George IV., capricious, luxurious, and misanthropic, liking nothing but the society of listeners and flatterers, with the Conyngham tribe and one or two Tory ministers and foreign ambassadors; but a plain vulgar, hospitable gentleman, opening his doors to all the world, with a numerous family and suite, a Whig ministry, no foreigners, and no toad-eaters at all. Nothing can be more different, and looking at him one sees how soon this act will be finished, and the same be changed for another probably not less dissimilar. Queen, bastards, Whigs,<sup>1</sup> all will disappear, and God knows what replaces them. Came to town yesterday, and found a quarrel between Henry Bentinck and Sir Roger Gresley, which I had to settle, and did settle amicably in the course of the evening.

*June 7th.*—Dined with Sefton yesterday, who gave me an account of a dinner at Fowell Buxton's on Saturday to see the brewery, at which Brougham was the "magnus Apollo." Sefton is excellent as a commentator on Brougham; he says that he watches him incessantly, never listens to anybody else when he is there, and *rows* him unmercifully afterwards for all the humbug, nonsense, and palaver he hears him talk to people. They were twenty-seven at dinner. Talleyrand was to have gone, but was frightened by being told that he would get nothing but beefsteaks and porter, so he stayed away. They dined in the brewhouse and visited the whole establishment. Lord Grey was there in star, garter, and ribbon. There were people ready to show and explain everything, but not a bit—Brougham took the explanation of everything into his own hands—the mode of brewing, the machinery, down to the feeding of the cart horses. After dinner the account-books were brought, and the young Buxtons were beckoned up to the top of the table by their father to hear the words of wisdom that flowed from the lips of my Lord Chancellor. He affected to study the ledger, and made various pertinent remarks on the manner of book-keeping. There was a man whom Brougham called "Cornelius" (Sefton did not know who he was) with

<sup>1</sup> Not Whigs—they are *les bienvenus*, which they were not before. — *July, 1838.*

whom he seemed very familiar. While Brougham was talking he dropped his voice, on which "Cornelius" said, "Earl Grey is listening," that he might speak louder and so nothing be lost. He was talking of Paley, and said that "although he did not always understand his own meaning, he always contrived to make it intelligible to others," on which "Cornelius" said "My good friend, if he made it so clear to others he must have had some comprehension of it himself;" on which Sefton attacked him afterwards, and swore that "he was a mere child in the hands of 'Cornelius,'" that "he never saw anybody so put down." These people are all subscribers to the London University, and Sefton swears he overhead Brougham tell them that "Sir Isaac Newton was nothing compared to some of the present professors," or something to that effect. I put down all this nonsense because it amused me in the recital, and is excessively characteristic of the man, one of the most remarkable who ever existed. Lady Sefton told me that he went with them to the British Museum, where all the officers of the Museum were in attendance to receive them. He would not let anybody explain anything, but did all the honors himself. At last they came to the collection of minerals, when she thought he must be brought to a standstill. Their conductor began to describe them, when Brougham took the words out of his mouth, and dashed off with as much ease and familiarity as if he had been a Buckland or a Cuvier. Such is the man, a grand mixture of moral, political, and intellectual incongruities.

*June 23d.* — The King opened Parliament on Tuesday, with a greater crowd assembled to see him pass than was ever congregated before, and the House of Lords was so full of ladies that the peers could not find places. The speech was long, but good, and such as to preclude the possibility of an amendment. There was, however, a long discussion in each House, and the greatest bitterness and violence evinced in both — every promise of a stormy session. Lord Landsdowne said to the King, "I am afraid, sir, you won't be able to *see* the Commons." "Never mind," said he; "they shall *hear*

me, I promise you," and accordingly he thundered forth the speech so that not a word was lost.

*July 10th.* — They have made a fine business of Cobbett's trial; his insolence and violence were past endurance, but he made an able speech. The Chief Justice was very timid, and favored and complimented him throughout; very unlike what Ellenborough would have done. The jury were shut up the whole night and in the morning the Chief Justice, without consulting either party, discharged them, which was probably on the whole the best that could be done. Denman told me that he expected they would have acquitted him without leaving the box, and this principally on account of Brougham's evidence, for Cobbett brought the Chancellor forward and made him prove that *after* these very writings, and while this prosecution was hanging over him, Brougham wrote to his son "Dear Sir," and requesting he would ask his father for some former publications of his, which he thought would be of great use on the present occasion in quieting the laborers. This made a great impression, and the Attorney-general never knew one word of the letter till he heard it in evidence, the Chancellor having flourished it off, as is his custom, and then quite forgotten it. The Attorney told me that Gurney overheard one juryman say to another, "Don't you think we had better stop the case? It is useless to go on." The other, however, declared for hearing it out, so on the whole it ended as well as it might, just better than an acquittal, and that is all.

*July 20th.* — Halford has been with me this morning gossiping (which he likes); he gave me an account of his discovery of the head of Charles I. in St. George's Chapel, Windsor, to which he was directed by Wood's account in the "Athenæ Oxonienses." He says that they also found the coffin of Henry VIII., but that the air had penetrated and the body had been reduced to a skeleton. By his side was Jane Seymour's coffin untouched, and he has no doubt her body is perfect. The late King intended to have it opened, and he says he will propose it to this King. By degrees we may visit the re-

mains of the whole line of Tudor and Plantagenet too, and see if those famous old creatures were like their effigies. He says Charles's head was exactly as Vandyke had painted him.

*August 9th.* — On Sunday, overtaken by the most dreadful storm I ever saw — flashes of lightning, crashes of thunder, and the rain descending like a waterspout — I rode to Windsor, to settle with the Queen what sort of crown she would have to be crowned in. I was ushered into the King's presence, who was sitting at a red table in the sitting-room of George IV., looking over the flower garden. A picture of Adolphus Fitzclarence was behind him (a full-length), and one of the parson, Rev. Augustus Fitzclarence, in a Greek dress, opposite. He sent for the Queen, who came with the Landgravine and one of the King's daughters, Lady Augusta Erskine, the widow of Lord Cassilis's son. She looked at the darwings, meant apparently to be civil to me in her ungracious way, and said she would have none of our crowns, that she did not like to wear a hired crown, and asked me if I thought it was right that she should. I said, "Madam, I can only say that the late King wore one at his coronation." However, she said, "I do not like it, and I have got jewels enough, so I will have them made up myself." The King said to me, "Very well; then *you* will have to pay for the setting." "Oh, no," she said; "I shall pay for it all myself." The King looked well, but seemed infirm.

*August 11th.* — I went to the play last night at a very shabby little house called the City Theatre — a long way beyond the post-office — to see Ellen Tree act in a translation of "Une Faute," one of the best pieces of acting I ever saw. This girl will turn out very good if she remains on the stage. She has never been brought forward at Covent Garden, and I heard last night the reason why. Charles Kemble took a great fancy for her (she is excessively pretty), and made her splendid offers of putting her into the best parts, and advancing her in all ways, if she would be propitious to his flame, but which she indignantly refused; so he revenged himself (to

his own detriment) by keeping her back and promoting inferior actresses instead. If ever she acquires fame, which is very probable, for she has as much nature, and feeling, and passion as I ever saw, this will be a curious anecdote. [She married Charles Kean, lost her good looks, and became a tiresome, second-rate actress.]

*Stoke, August 28th.*—The King did a droll thing the other day. The ceremonial of the coronation was taken down to him for approval. The homage is first done by the spiritual peers, with the Archbishop at their head. The first of each class (the Archbishop for the spiritual) says the words, and then they all kiss his cheek in succession. He said he would not be kissed by the bishops, and ordered that part to be struck out. As I expected, the prelates would not stand it; the Archbishop remonstrated, the King knocked under, and so he must undergo the salute of the spiritual as well as of the temporal lords.

*August 30th.*—Left Stoke yesterday morning; a large party—Talleyrand, De Ros, Fitzroy Somersets, Motteux, John Russell, Alava, Byng. In the evening Talleyrand discoursed, but I did not hear much of him. I was gouty and could not stand, and all the places near him were taken. I have never heard him narrate comfortably, and he is difficult to understand. He talked of Franklin. I asked him if he was remarkable in conversation: he said he was from his great simplicity and the evident strength of his mind. He spoke of the coronation of the Emperor Alexander. Somebody wrote him a letter at the time, from Moscow with this expression: “L’Empereur marchait, précédé des assassins de son grandpère, entouré de ceux de son père, et suivi par les siens.” He said of the Count de Saint-Germain (whom he never saw), that there is an account of him in Craufurd’s book; nobody knew whence he came nor whither he went; he appeared at Paris suddenly, and disappeared in the same way, lived in an *hôtel garni*, had always plenty of money, and paid for everything regularly; he talked of events and persons connected with history, both ancient and modern, with entire fa-

miliarity and a correctness which never was at fault, and always of the people as if he had lived with them and known them, as Talleyrand exemplified it he would say, "*Un jour que je dinais chez César.*"<sup>1</sup> He was supposed to be the Wandering Jew, a story which has always appeared to me a very sublime fiction, telling of

— " That settled, ceaseless gloom  
The fabled Hebrew wanderer bore,  
Which will not look beyond the tomb,  
Which cannot hope for rest before."

Then he related Mallet's conspiracy and the strange way in which he heard it. Early in the morning his tailor came to his house and insisted on seeing him. He was in bed, but on his *valet de chambre's* telling him how pressing the tailor was, he ordered him to be let in. The man said, "Have you not heard the news? There is a revolution in Paris." It had come to the tailor's knowledge by Mallet's going to him the very first thing to order a new uniform! Talleyrand said the conspirators ought to have put to death Cambacérès and the King of Rome. I asked him if they had done so whether he thought it possible the thing might have succeeded. He said, "*C'est possible.*" To my question whether the Emperor would not have blown away the whole conspiracy in a moment he replied, "*Ce n'est pas sûr, c'est possible que cela aurait réussi.*"

He afterwards talked of Madame de Staël and Monti. They met at Madame de Marescalchi's villa near Bologna, and were profuse of compliments and admiration for each other. Each

<sup>1</sup> This mysterious adventurer died in the arms of Prince Charles of Hesse, in 1784; and some account of him is to be found in the *Memoirs* of that personage, quoted in the *Edinburgh Review*, vol. cxxiii. p. 521. The Count de Saint-Germain was a man of science, especially versed in chemistry, botany, and metallurgy. He is supposed to have derived his money from an invention in the art of dyeing. According to his own account of himself he was a son of Prince Ragozky of Transylvania and his first wife, a Tekely, and he was Protestant and educated by the last of the Medicis. He was supposed to be ninety-two or ninety-three when he died. His knowledge of the arcana of science and his mysterious manner of life had given him something of the reputation of a wizard and a conjuror, but he was an honorable and benevolent man, not to be confounded with such charlatans as Mesmer and Cagliostro.

brought a copy of their respective works beautifully bound to present to the other. After a day passed in an interchange of literary flatteries, and the most ardent expressions of delight, they separated, but each forgot to carry away the present of the other, and the books remain in Madame de Marescalchi's library to this day.

*September 3d.* — On Wednesday a council was held. Very few of the ministers stay for the councils; small blame to them, as the Irish say, for we are kept about three times as long by this regular, punctual King as by the capricious, irregular monarch who last ruled over us. This King is a queer fellow. Our council was principally for a new great seal and to deface the old seal. The Chancellor claims the old one as his perquisite. I had forgotten the hammer, so the King said, "My lord, the best thing I can do is to give you the seal, and tell you to take it and do what you please with it." The Chancellor said, "Sir, I believe there is some doubt whether Lord Lyndhurst ought not to have half of it, as he was chancellor at the time of your Majesty's accession." "Well," said the King, "then I will judge between you like Solomon; here (turning the seal round and round), now do you cry heads or tails?" We all laughed, and the Chancellor said, "Sir, I take the bottom part." The King opened the two compartments of the seal and said, "Now then, I employ you as ministers of taste. You will send for Bridge, my silversmith, and desire him to convert the two halves each into a salver, with my arms on one side and yours on the other, and Lord Lyndhurst's the same, and you will take one and give him the other, and both keep them as presents from me." The Duchess of Kent will not attend the coronation, and there is a report that the King is unwilling to make all the peers that are required; this is the current talk of the day.

*September 8th.* — After dinner I had much talk with the Duke, who told me a good deal about the late King and the Duchess of Kent; talked of his extravagance and love of spending, provided that it was not his own money that he spent; he told an old story he had heard of Mrs. Fitzher-



bert's being obliged to borrow money for his post-horses to take him to Newmarket, that not a guinea was forthcoming to make stakes for some match, and when on George Leigh's<sup>1</sup> entreaty he allowed some box to be searched, that 3,000*l.* was found in it. He always had money. When he died, they found 10,000*l.* in his boxes and money scattered about everywhere, a great deal of gold. There were above 500 pocket-books, of different dates, and in every one money—guineas, one pound notes, one, two, or three in each. There never was anything like the quantity of trinkets and trash that they found. He had never given away or parted with anything. There was a prodigious quantity of hair—women's hair—of all colors and lengths, some locks with the powder and pomatum still sticking to them, heaps of women's gloves, *gages d'amour* which he had got at balls, and with the perspiration still marked on the fingers, notes and letters in abundance, but not much that was of any political consequence, and the whole was destroyed. Of his will he said that it was made in 1823 by Lord Eldon, very well drawn; that he desired his executors might take all he had to pay his debts and such legacies as he might bequeath in any codicils he should make. He made no codicils and left no debts, so the King got all as heir-at-law. Knighton had managed his affairs very well, and got him out of debt. A good deal of money was disbursed in charity, a good deal through the medium of two or three old women. The Duke, talking of his love of ordering and expense, said that when he was to ride at the last coronation the King said, "You must have a very fine saddle," "What sort of saddle does your Majesty wish me to have?" "Send Cuffe to me." Accordingly Cuffe went to him, and the Duke had to pay some hundreds for his saddle. (While I am writing the King and Queen with their *cortége* are passing down to Westminster Abbey to the coronation; a grand procession, a fine day, an immense crowd, and great acclamations.)

<sup>1</sup> Colonel George Leigh, who managed his race-horses; he was married to Lord Byron's half-sister.

We then talked of the Duchess of Kent, and I asked him why she set herself in such opposition to the court. He said that Sir John Conroy was her adviser, that he was sure of it. What he then told me throws some light upon her ill humor and displays her wrong-headedness. In the first place the late King disliked her; the Duke of Cumberland too was her enemy, and George IV., who was as great a despot as ever lived, was always talking of taking her child from her, which he inevitably would have done but for the Duke, who, wishing to prevent quarrels, did all in his power to deter the King, not by opposing him when he talked of it, which he often did, but by putting the thing off as well as he could. However, when the Duchess of Cumberland came over, and there was a question how the royal family would receive her, he thought he might reconcile the Cumberlands to the Duchess of Kent by engaging her to be civil to the Duchess of Cumberland, so he desired Leopold to advise his sister (who was in the country) from him very strongly to write to the Duchess of Cumberland and express her regret at being absent on her arrival, and so prevented from calling on her. The Duchess sent Leopold back to the Duke to ask why he gave her this advice? The Duke replied that he should not say why, that he knew more of what was going on than she possibly could, that he gave her this advice for her own benefit, and again repeated that she had better act on it. The Duchess said she was ready to give him credit for the goodness of his counsel, though he would not say what his reasons were, and she did as he suggested. This succeeded, and the Duke of Cumberland ceased to blow the coals. Matters went on quietly till the King died. As soon as he was dead the Duchess of Kent wrote to the Duke, and desired that she might be treated as a Dowager Princess of Wales, with a suitable income for herself and her daughter, who she also desired might be treated as heiress apparent, and that she should have the sole control over the allowance to be made for both. The Duke replied that her proposition was altogether inadmissible, and that he could not possibly think of proposing any-

thing for her till the matters regarding the King's civil list were settled, but that she might rely upon it that no measure which affected her in any way should be considered without being imparted to her and the fullest information given her. At this it appears she took great offense, for she did not speak to him for a long time after.

When the Regency Bill was framed the Duke desired the King's leave to wait upon the Duchess of Kent and show it to her, to which his Majesty assented, and accordingly he wrote to her to say he would call upon her the next day with the draft of the bill. She was at Claremont, and sent word that she was out of town, but desired he would send it to her in the country. He said she ought to have sent Sir John Conroy to him, or have desired him to go to her at Claremont, which he would have done, but he wrote her word that he could not explain by letter so fully what he had to say as he could have done in a personal interview, but he would do so as well as he could. In the mean time Lord Lyndhurst brought on the measure in the House of Lords, and she sent Conroy up to hear him. He returned to Claremont just after the Duchess had received the Duke's letter. Since that he has dined with her.

[I must say the King is punctual; the cannon are now firing to announce his arrival at the Abbey, and my clock is at the same moment striking eleven; at eleven it was announced that he would be there.]

His Majesty, I hear, was in great ill-humor at the levee yesterday; contrary to his usual custom he sent for nobody and gave no audiences, but at ten minutes after one flounced into the levee room; not one minister was come but the Duke of Richmond. Talleyrand and Esterhazy alone of the Corps Diplomatique were in the next room. He attacked the officer of the Guards for not having his cap on his head, and sent for the officer on guard, who was not arrived, at which he expressed great ire. It is supposed that the peerages have put him out of temper. His Majesty did a very strange thing about them. Though their patents are not made out, and

the new peers are no more peers than I am, he desired them to appear as such in Westminster Abbey and do homage. Colonel Berkeley asked me what he should do, and said what the King had desired of him. I told him he should do no such thing, and he said he would go to the Chancellor and ask him. I don't know how it ended. Howe told me yesterday morning in Westminster Abbey that Lord Cleveland is to be a duke, though it is not yet acknowledged if it be so. There has been a battle about that ; they say that he got his boroughs to be made a marquis and got rid of them to be made a duke.<sup>1</sup>

*September 17th.* — The coronation went off well, and whereas nobody was satisfied before it everybody was after it.

The talk of the town has been about the King and a toast he gave at a great dinner at St. James's the other day. He had ninety guests — all his ministers, all the great people, and all the foreign ambassadors. After dinner he made a long, rambling speech in French, and ended by giving as “a sentiment,” as he called it, “The land we live in.” This was before the ladies left the room. After they were gone he made another speech in French, in the course of which he travelled over every variety of topic that suggested itself to his excursive mind, and ended with a very coarse toast and the word: “*Honi soit qui mal y pense.*” Sefton, who told it me, said he never felt so ashamed ; Lord Grey was ready to sink into the earth ; everybody laughed of course, and Sefton, who sat next to Talleyrand, said to him, “*Eh bien, que pensez-vous de cela ?*” With his unmoved, immovable face he answered only, “*C'est bien remarquable.*”

*September 19th.* — Came to town. Talleyrand, Madame de Dino, and Alava came to Stoke yesterday. Talleyrand had a circle, but the Chancellor talked too much, and they rather spoilt one another. He said one neat thing. They were talking of Madame d'Abrantès's “Memoirs,” and of her mother, Madame Pernon. My father said, “M. de Marboëuf était *un peu* l'amant de Madame Pernon, n'est-ce pas ?” He said, “*Oui, mais je ne sais pas dans quelles proportions.*”

<sup>1</sup> The Earl of Darlington had been made Marquis of Cleveland in 1827, and was raised to the dukedom in January. 1833.

*Newmarket, October 1st.*—Came here last night, to my great joy, to get holidays, and leave reform and cholera and politics for racing and its amusements. Just before I came away I met Lord Wharncliffe, and asked him about his interview with Radical Jones. This blackguard considers himself a sort of chief of faction, and one of the heads of the *sans-culottins* of the present day. He wrote to Lord Wharncliffe and said he wished to confer with him; that if he would grant him an interview he might bring any person he pleased to witness what passed between them. Lord Wharncliffe replied that he would call on him, and should be satisfied to have no witness. Accordingly he did so, when the other in very civil terms told him that he wished to try and impress upon his mind (as he was one of the heads of anti-reform in the House of Lords) how dangerous it would be to reject this bill, that all sorts of excesses would follow its rejection, that their persons and properties would be periled, and resistance would be unavailing, for that they (the reformers) were resolved to carry their point. Lord Wharncliffe asked whether if this was conceded they would be satisfied. Jones replied, "Certainly not;" that they must go a great deal farther; that an hereditary peerage was not to be defended on any reasonable theory. Still, he was not for doing away with it; that he wished the changes that were inevitable to take place quietly, and without violence or confusion. After some more discourse in this strain they separated, but very civilly, and without any intemperance of expression on the part of the reformer.

*November 28th.*—There seems to be a constant sort of electrical reciprocity of effort between us and France just now. The three days produced much of our political excitement, and our Bristol business has been acted with great similarity of circumstance at Lyons, and is still going on. Talleyrand produced the "Moniteur" last night with the account, lamented that the Duc d'Orléans had been sent with Marshal Soult to Lyons, which he said was unnecessary and absurd, that Soult was the best man for the purpose of putting it down. It was begun by the work-people, who were very nu-

merous, not political in its objects, but the cries denoted a mixture of everything, as they shouted, "Henri V., Napoléon II., La République, and Bristol." He was at Lady Holland's, looking very cadaverous, and not very talkative, talked of Madame Du Barri, that she had been very handsome, and had some remains of beauty up to the period of her death; of Luckner, who was guillotined, and as the car passed on, the people cried (as they used), '*À la guillotine! à la guillotine!*' Luckner turned round and said, "*On y va canaille.*"

*December 8th.*— At court yesterday to swear in Erskine,<sup>1</sup> Brougham's new chief judge in bankruptcy and privy counselor. The Chancellor is in a great rage with me. There is an appeal to the Privy Council from a judgment of his (in which he was wrong), the first appeal of the kind for above a hundred years; <sup>2</sup> I told him it was ready to be heard, and begged to know if he had any wish as to who should be summoned to hear it. He said very tartly, "Of course I shall have somebody to hear it *with me.*" I said, "Do you mean to hear it yourself, then?" "And pray why not? don't I hear appeals from myself every day in the House of Lords? did n't you see that I could not hear a case the other day because Lord Lyndhurst was not there? I have a *right* to hear it. I sit there as a privy counselor." "Oh," I said, "you have certainly a *right* if you choose it." "You may rely upon it I shall do nothing unusual in the Privy Council," and then he flounced off in high dudgeon. I told Lord Lansdowne afterwards, who said he should not allow it to be heard by *him*, and should make a point of summoning all the great law authorities of the Privy Council. This was the case of *Drax v. Grosvenor*, which excited great interest, in which Brougham tried to play all sorts of tricks to prevent his judgment being reversed, which tricks I managed to defeat, and the judgment was reversed, as is described farther on. I never had the ad-

<sup>1</sup> Right Hon. Thomas Erskine, a son of Lord Chancellor Erskine, chief judge in bankruptcy, and afterwards a justice of the Court of Common Pleas.

<sup>2</sup> It was an appeal in lunacy. No other appeals save in lunacy lie from the Court of Chancery to the King in council, and these are very rare. *Drax v. Grosvenor* is reported in Knapp's *Privy Council Reports*.

vantage of seeing the Chancellor before in his sulks, though he is by no means unfrequently in them, very particularly so this time last year when he was revolving in his mind whether he should take the great seal, and when he thought he was ill-used, so Auckland told me.

*In the evening.* — George Bentinck told me this evening of a scene which had been related to him by the Duke of Richmond, that lately took place at a Cabinet dinner; it was very soon after Durham's return from abroad. He was furious at the negotiations and question of compromise. Lord Grey is always the object of his rage and impertinence, because he is the only person whom he dares attack. After dinner he made a violent sortie on Lord Grey (it was at Althorp's), said he would be eternally disgraced if he suffered any alterations to be made in this bill; that he was a betrayer of the cause, and, amongst other things, reproached him with having kept him in town on account of this bill in the summer, "and thereby having been the cause of the death of his son." Richmond said in his life he never witnessed so painful a scene, or one which excited such disgust and indignation in every member of the Cabinet. Lord Grey was ready to burst into tears, said he would much rather work in the coal-mines than be subject to such attacks, on which the other muttered, "and you might do worse," or some such words. After this Durham got up and left the room. Lord Grey very soon retired too, when the other ministers discussed this extraordinary scene, and considered what steps they ought to take. They thought at first that they should require Durham to make a public apology (*i. e.* before all of them) to Lord Grey for his impertinence, which they deemed due to *them* as he was *their* head, and to *Althorp* as having occurred in his house, but as they thought it was quite certain that Durham would resign the next morning, and that Lord Grey might be pained at another scene, they forbore to exact this. However, Durham did not resign; he absented himself for some days from the Cabinet, at last returned as if nothing had happened, and there he goes on as usual. But they are so thoroughly disgusted, and resolved to oppose him,

that his influence is greatly impaired. Still, his power of mischief and annoyance is considerable. Lord Grey succumbs to him, and they say in spite of his behavior is very much attached to him, though so incessantly worried that his health visibly suffers by his presence. There is nothing in which he does not meddle. The Reform Bill he had a principal hand in concocting, and he fancies himself the only man competent to manage our foreign relations. Melbourne, who was present at this scene, said, "If I had been Lord Grey, I would have knocked him down."

1832.

*February 6th.*—Dined yesterday with Lord Holland; came very late, and found a vacant place between Sir George Robinson and a common looking man in black. As soon as I had time to look at my neighbor, I began to speculate (as one usually does) as to who he might be, and as he did not for some time open his lips except to eat, I settled that he was some obscure man of letters or of medicine, perhaps a cholera doctor. In a short time the conversation turned upon early and late education, and Lord Holland said he had always remarked that self-educated men were peculiarly conceited and arrogant, and apt to look down upon the generality of mankind, from their being ignorant of how much other people knew; not having been at public schools, they are uninformed of the course of general education. My neighbor observed that he thought the most remarkable example of self-education was that of Alfieri, who had reached the age of thirty without having acquired any accomplishment save that of driving, and who was so ignorant of his own language that he had to learn it like a child, beginning with elementary books. Lord Holland quoted Julius Cæsar and Scaliger as examples of late education, said that the latter had been wounded, and that he had been married and commenced learning Greek the same day, when my neighbor remarked "that he supposed his learning Greek was not an instantaneous act like his marriage." This remark, and the manner of it, gave me the notion that he was



a dull fellow, for it came out in a way which bordered on the ridiculous, so as to excite something like a sneer. I was a little surprised to hear him continue the thread of conversation (from Scaliger's wound) and talk of Loyola having been wounded at Pampeluna. I wondered how he happened to know anything about Loyola's wound. Having thus settled my opinion, I went on eating my dinner, when Auckland, who was sitting opposite to me, addressed my neighbor, "Mr. Macaulay, will you drink a glass of wine?" I thought I should have dropped off my chair. It was MACAULAY, the man I had been so long most curious to see and to hear, whose genius, eloquence, astonishing knowledge, and diversified talents have excited my wonder and admiration for such a length of time, and here I had been sitting next to him, hearing him talk, and setting him down for a dull fellow. I felt as if he could have read my thoughts, and the perspiration burst from every pore of my face, and yet it was impossible not to be amused at the idea. It was not till Macaulay stood up that I was aware of all the vulgarity and ungainliness of his appearance; not a ray of intellect beams from his countenance; a lump of more ordinary clay never inclosed a powerful mind and lively imagination. He had a cold and sore throat, the latter of which occasioned a constant contraction of the muscles of the thorax, making him appear as if in momentary danger of a fit. His manner struck me as not pleasing, but it was not assuming, unembarrassed, yet not easy, unpolished, yet not coarse; there was no kind of usurpation of the conversation, no tenacity as to opinion or facts, no assumption of superiority, but the variety and extent of his information were soon apparent, for whatever subject was touched upon he evinced the utmost familiarity with it; quotation, illustration, anecdote, seemed ready in his hands for every topic. Primogeniture in this country, in others, and particularly in ancient Rome, was the principal topic, I think, but Macaulay was not certain what was the law of Rome, except that when a man died intestate his estate was divided between his children. After dinner Talleyrand and Madame de Dino came in. He

was introduced to Talleyrand, who told him that he meant to go to the House of Commons on Tuesday, and that he hoped he would speak, "*qu'il avait entendu tous les grands orateurs, et il désirait à présent entendre Monsieur Macaulay.*"

*March 26th.*— The town has been more occupied this week with Dudley's extravagancies than the affairs of Europe. He in fact is mad, but is to be cupped and starved and disciplined sound again. It has been fine talk for the town. The public curiosity and love of news is as voracious and universal as the appetite of a shark, and, like it, loves best what is grossest, and most disgusting; anything relating to personal distress, to crime, to passion, is greedily devoured by this monster, as Cowley calls it.

