







MEMOIRS, JOURNAL, AND CORRESPONDENCE

THOMAS MOORE

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MEMOIRS  
JOURNAL AND CORRESPONDENCE  
OF  
THOMAS MOORE

EDITED AND ABRIDGED FROM THE FIRST EDITION BY THE RIGHT HON.

LORD JOHN RUSSELL, M.P.

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*"Spirat adhuc amor"*—Hor.

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LONDON  
LONGMAN, GREEN, LONGMAN, AND ROBERTS

1860



## P R E F A C E.

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IN the will of the late Thomas Moore, written in 1828, there occurs the following passage:—

“I also confide to my valued friend, Lord John Russell, (having obtained his kind promise to undertake this service for me,) the task of looking over whatever papers, letters, or journals, I may leave behind me, for the purpose of forming from them some kind of publication, whether in the shape of memoirs or otherwise, which may afford the means of making some provision for my wife and family.”

Many years have elapsed since this paper was written, and since the promise referred to was made. But the obligation has not become less sacred, and the reader will not wonder that I have thought it right to comply with the request of my deceased friend.

The papers which have been thus left consist of, A Memoir of his Life, written by himself, beginning from his birth, but only reaching to the year 1799, when he was not twenty years old. A journal, began in 1818, and extending to the years 1846-7. Letters to and from various correspondents, but especially to his mother.

I have arranged these materials in the following order: I have placed first the Memoir of his Life. I have then given a great variety of letters, extended over the period from 1800 to 1818, with

respect to which there is neither memoir nor journal. With these letters there is inserted a short account of his duel with Mr. Jeffrey, written by himself. I have next proceeded with the Journal, which has been very carefully kept till the period of his illness.

In preparing these papers for the press, I have felt the embarrassments which must weigh upon any one who has a similar task to perform.

In the first place, it is not easy to chuse between the evil of over-loading the work with letters and anecdotes not worth preserving, and the danger of losing the individual likeness by softening or obliterating details.

Upon the whole, I have chosen to encounter blame for the former, rather than for the latter, of these faults. Mr. Moore was one of those men whose genius was so remarkable that the world ought to be acquainted with the daily current of his life, and the lesser traits of his character. I know at least, that while I have often been wearied by the dull letters of insignificant men, I have been far more interested by the voluminous life of a celebrated man, than I should have been by a more general and compendious biography. The lives of Sir Walter Scott and Madame de Genlis derive

much of their interest from the reality which profuse details give to the story. Indeed it may be observed, that the greatest masters of fiction introduce small circumstances and homely remarks in order to give life and probability to stories which otherwise would strike the imagination as absurd and inconceivable. Thus Dante brings before us a tailor threading his needle, and the crowds which pass over a well known bridge in order to carry his readers with him on his strange and incredible journey. Thus Cervantes describes places and persons like one who has himself seen them. Thus likewise Defoe remarks every trifling circumstance which a real Robinson Crusoe might have retained in his memory; and Swift makes his Gulliver carefully minute in his measurements of Lilliput houses and Brobdignag corn. This attention to little circumstances gives a hue of reality even to these wondrous and fanciful fictions, and makes Don Quixote, Robinson Crusoe, and Gulliver better known to us than Homer, Virgil, and Shakspeare. But if this is the mode in which these great masters have imparted an interest to imaginary events, it is a proof that in slight, but characteristic, details is to be found the source of sympathy in the story of a real life.

Returning to biography, I will here insert a remark of Mr. Lockhart in the seventh volume of his *Life of Sir Walter Scott*:—"Let it be granted to me, that Scott belonged to the class of first-rate men, and I may very safely ask, who would be sorry to possess a biography of any such man of a former time in full and honest detail." Let us not forget likewise that our literature is spreading every year both in the old world and in the new. In our own country the diffusion of knowledge, and in foreign countries

the greater acquaintance with our language, increases the number of readers. In the new world millions are added every year to the number of those whose government and institutions are American, but whose literature is English. Among these increasing millions there will in all probability be communities holding aloft the literature of England through the ocean of time. They will neither be subject to conquest by a superior state like the Greeks, nor exposed to the invasion of barbarians like the Romans. To them the English will ever be a living language, and among them the names of Byron, Scott, Moore, Campbell, Rogers, Wordsworth, and Crabbe will ever be famous.

Is it too much to expect that the life of each of these men will be the subject of inquiry, of curiosity, and of affectionate concern?

The second difficulty is of a more serious kind. If it is a bad thing to tire the world with details which are not entertaining, it is a much worse thing to amuse them with stories and remarks which are not harmless. The transactions and the conversations related in Moore's *Journal* are of such recent occurrence, that it is difficult to avoid giving pain by the publication of his papers. The world can well bear a great deal of scandal of the times of Charles the Second, which the gossiping pen of Pepys has presented to us. But the times of George the Fourth cannot be displayed with equal unreserve, and in disturbing the dark recesses of society, we may at every instant touch a web which

"Feels at each thread, and lives along the line."

In performing the task I have undertaken, I had two considerations to guide me:—In the first place, it was plain that Mr. Moore intended to leave out of the

materials of his Memoir, Letters, and Journal, "the means of making some provision for his wife and family." In the next place it was clear, that, by assigning to me the task of "looking over whatever papers, letters, or journals," he might leave behind him "for the purpose of forming from them some kind of memoir for publication, whether in the shape of memoirs or otherwise," he meant to leave much to my discretion.

With respect to the first of these considerations, the melancholy loss of all his children, and the death of his sister Ellen towards the close of his life, left his beloved and devoted wife the sole person for whom provision was to be made. Mr. Longman, anxious to comply with the wishes of Mr. Moore, at once offered for Mr. Moore's papers, on condition of my undertaking to be the editor, such a sum, as with the small pension allowed by the Crown, would enable Mrs. Moore to enjoy for the remainder of her life the moderate income which had latterly been the extent and limit of the yearly family expenses.

With respect to the second consideration, I have endeavoured to preserve the interest of letters and of a diary written with great freedom and familiarity, at as little cost as possible to those private and hallowed feelings which ought always to be respected. It is a comfort to reflect, that the kindness of Moore's nature, and the general benevolence which his bright talents and warm heart excited, tend to exhibit society, in his view of it, in its best aspect. It is thus with a good portrait-painter. Not only would Sir Joshua Reynolds paint better that which was before him than an ordinary limner, but that which was before him would be better worth painting. For, by agreeable conversation, and by quickness in catching the best turn of the features, he would

raise upon the countenance and fix upon the canvas, the wisest look of the judge, the liveliest expression of the wit, and the most brilliant glances of the beauty.

Moore's life, from infancy to decay, is represented in his own account, whether in the shape of memoir, letters, or diary. There will be seen his early progress as a schoolboy; his first success as an author; his marriage; the happiness of his wedded life; the distress arising from the defalcation of his deputy at Bermuda; his residence at Paris; his popularity as a poet; and, lastly, the domestic losses which darkened his latter days, and obscured one of the most sparkling intellects that ever shone upon the world. His virtues and his failings, his happiness and his afflictions, his popularity as an author, his success in society, his attachment as a friend, his love as a son and a husband, are reflected in these volumes. Still there are some remarks which an editor may be allowed to make by way of introduction to this work.

The most engaging as well as the most powerful passions of Moore were his domestic affections. It was truly and sagaciously observed of him by his friend, Miss Godfrey, "You have contrived, God knows how! amidst the pleasures of the world, to preserve all your home fireside affections true and genuine as you brought them out with you; and this is a trait in your character that I think beyond all praise; it is a perfection that never goes alone; and I believe you will turn out a saint or an angel after all."\*

Twice a week during his whole life, except during his absence in America and Bermuda, he wrote a letter to his mother. If he had nothing else to tell her, these letters conveyed the repeated assurance of

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\* Miss Godfrey, Oct. 2, 1806.

his devotion and attachment. His expressions of tenderness, however simple and however reiterated, are in my estimation, more valuable than the brightest jewels of his wit. They flow from a heart uncorrupted by fame, unspoilt by the world, and continue to retain to his old age the accents and obedient spirit of infancy. In the same stream, and from the same source, flowed the waters of true, deep, touching, unchanging affection for his wife. From 1811, the year of his marriage, to 1852, that of his death, this excellent and beautiful person received from him the homage of a lover, enhanced by all the gratitude, all the confidence, which the daily and hourly happiness he enjoyed were sure to inspire. Thus, whatever amusement he might find in society, whatever sights he might behold, whatever literary resources he might seek elsewhere, he always returned to his home with a fresh feeling of delight. The time he had been absent had always been a time of exertion and of exile; his return restored him to tranquillity and to peace. Keen as was his natural sense of enjoyment, he never balanced between pleasure and happiness. His letters and his journal bear abundant evidence of these natural and deep-seated affections.

His affections as a father were no less genuine, but were not equally rewarded. The deaths of some of his children at an early period, of his remaining daughter and of his sons at a more advanced age, together with some other circumstances, cast a gloom over the latter years of his life, which was never entirely dispelled.

Another characteristic quality of Moore, was his love of independence. Unfortunately for him he entertained, as a young man, expectations of advancement and competency, if not wealth, from a patron. Lord Moira, who assumed that character,

seems to have meant kindness, and perhaps, to have done all in his power to help the rising poet, but his attempts were not altogether successful. He procured for Mr. Moore an office in the Court of Admiralty at Bermuda, which produced the only great pecuniary embarrassment from which he ever suffered. When Lord Moira went to India, he lamented he could not take Mr. Moore with him, but made some indistinct offer of exchanging some portion of his patronage to help his friend at home. Mr. Moore's answer was prompt and conclusive. Whatever he might have done had employment immediately under Lord Moira been offered to him, he replied to this last proposal, "I would rather struggle on as I am, than take anything that would have the effect of tying up my tongue under such a system as the present."\*

Within a few days of giving this answer, he was obliged to write to Mr. Power, the publisher of his music, for an advance of three or four pounds, as he had not sixpence in his house.

Lord Moira, who seems to have esteemed Moore's character, was not offended by his spirit; he continued to open to him his library and his house at Donington, and was in fact of more use to him by that kindness than if he had carried him to the East Indies to waste his genius in the details of office. It must also be recorded that Lord Moira had given his father an office in Dublin, which for many years relieved Mr. Moore from a burthen he could hardly have supported. It may, however, with truth be averred, that while literary men of acknowledged talent have a claim on the government of their country, to save them from penury or urgent dis-

\* Letters to Lady Donegal and Mr. Power, 1812.

tress, it is better for literature that eminent authors should not look to political patronage for their maintenance. It is desirable that they who are the heirs of fame should preserve an independence of position, and that the rewards of the Crown should not bind men of letters in servile adherence. Rightly did Mr. Moore understand the dignity of the laurel. He never would barter his freedom away for any favour from any quarter. Although the wolf of poverty often prowled round his door, he never abandoned his humble dwelling for the safety of the City, or the protection of the Palace. From the strokes of penury indeed, neither his unceasing exertion,

“— nec Apollinis infula textit.”

But never did he make his wife and family a pretext for political shabbiness; never did he imagine that to leave a disgraced name as an inheritance to his children was his duty as a father. Neither did he, like many a richer man, with negligence amounting to crime, leave his tradesmen to suffer for his want of fortune. Mingling careful economy with an intense love of all the enjoyments of society, he managed, with the assistance of his excellent wife, who carried on for him the detail of his household, to struggle through all the petty annoyances attendant on narrow means, to support his father, mother, and sister, besides his own family, and at his death he left no debt behind him.

It is true that Mr. Moore had a small office at Bermuda, and that in his latter days he received a pension of 300*l.* a-year from the Crown. But the office at Bermuda was of little avail to him, was the cause of the greatest embarrassment he ever suffered, and obliged him to pass in a foreign country more than a year of his life. The pension which was granted to him, by Her Majesty, near the end of his

life, was no more than sufficient to defray, in the most humble manner, the expenses of subsistence. But this pension had no reference to political conduct, and left him as free as it found him.

Another marked quality of Moore was his cheerfulness. Keenly sensitive to criticism he was yet far more pleased with praise than annoyed by blame, and was always more elevated by admiration than depressed by censure. In all contingencies he could say,

“When equal chances arbitrate th' event,  
My mind inclines to hope rather than fear;”

and when the certainty of a misfortune left no room for doubt he could write in this tone to Miss Godfrey:—“Your friends, the Fudges, are nearly out of hand. It was well this shock did not come upon me sooner, as it might perhaps (though I doubt whether it would) have damped my gaiety with them; but, I don't know how it is, as long as my conscience is sound, and that suffering is not attended by delinquency, I doubt whether even a prison will make much difference in my cheerfulness:

‘Stone walls do not a prison make, &c.’”

I crossed from Dover to Calais with him not long afterwards, when he was leaving his country, embarrassed by an unforeseen incumbrance, and with but an uncertain hope of an early return. Yet he was as cheerful as if he had been going for a few weeks' amusement to the Continent, and we amused ourselves with imaginary paragraphs, describing his exile as “the consequence, of an unfortunate *attachment*.” His sensibility to happy and affecting emotions was exquisite. A return to his wife and children after even a short separation affected him deeply; music enchanted him; views of great scenes of nature made him weep. I shall



never forget the day when I hurried him on from a post-house in the Jura mountains to get a first view of the Alps at sunset, and on coming up to him found him speechless and in tears, overcome with the sublimity of Mont Blanc.

As he grew older this sensibility gave a deeper gloom to his sorrows, but during the greater part of his life his love, and affections, and admiration being much keener than his dislikes, and antipathies, and aversions, he derived from this constitution of his nature a degree of happiness to which few men can attain. To the good qualities of Moore both Byron and Scott, his great cotemporaries, have borne witness.

"I have read Lalla Rookh (says Byron), but not with sufficient attention yet, for I ride about, and lounge, and ponder, and two or three other things, so that my reading is very desultory, and not so attentive as it used to be. I am very glad to hear of its popularity, for Moore is a very noble fellow in all respects, and will enjoy it without any of the bad feelings which success—good or evil—sometimes engenders in the men of rhyme. Of the poem itself, I will tell you my opinion when I have mastered it. I say of the poem, for I don't like the prose at all; in the meantime, the 'Fire-Worshippers' is the best, and the 'Veiled Prophet' the worst of the volume."

Lord Byron says elsewhere,

"Moore has a peculiarity of talent, or rather talents—poetry, music, voice, all his own; and an expression in each, which never was, nor will be, possessed by another. But he is capable of still higher flights in poetry. By the by, what humour, what—everything, in the 'Post-Bag!' There is nothing Moore may not do, if he will *but seriously set about it*. In society he is gentlemanly, gentle, and, altogether, more pleasing than any individual with whom I am acquainted. For his honour, principle, and independence, his conduct to Hunt speaks 'trumpet-tongued.' He has but one fault—and that one I daily regret—he is not here."

Walter Scott, in his "Diary," gives the

following just account of the differences and resemblances between himself and Moore:

"Nov. 22, 1825. Moore. I saw Moore (for the first time, I may say, this season). We had, indeed, met in public twenty years ago. There is a manly frankness, with perfect ease and good breeding about him, which is delightful. Not the least touch of the poet or the pedant. A little, very little man less, I think, than Lewis, and something like him in person; God knows, not in conversation; for Matt., though a clever fellow, was a bore of the first description; moreover, he looked always like a schoolboy. Now Moore has none of this insignificance. His countenance is plain, but the expression is very animated, especially in speaking or singing, so that it is far more interesting than the finest features could have rendered it. I was aware that Byron had often spoken, both in private society and in his journal, of Moore and myself in the same breath, and with the same sort of regard; so I was curious to see what there could be in common betwixt us, Moore having lived so much in the gay world, I in the country, and with people of business, and sometimes with politicians; Moore a scholar, I none; he a musician and artist, I without knowledge of a note; he a democrat, I an aristocrat; with many other points of difference; besides his being an Irishman, I a Scotchman, and both tolerably national. Yet there is a point of resemblance, and a strong one. We are both good-humoured fellows, who rather seek to enjoy what is going forward than to maintain our dignity as Lions; and we have both seen the world too widely and too well not to condemn in our souls the imaginary consequence of literary people, who walk with their noses in the air, and remind me always of the fellow whom Johnson met in an alehouse, and who called himself 'the great Twalmly, inventor of the floodgate iron for smoothing linen.' He always enjoys the *mot pour rire*, and so do I. It was a pity that nothing save the total destruction of Byron's memoirs would satisfy his executors; but there was a reason—*Premat nax alla*. It would be a delightful addition to life, if Thomas Moore had a cottage within two miles of me. We went to the theatre together, and the house being luckily a good one, received Thomas Moore with rapture. I could have

hugged them, for it paid back the debt of the kind reception I met with in Ireland.\*

I have placed in the notes some other testimonies to the merit of Moore, for which I am indebted to a cotemporary publication.†

The independence of his character, and the fastidiousness of his taste, affected his opinions both in politics and religion. His political sympathies in early youth were deeply and ardently engaged on the side of those who excited and partook in the Irish Rebellion, so wickedly provoked, so rashly begun, and so cruelly crushed, in 1798. But the sight of democracy triumphant in America soon disgusted him; and speaking of Hudson, one of his earliest and most enthusiastic college friends, who had settled at Baltimore, he writes to his mother: "I shall leave this place for Philadelphia on tomorrow, or the day after. I shall see there poor Edward Hudson, who, if I am rightly informed, has married the daughter of a very rich bookseller, and is taken into partnership by the father. Surely, surely, this country must have cured him of republicanism."

In another letter he says,—“I have seen Edward Hudson: the rich bookseller I had heard of is Pat Byrne, whose daughter Hudson has married; they are, I believe, doing well. I dine with them to-day. Oh! if Mrs. Merry were to know that! However, I dined with the Consul-General yesterday, which makes the balance even. I feel awkward with Hudson now; he has perhaps had reason to confirm him in his politics, and God knows I see every reason to change mine.”

Although the view which he took of

America and her institutions was afterwards referred to by him as a mere boyish impression, yet a similar alteration took place in his views regarding his native country. Although nothing could be warmer or more constant than his love for Ireland, he never could look with complacency on the attempts at revolution by force, or even on the organised agitation of opinion which from time to time disturbed the peace of his unhappy country. Of his own feelings he speaks thus in one of the dedications of the *Irish Melodies*:—“To those who identify nationality with treason, and who see, in every effort for Ireland, a system of hostility towards England; to those too who, nursed in the gloom of prejudice, are alarmed by the faintest gleam of liberality that threatens to disturb their darkness (like that of Demophoon of old, who, when the sun shone upon him, shivered); to such men I shall not deign to apologise for the warmth of any political sentiment which may occur in the course of these pages. But, as there are many, among the more wise and tolerant, who, with feeling enough to mourn over the wrongs of their country, and sense enough to perceive all the danger of not redressing them, may yet think that allusions in the least degree bold or inflammatory should be avoided in a publication of this popular description, I beg of these respected persons to believe, that there is no one who deprecates more sincerely than I do any appeal to the passions of an ignorant and angry multitude; but, that it is not through that gross and inflammable region of society a work of this nature could ever have been intended to circulate. It looks much higher for its audience and readers: it is found upon the pianofortes of the rich and the educated—of those who can afford to have their national zeal

\* Life of Scott, vol. vi. p. 128.

† The Irish Quarterly Review, No. VI. See Note A.

a little stimulated, without exciting much dread of the excesses into which it may hurry them; and of many whose nerves may be, now and then, alarmed with advantage, as much more is to be gained by their fears than could ever be expected from their justice." \*

Of the political agitation, which, whether under the name of Catholic Association, or any other, has so often been employed as a means to obtain redress, or change, he never speaks but with repugnance and dislike. The language used to move an ignorant mass was abhorrent to his taste; the machinery of meetings and societies suited ill with his love of domestic quiet; the fierce denunciations uttered by impassioned orators jarred with his feelings of kindness and goodwill to mankind.

On the other hand, his spirit of independence revolted against a proposition by which a seat in Parliament was offered him in the days when Mr. O'Connell ruled supreme over the minds of the great majority of the Irish people. If I am not mistaken, he expressed to Mr. O'Connell himself his manly determination not to bend his political will to any one. Thus, in the midst of an agitation purely Irish, the most gifted of Irish patriots held aloof, foregoing the applause in which he would have delighted, and the political distinction for which he often sighed, that he might not sully the white robe of his independence, or 'file his soul for any object of ambition or of vanity.

An equal devotion to truth marked his literary character. The liberal opinions of the Whigs, combined with the literary tastes of the chief members of that party, naturally led him to espouse their cause

and live in their society. Yet in his *Life of Sheridan* he did not hesitate to question their policy, and to blame their great leader, Mr. Fox, when his own judgment led him to withhold his assent, or refuse his approbation. For he loved to examine history for himself, and to state fearlessly the opinions which he formed impartially. It is not my purpose here to defend those opinions, or to impugn them; it is enough to say that he did not frame them from any motives of interest, or suppress them from any personal regard.

On his religious opinions I shall touch very briefly. He was bred a Roman Catholic, and in his mature years he published a work of some learning in defence of the chief articles of the Roman Catholic faith. Yet he occasionally attended the Protestant Church; he had his children baptised into that Church; and when the Head of his own Church was restored to his throne, he dreaded the consequences of that triumph to the liberty which he prized.\*

Yet he always adhered to the Roman Catholic Church, and when in London attended the Roman Catholic chapel in Wardour Street. His answer to a person who tried to convert him to Protestantism was nearly in these terms: "I was born and bred in the faith of my fathers, and in that faith I intend to die." In that intention he persevered to the end. Of two things all who knew him must have been persuaded: the one, his strong feelings of devotion, his aspirations, his longing for life and immortality, and his submission to the will of God; the other, his love of his neighbour, his charity, his Samaritan kindness for the distressed, his goodwill to all men. In the last days of

\* Irish Melodies, No. VI. Dedication to Lady Donegal.

\* See Letter to Lady Donegal, April 10th, 1815.

his life he frequently repeated to his wife, "Lean upon God, Bessy; lean upon God." That God is love was the summary of his belief; that a man should love his neighbour as himself, seems to have been the rule of his life.

As a poet, Moore must always hold a high place. Of English lyrical poets he is surely the first. Beautiful specimens of lyrical poetry may indeed be found from the earliest times of our literature to the days of Burns, of Campbell, and of Tennyson, but no one poet can equal Moore in the united excellence and abundance of his productions. Lord Byron writes, upon reading one or two of the numbers of the Irish Melodies, then recently published, "To me, some of Moore's last Erin sparks, 'As a Beam o'er the Face of the Waters,' 'When He who adores Thee,' 'Oh! blame not,' and 'Oh! breathe not his Name,' are worth all the epics that ever were composed.

When we remember that to these early Irish Melodies were added so many numbers of Irish Melodies, National Melodies, and Sacred Songs, each full of the most exquisite poetry, it is impossible not to be lost in admiration at the fancy and the feeling of which the spring was so abundant and the waters so clear, the *chiare, fresche, e dolci acque*, which seemed to flow perennially from an inexhaustible fountain. In mentioning fancy and feeling, I have mentioned what appear to me the two qualities in which Moore was most rich. His was a delightful fancy, not a sublime imagination; a tender and touching feeling; not a rending and overwhelming passion. The other quality most remarkable is the sweetness of the versification, arising from the happy choice of words and the delicacy of a correct musical ear. Never has the English language, except in some few songs of the

old poets, been made to render such melody; never have the most refined emotions of love and the most ingenious creations of fancy been expressed in a language so simple, so easy, so natural.