" I see

The monster London laugh at me ;  
 I would at thee, too, foolish city,  
 But thy estate I pity.  
 Should all the wicked men from out thee go,  
 And all the fools that crowd thee so,  
 Thou, who dost thy thousands boast,  
 Would be a wilderness almost."— *Ode to Solitude.*

But of all the examples of cant, hypocrisy, party violence, I have never seen any to be compared to the Irish education business; and there was Rosslyn, an old Whig, voting against; Carnarvon stayed away, every Tory without exception going against the measure. As to madness, Dudley has gone mad in his own house, Perceval in the House of Commons, and John Montague in the Park, the two latter preaching, both Irvingites and believers in "the tongues." Dudley's madness took an odd turn; he would make up all his quarrels with Lady Holland, to whom he has not spoken for sixteen years, and he called on her, and there were tears and embraces, and God knows what. Sydney Smith told her that she was bound in honor to set the quarrel up again when he comes to his senses, and put things into the *status quo ante pacem*. It would be hard upon him to find, on getting out of a straight waistcoat, that he had been robbed of all his hatreds and hostilities and seduced into the house of his oldest foe.

*London, May 17th.*—The joy of the King at what he thought to be his deliverance from the Whigs was unbounded. He lost no time in putting the Duke of Wellington in possession of everything that had taken place between him and them upon the subject of reform, and with regard to the creation of peers, admitting that he had consented, but saying he had been subjected to every species of persecution. His ignorance, weakness, and levity put him in a miserable light, and prove him to be one of the silliest old gentlemen in his dominions; but I believe he is mad, for yesterday he gave a great dinner to the Jockey Club, at which (notwithstanding his cares) he seemed in excellent spirits; and after dinner he made a number of speeches, so ridiculous and nonsensical, beyond all belief but to those who heard them, rambling from one subject to another, repeating the same thing over and over again, and altogether such a mass of confusion, trash, and imbecility as made one laugh and blush at the same time.

*June 1st.*—Met the Duke of Wellington at dinner yesterday, and afterwards had a long talk with him, not on politics. I never see and converse with him without reproaching myself for the sort of hostility I feel and express towards his political conduct, for there are a simplicity, a gayety, and natural urbanity and good-humor in him, which are remarkably captivating in so great a man. We talked of Dumont's book and Louis XVIII.'s "Memoirs." I said I thought the "Memoirs" were not genuine. He said he was sure they were, that they bore the strongest internal evidence of being so, particularly in their accuracy as to dates, that he was the best chronologist in the world, and that he knew the day of the week of every event of importance. He once asked the Duke when he was born, and when he told him the day of the month and year, he at once said it was on a Tuesday; that he (the Duke) had remembered that throughout the book the day of the week was always mentioned, and many of the anecdotes he had himself heard the King tell. He then talked of him, and I was surprised to hear him say that Charles X. was

a cleverer man, as far as knowledge of the world went, though Louis XVIII. was much better informed — a most curious remark, considering the history and end of each. [Nothing could be more mistaken and untrue than this opinion.] That Louis XVIII. was always governed, and a favorite indispensable to him. At the congress of Vienna the Duke was deputed to speak to M. de Blacas, his then favorite, and tell him that his unpopularity was so great in France that it was desirable he should not return there; Blacas replied, "You don't know the King; he must have a favorite, and he had better have me than another. I shall go; he will have another, and you should take pains to put *a gentleman* in that situation, for he is capable of taking the first person that finds access to him and the opportunity of pleasing him." He added that he should not wonder if he took Fouché. He did not take Fouché, who was not aware of the part he might have played, but he took De Cazes, who governed him entirely. This continued till the royal family determined to get rid of him, and by threatening to make an *esclandre* and leave the château they at last succeeded, and De Cazes was sent as ambassador to London. Then the King wrote to him constantly, sending him verses and literary scraps. The place remained vacant till accident threw Madame du Cayla in his way.<sup>1</sup> She was the daughter of Talon, who had been concerned in the affair of the Marquis de Favras, and she sent to the King to say she had some papers of her father's relating to that affair, which she should like to give into his own hands. He saw her and was pleased with her. The royal family encouraged this new taste, in order to get rid entirely of De Cazes, and even the Duchess d'Angoulême promoted her success. It was the same thing to him to have a woman as a man, and there was no sexual question in the matter, as what he wanted was merely some one to whom he could tell everything, consult with on all occasions, and with whom he could bandy literary trifles. Madame du Cayla, who

<sup>1</sup> This lady has already been noticed in a previous portion of these Memoirs, when she visited England.

was clever, was speedily installed, and he directly gave up De Cazes. He told the Duke that he was *brouillé* with De Cazes, who had behaved very ill to him, but he had nothing specific to allege against him, except that his manner to him was not what it ought to have been. The ministers paid assiduous court to Madame du Cayla, imparted everything to her, and got her to say what they wanted said to the King; she acted all the part of a mistress, except the essential, of which there never was any question. She got great sums of money from him and very valuable presents.

*June 18th.* — The government and their people have now found out what a fool the King is, and it is very amusing to hear them on the subject. Formerly, when they thought they had him fast, he was very honest and rather wise; now they find him rather shuffling and exceedingly silly. When Normanby went to take leave of him on going to Jamaica, he pronounced a harangue in favor of the slave trade, of which he has always been a great admirer, and expressed sentiments for which his subjects would tear him to pieces if they heard them. It is one of the great evils of the recent convulsion that the King's imbecility has been exposed to the world, and in his person the regal authority has fallen into contempt; his own personal unpopularity is not of much consequence as long as it does not degrade his office; that of George IV. never did, so little so that he could always as king cancel the bad impressions which he made in his individual capacity, and he frequently did so. Walter Scott is arrived here, dying. A great mortality among great men; Goethe, Périer, Champollion, Cuvier, Scott, Grant, Macintosh, all died within a few weeks of each other.

*June 25th.* — At Fern Hill all last week; a great party; nothing but racing and gambling; then to Shepperton, and to town on Saturday. The event of the races was the King's having his head knocked with a stone. It made very little sensation on the spot, for he was not hurt, and the fellow was a miserable-looking ragamuffin. It, however, produced a great burst of loyalty in both houses, and their Majesties were

loudly cheered at Ascot. The Duke of Wellington, who had been the day before mobbed in London also reaped a little harvest of returning popularity from the assault, and so far the outrages have done rather good than harm.

*August 8th.* — I dined at Holland House yesterday ; a good many people, and the Chancellor came in after dinner, looking like an old clothes man and dirty as the ground. We had a true Holland House dinner, two more people arriving (Melbourne and Tom Duncombe) than there was room for, so that Lady Holland had the pleasure of a couple of general squeezes, and of seeing our arms prettily pinioned. Lord Holland sits at table, but does not dine. He proposed to retire (not from the room), but was not allowed, for that would have given us all space and ease. Lord Holland told some stories of Johnson and Garrick which he had heard from Kemble. Johnson loved to bully Garrick, from a recollection of Garrick's former impertinence. When Garrick was in the zenith of his popularity, and grown rich, and lived with the great, and while Johnson was yet obscure, the Doctor used to drink tea with him, and he would say, "Davy, I do not envy you your money nor your fine acquaintance, but I envy you your power of drinking such tea as this." "Yes," said Garrick, "it is very good tea, but it is not my best, nor that which I give to my Lord this and Sir somebody t'other."

Johnson liked Fox because he defended his pension, and said it was only to blame in not being large enough. "Fox," he said, "is a liberal man ; he would always be '*aut Cæsar aut nullus* ;' whenever I have seen him he has been *nullus*." Lord Holland said Fox made it a rule never to talk in Johnson's presence, because he knew all his conversations were recorded for publication, and he did not choose to figure in them.

*August 12th.* — Dined yesterday at Holland House ; the Chancellor, Lord Grey, Luttrell, Palmerston, and Macaulay. The Chancellor was sleepy and would not talk ; he uttered nothing but yawns and grunts. Macaulay and Allen disputed history, particularly the character of the Emperor Frederick

II., and Allen declared himself a Gueph and Macaulay a Ghibelline. Macaulay is a most extraordinary man, and his astonishing knowledge is every moment exhibited, but (as far as I have yet seen of him, which is not sufficient to judge) he is not *agreeable*. His propositions and his allusions are rather too abrupt; he starts topics not altogether naturally; then he has none of the graces of conversation, none of that exquisite tact and refinement which are the result of a felicitous intuition or a long acquaintance with good society, or more probably a mixture of both. The mighty mass of his knowledge is not animated by that subtle spirit of taste and discretion which alone can give it the qualities of lightness and elasticity, and without which, though he may have the power of instructing and astonishing, he never will attain that of delighting and captivating his hearers. The dinner was agreeable, and enlivened by a squabble between Lady Holland and Allen, at which we were all ready to die of laughing. He jeered at something she said as brutal, and chuckled at his own wit.

*September 18th.*— I met at Brighton Lady Keith [Madame de Flahaut], who told us a great deal about French politics, which, as she is a partisan, was not worth much, but she also gave us rather an amusing account of the early days of the Princess Charlotte, at the time of her escape from Warwick House in a hackney coach and taking refuge with her mother, and of the earlier affair of Captain Hess. The former escapade arose from her determination to break off her marriage with the Prince of Orange, and that from her falling suddenly in love with Prince Augustus of Prussia, and her resolving to marry him and nobody else, not knowing that he was already married *de la main gauche* in Prussia. It seems that she speedily made known her sentiments to the Prince, and he (notwithstanding his marriage) followed the thing up, and had two interviews with her at her own house, which were contrived by Miss Knight, her governess. During one of these Miss Mercer arrived, and Miss Knight told her that Prince Augustus was with the Princess in her room, and what a

fright she (Miss Knight) was in. Miss Mercer, who evidently had no mind anybody should conduct such an affair for the Princess but herself, pressed Miss Knight to go and interrupt them, which on her declining she did herself. The King (Regent as he was then) somehow heard of these meetings, and measures of coercion were threatened, and it was just when an approaching visit from him had been announced to the Princess that she went off. Miss Mercer was in the house at the time, and the Regent, when he came, found her there. He accused her of being a party to the Princess's flight, but afterwards either did or pretended to believe her denial, and sent her to fetch the Princess back, which after many *pourparlers* and the intervention of the Dukes of York and Sussex, Brougham, and the Bishop of Salisbury, her preceptor, was accomplished at two in the morning.

Hess's affair was an atrocity of the Princess of Wales. She employed him to convey letters to her daughter while she used to ride in Windsor Park, which he contrived to deliver, and occasionally to converse with her; and on one occasion, at Kensington, the Princess of Wales brought them together in her own room. The Princess afterwards wrote him some letters, not containing much harm, but idle and improper. When the Duke of York's affair with Mrs. Clark came out, and all the correspondence, she became very much alarmed, told Miss Mercer the whole story, and employed her to get back her letters to Hess. She accordingly wrote to Hess (who was then in Spain), but he evinced a disinclination to give them up. On his return to England she saw him, and on his still demurring she threatened to put the affair into the Duke of York's hands, which frightened him, and then he surrendered them, and signed a paper declaring he had given up everything. The King afterwards heard of this affair, and questioning the Princess, she told him everything. He sent for Miss Mercer, and desired to see the letters, and then to keep them. This she refused. This Captain Hess was a short, plump, vulgar looking man, afterwards lover to the Queen of Naples, mother of the present King, an amour that



was carried on under the auspices of the Margravine at her villa in the Strada Nova at Naples. It was, however, detected, and Hess was sent away from Naples, and never allowed to return. I remember finding him at Turin (married), when he was lamenting his hard fate in being excluded from that *Paradiso* Naples.

*September 28th.* — Melbourne spoke of Brougham, who he said was tossed about in perpetual caprices, that he was fanciful and sensitive, and actuated by all sorts of littlenesses, even with regard to people so insignificant that it is difficult to conceive how he can ever think about them; that he is conservative, but under the influence of his old connections, particularly of the Saints. His friends are so often changed that it is not easy to follow him in this respect. Durham used to be one; now he hates him; he has a high opinion of Sefton! of his judgment! What is talent, what are great abilities, when one sees the gigantic intellect of Brougham so at fault? Not only does the world manage to go on when little wisdom guides it, but how ill it may go on with a great deal of *talent*, which, however, is different from *wisdom*.

*November 7th.* — Tenterden was a remarkable man, and his elevation did great credit to the judgment which selected him, and which probably was Eldon's. He had never led a cause, but he was a profound lawyer, and appears to have had a mind fraught with the spirit and genius of the law, and not narrowed and trammelled by its subtleties and technicalities. In spite of his low birth, want of oratorical power, and of personal dignity, he was greatly revered and dreaded on the bench. He was an austere, but not an ill-humored judge; his manners were remarkably plain and unpolished, though not vulgar. He was an elegant scholar, and cultivated classical literature to the last. Brougham, whose congenial tastes delighted in his classical attainments, used to bandy Latin and Greek with him from the bar to the bench; and he has more than once told me of his sending Tenterden Greek verses of John Williams's, of which the next day Tenterden gave him a translation in Latin verse. He is supposed to have died very rich.

November 20th. — Dined at Holland House the day before yesterday ; Lady Holland is unwell, fancies she must dine at five o'clock, and exerts her power over society by making everybody go out there at that hour, though nothing can be more inconvenient than thus shortening the day, and nothing more tiresome than such lengthening of the evening. Rogers and Luttrell were staying there. The *tableau* of the house is this : Before dinner, Lady Holland affecting illness and almost dissolution, but with a very respectable appetite, and after dinner in high force and vigor ; Lord Holland, with his chalkstones and unable to walk, lying on his couch in very good spirits and talking away ; Luttrell and Rogers walking about, ever and anon looking despairingly at the clock and making short excursions from the drawing-room ; Allen, surly and disputatious, poring over the newspapers, and replying in monosyllables (generally negative) to whatever is said to him. The grand topic of interest, far exceeding the Belgian or Portuguese questions, was the illness of Lady Holland's page, who has got a tumor in his thigh. This "little creature," as Lady Holland calls a great hulking fellow of about twenty, is called "Edgar," his real name being Tom or Jack, which he changed on being elevated to his present dignity, as the popes do when they are elected to the tiara. More rout is made about him than other people are permitted to make about their children, and the inmates of Holland House are invited and compelled to go and sit with and amuse him. Such is the social despotism of this strange house, which presents an odd mixture of luxury and constraint, of enjoyment physical and intellectual, with an alloy of small *désagrémens*. Talleyrand generally comes at ten or eleven o'clock, and stays as long as they will let him. Though everybody who goes there finds something to abuse or to ridicule in the mistress of the house, or its ways, all continue to go ; all like it more or less ; and whenever, by the death of either, it shall come to an end, a vacuum will be made in society which nothing will supply. It is the house of all Europe ; the world will suffer by the loss ; and it may with truth be said that it will "eclipse the gayety of nations."

*Brighton, December. 17th.*—The borough elections are nearly over, and have satisfied the government. They do not seem to be bad on the whole; the metropolitans have sent good men enough, and there was no tumult in the town. At Hertford, Duncombe was routed by Salisbury's long purse. He hired such a numerous mob besides that he carried all before him. Some very bad characters have been returned; among the worst, Faithful here; Gronow at Stafford; Gully, Pontefract; Cobbett, Oldham; though I am glad that Cobbett is in Parliament. Gully's history is extraordinary. He was taken out of prison twenty-five or thirty years ago by Mellish to fight Pierce, surnamed the "Game Chicken," being then a butcher's apprentice; he fought him and was beaten. He afterwards fought Belcher (I believe), and Gresson twice, and left the prize-ring with the reputation of being the best man in it. He then took to the turf, was successful, established himself at Newmarket, where he kept a hell, and began a system of corruption of trainers, jockeys, and boys, which put the secrets of all Newmarket at his disposal, and in a few years made him rich. At the same time he connected himself with Mr. Watt in the north, by betting for him, and this being at the time when Watt's stable was very successful, he won large sums of money by his horses. Having become rich he embarked in a great coal speculation, which answered beyond his hopes, and his shares soon yielded immense profits. His wife, who was a coarse, vulgar woman, in the mean time died, and he afterwards married the daughter of an innkeeper, who proved as gentlewomanlike as the other had been the reverse, and who is very pretty besides. He now gradually withdrew from the betting ring as a regular blackleg, still keeping horses, and betting occasionally in large sums, and about a year or two ago, having previously sold the Hare Park to Sir Mark Wood, where he lived for two or three years, he bought a property near Pontefract, and settled down (at Ackworth Park) as John Gully, Esq., a gentleman of fortune. At the reform dissolution he was pressed to come forward as candidate for Pontefract, but after some hesitation he declined.

Latterly he has taken great interest in politics, and has been an ardent reformer and a liberal subscriber for the advancement of the cause. When Parliament was about to be dissolved, he was again invited to stand for Pontefract by a numerous deputation; he again hesitated, but finally accepted; Lord Mexborough withdrew, and he was elected without opposition. In person he is tall and finely formed, full of strength and grace, with delicate hands and feet, his face coarse and with a bad expression, his head set well on his shoulders, and remarkably graceful and even dignified in his actions and manners; totally without education, he has strong sense, discretion, reserve, and a species of good taste which has prevented, in the height of his fortunes, his behavior from ever transgressing the bounds of modesty and respect, and he has gradually separated himself from the rabble of betters and blackguards of whom he was once the most conspicuous, and tacitly asserted his own independence and acquired gentility without ever presuming towards those whom he has been accustomed to regard with deference. His position is now more anomalous than ever, for a member of Parliament is a great man, though there appear no reasons why the suffrages of the blackguards of Pontefract should place him in different social relations towards us than those in which we mutually stood before.

*Petworth, December 20th.* — Came here yesterday. It is a very grand place; house magnificent and full of fine objects, both ancient and modern; the Sir Joshuas and Vandykes particularly interesting, and a great deal of all sorts that is worth seeing. Lord Egremont was eighty-one the day before yesterday, and is still healthy, with faculties and memory apparently unimpaired. He has reigned here for sixty years with great authority and influence. He is shrewd, eccentric, and benevolent, and has always been munificent and charitable in his own way; he patronizes the arts and fosters rising genius. Painters and sculptors find employment and welcome in his house; he has built a gallery which is full of pictures and statues, some of which are very fine, and the pictures

scattered through the house are interesting and curious. Lord Egremont hates ceremony, and can't bear to be personally meddled with; he likes people to come and go as it suits them, and say nothing about it, never to take leave of him. The party here consists of the Cowpers, his own family, a Lady E. Romney, two nieces, Mrs. Tredcroft a neighbor, Ridsdale a parson, Wynne, Turner, the great landscape painter, and a young artist of the name of Lucas, whom Lord Egremont is bringing into notice, and who will owe his fortune (if he makes it) to him. Lord Egremont is enormously rich, and lives with an abundant though not very refined hospitality. The house wants modern comforts, and the servants are rustic and uncouth; but everything is good, and it all bears an air of solid and aristocratic grandeur. The stud groom told me there are three hundred horses, of different sorts here. His course, however, is nearly run, and he has the mortification of feeling that, though surrounded with children and grandchildren, he is almost the last of his race, and that his family is about to be extinct. Two old brothers and one childless nephew are all that are left of the Wyndhams, and the latter has been many years married. All his own children are illegitimate, but he has everything in his power, though nobody has any notion of the manner in which he will dispose of his property. It is impossible not to reflect upon the prodigious wealth of the Earls of Northumberland, and of the proud Duke of Somerset who married the last heiress of that house, the betrothed of three husbands. All that Lord Egremont has, all the Duke of Northumberland's property, and the Duke of Rutland's Cambridgeshire estate belonged to them, which together is probably equivalent to between 200,000*l.* and 300,000*l.* a year. Banks told me that the Northumberland property, when settled on Sir H. Smithson, was not above 12,000*l.* a year.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> The eleventh Earl of Northumberland, Joscelyn Percy, died in 1670, leaving an only daughter, who married Charles Seymour, ninth Duke of Somerset. This lady is described as "the betrothed of three husbands," because she was married at fourteen to Henry Cavendish, son of the Duke of Newcastle, who died in the following year. She was then affianced to Thomas Thynne of Longleat, who was assassinated

*Brighton, December 31st.* — Lady Howe gave me an account of the offer of the chamberlainship to her husband again. They added the condition that he should not oppose government, but was not to be obliged to support them. This he refused, and he regarded the proposal as an insult; so the Queen was not conciliated the more. She likewise told me that the cause of her former wrath when he was dismissed was that neither the King nor Lord Grey told her of it, and that if they had she would have consented to the sacrifice at once with a good grace; but in the way it was done she thought herself grossly ill used. It is impossible to ascertain the exact nature of this connection. Howe conducts himself towards her like a young ardent lover; he never is out of the Pavilion, dines there almost every day, or goes every evening, rides with her, never quitting her side, and never takes his eyes off her. She does nothing, but she admits his attentions and acquiesces in his devotion; at the same time there is not the smallest evidence that she treats him as a lover. If she did it would be soon known, for she is surrounded by enemies. All the Fitzclarences dislike her, and treat her more or less disrespectfully. She is aware of it, but takes no notice. She is very civil and good-humored to them all; and and as long as they keep within the bounds of decency, and do not break out into actual impertinence, she probably will continue so.

Two nights ago there was a great assembly after a dinner for  
in 1682; and at last married to the Duke of Somerset. The eldest son of this marriage, Algernon Seymour, who succeeded to the dukedom of Somerset in 1748, was created Earl of Northumberland on the 2d of October, 1749, and Earl of Egremont on the following day, with remainder (as regards the latter title) to his nephew Sir Charles Wyndham, who succeeded him in February, 1750. The earldom of Northumberland passed at the same time to Sir Hugh Smithson, son-in-law of Duke Algernon, who was created Duke of Northumberland in 1766. The titles and the vast property of the Duke of Somerset, Earl of Northumberland, thus came to be divided.

George O'Brien Wyndham, third Earl of Egremont, to whom Mr. Greville paid this visit, was born on the 18th of December, 1751. He was therefore eighty-two years old at this time; but he lived five years longer, and died in 1837, famous and beloved for his splendid hospitality and for his liberal and judicious patronage of the arts, and likewise of the turf.

the reception of the Turkish Ambassador, Namik Pacha. He was brought down by Palmerston and introduced before dinner to the King and Queen. He is twenty-eight years old, speaks French well, and has good manners; his dress very simple—a red cap, black vest, trousers and boots, a gold chain and medal round his neck. He did not take out any lady to dinner, but was placed next the Queen. After dinner the King made him a ridiculous speech, with abundant flourishes about the Sultan and his friendship for him, which is the more droll from his having been high admiral at the time of the battle of Navarino, to which the Pacha replied in a sonorous voice. He admired everything, and conversed with great ease. All the stupid, vulgar Englishwomen followed him about as a lion with offensive curiosity.

1833.

*January 3d.*—Lady Howe begged her husband to show me the correspondence between him and Sir Herbert Taylor about the chamberlainship. It is long and confused; Taylor's first letter, in my opinion, very impertinent, for it reads him a pretty severe lecture about his behavior when he held the office before. Howe is a foolish man, but in this business he acted well enough, better than might have been expected. Taylor, by the King's desire, proposed to him to resume the office: and after some caviling he agreed to do so with liberty to vote as he pleased, but promising not to be violent. So stood the matter on the 9th of September. He heard nothing more of it till the 5th of November, when young Hudson<sup>1</sup> wrote by the King's orders to know definitely if he meant to take it, but that if he did he must be "neutral." Howe wrote back word that on such terms he declined it. I told him my opinion of the whole business, and added my strenuous advice that he should immediately prevail on the

<sup>1</sup> "Young Hudson" was the page of honor who was sent to Rome in the following year to fetch Sir Robert Peel, when, as Mr. Disraeli expressed it, "the hurried Hudson rushed into the chambers of his Vatican." He grew up to be a very able and distinguished diplomatist, Sir James Hudson, G. C. B., who rendered great services to the cause of Italian independence.

Queen to appoint somebody else. I could not tell him all that people said, but I urged it as strongly as I could, hinting that there were very urgent reasons for so doing. He did not relish this advice at all, owned that he clung tenaciously to the office, liked everything about it, and longed to avail himself of some change of circumstances to return; and that though he was no longer her officer, he had ever since done all the business, and in fact was, without the name, as much her chamberlain as ever. Lady Howe, who is vexed to death at the whole thing, was enchanted at my advice, and vehemently urged him to adopt it. After he went away she told me how glad she was at what I had said, and asked me if people did not say and believe everything of Howe's connection with the Queen, which I told her they did. I must say that what passed is enough to satisfy me that there is what is called "nothing in it" but the folly and vanity of being the confidential officer and councilor of this hideous Queen, for whom he has worked himself up into a sort of chivalrous devotion. Yesterday Howe spoke to the Queen about it, and proposed to speak to the King; the Queen (he says) would not hear of it, and forbade his speaking to the King. To-day he is gone away, and I don't know what he settled, probably nothing.

*London, January 11th.* — Came to town with Alvanley the day before yesterday. Howe plucked up courage, spoke to the King and Queen, and settled Denbigh's appointment,<sup>1</sup> though not without resistance on the part of their Majesties. Lord Grey came down, and was very well received by both. At the commerce table the King sat by him, and was full of jokes; called him continually "Lord Howe," to the great amusement of the by-standers and of Lord Grey himself. Munster came down and was reconciled, condescending *moyennant* a *douceur* of 2,500*l.* to accept the constablenesship of the Round Tower. The stories of the King are uncommonly

<sup>1</sup> William Basil Percy, seventh Earl of Denbigh, was appointed chamberlain to Queen Adelaide at this time, and remained in the service of her Majesty — a most excellent and devoted servant — to the close of her life.



ridiculous. He told Madame de Ludolf, who had been ambassador at Constantinople, that he desired she would recommend Lady Ponsonby to all her friends there, and she might tell them she was the daughter of one of his late brother's sultanas (Lady Jersey). His Majesty insisted on Lord Stafford's taking the title of Sutherland, and ordered Gower to send him an express to say so. One day at dinner he asked the Duke of Devonshire "*where he meant to be buried!*"

*January 22d.* — Dined with Talleyrand the day before yesterday. Nobody there but his *attachés*. After dinner he told me about his first residence in England, and his acquaintance with Fox and Pitt. He always talks in a kind of affectionate tone about the former, and is now meditating a visit to Mrs. Fox at St. Anne's Hill, where he may see her surrounded with the busts, pictures, and recollections of her husband. He delights to dwell on the simplicity, gayety, childishness, and profoundness of Fox. I asked him if he had ever known Pitt. He said that Pitt came to Rheims to learn French, and he was there at the same time on a visit to the Archbishop, his uncle (whom I remember at Hartwell, a very old prelate with the *tic-doloureux*), and that he and Pitt lived together for nearly six weeks, reciprocally teaching each other French and English. After Chauvelin had superseded him, and that he and Chauvelin had disagreed, he went to live near Epsom (at Juniper Hall) with Madame de Staël; afterwards they came to London, and in the mean time Pitt had got into the hands of the *émigrés*, who persuaded him to send Talleyrand away, and accordingly he received orders to quit England in twenty-four hours. He embarked on board a vessel for America, but was detained in the river off Greenwich. Dundas sent to him, and asked him to come and stay with him while the ship was detained, but he said he would not set his foot on English ground again, and remained three weeks on board the ship in the river. It is strange to hear M. de Talleyrand talk at seventy-eight. He opens the stores of his memory and pours forth a stream on any subject connected with his past life.

Nothing seems to have escaped from that great treasury of by-gone events.

[Mr. Greville had paid a visit with his father to the little court of Louis XVIII. at Hartwell about two years before the Restoration, when he was eighteen years of age. His narrative of this visit has been printed in the fifth volume of the "Miscellany of the Philobiblon Society," but it may not be inappropriately inserted here.]

#### A VISIT TO HARTWELL.

*April 14, 1814.*

I have often determined to commit to paper as much as I can remember of my visit to Hartwell; and, as the King is about to ascend the throne of his ancestors, it is not uninteresting to recall to mind the particulars of a visit paid to him while in exile and poverty.

About two years ago my father and I went to Hartwell by invitation of the King. We dressed at Aylesbury, and proceeded to Hartwell in the afternoon. We had previously taken a walk in the environs of the town, and had met the Duchesse d'Angoulême on horseback, accompanied by a Madame Choisi. At five o'clock we set out to Hartwell. The house is large, but in a dreary, disagreeable situation. The King had completely altered the interior, having subdivided almost all the apartments in order to lodge a greater number of people. There were numerous outhouses, in some of which small shops had been established by the servants, interspersed with gardens, so that the place resembled a little town.

Upon entering the house we were conducted by the Duc de Grammont into the King's private apartment. He received us most graciously and shook hands with both of us. This apartment was exceedingly small, hardly larger than a closet, and I remarked pictures of the late King and Queen, Madame Elizabeth, and the Dauphin, Louis XVII., hanging on the walls. The King had a manner of swinging his body backwards and forwards, which caused the most unpleasant sensa-

tions in that small room, and made my father feel something like being sea-sick. The room was just like a cabin, and the motions of his Majesty exactly resembled the heaving of a ship. After our audience with the King we were taken to the *salon*, a large room with a billiard table at one end. Here the party assembled before dinner to all of whom we were presented — the Duchesse d'Angoulême, Monsieur the Duc d'Angoulême, the Duc de Berri, the Prince and Princess de Condé (*ci-devant* Madame de Monaco), and a vast number of ducs, etc. ; Madame la Duchesse de Serron (a little old *dame d'honneur* to Madame d'Angoulême), the Duc de Lorges, the Duc d'Auray, the Archevêque de Rheims (an infirm old prelate, tortured with the *tic-doloureux*), and many others whose names I cannot remember. At a little after six dinner was announced, when we went into the next room, the King walking out first. The dinner was extremely plain, consisting of very few dishes, and no wines except port and sherry. His Majesty did the honors himself, and was very civil and agreeable. We were a very short time at table, and the ladies and gentlemen all got up together. Each of the ladies folded up her napkin, tied it round with a bit of ribbon, and carried it away. After dinner we returned to the drawing-room and drank coffee. The whole party remained in conversation about a quarter of an hour, when the King retired to his closet, upon which all repaired to their separate apartments. Whenever the King came in or went out of the room, Madame d'Angoulême made him a low courtesy, which he returned by bowing and kissing his hand. This little ceremony never failed to take place. After the party had separated we were taken to the Duc de Grammont's apartments, where we drank tea. After remaining there about three quarters of an hour we went to the apartment of Madame d'Angoulême, where a great part of the company were assembled, and where we stayed about a quarter of an hour. After this we descended again to the drawing-room, where several card tables were laid out. The King played at whist with the Prince and Princess de Condé and my father. His Majesty settled the

points of the game at "*le quart d'un sheling.*" The rest of the party played at billiards or ombre. The King was so civil as to invite us to sleep there instead of returning to the inn at Aylesbury. When he invited us he said, "*Je crains que vous serez très-mal logés, mais on donne ce qu'on peut.*" Soon after eleven the King retired, when we separated for the night. We were certainly "*très-mal logés.*" In the morning when I got out of bed, I was alarmed by the appearance of an old woman on the leads before my window, who was hanging linen to dry. I was forced to retreat hastily to bed, not to shock the old lady's modesty. At ten the next morning we breakfasted, and at eleven we took leave of the King (who always went to Mass at that hour) and returned to London. We saw the whole place before we came away; and they certainly had shown great ingenuity in contriving to lodge such a number of people in and about the house—it was exactly like a small rising colony. We were very much pleased with our expedition; and were invited to return whenever we could make it convenient.

*January 24th.* — Dined with Talleyrand yesterday; Pozzo, who said little and seemed low; Talleyrand *talked* after dinner, said that Cardinal Fleury was one of the greatest ministers who ever governed France, and that justice had never been done him; he had maintained peace for twenty years, and acquired Lorraine for France. He said this *à propos* of the library he formed or left, or whatever he did in that line, at Paris. He told me he goes very often to the British Museum, and has lately made them a present of a book.

*March 4th.* — Sir Thomas Hardy told my brother he thought the King would certainly go mad; he was so excitable, *loathing* his ministers, particularly Graham, and dying to go to war. He has some of the cunning of madmen, who fawn upon their keepers when looked at by them and grin at them and shake their fists when their backs are turned; so he is extravagantly civil when his ministers are with him and exhibits every mark of aversion when they are away.

*June 26th.* — I have got from Sir Henry Lushington Monk Lewis's journals and his two voyages to the West Indies (one of which I read at Naples), with liberty to publish them, which I mean to do if I can get money enough for him. He says Murray offered him 500*l.* for the manuscripts some years ago. I doubt getting so much now, but they are uncommonly amusing, and it is the right moment for publishing them now that the people are full of interest about the West India question. I was very well amused last week at the bazaar in Hanover Square, when a sale was held on four successive days by the fine ladies for the benefit of the foreigners in distress. It was like a masquerade without masks, for everybody — men, women, and children — roved about where they would, everybody talking to everybody, and vast familiarity established between perfect strangers under the guise of barter. The Queen's stall was held by Ladies Howe and Denbigh, with her three prettiest maids of honor, Miss Bagot dressed like a soubrette and looking like an angel. They sold all sorts of trash at enormous prices, and made, I believe, four or five thousand pounds.

*June 28th.* — I sat by Talleyrand at dinner the day before yesterday, who told me a good deal about Mirabeau, but as he had a bad cold, in addition to his usual mode of pumping up his words from the bottomest pit of his stomach, it was next to impossible to understand him. He said Mirabeau was really intimate with three people only, — himself, Narbonne, and Lauzun — that Auguste d'Aremberg was the negotiator of the court and medium of its communications with Mirabeau; that he had found (during the provisional government) a receipt of Mirabeau's for a million, which he had given to Louis XVIII.

*June 29th.* — I am going, if not too lazy, to note down the everyday nothings of my life, and see what it looks like.

We dined yesterday at Greenwich, the dinner given by Sefton, who took the whole party in his omnibus, and his great open carriage; Talleyrand, Madame de Dino, Standish, Neumann, and the Molyneux family; dined in a room called

“the Apollo” at the Crown and Sceptre. I thought we should never get Talleyrand up two narrow perpendicular staircases, but he sidles and wriggles himself somehow into every place he pleases. A capital dinner, tolerably pleasant, and a divine evening. Went afterwards to the “Travellers,” and played at whist, and read the new edition of “Horace Walpole’s Letters to Sir Horace Mann.” There is something I don’t like in his style; his letters don’t amuse me so much as they ought to do.

A letter this morning from Sir Henry Lushington about Monk Lewis. He is rather averse to a biographical sketch, because he thinks a true account of his life and character would not do him credit, and adds a sketch of the latter, which is not flattering. Lord Melbourne told me the other day a queer trait of Lewis. He had a long standing quarrel with Lushington. Having occasion to go to Naples, he wrote beforehand to him, to say that their quarrel had better be *suspended*, and he went and lived with him and his sister (Lady L.) in perfect cordiality during his stay. When he departed he wrote to Lushington to say that now they should resume their quarrel, and put matters in the “*status quo ante pacem*,” and accordingly he did resume it, with rather more *acharnement* than before.

*July 4th.* — At court yesterday, and council for a foolish business. The King has been (not unnaturally) disgusted at the Duchess of Kent’s progresses with her daughter through the kingdom, and amongst the rest with her sailings at the Isle of Wight, and the continual popping in the shape of salutes to her Royal Highness. He did not choose that this latter practice should go on, and he signified his pleasure to Sir James Graham and Lord Hill, for salutes are matter of general order, both to army and navy. They (and Lord Grey) thought it better to make no order on the subject, and they opened a negotiation with the Duchess of Kent, to induce her of her own accord to waive the salutes, and when she went to the Isle of Wight to send word that as she was sailing about for her amusement she had rather they did not salute her whenever

she appeared. The negotiation failed, for the Duchess insisted upon her right to be saluted, and would not give it up. Kemp told me he had heard that Conroy (who is a ridiculous fellow, a compound of "great hussy" and the Chamberlain of the Princess of Navarre <sup>1</sup>) had said, "that as her Royal Highness's *confidential adviser*, he could not recommend her to give way on this point." As she declined to accede to the proposals, nothing remained but to alter the regulations, and accordingly yesterday, by an order in council, the King changed them, and from this time the royal standard is only to be saluted when the King or the Queen are on board.

*Friday, July 12th.* — Went to Newmarket on Sunday, came back yesterday, got back at half-past nine, went to Crockford's, and heard on the steps of the house that poor Dover had died that morning. The accounts I had received at Newmarket confirmed my previous impression that there was no hope; and, indeed, the sanguine expectations of his family are only to be accounted for by that disposition in the human mind to look at the most favorable side, and to cling with pertinacity to hope when reason bids us despair. There has seldom been destroyed a fairer scene of happiness and domestic prosperity than by this event. He dies in the flower of his age, surrounded with all the elements of happiness, and with no drawback but that of weak health, which until within the last few months was not sufficiently important to counterbalance the good, and only amounted to feebleness and delicacy of constitution; and it is the breaking up of a house replete with social enjoyment, six or seven children deprived of their father, and a young wife and his old father overwhelmed with a grief which the former may, but the latter never can get over, for to him time sufficient cannot in the course of nature be allotted. Few men could be more generally regretted than Lord Dover will be by an immense circle of connections and friends for his really amiable and endearing qualities, by the world at large for the serious loss which society sustains, and the disappointment of the expectations of what he one day might have been. He

<sup>1</sup> See Sir C. Hanbury Williams's poems.

occupied as large a space in society as his talents (which were by no means first-rate) permitted ; but he was clever, lively, agreeable, good-tempered, good-natured, hospitable, liberal and rich, a zealous friend, an eager political partisan, full of activity and vivacity, enjoying life, and anxious that the circle of his enjoyment should be widely extended. George Agar Ellis was the only son of Lord Clifden, and obtained early the reputation of being a prodigy of youthful talent and information. He was quick, lively, and had a very retentive memory, and having entered the world with this reputation, and his great expectations besides, he speedily became one of the most conspicuous youths of the day. Having imbibed a great admiration for Lord Orford (Horace Walpole), he evinced a disposition to make him his model, and took pains to store his mind with that sort of light miscellaneous literature in which Lord Orford delighted. He got into the House of Commons, but never was able to speak, never attempted to say more than a few words, and from the beginning gave up all idea of oratorical distinction. After running about the world for a few years he resolved to marry, and as his heart had nothing to do with this determination, he pitched upon a daughter of the Duke of Beaufort's, who he thought would suit his purpose, and confer upon him a very agreeable family connection. Being on a tour in the North, he intended to finish it at Badminton, and there to propose to Lady Georgiana Somerset, with full assurance that he should not be rejected ; but having stopped for a few days at Lord Carlisle's at Castle Howard, he there found a girl who spared him the trouble of going any farther, and at the expiration of three or four days he proposed in form to Lord Morpeth's second daughter, Georgiana Howard, who, not less surprised than pleased and proud at the conquest she found she had so unconsciously made, immediately accepted him. There never was a less romantic attachment or more business-like engagement, nor was there ever a more fortunate choice or a happier union. Mild, gentle, and amiable, full of devotion to, and admiration of her husband, her soft and feminine qualities were harmoni-



ously blended with his vivacity and animal spirits, and produced together results not more felicitous for themselves than agreeable to all who belonged to their society. Soon after his marriage, Ellis, who had never been vicious or profligate, but who was free from anything like severity or austerity, began to show symptoms of a devout propensity, and not contented with an ordinary discharge of religious duties, he read tracts and sermons, frequented churches and preachings, gave up driving on Sundays, and appeared in considerable danger of falling into the gulf of Methodism; but this turn did not last long, and whatever induced him to take it up, he apparently became bored with his self-imposed restrictions, and after a little while he threw off his short-lived sanctity, and resumed his worldly habits and irreverent language, for he was always a loose talker. Active and ambitious in his pursuits, and magnificent in his tastes, he devoted himself to literature, politics, and society; to the two first with greater success than would be expected of a man whose talents for composition were below mediocrity, and for public speaking none at all. He became the patron of various literary institutions and undertakings connected with the arts, he took the chair at public meetings for literary or scientific purposes, he read a good deal and wrote a little. The only work which he put forth of any consequence was "The Life of Frederick II.," which contained scarcely any original matter, and was remarkably barren of original ideas; but as it was a compilation from several very amusing writers, was not devoid of entertainment.<sup>1</sup> Though unable to speak in Parliament, he entered warmly into politics, formed several political intimacies, especially with the Chancellor (Brougham), and undertook much of the minor government work of keeping proxies, making houses (in the House of Lords), and managing the local details of the House itself. But however contracted his sphere both in literature and politics, in society his merits were conspicuous

<sup>1</sup> Lord Dover's volume on the *Man in the Iron Mask* deserves not to be altogether forgotten, though more recent researches have proved that his theory identifying the "Iron Mask" with Mathioli, the captured agent of the Duke of Parma, cannot be supported.

and his success unquestionable. Without a strong understanding, destitute of fancy and imagination, and with neither eloquence nor wit, he was a remarkably agreeable man. He was hospitable, courteous, and cordial; he collected about him the most distinguished persons in every rank and condition of life. He had a constant flow of animal spirits, much miscellaneous information, an excellent memory, a great enjoyment of fun and humor, a refined taste and perfect good breeding. But his more solid merit was the thorough goodness of his heart, and the strong and durable nature of his friendships and early attachments. To the friends of his youth he was bound to the last moment of his life with unremitting kindness and never-cooling affection; no greater connections or more ambitious interests canceled those early ties, and though he was not unnaturally dazzled and flattered by the later intimacies he contracted, this never for a moment made him forgetful of or indifferent to his first and less distinguished friends.

*July 12th.* — I have concluded a bargain with Murray for Lewis's journal and sold it him for 400 guineas, the MSS. to be returned to Lushington, and fifteen copies for him, and five for me, gratis.

*July 15th.* — I met the Duke in the evening at the Duchess of Cannizzaro's; talked of Napier's affair, at which he was extremely amused, though he thinks it a very bad thing, and not the least bad part of it that Napier should be lost to the service, so distinguished as he is. It was he who in 1803 (I believe) was the cause of the capture of a French squadron by Sir Alexander Cochrane. The English fell in with and cleared the French fleet, but Napier in a sloop outsailed the rest, and firing upon the stern of the French Admiral's flagship, so damaged her (contriving by skillful evolutions to avoid being hurt himself) that the rest of the ships were obliged to haul to, to save the Admiral's ship, which gave time to the British squadron to come up, when they took four out of the five sail. The Whigs all talk of this action as decisive of the Portuguese contest; the Duke says it is impossible to

say what the moral effect may be, but in a military point of view it will not have much influence upon it. Lucien Bonaparte was there, and was introduced to the Duke. He laughed and said, "He shook hands with me, and we were as intimate as if we had known each other all our lives!" He said he had likewise called on Joseph, who had called on him, but they had never met: he added that some civilities had passed between them in Spain. Before the battle of Salamanca he had regularly intercepted the French correspondence, and as one of the King's daughters was ill at Paris, and daily intelligence came of her health, he always sent it to him. He did not forward the letters, because they contained other matters, but he sent a flag every day to the outposts, who said, "*Allez dire au Roi que sa fille se porte mieux,*" or as it might be. There was Lucien running down-stairs to look for his carriage, one brother of Napoleon who refused to be a king, and another who was king of Naples, and afterwards king of Spain, both living as private gentlemen in England!

*July 25th-26th.* — I dined the day before yesterday with old Lady Cork, to meet the Bonapartes. There were Joseph, Lucien, Lucien's daughter, the widow of Louis Bonaparte, Hortense's son,<sup>1</sup> the Dudley Stuarts, Belhavens, Rogers, Lady Clarendon, and Lady Davy and myself; not very amusing, but curious to see these two men, one of whom would not be a king, when he might have chosen almost any crown he pleased (conceive, for instance, having refused the kingdom of Naples), and the other, who was first King of Naples and then King of Spain, commanded armies, and had the honor of being defeated at Vittoria by the Duke of Wellington. There they sat, these brothers of Napoleon, who once trampled upon all Europe, and at whose feet the potentates of the earth bowed, two simple, plain-looking, civil, courteous, smiling gentlemen. They say Lucien is a very agreeable man, Joseph nothing. Joseph is a caricature of Napoleon in his latter days, at least so I guess from the pictures. He is taller, stouter, with the same sort of face, but without the ex-

<sup>1</sup> This must have been the Emperor Napoleon III.

pression, and particularly without the eagle eye. Lucien looked as if he had once been like him, that is, his face in shape is like the pictures of Napoleon when he was thin and young, but Lucien is a very large, tall man. They talked little, but stayed on in the evening, when there was a party, and received very civilly all the people who were presented to them. There was not the slightest affectation of royalty in either. Lucien, indeed, had no occasion for any, but a man who had ruled over two kingdoms might be excused for betraying something of his former condition, but, on the contrary, everything regal that he ever had about him seemed to have been merged in his American citizenship, and he looked more like a Yankee cultivator than a king of Spain and the Indies. Though there was nothing to see in Joseph, who is, I believe, a very mediocre personage, I could not help gazing at him, and running over in my mind the strange events in which he had been concerned in the course of his life, and regarding him as a curiosity, and probably as the most extraordinary living instance of the freaks of fortune and instability of human grandeur.

*August 20th.* — To Stoke on Saturday with Creevey and Lemarchant, the Chancellor's secretary. The Chancellor and others of the ministry were to have come, but they all dined at Blackwall. Brougham, Plunket, and John Russell came the next day. Brougham is not so talkative as he was; his dignities, his labors, and the various cares of his situation have dashed his gayety, and pressed down his once elastic spirits; however, he was not otherwise than cheerful and lively. Plunket I never met before, he was pretty much at his ease, and talked sufficiently without exhibiting anything remarkable. Lemarchant is a clever, industrious fellow, whom I remember at Eton. The Chancellor's secretaryship must be no sinecure, and he has particularly distinguished himself by his reports of the debates in the House of Commons. He goes there every night, and forwards to the Chancellor from time to time an account of the debate, and the manner of it, very well executed indeed. He talked to me of Brougham's

labors and their intensity, which put me in mind of his gasconading to Sefton a year or two ago about his idleness, and finding the great seal a mere plaything; Lemarchant said that by severe and constant application he had made himself very tolerably acquainted with equity law, and very extensively with cases. I find from Sefton that he means to propose next year that his salary should be reduced to 8,000*l.* a year, and that the new equity judges should be paid out of what he now has. I believe he is liberal about money, and not careless, but I have some doubts whether this project will be executed. Lemarchant told me that the cause of Sugden's inveterate animosity against Brougham was this — that in a debate in the House of Commons, Sugden in his speech took occasion to speak of Mr. Fox, and said that he had no great respect for his authority, on which Brougham merely said, loud enough to be heard all over the House, and in that peculiar tone which strikes like a dagger, "Poor Fox." The words, the tone, were electrical, everybody burst into roars of laughter, Sugden was so overwhelmed that he said afterwards it was with difficulty he could go on, and he vowed that he never could forgive this sarcasm.

*August 2d.* — Called on Madame de Lieven yesterday, who is just come back from Petersburg, *rayonnante* at her reception and treatment. The Emperor went out to sea to meet her, took her into his own boat, when they landed he drove her to the palace, and carried her into the Empress's room, who was *en chemise*. She told me a comical anecdote illustrative of the good humor of the Emperor (who, she says, is an angel), and of the free and frank reception he gives to strangers. In the midst of some splendid military *fêtes*, which terminated with a sham siege by 50,000 of his guards the last day, word was brought him that two strange-looking men had presented themselves at the lines, and requested to be allowed to see what was going on. They said they were English, had come from Scotland on purpose to see the Russian manœuvres, and had started from Petersburg under the direction of a *laquais de place*, who had conducted them to

where they heard the firing of the cannon. The Emperor ordered them to be admitted, received them with the greatest civility, and desired apartments to be prepared for them in the palace (Peterhof), at the same time inviting them to dine with him, and be present at a ball he gave at night. She said that one was a Don Quixote sort of figure ; they called themselves Johnstone. The Emperor asked her if she knew them. She said no, but that there were many of that name in England. There they remained, enchanted, astonished, behaving, however, perfectly well. After seeing all the sights, they were one evening led into a great hall, where all sorts of pastimes were going on, and among others a *Montagne Russe* (of which the Emperor is passionately fond). He is a very tall, powerful man, and his way is to be placed at the top of the machine, when a man mounts astride on his shoulders, and another on his, and so on till there are fourteen ; when a signal is given, with the rapidity of lightning down they go. On this occasion the Emperor took the Johnstones on his back, and she says their astonishment at the position they occupied, and at the rapidity of the descent, was beyond everything amusing. They were asked how they liked it, and they said they thought it "very good fun," and should like to begin again. So they were allowed to divert themselves in this way for an hour. Bligh told her afterwards that these men returned to Petersburg their heads turned, and utterly bewildered with such an unexpected reception.

In her serious talk the Princess said that the Emperor was full of moderation and desire for peace, "s'il y a des orages ce ne sera pas de ce côté qu'ils viendront," that he could not comprehend the English Parliament, nor the sort of language which was held there about him, that he was "le plus généreux, le plus humain, le meilleur des hommes," that they believed all the lies which were "débités sur les affaires de Pologne, qui enfin est notre affaire, qu'il était peu connu ici, qu'elle avait vu en Russie beaucoup de respects, beaucoup d'amour pour l'Empereur, et voilà tout." In short, she is returned in a state of intoxication, and her adoration for the

Emperor is only exceeded by that which she has for the Empress.

*September 10th.*—At Gorhambury on Saturday till Monday. Dined on Friday with Talleyrand, a great dinner to M. Thiers, the French Minister of Commerce, a little man, about as tall as Shiel, and as mean and vulgar looking, wearing spectacles, and with a squeaking voice. He was editor of the "National," an able writer, and one of the principal instigators of the revolution of July. It is said that he is a man of great ability and a good speaker, more in the familiar English than the bombastical French style. Talleyrand has a high opinion of him. He wrote a history of the revolution, which he now regrets; it is well done, but the doctrine of fatalism which he puts forth in it he thinks calculated to injure his reputation as a statesman. I met him again at dinner at Talleyrand's yesterday with another great party, and last night he started on a visit to Birmingham and Liverpool.

The young Queen of Portugal goes to Windsor to-day. The King was at first very angry at her coming to England, but when he found that Louis Philippe had treated her with incivility, he changed his mind, and resolved to receive her with great honors. He hates Louis Philippe and the French with a sort of Jack Tar animosity. The other day he gave a dinner to one of the regiments at Windsor, and as usual he made a parcel of foolish speeches, in one of which, after descanting upon their exploits in Spain against the French, he went on: "Talking of France I must say that whether at peace or at war with that country, I shall always consider her as our natural enemy, and whoever may be her king or ruler, I shall keep a watchful eye for the purpose of repressing her ambitious encroachments." If he was not such an ass that nobody does anything but laugh at what he says, this would be very important. Such as he is, it is nothing. "What can you expect" (as I forget who said) "from a man with a head like a pineapple?" His head is just of that shape.

*London, November 13th.*—Nothing written for nearly two months. I remained in town till the end of September, when

I went to Newmarket, and afterwards to Buckanham, where I met Sir Robert Peel. He is very agreeable in society, it is a toss up whether he talks or not, but if he thaws, and is in good humor and spirits, he is lively, entertaining, and abounding in anecdotes, which he tells extremely well. I came back to town on Friday last, the 8th, dined with the Poodle, and found Rogers, Moore, and Westmacott (the son); a very agreeable dinner. On Sunday dined with Rogers, Moore, Sydney Smith, Macaulay. Sydney less vivacious than usual, and somewhat overpowered and talked down by what Moore called the "*flumen sermonis*" of Macaulay. Sydney calls Macaulay "a book in breeches." All that this latter says, all that he writes, exhibits his great powers and astonishing information, but I don't think he is agreeable. It is more than society requires, and not exactly of the kind; his figure, face, voice, and manner are all bad; he astonishes and instructs, he sometimes entertains, seldom amuses, and still seldomer pleases. He wants variety, elasticity, gracefulness: his is a roaring torrent, and not a meandering stream of talk. I believe we would all of us have been glad to exchange some of his sense for some of Sydney Smith's nonsense. He told me that he had read Sir Charles Grandison fifteen times!

*November 14th.*—Dined with Sefton yesterday; after dinner came in the Chancellor in good humor and spirits; talked of Lord Wellesley, who, since he has been in Ireland, has astonished everybody by his activity and assiduity in business. He appeared, before he went in the last stage of decrepitude, and they had no idea the energy was in him; but they say he is quite a new man, and it is not merely a splash, but real and *bonâ fide* business that he does. The Chancellor talked over some of the passages of the Queen's trial, to which he loves to revert: It was about the liturgy. The negotiations which had taken place at Apsley House between the Duke of Wellington and Lord Castlereagh on one part and Brougham and Denman on the other, were broken off on that point. It was then agreed to refer the matter to others; the Duke and Castlereagh were to meet Lord Fitzwilliam and Sefton; a queer



choice, old Fitzwilliam a driveler, and Sefton, with all his sharpness, totally unfit for the office of negotiator in a grave matter. He can't be grave, life itself is to him a plaything; but the night before they were to meet, Fitzwilliam took fright, and backed out. Notice was sent to the other party, but they did not get it, owing to some mistake. In the morning Brougham came to Sefton and asked him to drive him up to the Queen's house, and as they passed through Grosvenor Square, to their amazement they saw Wellington and Castle-reagh alighting (full dressed for the levee) at Lord Fitzwilliam's door. Sefton went into the house, and found them already in the dining-room, the table covered with papers, when an explanation ensued, on which they had to bundle up their papers again and trot off.