Lalla Rookh is the work next to the Melodies and Sacred Songs in proof of Moore's title as a poet. It is a poem rich with the most brilliant creations; a work such as Pope always wished to write, such as Tasso might have written. Indeed there is no poet who Moore resembles in profusion of invention, in beauty of language, and in tenderness of feeling so much as Tasso. Tasso, indeed, placed certain limits to his own invention by taking for his subject a well-known historical event, and adopting for his heroes historical characters. Whether he has gained or lost by that choice of subject may be doubted. On the one hand, he has indeed shed upon his poem all the interest which attaches to the religious enterprise of the Crusaders, and has restrained his own genius from wandering into the wild realms of fiction where some poets of his country have lost themselves; while, on the other hand, he has subjected his beautiful poem to a comparison with Homer, Virgil, and Milton, who all surpass him in the simplicity and grandeur which properly belong to the epic poem.\*

Moore has, however, taken a different course, and relinquishing all the advantages to be derived from an historical subject, has sought in the abundant spring of his own imagination, the tales upon which his poem is founded. Some few hints, indeed, he has borrowed from Eastern legends, and recorded revolutions, and in one of his letters he says that Mr. Rogers furnished him with the subject of

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\* See Note B. at the end of the Preface.

his poem. But the whole narrative of the Veiled Prophet and the Fire-Worshippers is in fact his own creation.

It must be owned that Spenser and Moore have subjected themselves to some disadvantage by thus building out of "airy nothing," and giving to the creations of their own brain "a local habitation and a name." Where the foundations are already laid, and are strong in popular belief, the architect finds his task much lightened, and his superstructure more easily raised. It is difficult to feel for Hazim and Hafed the interest which the name of Achilles inspired in the Greeks, and that of Goffredo in the Italians. But neither Spenser nor Moore were made to wear the heavy armour of the epic poet: light and easy movement, weapons that might be thrown to a distance, and dazzle the beholder as they glittered in the air, fitted them better than the broad shield and the ponderous sword. *It is best that every poet should attempt that kind of poetry in which he is most likely to succeed.* The Greeks used to say of Archilochus, "If Archilochus had written epic, Archilochus would have been equal to Homer." But it is not clear that Archilochus had a genius for the kind of poetry which he did not attempt. Besides, it is to be said that Moore wrote in an age, when, as Lord Jeffrey expressed it, men would as little think of sitting down to a whole epic as to a whole ox.

Be this as it may, the execution of the work is exquisite. Such charm of versification, such tenderness of womanly love, such strains of patriotic ardour, and such descriptions of blind and fierce fanaticism as are found in Lalla Rookh, are found nowhere else in a poem of this length. Indeed, the fault on which most readers dwell is that the feast is too sumptuous,

the lights of a splendour which dazzles the eyes they were meant to enchant, and the flowers of a fragrance which overpowers the senses they were meant to delight. To this may be added the too copious display of Eastern learning, which often brings the unknown to illustrate that which of itself is obscure.

It is difficult to give a preference to one of the poems which compose the volume over the rest. Crabbe preferred the Veiled Prophet; Byron the Fire-Worshippers. Of these, the Veiled Prophet displays the greater power; the Fire-Worshippers the more natural and genuine passion. The story of the Veiled Prophet is somewhat revolting, and requires the most musical and refined poetry to make it even bearable. The Ghebers were no doubt associated in the mind of Moore with the religion and the country most dear to his heart.

It may be remarked that the catastrophe of the two poems is too nearly similar. Mokanna and Hafed are both insurgents; both are defeated; both seek death to avoid captivity after the destruction of their armies, and the ruin of their cause. One, indeed, is a monster, and the other a hero; but the similarity of situation is undeniable.

Paradise and the Peri is a short poem of exquisite beauty, and perhaps the most perfect in the volume.

The Loves of the Angels is another work rich with the same freight of tenderness and fancy which are the true property of Moore. There is a falling off in the third of the stories, which together compose the poem, and altogether the effect is not that which a single tale would have produced. Sweetness too much prolonged, tenderness not varied with the sterner and more deadly passions are a food too milky for our un-childlike nature.

I will not defend the propriety of Moore's earlier poems. Horace is very licentious, yet his odes are the delight of our clerical instructors and solemn critics. Prior is not very decent, but his tales are praised on a monument in Westminster Abbey, and defended by our great moralist, Dr. Johnson. Some of Moore's effusions must be classed with those of other amatory poets, who have allowed their fancy to roam beyond the limits which morality and decorum would prescribe.

Moore must always be placed high in any fair estimate of the authors of the first part of the nineteenth century.

If his poetry is not so powerful or so passionate as that Byron it is far sweeter and more melodious; if his prose works cannot be weighed either in number or value against those of Scott, his command of poetical resources is far greater, his imagery more brilliant and more copious, his diction more easy and more finished. In his hands the English language is no longer that jargon (*quel gergo*) which Alfieri declares it to be, but becomes a soft and tuneable tongue, conveying sentiments the most tender and the most spirited, the gayest, and the most melancholy in expressions the most appropriate.

Dr. Johnson, in quoting some verses of Pope expressing by sound the sense to be conveyed, gives the line,

"Flies o'er th' unbending corn, and skims along the main."

Yet in this verse the word "unbending" sounds, as it means, stiff, resisting, &c., and thus clashes violently with the idea of rapid and easy motion, which Pope seeks to convey. Much better has Scott said,

"E'en the light harebell raised its head,  
Elastic from her airy tread."

But in fifty instances Moore has done better still. Thus,

"The young May moon is beaming, love!  
The glow-worm's lamp is gleaming, love!  
How sweet to rove  
Through Morna's grove,  
When the drowsy world is dreaming, love!"

Or,

"Oh! had we some bright little isle of our own,  
In a blue summer ocean far off and alone,  
Where a leaf never dies in the still-blooming  
bowers,  
And the bee banquets on through a whole year  
of flowers.  
Where the sun loves to pause  
With so fond a delay,  
That the night only draws  
A thin veil o'er the day;  
Where simply to feel that we breathe, that we  
live,  
Is worth the best joy that life elsewhere can  
give."

Again,

"But oh! how the tear in her eyelids grew  
bright,  
When, after whole pages of sorrow and shame,  
She saw History write,  
With a pencil of light,  
That illum'd all the volume, her Wellington's  
name."

And in the address to the Harp of his Country,

"I was *but* as the wind, passing heedlessly over,  
And all the wild sweetness I wak'd was thy  
own."

It is the merit of these passages that they do not merely represent a sound, but they express by sound — scenery, action, and feeling. Lalla Rookh abounds with such passages. I know not how faithfully the translators have conveyed into various languages the beauty of the original, but that Eastern imagery was well transfused into his own tongue by the poet is playfully recorded by Luttrell, who expressed a fact when he wrote,

"I'm told, dear Moore, your lays are sung,  
(Can it be true, you lucky man?)  
By moonlight, in the Persian tongue,  
Along the streets of Ispahan."

The political squibs are excellent, from their ease and playfulness; they are too well known to require further notice.

Of Moore's prose works I need say but little. The *Life of Sheridan*, and that of *Lord Edward Fitzgerald* must, from their intrinsic merit, always be read with interest. In the former of these works the history of an extraordinary period is sketched with great spirit and force. The character and the fate of *Lord Edward Fitzgerald* are made to touch the heart of every Irish patriot. The "*Memoirs of Captain Rock*" abound in wit: the "*Travels of an Irish Gentleman in Search of a Religion*" display a fund of learning on theological subjects on which *Dr. Doyle* pronounced his judgment in nearly the following form:—"If *St. Augustine* were more orthodox, and *Scratchinbach* less plausible, it is a book of which any one of us might be proud." Ireland which has the glory of having produced *Burke* and *Grattan*, as her orators, may justly boast of *Moore* as her poet.

The character of *Moore* was not difficult to understand, although, like that of most men, it was not without inconsistencies and contradictions. With a keen sense of enjoyment, he loved music and poetry the world and the play-house, the large circle of society, and the narrow precincts of his home. His heart was thrilled by deep devotion, and his mind expatiated over the wild field of philosophy. In all that he did, and wrote, and spoke, there was a freedom and a frankness which alarmed and delighted:—frightened old men of the world, and charmed young men and young women who were something better than the world. With a love

and affection ready to burst out on all sides, he felt as he sang:

"They may rail at this life: from the hour I began it,

I've found it a life full of kindness and bliss;  
And until they can show me some happier planet,  
More social and bright, I'll content me with this.

"Oh! think what a world we should have of it here,

If the haters of peace, of affection, and glee  
Were to fly up to Saturn's comfortless sphere,  
And leave earth to such spirits as you, love,  
and me."

I have not endeavoured, by suppressing parts of his *Diary* and his letters, to conceal his weaknesses. I have allowed it to be seen that he was dazzled by the first aspect of London society; that in making confessions to his mother which he would not make to any one else, he avowed his delight at being noticed by the Prince of Wales, and chronicled all the praises which his poems received. Sagacious persons have thence argued that he had a great deal of vanity. A few words on this topic may not be amiss.

There is much truth in the maxim of *La Rochefoucauld*, that "what most offends us in the vanity of others is that it jars with our own." Every one says to himself, "There is a man so absorbed with his own merits that he does not perceive mine." Still there are different kinds of vanity, and each partakes of the character of the person in whom it resides. Of these kinds the worst is that which makes little display, but is continually at work in depreciating others, that our own superiority may become conspicuous. A vanity of this kind is largely mixed with envy. It is an envy too the more odious, as it is not content with hating some single person, or aiming at some single advantage, but hates every

person who is admired and loved, and every quality for which a person is admired and loved. This kind of vanity cannot bear that a girl should be admired for her beauty, or a child of three for its prattle. Anything that attracts and absorbs attention is gall and wormwood to it. But above all, when that particular merit which competes with its own supposed eminence is admired, nothing is spared to injure, to depreciate, to depress the person thus endowed. The most sacred bonds of friendship, the strongest ties of affection, are broken to indulge its boundless passion. Truly did Mr. Sheridan say, that ambition and avarice are not so destructive in their rage or so furious in their career as vanity. He must have meant vanity of this kind. There is another kind of vanity, which is in many respects the opposite of that which I have described. It is open and ingenuous, taking for granted that all the world adopts its own estimate of its own excellence, and therefore in excellent humour with all the world. If the world sneers and depreciates, a person of this character ascribes the sarcasm to the malignity of some one, or some few, and goes on satisfied and happy as before. Vanity of this kind is often joined with much kindness, and even with simplicity and candour. It is compatible with a high appreciation of the works and acts of others. It often overflows in benevolence towards family, friends, neighbours, and mankind in general.

I own it appears to me that an open confession of this kind is preferable to a humility which is often nothing better than hypocrisy. It is difficult to believe that a poet, an orator, or an historian, whose fame is an echo to every effort of his genius, can be ignorant of his own merit. When Horace says—

“*Exegi monumentum ære perennius,*”

and when Ovid, in the same spirit, exclaims—

“*Jamque opus exegi quod nec Jovis ira nec ignis,  
Nec poterit ferrum, neque edax abolere vetustas,*”

I applaud their manly candour, and acknowledge the truth of their prophecies. It is the same with Dante, Milton, Ariosto, and many others. They knew their powers and were too honest to affect ignorance of them. But when Mr. Burke, who must have been conscious that his eloquence was stamped with genius and fraught with the treasures of a rich imagination, represents himself as nothing more than an industrious plodding member of Parliament, I cannot fail to perceive that he is mocking his hearers, and that he pretends to a humility he does not feel.

Now it would be folly to deny that Moore had a good opinion of his own powers, and that he was delighted with every tribute, oral, written, and printed, to his talents. But his love of praise was joined with the most generous and liberal dispensation of praise to others. He relished the works of Byron and of Scott as if he had been himself no competitor for fame with them. Another man, in his position, upon seeing the hospitable mansion of Abbotsford, might have felt some envy at the largeness of the possession acquired by the pen of a rival. But Moore only felt that it was a position due to genius; and, when the frail fabric of Scott's fortune tumbled to the ground, lamented with genuine sympathy the downfall of a prosperity to which he himself had never aspired, but which he considered the right of the “Author of Waverley.”

The Journal or Diary of Moore occupies the chief part of these volumes.



He has recorded in it the conversations which took place at the dinners and parties where he was a guest. Some persons are of opinion that such conversations ought not to be written, and if written ought not to be printed. Yet it will hardly be denied that there is an interest in the talk of men of talent which is hardly to be found in their most laboured works. One poet has recorded of Addison that he was

"Form'd with each talent and each art to please,  
And born to write, converse, and live with ease."

Another poet, remembering the groves he loved, says—

"'Twas here of just and good he reason'd strong,  
Clear'd some great truth, or rais'd some serious song."

*There is no one, I imagine, who would not be glad to have before him a journal of these conversations, and to see rescued from oblivion the discourse which Pope and Swift and Tickell celebrated for its thought and loved for its amiability.*

The defect of Moore's Journal, in my opinion, is, that while he is at great pains to put in writing the stories and the jokes he hears, he seldom records a serious discussion or notices the instructive portion of the conversations in which he bore a part. It may be of some interest to recall, however, the character and type of the conversations which were carried on by the eminent men now lost to us with whom Moore habitually lived. Lord Bacon has said that "reading makes a full man, writing a correct man, and conversation a ready man." It may be added that in this, as in other arts, "practice makes perfect." Those who have been renowned for their powers of conversation

were constantly engaged in that pleasant task. Addison would pass seven or eight hours a-day in coffee-houses and taverns. Johnson told Boswell that his habit was to go out at four o'clock in the afternoon and not to return till two o'clock in the morning. A vast time for these learned men to spend in talk! Yet, having armed themselves at all points by study, it was no doubt a great delight to these knights of the library to try the temper of their weapons, to run full tilt against an adversary with pointed epigram, and to win the prize in a tournament of wits.

But beyond the mere pleasure of the encounter, it cannot be disputed that much is to be learnt from the conversation of men of reading and observation. Mr. Fox declared that he learnt more from Mr. Burke's conversation than from all the books he had ever read. It often happens, indeed, that a short remark in conversation contains the essence of a quarto volume.

Of all those whose conversation is referred to by Moore, Sir James Mackintosh was the ablest, the most brilliant, and the best informed. A most competent judge in this matter, Sydney Smith, has said, "Till subdued by age and illness, his conversation was more brilliant and instructive than that of any human being I ever had the good fortune to be acquainted with."\* His stores of learning were vast, and of those kinds which, both in serious and in light conversation, are most available. He was profoundly acquainted with the doctrine of the ancient sects of philosophy and the modern churches of Christianity, and he so tempered, assisted, and controlled his memory by his judgment, that if he were referred to on any disputed point, his answer would give, not merely the fact,

\* Life of Mackintosh. vol. ii. p. 500.

but a condensed argument on the controversy. So that not only was the hearer correctly informed, of the exact nature of the tenet which he inquired about, but such light was thrown upon it that he could account for its rise, its prevalence, and its tendency, without further investigation. This information too, which no book or number of books of reference would have given, was conveyed in the easy language of conversation, and with the unassuming tone of an equal and a companion. Indeed, his mind seemed to comprehend in distinct but harmonious method the whole history of human thought, from the earliest speculations of the friends of Job to the latest subtleties of the disciples of Kant. With rare impartiality of mind, and a charity of disposition still more rare, he gave its full weight to every opinion, and made the fairest allowances for every error. Not less copious and instructive was his knowledge of civil and political history; the conduct of Queen Elizabeth to Queen Mary, the projects of the Crusaders, the views of the leaders of party during the French Revolution, — all found in him a searching inquirer, and an impartial judge. On lighter subjects he was equally at home; epigrams, farces, and novels were not less familiar to him than the treatises of Grotius or the annals of Thuanus. Possessing a good share of wit and humour, he took his part in political warfare, armed no less with the "tart reply" than with the "eloquent harangue." I remember sitting by him when a great lawyer, disclaiming, from the Treasury Bench, all participation in the opinions of the liberal party, said, "I could see nothing to tempt me in the views of the gentlemen opposite." "For views read prospects," whispered Mackintosh to me. Thus endowed, conversation was his favourite employment

and his chief seduction. His style in writing was far from being clear and idiomatic; his manner of speaking in Parliament was too elaborate; perhaps too didactic, and his voice harsh and hoarse; but in society his gentle bearing and his vigorous tone made him powerful and pleasing, victorious and delightful.

If it is difficult to convey any notion of the conversation of Sir James Mackintosh, it is hardly possible to describe that of Sydney Smith. There are two kinds of colloquial wit which equally contribute to fame, though not equally to agreeable conversation. The one is like a rocket in a dark air which shoots at once into the sky, and is the more surprising from the previous gloom; the other is like that kind of firework which blazes and bursts in every direction, exploding at one moment, and shining brightly at another, eccentric in its course, and changing its shape and colour to many forms and many hues. Or, like the two kinds of champagne, so these two kinds of wit, the still and the sparkling, are to be found in good company. Sheridan and Talleyrand were among the best examples of the first. Sydney Smith was a brilliant example of the second. With Sydney Smith I long lived intimately. His great delight was to produce a succession of ludicrous images: these followed each other with a rapidity that scarcely left time to laugh; he himself laughing louder and with more enjoyment than any one. This electric contact of mirth came and went with the occasion; it cannot be repeated or reproduced. Anything would give occasion to it. For instance, having seen in the newspapers that Sir Æneas Mackintosh was come to town, he drew such a ludicrous caricature of Sir Æneas and Lady Dido, for the amusement of their namesake, that Sir James Mackin-

tosh rolled on the floor in fits of laughter, and Sydney Smith, striding across him, exclaimed, "Ruat Justitia!" His powers of fun were at the same time united with the strongest, and most practical common sense. So that while he laughed away seriousness at one minute, he destroyed in the next some rooted prejudice which had braved for a thousand years the battle of reason and the breeze of ridicule. The letters of Peter Plymley bear the greatest likeness to his conversation; the description of Mr. Isaac Hawkins Brown dancing at the court of Naples in a volcano coat with lava buttons, and the comparison of Mr. Canning to a large blue-bottle fly with its parasites, most resemble the images he called up in social conversation. It may be averred for certain, that in this style he has never been equalled, and I do not suppose he will ever be surpassed.

It has been said that Moore was a cordial admirer of Scott. Nor was personal intimacy likely to diminish their mutual attraction. For Scott had, like Moore, a frankness and a freedom in his conversation which soared far above the small jealousies, snarling criticisms, and faint praise, which are but too often exhibited among authors when speaking of each other. Scott, with a good, sound understanding, had an open, hearty manner, and, where his politics did not interfere, a cordial warmth towards his fellow-men. His chief merits in society were a cheerful tone, an inexhaustible memory, and a fund of anecdotes and stories which he told with strong Scottish humour, aided by a strong Scottish accent. But in order to see Walter Scott at his ease, it was necessary to see him at the head of his own table, or, at least, in his own country. When he came to London, he was stiff and constrained, and

seemed always apprehensive of remarks which he should feel bound to resent. The consequence was, that his London acquaintance were equally constrained with him. But put him in his own house, surround him with friends, and there could not be a more jovial, a more agreeable, or a more unaffected member of society. Like Samuel Johnson, he pretended to no fine sentiment, or divine inspiration, which made him an author. He did his work as a workman; he knew the merits and the defects of his writings, and was contented to reap the reward of a very popular talent without over-rating the intrinsic value of the article he produced. This wholesome, genial, kind, and manly disposition is as visible in his letters as it was in his intercourse with his neighbours. Byron has said,—

"I hate an author who's all author: fellows  
In foolscap uniform turn'd up with ink."

Scott was the reverse of this, and enjoyed his pony and his dogs as if he had been the homeliest squire on Tweedside.

Among the houses where Moore was most in the habit of dining when in London, was Holland House. The conversation of that house has been commemorated with no more than just praise in an article of the "Edinburgh Review," written by Mr. Macaulay. Yet I cannot deny myself the pleasure of adding my tribute to the name of Lord Holland.

Lord Holland early in life sate at the feet of his celebrated uncle. From Mr. Fox he learnt an ardent hatred of oppression, an attachment to the leading principles of the British Constitution, indignant detestation of religious persecution, and a sympathy for all nations endeavouring to shake off the yoke of tyranny. With a taste also fostered by, if not derived from, Mr. Fox, he had a

great love of classical literature, both ancient and modern. With these strong affections and decided tastes, he united a love of society, which absorbed much of his time, and dissipated much of his energy; so that instead of being like Mr. Fox a great leader of party, he was rather a faithful adherent to generous principles, and a warm friend to all who suffered from the fury of an Anti-Jacobin ascendancy. But the same love of agreeable society which somewhat blunted the weapons of Parliamentary warfare, added to the grace and liveliness of his conversation. The extreme cheerfulness of his disposition, his kindness to all around him, his toleration for all opinions, his keen sense of the ridiculous, his anecdotes of political debates, enlivened by his admirable mimicry of the chief speakers, made him the pleasantest host that ever presided over a hospitable feast. Lady Holland took care to collect around him nearly every man of eminence in the political, literary, scientific and social world: each received a genial welcome, and shared in refined and friendly intercourse, no less remarkable for its absence of formality or exclusiveness than for its wit and intelligence. Such was Lord Holland in the position where he was most admired, and could best be appreciated. From want of practice, and it must be said for want of that animated kind of debate which was best suited to his powers, he never rose to great eminence as a speaker; from want of leisure and time to concentrate his thoughts and polish his style he never attained to much distinction as a writer: in conversation, however, if he had neither the extensive learning of Mackintosh, nor the broad humour of Sydney Smith, he had a quickness of observation and practical experience of the stirring conflicts of the age, which made him the equal of any

man of his time in the charm of conversation. He won without seeming to court, he instructed without seeming to teach, and he amused without labouring to be witty. But of the charm which belonged to Lord Holland's conversation future times can form no adequate conception:—

“The pliant muscles of the various face,  
The mien that gave each sentence strength  
and grace,  
The tuneful voice, the eye that spoke the  
mind,  
Are gone, nor leave a single trace behind.”

Such were some of the class which Moore loved to frequent. Scott, indeed, did not properly belong to it, but the others are a sample of men belonging to the higher society of England in the first half of the present century.

The character of Moore was much influenced, however, by conversation of a very different kind from that of philosophers, or poets. It is impossible to read many pages of his “Journal” without perceiving that the conversation of women had for him a very great attraction, and that among women he always preferred the natural, the simple, and the amiable, to the learned, the brilliant, and the wise. Or rather, perhaps I should say, he considered that the women who had the truest hearts had likewise the best minds, and that the authoress who shines as a wit too frequently loses that quick perception of the just and the unjust, the truth and the pretence, which seems to belong as an instinct to the less celebrated of her sex. If Moore's taste in this respect may have misled him in his youth, he was saved from final error by his marriage to one of the noblest of women. Mrs. Moore brought him no fortune: indeed it was intended that she should earn her living by the stage, and Moore, afraid that so unworlly a match might displease

his parents, at first concealed from them the fact of his marriage. But the excellence of his wife's moral character; her energy and courage; her abhorrence of all meanness; her disinterested abstinence from amusement; her persevering economy; made her a better, and even a richer partner to Moore, than an heiress of ten thousand a year would have been with less devotion to her duty, and less steadiness of conduct.

There was another person whose society Moore frequented with a growing admiration of its excellence, and an increasing appreciation of the benefits he derived from it. I cannot properly expatiate upon the character of one whose virtues loved to retire even from the praise of loving retirement; who sought in works of charity and beneficence among her poorer neighbours, a compensation for the worldly advantages which excited the envy of others; but among the good influences which surrounded Moore, and led him to revere a woman "unspotted from the world," I could not omit to allude to his intercourse with her who diffused an air of holiness, and peace, and purity over the house of Bowood, which neither rich nor poor can ever forget.