When the deputation from the House of Commons went up with the address to the Queen, entreating her to come to terms (Banks, Wortley, Acland, and Wilberforce), she had got all her council assembled, and before receiving the deputation from the Commons, she asked their advice. Brougham said that she was disposed to acquiesce, but wanted *them* to advise her to do so, and that her intention was, if they had, to act on that advice, but to save her popularity by throwing the odium on them, and devoting them to popular execration. He therefore resolved, and his brethren likewise, to give no advice at all; and when she turned to him, and said, "What do you think I ought to do?" he replied, in a sort of speech which he gave very comically, "Your Majesty is undoubtedly the best judge of the answer you ought to give, and I am certain that your own feelings will point out to you the proper course." "Well, but what is your opinion?" "Madame, I certainly have a strong opinion on the subject, but I think there cannot be a shadow of doubt of what your Majesty ought to do, and there can be no doubt your Majesty's admirable sense will suggest to you what that opinion is." "Humph," said she, and flung from him; turning to Denman, "And Mr. Solicitor, what is your opinion?" "Madam, I concur entirely in that which has been expressed by the Attorney-

general;" and so they all repeated. She was furious, and being left to herself she resolved not to agree. Sefton was on horseback among the crowd which was waiting impatiently to hear the result of the interview and her determination. He had agreed with Brougham that as soon as she had made up her mind he should come to the window and make him a sign. He *was to stroke his chin* if she refused, and do something else, I forget what, if she agreed. Accordingly arrived Brougham at the window, all in gown and wig, and as soon as he caught Sefton's eye began stroking his chin. This was enough for Sefton, who (as he declares) immediately began telling people in the crowd, who were wondering and doubting and hoping, that they might rely upon it she would "stand by them," and not accept the terms.

*November 30th.* — Madame de Lieven told me an anecdote of Stratford Canning which highly delighted her, because it justified the resistance which the court of Russia made to his nomination to that embassy. The other day Dedel called on Palmerston. When shown into the waiting-room, he said, "Tell Lord Palmerston that the Dutch Minister will be glad to see him," when a man who was there, and whom he did not know, jumped up and said, "And I desire you will tell Lord Palmerston that I have been waiting here these two hours, and that I expect to see him before anybody else;" and then, turning to Dedel, "Sir, this is too bad; two persons have been already shown in to Lord Palmerston, both of whom came after me, and I expect that you will not go in to his lordship till after me." Dedel, who is the mildest and civilest of men, replied, "Sir, far be it from me to dispute your right, and I assure you I have no desire to go in before you, but I only beg that if Lord Palmerston should send for me first you will understand that I cannot help going;" and then the other, "Sir, I am Sir Stratford Canning." "And I am Mr. Dedel." This extraordinary scene he told Madame de Lieven, not knowing what had passed about the mission. Touching that affair, there is an understanding that he shall not go there, and no other ambassador is to be named till it is quite convenient to Palmerston.

The day before yesterday I met Sydney Smith at dinner at Poodle Byng's, when a conversation occurred which produced a curious coincidence. We were talking of Vaughan the minister in America, how dull he appeared, and yet how smart and successful had been "The Siege of Saragossa," which he published at the time of the Spanish war. Sydney Smith said that the truth was he had not written a word of it, and on being questioned further said that he was himself the author. Vaughan, who was a friend of his, had given him the materials, and he had composed the narrative. He then went on to say that it was not the only instance of the kind, for that the celebrated pamphlet which had been attributed to Lady Canning had not been written by her, not a word of it, that it had been written by Stapleton. I said that I had it in my power to contradict this, for that I had been privy to the composition of it, had seen the manuscript, and had at her request undertaken the task of revising and correcting it. Thus were two mistakes accidentally cleared up, by the circumstance of the only persons who could have explained them being present.

*December 2d.*—I went yesterday to Edward Irving's chapel to hear him preach, and witness the exhibition of the tongues. The chapel was formerly West's picture gallery, oblong, with a semicircular recess at one end; it has been fitted up with galleries all round, and in the semicircle there are tiers of benches, in front of which is a platform with an elevated chair for Irving himself, and a sort of desk before it; on each side the chair are three arm-chairs, on which three other preachers sat. The steps from the floor to the platform were occupied by men (whether peculiarly favored or not I don't know), but the seats behind Irving's chair are evidently appropriated to the higher class of devotees, for they were the best dressed of the congregation. The business was conducted with decency, and the congregation was attentive. It began with a hymn, the words given out by one of the assistant preachers, and sung by the whole flock. This, which seems to be common to all dissenting services, is always very fine, the full

swell of human voices producing a grand effect. After this Irving delivered a prayer, in a very slow drawling tone, rather long, and not at all striking in point of language or thought. When he had finished, one of the men sitting beside him arose, read a few verses from the Bible, and discoursed thereon. He was a sorry fellow, and was followed by two others, not much better. After these three Spencer Perceval stood up. He recited the duty to our neighbor in the catechism, and descanted on that text in a style in all respects far superior to the others. He appeared about to touch on politics, and (as well as I recollect) was saying, "Ye trusted that your institutions were unalterable, ye believed that your loyalty to your King, your respect for your nobility, your"—when suddenly a low moaning noise was heard, on which he instantly stopped, threw his arm over his breast, and covered his eyes, in an attitude of deep devotion, as if oppressed by the presence of the spirit. The voice after ejaculating three "Oh's," one rising above the other, in tones very musical, burst into a flow of unintelligible jargon, which, whether it was in English or in gibberish I could not discover. This lasted five or six minutes, and as the voice was silenced, another woman, in more passionate and louder tones, took it up; this last spoke in English, and words, though not sentences, were distinguishable. I had a full view of her sitting exactly behind Irving's chair. She was well dressed, spoke sitting, under great apparent excitement, and screamed on till from exhaustion, as it seemed, her voice gradually died away, and all was still. Then Spencer Perceval, in slow and solemn tones, resumed, not where he had left off, but with an exhortation to hear the voice of the Lord which had just been uttered to the congregation, and after a few more sentences he sat down. Two more men followed him, and then Irving preached. His subject was "God's love," upon which he poured forth a mystical incomprehensible rhapsody, with extraordinary vehemence of manner and power of lungs. There was nothing like eloquence in his sermon, no musical periods to captivate the ear, no striking illustrations to charm the

imagination ; but there is undoubtedly something in his commanding figure and strange, wild countenance, his vehemence, and above all the astonishing power of his voice, its compass, intonation, and variety, which arrests attention, and gives the notion of a great orator. I dare say he can speak well, but to waste real eloquence on such an auditory would be like throwing pearls to swine. "The bawl of Bellas" is better adapted for their ears than quiet sense in simpler sounds, and the principle "*omne ignotum pro magifico*," can scarcely find a happier illustration than amongst a congregation whose admiration is probably in an inverse ratio to their comprehension.

*December 6th.* — The Vice-chancellor, Parke, Bosanquet, and Erskine met yesterday to consider a judgment, and took three hours to manage it ; business does not go on so quickly with many judges as with one, whether it be more satisfactory or not. The Chancellor, the last time we met, announced to the bar (very oddly) that for the future their lordships would give judgment in turn. (He had himself delivered the only judgment that had been given.) The Vice-chancellor, who I thought was his friend, laughed at this yesterday with me, and said that he wanted to throw off from himself as much as he could. I asked him (he had said something, I forget what, about the Chancery Bill) what would be left for the Chancellor to do when that bill was passed. He said, "Nothing ; that he meant to be prime minister and chancellor, and that it was what he had been driving at all along ; that the bill for regulating the Privy Council was only a part of his own plan, and that all his schemes tended to that end." Setting political bias aside, it is curious, considering his station, to hear the lawyers talk of him, the contempt they universally have for him professionally, how striking the contrast with the profound respect which is paid to Lord Eldon. The other day, in the action brought against the Chancellor for false imprisonment, Lord Eldon was subpœnaed, and he appeared to give evidence ; when he entered the court, while he was examined, and when he departed, the whole bar stood up, and the Solic-

itor-general *harangued* him, expressed in the name of his brethren the satisfaction they felt at seeing him once more among them. There is something affecting in these reverential testimonials to a man from whom power has passed away, and who is just descending into the grave, and I doubt if, at the close of his career, Brougham will ever obtain the same.

*December 9th.* — Went yesterday with Frederic Elliot and Luttrell to hear Fox, a celebrated Unitarian preacher, at a chapel in South Place, Finsbury Square. He is very short and thick, dark hair, black eyes, and a countenance intelligent though by no means handsome; his voice is not strong, and his articulation imperfect, he cannot pronounce the *s*. His sermon was, however, admirable, and amply repaid us for the trouble of going so far. He read the whole of it, the language was beautiful, the argument clear and unembarrassed, the reasoning powerful, and there were occasionally passages of great eloquence. The conclusion, which was a sort of invocation to the Deity, was very fine. I like the simplicity of the service: hymns, a prayer, and the sermon, still I think a short liturgy preferable — our own, much abbreviated, would be the best.

*December 18th.* — Went with Moore yesterday morning to the State Paper Office, and introduced him to Lemon.<sup>1</sup> It was at the new office, where the documents are in course of arrangement, and for the future they will be accessible and useful. John Allen told Moore the other day that he considered that the history of England had never really been written, so much matter was there in public and private collections, illustrative of it, that had never been made use of. Lemon said he could in great measure confirm that assertion, as his researches had afforded him the means of throwing great light upon modern history, from the time of Henry VIII.

<sup>1</sup> Robert Lemon, Esq., F. S. A., was the deputy keeper of the state papers, who rendered the greatest services in the classification of the records, which at this time were but little known and had not been opened to literary investigation.

The fact is, that the whole thing is conventional ; people take the best evidence that has been produced, and give their assent to a certain series of events, until more facts and better evidence supplant the old statements and establish others in their place. They are now printing Irish papers of the time of Henry VIII., but from the folly of Henry Hobhouse, who would not let the volume be indexed, it will be of little service. In the evening dined with Moore at the Poodle's. He told a good story of Sydney Smith and Leslie the professor. Leslie had written upon the North Pole ; something he had said had been attacked in the "Edinburgh Review" in a way that displeased him. He called on Jeffrey just as he was getting on horseback, and in a great hurry. Leslie began with a grave complaint on the subject, which Jeffrey interrupted with "O damn the North Pole." Leslie went off in high dudgeon, and soon after met Sydney, who, seeing him disturbed, asked what was the matter. He told him what he had been to Jeffrey about, and that he had in a very unpleasant way said, "Damn the North Pole." "It was very bad," said Sydney ; "but do you know, I am not surprised at it, for I have heard him speak very disrespectfully of *the Equator*."

1834.

*Belvoir Castle, January 7th.*—After many years of delay, I am here since the 3d to assist at the celebration of the Duke of Rutland's birthday. The party is very large, and sufficiently dull : the Duke of Wellington, Esterhazy, Matuszewitz, Rokeby, Miss d'Este (afterwards Lady Truro), and the rest a rabble of fine people, without beauty or wit among them. The place is certainly very magnificent, and the position of the castle unrivaled, though the interior is full of enormous faults, which are wholly irretrievable. This results from the management of the alterations having been intrusted to the Duchess and Sir John Thurston (the former of whom had some taste but no knowledge), and they have consequently made a sad mess of it. There is immense

space wasted, and with great splendor and some comfort the castle has been tumbled about until they have contrived to render it a very indifferent house ; no two rooms communicating, nor even (except the drawing-room and dining-room, the former of which is seldom or never inhabited) contiguous. The gallery, though unfinished, is a delightful apartment, and one of the most comfortable I ever saw. The outside of the castle is faulty, but very grand ; so grand as to sink criticism in admiration ; and altogether, with its terraces and towers, its woods and hills, and its boundless prospect over a rich and fertile country, it is a very noble possession. The Duke lives here for three or four months, from the end of October till the end of February or March, on and off, and the establishment is kept up with extraordinary splendor. In the morning we are roused by the strains of martial music, and the band (of his regiment of militia) marches round the terrace, awakening or quickening the guests with lively airs. All the men hunt or shoot. At dinner there is a different display of plate every day, and in the evening some play at whist or amuse themselves as they please, and some walk about the staircases and corridors to hear the band, which plays the whole evening in the hall. On the Duke's birthday there was a great feast in the castle ; 200 people dined in the servants' hall alone, without counting the other tables. We were about forty at dinner. When the cloth was removed, Esterhazy proposed his Grace's health, who has always a speech prepared in which he returns thanks. This time it was more simple than usual, and not at all bad. To-night there is a ball for the servants, which could not take place on the real birthday, as it fell on a Saturday.

*January 26th.*— I left Belvoir on Friday, the 10th, and went to Mrs. Arkwright's,<sup>1</sup> at Stoke, where I found nobody but her own family. I was well enough amused for two days with her original conversation and her singing, and her cousin,

<sup>1</sup> Mrs. Arkwright was a Kemble by birth, and had much of the musical and dramatic genius of that gifted family. Her singing was most touching, and some of her musical compositions were full of originality and expression.



Miss Twiss, who, with a face of uncommon plainness and the voice of a man, is sensible and well informed. Then they both liked to have me, and that is a great charm; a little agreeableness goes a great way in the Peak, and it is not difficult to procure a triumph to one's vanity from people who, with a good deal of power of appreciation, have very little opportunity for comparison, and are therefore easily satisfied. Arkwright told me that it was reported by those who were better informed than himself of his father's circumstances, that he is worth from seven to eight millions. His grandfather began life as a barber, invented some machinery, got a patent, and made a fortune. His son gave him offense by a marriage which he disapproved of, and he quarreled with him, but gave him a mill. Arkwright, the son, saw nothing of his father for many years, but by industry and ability accumulated great wealth. When Sir Richard served as sheriff, his son thought it right to go out with the other gentlemen of the county to meet him, and the old gentleman was struck with his handsome equipage, and asked to whom it belonged. Upon being informed, he sought a reconciliation with him, and was astonished to find that his son was as rich as himself. From that time they continued on good terms, and at his death he bequeathed him the bulk of his property.

Mrs. Arkwright told me the curious story of Sir Thomas Lawrence's engagements with her two cousins, the daughters of Mrs. Siddons. They were two sisters, one tall and very handsome, the other little, without remarkable beauty, but very clever and agreeable. He fell in love with the first, and they were engaged to be married. Of course under such circumstances he lived constantly and freely in the house, and after some time the superior intelligence of the clever sister changed the current of his passion, and she supplanted the handsome one in the affection of the artist. They concealed the double treachery, but one day a note which was intended for his new love fell into the hands of the old love, who, never doubting it was for herself, opened it, and discovered the fatal truth. From that time she drooped, sickened, and shortly

after died. On her death-bed she exacted a promise from her sister that she would never marry Lawrence, who firmly adhered to it. He continued his relations with her with more or less intimacy up to the period of her death, the date of which I do not recollect.

*Burghley, January 28th.* — I just missed Peel, who went to Belvoir yesterday. I heard wonderful things of railroads and steam when I was in Staffordshire, yet by the time anybody reads what I now write (if anybody ever does), how they will smile perhaps at what I gape and stare at, and call wonderful, with such accelerated velocity do we move on. Stephenson, the great engineer, told Lichfield that he had travelled on the Manchester and Liverpool railroad for many miles at the rate of a mile a minute; that his doubt was not how fast his engines could be made to go, but at what pace it would be proper to stop; that he could make them travel with greater speed than any bird can cleave the air, and that he had ascertained that four hundred miles an hour was the extreme velocity which the human frame could endure, at which it could move and exist.

*February 6th.* — Returned to town yesterday from Newmarket, which I took in my way from Burghley. Parliament had opened the day before, with a long *nothingy* (a word I have coined) speech from the throne, in which the most remarkable points were a violent declaration against O'Connell, that is, against Irish agitation, and strong expressions of amity with France. It is comical to compare the language of the very silly old gentleman who wears the crown, in his convivial moments, and in the openness of his heart, with that which his ministers cram into his mouth, each sentiment being uttered with equal energy and apparent sincerity.

*February 14th.* — Last night at Miss Berry's met Mrs. Somerville, the great mathematician. I had been reading in the morning Sedgwick's sermon on education, in which he talks of Whewell, Airy, and Mrs. Somerville, mentioning her as one of the great luminaries of the present day. The subject of astronomy is so sublime that one shrinks into a sense

of nothingness in contemplating it, and can't help regarding those who have mastered the mighty process and advanced the limits of the science as beings of another order. I could not then take my eyes off this woman, with a feeling of surprise and something like incredulity, all involuntary and very foolish; but to see a mincing, smirking person, fan in hand, gliding about the room, talking nothings and nonsense, and to know that La Place was her plaything and Newton her acquaintance, was too striking a contrast not to torment the brain. It was Newton's mantle trimmed and flounced by Maradan.

*March 19th.* — The night before last Shiel brought on a debate on the Turkish question, when Palmerston made a wretched speech, and Peel attacked him very smartly, as it is his delight to do, for he dislikes Palmerston. Talleyrand said to me last night, “Palmerston *a très-bien parlé.*” I told him everybody thought it pitiable. He certainly took care to flatter France and not to offend Russia. In the Lords Brougham took occasion, in replying to some question of Ellenborough's, to defend himself from the charges which have been brought against him of negligence and incapacity, in his judicial office, and he made out a good case for himself as far as industry and dispatch are concerned. Nobody ever denied him the merit of the former quality. The virulent attacks of the Tory press (that is, of the “Morning Post,” by Praed, for the “Standard” rather defends him) have overshot their mark, and, though the general opinion of the bar seems to condemn him as a bad chancellor, he is probably not near so bad as they endeavor to make him out. A mind so vigorous as his will master difficulties in a short time at which an inferior capacity would in vain hammer away for years; but his life, habits, and turn of mind seem all incompatible with profound law learning. He said to Sefton, after he had spoken, “They had better leave me alone. I was afraid that when Londonderry was gone nobody would attack me, and I did not think Ellenborough would have been damned fool enough.” They certainly can't get the best of him at the *gab.*

*March 29th.* — The Vice-chancellor <sup>1</sup> called on me the other day, and talking over the business that had been done by Brougham, and the recent discussion about it, he said that he had taken the trouble to examine the returns of hearings, decrees, and orders, and he found that there was scarcely a shade of difference between what had been done severally by Eldon, Lyndhurst, and Brougham in equal spaces of time. (Eldon and Lyndhurst had the bankruptcy business besides.) This is a clear case for the Chancellor, and it is only fair that it should be known. His friends think him much altered in spirits and appearance; he has never shaken off his unhappiness at his brother's death, to whom he seems to have been tenderly attached. It is only justice to acknowledge his virtues in private life, which are unquestionably conspicuous. I am conscious of having often spoken of him with asperity, and it is some satisfaction to my conscience to do him this justice. When the greatest (I will not say the best) men are often influenced by pique or passion by a hundred petty feelings which their philosophy cannot silence or their temperament obeys, it is no wonder that we poor wretches who are cast in less perfect moulds should be still more liable to these pernicious influences; and it is only by keeping an habitual watch over our own minds and thoughts, and steadily resolving never to be turned from considerations of justice and truth, that we can hope to walk through life with integrity and impartiality. I believe what I have said of Brougham to be correct in the main — that he is false, tricking, ambitious, and unprincipled, and as such I will show him up when I can — but though I do not like him and he has offended me — that is, has wounded my vanity (the greatest of all offenses) — I only feel it the more necessary on that account to be on my guard against my own impressions and prejudices, and to take every opportunity of exhibiting the favorable side of the picture, and render justice to the talents and virtues which cannot be denied him.

*April 23d.* — There was quite as great a crowd assembled

<sup>1</sup> Sir Lance!ot Shadwell, Vice-chancellor of England.

yesterday to see old Lady Hertford's funeral go by. The King sent all the royal carriages, and every other carriage in London was there, I believe — a pompous piece of folly, and the King's compliment rather a queer one, as the only ground on which she could claim such an honor was that of having been George IV.'s mistress. Brougham made one of his exhibitions in the House of Lords the other night about the Cambridge petition, quizzing the Duke of Gloucester with mock gravity. It was very droll and very witty, I fancy, but very unbecoming his station.

*May 11th.* — The King has been exhibiting some symptoms of a disordered mind, not, however, amounting to anything like actual derangement, only morbid irritability and activity — reviewing the Guards and *blowing up* people at court. He made the Guards, both horse and foot, perform their evolutions before him ; he examined their barracks, clothes, arms, and accoutrements, and had a musket brought to him, that he might show them the way to use it in some new sort of exercise he wanted to introduce ; in short, he gave a great deal of trouble and made a fool of himself. He was very angry with Lord de Saumarez for not attending Keat's funeral, and still more angry because he would begin explaining and apologizing, first at the levee and then at the drawing-room ; and he reprehended him very sharply at both places. An explanation afterwards took place through Lord Camden, to whom he said that he was angry because De Saumarez would prate at the levee, when he told him that it was not a proper place for discussing the subject.

Brougham is a bad presiding judge, for he will talk so much to the counsel, and being very anxious to abbreviate the business, he ought to have avoided saying pungent things, which elicited rejoinders and excited heat. The extreme gravity and patient attention of old Eldon struck me forcibly as contrasted with the air of *ennui*, the frequent and audible yawns, and the flippant and sarcastic interruptions of the Chancellor. Wetherell made a very able speech, which he afterwards published. The most striking incident occurred in an answer of Bicker-

steth's to one of the Chancellor's interruptions. He said, talking of degrees, "Pray, Mr. Bickersteth, what is to prevent the London University granting degrees *now*?" to which he replied, "The universal scorn and contempt of mankind," Brougham said no more; the effect was really fine.

*May 23d.* — There is a very strong impression abroad that the King is cracked, and I dare say there is some truth in it. He gets so very choleric, and is so indecent in his wrath. Besides his squabble with old Lord de Saumarez he broke out the other day at the Exhibition (Somerset House). They were showing him the pictures, and Sir Martin Shee (I believe, but am not sure), pointing out Admiral Napier's, said, "That is one of our naval heroes;" to which his Majesty was pleased to reply that if he served him right he should kick him down-stairs for so terming him. But the maddest thing of all is what appeared in the "Gazette" of Tuesday — the peerage conferred on —. She is a disreputable, half-mad woman; he, perhaps, thought it fair to give her this compensation for not being Queen, for he wanted to marry her, and would have done so if the late King would have consented.

On Monday last I went to Petworth, and saw the finest *fête* that could be given. Lord Egremont has been accustomed some time in the winter to feast the poor of the adjoining parishes (women and children, not men) in the riding-house and tennis court, where they were admitted by relays. His illness prevented the dinner taking place; but when he recovered he was bent upon having it, and, as it was put off till the summer, he had it arranged in the open air, and a fine sight it was; fifty-four tables, each fifty feet long, were placed in a vast semicircle on the lawn before the house. Nothing could be more amusing than to look at the preparations. The tables were all spread with cloths, and plates, and dishes; two great tents were erected in the middle to receive the provisions, which were conveyed in carts, like ammunition. Plum puddings and loaves were piled like cannon-balls, and innumerable joints of boiled and roast beef were spread out,

while hot joints were prepared in the kitchen, and sent forth as soon as the firing of guns announced the hour of the feast. Tickets were given to the inhabitants of a certain district, and the number was about 4,000; but, as many more came, the old peer could not endure that there should be anybody hungering outside his gates, and he went out himself and ordered the barriers to be taken down and admittance given to all. They think 6,000 were fed. Gentlemen from the neighborhood carved for them, and waiters were provided from among the peasantry. The food was distributed from the tents and carried off upon hurdles to all parts of the semicircle. A band of music paraded round, playing gay airs. The day was glorious — an unclouded sky and soft southern breeze. Nothing could exceed the pleasure of that fine old fellow; he was in and out of the windows of his room twenty times, enjoying the sight of these poor wretches, all attired in their best, cramming themselves and their brats with as much as they could devour and snatching a day of relaxation and happiness. After a certain time the women departed, but the park gates were thrown open; all who chose came in, and walked about the shrubbery and up to the windows of the house. At night there was a great display of fireworks, and I should think, at the time they began, not less than 10,000 people were assembled. It was altogether one of the gayest and most beautiful spectacles I ever saw, and there was something affecting in the contemplation of that old man — on the verge of the grave, from which he had only lately been reprieved, with his mind as strong and his heart as warm as ever — rejoicing in the diffusion of happiness and finding keen gratification in relieving the distresses and contributing to the pleasures of the poor. I thought how applicable to him, *mutatis mutandis*, was that panegyric of Burke's on the Indian kings: "delighting to reign in the dispensation of happiness during the contracted space of human life, strained with all the reachings and graspings of a vivacious mind to extend the dominion of his bounty . . . and to perpetuate himself from generation

to generation as the guardian, the protector, the nourisher of mankind."

*May 24th.* — The Chancellor, who loves to unbosom himself to Sefton because he knows the latter thinks him the finest fellow breathing, tells him that it is nuts to him to be attacked by noble lords in the Upper House, and that they had better leave him alone if they care for their own hides. Since he loves these assaults, last night he got his bellyful, for he was baited by a dozen at least, and he did not come out of the *mêlée* so chuckling and happy as usual. The matter related to the Pluralities Bill, which he had introduced some nights before, in an empty House, without giving notice, and after having told many people (the Archbishop of York among others) that there was nothing more to be done that night. In short he was at his tricks again, lying and shuffling, false and then insolent, and all for no discernible end. The debate exhibits a detail of his misstatements, and of all his wriggling and plunging to get out of the scrape he had got himself into. It is because scarcely any or rather no motive was apparent that it is with difficulty believed that he meant to deceive anybody. But it is in the nature of the man; he cannot go straight forward; some object, no matter how trivial, presents itself to his busy and distempered mind, and he immediately begins to think by what artifice and what underhand work he can bring it about; and thus he exposes himself to the charges of dishonorable conduct without any adequate consideration or cause. He reminds me of the man in "Jonathan Wild" who was a rogue by force of habit, who could not keep his hand out of his neighbor's pocket though he knew there was nothing in it, nor help cheating at cards though he was aware he should not be paid if he won.

*June 27th.* — Don Carlos is coming to town to Gloucester Lodge. When they told him the Spanish Ambassador (Miraflores) was come to wait upon him, he replied, "I have no ambassador at the court of London." He will not take any money, and he will neither relinquish his claims to the Spanish throne nor move hand or foot in prosecuting them. "If



chance will have me king, why let chance crown me, without my stir." (He was meditating evasion at this time, and got away soon after.) They say he can get all the money he wants from his partisans in Spain, and that there is no lack of wealth in the country. Strange infatuation when men will spend their blood and their money for such a miserable object. If he had anything like spirit, enterprise, and courage, he would make a fine confusion in Spain, and probably succeed; his departure from the Peninsula and taking refuge here has not caused the war to languish in the north. Admiral Napier is arrived, and has taken a lodging close to him in Portsmouth. Miraflores paid a droll compliment to Madame de Lieven the other night. She was pointing out the various beauties at some ball, and among others Lady Seymour, and asked him if he did not admire her. He said, "*Elle est trop jeune, trop fraîche,* and then, with a tender look and squeezing her hand, "*J'aime les femmes un peu passées.*"

*July 4th.* — I was at Woolwich yesterday to see the yacht in which the Queen is to sail to the Continent. Such luxury and splendor, and such gorgeous preparations. She will sail like Cleopatra down the Cydnus, and though she will have no beautiful boys like Cupids to fan her, she will be attended by Emily Bagot who is as beautiful as the Mater Cupidinum. She will return to her beggarly country in somewhat different trim from that in which she left it, with all her earls and countesses, equipages, pages, valets, dressers, etc.