The literary works of which Mr. Moore was the author had yielded him considerable sums for copyright — not less in the whole, he says, in the ninth volume of his *Diary*, than 20,000*l.* But these sums had all been exhausted by his yearly outgoings. He had a pension from the crown of 300*l.* a-year, but this pension ceased with his death. As a provision for his widow, he left only his *Diary* and *Letters*,—commending them to my care. I undertook the task, reserving to myself the power of expunging any passages I might think calculated to wound individuals, or offend the public taste.

It would not be worth while to notice in detail the critical assaults on the character of Moore. That character stands portrayed in his own letters, and his own *Diary*; I have transferred the impression to printed volumes, and have placed on record, in his own words, his defects as well as his good qualities. I have not pretended to be his biographer, but have left the world to form their own judgment without extenuation, not from want of regard to my friend, but from greater regard to truth. Those biographers who exalt every merit of their hero, and defend all his actions, either deceive themselves or wish to impose upon the world. That which is instructive in itself, is the study of men as they were, whether heroes, or statesmen, or poets, when they have been swept away by the storm, or have fallen in natural decay, and are scattered,

"Où va la feuille de rose,  
Et la feuille de laurier."

It is a pleasant thing to reflect that the men of our age and of our nation, whose characters have been unfolded to the world by the publication of their letters and their lives, have been proved generally to be men of honest hearts and pure intentions. A century has made a great change for the better.

Moore was imbued throughout his life with an attachment to the principles of liberty; and he naturally adopted the principles of that party which contended for religious liberty and political reform. His taste for educated and refined society led him into the company of the aristocratic classes in London. Among these he was understood, appreciated, and admired. The more eminent of all political parties were charmed by his poetry, struck with his wit, and attached by the playful negligence of his conversation. A man who was courted and esteemed by Lord

Lansdowne, Mr. Canning, Sir Robert Peel, Mr. Rogers, Mr. Sydney Smith, Sir Walter Scott, and Lord Byron, must have had social as well as literary merits of no common order. It was part of his nature to prize the tributes he received from such men, but likewise to doubt whether he was worthy of so much admiration. Hence his frequent recurrence in his Diary to little proofs of kindness and attention from those he himself admired for their genius, or esteemed for their integrity.

The course of politics led him into the composition of political squibs of various merit. The "Vision in the Court of Chancery," the "Slave," the "Breadfruit Tree," and many more, are replete with sense and feeling, as well as wit. Others, intended to satirise George IV., when Prince Regent, are neither pure in point of taste nor laughable in point of humour; while they have too much of personal hostility for this kind of composition.

It is singular that Mr. Moore should have been one of the gloomy prophets who predicted revolution and calamity as the consequences of the Reform Act. Lord Grey, with a truer knowledge of the English people, was of opinion that the measure, to be safe, must be large; and those who acted with him and under him, framed the Reform Bill in that spirit.

There is, perhaps, in men of letters, a tendency to be dissatisfied with the political system under which they live. Sir James Mackintosh used to observe that the greatest authors of Athens were evidently averse to the rule of the democracy. In France, before the Revolution, the most brilliant writers were as evidently hostile to the absolute monarchy under which they lived. In our own time Southey and Coleridge began with democracy, Scott as a Jacobite, Moore as a disaffected Irish Catholic. The freedom

of literary pursuits leads men to question the excellence of the ruling power; and thus despotism and democracy alike find enemies among the most highly gifted of those who live under their sway. Had Reform never been triumphant, Moore would, in all probability, have remained a warm Reformer.

Moore's domestic life gave scope to the best parts of his character. His beautiful wife, faultless in conduct, a fond mother, a lively companion, devoted in her attachment, always ready — perhaps too ready, to sacrifice her own domestic enjoyments that he might be admired and known, was a treasure of inestimable value to his happiness. I have said that perhaps she was too ready to sacrifice herself, because it would have been better for Mr. Moore if he had not yielded so much to the attractions of society, however dazzling and however tempting. Yet those who imagine that he passed the greater part of his time in London are greatly in error. The London days are minutely recorded; the Sloperton months are past over in a few lines. Except when he went to Bowood, or some other house in the neighbourhood the words "read and wrote," comprise the events of week after week of literary labour and domestic affection.

Those days of intellectual society and patient labour have alike passed away. The breakfasts with Rogers, the dinners at Holland House, the evenings when beautiful women and grave judges listened in rapture to his song, have passed away. The days when a canto of "Childe Harold," the "Excursion" of Wordsworth, the "Curse of Kehama" of Southey, and the "Lalla Rookh" of Moore, burst in rapid succession upon the world, are gone. But the world will not forget that brilliant period; and while poetry has charms for mankind, the "Melodies" of Moore will survive.

The latter years of Moore were clouded by loss of memory, and a helplessness almost childish; yet he preserved his interest about his friends; and when I saw him for the last time, on the 20th of December, 1849, he spoke rationally, agreeably, and kindly on all those subjects which were the topics of our conversation. But the death of his sister Ellen, and of his two sons, seem to have saddened his heart and obscured his intellect. The wit which sparkled so brightly, the gaiety which threw such sunshine over society, the readiness of reply, the quickness of recollection, all that marked the poet and the wit, were gone. As we left his house Lord Lansdowne remarked, that he had not seen him so well for a long time; Mrs. Moore has since made to me the same observation. But that very evening he had a fit from the effects of which he never recovered. The light of his intellect grew still more dim; his memory failed still more; yet there never was a total extinction of that bright flame. To the last day of his life, he would inquire with anxiety about the health of his friends, and would sing, or ask his wife to sing to him, the favourite airs of his past days. Even the day before his death he "warbled," as Mrs. Moore expressed it; and a

fond love of music never left him but with life.

On the 26th of February, 1852, he expired calmly and without pain, at Sloperton Cottage. His body was interred within the neighbouring churchyard of Bromham where the remains of two of his children had been deposited. The funeral was quite private, as no doubt he would have desired.

The reader of the following memoir, correspondence, and journal may find, with ample traces of a "loving, noble nature," the blots of human frailty, and the troubles and anxieties of a combatant in this world's strife. If so, let him recollect the author's own beautiful words:

"This world is all a fleeting show,

For man's illusion given;

The smiles of joy, the tears of woe,

Deceitful shine, deceitful flow:

There's nothing true but Heaven!

"And false the light on glory's plume,

As fading hues of even;

And Love, and Hope, and Beauty's bloom,

Are blossoms gather'd for the tomb;

There's nothing bright but Heaven!

"Poor wanderers of a stormy day,

From wave to wave we're driven,

And Fancy's flash and Reason's ray

Serve but to light our troubled way;

There's nothing calm but Heaven!"

#### NOTE A.

I HAVE extracted from the Irish Quarterly Review, No. VI., some further notices of Mr. Moore's appearance, manners, and conversation. The evidence is all to the same effect, and from the most opposite quarters.

"Moore's country did not forget him; and fancying that the author of *Captain Rock* and the *Life of Sheridan* must possess that stuff of which popular patriots and members of parliament are made, the electors of Limerick determined to offer to him the representation of their city. In the latter part of the year 1832, when Gerald Griffin

was about to leave his native country for London, it was resolved that he (the Irish poet and novelist) should convey to the poet of Ireland, the invitation of the people of Limerick. Gerald, who was accompanied to Sloperton by his brother Daniel thus describes the visit, in a letter to his fair Quaker friend:

"To Mrs. . . .

"Monday morning, March 31st, 1833.

"Pitman's, Senior, Taunton.

"My dear L.—. Procrastination—it is all the fruit of procrastination. When Dan and I

returned to the inn at Devizes, after our first sight and speech of the Irish Melodist, I opened my writing-case to give L—— an account of our day's work: then I put it off, I believe, till morning: then as Dan was returning, I put it off till some hour when I could tell you about it at full leisure: then Saunders and Otley set me to work, and I put it off until my authorship should be concluded for the season, at least; and now it is concluded, for I am not to publish *this* year; and here I come before you with my news, my golden bit of news, stale, flat, and unprofitable. Oh, dear L——, I saw the poet! and I spoke to him, and he spoke to me, and it was not to bid me "get out of his way," as the King of France did to the man who boasted that his majesty had spoken to him; but it was to shake hands with me, and to ask me "How I did, Mr. Griffin," and to speak of "my fame." *My* fame! Tom Moore talk of my fame! Ah, the rogue! he was humbugging, L——, I'm afraid. He knew the soft side of an author's heart, and, perhaps, he had pity on my long melancholy-looking figure, and said to himself, "I will make this poor fellow feel pleasant, if I can;" for which, with all his roguery, who could help liking him and being grateful to him. But you want to know all about it step by step, if not for the sake of your poor dreamy-looking *Bilhard*, at least for that of fancy, wit, and patriotism. I will tell you then, although Dan has told you before, for the subject cannot be tiresome to an Irishwoman. I will tell you how we hired a great, grand cabriolet, and set off—no, pull in a little. I should first tell you how we arrived at the inn at Devizes, late in the evening, I forget the exact time, and ordered tea (for which, by the bye, we had a prodigious appetite, not having stopped to dine in Bath or Bristol), when the waiter (a most solid-looking fellow, who won Dan's heart by his precision and the mathematical exactness of all his movements) brought us up, amongst other good things, fresh butter prepared in a very curious way. I could not for a long time imagine how they did it. It was in strings just like vermicelli, and as if tied in some way at the bottom. King George, not poor *real* King George, but Peter Pindar's King George, was never more puzzled to know how the apple got into the dumpling; but at last, on applying to the waiter, he told us it was done by squeezing it through a linen cloth; an excellent plan, particularly in frosty weather, when it is actually impossible to make the butter adhere to the bread on account of its working up with a coat of crumbs on the under side, but that's true—Tom Moore—and, besides, it is unfashionable now to spread the butter, isn't it? I'm afraid I *exposed* myself, as they say. Well, we asked the waiter; out came the important question, "How far is Sloperton

Cottage from Devizes?" "Sloperton, sir? that's Mr. Moore's place, sir, *he is a poet, sir*. We do all Mr. Moore's work." What ought I to have done, L——? To have flung my arms about his neck for knowing so much about Moore, or to have knocked him down for knowing so little? Well, we learned all we wanted to know! and, after making our arrangements for the following day, went to bed and slept soundly. And in the morning it was that we hired the grand cabriolet, and set off to Sloperton; drizzling rain, but a delightful country; such a gentle shower as that through which *he* looked at Innisfallen—his farewell look. And we drove away until we came to a cottage, a cottage of gentility, with two gateways and pretty grounds about it, and we alighted and knocked at the hall-door; and there was dead silence, and we whispered one another; and my nerves thrilled as the wind rustled in the creeping shrubs that graced the retreat of—Moore. Oh, L——! there's no use in talking, but I must be fine. I wonder I ever stood it at all, and I an Irishman too, and singing his songs since I was the height of my knee—"The Veiled Prophet," "Azim," "She is far from the Land," "Those Evening Bells." But the door opened, and a young woman appeared. "Is Mr. Moore at home?" "I'll see, sir. What name shall I say, sir?" Well, not to be too particular, we were shown upstairs, when we found the nightingale in his cage; in homester language, and more to the purpose, we found our hero in his study, a table before him covered with books and papers, a drawer half opened and stuffed with letters, a piano also open at a little distance; and the thief himself, a little man, but full of spirits, with eyes, hands, feet, and frame for ever in motion, looking as if it would be a feat for him to sit for three minutes quiet in his chair. I am no great observer of proportions, but he seemed to me to be a neat-made little fellow, tidily buttoned up, young as fifteen at heart, though with hair that reminded me of "Alps in the sunset;" not handsome, perhaps, but something in the whole *cut* of him that pleased me; finished as an actor, but without an actor's affectation; easy as a gentleman, but without *some* gentlemen's formality: in a word, as people say when they find their brains begin to run aground at the fag end of a magnificent period, we found him a hospitable, warm-hearted Irishman, as pleasant as could be himself, and disposed to make others so. And is this enough? And need I tell you the day was spent delightfully, chiefly in listening to his innumerable jests and admirable stories, and beautiful similes—beautiful and original as those he throws into his songs—and anecdotes that would make the Danes laugh? and how we did all we could, I believe, to get him to stand for Limerick; and how we called again the



day after, and walked with him about his little garden; and how he told us that he always wrote walking, and how we came in again and took luncheon, and how I was near forgetting that it was Friday (which you know I am rather apt to do in pleasant company) and how he walked with us through the fields, and wished us a "good-bye, and left us to do as well as we could without him?"\*

"Of his appearance and life in 1834, Willis gives the following sketch:

"June, 1834.

"I called on Moore with a letter of introduction, and met him at the door of his lodgings. I knew him instantly from the pictures I had seen of him, but was surprised at the diminutiveness of his person. He is much below the middle size, and with his white hat, and long chocolate frock coat, was far from prepossessing in his appearance. With this material disadvantage, however, his address is gentlemanlike to a very marked degree, and I should think no one could see Moore, without conceiving a strong liking for him. As I was to meet him at dinner, I did not detain him."

"This dinner was at Lady Blessington's. Willis had arrived but a few minutes when

"Mr. Moore," cried the footman, at the bottom of the staircase; "Mr. Moore," cried the footman at the top; and with his glass at his eye, stumbling over an ottoman between his near sightedness and the darkness of the room, enters the poet. Half a glance tells you he is at home on the carpet. Sliding his little feet up to Lady Blessington, he made his compliments with a gaiety and an ease combined with a kind of worshipping deference that was worthy of a prime minister at the court of love. With the gentlemen, all of whom he knew, he had the frank, merry manner of a confident favourite, and he was greeted like one. He went from one to the other, straining back his head to look up at them (for, singularly enough, every gentleman in the room was six feet high and upwards), and to every one he said something which, from any one else, would have seemed peculiarly felicitous, but which fell from his lips as if his breath was not more spontaneous.

"Nothing but a short-hand report could retain the delicacy and elegance of Moore's language, and memory itself cannot embody again the kind of frost-work of imagery which was formed and melted on his lips. His voice is soft or firm as the subject requires, but, perhaps, the word *gentlemanly* describes it better than any other. It is upon a natural key, but, if I may so phrase it, is fused with a high-bred affectation, expressing deference

and courtesy, at the same time that its pauses are constructed peculiarly to catch the ear. It would be difficult not to attend to him while he is talking, though the subject were but the shape of a wine-glass. Moore's head is distinctly before me while I write, but I shall find it difficult to describe. His hair, which curled once all over it in long tendrils, unlike anybody else's in the world, and which, probably, suggested his sobriquet of "*Bacchus*," is diminished now to a few curls sprinkled with grey, and scattered in a single ring above his ears. His forehead is wrinkled, with the exception of a most prominent development of the organ of gaiety, which, singularly enough, shines with the lustre and smooth polish of a pearl, and is surrounded by a semicircle of lines drawn close about it, like entrenchments against time. His eyes still sparkle like a champagne bubble, though the invader has drawn his pencillings about the corners; and there is a kind of wintry red, of the tinge of an October leaf, that seems enamelled on his cheek, the eloquent record of the claret his wit has brightened. His mouth is the most characteristic feature of all. The lips are delicately cut, slight and changeable as an aspen; but there is a set-up look about the lower lip—a determination of the muscle to a particular expression, and you fancy that you can almost see wit astride upon it. It is written legibly with the imprint of habitual success. It is arch, confident, and half diffident, as if he was disguising his pleasure at applause, while another bright gleam of fancy was breaking on him. The slightly-tossed nose confirms the fun of the expression, and altogether it is a face that sparkles, beams, radiates.

"We went up to coffee and Moore brightened again over his *chasse-cuifé*, and went glittering on with criticisms on Grisi, the delicious songstress now ravishing the world, whom he placed above all but Pasta, and whom he thought, with the exception that her legs were too short, an incomparable creature. This introduced music very naturally, and with a great deal of difficulty he was taken to the piano. My letter is getting long, and I have no time to describe his singing. It is well known, however, that its effect is only equalled by the beauty of his own words; and, for one, I could have taken him into my heart with delight. He makes no attempt at music. It is a kind of admirable recitative, in which every shade of thought is syllabled and dwelt upon, and the sentiment of the song goes through your blood, warming you to the very eyelids, and starting your tears, if you have a soul or sense in you. I have heard of a woman's fainting at a song of Moore's; and if the burden of it answered by chance to a secret in the bosom of the listener, I should think, from its comparative effect upon so old a stager as myself, that

\* Griffin's Life of Gerald Griffin, vol. i. p. 382.

the heart would break with it. We all sat around the piano, and after two or three songs of Lady Blessington's choice, he rumbled over the keys awhile, and sang "When first I met thee," with a pathos that beggars description. When the last word had faltered out, he rose and took Lady Blessington's hand, said good night, and was gone before a word was uttered. For a full minute after he had closed the door, no one spoke. I could have wished for myself to drop silently asleep where I sat, with the tears in my eyes and the softness upon my heart—

"Here's a health to thee, Tom Moore!"\*

"I remember," writes Leigh Hunt, "it is one of my prison recollections, when I was showing him and Lord Byron the prison garden, a smart s'ower came on, which induced Moore to button up his coat, and push on for the interior. He returned instantly, blushing up to the eyes. He had forgotten the lameness of his noble friend. "How much better you behaved," said he to me afterwards, "in not hastening to get out of the rain! I quite forgot, at the moment, whom I was walking with." I told him that the virtue was involuntary on my part, having been occupied in conversation with his lordship, which he was not; and that to forget a man's lameness involved a compliment in it, which the sufferer could not dislike. "True," says he, "but the devil of it was, that I was forced to remember it by his not coming up. I could not in decency go on, and to return was very awkward." His anxiety appeared to me very amiable.

"Amiable" is the proper expression, a genuine kindness of heart that was ever genial and ready. Hunt, with his usual flowing, and graceful, and facile pen, thus describes his impression of Moore's social qualities:

"I thought Thomas Moore, when I first knew him, as delightful a person as one could imagine. He could not help being an interesting one: and his sort of talent has this advantage in it, that being of a description intelligible to all, the possessor is equally sure of present and future fame. I never received a visit from him but I felt as if I had been talking with Prior or Sir Charles Sedley. His acquaintance with Lord Byron began by talking of a duel. With me it commenced in as gallant a way, though of a different sort. I had cut up an Opera of his (*The Blue Stocking*), as unworthy of so great a wit. He came to see me, saying I was very much in the right, and an intercourse took place, which I might have enjoyed to this day, had he valued his real fame as much as I did.

\* Willis's Pencilings by the Way, p. 361, ed. 1839.

"Mr. Moore was lively, polite, bustling full of amenities and acquiescences, into which he contrived to throw a sort of roughening of cordiality, like the crust of old port. It seemed a happiness to him to say "yes." There was just enough of the Irishman in him to flavour his speech and manner. He was a little particular, perhaps, in his orthoëpy, but not more so than became a poet: and he appeared to me the last man in the world to cut his country even for the sake of high life. As to his person, all the world knows that he is as little of stature as he is great in wit. It is said that an illustrious personage, in a fit of playfulness, once threatened to put him in a wine-cooler; a proposition which Mr. Moore took to be more royal than polite. A Spanish gentleman, whom I met on the continent, and who knew him well, said, in his energetic English, which he spoke none the worse for a wrong vowel or so: "Now there's *Moœrr*, Thomas *Moœrr*; I look upon *Moœrr* as an active little man." This is true. He reminds us of those active little great men who abound so remarkably in Clarendon's history. Like them, he would have made an excellent practical partisan, and it would have done him good. Horseback and a little Irish fighting, would have seen fair play with his good living, and kept his look as juvenile as his spirit. His forehead is long and full of character, with "bumps" of wit, large and radiant, enough to transport a phrenologist. His eyes are as dark and fine as you would wish to see under a set of vine-leaves: his mouth generous and good-humoured, with dimples; his nose sensual, prominent, and at the same time the reverse of aquiline. There is a very peculiar character in it, as if it were looking forward, and scenting a feast or an orchard. The face, upon the whole, is Irish, not unruffled with care and passion; but festivity is the predominant expression. When Mr. Moore was a child, he is said to have been eminently handsome, a Cupid for a picture, and notwithstanding the tricks which both joy and sorrow have played with his face, you can fancy as much. It was a recollection perhaps, to this effect, that induced his friend, Mr. Atkinson to say one afternoon, in defending him from the charge of libertinism, "Sir, they may talk of Moore as they please; but I tell you what,—I always consider him" (and this argument he thought conclusive), "I always consider my friend Thomas Moore as an infant sporting on the bosom of Venus." There was no contesting this; and, in truth, the hearers were very little disposed to contest it, Mr. Atkinson having hit upon a defence which was more logical in spirit than chronological in image. When conscience comes, a man's impulses must take thought; but, till then, poetry is only the eloquent and irresistible development of the individual's nature; and Mr. Moore's wildest verses

were a great deal more innocent than could enter into the imaginations of the old libertines who thought they had a right to use them. I must not, in this portrait, leave out his music. He plays and sings with great taste on the pianoforte, and is known as a graceful composer. His voice, which is a little hoarse in speaking (at least I used to think so), softens into a breath like that of the flute, when singing. In speaking, he is emphatic in rolling the letter *R*, perhaps out of a despair of being able to get rid of the national peculiarity.\*

“Moore devoted his later years to the collection and revision of his poetical works. It was whilst thus engaged that he wrote the following statement of his own and Burns’s services to the national music and the national song-writing. All that he here states of the great Scotchman applies with equal truth to himself as author of the *Irish Melodies* :—

“That Burns, however untaught, was yet, in ear and feeling, a musician, is clear from the skill with which he adapts his verse to the structure and character of each different strain. Still more strikingly did he prove his fitness for this peculiar task, by the sort of instinct with which, in more than one instance, he discerned the local and innate sentiment which an air was calculated to convey, though previously associated with words expressing a totally different cast of feeling. Thus the air of a ludicrous old song, “*Fee him, Father, see him,*” has been made the medium of one of Burns most pathetic effusions ; while still more marvelously, “*Hey tuttie, tattie*” has been elevated by him into that heroic strain, “*Scots, wha hae wi’ Wallace bled*”—a song which, in a great national crisis, would be of more avail than the eloquence of a Demosthenes. It was impossible that the example of Burns, in these his higher inspirations, should not materially contribute to elevate the character of English song-writing, and even to lead to a reunion of the gifts which it requires, if not, as of old, in the same individual, yet in that perfect sympathy between poet and musician which almost amounts to identity, and of which, in our own times we have seen so interesting an example in the few songs which bear the united names of those two sister muses, Mrs. Arkwright † and the late Mrs. Hemans. Very different was the state of the song department of English poetry when I first tried my novice hand at the lyre. The divorce between song and sense had then reached its utmost range ; and to all verses connected with music, from a

Birth-day Ode down to the libretto of the last new opera, might fairly be applied the solution which Figaro gives of the quality of the words of songs in general,—“*Ce qui ne vaut pas la peine d’être dit, on le chante.*”

“Thus Moore wrote of a Scotchman, let us now observe what a great Scotchman, glorious Christopher North, writes of Moore :

“Lyrical Poetry, we opine, hath many branches ; and one of them “beautiful exceedingly” with bud, blossom, and fruit of balm and brightness, round which is ever the murmur of bees and of birds, hangs trailing along the mossy greensward when the air is calm, and ever and anon, when blow the fitful breezes, it is uplifted in the sunshine, and glories wavingly aloft, as if it belonged even to the loftiest region of the Tree which is Amaranth. This is a fanciful, perhaps foolish, form of expression, employed at present to signify Song-writing. Now of all the song-writers that ever warbled, or chanted, or sung, the best, in our estimation, is verily none other than Thomas Moore. True that Robert Burns has indited many songs that slip into the heart, just like light, no one knows how, filling its chambers sweetly and silently, and leaving it nothing more to desire for perfect contentment. Or let us say, sometimes when he sings, it is like a linnet in a broom, a blackbird in the brake, a laverock in the sky. They sing in the fulness of their joy, as nature teaches them—and so did he ; and the man, woman or child, who is delighted not with such singing, be their virtues what they may, must never hope to be in Heaven. Gracious Providence placed Burns in the midst of the sources of Lyrical Poetry—when he was born a Scottish peasant. Now, Moore is an Irishman and was born in Dublin. Moore is a Greek scholar, and translated—after a fashion—Anacreon. And Moore has lived much in towns and cities—and in that society which will suffer none else to be called good. Some advantages he has enjoyed which Burns never did—but then how many disadvantages has he undergone, from which the Ayrshire Ploughman, in the bondage of his poverty, was free ! You see all that at a single glance into their poetry. But all in humble life is not high—all in high life is not low ; and there is as much to guard against in hovel as in hall—in “cauld clay bigging, as in marble palace.” Burns sometimes wrote like a mere boor—Moore has too often written like a mere man of fashion. But take them both at their best—and both are inimitable. Both are national poets—and who shall say, that if Moore had been born and bred a peasant, as Burns was, and if Ireland had been such a land of knowledge, and virtue, and religion as Scotland is—and surely without offence, we may say that it never was,

\* Hunt’s *Byron and his Contemporaries*. Ed. 1828.  
† Stephen Kemble’s daughter, the composer of the music of Tennyson’s “*Queen of the May*.”

and never will be—though we love the Green Island well—that with his fine fancy, warm heart, and exquisite sensibilities, he might not have been as natural a lyrist as Burns?—while, take him as he is, who can deny that in richness, and variety, in grace, and in the power of art, he is superior to the Ploughman?”\*

NOTE B.

IF Tasso seldom has full justice done him, it is because, in comparison with the great Epic poets, he appears wanting in grandeur. Armida, Erminia, and even Clorinda, the most beautiful creations of his muse, belong to a less severe order of poetry than the Epic. But let us compare his Satan, or Pluto, as he calls him, with the magnificent “Arch-angel ruin’d” of Milton.

CANTO IV.

6.

\* \* \* \* \*

“Siede Pluton nel mezzo, e con la destra  
Sostien lo scettro ruvido e pesante;  
Nè tanto scoglio in mar, nè rupe alpestra,  
Nè più Calpe s’innalza, e ’l magno Atlante,  
Ch’ anzi lui non paresse un picciol colle;  
Si la gran fronte e le gran corna estolle.

7.

“Orrida maestà nel fero aspetto  
Terrore accresce, e più superbo il rende:  
Rosseggian gli occhi, e di veleno infetto,  
Come infausta Cometa, il guardo splende;  
Gl’involve il mento, e su l’irsuto petto  
Ispida e folta la gran barba scende;  
E in guisa di voragine profonda  
S’apre la bocca d’atro sangue immonda.

8.

“Qual i fumi sulfurei ed infiammati  
Escon di Mongibello, e il puzzo, e ’l tuono;  
Tal della fera bocca i neri fiati,  
Tale il fetore, e le faville sono,” etc.

With the exception of the mountains and the comet, all the images here produced tend to produce disgust rather than terror. The look “infected with poison,” “the great

\* Recreations of Christopher North, vol. i. p. 272.

heard enveloping his chin, and spreading thick and bushy over his shaggy breast,” the “mouth filthy with black blood,” “the stench and the sparks of his dark breath,” all these compose the features of as foul and noisome a fiend as can well be described—but not Satan. Now let us look at the contrast which Milton’s picture presents to us. First, the outward and physical appearance of him who has contested with the Almighty the supremacy of Heaven is presented to us:

“The superior fiend

Was moving toward the shore: his ponderous shield,

Ethereal temper, massy, large, and round,  
Behind him cast; the broad circumference  
Hung on his shoulders like the moon, whose orb  
Through optic glass the Tuscan artist views  
At evening from the top of Fiesolè,  
Or in Valdarno, to descry new lands,  
Rivers or mountains in her spotty globe.  
His spear, to equal which the tallest pine  
Hewn on Norwegian hills, to be the mast  
Of some great admiral, were but a wand,  
He walk’d with to support uneasy steps  
Over the burning marl, not like those steps  
On Heaven’s azure; and the torrid clime  
Smote on him sore besides, vaulted with fire.”

Here all is great, and nothing is disgusting. Presently our terror at his giant spirit is mingled with respect for some moral qualities still left; for,

“*Nathless he so endur’d, till on the beach  
Of that inflamed sea he stood, and call’d  
His legions, angel forms, who lay entranc’d,  
Thick as autumnal leaves that strew the brooks  
In Vallombrosa, where th’ Etrurian shades,  
High overarch’d, embower; or scatter’d sedge  
Afloat,*” &c.

Then, again, when they were assembled to hear him, they beheld, not a foul fiend with dirty beard, and filthy sulphurous breath, fit only to frighten the nursery, but

“Thus far these beyond

Compare of mortal prowess, yet observ’d  
Their dread commander: he, above the rest  
In shape and gesture proudly eminent,  
Stood like a tow’r; his form had yet not lost  
All her original brightness; nor appear’d  
Less than Arch-angel ruin’d, and th’ excess  
Of glory obscur’d: as when the sun, new risen,

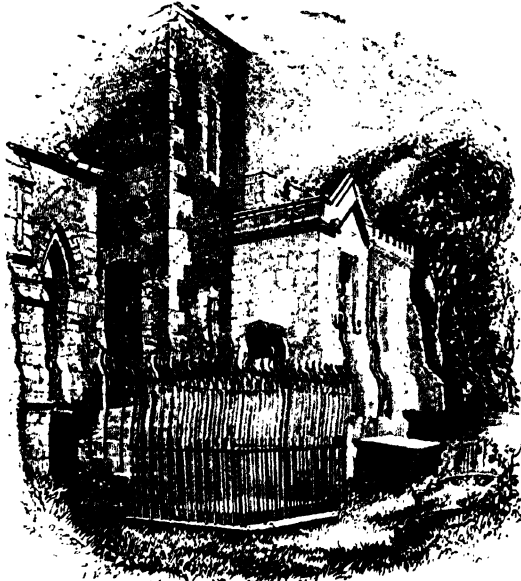
Looks through the horizontal misty air,  
Shorn of his beams; or from behind the moon,  
In dim eclipse, disastrous twilight sheds  
On half the nations, and with fear of change  
Perplexes monarchs. Darken'd so, yet shone  
Above them all, th' Arch-angel: but his face  
Deep scars of thunder had entrench'd, and care  
Sat on his faded cheek, but under brows  
Of dauntless courage, and considerate pride,  
Waiting revenge: cruel his eye, but cast  
Signs of remorse and passion, to behold  
The fellows of his crime, the followers rather,  
(Far other once beheld in bliss) condemn'd  
For ever now to have their lot in pain;  
Millions of spirits for his fault amerc'd  
Of heav'n," &c.

In these well-known and admirable lines, Milton has portrayed a Spirit, wicked indeed and without compunction for his crimes, but with a form still bright, and redeem'd from

utter abhorrence by fortitude in bearing pain, by dauntless courage, and by pity for his followers, over whom he is immeasurably raised as the sole cause of their rebellion.

Struck by similar contrasts, Boileau has spoken for one who prefers "le clinquant de Tasse à tout l'or de Virgile." But this is a foolish and unjust phrase. The metal of Tasso may be silver as compared to Virgil's gold, but it is not tinsel. A true poet, surpassed by very few, one of the glories of the glorious literature of Italy, he only loses when, leaving the regions of chivalry, of valour, and of love, he attempts to rise to the heights of Homer, Virgil, Dante, or where

"Daring Milton sits sublime."



MILTON'S TOMB.

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# MEMOIRS, JOURNAL, AND CORRESPONDENCE

OF

## THOMAS MOORE

MEMOIRS OF MYSELF, begun many Years since, but never, I fear, to be completed. —T. M. (1833.)

OF my ancestors on the paternal side I know little or nothing, having never, so far as I can recollect, heard my father speak of his father and mother, of their station in life, or of anything at all connected with them. My uncle, Garret Moore, was the only member of my father's family with whom I was ever personally acquainted. When I came indeed to be somewhat known, there turned up into light a numerous shoal of Kerry cousins (my dear father having been a native of Kerry), who were eager to advance their claims to relationship with me; and I was from time to time haunted by applications from first and second cousins, each asking in their respective lines for my patronage and influence. Of the family of my mother, who was born in the town of Wexford, and whose maiden name was Codd, I can speak more fully and satisfactorily; and my old gouty grandfather, Tom Codd, who lived in the Corn-market, Wexford, is connected with some of my earliest remembrances. Besides being engaged in the provision trade, he must also, I think (from my recollection of the machinery), have had something to do with weaving.

But though thus humble in his calling, he brought up a large family reputably, and was always, as I have heard, much respected by his fellow townsmen.

It was some time in the year 1778, that Anastasia, the eldest daughter of this Thomas Codd, became the wife of my father, John Moore, and in the following year I came into the world. My mother could not have been much more than eighteen (if so old) at the time of her marriage, and my father was considerably her senior. Indeed, I have frequently heard her say to him in her laughing moods, "You know, Jack, you were an old bachelor when I married you." At this period, as I always understood, my father kept a small wine store in Johnson's Court, Grafton Street, Dublin; the same court, by the way, where I afterwards went to school. On his marriage, however, having received I rather think some little money with my mother, he set up business in Aungier Street, No. 12, at the corner of Little Longford Street; and in that house, on the 28th of May, 1779, I was born.

Immediately after this event, my mother indulged in the strange fancy of having a medal (if such it could be called) struck off, with my name and the date of the birth engraved on it. The medal was, in fact,

nothing more than a large crown-piece, which she had caused to be smoothed so as to receive the inscription; and this record of my birth, which, from a weakness on the subject of her children's ages, she had kept always carefully concealed, she herself delivered into my hands when I last saw her, on 16th Feb. 1831; and when she evidently felt we were parting for the last time. For so unusual a mode of commemorating a child's age I can only account by the state of the laws at that period, which, not allowing of the registration of the births of Catholic children, left to parents no other mode \* of recording them than by some such method as this fondest of mothers devised.

At a very early age I was sent to a school kept by a man of the name of Malone, in the same street where we lived. This wild, odd fellow, of whose cocked hat I have still a very clear remembrance, used to pass the greater part of his nights in drinking at public-houses, and was hardly ever able to make his appearance in the school before noon. He would then generally whip the boys all round for disturbing his slumbers. I was myself, however, a special favourite with him, partly, perhaps, from being the youngest boy in the school, but chiefly, I think, from the plan which then, and ever after, my anxious mother adopted, of heap-

\* I have, not long since, been told by my sister that there *does* exist a registration of my birth, in the book for such purposes, belonging to Townsend Street Chapel, Dublin.

[Mr. Moore having mentioned a report that his baptismal register was preserved, I have procured from Dublin a certificate, of which the following is a copy.—J. R. Ed.]

“Church of St. Andrew, Westland Row, Dublin, this 1st day of November, 1852.

“I certify that Thomas Moore, son of John and Anastasia Moore, was baptized according to the rite of the Catholic Church, on the 30th day of May, A.D. 1779, Sponsors being James Dowling and Margaret Lynch, as appears from the Baptismal Register of the United Parishes of St. Andrew, St. Mark, St. Peter, and St. Anne, kept in the Church of St. Andrew, Westland Row, Dublin.

“MICHAEL BARNES,

“Curate of said Parishes.”

ing with all sorts of kindnesses and attentions, those who were in any way, whether as masters, ushers, or schoolfellows, likely to assist me in my learning.

From my natural quickness, and the fond pride with which I was regarded at home, it was my lot, unluckily perhaps,—though from such a source I can consider nothing unlucky,—to be made at a very early age, a sort of *show* child; and a talent for reciting was one of the first which my mother's own tastes led her to encourage and cultivate in me. The zealous interest, too, which to the last moment of her life, she continued to take in the popular politics of the day was shown by her teaching me, when I was not quite four years old, to recite some verses which had just then appeared against Grattan, reflecting severely upon his conduct on the question of simple Repeal. This short eclipse of our great patriot's popularity followed closely upon the splendid grant bestowed on him by the House of Commons; and the following description of an apostate patriot, in allusion to this circumstance, I used to repeat, as my mother has often told me, with peculiar energy:—

“Pay down his price, he'll wheel about,  
And laugh, like Grattan, at the nation.”

I sometimes wonder that it never occurred to me, during the many happy hours I have since passed with this great and good man, to tell him that the first words of rhyme I ever lisped in my life, were taken from this factious piece of doggerel, aimed at himself during one of those fits of popular injustice, to which all fame derived from the populace is but too likely to be exposed.

One of the persons of those early days to whom I look back with most pleasure, was an elderly maiden lady, possessed of some property, whose name was Dodd, and who lived in a small neat house in Camden Street. The class of society she moved in was somewhat of a higher level than ours; and she was the only person to whom, during my childhood, my mother could ever trust me for any time, away from herself. It was, indeed, from the first, my poor mother's

ambition, though with no undue aspirings for herself, to secure for her children an early footing in the better walks of society; and to her constant attention to this object I owe both my taste for good company, and the facility I afterwards found in adapting myself to that sphere. Well, indeed, do I remember my Christmas visits to Miss Dodd, when I used to pass with her generally three whole days, and be made so much of by herself and her guests: most especially do I recall the delight of one evening when she had a large tea-party, and when, with her alone in the secret, I remained for hours concealed under the table, having a small barrel-organ in my lap, and watching anxiously the moment when I was to burst upon their ears with music from—they knew not where! If the pleasure, indeed, of the poet lies in anticipating his own power over the imagination of others, I had as much of the poetical feeling about me while lying hid under that table as ever I could boast since.

About the same time, or it might be a year or two later, I was taken by my mother on a visit to the country-house of some friend of ours, whose name was, I think, MacClellan, and who, though with all such signs of wealth about them, as a carriage, horses, country-house, &c., left on my memory the impression of being rather vulgar people.

Though I was, by all accounts, a very quick child, I was still perfectly a child; nor had the least consciousness of being different from any other child in this respect. One tribute, however, to my precociousness struck my fancy too much to be unheeded or forgotten by me. A Captain Mahony, who was at this time one of the guests at our friend's, used to say, laughingly, to my mother, that he was sure I passed all my nights with the "little people" (meaning the fairies) on the hills; and at breakfast he would often, to my great amusement, ask me, "Well, Tom, what news from your friends on the hills? It was a fine moonlight night, and I know you were among them."

I have said that Miss Dodd was the only person to whom my mother would trust me for any time away from herself; but there was also a family of the name of Dunn, long intimate with ours, with whom I once or twice passed some part of my holidays, at a small country-house they had at Dundrum. In the middle of a field, near the house, stood the remains of an old ruined castle, and some of my playfellows—who they were I now forget—agreed among themselves, to make Tommy Moore the king of that castle. A day was accordingly fixed for the purpose; and I remember the pleasure with which I found myself borne on the shoulders of the other boys to this ruin, and there crowned on its summit by the hands of some little girl of the party. A great many years after, when I was in Dublin with my family, we went one morning along with my mother, to pay a visit a few miles out of town, to the daughter of her old friends the Dunn's. I had not been apprised that her house was in the neighbourhood of that formerly occupied by her father; but as I stood by myself at the bottom of the garden, and looked at the field adjoining, there seemed something familiar to me in the whole scene as if it had passed often before me in my dreams, and at last the field where I had been crowned came vividly into my memory. I looked in vain, however, for any signs of the castle that once stood in it. On my return into the house, I asked Mrs. Graham (the former Miss Dunn) whether there had not formerly been a ruin in the field next her garden? "There was, indeed," she answered, "and that was the castle where you were crowned when a child."

As soon as I was old enough to encounter the crowd of a large school, it was determined that I should go to the best then in Dublin,—the grammar school of the well-known Samuel Whyte, whom a reputation of more than thirty years' standing had placed, at that time, at the head of his profession. So early as the year 1758, a boy had been entrusted to this gentleman's care, whom, after a few years' trial of his powers, he pronounced to be "a most incorrigible

dunce." This boy was no other than the afterwards celebrated Richard Brinsley Sheridan; and so far from being ashamed of his mistake, my worthy schoolmaster had the good sense often to mention the circumstance, as an instance of the difficulty and rashness of forming any judgment of the future capacity of children.

The circumstance of my having happened to be under the same schoolmaster with Sheridan, though at so distant an interval, has led the writer of a professed memoir of my life, prefixed to the Zwickau edition of my works, into rather an amusing mistake:—"His talents," he is pleased to say of me, "dawned so early, and so great attention was paid to his education by his tutor, Sheridan, that," &c. &c.

The turn for recitation and acting which I had so very early manifested was the talent, of all others, which my new schoolmaster was most inclined to encourage; and it was not long before I attained the honour of being singled out by him on days of public examination, as one of his most successful and popular exhibitors,—to the no small jealousy, as may be supposed, of all other mammas, and the great glory of my own. As I looked particularly infantine for my age, the wonder was, of course, still more wonderful. "Oh, he's an old little crab," said one of the rival Cornelias, on an occasion of this kind, "he can't be less than eleven or twelve years of age." "Then, madam," said a gentleman sitting next her, who was slightly acquainted with our family, "if that is the case, he must have been four years old before he was born." This answer, which was reported to my mother, won her warm heart towards that gentleman for ever after.

To the drama and all connected with it, Mr. Whyte had been through his whole life warmly devoted, having lived in habits of intimacy with the family of Brinsley Sheridan, as well as with most of the other ornaments of the Irish stage in the middle of the last century. Among his private pupils, too, he had to number some of the most distinguished of our people of fashion, both

male and female; and of one of the three beautiful Misses Montgomery, who had been under his tuition, a portrait hung in his drawing-room. In the direction of those private theatricals which were at that time so fashionable among the higher circles in Ireland, he had always a leading share. Besides teaching and training the young actors, he took frequently a part in the *dramatis persone* himself; and either the prologue or epilogue was generally furnished by his pen. Among the most memorable of the theatricals which he assisted in, may be mentioned the performance of the "Beggars Opera," at Carton, the seat of the Duke of Leinster, on which occasion the Rev. Dean Marley, who was afterwards Bishop of Waterford, besides performing the part of Lockit in the opera, recited a prologue of which he was himself the author. The Peachum of the night was Lord Charlemont; the Lucy, Lady Louisa Conolly; and Captain Morris (I know not whether the admirable song writer) was the Macheath.

At the representation of "Henry the Fourth," by most of the same party at Castletown, a prologue written by my schoolmaster had the high honour of being delivered by that distinguished Irishman, Hussey Burgh; and on another occasion, when the masque of Comus was played at Carton, his muse was associated with one glorious in other walks than those of rhyme,—the prologue to the piece being announced as "written by Mr. Whyte, and the epilogue by the Rt. Hon. Henry Grattan."

It has been remarked, and I think truly, that it would be difficult to name any eminent public man, who had not, at some time or other, tried his hand at verse; and the only signal exception to this remark is said to have been Mr. Pitt.

In addition to his private pupils in the dilettante line of theatricals, Mr. Whyte was occasionally employed in giving lessons on elocution to persons who meant to make the stage their profession. One of these, a very pretty and interesting girl, Miss Campion, became afterwards a popular actress both in Dublin and London. She continued,

I think, to take instructions of him in reading even after she had made her appearance on the stage; and one day, while she was with him, a messenger came into the school to say that "Mr. Whyte wanted Tommy Moore in the drawing-room." A summons to the master's house (which stood detached away from the school on the other side of a yard) was at all times an event; but how great was my pride, delight, and awe,—for I looked upon actors then as a race of superior beings,—when I found I had been summoned to no less a purpose than to be introduced to Miss Campion, and to have the high honour of reciting to her "Alexander's Feast."

The pride of being thought worthy of appearing before so celebrated a person took possession of all my thoughts. I felt my heart beat as I walked through the streets, not only with the expectation of meeting her, but with anxious doubts whether, if I did happen to meet her, she would condescend to recognise me; and when at last the happy moment did arrive, and she made me a gracious bow in passing, I question if a salute from Corinne, when on her way to be crowned in the Capitol, would in after days have affected me half so much.

Whyte's connection, indeed, with theatrical people was rather against his success in the way of his profession; as many parents were apprehensive, lest, being so fond of the drama himself, he might inspire too much the same taste in his pupils. As for me, it was thought hardly possible that I could escape being made an actor, and my poor mother, who, sanguinely speculating on the speedy removal of the Catholic disabilities, had destined me to the bar, was frequently doomed to hear prognostics of my devotion of myself to the profession of the stage.

Among the most intimate friends of my schoolmaster were the Rev. Joseph Lefanu and his wife,—she was the sister of Richard Brinsley Sheridan. This lady, who had a good deal of the talent of her family, with a large alloy of affectation, was, like the rest of the world at that time, strongly smitten with the love of acting; and in some private

theatricals held at the house of a Lady Borrowes, in Dublin, had played the part of Jane Shore with considerable success. A repetition of the same performance took place at the same little theatre in the year 1790, when Mrs. Lefanu being, if I recollect right, indisposed, the part of Jane Shore was played by Mr. Whyte's daughter, a very handsome and well educated young person, while I myself—at that time about eleven years of age—recited the epilogue; being kept up, as I well remember, to an hour so far beyond my usual bed-time, as to be near falling asleep behind the scenes while waiting for my *début*. As this was the first time I ever saw my name in print, and I am now "myself the little hero of my tale," it is but right I should commemorate the important event by transcribing a part of the play-bill on the occasion, as I find it given in the second edition of my Master's Poetical Works, printed in Dublin 1792:—

"Lady Borrowes' Private Theatre,  
Kildare Street.

On TUESDAY, March 16th, 1790,

Will be performed

The Tragedy of

JANE SHORE:

Gloucester, Rev. PETER LEFANU.

Lord Hastings, Counsellor HIGGINSON,  
etc. etc.,

And Jane Shore, by Miss WHYTE.

An OCCASIONAL PROLOGUE, Mr. SNAGG.

Epilogue, A Squeeze to St. Paul's, Master MOORE.

To which will be added,

the Farce of

THE DEVIL TO PAY:

Jobson, Colonel FRENCH,  
etc. etc."

The commencement of my career in rhyming was so very early as to be almost beyond the reach of memory. But the first instance I can recall of any attempt of mine at regular versicles was on a subject which oddly enables me to give the date with tolerable accuracy; the theme of my muse on this occasion having been a certain toy very fashionable about the year 1789 or 1790, called in French a "bandalore," and in English a "quiz." To such a ridiculous degree did the fancy for this toy pervade



at that time all ranks and ages, that in the public gardens and in the streets numbers of persons, of both sexes, were playing it up and down as they walked along; or, as my own very young doggerel described it,—

“The ladies too, when in the streets, or walking in the GREEN,

Went quizzing on, to show their shapes and graceful mien.”

I have been enabled to mark more certainly the date of this toy's reign from a circumstance mentioned to me by Lord Plunket concerning the Duke of Wellington, who, at the time I am speaking of, was one of the aides-de-camp of the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, and in the year 1790, according to Lord Plunket's account, must have been a member of the Irish House of Commons. “I remember,” said Lord Plunket, “being on a committee with him; and, it is remarkable enough, Lord Edward Fitzgerald was also one of the members of it. The Duke (then Captain Wellesley, or Wesley?) was, I recollect, playing with one of those toys called quizzes, the whole time of the sitting of the committee.” This trait of the Duke coincides perfectly with all that I have ever heard about this great man's apparent frivolity at that period of his life. Luttrell, indeed, who is about two years older than the Duke, and who lived on terms of intimacy with all the Castle men of those days, has the courage to own, in the face of all the Duke's present glory, that often, in speculating on the future fortunes of the young men with whom he lived, he has said to himself, in looking at Wellesley's vacant face, “Well, let who will get on in this world, you certainly will not.” So little promise did there appear at that time of even the most ordinary success in life, in the man who has since accumulated around his name such great and lasting glory.