*July 24th.* — Read Reeves's "History of English Law," finished Henry Taylor's "Van Artevelde," and read two hundred and fifty lines of Virgil. "Philip van Artevelde" is a poem of extraordinary merit, and the offspring of a vigorous and independent mind. The author, who is my particular friend, and for whom I have a sincere regard and a great admiration, took his work to Murray, who gave it to Lockhart to read. Lockhart advised Murray not to publish it, at least at his own risk, but he bestowed great encomiums on the work and urged Taylor to publish it himself. He did so, without much expectation that it would be popular, and has been

agreeably surprised to find that in a short space of time a second edition is called for. With the vivacity of a sanguine disposition, and a confidence in the sterling merits of his poem, he now believes that edition will follow edition like wave upon wave, in which I fear he will be disappointed. [When the first edition was all sold, and a second called for, he made up his account with his publisher, and the balance was 37*l.* against him. — *November 29th.*]

*August 5th.* — While I was there news came of Lord Bathurst's death. He was a very amiable man and with a good understanding, though his talents were far from brilliant, a High Churchman and a High Tory, but a cool politician, a bad speaker, a good writer, greatly averse to changes, but unwillingly acquiescing in many. He was nervous and reserved, with a good deal of humor, and habitually a jester. His conversation was generally a series of jokes, and he rarely discussed any subject but in a ludicrous vein. His conduct to Napoleon justly incurred odium, for although he was only one of many, he was the minister through whom the orders of government passed, and he suffered the principal share of the reproach which was thrown upon the Cabinet for their rude and barbarous treatment of the Emperor at St. Helena. He had not a lively imagination, and his feelings were not excited by the contemplation of such a striking example of fallen greatness: I was Lord Bathurst's private secretary for several years, but so far from feeling any obligation to him, I always consider his mistaken kindness in giving me that post as the source of all my misfortunes and the cause of my present condition. He never thought fit to employ me, never associated me with the interests and the business of his office, and consequently abandoned me at the age of eighteen to that life of idleness and dissipation from which I might have been saved had he felt that my future prospects in life, my character and talents, depended in great measure upon the direction which was at that moment given to my mind. He would probably have made me a Tory (which I should hardly have remained), but I should have become a man of business, and

of the antagonist tastes which divided my mind, that for literature and employment would have got the better of that for amusement and idleness, instead, as unfortunately happened, of the latter prevailing over the former. Though I knew Lord Bathurst so long, and was his private secretary for some years, and his family and mine have always been so intimate, I had no real intimacy with him. From what I have learnt from others I am disposed to rate his abilities more highly than the world has done. He was the friend and devoted admirer of Pitt, and a regular Tory of the old school, who felt that evil days had come upon him in his old age. When he left office with the Duke of Wellington he resolved upon finally quitting public life, and let what might happen, never to take office again.

*August 13th.* — Dined at Roehampton yesterday with Farquhar. Mrs. Norton and Mrs. Blackwood and Theodore Hook dined there among others. After dinner he displayed his extraordinary talent of improvisation, which I had never heard but once before, and then he happened not to be in the vein. Last night he was very brilliant. Each lady gave him a subject, such as the "Goodwood Cup," the "Tithe Bill," one "could not think of anything," when he dashed off and sang stanzas innumerable, very droll, with ingenious rhymes and excellent hits, "his eye begetting occasion for his excellent wit," for at every word of interruption, or admiration, every look or motion, he indulged in a digression, always coming back to one of the themes imposed upon him. It is a *tour de force*, in which I believe he stands alone, and it is certainly wonderfully well worth hearing and uncommonly amusing.

*August 14th.* — Yesterday there was a bother with the Chancellor about Lord Westmeath's case pending before the Privy Council.<sup>1</sup> He took it into his head (probably having

<sup>1</sup> The appellate jurisdiction in causes matrimonial was vested at this time in the King in council. The case of *Westmeath v. Westmeath*, which was a suit for a separation and a question of alimony, came up on appeal from the Court of Arches.

been got at by Lady Westmeath or some of her friends) to have it decided forthwith, and sent to desire a committee might be convened. Westmeath's counsel was out of town; Follett, whom he relies on, is on the Northern circuit, but his other counsel is to be had, being at Chislehurst. Accordingly the Chancellor desired that the case might stand over from Thursday, the day he first appointed it (giving only two days' notice), to Monday, and that it should be notified to the parties that if they did not then appear the case should go on without them. Westmeath came to me in a frenzy of rage, and said the Chancellor was the greatest of villains, and so he would tell him in the House of Lords or in the Privy Council. I begged him to hold his tongue, and I would speak to the Chancellor. So I went to the House of Lords where he was sitting, and told Lemarchant what had passed, and that the case ought not to be thus hurried on. He thanked me very much, and said he would go to Brougham; but he soon returned, and said that the Chancellor would hear nothing, and would have the case brought on, and he therefore advised me not to give myself any further concern in it, and to leave him and Westmeath to settle it as they might. In the mean time Westmeath went down to the House of Lords, and after speaking to Wynford, whom the Chancellor had asked to attend (as he learnt from me), was going to get up in the House of Lords and attack him, and was only prevented by Wynford dragging him down by the tail of his coat. I had already spoken to Wynford, and I afterwards spoke to Lord Lansdowne, telling them that the case ought not to be hurried on in this peremptory way, and I persuaded Lord Lansdowne to set his face against it. However, in the mean time Wynford had urged the Chancellor to put it off, and not exasperate that madman, who would say or do something violent; and, whether from reason or fear, he prevailed on him. Wynford told me that Brougham is undoubtedly mad, and so I really believe he is.

*August 16th.* — At a council for the prorogation; the first time I have seen all these new ministers in a bunch — a

queer set, all things considered, to be in possession of the palace. Great change of decoration. Duncannon, Ellice, Hobhouse, Abercromby, Mulgrave, Auckland. The King, who is fond of meddling in the council business instead of repeating like a parrot what is put in his mouth, made a bother and confusion about a fancy matter, and I was forced to go to Taylor and beg to explain it to him, which I did after the House of Lords. The King was quite knocked up and easily satisfied, for he neither desired nor could have understood any explanations. There were not much more than half a dozen peers in the House, but many ladies. The Chancellor went down, and, in presence of the ladies, attired in his golden robes (and especially before Mrs. P., to whom he makes love), gave a judgment in some case in which a picture of Nell Gwynne was concerned, and he was very proud of the *delicacy* of his judgment. There never was anything like his exhilaration of spirits and good humor. I don't know what has come to him, except it be that he has scrambled through the session and got Lord Grey out. He wound up in the House of Lords by the introduction of his bill for a judicial committee there, which he prefaced by a speech exhibiting his own judicial acts, and undoubtedly making a capital case for himself as to diligence and dispatch if it be all true (which I see no reason to doubt), and passing a great eulogium upon the House of Lords as an institution, and drawing comparisons between that House and the House of Commons (much to the disadvantage of the latter), expressing many things which are very true and just and of a highly conservative tendency. He is a strange being whom, with all his inconsistencies, one cannot but admire; so varied and prodigious are his powers. Much more are these lines applicable to him than to his predecessor on the woolsack: —

“Great wits are sure to madness near allied,  
And thin partitions do their bounds divide.”

In a speech the other night, by way of putting his audience on a wrong scent with regard to his correspondence with

Lord Wellesley, he assured them that that correspondence was on any subject but politics, and in every language except English ; and Lemarchant told somebody that his most difficult employment was to correct and copy out the Chancellor's Greek epigrams to Lord Wellesley, his Greek characters being worse than his English ; while Lord Wellesley sent him very neatly written and prettily composed epigrams in return. I should think Lemarchant's occupation very amusing, and that no study could be more curious than that of the mind and actions of this strange specimen of humanity.

*August 19th.* — At Stoke from Saturday, the 16th, till yesterday ; had much talk with old Creevey about the Chancellor. Sefton, his great ally, so resented his conduct to Lord Grey that he was on the point of quarreling with him, and Brougham miscalculated so far as to chuckle to Sefton himself over the improvement of his own position in the new order of things, telling him that he could more easily *manage* Melbourne than he could Lord Grey. They are a precious set with their squabbles and *tracasseries*. It appears that they very well knew what Brougham was from the beginning, especially Grey's womankind, who warned their father against him, but they all flattered themselves they had taken the sting out of him by getting him into the House of Lords. Creevey says that Brougham is devoured with ambition, and what he wants is to be prime minister, but that it is quite impossible he should forever escape detection and not be regularly *blown up* sooner or later. He now wants to appear on good terms with Lord Grey, and there is a dinner at Edinburgh in contemplation (at which Brougham is to preside) to be given to Lord Grey. His friends want him not to go, but he has a notion that the Scotch have behaved so well to him that he ought not to refuse the invitation. The Chancellor had intended to go junketing on the Rhine with Mrs. P., and this project was only marred by his discovering that he could not leave the country without putting the great seal in commission at a cost (to himself) of 1,400*l.*

This was a larger sum than he was disposed to pay for his trip, so he went off to Brougham instead.

On Sunday I went all over the private apartments at Windsor Castle, and walked through what they call the slopes to the Queen's cottage; all very splendid and luxurious. In the gallery there is a model of a wretched-looking dog-hole of a building, with a ruined tower beside it. I asked what this was, and the housekeeper said, "The Château of Meiningen;" put there, I suppose, to enhance by comparison the pleasure of all the grandeur which surrounds the Queen, for it would hardly have been exhibited as a philosophical or moral memento of her humble origin and the low fortune from which she has been raised.

As I rode into London yesterday morning I fell in with Spencer Perceval, and got off my horse to walk into town with him. He talks rationally enough till he gets on religious topics; he asked me what I thought of the state of affairs, and, after telling him my opinion of the condition and prospects of the Church, I asked him what he thought of them. He said he agreed with me as to the *status*, but his notion was "that it all proceeded from a departure from God," that ours was a backsliding Church, and that God had forsaken it, and that we had only to put our trust in Him, and rely entirely on Him, and He would work out the salvation of his own. We parted in the midst of the discussion, and before I had any time to get from him any explanation of the course he would recommend to those who govern in furtherance of his own theocratical principles.

There has been what is called "a great Protestant meeting" at Dublin, at which Winchelsea was introduced to the Irish Orangemen and made one of them. It was great in one way, for there were a great many fools, who talked a great deal of nonsense and evinced a disposition to do a great deal of mischief if they can. Winchelsea's description of himself was undoubtedly true, only it is true always and of all of them, "that his feelings were so excited that he was deprived of what little intellect he possessed."

*August 26th.*—When I got to town yesterday, to my great astonishment I found that the Vice-chancellor had been at the office with a peremptory mandate from the Chancellor to bring on the Westmeath case on Friday next, sent up from Brougham Hall. In my absence the summonses had been issued, but I desired them all to be recalled, and the Vice-chancellor soon after happening to call on me, I told him what had occurred before, and that the Lord President was opposed to the cause being thus hurried on. He acquiesced, and wrote to the Chancellor to say he had heard from me that it could not be ; and so it ended, but I dare say the Chancellor will be in a violent rage, which I rather enjoy than not.<sup>1</sup> It is very clear that he intends to exercise paramount authority over the judicial committee, and to consider everything connected with it at his disposal.

*September 4th.*—At court yesterday. The King came to town to receive the address of the city on the Queen's return — the most ridiculous address I ever heard. The Queen was too ill to appear. Her visit to Germany knocked her up, and well it might, considering the life she led — always up at six and never in bed till twelve, continual receptions and ceremonies. Errol told me she showed them her old bedroom in the palace (as they call it) at Meiningen — a hole that an English housemaid would think it a hardship to sleep in.

Stanley (not the ex-secretary, but the in under-secretary) told me last night an anecdote of Melbourne which I can very easily believe. When the King sent for him he told Young "he thought it a damned bore, and that he was in many minds what he should do — be minister or no." Young said, "Why, damn it, such a position never was occupied by any Greek or Roman, and, if it only lasts two months, it is well worth while to have been prime minister of England." "By God, that's true," said Melbourne ; "I'll go." Young is his private secretary — a vulgar, familiar, impudent fellow, but of indefati-

<sup>1</sup> In addition to other reasons, which are obvious, against this proceeding, it would have been an unprecedented thing to call on an important appeal for hearing at the end of August, in the midst of the long vacation.



gable industry and a man who suits Melbourne. His taste is not delicate enough to be shocked at the coarseness, while his indolence is accommodated by the industry, of his secretary. Then Young<sup>1</sup> knows many people, many places, and many things; nobody knows whence he comes or what is his origin, but he was a purser in the navy, and made himself useful to the Duke of Devonshire when he went to Russia, who recommended him to Melbourne. He was a writer and runner for the newspapers, and has always been an active citizen, struggling and striving to get on in the world, and probably with no inconsiderable dexterity. I know nothing of his honesty, for or against it; he seems good-humored, but vulgar and familiar.

*September 5th.* — At Holland House yesterday, where I had not been these two years. Met Lord Holland at court, who made me go. The last time I was with my lady she was so mighty uncivil that I left off my visits, and then we met again as if there had been no interruption, and as if we had been living together constantly. Spring Rice and his son, Melbourne, and Palmerston dined there: Allen was at Dulwich, but came in the evening and so did Bobus Smith. There was a great deal of very good talk, anecdotes, literary criticism, and what not, some of which would be worth remembering, though hardly sufficiently striking to be put down, unless as forming a portion of a whole course of conversations of this description. A vast depression came over my spirits, though I was amused, and I don't suppose I uttered a dozen words. It is certainly true that the atmosphere of Holland House is often oppressive, but that was not it; it was a painful consciousness of my own deficiencies and of my incapacity to take a fair share in conversation of this description. I felt as if a language was spoken before me which I understood, but not enough to talk in it myself. There was nothing discussed of which I was altogether ignorant, and when the merits of Wordsworth, Coleridge, and Crabbe, were brought

<sup>1</sup> Tom Young was commonly known as "Ubiquity Young," because you saw him in every place you might happen to go to.

into comparison, and Lord Holland cut jokes upon Allen for his enthusiastic admiration of the "De Moribus Germanorum," it was not that I had not read the poets or the historian, but that I felt I had not read them with profit. I have not that familiarity with either which enables me to discuss their merits, and a painful sense came over me of the difference between one who has superficially read and one who has studied, one who has laid a solid foundation in early youth, gathering knowledge as he advances in years, all the stores of his mind being so orderly disposed that they are at all times available, and one who (as I have done) has huddled together a quantity of loose reading, as vanity, curiosity, and not seldom shame impelled; reading thus without system, more to cover the deficiencies of ignorance than to augment the stores of knowledge, loads the mind with an undigested mass of matter, which proves when wanted to be of small practical utility — in short, one must pay for the follies of one's youth. He who wastes his early years in horse-racing and all sorts of idleness, figuring away among the dissolute and the foolish, must be content to play an inferior part among the learned and the wise. Some instances there are of men who have united both characters, but it will be found that these have had frequent laborious intervals, that though they may have been vicious, they have never been indolent, and that their minds have never slumbered and lost by disuse the power of exertion. Reflections of this sort make me very uncomfortable, and I am ready to cry with vexation when I think on my misspent life. If I was insensible to a higher order of merit, and indifferent to a nobler kind of praise, I should be happier far; but to be tormented with the sentiment of an honorable ambition and with aspirations after better things, and at the same time so sunk in sloth and bad habits as to be incapable of those exertions without which their objects are unattainable, is of all conditions the worst. I sometimes think that it would be better for me, as I am not what I might have been (if my education had been less neglected, and my mind had undergone a better system of moral discipline), if I was still

lower than I am in the scale, and belonged entirely to a more degraded caste ; and then again, when I look forward to that period which is fast approaching —

“When . . . . a sprightlier age —  
Comes tittering on to drive one from the stage” —

I am thankful that I have still something in store, that though far below the wise and the learned, I am still something raised above the ignorant mob, that though much of my mental substance has been wasted, I have enough left to appear respectably in the world, and that I have at least preserved that taste for literary pursuits which I cling to as the greatest of blessings and the best security against the tedium and vacuity which are the indispensable concomitants of an idle youth and an ignorant old age.

As a slight but imperfect sketch of the talk of Holland House I will put down this : —

They talked of Taylor's new poem, “Philip van Artevelde.” Melbourne had read and admired it. The preface, he said, was affected and foolish, the poem very superior to anything in Milman. There was one fine idea in the “Fall of Jerusalem” — that of Titus, who felt himself propelled by an irresistible impulse like that of the Greek dramatists, whose fate is the great agent always pervading their dramas. They held Wordsworth cheap, except Spring Rice, who was enthusiastic about him. Holland thought Crabbe the greatest genius of modern poets. Melbourne said he degraded every subject. None of them had known Coleridge ; his lectures were very tiresome, but he is a poet of great merit. Then they spoke of Spencer Perceval and Irving preaching in the streets. Irving had called on Melbourne, and eloquently remonstrated that “they only asked the same license that was given to puppet-shows and other sights not to be prevented ; that the command was express, ‘Go into the highways,’ and that they must obey God rather than man.” Melbourne said this was all very true and unanswerable. “What *did* you answer ?” I asked. “I said, ‘You must not preach there.’” Then of Cambridge and

Goulburn, who is a saint and gave lectures in his room, by which he has caught several young men. Lord Holland spoke of George III.'s letters to Lord North; the King liked Lord North, hated the Duke of Richmond. Amongst the few people he liked were Lord Loughborough and Lord Thurlow, Thurlow was always "endeavoring to undermine the minister with whom he was acting, and intriguing underhand with his enemies." Loughborough used to say, "Do what you think right, and never think of what you are to say to excuse it beforehand" — a good maxim. The Duke of Richmond in 1763 or 1764, after an audience of the King in his closet, told him that "he had said that to him which if he was a subject he should not scruple to call an untruth." The King never forgave it, and the Duke had had the imprudence to make a young king his enemy for life. This Duke of Richmond, when Lord-lieutenant of Sussex, during the American war, sailed in a yacht through the fleet, when the King was there, with American colors at his mast-head. He never forgave Fox for putting the Duke of Portland instead of himself at the head of the government in 1782. During the riots in 1780 on account of Admiral Keppel, Tom Grenville burst open the door of the Admiralty, and assisted at the pillage and destruction of papers. Lord Grey a little while ago attacked him about it, and he did not deny it. Such things could not be done now. During the Windsor election they hired a mob to go down and throw Lord Mornington (Lord Wellesley) over Windsor Bridge, and Fitzpatrick said it would be so fine to see St. Patrick's blue ribbon floating down the stream. They first sent to Piper to know if Lord Mornington could swim. The plan was defeated by his having a still stronger mob. After dinner they discussed women's works: few *chefs-d'œuvres*; Madame de Sévigné the best; the only three of a high class are Madame de Sévigné, Madame de Staël, and (Bobus Smith said) Sappho, but of her not above forty lines are extant; these, however, are unrivaled; Mrs. Somerville is very great in the exact sciences. Lady Holland would not hear of Madame de Staël. They agreed as to Miss Austen that her novels are excellent.

Quintus Curtius is confirmed by Burnes's travels in Bokhara, but was reckoned no authority by the greatest scholars; Lord Melbourne said Mitford had expressed his confidence in him. Of the early English kings there is no reason to believe that any king before Edward III. understood the English language; the quarrel between Beckett and King Henry II. was attributed (by some writers) to the hostile feeling between Normans and Saxons, and this was the principal motive of the quarrel and the murder of the Archbishop. Klopstock had a *sect* of admirers in Germany; some young students made a pilgrimage from Göttingen to Hamburg, where Klopstock lived in his old age, to ask him the meaning of a passage in one of his works which they could not understand. He looked at it, and then said that he could not then recollect what it was that he meant when he wrote it, but that he knew it was the finest thing he ever wrote, and they could not do better than devote their lives to the discovery of its meaning.

*September 7th.* — At Holland House again; only Bobus Smith and Melbourne; these two with Allen, and Lord Holland agreeable enough. Melbourne's excellent scholarship and universal information remarkably display themselves in society, and he delivers himself with an energy which shows how deeply his mind is impressed with literary subjects.

After dinner there was much talk of the Church, and Allen spoke of the early reformers, the Catharists, and how the early Christians persecuted each other; Melbourne quoted Vigilantius's letter to Jerome, and then asked Allen about the 11th of Henry IV., an act passed by the Commons against the Church, and referred to the dialogue between the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of Ely at the beginning of Shakespeare's "Henry V.," which Lord Holland sent for and read, Melbourne knowing it all by heart and prompting all the time. Lingard says of this statute that the Commons proposed to the King to commit an act of spoliation on the clergy, but that the King sharply rebuked them and desired to hear no more of the matter. About etymologies Melbourne quoted Tooke's "Diversions of Purley," which he seemed to

have at his fingers' ends. I forget what other topics were discussed, but after Lady Holland and Melbourne and Allen went to bed, Lord Holland, Bobus, and I sat down, and Lord Holland told us many anecdotes about the great orators of his early days. Fox used to say Grey was the most prudent man he knew, and this perhaps owing to his having got into a scrape early in his Parliamentary life, by attacking Pitt, who gave him a severe castigation; it was about his letter to the Prince being sent by a servant during the regency discussions. Fox thought his own speech in 1804 on going to war with France the best he ever made. Lord Holland believed that Pitt (the younger) was not so eloquent as Chatham. Grattan said, "He takes longer flights, does not soar so high." No power was ever equal to Chatham's over a public assembly, much greater in the Commons than it was afterwards in the Lords. When Sir Thomas Robinson had been boring the House on some commercial question, and introduced the word "sugar" so often that there was at last a laugh as often as he did so, Chatham, then Mr. Pitt, who had put him up, grew very angry, and at last his wrath boiled over. When Robinson sat down Pitt rose, and with a tone and manner of the utmost indignation began, "Mr. Speaker, sir, — sugar — I say sugar. Who laughs now?" and nobody did laugh. Once in the House of Lords, on a debate during the American war, he said he hoped the King might be awakened from his slumbers. There was a cry of "Order! order!" "Order, my lords?" burst out Chatham, "Order? I have not been disorderly, but I *will* be disorderly. I repeat again, I hope that his Majesty may be awakened from his slumbers, but that he may be awakened by such an awful apparition as that which drew King Priam's curtains in the dead of the night and told him of the conflagration of his empire." Holland regretted much that he had never heard Lord North, whom he fancied he should have liked as much as any of his great opponents; his temper, shrewdness, humor, and power of argument were very great. Tommy Townshend, a violent, foolish fellow, who was always talking strong language, said in some debate,

"Nothing will satisfy me but to have the noble lord's head; I will have his head." Lord North said, "The honorable gentleman says he will have my head. I bear him no malice in return, for though the honorable gentleman says he will have my head, I can assure him that I would on no account have his."

*September 13th.*—Dined again at Holland House the day before yesterday; Melbourne, Rice, Lord and Lady Albermarle, and Lord Gosford; rather dull. A discussion about *who* was the man in a mask who cut Charles I.'s head off; Macintosh believed he knew. What a literary puerility! The man in a mask was Jack Ketch (whatever his name was); who can doubt it? Where was the man, Roundhead or Puritan, who as an amateur would have mounted the scaffold to perform this office? But the executioner, though only discharging the duties of his office, probably thought in those excited times that he would not be safe from the vengeance of some enthusiastic cavalier, and that it was more prudent to conceal the features of the man by whom the deed was done. Melbourne swore that Henry VIII. was the greatest man who ever lived, and Allen declared if he had not married Anne Boleyn we should have continued Catholics to this day, both of which assertions I ventured to dispute. Allen with all his learning is fond of a paradox, and his prejudices shine forth in every question in which church and religion are implicated. Melbourne loves dashing opinions.

*September 18th.*—Henry Taylor brought me a parcel of letters to frank to Southey the other day; they are from Newton, Cowper's nephew (I think to W. Thornton), and they are to supply Southey with materials for Cowper's life, which he is writing. There is one curious fact revealed in these letters, which accounts for much of Cowper's morbid state of mind and fits of depression, as well as for the circumstance of his running away from his place in the House of Lords. It relates to some defect in his physical conformation; somebody found out his secret, and probably threatened its exposure.

*September 19th.* — Yesterday at Holland House; nobody there but Melbourne. We were talking of reform, and Lord Holland said, "I don't know if we were right about reform, but this I know, that if we were to propose it at all, we were right in going the lengths we did, and this was Canning's opinion." Melbourne said, "Yes, I know it was, and that was mine, and that was the reason why I was against reform." Holland then resumed that he had formerly been one of Canning's most intimate friends at college; that at that time — the beginning of the French Revolution — when a general excitement prevailed, Canning was a great Jacobin, much more so than he was himself; that Canning had always hated the aristocracy (a hatred which they certainly returned with interest); that in after life he had been separated from Canning, and they had seen but little of each other. Just before he was going to India, however, Holland called on him, and Canning dined at Holland House. On one of these occasions they had a conversation upon the subject of reform, when Canning said that he saw it was inevitable, and he was not sorry to be away while the measure was accomplished, but that if he had been here while it was mooted, he could have *let those gentlemen* (the Whig aristocracy) *kown that they should gain nothing by it.* After dinner we had much talk about religion, when Allen got into a fury; he thundered out his invectives against the *charlatanerie* of the Apostles and Fathers and the brutal ignorance of the early Christian converts, when Holland said, laughing, "Well, but you need not abuse them so violently." They were in high delight at Holland House at the way the Edinburgh dinner went off. It was a very ludicrous incident that the Scotchmen could not be kept from falling to before Lord Grey and the *grandees* arrived, and when they did come most of the dinner was already eaten up. The Chancellor is said to have made an admirable speech at the meeting of *savans*, full of dignity, propriety, and eloquence, and the *savans* spoke one more absurdly than another.

*September 25th.* — Dined yesterday at Holland House; only



Melbourne and Pahlen, and in the evening Senior came. He is a very able man — a conveyancer, great political economist, and author of various works on that subject. He was employed by government to draw up the Poor Law Bill, and might have been one of the Poor Law Commissioners if he would have accepted the office ; his profits in his profession are too great to be given up for this occupation. By a discussion which arose about Bickersteth's merits it was clear that there is a question of his being Solicitor-general. Melbourne said "he was a Benthamite, and they were all fools." (He said a doctrinaire was a fool, but an honest man.) I said "the Austins were not fools." "Austin? Oh, a damned fool. Did you ever read his book on 'Jurisprudence'?" I said I had read a great part of it, and that it did not appear to be the work of a fool. He said he had read it all, and that it was the dullest book he ever read, and full of truisms elaborately set forth. Melbourne is very fond of being slashing and paradoxical. It is astonishing how much he reads even now that he is prime minister. He is greatly addicted to theology, and loves conversing on the subject of religion. —, who wanted him to marry her (which he won't do, though he likes to talk to her), is the depositary of his thoughts and notions on these subjects, and the other day she told me he sent her a book (I forget what) on the Revelation stuffed with marginal notes of his own. It was not long ago that he *studied* Lardner's book on the "Credibility of the Christian Religion," and compared it with the Bible as he went along. She fancies that all this reading and reflection have turned him into the right way. I can see no symptom of it at Holland House.