To return to my small self. The next effort at rhyming of which I remember having been guilty, sprung out of that other and then paramount fancy of mine, acting. For the advantage of sea-bathing during the summer months, my father generally took a lodging for us, either at Irishtown or Sandy-

mount, to which we young folks were usually sent, under the care of a female servant, with occasionally, visits from my mother during the week, to see that all was going on well. On the Sundays, however, she and my father came to pass the day with us, bringing down with them cold dinners, and, generally, two or three friends, so that we had always a merry day of it.

Of one of those summers in particular I have a most vivid and agreeable recollection, for there were assembled there at the same time a number of young people of our own age, with whose families we were acquainted. Besides our childish sports, we had likewise dawning within us all those vague anticipations of a mature period,—those little love-makings, gallantries, ambitions, rivalries,—which in their first stirrings have a romance and sweetness about them that never come again. Among other things, we got up theatricals, and on one occasion performed O'Keefe's farce of *The Poor Soldier*, in which a very pretty person named Fanny Ryan played the part of *Norah*, and I was the happy *Patrick*,—dressed, I recollect, in a volunteer uniform belonging to a boy much older, or at least much larger than myself, and which, accordingly, hung about me in no very soldierly fashion.\*

It was for this exhibition, which took place a few days before our return to school, that I made that second attempt at versifying to which I have alluded,—having written a farewell epilogue for the occasion, which I delivered myself, in a suit of mourning as little adapted to me as my regimentals. In describing the transition we were now about to undergo, from actors

\* About this time (1790) a general election took place, and Grattan and Lord Henry Fitzgerald were chosen triumphantly to represent the city of Dublin. On the day of their charring, they passed our house, both seated in one car; and among the numerous heads outstretched from our window, I made my own, I recollect, so conspicuous, by the enthusiasm with which I waved a large branch of laurel, that I either caught, or fancied I caught, the particular notice of Grattan, and was of course prodigiously proud in consequence.

to mere schoolboys, my epilogue had the following lines:—

“Our Pantaloon that did so aged look,  
Must now resume his youth, his task, his book.  
Our Harlequin who skipp'd, leap'd, danced, and  
died,  
Must now stand trembling by his tutor's side.”

In repeating the two last lines of kind farewell,—

“Whate'er the course we're destined to pursue,  
Be sure our hearts will always be with you,”

it was with great difficulty I could refrain from blubbering outright.

The harlequin here described was myself; and of all theatrical beings harlequin was my idol and passion. To have been put in possession of a real and complete harlequin's dress, would have made me the happiest of mortals, and I used sometimes to dream that there appeared sometimes at my bedside a good spirit, presenting to me a full suit of the true parti-coloured raiment. But the utmost I ever attained of this desire was the possession of an old cast-off wand, which had belonged to the harlequin at Astley's, and which I viewed with as much reverence and delight as if it really possessed the wonderful powers attributed to it. Being a very active boy, I was quite as much charmed with Harlequin's jumping talents as with any of his other attributes, and by constant practice over the rail of a tent-bed which stood in one of our rooms, was, at last, able to perform the *head-foremost* leap of my hero most successfully.

Though the gay doings I have above mentioned were put an end to by my return to school, my brothers and sisters remained generally a month or two longer at the seaside; and I used every Saturday evening to join them there, and stay over the Sunday. My father at that time kept a little pony for me, on which I always rode down on those evenings; and at the hour when I was expected, there generally came with my sister a number of young girls to meet me, and full of smiles and welcomes, walked by the side of my pony into the town. Though such a reception was, even at that age,

rather intoxicating, yet there mingled but little of personal pride in the pleasure which it gave me. There is, indeed, far more of what is called vanity in my now reporting the tribute, than I felt then in receiving it; and I attribute very much to the cheerful and kindly circumstances which thus surrounded my childhood, that spirit of enjoyment, and, I may venture to add, good temper, which has never, thank God, failed me to the present time (July, 1833).

My youth was in every respect a most happy one. Though kept closely to my school studies by my mother, who examined me daily in all of them herself, she was in everything else so full of indulgence, so affectionately devoted to me, that to gain her approbation I would have thought no labour or difficulty too hard. As an instance both of her anxiety about my studies and the willing temper with which I met it, I need only mention that, on more than one occasion, when having been kept out too late at some evening party to be able to examine me in my task for next day, she has come to my bedside on her return home, and waked me (sometimes as late as one or two o'clock in the morning), and I have cheerfully sat up in my bed and repeated over all my lessons to her. Her anxiety indeed, that I should attain and keep a high rank in the school was ever watchful and active, and on one occasion exhibited itself in a way that was rather disconcerting to me. On our days of public examination which were, if I recollect, twice a year, there was generally a large attendance of the parents and friends of the boys; and on the particular day I allude to, all the seats in the area of the room being occupied, my mother and a few other ladies were obliged to go up into one of the galleries that surrounded the school, and there sit or stand as they could. When the reading class to which I belonged, and of which I had attained the first place, was called up, some of the boys in it who were much older and nearly twice as tall as myself, not liking what they deemed the disgrace of having so little a fellow at the head of the class, when

standing up before the audience all placed themselves above me. Though feeling that this was unjust, I adopted the plan which, according to Corneille, is that of "*l'honnête homme trompé*," namely, "*ne dire mot*,"—and was submitting without a word to what I saw the master himself did not oppose, when to my surprise and, I must say, shame, I heard my mother's voice breaking the silence, and saw her stand forth in the opposite gallery, while every eye in the room was turned towards her, and in a firm, clear tone (though in reality she was ready to sink with the effort), address herself to the enthroned schoolmaster on the injustice she saw about to be perpetrated. It required, however, but very few words to rouse his attention to my wrongs. The big boys were obliged to descend from their usurped elevation, while I,—ashamed a little of the exhibition which I thought my mother had made of herself, took my due station at the head of the class.

But great as was my mother's ambition about me, it was still perfectly under the control of her strong, good sense, as may be shown by a slight incident which now occurred to me. About the beginning of the year 1792, a wild author and artist of our acquaintance, named Paulett Carey, set up a monthly publication, called the *Sentimental and Masonic Magazine*,—one of the *first attempts at graphic embellishment* (and a most wretched one it was) that yet had appeared in Dublin. Among the engravings prefixed to the numbers were, occasionally, portraits of public characters; and as I had, in my tiny way, acquired some little celebrity by my recitations at school and elsewhere, a strong wish was expressed by the editor that there should be a drawing of me engraved for the work. My mother, however, though pleased, of course, at the proposal, saw the injudiciousness of bringing me so early before the public, and, much to my disappointment, refused her consent.

Having expatiated more than enough on my first efforts in acting and rhyming, I must try the reader's patience with some

account of my beginnings in music,—the only art for which, in my own opinion, I was born with a real natural love; my poetry, such as it is, having sprung out of my deep feeling for music. While I was yet quite a child, my father happened to have an old lumbering harpsichord thrown on his hands, as part payment of a debt from some bankrupt customer; and when I was a little older, my mother, anxious to try my faculties in all possible ways, employed a youth who was in the service of a tuner in our neighbourhood, to teach me to play. My instructor, however, being young himself, was a good deal more given to romping and jumping than to music, and our time together was chiefly passed in vaulting over the tables and chairs of the drawing-room. The progress I made, therefore, was not such as to induce my mother to continue me in this line of instruction; and I left off, after acquiring little more than the power of playing two or three tunes with the right hand only. It was soon, however, discovered that I had an agreeable voice and taste for singing; and in the sort of gay life we led (for my mother was always fond of society), this talent of mine was frequently called into play to enliven our tea-parties and suppers. In the summer theatricals too, which I have already recorded, my singing of the songs of Patwick, in the *Poor Soldier*,—particularly of the duet with Norah, into which I threw a feeling far beyond my years,—was received with but too encouraging applause.

About this time (1792) the political affairs of Ireland began to assume a most animated or, as to some it appeared, stormy aspect. The cause of the Catholics was becoming every day more national; and in each new step and vicissitude of its course, our whole family, especially my dear mother, took the intensest interest. Besides her feelings, as a patriotic and warm-hearted Irishwoman, the ambitious hopes with which she looked forward to my future career all depended, for even the remotest chance of their fulfilment, on the success of the measures of Catholic enfranchisement

then in progress. Some of the most violent of those who early took a part in the proceedings of the United Irishmen were among our most intimate friends; and I remember being taken by my father to a public dinner in honour of Napper Tandy, where one of the toasts, as well from its poetry as its politics, made an indelible impression upon my mind,—“May the breezes of France blow our Irish oak into verdure!” I recollect my pride too, at the hero of the night, Napper Tandy, taking me, for some minutes, on his knee.

Most of these patriot acquaintances of ours, of whom I have just spoken, were Protestants, the Catholics being still too timorous to come forward openly in their own cause,—and amongst the most intimate, was a clever, drunken attorney, named Matthew Dowling, who lived in Great Longford Street, opposite to us, and was a good deal at our house. He belonged to the famous National Guard, against whose assemblage (Dec. 9, 1792) a proclamation was issued by the government; and was one of the few who on that day ventured to make their appearance. I recollect his paying us a visit that memorable Sunday, having engraved upon the buttons of his green uniform a cap of liberty surmounting the Irish harp, instead of a crown. This unfortunate man who, not long after the time I am speaking of, fought a duel at Holyhead with Major Burrow, the private secretary of the Rt. Hon.—Hobart, was in the year 1798 taken up for treason. In looking lately over the papers of Lord Edward Fitzgerald, I found a note or two addressed to his family by poor Dowling, who was in the very prison to which the noble Edward was taken to breathe his last. What became of him afterwards I know not, but fear that he died in great misery.

Among my schoolfellows at Whyte's was a son of the eminent barrister Beresford Burston, who was about the same age as myself, and with whom I formed an intimacy which lasted a good many years. My acquaintance with this family was one of those steps in the scale of respectable

society which it delighted my dear mother to see me attain and preserve. Mr. Burston was one of the most distinguished men, as a lawyer, at the bar; and possessing also some fortune by right of his wife, lived in a style not only easy but elegant; having, besides his town house in York Street, a very handsome country villa near Blackrock, at which I used to pass, with my young friend Beresford, the greater part of my vacations. This boy being an only son, was of course an object of great solicitude to his parents; and my mother used always to look upon it as a most flattering tribute to me, that a man so sensible and particular, as was Mr. Burston in all respects, should have singled me out to be his son's most constant associate. In politics this gentleman was liberal, but retiring and moderate; and this moderation enhanced considerably the importance of the opinion which, in concert with the Hon. Simon Butler, he pronounced, in the year 1792, in favour of the legality of the General Catholic Committee;—an opinion which at that time procured for him very great popularity.

The large measure of Catholic enfranchisement which passed in the year 1793, sweeping away, among various other disqualifications, those which excluded persons of that faith from the University and Bar, left my mother free to indulge her long-cherished wish of bringing me up to the profession of the law. Accordingly, no time was to be lost in preparing me for college. Though professing to teach English himself, and indeed knowing little or nothing of any other language, Mr. Whyte kept always a Latin usher employed in the school for the use of such boys as, though not meant for the University, their parents thought right to have instructed in the classics sufficiently for the purposes of ordinary life; and under this usher I had been now for a year or two studying. It had been for some time a matter of deliberation whether I should not be sent to a regular Latin school; and Dr. Carr's of Copinger Lane was the one thought of for the purpose. But there were advantages in keeping me still at Whyte's, which

my mother knew well how to appreciate. In the first place, the person who had been for some time our Latin usher, had—thanks to my mother's constant civilities towards him, and perhaps my own quickness and teachableness—taken a strong fancy to me; and not only during school-time, but at our own house in the evening, where he was always made a welcome guest, took the most friendly pains to forward me in my studies. Another advantage I had was in not being tied to any class; for the few learners of Latin which the school contained, I very soon outstripped, and thus was left free to advance as fast as my natural talent and application would carry me. I was also enabled to attend at the same time to my English studies with Whyte (far more fortunate, in this, than the youths of public schools in England, whose knowledge of their own language is the last thing thought worthy of attention); and, accordingly, in reading and recitation, maintained my supremacy in the school to the last. An early and quick foresight of the advantages and of the account to which they might be turned, had led my mother to decide upon keeping me at Mr. Whyte's; and I accordingly remained there till the time of my entering the University in 1794.

The Latin usher of whom I have here spoken, and whose name was Donovan, was an uncouth, honest, hard-headed, and kind-hearted man, and, together with the Latin and Greek which he did his best to pour into me, infused also a thorough and ardent passion for poor Ireland's liberties, and a deep and cordial hatred to those who were then lording over and trampling her down. Such feelings were, it is true, common at that period among almost all with whom my family much associated, but in none had they taken such deep and determined root as in sturdy "Old Donovan;" and finding his pupil quite as eager and ready at politics as at the classics, he divided the time we passed together pretty equally between both. And though from the first I was naturally destined to be of the line of politics which I have ever since pursued,—being, if I may

so say, born a rebel,—yet the strong hold which the feeling took so early, both of my imagination and heart, I owe a good deal I think to those conversations, during school hours, with Donovan.

It was in this year (1793) that for the first time I enjoyed the honour and glory (and such it truly was to me) of seeing verses of my own in print. I had now indeed become a determined rhymist; and there was an old maid,—old in *my* eyes, at least, at that time,—Miss Hannah Byrne, who used to be a good deal at our house, and who, being herself very much in the poetical line, not only encouraged but wrote answers to my young effusions. The name of Romeo (the anagram of that of Moore) was the signature which I adopted in our correspondence, and Zelia was the title under which the lady wrote. Poor Hannah Byrne!—not even Sir Lucius O'Trigger's "*Dalia*" was a more uninspiring object than my "*Zalia*" was. To this lady, however, was my first printed composition addressed in my own proper name, with the following introductory epistle to the editor:—

*To the Editor of the "Anthologia Hibernica."*

"Aungier Street, Sept. 11, 1793.

"Sir,—If the following attempts of a youthful muse seem worthy of a place in your Magazine, by inserting them you will much oblige a constant reader,

"TH—M—S M—RE."

TO ZELIA,

ON HER CHARGING THE AUTHOR WITH WRITING TOO MUCH ON LOVE.

Then follow the verses,—and conclude thus:—

"When first she raised her simplest lays  
In Cupid's never-ceasing praise,  
The God a faithful promise gave,  
That never should she feel Love's stings,  
Never to burning passion be a slave,  
But feel the purer joy thy friendship brings."

The second copy of verses is entitled "*A Pastoral Ballad*," and though mere mock-birds' song, has some lines not unmusical:—

- "My gardens are crowded with flowers,  
My vines are all loaded with grapes;  
Nature sports in my fountains and bowers,  
And assumes her most beautiful shapes.
- "The shepherds admire my lays,  
When I pipe they all flock to the song;  
They deck me with laurels and bays,  
And list to me all the day long.
- "But their laurels and praises are vain,  
They've no joy or delight for me now;  
For Celia despises the strain,  
And that withers the wreath of my brow."

This magazine, the "Anthologia Hibernica,"—one of the most respectable attempts at periodical literature that have ever been ventured upon in Ireland,—was set on foot by Mercier, the college bookseller, and carried on for two years, when it died, as all such things die in that country, for want of money and—of talent; for the Irish never either fight or write well on their own soil. My pride on seeing my own name in the first list of subscribers to this publication,— "Master Thomas Moore," in full,—was only surpassed by that of finding myself one of its "esteemed contributors." It was in the pages of this magazine for the months of January and February, 1793, that I first read, being then a school-boy, Rogers's "Pleasures of Memory," little dreaming that I should one day become the intimate friend of the author; and such an impression did it then make upon me, that the particular type in which it is there printed, and the very colour of the paper, are associated with every line of it in my memory.

Though I began my college course at the commencement of the year 1795, I must have been entered, as I have already said, in the summer of the preceding year, as I recollect well my having had a long spell of holidays before the term commenced; and if I were to single out the part of my life the most happy and the most *poetical* (for all was yet in fancy and in promise with me), it would be that interval of holidays. In the first place, I was not a little proud of being a student of Trinity College, Dublin, which was in itself a sort of *status* in life; and instead of *Master* Thomas Moore, as I had

been designated the year before among the "Anthologian" subscribers, I now read myself Mr. Thomas Moore, of Trinity College, Dublin. In the next place, I had passed my examinations, I believe, creditably;—at least, so said my old master, Whyte, who, in publishing soon after, in a new edition of his works, some verses which I had addressed to him a short time before leaving school, appended to them a note of his own manufacture, stating that the author of the verses had "entered college at a very early age, with distinguished honour to himself as well as to his able and worthy preceptor." This favourable start of mine gave, of course, great pleasure to my dear father and mother, and made me happy in seeing them so. During a great part of this happy vacation I remained on a visit with my young friend Burston\*, at his father's country seat; and there, in reading Mrs. Radcliffe's romances, and listening, while I read, to Haydn's music,—for my friend's sisters played tolerably on the harpsichord,—dreamt away my time in that sort of vague happiness which a young mind conjures up for itself so easily,— "pleased, it knows not why, and cares not wherefore." Among the pieces played by the Miss Burstons, there was one of Haydn's first simple overtures, and a sonata by him, old-fashioned enough, beginning



These pieces, as well as a certain lesson of Nicolai's of the same simple cast, I sometimes even to this day play over to myself, to remind me of my young reveries.

Before I enter upon the details of my college life, a few particulars, relating chiefly to the period immediately preceding it, may be here briefly mentioned. Among the guests at my mother's gay parties and suppers, were two persons, Wesley Doyle and the well-known Joe Kelly (brother of

\* Young Burston entered college (as a fellow-commoner) about the same time with myself.

Michael), whose musical talents were in their several ways of the most agreeable kind. Doyle's father being a professor of music, he had received regular instructions in the art, and having a very sweet and touching voice, was able to accompany himself on the piano-forte. Kelly, on the other hand, who knew nothing of the science of music, and at that time, indeed, could hardly write his own name, had taken, when quite a youth, to the profession of the stage, and having a beautiful voice and a handsome face and person, met with considerable success. He and Doyle were inseparable companions, and their duets together were the delight of the gay supper-giving society in which they lived. The entertainments of this kind given by my joyous and social mother could, for gaiety at least, match with the best. Our small front and back drawing-rooms, as well as a little closet attached to the latter, were on such occasions distended to their utmost capacity; and the supper-table in the small closet where people had least room was accordingly always the most merry. In the round of singing that followed these repasts my mother usually took a part, having a clear, soft voice, and singing such songs as "How sweet in the woodlands," which was one of her greatest favourites, in a very pleasing manner. I was also myself one of the performers on such occasions, and gave some of Dibdin's songs, which were at that time in high vogue, with no small éclat.

My eldest sister, Catherine, being at this period (1793-4) about twelve or thirteen years of age, it was thought time that she should begin to learn music. The expense of an instrument, however, stood for some time in the way of my mother's strong desire on the subject. My poor father, from having more present to his mind both the difficulty of getting money and the risk of losing it, rather shrunk from any expenditure that was not absolutely necessary. My mother, however, was of a far more sanguine nature. She had set her heart on the education of her children; and it was only by economy that she was able to effect her object. By

this means it was that she contrived to scrape together, in the course of some months, a small sum of money, which, together with what my father gave for the purpose, and whatever trifle was allowed in exchange for the old harpsichord, made up the price of the new piano-forte which we now bought.

The person employed to instruct my sister in music was a young man of the name of Warren (a nephew of Dr. Doyle), who became afterwards one of the most popular of our Dublin music-masters. There had been some attempts made by Wesley Doyle and others, to teach me to play, but I had resisted them all most strongly, and, whether from shyness or hopelessness of success, *would not* be taught; nor was it till the piano-forte had been some time in our possession, that, taking a fancy voluntarily to the task, I began to learn of myself.

Not content with my own boyish stirrings of ambition, and the attempts at literature of all kinds to which they impelled me, I contrived to inoculate also Tom Ennis and Johnny Delany (my father's two clerks) with the same literary propensities. One of them, Tom Ennis, a man between twenty and thirty years of age, had a good deal of natural shrewdness and talent, as well as a dry vein of Irish humour, which used to amuse us all exceedingly. The other, John Delany, was some years younger, and of a far more ordinary cast of mind; but even him, too, I succeeded in galvanising into some sort of literary vitality.

As our house was far from spacious, the bed-room which I occupied was but a corner of that in which these two clerks slept, boarded off and fitted up with a bed, a table, and a chest of drawers, with a book-case over it; and here, as long as my mother's brother continued to be an inmate of our family, he and I slept together. After he left us, however, to board and lodge elsewhere, I had this little nook to myself, and proud enough was I of my *own* apartment. Upon the door, and upon every other vacant space which my boundaries supplied, I placed inscriptions of my own composition, in the manner, as I flattered myself, of

Shenstone's at the Leasowes. Thinking it the grandest thing in the world to be at the head of some literary institution, I organised my two shop friends, Tom Ennis and Johnny Delany, into a debating and literary society, of which I constituted myself the president; and our meetings, as long as they lasted, were held once or twice a week, in a small closet belonging to the bed-room off which mine was partitioned. When there was no company of an evening, the two clerks always supped at the same time with the family; taking their bread and cheese, and beer, while my father and mother had their regular meat supper, with the usual adjunct, never omitted by my dear father through the whole of his long and hale life, of a tumbler of whisky punch. It was after this meal that my two literary associates and myself, used (unknown, of course, to my father and mother) to retire, on the evenings of our meetings, to the little closet beyond the bed-room, and there hold our sittings. In addition to the other important proceedings that occupied us, each member was required to produce an original enigma, or rebus, in verse, which the others were bound, if possible, to explain; and I remember one night, Tom Ennis, who was in general very quick at these things, being exceedingly mortified at not being able to make out a riddle which the president (my august self) had proposed to the assembly. After various fruitless efforts on his part, we were obliged to break up for the night leaving my riddle still unsolved. After I had been some hours asleep, however, I was awakened by a voice from my neighbour's apartment, crying out lustily, "a drum, a drum, a drum;" while at the same time the action was suited to the word by a most vigorous thumping of a pair of fists against my wooden partition. It was Tom Ennis, who had been lying awake all those hours endeavouring to find out the riddle, and now thus vociferously announced to me his solution of it.

This honest fellow was (like almost all those among whom my early days were passed) thoroughly, and to the heart's core, Irish. One of his most favourite studies was

an old play in rhyme, on the subject of the Battle of Aughrim, out of which he used to repeat the speeches of the gallant Sarsfield with a true national relish. Those well-known verses, too, translated from the Florentine bishop, Donatus, "Far westward lies an isle of ancient fame," were ever ready on his lips.

Though by the bill of 1793 Catholics were admitted to the University, they were still (and continue to be to this present day), excluded from scholarships, fellowships, and all honours connected with emolument; and, as with our humble and precarious means, such aids as these were naturally a most tempting consideration, it was for a short time deliberated in our family circle, whether I ought not to be entered as a Protestant. But such an idea could hold but a brief place in honest minds, and its transit, even for a moment, through the thoughts of my worthy parents, only shows how demoralising must be the tendency of laws which hold forth to their victims such temptations to duplicity. My mother was a sincere and warm Catholic, and even gave in to some of the old superstitions connected with that faith, in a manner remarkable for a person of her natural strength of mind. The less sanguine nature and quiet humour of my father led him to view such matters with rather less reverent eyes; and though my mother could seldom help laughing at his sly sallies against the priests, she made a point of always reproving him for them, saying (as I think I can hear her saying at this moment), "I declare to God, Jack Moore, you ought to be ashamed of yourself."