After dinner we talked of languages, and Lord Holland insisted that Spanish was the finest of all and the best adapted to eloquence. They said that George Villiers wrote word that nothing could be better than the speaking in the Cortes — great readiness and acuteness in reply — and that a more dexterous and skillful debater than Martinez de la Rosa could not be found in any assembly. "That speaking so well is the

worst thing about them," said Melbourne. "Ah, that is one of your paradoxes," Lord Holland replied.

Allen talked to me about the Harley papers, which were left in a box not to be opened for sixty years; the box was only opened a few years ago at my cousin Titchfield's (the first) desire, and the papers submitted to Macintosh, with permission to publish them in his "History of England." Macintosh's death put an end to this, and Allen wants me to ask my uncle the Duke of Portland to put them in my hands and let me publish them. I never did so. Macaulay had all Macintosh's papers, and amongst them his notes from these MSS.

*November 14th.* — Went down to the Council Office yesterday, and found them in the middle of Lord Westmeath's case — Lord Lansdowne, the Vice-chancellor, Parke, Erskine, and Vaughan. Lushington was for Lady Westmeath, and Follett (with a civilian) for him. After the argument there was a discussion, and well did Westmeath do, for they reduced the alimony from 700*l.* to 315*l.* a year, and the arrears in the same proportion. Thus Westmeath succeeded in great measure in his appeal, which he would not have done if the Chancellor had contrived to lug on the case as he wished; for Erskine was all for giving her more, the others did not seem averse, and but for Parke, who hit off the right principle, as well as what best accorded with the justice of the case, she would certainly have got a much larger award.

*December 1st.* — Went to St. Paul's yesterday evening, to hear Sydney Smith preach. He is very good; manner impressive, voice sonorous and agreeable, *rather* familiar, but not offensively so, language simple and unadorned, sermon clever and illustrative. The service is exceedingly grand, performed with all the pomp of a cathedral and chanted with beautiful voices; the lamps scattered few and far between through the vast space under the dome, making darkness visible, and dimly revealing the immensity of the building, were exceedingly striking. The Cathedral service thus chanted and performed is my *beau idéal* of religious worship — simple,

intelligible, and grand, appealing at the same time to the reason and the imagination. I prefer it infinitely to the Catholic service, for though I am fond of the bursts of music and the clouds of incense, I can't endure the undistinguishable sounds with which the priest mumbles over the prayers.

1835.

*January 1st.*—I heard a ridiculous anecdote of the King the other day. He wrote to the Duke about something—no matter what, but I believe some appointment—and added *à propos de bottes*, “His Majesty begs to call the attention of the Duke to the *theoretical* state of Persia.” The Duke replied that he was aware of the importance of Persia, but submitted that it was a matter which did not *press* for the moment.

*January 5th.*—Sebastiani is coming here as ambassador—that is, unless he changes his mind and pleads ill health. The French government notified to us his appointment without asking our consent, and when the Duke stated it to the Cabinet, objections were made; he accordingly wrote the same day to Bacourt, stating that the Cabinet thought the appointment objectionable, and that there would be difficulties in transacting business with him. The French government expressed surprise, and rather insist upon their appointment, and as ours does not think it worth while to have a dispute about it, he is to come; but we think they have behaved very ill, for the Duke never proposed the Paris Embassy to Lord Cowley till he had communicated with France, and ascertained that the nomination would be agreeable to the King. It was expected that St. Aulaire or Latour-Maubourg would have come here. It is of Madame de St. Aulaire that Talleyrand said, “*Elle cherche l'esprit que son mari trouve.*” (This anecdote I suspect not to be true, or not true of Madame de St. Aulaire, who is a very intelligent, agreeable woman, more lively and with more *finesse d'esprit* than her husband.)

St. Aulaire is ambassador at Vienna, and, however clever, he either wants presence of mind or is touchy, as the following anecdote shows. Madame de Metternich is a fine, hand-

some woman, ill brought up, impertinent, *insouciant*e, and *assez bourru*e — *au reste*, quick and amusing. She went to a ball at St. Aulaire's with a fine coronet of diamonds on, and when he came to receive her, he said, "Mon dieu, madame, quelle belle couronne vous avez sur la tête!" "Au moins," said she, "ce n'est pas une couronne que j'ai volée." Instead of turning it into a joke, he made a serious affair of it, and went the next day to Metternich with a formal complaint; but Metternich said, "Mais, mon cher, que voulez-vous? Vous voyez que j'ai épousé une femme sans éducation; je ne puis pas l'empêcher de dire de pareilles sottises, mais vous sentez bien que ce serait fort inconvenant pour moi de m'en mêler. Allons! il n'y faut plus penser," and so turned it off, and turned him out, by insisting on making a joke of the affair, as St. Aulaire had better have done at first.

*January 15th.* — Theodore Hook *improvised* in a wonderful way that evening; he sang a song, the burden of which was "Good-night," inimitably good, and which might have been written down. I heard two good things at dinner yesterday, one of Spankie's. In his canvass he met with a refusal from some tradesman, who told him he should vote for Duncombe and Wakley. Spankie said, "Well, my friend, I am sorry you won't vote for me, and I can only say that I hope you may have Tom Duncombe for your customer, and Wakley for your tenant."<sup>1</sup> The other is attributed to Alvanley. Some reformer was clamoring for the expulsion of the bishops from the House of Lords, but said he would not have them all go; he would leave two: "To keep up the breed, I suppose," said the other.

*February 8th.* — My brothers tell me that the Duke is bored to death with the King, who thinks it necessary to be giving advice and opinions upon different matters, always to the last degree ridiculous and absurd. He is just now mightily in-

<sup>1</sup> The one was celebrated for non-payment of his bills, and the other was suspected of setting fire to his house. Wakley's house was burnt, and he brought an action against the insurance office, which declined to pay his policy. I forget what was the result of the trial, but that of the evidence was a conviction of his own instrumentality.

dignant at Lord Napier's affair at Canton, and wants to go to war with China. He writes in this strain to the Duke, who is obliged to write long answers, very respectfully telling him what an old fool he is. Another crotchet of his is to buy the Island of St. Bartholomew (which belongs to Denmark, and which the Danes want to sell) for fear the Russians should buy it, as he is very jealous of Russia. The Duke told him that it would cost 70,000*l.* or 80,000*l.*, for which they must go to Parliament; and he did not think any House of Commons we were likely to have would vote such a sum for such a purpose. Then he does not at all like Pozzo di Borgo's coming here, and wrote to say that since he was to come, it was well that he would have the vigilant eye of the Duke to watch him, for he never could look upon him in any other light than as the servile tool of advancing the ambitious objects of an aggrandizing and unprincipled power, or words to that effect. He thinks his present ministers do not treat him well, inasmuch as they do not tell him enough. The last, it seems, constantly fed him with scraps of information which he twaddled over, and probably talked nonsense about; but it is difficult to imagine anything more irksome for a government beset with difficulties like this than to have to discuss the various details of their measures with a silly bustling old fellow, who can by no possibility comprehend the scope and bearing of anything.

*February 17th.*—Yesterday I read Burke's appeal from the new to the old Whigs, which contains astonishing coincidences with the present times. His definition of the people is somewhat tumid and obscure, and involved in a splendid confusion of generalities and abstruse doctrine; but it is a wonderful monument of his genius, and exhibits that extent of knowledge and accuracy of insight into the nature of parties and the workings of political ambition which make him an authority for all times, and show him to be in the political what Shakespeare was in the moral world. But his writings, however as objects of study they may influence the opinions or form the judgment of young men, would have no more power than

a piece of musty parchment to arrest the tide of present violence, and superinduce reflection and calmness. A speech of Tom Duncombe's would produce far greater effect than the perusal of a discourse of Burke's. Wisdom never operates directly on masses ; it may work upon them through secondary and by indirect means, but it cannot face the noise of actual contest, where passion and not reason is always uppermost. Nobody but Burke could have described so well the Dukes of Devonshire and Bedford of the present day, who appear to have lost their senses, and to be ready to peril all their great possessions to gratify the passions of the moment. He says : "But riches do not in all cases secure even an inert and passive resistance ; there are always in that description men whose fortunes, when their minds are once vitiated by passion or evil principle, are by no means a security from their actually taking their part against the public tranquillity. We see to what low and despicable passion of all kinds many men in that class are ready to sacrifice the patrimonial estates which might be perpetuated in their families with splendor, and with the fame of hereditary benefactors to mankind, from generation to generation. Do we not see how lightly people treat their fortunes when they are under the passion of gaming ? The game of resentment or ambition will be played by many of the great and rich as desperately and with as much blindness to the consequences as any other game. Passion blinds them to the consequences as far as they concern themselves, and as to the consequences with regard to others, they are no part of their consideration."

The other night I met some clerks in the Foreign Office to whom the very name of Palmerston is hateful, but I was surprised to hear them (Mellish particularly, who can judge both from capacity and opportunity) give ample testimony to his abilities. They said that he wrote admirably, and could express himself perfectly in French, very sufficiently in Italian, and understood German ; that his diligence and attention were unwearied ; he read everything and wrote an immense quantity ; that the foreign ministers (who detest him) did him jus-

tice as an excellent man of business. His great fault is want of punctuality, and never caring for an engagement if it did not suit him, keeping everybody waiting for hours on his pleasure or caprice. This testimony is beyond suspicion, and it is confirmed by the opinions of his colleagues; but it is certain that he cut a very poor figure in Parliament all the time he was in office before.

*March 20th.* — Sir E. Sugden has resigned the chancellorship of Ireland because his wife is not received at court. He might have ascertained very easily beforehand what would happen, or have contrived to keep her away from Dublin. It was understood when he took the great seal that he declined being made a peer, on account of the illegitimacy of his eldest son. Half the world had never heard of Lady Sugden, or knew anything of her history; and as she is an excellent woman, charitable and kind-hearted, I fancy she has moved without obstruction in his natural circle of society. He went to Ireland before any lord-lieutenant was named, and Lady Sugden was received as a matter of course. When Lady Haddington was apprised of her origin and history she foresaw the difficulty, and asked the Queen what she was to do. Her Majesty told her to do what she pleased, but that certainly she could not be received at court here. The Lady-lieutenant therefore was compelled to decline receiving her, for all Ireland would have been affronted had she received at the Castle a lady not presentable at St. James's. Sugden was very angry, and his indignation arose principally, it would seem, from Lady Canterbury's having been received at court, which he considers (with some reason) as a case equally flagrant. Her reception was a matter of bargain, I forget at this moment on what occasion, and certainly a strong measure. The talk is that James Parke will go to Ireland, and Sugden return to the bar, which will be hard upon those who had shared his vast business, especially on the silk gown men.

*March 22d.* — A few nights ago Brougham was speaking in the House of Lords (upon Lord Radnor's motion about

university oaths), and was attacking, or rather beginning to attack, the Duke of Wellington in that tone of insolent sarcasm which is so familiar to him, when in the midst of his harangue the Duke from the opposite side lifted up his finger, and said loud enough to be heard, "Now take care what you say next." As if panic-struck, Brougham broke off, and ran upon some other tack. The House is so narrow, that lords can almost whisper to each other across it, and the menacing action and words of the Duke reached Brougham at once. This odd anecdote rests upon much concurrent evidence. Alvanley told it to De Ros, and Lord Salisbury said he was sitting close to the Duke, and witnessed it all. The Chancellor afterwards confirmed it.

*May 1st.* — The last day of Parliament was distinguished by a worse attack of O'Connell upon Alvanley for what he had said the day before in the House of Lords. Alvanley has sent him a message through Dawson Damer demanding an apology or satisfaction, and the result I don't yet know.<sup>1</sup>

*London, May 17th.* — Newmarket and gout have between them produced an interval of unusual length in my scribblings, though I am not aware of having had anything particularly interesting to record. We had Stanley at Newmarket the second week as well as the first, taking a lively interest in John Russell's defeat in Devonshire. This defeat was a great mortification to his party, and was not compensated by the easy victory which Morpeth obtained in Yorkshire. These elections and the affair between Alvanley and O'Connell have been the chief objects of attention; all the newspapers are full of details, which I need not put down here. Alvanley seems to have behaved with great spirit and resolution. There was a meeting at De Ros's house of De Ros, Damer, Lord Worcester, and Duncombe

<sup>1</sup> O'Connell had called Lord Alvanley a "bloated buffoon," and as usual took refuge in his vow never to fight another duel. Upon this his son, Morgan O'Connell, offered to meet Lord Alvanley in lieu of his father, which was accepted, and the duel took place.



to consider what was to be done on the receipt of Morgan O'Connell's letter, and whether Alvanley should fight him or not. Worcester and Duncombe were against fighting, the other two for it. Alvanley at once said that the boldest course was the best, and he would go out. It was agreed that no time should be lost, so Damer was dispatched to Colonel Hodges, and said Alvanley was ready to meet Morgan O'Connell. "The next morning," Hodges suggested. "No, immediately." The parties joined in Arlington Street and went off in two hackney coaches; Duncombe, Worcester, and De Ros, with Dr. Hume, in a third. Only Hume went on the ground, for Damer had objected to the presence of some Irish friend of O'Connell's, so that Alvanley's friends could only look on from a distance. The only other persons who came near them were an old Irishwoman and a Methodist parson, the latter of whom exhorted the combatants in vain to forego their sinful purpose, and to whom Alvanley replied, "Pray, sir, go and mind your own affairs, for I have enough to do now to think of mine." "Think of your soul," he said. "Yes," said Alvanley, "but my body is now in the greatest danger." The Irishwoman would come and see the fighting, and asked for some money for her attendance. Damer seems to have been a very bad second, and probably lost his head; he ought not to have consented to the third shots upon any account. Alvanley says he execrated him in his heart when he found he had consented to it. Hodges acted like a ruffian, and had anything happened he would have been hanged. It is impossible to know whether the first shot was fired by mistake or not. The impression on the minds of Alvanley's friends is that it was *not*, but it is difficult to believe that any man would endeavor to take such an advantage. However, no shot ought to have been fired after that. The affair made an amazing noise. As O'Connell had threatened to mention it in the House of Commons, Damer went to Peel to put him in possession of all the circumstances, but he said that he was sure O'Connell would not venture to stir the matter there.

*May 30th.* — On Wednesday last went to Charles Kemble's in the evening; singing and playing; Mrs. Arkwright, Miss Strutt, old Liverati (horrible squabbling), and Miss Adelaide Kemble. The father and mother both occupied with their daughter's book, which Kemble told me he had "never read till it appeared in print, and was full of sublime things and vulgarities," and the mother "was divided between admiration and disgust, threw it down six times, and as often picked it up."

*June 19th.* — At Stoke for the Ascot races. Alvanley was there — nobody else remarkable; fine weather and great luxury. Riding to the course on Wednesday, I overtook Adolphus Fitzclarence in the Park, who rode with me, and gave me an account of his father's habits and present state of mind. The former are as follows: He sleeps in the same room with the Queen, but in a separate bed; at a quarter before eight every morning his *valet de chambre* knocks at the door, and at ten minutes before eight exactly he gets out of bed, puts on a flannel dressing-gown and trousers, and walks into his dressing-room. Let who will be there, he never takes the slightest notice of them till he emerges from this sanctuary, when, like the *malade imaginaire*, he accosts whoever may be present with a cheerful aspect. He is long at his ablutions, and takes up an hour and a half in dressing. At half-past nine he breakfasts with the Queen, the ladies, and any of his family; he eats a couple of fingers and drinks a dish of coffee. After breakfast he reads the "Times" and "Morning Post," commenting aloud on what he read in very plain terms. and sometimes they hear "That's a damned lie," or some such remark, without knowing to what it applies. After breakfast he devotes himself with Sir Herbert Taylor to business till two, when he lunches (two cutlets and two glasses of sherry); then he goes out for a drive till dinner time; at dinner he drinks a bottle of sherry — no other wine — and eats moderately; he goes to bed soon after eleven. He is in dreadfully low spirits, and cannot rally at all; the only interval of pleasure which he has lately had was during

the Devonshire election, when he was delighted at John Russell's defeat. He abhors all his ministers, even those whom he used rather to like formerly, but hates Lord John the most of all. When Adolphus told him that a dinner ought to be given for the Ascot races he said, "You know I cannot give a dinner; I cannot give any dinners without inviting the ministers, and I would rather see the devil than any one of them in my house." I asked him how he was with them in his inevitable official relations. He said that he had as little to do with them as he could, and bowed them out when he gave any of them audiences as fast as possible. He is peculiarly disgusted with Errol, for whom he has done so much, and who has behaved so ungratefully to him; but it is a good trait of him that he said "he hoped the world would not accuse Errol of ingratitude." He did not invite Errol to the Castle even for the Ascot races, and has seen little or nothing of him since the change. Adolphus said that he believed he was saving money. He has 120,000*l.* a year, of which 40,000*l.* goes in pensions; the rest is at his own disposal. He gives up his Hanoverian revenue — about 16,000*l.* a year — to the Duke of Cambridge.

*July 15th.* — Tavistock told me a day or two ago that his Majesty's ministers are intolerably disgusted at his behavior to them and his studied incivility to everybody connected with them. The other day the Speaker was treated by him with shocking rudeness at the drawing-room. He not only took no notice of him, but studiously overlooked him while he was standing opposite, and called up Manners Sutton and somebody else to mark the difference by extreme graciousness to the latter. Seymour, who was with him as Serjeant-at-arms, said he had never seen a speaker so used in the five-and-twenty years he had been there, and that it was most painful. The Speaker asked him if he had ever seen a man in his situation so received at court. Since he has been speaker the King has never taken the slightest notice of him. It is monstrous, equally undignified and foolish.

*August 9th.* — On Wednesday last at the levee the King

made a scene with Lord Torrington, one of his lords of the bedchamber, and a very disgraceful scene. A card was put into Torrington's hands of somebody who was presented, which he read, "So and so, *Deputy-governor.*" "Deputy-governor?" said the King, "Deputy-governor of what?" "I cannot tell your Majesty," replied Torrington, "as it is not upon the card." "Hold your tongue, sir," said the King; "you had better go home and learn to read;" and shortly after, when some bishop presented an address against (I believe) the Irish Tithe Bill, and the King was going as usual to hand over the papers to the lord in waiting, he stopped and said to Lord Torrington, who advanced to take them, "No, Lord Torrington; these are not fit documents to be intrusted to your keeping." His habitual state of excitement will probably bring on sooner or later the malady of his family. Torrington is a young man in a difficult position, or he ought to have resigned instantly and as publicly as the insult was offered. The King cannot bridle his temper, and lets slip no opportunity of showing his dislike, impotent as it is, of the people who surround him. He admits none but Tories into his private society, wherever he goes Tories accompany him; at Windsor, Tories only are his guests. This provokes his ministers, but it necessarily makes them more indifferent to the cultivation of his favor, and accustoms them to consider themselves as the ministers of the House of Commons and not of the crown.

*August 25th.* — At Hillingdon from Saturday till Monday last; began the Life of Macintosh, and was delighted with Sydney Smith's letter which is prefixed to it; read and walked all day on Sunday — the two things I do least, namely, exercise my mind and body; therefore both grow gross and heavy. Shakespeare says fat paunches make lean pates, but this is taken from a Greek proverb. I admire this family of Cox's at Hillingdon, and after casting my eyes in every direction, and thinking much and often of the theory of happiness, I am convinced that it is principally to be found in contented mediocrity, accompanied with an equable temperament and

warm though not excitable feelings. When I read such books as Macintosh's *Life*, and see what other men have done, how they have read and thought, a sort of despair comes over me, a deep and bitter sensation of regret "for time mispent and talents misapplied," not the less bitter from being coupled with a hopelessness of remedial industry and of doing better things. Nor do I know that such men as these were happy; that they possessed sources of enjoyment inaccessible to less gifted minds is not to be doubted, but whether knowledge and conscious ability and superiority generally bring with them content of mind and the sunshine of self-satisfaction to the possessors is anything but certain. I wonder the inductive process has not been more systematically applied to the solution of this great philosophical problem, *what is happiness*, and *in what it consists*, for the practical purpose of directing the human mind into the right road for reaching this goal of all human wishes. Why are not innumerable instances collected, examined, analyzed, and the results expanded, explained, and reasoned upon for the benefit and instruction of mankind? Who can tell but what these results may lead at last to some simple conclusions such as it requires no vast range of intellect to discover, no subtle philosophy to teach — conclusions mortifying to the pride and vanity of man, but calculated to mitigate the evils of life by softening mutual asperities, and by the establishment of the doctrine of *humility*, from which all charity, forbearance, toleration, and benevolence must flow as from their source? These simple conclusions may amount to no more than a simple maxim that happiness is to be found "in the pursuit of truth and the practice of virtue."

"Semita certe

Tranquillæ per virtutem patet unica vitæ."

The end of the tenth Satire of Juvenal (which is one of the finest sermons that ever was composed, and worth all the homilies of all the Fathers of the Church) teaches us what to pray for —

"Orandum est ut sit mens sana in corpore sano."

Healthy body, healthy appetite, healthy feelings, though accompanied by mediocrity of talent, unadorned with wit and imagination, and unpolished by learning and science, will outstrip in the race for happiness the splendid irregularities of genius and the most dazzling successes of ambition. At the same time this general view of the probabilities of happiness must be qualified by the admission that mere vegetation scarcely deserves the name of happiness, and that the highest enjoyment which humanity is capable of may be said to consist in the pleasures of reason and imagination — of a mind expatiating among the wonders of nature, and ranging through all the “changes of many-colored life,” without being shaken from its equilibrium by the disturbing causes of jealousy, envy, and the evil passions of our nature. The most galling of all conditions is that of him whose conscience and consciousness whisper to him perpetual reproaches, who reflects on what he might have been and who feels and sees what he is. When such a man as Macintosh, fraught with all learning, whose mind, if not kindled into a steady blaze, is perpetually throwing out sparks and coruscations of exceeding brightness, is stung with these self-upbraidings, what must be the reflections of those, the utmost reach of whose industry is far below the value of *his* most self-accused idleness, who have no self-consolation, are plunged in entire darkness, and have not only to lament the years of omission, but those of commission, not only the opportunities neglected, but the positive mischief done by the debasement of the faculties, the deterioration of the understanding, the impairing of the power of exertion consequent upon a long devotion to low, despicable, unprofitable habits and pursuits?

*Doncaster, September 15th.* — We dined at Burghley on the way, and got here at two on Sunday; read Macintosh's *Life* in the carriage, which made me dreadfully disgusted with my racing *métier*. What a life as compared with mine! — passed among great and wise men, and intent on high thoughts and honorable aspirations, existing amidst interests far more pungent even than those which engage me, and of the futility of

which I am forever reminded. I am struck with the coincidence of the tastes and dispositions of Burke and Macintosh, and of something in the mind of the one which bears an affinity to that of the other; but their characters — how different! their abilities — how unequal! yet both, how superior, even the weakest of the two, to almost all other men, and the success of each so little corresponding with his powers, neither having ever attained any object of ambition beyond that of fame. All their talents, therefore, and all their requirements, did not procure them content, and probably Burke was a very unhappy, and Macintosh not a very happy, man. The suavity, the indolent temperament, the "*mitis sapientia*" of Macintosh, may have warded off sorrow and mitigated disappointment, but the stern and vindictive energies of Burke must have kept up a storm of conflicting passions in his breast. But I turn from Macintosh and Burke to all that is vilest and foolishlest on earth, and among such I now pass my unprofitable hours. There seems to me less gayety and bustle here than formerly, but as much villainy as ever. From want of money or of enterprise, or from greater distrust and a paucity of spectators, there is very little betting, and what there is, spiritless and dull. There are vast crowds of people to see the Princess Victoria, who comes over from Wentworth to-day, and the Duc de Nemours is here. I am going to run for the St. Leger, which I shall probably not win; and though I am nervous and excited, I shall not care much if I lose, and I doubt whether I should care very much if I won; but this latter sensation will probably be forever doubtful. There is something in it all which displeases me, and I often wish I was well out of it.

*Burghley, September 21st.* — I did lose the St. Leger, and did not care; idled on at Doncaster to the end of the week, and came here on Saturday to meet the Duchess of Kent. They arrived from Belvoir at three o'clock in a heavy rain, the civic authorities having turned out at Stamford to escort them, and a procession of different people all very loyal. When they had lunched, and the Mayor and his brethren

had got dry, the Duchess received the address, which was read by Lord Exeter as Recorder. It talked of the Princess as "destined to mount the throne of these realms." Conroy handed the answer, just as the Prime Minister does to the King. They are splendidly lodged, and great preparations have been made for their reception.

*London, September 27th.* — The dinner at Burghley was very handsome; hall well lit; and all went off well, except that a pail of ice was landed in the Duchess's lap, which made a great bustle. Three hundred people at the ball, which was opened by Lord Exeter and the Princess, who, after dancing one dance, went to bed. They appeared at breakfast the next morning at nine o'clock, and at ten set off to Holkham.

I have finished Macintosh's *Life* with great delight, and many painful sensations, together with wonder and amazement. His account of his reading is utterly incomprehensible to me; he must have been endowed with some superhuman faculty of transferring the contents of books to his own mind. He talks in his journals of reading volumes in a few hours which would seem to demand many days even from the most rapid reader. I have heard of Southey, who would read a book through as he stood in a bookseller's shop; that is, his eye would glance down the page, and by a process partly mechanical, partly intellectual, formed by long habit, he would extract in his synoptical passage all that he required to know. (Macaulay was, and George Lewis is, just as wonderful in this respect.) Some of the books that Macintosh talks of, philosophical and metaphysical works, could not be so disposed of, and I should like much to know what his system or his secret was. I met Sydney Smith yesterday, and asked him why more of the journals had not been given. He said because the editors had been ill-advised, but that in another edition more should be given; that Macintosh was the most agreeable man he had ever known, that he had been shamefully used by his friends, and by none more than by Brougham. So, I said, it would appear by what you say in your letter.



“Oh, no,” he said, laughing and chuckling, and shaking his great belly, “you don’t really think I meant to allude to Brougham?” “Macintosh’s son,” he said, “is a man of no talents, the composition (what there is of it) belongs to Erskine, his son-in-law, a sensible man.” To be sure there are some strange things said by Macintosh here and there; among others, that Lord Holland only wanted voice—not to be impeded in his utterance—to be a greater orator than Canning or Brougham! If he had not been a man “whom no sense of wrongs could rouse to vengeance,” he would have flung the India Board in Lord Grey’s face when he was insulted with the offer of it.<sup>1</sup> What are we to think of the necessary connection between intellectual superiority and official eminence, when we have seen the Duke of Richmond invited to be a member of the Cabinet, while Macintosh was thrust into an obscure and subordinate office—Macintosh placed under the orders of Charles Grant! Well might he regret that he had not been a professor, and, “with safer pride content,” adorned with unusual glory some academical chair. Then while he was instructing and delighting the world, there would have been many regrets and lamentations that such mighty talents were confined to such a narrow sphere, and innumerable speculations of the greatness he would have achieved in political life, and how the irresistible force of his genius and his eloquence must have raised him to the pinnacle of Parliamentary fame and political power. Perhaps he would have partaken in this delusion, and have bitterly lamented the success which had deprived him of a more brilliant fortune and a loftier fame; for it may reasonably be doubted whether all his laborious investigations of the deepest recesses of the human mind, and his extensive acquaintance with the theory of mental phenomena, would have enabled him accurately to ascertain the practical capabilities of his own mind, and to arrive at those just conclusions which should indicate to him that path of life on which it was most

<sup>1</sup> Sir James Macintosh was a member of the Board of Control under Lord Grey’s government. He never held any other office in England.

expedient for him to travel, with reference to the strength of his understanding, and the softness, not to say feebleness, of his character.

*December 16th.*—Dined with Sefton the day before yesterday to meet the Hollands ; sat between Allen and Luttrell. Melbourne was there in roaring spirits ; met me very cordially, and after dinner said, "Well how are you? I had a great deal to say to you, but I forget what it is now." To which I replied, "Oh, never mind now ; we are here to amuse ourselves, and we won't talk of other things." I could not have *settled* anything with him there, so there was no use in beginning ; and this put him at his ease, instead of making him hate the sight of me, and fancying wherever he met me that I should begin badgering him about my affairs.<sup>1</sup> In the world men must be dealt with according to what they are, and not to what they ought to be ; and the great art of life is to find out what they are, and act with them accordingly.

Allen talked of Macintosh, and of his declaration of religious belief on his death-bed, when he had never believed at all during his life. He said that Macintosh was not very deeply read in theology. Melbourne, on the contrary, is, and being a very good Greek scholar (which Macintosh was not), has compared the Evidences and all modern theological works with the writings of the Fathers. He did not believe that Melbourne entertained *any doubts*, or that his mind was at all distracted and perplexed with much thinking and much reading on the subject, but that his studies and reflections have led him to a perfect *conviction* of unbelief.<sup>2</sup> He thought if Macintosh had lived much with Christians he would have been one too. We talked of Middleton, and Allen said that he believed he really died a Christian, but that he was rapidly ceasing to be one, and if he had lived would probably have

<sup>1</sup> This referred to some private affairs of Mr. Greville's which were then under discussion, and on which Lord Melbourne's influence was important.

<sup>2</sup> John Allen was himself so fierce an unbeliever, and so bitter an enemy to the Christian religion, that he was very fond of asserting that other men believed as little as himself. It was almost always Allen who gave an irreligious turn to the conversation at Holland House when these subjects were discussed there.

continued the argument of his free inquiry up to the Apostles themselves. He urged me to read Lardner; said he had never read Paley nor the more recent Evidences, the materials of all of which are, however, taken from Lardner's work. Luttrell was talking of Moore and Rogers — the poetry of the former so licentious, that of the latter so pure; much of its popularity owing to its being so carefully weeded of everything approaching to indelicacy: and the contrast between the *lives* and the *works* of the two men — the former a pattern of conjugal and domestic regularity, the latter of all the men he had ever known the greatest sensualist.

1836.

*February 1st.* — Howick gave me an account yesterday of Spencer Perceval's communications to the ministers, and other privy councilors. He called on Howick, who received him very civilly. Perceval began, "You will probably be surprised when you learn what has brought me here." Howick bowed. "You are aware that God has been pleased in these latter times to make especial communications of his will to certain chosen instruments, in a language not intelligible to those who hear it, nor always to those by whom it is uttered: I am one of those instruments, to whom it has pleased the Almighty to make known his will, and I am come to declare to you, etc. . . ." and then he went off in a rhapsody about the degeneracy of the times, and the people falling off from God. I asked him what Perceval seemed to be driving at, what was his definite object? He said it was not discoverable, but that from the printed paper which he had circulated to all privy councilors (for to that body he appears to think that his mission is addressed), in which he specifies all the great acts of legislation for the last five years (beginning with the repeal of the Test and Corporation Acts), as the evidences of a falling off from God, or as the causes of the divine anger, it may perhaps be inferred that he means they should all be repealed. It is a ridiculous and melancholy exposure. His different receptions by different people are amusing and characteristic.

Howick listened to him with patient civility. Melbourne argued with and cross-questioned him. He told him "that he ought to have gone to the bishops rather than to him," to which Perceval replied, that one of the brethren (Henry Drummond) was gone to the Archbishop. Stanley turned him out at once. As soon as he began he said, "There is no use, Mr. Perceval, in going on this way with me. We had, therefore, better put an end to the subject, and I wish you good-morning." He went to Lord Holland, and Lady Holland was with great difficulty persuaded to allow him to go and receive the Apostles. She desired Lord John Russell (who happened to be in the house) to go with him, but John begged to be excused, alleging that he had already had his interview and did not wish for another. So at last she let Lord Holland be wheeled in, but ordered Edgar and Harold, the two pages, to post themselves outside the door, and rush in if they heard Lord Holland scream. Perceval has been with the King, and went to Drayton after Sir Robert Peel, but he complains that he cannot catch the Duke of Wellington.

*February 3d.* — I heard a great deal more about Perceval's proceedings, and those of his colleagues yesterday; they continue to visit the privy councilors. Lyndhurst told me he had been with him for an hour, Lord Lansdowne the same. When he gave Lord Lansdowne his book, as he glanced over it, Perceval said, "I am aware it is not well written; the composition is not perfect, but I was not permitted to alter it; I was obliged to write it as I received it." Drummond went in a chaise and four to the Archbishop of York at Nuneham, who endeavored to stop his mouth with a good luncheon, but this would not do. He told the Archbishop the end of the world was approaching, and that it was owing to the neglect of himself and his brethren that the nation was in its present awful state. Perceval told Lord Lansdowne that their sect was increasing greatly and rapidly; they have several congregations in London, two clergymen of the Church of England have joined them, and two men who still occupy their pulpits are only waiting for the call which they daily expect to receive.

*February 7th.*—Last night I went to Holland House ; found my Lord and my Lady sitting *tête-à-tête*. About twelve she went to bed, and Standish and I stayed with him till two o'clock, hearing his accounts of speeches and speakers of old times, and anecdotes, some of which I have heard before, and some not, but they bear repeating. He is marvelously entertaining in this way ; the stories so good, so well told, his imitations of the actors in the events which he narrates giving you such a conviction of their fidelity. If Lord Holland has prepared any memoirs, and put down all he remembers, as well as all he has been personally concerned in, it will make a delightful book. I asked him if his uncle and Pitt were in habits of communication in the House of Commons, and on terms of mutual civility and good-humor, and he said, "Oh yes, very ; I think they had a great respect for each other ; latterly I think my uncle was more bitter against him"—I inquired whether he thought they would have joined ? He thought they might have done so. He thinks the finest speeches Fox made (if it were possible to select out of so many fine ones) were on the war, on the scrutiny, and on Bonaparte's overtures. Grattan complimenting him on his speech on the war, he said, "I don't know if it was good, but I know I can't make a better." Fox never wrote his speeches, was fond of preparing them in travelling, as he said a post-chaise was the best place to arrange his thoughts in. Sheridan wrote and prepared a great deal, and generally in bed, with his books, pen, and ink, on the bed, where he would lie all day. Brougham wrote and rewrote, over and over again, whole speeches ; he has been known to work fifteen hours a day for six weeks together.

*February 9th.*—I was talking yesterday with Stephen about Brougham and Macaulay. He said he had known Brougham above thirty years, and well remembers walking with him down to Clapham, to dine with old Zachary Macaulay, and telling him he would find a prodigy of a boy there of whom he must take notice. This was Tom Macaulay.

Brougham afterwards put himself forward as the monitor and director of the education of Macaulay, and I remember hearing of a letter he wrote to the father on the subject, which made a great noise at the time ; but he was like the man who brought up a young lion, which finished by biting his head off. Brougham and Macaulay disliked each other. Brougham could not forgive his great superiority in many of those accomplishments in which he thought himself unrivaled ; and being at no pains to disguise his jealousy and dislike, the other was not behind him in corresponding feelings of aversion. It was unworthy of both, but most of Brougham, who was the aggressor, and who might have considered the world large enough for both of them, and that a sufficiency of fame was attainable by each. Stephen said that, if ever Macaulay's life was written by a competent biographer, it would appear that he had displayed feats of memory which he believed to be unequalled by any human being. He can repeat all Demosthenes by heart, and all Milton, a great part of the Bible, both in English and (the New Testament) in Greek ; besides this his memory retains passages innumerable of every description of books, which in discussion he pours forth with incredible facility. He is passionately fond of Greek literature ; has not much taste for Latin or French. Old Mill (one of the best Greek scholars of the day) thinks Macaulay has a more extensive and accurate acquaintance with the Greek writers than any man living, and there is no Greek book of any note which he has not read over and over again. In the Bible he takes great delight, and there are few better Biblical scholars. In law he made no proficiency, and mathematics he abominates ; but his great forte is history, especially English history. Here his superhuman memory, which appears to have the faculty of digesting and arranging as well as of retaining, has converted his mind into a mighty magazine of knowledge, from which, with the precision and correctness of a kind of intellectual machine, he pours forth stores of learning, information, precept, example, anecdote, and illustration with a familiarity and facility not less astonishing

than delightful. He writes as if he had lived in the times and among the people whose actions and characters he records and delineates. A little reading, too, is enough for Macaulay, for by some process impossible to other men he contrives to transfer as it were, by an impression rapid and indelible, the contents of the books he reads to his own mind, where they are deposited, always accessible, and never either forgotten or confused. Far superior to Brougham in general knowledge, in fancy, imagination, and in the art of composition, he is greatly inferior to him in those qualities which raise men to social and political eminence. Brougham, tall, thin, and commanding in figure, with a face which, however ugly, is full of expression, and a voice of great power, variety, and even melody, notwithstanding his occasional prolixity and tediousness, is an orator in every sense of the word. Macaulay, short, fat, and ungraceful, with a round, thick, unmeaning face, and with rather a lisp, though he has made speeches of great merit, and of a very high style of eloquence in point of composition, has no pretensions to be put in competition with Brougham in the House of Commons. Nor is the difference and the inferiority of Macaulay less marked in society. Macaulay, indeed, is a great talker, and pours forth floods of knowledge on all subjects; but the gracefulness, lightness, and variety are wanting in his talk which are so conspicuous in his writings; there is not enough of alloy in the metal of his conversation; it is too didactic, it is all too good, and not sufficiently flexible, plastic, and diversified for general society. Brougham, on the other hand, is all life, spirit, and gayety — “from grave to gay, from lively to severe” — dashing through every description of folly and fun, dealing in those rapid transitions by which the attention and imagination are arrested and excited; always amusing, always instructive, never tedious, elevated to the height of the greatest intellect, and familiar with the most abstruse subjects, and at the same moment conciliating the humble pretensions of inferior minds by dropping into the midst of their pursuits and objects with

a fervor and intensity of interest which surprises and delights his associates, and, above all, which puts them at their ease.

[*Quantum mutatus!* All this has long ceased to be true of Brougham. Macaulay, without having either the wit or the *charm* which constitutes the highest kind of colloquial excellence or success, is a marvelous, an unrivaled (in his way), and a delightful talker. — 1850.]

*March 8th.* — I met Moore<sup>1</sup> at dinner a day or two ago, not having seen him for a long time. He told us some amusing anecdotes of his own reception in Ireland, which was very enthusiastic, in spite of his having quarreled with O'Connell. Of this quarrel he likewise narrated the beginning and the end. He was indignant at O'Connell's *manner* of prosecuting his political objects, and resolved to put his feelings on record. This he did, and he afterwards wrote some letters to a mutual friend explanatory of his sentiments and motives, and these were shown (intentionally) to O'Connell. Moore declined to retract or qualify, and a rupture consequently took place. When they met at Brookes's O'Connell averted his face. So things remained till a short time ago, when the editor of a new quarterly review, which has been established for Catholic and Irish objects, wrote to Moore for his support, and O'Connell, whom he told of it, said, "Oh, pray let me frank the letter to Mr. Moore." This was repeated, and when Moore met O'Connell the other day at Brookes's, he went up to him and put out his hand. He said O'Connell was mightily moved, but accepted the proffered reconciliation, and they are again on good terms.

*May 11th.* — Great talk about the adjournment of Parliament on the 20th, and about Melbourne's affair with Mrs. Norton, which latter, if it is not quashed, will be inconvenient. John Bull fancies himself vastly moral, and the court is mighty prudish, and between them our off-hand Premier will find himself in a ticklish position. He has been served with notices, but people rather doubt the action coming on. I

<sup>1</sup> Thomas Moore, the poet.



asked the Duke of Wellington a night or two ago what he had heard of it, and what he thought would be the result. He said he had only heard what everybody said, and that nothing would result. I said, "Would Melbourne resign?" "O Lord no! Resign? Not a bit of it. I tell you all these things are a nine-days' wonder; it can't come into court before Parliament is up. People will have done talking of it before that happens; it will all blow over, and won't signify a straw." So spoke his Grace. I doubt not prime ministers, ex and in, have a fellow-feeling and sympathy for each other, and like to lay down the principle of such things *not mattering*. I hope, however, that it *will* blow over, for it would really be very inconvenient and very mischievous. The Tories would fall on the individual from political violence, the Radicals on his class or order from hatred to the aristocracy.

*May 25th.* — Lord Melbourne's affair after all is likely to come before a court of law. He is very much annoyed at it, and so are his relations, but nobody expects him to resign. The Low Tories, the herd, exult at this misfortune, and find a motive for petty political gratification in it, but not so the Duke of Wellington or any of them who are above the miserable feelings of party spite. I am sorry for it, because it is a bad thing to see men in high places dragged through the mire.

*June 27th.* — The town has been full of Melbourne's trial; <sup>1</sup> great exultation at the result on the part of his political adherents, great disappointment on that of the mob of Low Tories, and a creditable satisfaction among the better sort; it was in point of fact a very triumphant acquittal. The wonder is how with such a case Norton's family ventured into court, but (although it is stoutly denied) there can be no doubt that old Wynford was at the bottom of it all, and persuaded Lord Grantley to urge it on for mere political purposes. There is pretty conclusive evidence of this. Fletcher Norton, who was examined on the trial, is staying in town with a Mr. Lowe, a Nottinghamshire parson, and Denison, who is Nor-

<sup>1</sup> The trial of the cause Norton *v.* Lord Melbourne, which ended in a verdict for the defendant.

ton's neighbor, called on him the other day ; Denison talked to Lowe, who told him that Fletcher Norton had shown him the case on which they were going to proceed, and that he had told him he thought it was a very weak one, to which he had replied so did he, but he believed they expected it would produce a very important *political* effect. The King behaved very civilly about it, and expressed his satisfaction at the result in terms sufficiently flattering to Melbourne.

*August 13th.* — His Majesty was pleased to be very facetious at the council the other day, though not very refined. A new seal for the Cape of Good Hope was approved, and the impression represented a Caffre, with some ornaments on his head which resembled *horns*. The King asked Lord Glenelg what these *horns* meant, but Glenelg referred his Majesty to Poulett Thomson, to whom he said, "Well, Mr. Thomson, what do you say to this? I know you are a man of gallantry, but if you choose to be represented with a pair of horns I am sure I have no objection;" at which sally their lordships laughed, as in duty bound.

*August 30th.* — At Hillingdon from Saturday to Monday. There were great festivities at Windsor during the Egham race week, when the King's daughter, Lady Augusta, was married at the Castle.<sup>1</sup> It was remarked that on the King's birthday not one of the ministers was invited to the Castle, and none except the household in any way connected with the government. At the Queen's birthday a short time before not one individual of that party was present. Nothing can be more undisguised than the King's aversion to his ministers, and he seems resolved to intimate that his compulsory reception of them shall not extend to his society, and that though he can't help seeing them at St. James's, the gates of Windsor are shut against them. All his habitual guests are of the Tory party, and generally those who have distinguished

<sup>1</sup> Lady Augusta Fitzclarence, fourth daughter of King William IV. by Mrs. Jordan, married first, on the 5th of July, 1827, to the Hon. John Kennedy Erskine, and secondly, on the 26th of August, 1836, to Lord John Frederick Gordon. She died 1865.

themselves by their violence or are noted for their extreme opinions — Winchelsea and Wharncliffe. for example, of the former, and the Duke of Dorset of the latter sort. At the dinner on his birthday the King gave the Princess Victoria's health rather well. Having given the Princess Augusta's he said, "And now, having given the health of the oldest, I will give that of the youngest member of the royal family. I know the interest which the public feel about her; and although *I have not seen so much of her as I could have wished*, I take no less interest in her, and the more I do see of her, both in public and in private, the greater pleasure it will give me." The whole thing was so civil and gracious that it could hardly be taken ill, but the young Princess sat opposite, and hung her head with not unnatural modesty at being thus talked of in so large a company.

*September 21st.* — To-day we had a council, the first since Parliament was prorogued, when his most gracious Majesty behaved most ungraciously to his confidential servants, whom he certainly does not delight to honor. The last article on the list was a petition of Admiral Sartorius praying to be restored to his rank, and when this was read the King, after repeating the usual form of words, added, "And must be granted. As Captain Napier was restored, so must this gentleman be, for there was this difference between their cases; Admiral Napier knew he was doing wrong, which Admiral Sartorius was not aware of." Lord Minto said, "I believe, sir, there was not so much difference between the two cases as your Majesty imagines, for Admiral Sartorius" — Then followed something which I could not catch, but the King did, for he said with considerable asperity, "Unless your lordship is quite sure of that, I must beg leave to say that I differ from you and do not believe it to be so, but since you have expressed your belief that it is so, I desire you will furnish me with proofs of it immediately. The next time I see you you will be prepared with the proofs of what you say, for unless I see them I shall not believe one word of it." Minto made no reply to this extraordinary sortie, and the rest looked at each other in silence.

This, however, was nothing compared with what took place at Windsor with the Duchess of Kent, of which I heard something a long time ago (August 30th), but never the particulars till last night. It is very remarkable that the thing has not been more talked about. The King invited the Duchess of Kent to go to Windsor on the 12th of August to celebrate the Queen's birthday (13th), and to stay there over his own birthday, which was to be kept (*privately*) on the 21st (the real day, but falling on Sunday), and *publicly* the day following. She sent word that she wanted to keep her own birthday at Claremont on the 15th (or whatever the day is), took no notice of the Queen's birthday, but said she would go to Windsor on the 20th. This put the King in a fury; he made, however, no reply, and on the 20th he was in town to prorogue Parliament, having desired that they would not wait dinner for him at Windsor. After the prorogation he went to Kensington Palace to look about it; when he got there he found that the Duchess of Kent had appropriated to her own use a suite of apartments, seventeen in number, for which she had applied last year, and which he had refused to let her have. This increased his ill-humor, already excessive. When he arrived at Windsor and went into the drawing-room (at about ten o'clock at night), where the whole party was assembled, he went up to the Princess Victoria, took hold of both her hands, and expressed his pleasure at seeing her there and his regret at not seeing her oftener. He then turned to the Duchess and made her a low bow, almost immediately after which he said that "a most unwarrantable liberty had been taken with one of his palaces; that he had just come from Kensington, where he found apartments had been taken possession of not only without his consent, but contrary to his commands, and that he neither understood nor would endure conduct so disrespectful to him." This was said loudly, publicly, and in a tone of serious displeasure. It was however, only the muttering of the storm which was to break the next day. Adolphus Fitzclarence went into his room on Sunday morning, and found him in a state of great excitement. It was his birthday, and

though the celebration was what was called private, there were a hundred people at dinner, either belonging to the court or from the neighborhood. The Duchess of Kent sat on one side of the King, and one of his sisters on the other, the Princess Victoria opposite. Adolphus Fitzclarence sat two or three from the Duchess and heard every word of what passed. After dinner, by the Queen's desire, "His Majesty's health, and long life to him" was given, and as soon as it was drunk he made a very long speech, in the course of which he poured forth the following extraordinary and *foudroyante* tirade: "I trust in God that my life may be spared for nine months longer, after which period, in the event of my death, no regency would take place. I should then have the satisfaction of leaving the royal authority to the personal exercise of that young lady (pointing to the Princess), the heiress presumptive of the crown, and not in the hands of a person now near me, who is surrounded by evil advisers, and who is herself incompetent to act with propriety in the station in which she would be placed. I have no hesitation in saying that I have been insulted — grossly and continually insulted — by that person, but I am determined to endure no longer a course of behavior so disrespectful to me. Amongst many other things I have particularly to complain of the manner in which that young lady has been kept away from my court; she has been repeatedly kept from my drawing-rooms, at which she ought always to have been present, but I am fully resolved that this shall not happen again. I would have her know that I am King, and I am determined to make my authority respected, and for the future I shall insist and command that the Princess do upon all occasions appear at my court, as it is her duty to do." He terminated his speech by an allusion to the Princess and her future reign in a tone of paternal interest and affection, which was excellent in its way.

This awful philippic (with a great deal more which I forget) was uttered with a loud voice and excited manner. The Queen looked in deep distress, the Princess burst into tears, and the whole company were aghast. The Duchess of Kent said

not a word. Immediately after they rose and retired, and a terrible scene ensued ; the Duchess announced her immediate departure and ordered her carriage, but a sort of reconciliation was patched up, and she was prevailed upon to stay till the next day. The following morning, when the King saw Adolphus, he asked him what people said to his speech. He replied that they thought the Duchess of Kent merited his rebuke, but that it ought not to have been given there ; that he ought to have sent for her into his closet, and have said all that he felt and thought there, but not at table before a hundred people. He replied that he did not care where he said it or before whom, that “by God he had been insulted by her in a measure that was past all endurance, and he would not stand it any longer.”

Nothing can be more unaccountable than the Duchess of Kent's behavior to the King, nothing more reprehensible ; but his behavior to her has always been as injudicious and undignified as possible, and this last sortie was monstrous. It was his duty and his right to send for her, and signify to her both his displeasure at the past, and his commands for the future ; but such a gross and public insult offered to her at his own table, sitting by his side and in the presence of her daughter, admits of no excuse. It was an unparalleled outrage from a man to a woman, from a host to his guest, and to the last degree unbecoming the station they both of them fill. He has never had the firmness and decision of character a due display of which would have obviated the necessity of such bickerings, and his passion leads him to these indecent exhibitions, which have not the effect of correcting, and cannot fail to have that of exasperating her, and rendering their mutual relations more hopelessly disagreeable.

*November 7th.*—At Buckenham I met Adolphus Fitzclarence, who told me over again the particulars of the scene with the Duchess of Kent, which did not differ materially from what I have put down. He added one item, that the day following the Queen was not ready for dinner, and when dinner was announced and he was waiting he asked, “Where's the

Queen?" They told him she was waiting for the Duchess of Kent, when he said loud enough for everybody to hear, "That woman is a nuisance." He was very angry at King Leopold's coming here, received him very coldly at Windsor, had no conversation with him on business, and on one occasion exhibited a rudeness even to brutality. It seems he hates water-drinkers; God knows why. One day at dinner Leopold called for water, when the King asked, "What's that you are drinking, sir?" "Water, sir." "God damn it!" rejoined the other King; "why don't you drink wine? I never allow anybody to drink water at my table." Leopold only dined there, and went away in the evening. All this is very miserable and disgraceful.

*November 8th.* — I dined on Sunday with Cunningham, and met Prince Esterhazy, with whom I had a long conversation. He talked a great deal about the state of Europe, of the bickerings between Palmerston and Louis Philippe on the Spanish question, between England and Russia in the East, and of the position of Austria in the midst of it all; that he had conversed often and at great length with the Emperor of Russia at Prague and with Louis Philippe at Paris, both having talked in the most open manner, and that he was endeavoring (he thought successfully) to bring Palmerston to an amicable tone and feeling, and to effect some sort of compromise with respect to the debated points. Both sovereigns have the same desire to avoid war, and Louis Philippe told him that his object was "*de rendre la guerre impossible*," that no power could be so much interested as Austria was in restraining the power and ambition of Russia within reasonable bounds, and that the Emperor had held the most moderate language, as he believed with sincerity; that our prejudices against Russia were unreasonably violent, and they arose in some degree from mortification at our own misconduct in letting opportunities slip out of our hands, and throwing advantages and influence into those of Russia, which we were now angry that she availed herself of; but that if we continued to act frankly and firmly in conjunction with Austria and France

(France and Austria being perfectly agreed), we should have nothing to fear from Russia. They (the northern powers) were content that we should exercise an especial influence in the Peninsula ; they were aware that these questions were the peculiar concern and interest of France and England, and they did not want to interfere. But for the escape of Don Carlos, which altered the aspect of affairs in Spain, and some trifling points of etiquette which might easily have been adjusted, the Spanish question would have been settled among the powers long ago, and the Queen recognized by them all. He said that for a long time past the affairs of Europe had been extensively influenced by personal feelings and individual interests and passions, greatly so on Palmerston's own part and very much during the embassy of the Lievens, Madame de Lieven having been so much influenced by partisanship and by her fluctuating friendships and connections. The Emperor told Esterhazy that it was impossible for him to leave Lieven there, that he was not represented by him as he ought to be, that they in some respects fell short of, and in others went beyond, the line which their duty and his interests demanded. He said that the Emperor Nicholas was a very remarkable man — absolute master, his own minister, and under no other influence whatever — that his perceptions were just and his ideas remarkably clear, although his views were not very extensive, and the circle within which these ideas ranged was limited, Nesselrode not having a particle of influence ; his ministers and ambassadors were clerks ; and while his ease and affability to foreigners (to him — Esterhazy — in particular) were excessively striking, he treated his Russians with a loftiness that could not be conceived, and one and all trembled in his presence with the crouching humility of slaves. When he was at Prague he on a sudden set off and travelled with amazing rapidity to Vienna, without giving any notice to anybody. His object was to visit the Dowager Empress and the tomb of the late Emperor. He alighted at Tatischev's (his ambassador's), where, as soon as his arrival was known, the Russian ladies who were at Vienna full-dressed



themselves and hurried off to pay their *devoirs*. They were met in all their diamonds and feathers on the staircase by Benkendorf, who said, "Allez-vous en bien vite ; l'Empereur ne veut pas voir une seule de vous," and they were obliged to bustle back with as much alacrity as they had come. Though the best understanding prevailed between the French and Austrian governments, and the latter is cordially allied with Louis Philippe, there is some sourness and disappointment at the failure of the project of marriage with which the Duke of Orleans went to Vienna. Esterhazy said that it had failed in great measure through an imprudent precipitation ; that the Duke had given universal satisfaction, but there were great prejudices to surmount, and the recollection of Marie Antoinette and Marie Louise. He thought the advantages of the match were overrated at Paris, but they were so anxious for it there that the disappointment was considerable ; he said he thought that it might still be brought about. These are the few fragments I have retained from the talk we had.

*November 17th.*— I have had two other conversations with Esterhazy at different times. He went to Brighton and saw the King, whom he thought much *baissé*, but I do not know whether it is a proof of it that he could not prevail upon his Majesty to enter upon foreign politics with him. He repeated to me what he had said before of the necessity of a strict and cordial union between Austria and England, and the disposition of the former not to contest our supremacy and influence in the Peninsula, but he harps upon the *mode* of doing this, which I don't quite understand. I gathered from him, and have heard from other quarters, that Metternich's influence is much diminished, and that the Austrian Cabinet is no longer ruled by him as heretofore, and that there is not the same union ; but there would appear to be a very complete union in the Austrian Imperial family, who cling together from a sense of their common interest, and in great measure from the respect and attachment which they all feel for the memory of the late Emperor. Esterhazy said it was remarkable considering the condition of the Imperial House—the Em-

peror<sup>1</sup> in a state bordering on idiocy, not likely to live above four or five years at the outside, and his uncles all men of talent and energy; the next heir, the brother of the Emperor,<sup>2</sup> is a man of competent sense, but the late Emperor's brothers he describes to be all superior men.