We had in the next street to us (Great Stephen Street) a friary, where we used to attend mass on Sundays, and some of the priests of which were frequent visitors at our house. One in particular, Father Ennis, a kind and gentle-natured man, used to be a constant sharer of our meals; and it would be difficult, I think, to find a priest less meddling or less troublesome. Having passed some time in Italy, he was able, in return for the hospitality which he received,



to teach me a little Italian; and I had also, about the same time, a regular master for the space of six months, in French,—an intelligent emigré named La Fosse, who could hardly speak a word of English, and who, on account of my quickness in learning, as well as my mother's hospitable attentions to him, took great delight in teaching me. To such a knowledge of the two languages as I thus contrived to pick up, I was indebted for that display of French and Italian reading (such as it was) which I put forth about five or six years after, in the notes to my translation of Anacreon.

I cannot exactly remember the age at which I first went to confession, but it must have been some three or four years before I entered the University; and my good mother (as anxious in her selection of a confessor for me as she was in every step that regarded my welfare, here or hereafter), instead of sending me to any of our friends, the friars of Stephen Street, committed me to the care of a clergyman of the name of O'Halloran, who belonged to Townshend Street Chapel, and bore a very high character. Of this venerable priest, and his looks and manner, as he sat listening to me in the confessional, I have given a description, by no means overcharged, in the first volume of my *Travels of an Irish Gentleman*. It was, if I recollect right, twice a year that I used to sally forth, before breakfast, to perform this solemn ceremony—for solemn I then certainly felt,—and a no less regular part of the morning's work was my breakfasting after the confession with an old relation of my mother, Mrs. Devereux, the wife of a West India captain, who lived in a street off Townshend Street; and a most luxurious display of buttered toast, eggs, beefsteak, &c. I had to regale me on those occasions. To this part of the morning's ceremonies I look back, even now, with a sort of boyish pleasure; but not so to the trying scene which had gone before it. Notwithstanding the gentle and parental manner of the old confessor, his position, sitting there as my judge, rendered him awful in my eyes; and the necessity of raking up all my boyish

peccadilloes, my erring thoughts, desires, and deeds, before a person so little known to me, was both painful and humiliating. We are told that such pain and humiliation are salutary to the mind, and I am not prepared to deny it, the practice of confession as a moral restraint having both sound arguments and high authority in its favour. So irksome, however, did it at last become to me, that, about a year or two after my entrance into college, I ventured to signify to my mother a wish that I should no longer go to confession; and, after a slight remonstrance, she sensibly acceded to my wish.

The tutor under whom I was placed on entering College was the Rev.—Burrowes, a man of considerable reputation, as well for classical acquirements as for wit and humour. There are some literary papers of his in the *Transactions of the Royal Irish Academy*; and he enjoyed the credit, I believe deservedly, of having been the author, in his youth, of a celebrated flash song, called "The night before Larry was stretched," i. e. *hanged*. Of this classical production I remember but two lines, where, on the "Dominio" (or parson) proposing to administer spiritual consolation to the hero,—

"Larry tipped him an elegant look,  
And pitch'd his big wig to the devil."

The fame of this song (however Burrowes himself and his brother dominies might regret it) did him no harm, of course, among the younger part of our college community.

Having brought with me so much reputation from school, it was expected, especially by my anxious mother, that I should distinguish myself equally at college; and in the examinations of the first year, I *did* gain a premium, and I believe a certificate. But here the brief career of my college honours terminated. After some unavailing efforts (solely to please my anxious mother), and some memento of mortification on finding myself vanquished by competitors whom I knew to be dull fellows, "*intus et in cute*," and who have, indeed, proved themselves such through life, I resolved in the second year of my course to give up the struggle

entirely, and to confine myself thenceforth to such parts of the course as fell within my own tastes and pursuits, learning just enough to bring me through without disgrace. To my mother this was at first a disappointment; but some little successes which I met with out of the direct line of the course, and which threw a degree of éclat round my progress, served to satisfy in some degree her fond ambition. It was a rule at the public examinations that each boy should produce, as a matter of form, a short theme in Latin prose upon some given subject; and this theme might be written when, where, or by whom it pleased the Fates; as the examiners seldom, I believe, read them, and they went for nothing in the scale of the merits of the examined. On one of these occasions, I took it into my head to deliver in a copy of English verse, instead of the usual Latin prose, and it happened that a Fellow of the name of Walker, who had the credit of possessing more literary taste than most of his brotherhood, was the examiner of our division. With a beating heart I saw him, after having read the paper himself, take it to the table where the other examiners stood in conference, and each of them I observed perused it in turn. He then came over to the place where I sat, and, leaning across the table, said to me in his peculiar methodistical tone, "Did you write those verses yourself?" "Yes, sir," I quietly answered; upon which, to my no small pride and delight, he said, "Upon my word the verses do you much credit, and I shall lay them before the Board\*, with a recommendation that you shall have a premium for them." He did so; and the reward I received from the Board was a copy of the "Travels of Anacharsis," in very handsome binding, — the first gain I ever made by that pen which, such as it is, has been my sole support ever since. The distinction, I rather think, must have been one of rare occurrence; as I recollect that when I waited upon the Vice-Provost (Hall) to receive my certificate of the honour, he took a long time before he

could satisfy his classical taste as to the terms in which he should express the peculiar sort of merit for which I was rewarded; and, after all, the result of his cogitations was not very felicitous, the phrase he used being "*propter laudabilem in versibus componendis progressum.*"

About the third year of my course, if I remember right, an improvement was made in our quarterly examinations by the institution of a classical premium distinct from that which was given for science; and myself and a man named Ferral (who was said to have been a tutor before he entered college) were on one occasion competitors for this prize. At the close of the examination, so equal appeared our merits, that the examiner (Usher) was unable to decide between us, and accordingly desired that we should accompany him to his chambers, where, for an hour or two, he pitted us against each other. The books for that period of the course were the Orations of Demosthenes and Virgil's *Georgics*; and he tried us by turns at all the most difficult passages, sending one out of the room while he was questioning the other. At length, his dinner-hour having arrived, he was obliged to dismiss us without giving any decision, desiring that we should be with him again at an early hour next morning. On considering the matter as I returned home, it struck me that, having sifted so thoroughly our power of construing, he was not likely to go again over that ground, and that it was most probably in the history connected with the Orations he would examine us in the morning. Acting forthwith upon this notion, I went to an old friend of mine in the book line, one Lynch, who kept a ragged old stall in Stephen Street, and, borrowing from him the two quarto volumes of Leland's Philip, contrived to skim their contents in the course of that evening, notwithstanding that a great part of it was devoted to a gay music-party at a neighbour's. When we reappeared before Usher in the morning, the line of examination which he took was exactly what I had foreseen. Returning no more to the text of either of our authors, his questions were solely directed to such events

\* The provost and senior fellows.

of the reign of Philip as were connected with the Orations of Demosthenes; and as the whole was floating freshly in my memory, I answered promptly and accurately to every point; while my poor competitor, to whom the same lucky thought had not occurred, was a complete blank on the subject, and had not a word to say for himself. The victory was, of course, mine *hollow*; but it was also in a more accurate sense of the word *hollow*, as after all I did not carry off the premium. It was necessary, as part of the forms of the trial, that we should each give in a theme in Latin verse. As I had never in my life written a single hexameter, I was resolved not to begin bunglingly *now*. In vain did Usher represent to me that it was a mere matter of form, and that with my knowledge of the classics I was sure to make out *something good enough for the purpose*. I was not to be persuaded. It was enough for me to have done well what I had attempted; and I determined not to attempt anything more. The premium accordingly went to my opponent, on his producing the required quantum of verses; and as my superiority over him in the examination had been little more than accidental, his claim to the reward was nearly as good as my own.

That the verses were meant as a mere form,—and a very bungling form too,—may be believed without any difficulty; our fellows, in general, knowing little more of Latin verse than their pupils. Indeed, neither in the English nor the Latin Parnassus did these learned worthies much distinguish themselves. Dr. Fitzgerald, one of the senior fellows in my time, was the author of a published poem called “The Academic Sportsmen,” in which was the following remarkable couplet,—

“The cackling hen, the interloping goose,  
The playful kid that frisks about the house;”

and Dr. Browne,—a man, notwithstanding, of elegant scholarship, and who is said to have ascertained accurately the site of Tempe, though never in Greece\*,—was rash enough

\* He proved, if I recollect right, in this Essay, that Poccoke had actually passed through Tempe without knowing it.

to publish some Latin poems, which, as containing numerous false quantities, were of course miserably mauled by the “*aucupes syllabarum*” of the English Reviews.

Another slight circumstance, during my course, which gave me both pleasure and encouragement, took place one morning at one of those comfortless Greek lectures which are held at so early an hour as six o'clock, and which, from not being a resident member of the college, I was seldom able to attend. Our Greek task at that period was the *Ἡερ δει ιστοριαν συγγραφειν* of Lucian, and, as usual, I had prepared my translation in the best English I could stock my memory with,—a labour which was left in general to its own reward; as the common run of our examiners, particularly at that early hour in the morning, were but little awake to the niceties or elegancies of style. Our Greek lecturer, however, on this occasion, was Magee,—the highflying archbishop of after-days,—a man much beyond his compeers both in learning and taste. The usual portion of translation which each boy had to scramble through during the lecture was about half a page or so, lengthened out by constant interruptions from the examiner; and in this manner the operation had proceeded on the morning I am speaking of, till the book came to my turn, when, from the moment I commenced, Magee stood silently listening, and allowed me to go on translating, page after page, to the amount of perhaps four or five; when, expressing in a marked manner his regret at being obliged to interrupt me, he passed the book on to my neighbour. From Magee's high reputation, I felt this compliment very sensibly; nor can I help saying that his being so alive to a sense of taste or duty—whichever it might have been—at so early an hour, on a raw candlelight morning, was in a high degree creditable to him.

It was, I think, towards the end of the second year of my course, that a crack-brained wit, Theophilus Swift,—the same who called out, and was wounded by Col. Lennox, after the duel of the latter with the Duke of York,—commenced a furious pamphlet war against the fellows of our university, in

consequence of some injustice inflicted, as he thought, by them on his son. The motto to his chief pasquinade was "Worth makes the man, and want of it the fellow;" and the most galling part of the attack was his exposure of the shameless manner in which the fellows, most of them, contrived to evade that statute of the university which expressly forbade their marrying. This they effected by the not very seemly expedient of allowing their wives to retain their maiden surnames, and thus living with them as if they were mistresses. The wife of my tutor, Burrowes, for instance, went about with him in society by the name of Mrs. Grierson,—she being the daughter of Grierson, the King's printer. Magee's wife was called Mrs. Moulson; and so on. One of the points, indeed, enforced coarsely, but bitterly, by Swift was, that none of these ladies were, in the eyes of the law, really married; and that, in case of crim. con., their husbands would not be entitled to damages. In speaking of the lady of Burrowes, Swift commenced a sentence thus:—"If I or some more youthful adventurer were to be caught in an amour with Mrs. Letter-press," &c.

I forget whether any legal proceedings were taken by any of the fellows against Swift. But Burrowes, my tutor, being tempted to try his wit, in a retort upon his assailant, published a squib in verse, with notes, for which he was prosecuted by Swift, and sentenced to confinement, for about a fortnight, in Newgate [Dublin]. I remember paying him a visit during the time of his imprisonment; and it was undoubtedly a novel incident in academic history for a pupil to visit his reverend preceptor in Newgate. Swift's son (who had been christened Dean for the honour of the name), joined also in a literary onset with his father, and wrote a poem called the "Monks of Trinity," which had some smart lines. In one, where Magee was styled a "learned antithesis," he seems to have prefigured the sort of scrape in which this ambitious priest got involved, some years after, by the use of that same figure of rhetoric. In a famous charge of his, soon after he became archbishop, in speaking

of the difficult position of the Irish establishment, between the Catholics on one side and the Dissenters on the other, he describes it as placed "between a Church without a religion and a religion without a Church."\* Of this pithy sentence he was made to feel the rebound pretty sharply; and one of the ablest of Dr. Doyle's pamphlets was written in answer to Magee's charge.

I am now coming to a period of my youthful days when a more stirring and serious interest in public affairs began to engage my attention, both from the increasing electric state of the political atmosphere, and my own natural predisposition to catch the prevailing influence. But before I enter upon this new epoch, a few recollections of my course of life, *out of the walls of college*, during the period we have just been considering, will not perhaps be unwelcome. In pursuance of the usual system of my mother, the person who instructed my sister in music—Billy Warren, as we familiarly called him—became soon an intimate in the family, and was morning and night a constant visitor. The consequence was that, though I never received from him any regular lessons in playing, yet by standing often to listen when he was instructing my sister, and endeavouring constantly to pick out tunes—or *make* them—when I was alone, I became a pianoforte player (at least sufficiently so to accompany my own singing) before almost any one was in the least aware of it.

It was at this period,—about the second year, I think, of my college course,—that I wrote a short masque with songs, which we performed before a small party of friends in our front drawing-room. The subject of the masque, as well as I can recollect—for not a trace of the thing remains—was a story of a lady (personated by my eldest sister Kate), who, by the contrivance of a spirit (Sally Masterson, an intimate friend of my sister), was continually haunted in her

\* "A church without what we can properly call a religion, and a religion without what we can properly call a church." This, if I recollect right, is the correct version of this belligerent antithesis.—J. R.

dreams by the form of a youth (myself) whom she had never beheld but in this visionary shape. After having been made sufficiently wretched by thus having a phantom which haunts her day and night, the lady is at last agreeably surprised by finding the real youth at her feet as full of love as herself,—having been brought thither by the kind spirit, who knowing that he had long loved her at a distance, took this method of preparing his mistress's heart to receive him. The song sung by the spirit I had adapted to the air of Haydn's Spirit-song, in his Canzonets, and the lady had a ballad beginning "Delusive dream," which was very pleasingly set to music by Billy Warren, and continued long to be very popular as sung by myself at the piano-forte.\*

The notoriety I had already acquired by my little attempts in literature, as well as my own ambition to become known to such a person, brought me acquainted, at this time, with Mrs. Battier, an odd, acute, warm-hearted, and intrepid little woman, the widow of a Captain Battier, who, with two daughters and very small means, lived, at the time of my acquaintance with her, in lodgings up two pair of stairs, in Fade Street; and acquired a good deal of reputation, besides adding a little to her small resources, by several satirical pieces of verse, which she from time to time published. Her satires were chiefly in the bitter Churchill style, and struck me,—then, at least,—as possessing no small vigour. What I should think of them now, I know not. Of all some admired so much in her writings, only two couplets remain at present in my memory. One was, where, in speaking of the oratory of Sir Lawrence Parsons (the late Lord Rosse), she said,—

\* At the very moment when I am writing these lines, my poor sister Kate, who is here spoken of, lies suffering in a state of protracted, and I fear hopeless, illness; and though we have for many years seen little of each other, the thoughts of our early days together, and of what she may now be suffering, comes over my heart with a weight of sadness which it would be difficult to describe.

"When Parsons draws in one continuous hum,  
Who would not wish all baronets were dumb?"

This summary wish to silence *all* baronets, because *one* was a bore, strikes me even now as rather comical. The other couplet relates to Curran, and commemorates in a small compass two of his most striking peculiarities, namely, his very unprepossessing personal appearance, and his great success, notwithstanding, in pursuits of gallantry. The following is the couplet—

"For though his monkey face might fail to woo her,  
Yet, ah! his monkey tricks would quite undo her."

There were also six or eight lines which she wrote about myself, and which I certainly ought not to have forgotten, considering the pleasure which they gave me at the time. They were written by her after one of my college examinations, in which it was supposed (perhaps unjustly) that the examiner,—a dull monk of Trinity, named Prior, still alive,—had dealt unfairly by me, in order to favour a son of the vice-provost, who was my opponent. Of course, we all thought the verses both just and witty.

As this lady (Mrs. Battier) was much older than my own mother, and, though with a lively expression of countenance, by no means good-looking, it is some proof of my value for female intellect, at that time (though I have been accused of underrating it since), that I took great delight in her society and always very gladly accepted her invitations to tea. One of these tea-parties I have a most lively remembrance of, from its extreme ridiculousness. There had lately come over from some part of England one of those speculators upon Irish hospitality and ignorance which at that period of Dublin civilisation were not unfrequent,—a Mrs. Jane Moore, who had come upon the double speculation of publishing her poems, and promulgating a new plan for the dyeing of nankeens. Whether she had brought letters of introduction to Mrs. Battier, or had availed herself of their common pursuit (in *one* at least of their avocations) to introduce herself, I cannot now say; but having ex-

pressed a wish to read her poems to some competent judges, she was invited by my friend to tea for the purpose, and I was, much to my gratification, honoured with an invitation to meet her. I rather think that poor Mrs. Battier was reduced to a single room by the state of her circumstances, for I remember well that it was in the bedroom we drank tea, and that my seat was on the bed, where, enthroned as proudly as possible, with these old poetesses (the new arrival being of the largest and most vulgar Wapping mould), I sat listening while Mrs. Jane Moore read aloud her poems, making havoc with the *v*'s and *w*'s still as she went, while all the politeness of our hostess could with difficulty keep her keen satirical eyes from betraying what she really thought of the nankeen muse.

I remember another English impostor of the same kind, who came out at a somewhat later period, for the purpose of giving lectures on literature. He had brought letters to some fellows of the college, and there was on the first day of his proposed course a small but very select audience brought together to hear him. While waiting for the company to collect, some of the most literary of those present were employed in conversing with the lecturer; and I myself ventured to sidle up to the group, and put in a little word now and then, though with a heart beating from nervousness at the thought of conversing with a distinguished English lecturer. The fellow was not a whit better than the poetical Mrs. Jane Moore. One of the questions I ventured to put to him was, "You know, of course, Sir, Shenstone's School-mistress?" "Yes," he answered, "but ha'n't seen her of some time." The lecture itself was quite of a piece with this specimen. Quoting a passage (from Lucan, I believe) which he said was counted, by some critics, very "helegant and hingenious," — the passage being, according to his reading of it, "The evens hintomb im oom the hearth does not hinter," — he declared his own opinion that it was neither "helegant nor hingenious." It is almost incredible that such a cockney should have contrived,

thus even for once, to collect around him an assembly among whom were some of the most accomplished of the fellows of our university.

My recollections of poor Mrs. Battier have brought back some other events and circumstances of this period, with which she was connected. There was a curious society or club established in Dublin, which had existed I believe for some time, but to which the growing political excitement of the day lent a new and humorous interest. A mere sketch of the plan and objects of the club (to which most of the gay fellows of the middle and liberal class of society belonged) will show what a fertile source it afforded not only of fun and festivity, but of political allusion and satire. The island of Dalkey, about seven or eight miles from Dublin, was the scene of their summer *réunions*, and here they had founded a *kingdom*, of which the monarchy was elective; and at the time I am speaking of, Stephen Armitage, a very respectable pawnbroker of Dublin, and a most charming singer, was the reigning king of the island. Every summer the anniversary of his coronation was celebrated, and a gayer and more amusing scene (for I was once the happy witness of it) could not be well imagined. About noon on Sunday, the day of the celebration, the royal procession set out from Dublin by water; the barge of his majesty, King Stephen, being most tastefully decorated, and the crowd of boats that attended him all vying with each other in gaiety of ornament and company. There was even cannon planted at one or two stations along the shore, to fire salutes in honour of his majesty as he passed. The great majority, however, of the crowds that assembled made their way to the town of Dalkey by land; and the whole length of the road in that direction swarmed with vehicles all full of gay laughing people. Some regulations were made, if I recollect right, to keep the company on the island itself as select as possible, and the number of gay parties there scattered about, dining under tents, or in the open air (the day being, on the occasion I speak of, unclouded

throughout) presented a picture of the most lively and exhilarating description.

The ceremonies performed in honour of the day by the dignitaries of the kingdom, were, of course, a parody on the forms observed upon *real* state occasions; and the sermon and service, as enacted in an old ruined church, by the archbishop (a very comical fellow, whose name I forget) and his clergy, certainly carried the spirit of parody indecorously far. An old ludicrous song, to the tune of "Nancy Dawson," was given out in the manner of a psalm, and then sung in chorus by the congregation; as thus,—

"And then he up the chimney went,  
The chimney went — the chimney went;  
And then he up the chimney went,  
And stole away the baron."

There were occasionally peerages and knight-hoods bestowed by his majesty on such "good fellows" as were deserving of them: on this very day which I am describing, Inledon the singer, who was with a party on the island, was knighted under the title of Sir Charles Melody. My poetical friend, Mrs. Battier, who held the high office of poetess laureate to the monarch of Dalkey, had, on her appointment to that station, been created Countess of Laurel. I had myself been tempted, by the good fun of the whole travestie, to try my hand (for the first time I believe) at a humorous composition in the style of Peter Pindar, and meant as a birthday ode to King Stephen. Of this early *jeu d'esprit* of mine, which I remember amused people a good deal, I can recall only a few fragments here and there. Thus, in allusion to the precautions which George the Third was said to be in the habit of taking, at that time, against assassination, I thus addressed his brother monarch, Stephen,—

"Thou rid'st not, prison'd in a metal coach,  
To shield from thy anointed head  
Bullets, of a kindred lead,  
Marbles, and stones, and such hard-hearted things."

In another passage, a rather trite joke is thus with tolerable neatness expressed,—

"George has of wealth the dev'l and all,  
Him we may King of Diamonds call;  
But thou hast such persuasive arts,  
We hail thee, Stephen, King of Hearts."

On the very morning after the celebration at which I was present, there appeared in the newspaper which acted as his majesty's state gazette, a highly humorous proclamation, offering a reward of I know not how many hundred crobanes, or Irish halfpence, to whatsoever person or persons might have found and would duly restore his majesty's crown, which, in walking home from Dalkey the preceding night, and "measuring both sides of the road," according to custom, he had unfortunately let fall from his august head.

But "*hæc nugæ seria ducent in mala.*" Most serious and awful indeed were the times which followed these gay doings. The political ferment that was abroad through Ireland soon found its way within the walls of our university; and a youth destined to act a melancholy but for-ever-memorable part in the troubled scenes that were fast approaching, had now begun to attract, in no ordinary degree, the attention both of his fellow-students and the college authorities in general. This youth was Robert Emmet, whose brilliant success in his college studies, and more particularly in the scientific portion of them, had crowned his career, as far as he had gone, with all the honours of the course; while his powers of oratory displayed at a debating society, of which, about this time (1796-7), I became a member, were beginning to excite universal attention, as well from the eloquence as the political boldness of his displays. He was, I rather think by two classes, my senior, though it might have been only by one. But there was, at all events, such an interval between our standings as, at that time of life, makes a material difference; and when I became a member of the debating society, I found him in full fame, not only for his scientific attainments, but also for the blamelessness of his life and the grave suavity of his manners.

Besides this minor society, there was also another in college, for the higher classes of

students, called the Historical Society, established on the ruins of one bearing the same name, which had some years before been (on account of its politics, I believe) put down by the fellows, but continued in defiance of them to hold its sittings *outside* the walls. Of this latter association, Charles Bushe, the present witty Chief Justice, was, if I am not mistaken, one of the most turbulent, as well as most eloquent, members.