He told me a great deal about the Duke of Reichstadt, who, if he had lived, would have probably played a great part in the world. He died of a premature decay, brought on apparently by over-exertion and over-excitement; his talents were very conspicuous, he was *pétri d'ambition*, worshiped the memory of his father, and for that reason never liked his mother; his thoughts were incessantly turned towards France, and when he heard of the days of July he said, "Why was I not there to take my chance?" He evinced great affection and gratitude to his grandfather, who, while he scrupulously observed all his obligations towards Louis Philippe, could not help feeling a secret pride in the aspiring genius and ambition of Napoleon's son. He was well educated, and day and night pored over the history of his father's glorious career. He delighted in military exercises, and not only shone at the head of his regiment, but had already acquired the hereditary art of ingratiating himself with the soldiers. Esterhazy told me one anecdote in particular, which shows the absorbing passion of his soul overpowering the usual propensities of his age. He was to make his first appearance in public at a ball at Lady Cowley's (to which he had shown great anxiety to go), and was burning with impatience to amuse himself with dancing and flirting with the beauties he had admired in the Prater. He went, but there he met two French marshals — Marmont and Maison. He had no eyes or ears but for them; from nine in the evening to five the next morning he devoted himself to these marshals, and conversed with them without ceasing. Though he knew well enough all the odium that at-

<sup>1</sup> The Emperor Ferdinand, here described, filled the throne until 1848, when he abdicated in the great convulsion of that year; he spent the rest of his life in retirement at Prague, but he survived this prediction nearly forty years.

<sup>2</sup> The Archduke Franz Joseph, father of the present Emperor. But this archduke never filled the throne.

tached to Marmont, he said to him that he was too happy to have the opportunity of making the acquaintance of one who had been among his father's earliest companions, and who could tell him so many interesting details of his earlier days. Marmont subsequently either did give or was to have given him lessons in strategy.

1837.

*Paris, January 19th.*—On Tuesday went about visiting; found nobody but Madame Alfred de Noailles and Raikes; was to have gone to the Chamber, but the ticket did not arrive in time; dined at the Embassy. Wednesday, in the morning, to the gallery of the Louvre; dined with Talleyrand; to Madame de Lieven's and Madame Graham's. Talleyrand as well as ever, except weaker on his legs; asked me to dine there whenever I was not engaged. In the morning called at the Tuileries, and left a note for the Duke of Orleans's aide-de-camp, asking to be presented to his Royal Highness; and at night my mother went to court, and begged leave to bring me there to present me to the royal family. Lyndhurst sets off to London this morning, and I had only an opportunity of exchanging a few words with him. He told me he had never passed such an agreeable time as the last four months; not a moment of *ennui*; had become acquainted with a host of remarkable people of all sorts, political characters of all parties, and the *littérateurs*, such as Victor Hugo, Balzac, etc., the latter of whom, he says, is a very agreeable man. He told me that "Le Père Goriot" is a true story, and that since its publication he had become acquainted with some more circumstances which would have made it still more striking. He has been leading here "*une vie de garçon*" and making himself rather ridiculous in some respects. He said to me, "I suppose the government will get on; I'm sure I shall not go on in the House of Lords this year as I did the last. I was induced by circumstances and some little excitement to take a more prominent part than usual last session; but I don't see what I got by it except abuse. I thought I should not hear

any of the abuse that was poured upon me when I came here, and got out of the reach of the English newspapers, but, on the contrary, I find it all concentrated in Galignani." Lyndhurst and Ellice have been great friends here. Madame de Lieven seems to have a very agreeable position at Paris. She receives every night, and opens her house to all comers. Being neutral ground, men of all parties meet there, and some of the most violent antagonists have occasionally joined in amicable and curious discussion. It is probably convenient to her court that she should be here under such circumstances, for a woman of her talents cannot fail to pick up a good deal of interesting, and perhaps useful, information; and as she is not subject to the operation of the same passions and prejudices which complicated and disturbed her position in England, she is able to form a juster estimate of the characters and the objects of public men. She says Paris is a very agreeable place to live at, but expresses an unbounded contempt for the French character, and her lively sense of the moral superiority of England. I asked her who were the men whom she was best inclined to praise. She likes Molé, as pleasing, intelligent, and gentlemanlike; Thiers the most brilliant, very lively and amusing; Guizot and Berryer, both very remarkable. She talked freely enough of Ellice, who is her dear friend, and from whom she draws all she can of English politics; that he had come here for the purpose of intriguing against the present government, and trying to set up Thiers again, and that he had fancied he should manage it. Molé<sup>1</sup> was fully aware of it, and felt towards him accordingly. Lord Granville, who was attached to the Duc de Broglie, and therefore violently opposed to Thiers when he became minister, soon became even more partial to Thiers, which sudden turn was the more curious, because such had been their origi-

<sup>1</sup> M. Molé was then prime minister. The overthrow of M. Thiers on the Spanish question had been regarded as a check by the English government, and Mr. Ellice was a cordial friend and supporter of Thiers. The resentment of Lord Palmerston at the refusal of the King to support the cause of the Queen in Spain by a direct intervention, was the commencement of a coolness which led eventually to most important results.

nal antipathy that Lady Granville had been personally uncivil to Madame Thiers, so much so that Thiers had said to Madame de Lieven, that "he would have her to know it was not to be endured that an ambassadress should behave with such marked incivility to the wife of the Prime Minister, and if she chose to continue so to do she might get her husband sent away." The other replied, "Monsieur Thiers, if you say this to me with the intention of its being repeated to Lady Granville, I tell you you must go elsewhere for the purpose, for I do not intend to do so." I asked her whether it had been repeated, and she said she thought probably it had been through Ellice, for soon after all was smiles and civility between them. She talked a great deal about England, and of the ignorance of the French about it; that Molé, for example, had said, "It is true that we are not in an agreeable state, but England is in a still worse." The King, however, is of a different opinion, and appears better to understand the nature of our system. She described him (Molé) as not the cleverest and most brilliant, but by far the most sensible, sound, and well-judging man of them all.

*January 25th.* — On the 24th I walked about Paris, dined at the Embassy, and went to court at night; above fifty English, forty Americans, and several other foreigners were presented. The palace is very magnificent; the present King has built a new staircase, which makes the suite of rooms continuous, and the whole has been regilt and painted. We were arranged in the throne room by nations, the English first, and at a quarter before nine the doors of the royal apartment were opened, and the royal family came forth. We all stood in a long line (single file) reaching through the two rooms, beginning and ending again at the door of the King's apartment. The King walked down the line attended by Lord Granville, then the Queen with the eldest Princess under her arm, then Madame Adélaïde with the other, and then the Duke of Orleans. Aston<sup>1</sup> attended the Queen, and the *attachés* the others. They all speak to each individual, and by some

<sup>1</sup> The British Secretary of Embassy, afterwards Sir Arthur Aston.

strange stretch of invention find something to say. The King is too civil; he has a fine head, and closely resembles the pictures of Louis XIV. The Queen is very gracious and dignified, Adélaïde very good-humored, and the Duke of Orleans extremely princely in his manners. This morning I went to the Tuileries by appointment, when he received me, kept me for a quarter of an hour talking about race-horses, and invited me to breakfast on Saturday, and to go with him to Meudon to see his stud.

I ended my day (the 25th) by going to a ball at the Tuileries, one of the great balls, and a magnificent spectacle indeed. The long line of light gleaming through the whole length of the palace is striking as it is approached, and the interior, with the whole suite of apartments brilliantly illuminated, and glittering from one end to the other with diamonds and feathers and uniforms, and dancing in all the several rooms, made a splendid display. The supper in the theatre was the finest thing I ever saw of the kind; all the women sup first, and afterwards the men, the tables being renewed over and over again. There was an array of servants in gorgeous liveries, and the apartment was lit by thousands of candles (no lamps) and as light as day. The company amounted to between 3,000 and 4,000, from all the great people down to national guards, and even private soldiers. None of the Carlists were there, as they none of them choose to go to court. The King retired before eleven; it was said that he had received anonymous letters warning him of some intended attempt on his person, and extraordinary precautions were taken to guard against the entrance of any improper people.

*January 26th.* — Having seen all the high society the night before, I resolved to see all the low to-night, and went to Musard's ball — a most curious scene; two large rooms in the Rue St. Honoré almost thrown into one, a numerous and excellent orchestra, a prodigious crowd of people, most of them in costume, and all the women masked. There was every description of costume, but that which was the most general was the dress of a French post-boy, in which both males and

females seemed to delight. It was well-regulated uproar and orderly confusion. When the music struck up they began dancing all over the rooms ; the whole mass was in motion, but though with gestures the most vehement and grotesque, and a license almost unbounded, the figure of the dance never seemed to be confused, and the dancers were both expert in their capers and perfect in their evolutions. Nothing could be more licentious than the movements of the dancers, and they only seemed to be restrained within limits of common decency by the cocked hats and burnished helmets of the police and gendarmes which towered in the midst of them. After quadrilling and waltzing away, at a signal given they began galloping round the room ; then they rushed pellmell, couple after couple, like Bedlamites broke loose, but not the slightest accident occurred. I amused myself with this strange and grotesque sight for an hour or more, and then came home.

*February 2d.*— I asked Madame de Lieven what was the reason that the great powers would not let the Duke of Orleans find a wife, and why especially the Emperor Nicholas (who, it was to be presumed, desired the continuance of peace and order in France, and therefore of this dynasty) took every opportunity of showing his contempt and aversion for the King, being the only sovereign who had never congratulated him by letter on his various escapes from assassination. She replied that it was not surprising that sovereigns and their families should be indisposed to send their daughters to a country which they looked upon as always liable to a revolution, and to marry them to a prince always in danger of being expelled from France, and perhaps from Europe ; and that the Emperor (whom she did not excuse in this respect) could not bring himself to write *Monsieur mon Frère* to Louis Philippe, and for that reason would never compliment him but through his ambassador ; *au reste*, that the Duke of Orleans would find a wife among the German princesses. It is, however, very ridiculous that second and third-rate royalties should give themselves all sorts of airs, and affect to hold

cheap the King of France's eldest son, and talk of his alliance as a degradation. There are two Würtemberg princesses, daughters of the Duchess of Oldenburg, who talk in this strain; one of them is good-looking, and the Duke of Orleans in his recent expedition in Germany had the curiosity to travel incognito out of his way to take a look at them. The King their father, who heard of it, complained to Madame de Lieven of the impertinence of such conduct; but the girls were enchanted, and with all their pretended aversion and contempt for the Orleans family, were in a flutter of excited vanity at his having come to look at them, and in despair at not having seen him themselves.

*March 31st.* — Among the many old people who have been cut off by this severe weather, one of the most remarkable is Mrs. Fitzherbert, who died at Brighton at above eighty years of age. She was not a clever woman, but of a very noble spirit, disinterested, generous, honest, and affectionate, greatly beloved by her friends and relations, popular in the world, and treated with uniform distinction and respect by the royal family. The late King, who was a despicable creature, grudged her the allowance he was bound to make her, and he was always afraid lest she should make use of some of the documents in her possession to annoy or injure him. This mean and selfish apprehension led him to make various efforts to obtain possession of those the appearance of which he most dreaded, and among others, one remarkable attempt was made by Sir William Knighton some years ago. Although a stranger to Mrs. Fitzherbert, he called one day at her house, when she was ill in bed, insisted upon seeing her, and forced his way into her bedroom. She contrived (I forget how) to get rid of him without his getting anything out of her, but this domiciliary visit determined her to make a final disposition of all the papers she possessed, that in the event of her death no advantage might be taken of them, either against her own memory or the interests of any other person. She accordingly selected those papers which she resolved to preserve, and which are supposed to be the documents and correspondence



relating to her marriage with George IV., and made a packet of them which was deposited at her banker's, and all other letters and papers she condemned to the flames. For this purpose she sent for the Duke of Wellington and Lord Albemarle, told them her determination, and in their presence had these papers burnt; she assured them that everything was destroyed, and if after her death any pretended letters or documents were produced, they might give the most authoritative contraction to their authenticity.

*May 23d.*—The King prayed that he might live till the Princess Victoria was of age, and he was very nearly dying just as the event arrived. He is better, but supposed to be in a very precarious state. There has been a fresh squabble between Windsor and Kensington about a proposed allowance to the Princess.

*June 2d.*—The King has been desperately ill, his pulse down at thirty; they think he will now get over it for this time. His recovery will not have been accelerated by the Duchess of Kent's answer to the city of London's address, in which she went into the history of her life, and talked of her "friendless state" on arriving in this country, the gist of it being that, having been abandoned or neglected by the royal family, she had thrown herself on the country.

*June 11th.*—At Buckhurst last week for Ascot; went on Monday and returned on Friday. On Tuesday the Queen came to the course, but only stayed an hour. They had an immense party at the Castle notwithstanding the King's illness. I met Adolphus Fitzclarence at the course, who gave me an account of the King's state, which was bad enough, though not for the moment alarming; no disease, but excessive weakness without power of rallying. He also gave me an account of the late Kensington quarrel. The King wrote a letter to the Princess offering her 10,000*l.* a year (not out of his privy purse), which he proposed should be at her own disposal and independent of her mother. He sent this letter by Lord Conyngham with orders to deliver it into the Princess's own hands. Conyngham accordingly went to Kensington (where

Conroy received him) and asked to be admitted to the Princess. Conroy asked by what authority. He said by his Majesty's orders. Conroy went away, and shortly after Conyngham was ushered into the presence of the Duchess and Princess, when he said that he had waited on her Royal Highness by the King's commands to present to her a letter with which he had been charged by his Majesty. The Duchess put out her hand to take it, when he said he begged her Royal Highness's pardon, but he was expressly commanded by the King to deliver the letter into the Princess's own hands. Her mother then drew back and the Princess took the letter, when Conyngham made his bow and retired. Victoria wrote to the King, thanking him and accepting his offer. He then sent to say that it was his wish to name the person who should receive this money for her, and he proposed to name Stephenson. Then began the dispute. The Duchess of Kent objected to the arrangement, and she put forth her claim, which was that she should have 6,000*l.* of the money and the Princess 4,000*l.* How the matter had ended Adolphus did not know when I saw him. [It never was settled.]

The Duchess of Northumberland had been to Windsor and resigned her office of governess a few days before.

On Wednesday it was announced for the first time that the King was alarmingly ill, on Thursday the account was no better, and in the course of Wednesday and Thursday his immediate dissolution appeared so probable that I concerted with Errol that I should send to the Castle at nine o'clock on Thursday evening for the last report, that I might know whether to go to London directly or not. On Wednesday the physicians wanted to issue a bulletin, but the King would not hear of it. He said as long as he was able to transact public business he would not have the public alarmed on his account, but on Friday, nevertheless, the first bulletin was issued.

*June 13th.* — Bad accounts of the King yesterday. Melbourne desired I would get everything ready *quietly* for a council. He has been busily occupied in examining the prec-

edents in order to conduct the first ceremonies properly, and the first questions have been whether the Duchess of Kent could come into council with her daughter, and whether the Duke of Cumberland (King of Hanover as he will be) should be summoned to it.

*June 16th.* — On Wednesday the King was desperately bad, yesterday he was better, but not so as to afford any hope, though Chambers says his recovery is not impossible. Although the bulletins tell so little, everybody is now aware of his Majesty's state. He dictates these reports himself, and will not allow more to be said; he continues to do business, and his orders are taken as usual, so he is resolved to die with harness on his back. Yesterday Lord Lansdowne sent for me to beg in the first place that everything might be ready, and in the next to say that they were perplexed to know what steps, if any, they ought to take to ascertain whether the Queen is with child, and to beg me to search in our books if any precedent could be found at the accession of James II. But they had forgotten that the case had been provided for in the Regency Bill, and that in the event of the King's death without children, the Queen is to be proclaimed, but the oath of allegiance taken with a saving of the rights of any posthumous child to King William. They ought to have known this, but it is odd enough that there is nobody in office who has any personal knowledge of the usual forms at the first council, for not one of these ministers was in office at the accession of William IV. My colleague, Buller, who was present as clerk of the council, is dead, and I was abroad.

In the morning I met Sir Robert Peel in the Park, and talked with him about the beginning of the new reign. He said that it was very desirable that the young Queen should appear as much as possible emancipated from all restraint, and exhibit a capacity for the discharge of her high functions; that the most probable as well as the most expedient course she could adopt, would be to rely entirely upon the advice of Melbourne, and she might with great propriety say that she thought it incumbent on her to follow the example which had

been set by her two uncles, her predecessors, William IV. having retained in office the ministers of his brother, and George IV., although his political predilections were known to lean another way, having also declined to dismiss the government of his father. Peel said that he concluded King Leopold would be her great adviser. If Leopold is prudent, however, he will not hurry over here at the very first moment, which would look like an impatience to establish his influence, and if he does, the first result will be every sort of jealousy and discord between him and the Duchess of Kent. The elements of intrigue do not seem wanting in this embryo court. Besides the Duchesses of Kent and Leopold, and Conroy of course, Caradoc<sup>1</sup> is suspected of a design and an expectation to become a personage ; and Lord Durham is on his way home, and his return is regarded with no little curiosity, because he may endeavor to play a great political part, and materially to influence the opinions, or at least the councils, of the Queen. What renders speculation so easy, and events uncertain, is the absolute ignorance of everybody, without exception, of the character, disposition, and capacity of the Princess. She has been kept in such jealous seclusion by her mother (never having slept out of her bedroom, nor been alone with anybody but herself and the Baroness Lehzen), that not one of her acquaintance, none of the attendants at Kensington, not even the Duchess of Northumberland, her governess, have any idea what she is, or what she promises to be. It is therefore no difficult matter to form and utter conjectures which nobody can contradict or gainsay but by other conjectures equally uncertain and fallacious. The Tories are in great consternation at the King's approaching death, from the advantage which they foresee their opponents must derive from it as far as the extension of their term of power is concerned, and they prognosticate, according to their custom, all sorts of dismal consequences, none of which, of course, will come to pass. *Nothing* will happen, because, in this country, *nothing* ever does. The Whigs, to do them

<sup>1</sup> Colonel Caradoc, afterwards Lord Howden ; died in 1873.

justice, behave with great decency ; whatever they may really feel, they express a very proper concern, and I have no doubt Melbourne really feels the concern he expresses. The public in general don't seem to care much, and only wonder what will happen.

*June 17th.*—Yesterday the King was better, so as to promise a prolongation of his existence, though not his recovery. An intimation came from Windsor that it was desired prayers should be offered up in the churches for him ; so the Privy Council assembled to order this, but on assembling the Bishop of London objected to the form which had been used upon the last and other occasions (an order made by the lords to the Archbishop of Canterbury to prepare a form of prayer), asserting that *the lords* had no power to make such an order, and it was even doubted by lawyers whether the King himself had power to order alterations in the liturgy, or the use of the particular prayers ; and admitting that he had, it was in virtue of his prerogative, and as head of the Church, but that *the lords of the council* had no power whatever of the kind. They admitted that he was correct in this view of the case, and consequently, instead of an order to the archbishops, his Majesty's pleasure that prayers should be offered up was conveyed to the council, and a communication to that effect was directed to be made to the Archbishop. The King's pleasure being thus conveyed, it is his duty to obey, and the bishops have power to direct their clergy to pray for the King. The Bishop of London would have preferred that a prayer for his recovery as for a sick person, but mentioning him by name, should have been adopted, but the Archbishop was prepared with his form of prayer, and it was directed to be used.

*June 19th.*—Yesterday the King was sinking fast ; the Sacrament was administered to him by the Archbishop of Canterbury. He said, "This is the 18th of June ; I should like to live to see the sun of Waterloo set." Last night I met the Duke, and dined at the Duchess of Cannizzaro's, who after dinner crowned him with a crown of laurel (in joke

of course), when they all stood up and drank his health, and at night they sang a hymn in honor of the day. He asked me whether Melbourne had had any communication with the Princess Victoria. I said I did not know, but thought not. He said, "He ought. I was in constant communication with the present King for a month before George IV. died. George IV. was for a month quite as bad as this King, and I sent the Duke of Clarence the bulletins every day, and besides wrote to him the private accounts I received, and what is very odd, I had a quarrel with him in the course of this. He constantly wrote to me, and in one of his letters he told me he meant to make me his minister. I felt this was a very awkward subject for me to enter upon, and that I could not, being the minister of the King, with any propriety treat with his successor, so I resolved to take no notice whatever of this part of his letter, and I did not. He was very indignant at this, and complained to his friends (to Lord Cassilis, for instance) that I had behaved very rudely to him. When I met him — for I met him constantly at Windsor, and in the King's room — he was very cold in his manner, but I took no notice, and went on as before."

*June 21st.* — The King died at twenty minutes after two yesterday morning, and the young Queen met the council at Kensington Palace at eleven. Never was anything like the first impression she produced, or the chorus of praise and admiration which is raised about her manner and behavior, and certainly not without justice. It was very extraordinary, and something far beyond what was looked for. Her extreme youth and inexperience, and the ignorance of the world concerning her, naturally excited intense curiosity to see how she would act on this trying occasion, and there was a considerable assemblage at the palace, notwithstanding the short notice which was given. The first thing to be done was to teach her her lesson, which for this purpose Melbourne had himself to learn. I gave him the council papers, and explained all that was to be done, and he went and explained all this to her. He asked her if she would enter the room

accompanied by the great officers of state, but she said she would come in alone. When the lords were assembled the Lord President informed them of the King's death, and suggested, as they were so numerous, that a few of them should repair to the presence of the Queen and inform her of the event, and that their lordships were assembled in consequence; and accordingly the two royal dukes, the two archbishops, the Chancellor, and Melbourne went with him. The Queen received them in the adjoining room alone. As soon as they had returned the proclamation was read and the usual order passed, when the doors were thrown open and the Queen entered, accompanied by her two uncles, who advanced to meet her. She bowed to the lords, took her seat, and then read her speech in a clear, distinct, and audible voice, and without any appearance of fear or embarrassment. She was quite plainly dressed, and in mourning. After she had read her speech and taken and signed the oath for the security of the Church of Scotland, the privy councilors were sworn, the two royal dukes<sup>1</sup> first, by themselves; and as these two old men, her uncles, knelt before her, swearing allegiance and kissing her hand, I saw her blush up to the eyes, as if she felt the contrast between their civil and their natural relations, and this was the only sign of emotion which she evinced. Her manner to them was very graceful and engaging; she kissed them both, and rose from her chair and moved towards the Duke of Sussex, who was farthest from her and to infirm to reach her. She seemed rather bewildered at the multitude of men who were sworn, and who came one after another to kiss her hand, but she did not speak to anybody, nor did she make the slightest difference in her manner, or show any in her countenance, to any individual of any rank, station, or party. I particularly watched her when Melbourne and the ministers and the Duke of Wellington and Peel approached her. She went through the whole ceremony, occasionally looking at Melbourne for instruction when she had any doubt

<sup>1</sup> The Dukes of Cumberland and Sussex. The Duke of Cambridge was in Hanover.

what to do, which hardly ever occurred, and with perfect calmness and self-possession, but at the same time with a graceful modesty and propriety particularly interesting and ingratiating. When the business was done she retired as she had entered, and I could see that nobody was in the adjoining room.

Lord Lansdowne insisted upon being declared president of the council (and I was obliged to write a declaration for him to read to that effect), though it was not usual. The speech was admired, except by Brougham, who appeared in a considerable state of excitement. He said to Peel (whom he was standing near, and with whom he is not in the habit of communicating), "*Amelioration*, that is not English; you might perhaps say *melioration*, but improvement is the proper word." "Oh," said Peel, "I see no harm in the word; it is generally used." "You object," said Brougham, "to the sentiment, I object to the grammar." "No," said Peel, "I don't object to the sentiment." "Well, then, she pledges herself to the policy of *our* government," said Brougham. Peel told me this, which passed in the room and near to the Queen. He likewise said how amazed he was at the manner and behavior, at her apparent deep sense of her situation, her modesty, and at the same time her firmness. She appeared, in fact, to be awed, but not daunted, and afterwards the Duke of Wellington told me the same thing, and added that if she had been his own daughter he could not have desired to see her perform her part better. It was settled that she was to hold a council at St. James's this day, and be proclaimed there at ten o'clock, and she expressed a wish to see Lord Albemarle, who went to her and told her he was come to take her orders. She said, "I have no orders to give; you know all this so much better than I do, that I leave it all to you. I am to be at St James's at ten to-morrow, and must beg you to find me a conveyance proper for the occasion." Accordingly, he went and fetched her in state with a great escort. The Duchess of Kent was in the carriage with her, but I was surprised to hear so little shouting, and to see so few hats off as she went by. I rode



down the Park, and saw her appear at the window when she was proclaimed. The Duchess of Kent was there, but not prominent; the Queen was surrounded by her ministers, and courtesied repeatedly to the people, who did not, however, hurrah till Lord Lansdowne gave them the signal from the window. At twelve she held a council, at which she presided with as much ease as if she had been doing nothing else all her life, and though Lord Lansdowne and my colleague had contrived between them to make some confusion with the council papers, she was not put out by it. She looked very well, and though so small in stature, and without much pretension to beauty, the gracefulness of her manner and the good expression of her countenance give her on the whole a very agreeable appearance, and with her youth inspire an excessive interest in all who approach her, and which I can't help feeling myself. After the council she received the archbishops and bishops and after them the judges. They all kissed her hand, but she said nothing to any of them, very different in this from her predecessor, who used to harangue them all, and had a speech ready for everybody.

Conyngham, when he came to her with the intelligence of the King's death, brought a request from the Queen Dowager that she might be permitted to remain at Windsor till after the funeral, and she has written her a letter couched in the kindest terms, begging her to consult nothing but her own health and convenience, and to remain at Windsor just as long as she pleases. In short, she appears to act with every sort of good taste and good feeling, as well as good sense, and as far as it has gone nothing can be more favorable than the impression she has made, and nothing can promise better than her manner and conduct do, though it would be rash to count too confidently upon her judgment and discretion in more weighty matters. No contrast can be greater than that between the personal demeanor of the present and the late sovereigns at their respective accessions. William IV. was a man who, coming to the throne at the mature age of sixty-five, was so excited by the exaltation, that he nearly went mad, and

distinguished himself by a thousand extravagances of language and conduct, to the alarm or amusement of all who witnessed his strange freaks; and though he was shortly afterwards sobered down into more becoming habits, he always continued to be something of a blackguard and something more of a buffoon. It is but fair to his memory at the same time to say that he was a good-natured, kind-hearted, and well-meaning man, and he always acted an honorable and straightforward, if not always a sound and discreet, part. The two principal ministers of his reign, the Duke of Wellington and Lord Grey (though the former was only his minister for a few months), have both spoken of him to me with strong expressions of personal regard and esteem. The young Queen, who might well be either dazzled or confounded with the grandeur and novelty of her situation, seems neither the one nor the other, and behaves with a decorum and propriety beyond her years, and with all the sedateness and dignity the want of which was so conspicuous in her uncle.





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