Of the political tone of *our* small debating society, which was held at the rooms of different resident members, some notion may be formed from the nature of the questions proposed for discussion; one of which was, I recollect, "Whether an aristocracy or democracy was most favourable to the advancement of science and literature;" while another, still more critically bearing upon the awful position of parties at this crisis, was thus significantly put,—"Whether a soldier was bound on all occasions to obey the orders of his commanding officer?" On the former of these questions, the power of Emmet's eloquence was wonderful; and I feel at this moment as if his language was still sounding in my ears. The prohibition against touching upon modern politics, which it was found afterwards necessary to enforce, had not yet been introduced; and Emmet, who took, of course, ardently the side of democracy in the debate, after a brief review of the great republics of antiquity, showing how much they had all done for the advancement of literature and the arts, hastened, lastly, to the grand and perilous example of the young republic of France; and, referring to the story of Cæsar carrying with him across the river only his sword and his Commentaries, he said, "Thus France at this time swims through a sea of blood, but while in one hand she wields the sword against her aggressors, with the other she upholds the interests of literature uncontaminated by the bloody tide through which she struggles." On the other question, as to the obligation of a soldier to obey, on all occasions, the orders of his commanding officer, Emmet, after refuting this notion as degrading to human nature, imagined the

case of a soldier who, having thus blindly fought in the ranks of the oppressor, had fallen in the combat, and then most powerfully described him as rushing, after death, into the presence of his Creator, and exclaiming, in an agony of remorse, while he holds forth his sword, reeking still with the blood of the oppressed and innocent, "Oh God, I know not *why* I have done this." In another of his speeches, I remember his saying, "When a people, advancing rapidly in civilisation and the knowledge of their rights, look back after a long lapse of time, and perceive how far the spirit of their government has lagged behind them; what then I ask is to be done by them in such a case? What, but to pull the government up to the people."

I forget whether I myself ventured upon any oratorical effort while in this society, but rather think I did not; and the practice of giving in compositions for prizes was not, if I recollect right, one of our usages. It must have been about the beginning of the year 1797 that our little society came to a natural dissolution, most of the members having dropped off or become absorbed in the larger institutions; so that at last there, not being left a sufficient number to support the society by their subscriptions, those who remained resolved to divide among them the small library which had been collected (chiefly through gifts from different members) and to declare their meetings at an end. I have to this moment a copy of Bruce's Travels which fell to my lot in the partition, and there is written in it, "The gift of Sir E. Denny, Bart., to the Deb. Soc. Trin. Coll."

To form any adequate idea of the feverish excitement of the public mind at this period (1797) one must not only have lived through it, as I did, but have been also mixed up, as I was, with the views, hopes, and feelings of every passing hour. Among the oldest acquaintances and friends of my father and mother were some of those, as I have before stated, who were the most deeply involved in the grand conspiracy against the government; and among the new acquaintances of the same description added this year to our



list were Edward Hudson, one of the committee seized at Oliver Bond's in 1798, — and the ill-fated Robert Emmet. Hudson, a remarkably fine and handsome young man, who could not have been, at that time, more than two or three and twenty years of age, was the nephew of Hudson, a celebrated Dublin dentist. Though educated merely for the purposes of his profession, he was full of zeal and ardour for everything connected with the fine arts; drew with much taste himself, and was passionately devoted to Irish music. He had with great industry collected and transcribed all our most beautiful airs, and used to play them with much feeling on the flute. I attribute, indeed, a good deal of my own early acquaintance with our music, if not the warm interest which I have since taken in it, to the many hours I passed at this time of my life *tête-à-tête* with Edward Hudson, — now trying over the sweet melodies of our country, now talking with indignant feeling of her sufferings and wrongs.

Previously to this period my chief comparisons of my own standing had been Beresford Burston and Bond Hall, — neither of them at all studious or clever, but Hall full of life and good-nature, and with a natural turn for humour which made me take great delight in him. Had I been at all inclined to pedantic display in conversation, the society of this pair would have most effectually cured me of it, as the slightest allusion to literature or science in their presence was at once put down as something not fit to be listened to; and by Hall with such good fun and *badinage* as I myself very much preferred to mere learning. Indeed, such influence have early impressions and habits upon all our after lives that I have little doubt the common and ordinary level of my own habitual conversation (which, while it disappoints, no doubt, Blues and *savans*, enables me to get on so well with most hearty and simple-minded persons) arises a good deal from having lived chiefly, in my young days, with such gay, idle fellows as Bond Hall, instead of consorting with your young men of high college reputation,

almost all of whom that I have ever known were inclined to be pedants and *boces*. ✕

Whether at the desire of my mother, or from my own wish to distinguish myself — probably from a mixture of both these motives — I went in, in this year, as a candidate for one of the vacant scholarships, though well knowing, of course, that my labour would be in vain; as though I were to come furnished with all the learning of an Erasmus, I should still, — being, like Erasmus, a Catholic, — have been shut out from all chance of the prize. Among the examiners on this occasion was Dr. Kearney, who became soon after Provost, and was, as will be seen, a most kind friend and patron of mine. It was in Horace, if I recollect right, he examined me, and though seemingly well pleased with my manner of construing and answering, evidently winced, more than once, under my slips of prosody, — being one of the few fellows of our college who had made this branch of classical learning their study; and when I have since read of Vincent the head-master of Westminster, who was said to have been killed by “false Latin,” I could not help remembering the half comic, half lugubrious face which Kearney used to put on when any confusion of “longs and shorts” occurred in his presence. On the list of those who were adjudged worthy of scholarships I obtained a pretty high place, but had only the barren honour of that place for my reward. How welcome and useful would have been the sixty or seventy pounds a-year, which I believe the scholarship was worth, to the son of a poor struggling tradesman — struggling hard to educate his children — I need hardly point out; nor can any one wonder that the recollection of such laws, and of their bigoted though, in some cases, conscientious, supporters, should live bitterly in the minds and hearts of all who have, at any time, been made their victims.

In the course of this year, though I cannot exactly say at what period of it, I was admitted a member of the Historical Society of the University, and here, as everywhere else, the political spirit so rife abroad continued to mix with all our debates and proceedings,

notwithstanding the constant watchfulness of the college authorities, and of a strong party within the society itself which adhered devotedly to the politics of the government, and took part invariably with the Provost and fellows in all their restrictive and inquisitorial measures. The most distinguished and eloquent among these supporters of power were a young man, named Sargeant, of whose fate in after days I know nothing; and Jebb, the late Bishop of Limerick, who was then, as he continued to be throughout life, highly respected for his private worth and learning.

Of the popular side in the society, the chief champion and ornament was Robert Emmet; and though every care was taken to exclude from among the subjects of debate all questions likely to trench upon the politics of the day, it was always easy enough, by a side-wind of digression or allusion, to bring Ireland and the prospects then opening upon her within the scope of the orator's view. So exciting and powerful in this respect were the speeches of Emmet, and so little were the most distinguished speakers among our opponents able to cope with his eloquence, that the Board at length actually thought it right to send among us a man of advanced standing in the University, and belonging to a former race of good speakers in the society, in order that he might answer the speeches of Emmet, and endeavour to obviate what they considered the mischievous impressions produced by them. The name of this mature champion of the higher powers was, if I remember right, Geraghty; and it was in replying to a speech of his, one night, that Emmet, to the no small mortification and surprise of us who gloried in him as our leader, became embarrassed in the middle of his speech, and (to use the parliamentary phrase) broke down. Whether from a momentary confusion in the thread of his argument, or possibly from diffidence in encountering an adversary so much his senior (for Emmet was as modest as he was high-minded and brave) he began, in the full career of his eloquence, to hesitate and repeat his words, and then, after an effort or two to recover himself, sat down.

A struggle in which I myself was, about this time, engaged with the dominant party in the society may be worth dwelling on for a few moments,—the circumstances attending it being, in no small degree, perhaps characteristic as well of the good as the bad qualities of my own character at that time of life. Besides the medals given by the society to the best answerers in history, there was also another for the best compositions sent in at stated periods, either in prose or verse. These productions were all to be delivered in anonymously, and on the night when they were to be read aloud for the judgment of the society, a reader for each was appointed by rotation from among the members. (Taking it into my head to become a candidate for this medal, I wrote a burlesque sort of poem, called an “Ode upon Nothing, with Notes by Trimegistus Rustifustius, etc. etc.” My attempts at humorous writing had not been many, and the fun scattered throughout this poem was in some parts not of the most chastened description. On the night when it was to be read, whether by mere accident or from a suspicion that the poem was by me, I was voted by the society to be the reader of it; and as I performed my task *con amore*,—though tremblingly nervous during the whole operation,—and in some degree acted as well as read the composition, its success was altogether complete; applause and laughter greeted me throughout, and the medal was voted to the author of the composition triumphantly. I then acknowledged myself in due form, and the poem was transcribed into the book of the society appointed to receive all such prize productions.

Being now open to the cool inspection of the members, the objectionable nature of some parts of this extravaganza began to be more seriously viewed,—at least by the party opposed to me in politics—my own side, of course, seeing nothing wrong whatever in the matter,—and at length notice was regularly given of a motion to be brought forward in the following week “for the expunging of certain passages in a composition entered on the books of the society, entitled ‘An Ode upon Nothing, etc. etc.’” On the

night appointed the charge was brought forward with all due solemnity by a scholar, I think, of the name of Whitty,—one whom, in enumerating the ablest of the party opposed to us, I omitted before to mention. At the conclusion of his elaborate charge I rose to answer him, and having prepared myself for the occasion, delivered myself of a speech which amused exceedingly my auditors on both sides. Speaking as the friend of Doctor Trismegistus Rustifustius, I stated that immediately on receiving notice of this motion, I had waited on the Doctor himself to learn his feelings on the subject, and to take instructions as to the line he wished me to adopt in his defence. The description of my interview with this ideal personage, and the ludicrous message which I represented him to have sent by me to his critics and censors, excited roars of laughter throughout,—though not a trace of them now remains in my memory,—and I sat down amidst triumphant cheers. In proportion, however, as my own party was pleased with the result, they were in like degree doomed to be disappointed by the turn which the affair afterwards took. In order to do away with the effect of my speech, two or three of the gravest and most eloquent of the antagonist party rose in succession to answer me; and the first of them (who was, I rather think, Sargeant) began by saying in a complimentary strain, “I well knew what we were to expect from that quarter; I was fully prepared for that ready display of wit and playfulness which has so much amused and diverted the attention of the society from the serious, etc. etc.” This tone of candour disposed me to listen to the speeches of my accusers with respect; and the solemn earnestness with which they pointed out the ill consequences of affording encouragement to such productions, by not only conferring upon them rewards, but even suffering them to remain as models on the society’s books, all fell with due weight upon my mind. Accordingly, in the few sentences which I spoke in reply, I freely acknowledged the serious impression which my accuser’s words had made upon me, as well as the sincere pain I should feel at

being thought capable of *deliberately* offending against those laws prescribed alike by good morals and good taste. I do not pretend to remember accurately the words which I used, but such was in substance their import; and though I disappointed not a little, by this concession, the more ardent spirits of my own faction, who had looked forward to a tough party struggle on the occasion, I was certainly not made to feel by the other side that they took any very overweening credit to themselves for the result, or at all abused their triumph; for immediately on hearing my speech, they voluntarily, if I recollect right, withdrew their motion, without pressing it to a division, and the whole terminated without any further discussion. This, at least, is the strong impression produced on my memory; and I remember also that as soon as the excitement of the affair had passed away, I myself, in order to prevent any recurrence to the subject, took an opportunity of quietly removing the composition from the books.

In the autumn of this year (1797) the celebrated newspaper called “The Press” was set up by Arthur O’Connor, Thomas Addis Emmet, and other chiefs of the United Irish conspiracy, with the view of preparing and ripening the public mind for the great crisis that was fast approaching. This memorable paper, according to the impression I at present retain of it, was far more distinguished for earnestness of purpose and intrepidity, than for any great display of literary talent; the bold letters written by Emmet (the elder) under the signature of “Montanus,” being almost the only compositions I can now call to mind as claiming notice for literary as well as for political merit. But it required but a small sprinkling of the former ingredient to make treason at that time palatable; and I can answer from the experience of my own home for the avidity with which every line was devoured. It ~~used to come out~~, I think, three times a-week; and on the evenings of publication, I always read it aloud to my father and mother during supper. It may easily be conceived that, between my ardour for

the cause, and my growing consciousness of a certain talent for writing, I was not a little eager to see something of my own in these patriotic and popular columns. But my poor mother's constant anxiety about me,—a feeling far more active than even her zeal for the public cause,—made me fearful of hazarding anything that might at all agitate or disturb her; the aspect of the times being, in itself, sufficiently trying to her, without the additional apprehension of my being involved in their dangers. I had ventured indeed, one night, to pop a small fragment of mine into the letter-box of the paper,—a short imitation of Ossian. But this passed off quietly, and nobody was, in *any* sense of the phrase, the wiser for it. I soon ventured, however, on a much bolder flight; and without communicating my secret to any one but Edward Hudson, addressed a letter “to the students of Trinity College,” written in a turgid, Johnsonian sort of style, but seasoned with plenty of the then favourite condiment, treason; and committed it tremblingly to the chances of the letter-box. I hardly expected that it would make its appearance; but, lo and behold, on the next evening of publication, when seated, as usual, in my little corner by the fire, I unfolded the paper for the purpose of reading it to my father and mother, there was my own letter staring me full in the face, occupying a conspicuous station in the paper, and of course one of the first and principal things that my auditors wished to hear. I possessed then, I take for granted, the power which I have often experienced on far more trying occasions, of appearing outwardly at my ease while every nerve within me was trembling with emotion. It was thus that I managed to get through this letter without awakening the least suspicion in my auditors that it was my own composition. I had the gratification, too, of hearing it much praised by them; and might have been tempted, I think, into avowing myself the author, had I not found that the language and sentiments of it were considered by both to be “very bold.” I was not destined, however, to remain long concealed. On the following day, Edward

Hudson,—the only person, as I have said, intrusted with the secret,—called to pay us a morning visit, and had not been long in the room conversing with my mother, when, looking significantly at me, he said, “Well, you saw——” Here he stopped; but my mother's eye had followed his with the rapidity of lightning, to mine, and at once she perceived the whole truth. “That letter was yours, then, Tom?” she instantly said to me, with a look of eagerness and apprehension, and I of course acknowledged the fact without further hesitation; when she most earnestly entreated of me never again to venture on so dangerous a step, and as any wish of hers was to me a law, I readily pledged the solemn promise she required of me.

A few days after, in the course of one of those strolls into the country which Emmet and I used often to take together, our conversation turned upon this letter, and I gave him to understand it was mine; when with that almost feminine gentleness of manner which he possessed, and which is so often found in such determined spirits, he owned to me that on reading the letter, though pleased with its contents, he could not help regretting that the public attention had been thus drawn to the politics of the University, as it might have the effect of awakening the vigilance of the college authorities, and frustrate the progress of the good work (as we both considered it) which was going on there so quietly. Even then, boyish as my own mind was, I could not help being struck with the manliness of the view which I saw he took of what men ought to do in such times and circumstances, namely, not to *talk* or *write* about their intentions, but to *act*. He had never before, I think, in conversation with me, alluded to the existence of the United Irish societies, in college, nor did he now, or at any subsequent time, make any proposition to me to join in them, a forbearance which I attribute a good deal to his knowledge of the watchful anxiety about me which prevailed at home, and his foreseeing the difficulty I should experience—from being, as the phrase is, constantly “tied to

my mother's apron-strings,"—in attending the meetings of the society without being discovered.

He was altogether a noble fellow, and as full of imagination and tenderness of heart as of manly daring. He used frequently to sit by me at the piano-forte, while I played over the airs from Bunting's Irish collection; and I remember one day when we were thus employed, his starting up as if from a reverie while I was playing the spirited air "Let Erin remember the day," and exclaiming passionately, "Oh that I were at the head of twenty thousand men marching to that air!"

The only occasion on which, at this fearful period, I received any direct intimation of the existence of United Irish societies in college was once in returning from evening lecture, when \* \* \* \*, a man now holding a very high legal station, and of course reformed from all such bad courses, happening to accompany me a part of the way home, not only mentioned the fact of such associations being then organised in college, but proposed to me to join the lodge to which he himself belonged. Nothing more passed between us on the subject; but it will be seen, at a subsequent period, how fatal might have proved the consequences of this short conversation, both to myself and to all connected with me.

While thus, in political matters, such abundant fuel for excitement surrounded me, I was also in another direction of feeling thrown in the way of impressions and temptations, to any of which my time of life, vivacity of fancy, and excitable temperament, rendered me peculiarly susceptible.

I had long before this begun by translating the odes attributed to Anacreon,—I say "attributed," because there are but slight grounds, I fear, for considering them to be his,—and had even, so far back as the beginning of 1794, published a paraphrase of the fifth ode in the *Anthologiâ Hibernica*. But it was now that the notion of undertaking a translation of the whole of the odes occurred to me, and I had at this time made considerable progress in the work. I had been also in the habit of frequently availing myself of a

permission, of which I was not a little proud, to read in Marsh's library during the months when it was closed to the public, a privilege I obtained through my acquaintance with the son of the librarian, Dean Cradock; and to the many solitary hours which I passed, both about this time and subsequently, in hunting through the dusty tomes of this old library, I was indebted for much of the odd, out-of-the-way sort of reading that may be found scattered through some of my earlier works.

The line of study that at this time chiefly attracted me was that which accorded most, not only with the task on which I was engaged, but unluckily also with one of the feelings then most dominant over my mind. I say "one of the feelings," for it would be difficult to conceive a much greater variety of excitement than that with which, at this most combustible period of life, I was beset. The great Irish conspiracy, in which almost all the persons most intimately known and valued by us were embarked,—though of more than the mere outline of its objects and organisation we were ourselves ignorant,—was then awfully hastening to its *dénouement*; and, vague and unsearchable as was the future which it promised, this very uncertainty but rendered it the more exciting, as well as more capable of being heightened by a young and prospective fancy. Then the constant rumours and alarms that every succeeding day gave rise to,—some of them involving the safety of friends in whom we were deeply interested,—all this was fully sufficient to furnish no ordinary amount of stimulus, without taking into account any of the other sources of excitement to which I was exposed. The new stirrings of literary ambition, accompanied by the sense of pride and pleasure which the first exercise of power of any kind is sure to afford; the delight with which my early attempts at composition were welcomed by her whom it was *my* delight to please,—my dear and excellent mother; the bursting out of my latent passion for music, which was in reality the source of my poetic talent, since it was merely the effort to translate into words the different feelings and passions which melody seemed to me to express;—

all this formed such a combination of mental stimulants as few, I think, of the same period of life have ever been surrounded by; nor can I conceive a youth much more delightful and interesting to have ever fallen to any one's lot.

My first tutor, Burrowes, having a little before this time retired on a good living—the *euthanasia* of most of the monks of old Trinity,—I was placed under a lay fellow of the name of Phipps, a civil and zealous man, though far more collegiate in mind and manners than the destined Dean\* whom I had left. Being also, however, a much more warm-hearted person, he took a very kind and active interest in all my concerns; and showed this interest, by a step which though at the time not a little painful to me, I afterwards learned to appreciate as it deserved. Requesting a few minutes with my father and mother, he advised confidentially and strenuously that I should avoid being seen so much in public with Robert Emmet; hinting at the same time that our intimacy had been much noticed, and that there were circumstances which rendered it highly imprudent. Though not aware at that time of the extent to which Emmet was implicated in the Irish conspiracy, we knew quite enough to enable us to understand this friendly warning, though if I recollect right, we but in a very slight degree acted upon it.

There was now left, however, but little time either for caution or deliberation, as the fearful drama of "The Plot Discovered," in all its horrors, soon after commenced; and one of the first scenes the curtain rose upon, was that formidable Inquisition held within the walls of our college by the bitterest of all Orange politicians, the Lord Chancellor Fitzgibbon. I must say in fairness, however, that strong and harsh as then appeared the measure of setting up this sort of tribunal, with the power of examining witnesses on oath, in a place dedicated to the instruction of youth, yet the facts that came out afterwards in the course of evidence but too much justified even this inquisitorial proceeding;

Burrowes was, some time after, made a Dean.

and to many who like myself were acquainted only with the general views of those engaged in the conspiracy, without knowing, except in a few instances, who those persons were, or what were their plans and resources, it was really most startling and awful to hear the disclosures which every new succeeding witness brought forth. †

There were a few,—and among that number were poor Robert Emmet, John Brown, and the two Corbets,—whose total absence from the whole scene, as well as the dead silence that daily followed the calling out of their names, proclaimed how deep had been their share in the transactions now about to be inquired into. But there was one young friend of mine whose appearance among the suspected and examined, quite as much surprised as it deeply and painfully interested me. This was Daere Hamilton, the son of a Protestant lady, a widow, with very small means, but of highly respectable connections; and he himself, in addition to his scholarship and talents, being one of the most primitively innocent persons with whom I was acquainted; and accordingly producing often among those who were intimate with him that sort of amusement mixed with affection, which the Parson Adams class of character is always certain to inspire. He and Emmet—both of them my seniors in the University—had long been intimate and attached friends; their congenial fondness for mathematical studies being, I think, a far stronger bond of sympathy between them than their politics. For whatever interest poor Daere Hamilton may have taken *speculatively* in the success of the popular cause, he knew quite as little, I believe, of the definite objects of the United Irishmen, and was as innocent of the plans then at work for their accomplishment as I can truly allege I was myself. From his being called up, however, on this first day of the inquiry, when, as it appeared, all the most important evidence was brought forward, there can be little doubt that, in addition to his intimacy with Emmet, the College authorities must have had some information which led them to suspect him of being an accomplice in the

conspiracy. In the course of his examination some questions were put to him which he refused to answer (most probably from their tendency to involve or criminate others), and he was dismissed, poor fellow, with the melancholy certainty that his future prospects were all utterly blasted; it being already known that the punishment for such contumacy was to be not merely banishment from the University, but exclusion from all the learned professions. /

The proceedings, indeed, of the whole day had been such as to send me home to my anxious parents with no very agreeable feelings or prospects. I had heard evidence given compromising even the lives of some of those friends whom I had been most accustomed to regard both with affection and admiration; and what I felt even still more than their danger,—a danger ennobled at that time in my eyes, by the great cause in which it had been incurred,—was the degrading spectacle exhibited by those who had appeared in evidence against them; persons who had themselves, of course, been implicated in the plot, and now came forward, either as volunteer informers, or else were driven by the fear of the consequences to secure their own safety at the expense of their associates and friends.

/ I remember well the gloom that hung over our family circle on that evening, as we talked over the events of the day and discussed the probability of my being among those who would be called up for examination on the morrow. The deliberate conclusion to which my dear honest father and mother came was, that overwhelming as the consequences were to all their prospects and hopes for me, yet if the questions leading to the crimination of others which had been put to almost all examined on that day, and which poor Dacre Hamilton alone refused to answer, should be put also to me, I must in the same manner and at all risks return a similar refusal.

I forget whether I received any intimation on the following morrow that I should be one of those examined in the course of the day, but I rather think that some such notice

was conveyed to me;—and at last, my awful turn came, and I stood in presence of the terrific tribunal. There sat the formidable Fitzgibbon, whose name I had never heard connected but with domineering insolence and cruelty; and by his side the memorable “Paddy” Duigenan,—memorable, at least, to all who lived in those dark times for his eternal pamphlets sounding the tocsin of persecution against the Catholics.

The oath was proffered to me. “I have an objection, my lord,” said I in a clear firm voice, “I have an objection to taking this oath.”—“What’s your objection, sir?” he asked sternly. “I have no fear, my lord, that anything I might say would criminate myself, but it might tend to affect others; and I must say that I despise that person’s character who could be led under any circumstances to criminate his associates.” This was aimed at some of the revelations of the preceding day, and, as I learned afterwards, was so felt. “How old are you, sir?” I told him my age,—between seventeen and eighteen, though looking, I dare say, not more than fourteen or fifteen. He then turned to his assessor, Duigenan, and exchanged a few words with him in an under voice. “We cannot,” he resumed, again looking towards me, “we cannot allow any person to remain in our University, who would refuse to take this oath.”—“I shall, then, my lord,” I replied, “take the oath, still reserving to myself the power of refusing to answer any such questions as I have described.”—“We do not sit here to argue with you, sir,” he rejoined, sharply, upon which I took the oath, and seated myself in the witness’s chair.

The following were the questions and answers that then ensued; and I can pretty well pledge myself for their almost verbal accuracy, as well as for that of the conversation which preceded them. After having adverted to the proved existence of United Irish Societies in the University, he asked, “Have you ever belonged to any of these societies?”—“No, my lord.” “Have you ever known of any of the proceedings which took place in them?” “No, my lord.”

"Did you ever hear of a proposal at any of their meetings for the purchase of arms and ammunition?" "No, my lord." "Did you ever hear of a proposition made in one of these societies with respect to the expediency of assassination?" "Oh no, my lord." He then turned again to Duigenan, and after a few words with him, resumed: "When such are the answers you are able to give, pray what was the cause of your great repugnance to taking the oath?"—"I have already told you, my lord, my chief reasons; in addition to which, it was the first oath I ever took, and it was, I think, a very natural hesitation." I was told afterwards that a fellow of the college, named Stokes (a man of liberal politics, who had alleged, as one of the grounds of his dislike to this inquisition, the impropriety of putting oaths to such young men) turned round, on hearing this last reply, to some one who sat next him, and said, "That's the best answer that has been given yet."

I was now dismissed without any further questioning, and, though tolerably conscious in my own mind, that I had acted with becoming firmness and honesty, I yet could not feel quite assured on the subject, till I had returned among my young friends and companions in the body of the hall, and seen what sort of verdict their looks and manner would pass on my conduct. And here I had certainly every reason to feel satisfied; as all crowded around me with hearty congratulations, not so much, I could see, on my acquittal by my judges, as on the manner in which I had acquitted *myself*. Of my reception at home, after the fears entertained of so very different a result, I will not attempt any description; it was all that *such* a home alone could furnish.

It was while I was confined with this illness, that the long and awfully expected explosion of the United Irish conspiracy took place; and I remember well, on the night when the rebels were to have attacked Dublin (May, 1798), the feelings of awe produced through the city, by the going out of the lamps one after another, towards midnight.

The authorities had, in the course of the day, received information of this part of the plan, to which the lamp-lighters must, of course, have been parties; and I saw from my window, a small body of the yeomanry accompanying a lamp-lighter through the streets to see that he performed his duty properly. Notwithstanding this, however, through a great part of the city where there had not been time to take this precaution, the lights towards midnight all went out.

Among the many fearful and painful events that had, before then, succeeded each other so rapidly, there was none that had more surprised and shocked us than the apprehension of our manly and accomplished young friend, Hudson, among the delegates assembled at Oliver Bond's. That meeting was, if I recollect right, to be the last before the delegates should disperse each to his allotted quarters, for the great general outbreak; and the watchword of admission (which Reynolds betrayed to the Government) was, "Where's M'Cann? Is Ivers from Carlow come?" Major Sirr was, I believe, the officer who knocked at the door and gave this watchword; and I have heard from authority on which I could depend, that when he entered the room, my poor friend Hudson fainted; showing how little a stout heart and Herculean frame (both of which Hudson possessed) may be proof against sudden alarm, or exempt their owner from such outward signs of feminine weakness.

Of the events that occurred between this period and my first departure to London as a Templar, I shall not attempt any regular detail; but merely state, as they rise in my mind, whatever scattered recollections of that interval may occur to me. I have not mentioned, I believe, that among the efforts made by my dear mother to provide me with means of instruction, she had employed a French master, named La Fosse, to attend me; a most civil and intelligent poor emigrant, who, like all my other teachers, became a sort of friend in the family, and was always welcome to a share of our tea and *barne-breae* of an evening. When I had been about five months taking lessons of him,



he proposed to me to write a short essay in French upon a subject which he suggested; and not long after I began to try my hand at French verse; and, among other daring attempts in that line, ventured a *Conte* in the manner of La Fontaine, in which I proceeded to the extent of about thirty or forty verses. There were at this time some emigrant officers of the Irish Brigade in Dublin, and two of them, named Blake and Ruth, were constant visitors at our house. From Blake, who played remarkably well on the Spanish guitar, I took some lessons on that instrument, but never made any progress with it.

Among the young men with whom I formed an intimacy in college, some were of the same standing with myself, others more advanced. One of the latter, Hugh George Macklin,—or, as he was called from his habits of boasting on all subjects, Hugo Grotius Braggadocio,—had attained a good deal of reputation both in his collegiate course, and in the Historical Society, where he was one of our most showy speakers. He was also a rhymers to a considerable extent; and contrived, by his own confession, to turn that talent to account, in a way that much better poets might have envied. Whenever he found himself hard run for money,—which was not unfrequently, I believe, the case,—his last and great resource, after having tried all other expedients, was to threaten to publish his poems; on hearing which menace, the whole of his friends flew instantly to his relief. Among the many stories relative to his boasting powers, it was told of him that, being asked once, on the eve of a great public examination, whether he was well prepared in his conic sections,—“Prepared,” he exclaimed, “I could whistle them.” In a mock account, written some time after, of a night’s proceedings in our Historical Society, one of the fines enforced for disorderliness was recorded as follows:—“Hugo Grotius Braggadocio, fined one shilling for whistling conic sections.”

My life from earliest childhood had passed, as has been seen, in a round of gay society; and the notice which my songs and my

manner of singing them had attracted led me still more into the same agreeable, but bewildering, course. I was saved, however, from all that coarser dissipation into which the frequenting of men’s society (particularly as then constituted) would have led me; and this I owed partly to my natural disposition, which always induced me (especially in my younger days) to prefer women’s society infinitely to men’s; and partly to the lucky habit, which I early got into, of never singing but to my own accompaniment at the piano-forte. I thus became altogether dependent on the instrument, even in my convivial songs; and, except in a few rare cases, never sung a song at a dinner-table in my life. At suppers, indeed, and where there were ladies to listen and a piano-forte to run to, many and many have been the songs I have sung both gay and tender; and, at this very moment, I could sing “Oh the merry days that are gone,” while thinking of those times.

It was in the year 1798 or 1799 (I am not certain which) that I took my degree of bachelor of arts, and left the University. Owing to rumours which had for some time prevailed, apprehensions had been felt in our home circle that the lord chancellor would object to admitting to degrees some of those who had been summoned to the Visitation; and it was not without a feeling of nervousness that I now presented myself before him. As soon as he saw me he turned round to the provost, who was seated by his side, and said, “Is not that——?” I could hear no more of his question, but the provost answered him in the affirmative; and I could perceive that there was at least nothing unfriendly in the inquiry he had made about me. This, at the time, was an exceeding relief; and I had afterwards, indeed, good grounds for believing that the impression I had made upon him at the Visitation was far from being unfavourable.

That the provost himself, Dr. Kearney, was kindly disposed towards me, I had, through many years, very gratifying proofs; as an acquaintance from this time commenced between us, which was to me not only honourable (considering all the circumstances),

but also useful, and in a high degree agreeable. His house was the resort of the best society in Dublin; and his wife and daughters were lively, literary, and fond of music; while he himself, in addition to his love of letters, had a fund of dry drollery about him, which rendered him a most amusing and agreeable companion.

I had at this time made considerable progress in my translation of the Odes of Anacreon; and having selected, if I recollect right, about twenty, submitted them to the perusal of Dr. Kearney, with the view that, should they appear to him worthy of a classical premium, he should lay them before the Board of the University. The opinion he gave of their merits was highly flattering; but he, at the same time, expressed his doubts whether the Board could properly confer any public reward upon the translation of a work so amatory and convivial as the Odes of Anacreon. He strongly advised me, however, to complete the translation of the whole of the odes, and publish it, saying that he had little doubt of its success. "The young people," he added, "will like it."

With my early friend and companion, Beresford Burston, I still continued on intimate terms; but we had both of us now begun to form acquaintances in the world, and in widely different lines, which detached us a good deal from each other. There was, indeed, no sympathy in our tastes, as regards either literature or society; and there remained, therefore, little more than the habits of early intimacy to keep up much intercourse between us. So early as the year 1795 or 1796, his father had entered both our names at the Middle Temple; and, as I left college before him, I was the sooner ready to proceed to London to keep my terms.

Among the kind and agreeable acquaintances which I formed in Dublin, either now or after my first short visit to London, were the families of Mr. Grierson, the King's printer, and of Joe Atkinson, the lively and popular secretary of the Ordnance Board. The Griersons, with a fine house in Harcourt Street, and a handsome country-seat at

Rathfarnham, lived at the full stretch of their income, or rather, I should say, a good deal beyond it, in a constant course of hospitality and gaiety. The Atkinsons, at a somewhat more regulated pace, but still with no less taste for social enjoyments, lived very much the same sort of singing, dancing, and dinnering life. It was also at this time, or perhaps a few months after, on my return from London, that I became acquainted with Sir George Shee\* and his lady,—very amiable people, and she an accomplished musician,—and was by them asked (to me a most eventful circumstance) to meet Lord Clare, the arch-foe of my friends the rebels, at dinner. There was no other company, if I recollect right, at dinner, except some persons belonging to Sir George's own family, and, as Lord Clare, therefore, must have been apprised that I had been asked to meet him, the circumstance was the more remarkable. I took but little share, at that time of my life, or, indeed, for many years after, in general conversation, owing to a natural shyness which, hackneyed as I have been since in all sorts of society, and, little as it may appear in my manner, has, strange to say, never left me. Of course the presence of such a man as Lord Clare was not very likely to untie my tongue; but in the course of dinner he, with very marked kindness, asked me to drink a glass of wine with him. I met him once afterwards in the streets, when he took off his hat to me; and these two circumstances, slight as they were in themselves, yet following so closely upon my trying scene before him in the Visitation Hall, were somewhat creditable, I think, to both parties.

All this time my poor father's business continued to be carried on; nor, to do my fine acquaintances justice, did any one of them ever seem to remember that I had emerged upon them from so humble a fire-side. A serious drain was now, however, to be made upon our scanty resources; and my poor mother had long been hoarding up every penny she could scrape together

\* Then holding some official station in Dublin.

towards the expenses of my journey to London, for the purpose of being entered at the Temple. A part of the small sum which I took with me was in guineas, and I recollect was carefully sewed up by my mother in the waistband of my pantaloons. There was also another treasure which she had, unknown to me, sewed up in some other part of my clothes, and that was a scapular (as it is called), or small bit of cloth blessed by the priest, which a fond superstition inclined her to believe would keep the wearer of it from harm. And thus, with this charm about me, of which I was wholly unconscious, and my little packet of guineas, of which I felt deeply the responsibility, did I for the first time start from home for the great world of London.

My journey was in so far marked by adventure, that I met with a travelling companion in the stage-coach, who, I have little doubt, belonged to the swindling fraternity, and conceived that in me he had found (in a small way) a fitting subject for his vocation. I have all my life looked younger than my years justified, and must then have appeared a mere schoolboy. When we stopped on our way at Coventry to sleep, he inquired of the waiter whether his portmanteau had arrived; and when informed that it had not, expressed great disappointment. Then, looking at my portmanteau, which was nearly as large as myself, he seemed to speculate on a friendly share of its contents. But I thought it wiser to bear the inconvenience of wanting toilet myself than to run the risk of sharing with him my whole stock of worldly treasures. I had been consigned to an old friend of ours name Masterson, then living in Manchester Street, Manchester Square, and to reach them was my first and immediate object, notwithstanding all the persuasions of my companion, who had set his heart, he said, at our dining together at our inn (Charing Cross), and then going to one of the theatres in the evening. "You ought to see a little of London," he said, "and I'll show it you." Allowing him to remain under the impression that all this

was likely to happen, I yet ventured to say that I must *first* visit those friends whom I have mentioned; and to this he considerably acceded, saying that he would himself, after we had breakfasted, walk with me part of the way. To this, not knowing how to get rid of him, I very unwillingly assented; and accordingly, arm-in-arm with that swindler (as I have no doubt the fellow was), I made my first appearance in the streets of London.

The lodging taken for me by my friends, the Mastersons, was a front room up two pair of stairs, at No. 44, George Street, Portman Square, for which I paid six shillings a-week. That neighbourhood was the chief resort of those poor French emigrants who were then swarming into London; and in the back room of my floor was an old curé, the head of whose bed was placed *tête-à-tête* with mine; so that (the partition being very thin) not a snore of his escaped me. I found great convenience, however, in the French eating-houses, which then abounded in that vicinity, and of which their cheapness was the sole attraction. A poor emigrant bishop occupied the floor below me; and, as he had many callers and no servant, his resource, in order to save trouble, was having a square board hung up in the hall, on one side of which was written in large characters, "The Bishop's at home," and on the other, "The Bishop's gone out;" so that callers had but to look up at this placard to know their fate.

I had already, through the introductions I brought with me from Ireland, made several acquaintances, all of whom (being chiefly Irish) were very kind to me, and some occasionally asked me to dinner. Of this latter serviceable class was Martin Archer Shee\*; while his brother-in-law Nugent, an engraver, and not very prosperous, poor fellow! was always a sure card of an evening for a chat about literature and a cup of tea. There was also a Dublin apothecary, named M'Mahon, who had transported himself and gallipots to London, and whose wife, at least,

\* Afterwards Sir Martin Archer Shee, President of the Royal Academy. He died in 1850.

I ought not to forget, as, on some trifling difficulty arising respecting my fees at the Middle Temple (the money I brought with me, though painfully scraped together, being insufficient for the purpose), she took me aside one evening, and telling me in confidence of a small sum which she had laid by for a particular use, said it should be at my service until I was able to repay her. I got through my difficulty, however, without encroaching upon her small means; but such generous offers come too rarely in this world to allow themselves to be forgotten.

I have no very clear recollection of the details of this, my first, visit to London, nor even of its duration. All that I do recollect, —and that most vividly,—is the real delight I felt on getting back to dear home again. One of the forms of my initiation into the Middle Temple was a dinner, which, according to custom, I had to give to a small party of my brother Templars. But not being acquainted with a single creature around me, I was much puzzled how to proceed. I was soon relieved, however, from this difficulty by a young fellow who had, from the first, I saw, observed my proceedings (most probably with a view to this ceremony), and who, addressing me very politely, offered to collect for me the number of diners generally used on such occasions. I was much pleased, of course, to be relieved from my difficulty, and between this new friend of mine to provide the guests, and my poor self to pay the reckoning, we got through the ceremony very lawfully; and I never again saw a single one of my company. All this, as I find from the dates of some old letters in the year 1799, took place during the same period I made acquaintance with Peter Pindar, at the house of a Mrs. Cologan. Though I had long enjoyed his works, and was delighted of course to find myself face to face with such a *lion*, I thought him coarse both in manners and conversation, and took no pains to know anything more of him.

Having gone through all the forms of my initiation at the Temple, and likewise arranged through the medium of one of my earliest friends, Dr. Hume, that Stockdale,

of Piccadilly, was to be the publisher of my translation of Anacreon as soon as the work was ready, I returned with delight to my dear Dublin home.

It was, I believe, on my next visit to England, that, having through the medium of another of my earliest and kindest friends, Joe Atkinson, been introduced to Lord Moira, I was invited to pay a visit to Donington Park, on my way to London. This was of course, at that time, a great event in my life; and among the most vivid of my early English recollections is that of my first night at Donington, when Lord Moira, with that high courtesy for which he was remarkable, lighted me, himself, to my bedroom; and there was this stately personage stalking on before me through the long lighted gallery, bearing in his hand my bed-candle, which he delivered to me at the door of my apartment. I thought it all exceedingly fine and grand, but at the same time most uncomfortable; and little I foresaw how much at home, and at my ease, I should one day find myself in that great house. ✕

HERE THE MEMOIRS END.

[Though not in chronological order, the subjoined letter may with propriety be inserted here, as bearing upon Mr. Moore's first visit to Donington Park.]

*To his Mother.*

Donington Park, Dec. 31, 1800 (at night).

My dear Mother,

This is from my bed-chamber at Donington Park, where I arrived at two o'clock to-day through snows mountain deep; the cross-roads were impassable; so that I was obliged to take a round, which has made it a little expensive: but it can't be helped, it has not made much difference. Nothing can be more princely than the style of this place, nor anything more flatteringly polite than my reception here. Lady Charlotte told me she regretted very much that I was not here during the Prince's stay, and that she had

written to her mother to beg of her to hurry me. The Prince, too, she told me, expressed a wish that I had met him. Dearest mother! there is no fear of my not doing *everything*. Keep up your spirits, my little woman, and you'll find I'll make you as rich as a nabob. But I am now far away from you, and that is the only idea that can hang heavy on my mind; but, dear mother, be happy and contented, and then you'll be everything to us.

Your *excessive* solicitude for us is the *only thing* we can blame you for. I shall not stay here more than a day or two, certainly, for I find my portmanteau tormentingly troublesome. I dread the packing of it again; and I have to *roust* into it for everything I want. Lord Moira has but this moment left me, after attending me very politely to show me my bed-room. Good bye.

THOMAS MOORE.

## L E T T E R S .

1800—1818.

1.] *To his Mother.*

Jan. 6, 1800.

I HAVE just received a very *interesting* letter from my father, in which, though he has not been very eloquent, he has enclosed eight pounds or so. I wrote to you on Saturday a letter which I am sure you did not understand; however, it is now no matter, as the business is settled. I wrote to the Marquis of Lansdowne\*, to Bath, enclosing my *state* letter of introduction, with some plausible apologies and compliments, and a paper of my proposals. I received a very polite answer from him, requesting that his name should be put down, and that I should call on him any morning about eleven o'clock, when he comes to town, which will be very shortly. Dr. Lawrence has read my Anacreon; paid wonderful attention to it; and has written a Greek ode himself, which he allows me to publish. I have got Mrs. Fitzherbert's name, and Mr. Biggin promises me the Duke of Bedford's. Everything goes on delightfully. Tell Cuming not to let a creature see the odes which I enclosed to

William, first Marquis of Lansdowne.

him for the designs, but to send them back to me with the drawings; and all as soon as possible. The opening of the opera is deferred every night, on account of some misunderstanding with regard to the license. This annoys me, for I expect I shall be there every night with Mr. Biggin and Mrs. Birom. I am become this lady's pupil in thorough bass.

My next shall positively be to my dear Catherine: she must not, however, be affronted: she ought to consider how much I have on my hands—Anacreon, *thorough bass*, &c. &c.

2.] *To his Mother.*

Saturday [no date].

My dear Mother,

I have got the Prince's name, and his permission that I should *dedicate* Anacreon to him. Hurra! hurra! Yours ever.

3.] *To his Mother.*

August 4, 1800.

I was yesterday introduced to his Royal Highness George, Prince of Wales. He is

beyond doubt a man of very fascinating manners. When I was presented to him, he said he was very happy to know a *man of my abilities*; and when I thanked him for the honour he did me in permitting the dedication of Anacreon, he stopped me and said, the honour was *entirely his*, in being *allowed* to put his name to a work of such merit. He then said that he hoped when he returned to town in the winter, we should have many opportunities of *enjoying each other's society*; that he was passionately fond of music, and had long heard of my talents in that way. Is not all this very fine? But, my dearest mother, it has cost me a *new coat*: for the introduction was unfortunately deferred till my former one was grown confoundedly shabby, and I got a coat made up in six hours: however, it cannot be helped; I got it on an economical plan, by giving two guineas and an *old coat*, whereas the usual price of a coat here is near four pounds. By the bye, I am still in my other tailor's debt. To change the topic, I have heard Lord Moira's opinion of my Anacreon (not from himself, for, when I saw him, he very elegantly thanked me for a vast deal of gratification which it had given him); but he had spoken a vast deal of it to a gentleman who told me: said there were scarce any of the *best poets* who had been so strictly grammatical in language as I had been,—that the notes discovered a great extent of reading,—and that, in short, it was a very superior work.

Do not let any one read this letter but yourselves; none but a father and a mother can bear such egotising vanity; but I know who I am writing to—that they are interested in what is said of me, and that they are too partial not to tolerate my speaking of myself. \* \* \*

4.] *To his Mother.*

Saturday, April 18, 1801.

My dearest Mother,

I go on as usual; I am happy, careless, comical, everything I could wish; not very rich, nor yet quite poor. All I desire is that my dear ones at home may be as contented

and easy in mind as I am. Tell me, are you all happy and comfortable? I do not hear from you half often enough. The other day I dined with the Dowager Lady Donegal: we had music in the evening. Lady Charlotte Rawdon and I were obliged to sing my little glees three times. I go to Donington in about a week, I think: about that time my poems will be all printed. I suppose Captain A. told you they are coming out as "The Poetical Works of the late Thos. Little, Esq." You shall have a copy over immediately. I wrote a long letter to *Miss Catherine Little* this week. Make her answer me soon.

5.] *From Miss Godfrey.*

Dec. 27, 1801.

I have this moment received your letter, and *me voici la plume à la main pour y répondre*: not to tell you what we can make of you, for God only knows what you are good for, or whether you are good for anything, but to lament and groan over your restless disposition. Your talents might fit you for everything, and your idleness unfits you for anything. You want to come to town, I know you do, merely to get away from those country-bred, sentimental ladies, the Muses, and I pray that you may have no other ladies in view to supply their place. You really might, if you pleased, study all the morning, and amuse yourself all the evening. I entreat you to make an effort, and not devote every hour and moment of your existence to pleasure. You know my sermons make you laugh—*tant mieux*. I never despair of you when you laugh; if you yawned I should give up the thing as hopeless. Lady C. Rawdon has so often regretted, and I have so often forgiven her not writing, that I have not the least objection to our going on regretting and forgiving to the end of the chapter. Abstraction, self-contemplation, etiquette, and, God forgive me, I was going to say, *strict morality*, but I retract that, are not great enliveners of society, and I don't wonder at the Muses being a little discomposed by such an interruption. But who was the unfortunate fair one to

whom those very pretty lines which you sent me were addressed? If Nature had been as kind to me as she has been to you, I would write you something upon the occasion; but Nature has treated me abominably ill, for which I shall never forgive her;—she has given me feelings to admire with enthusiasm the talents of others, and she has denied me even the faintest ray of genius. I never heard of the “Seven Fountains” before. What sort of book is it—poetry or prose? If I should happen to read it, I suppose I must “give God thanks, and make no boast of it.” The snow after which you inquire so kindly has departed this life, to my great joy. I never am in good will, either with myself or my fellow-creatures, in cold weather: are you? I did intend writing to you to-morrow, for which I had a very wise reason best known to myself, but when I received your tragi-comic, or rather your more comic than tragic letter, I resolved to answer it immediately, to encourage you to remain at your post. Nothing ever was more disinterested than this advice, and I never shall cease to admire myself for giving it; for if I followed my own inclinations, which in general don’t lead me astray like yours, I would say, “Come up to town by all means, and the oftener we see you the better.” I consult your interest when I say the contrary. But yet if you do come, if the truth must come out, I shall most heartily rejoice to see you, and so shall we all. Say pretty things for me to Lady Charlotte about love and friendship, and writing to each other. I shall give you a *carte blanche* upon the occasion, for I suspect she does not care the least in the world for me—it is all stage trick and fine acting: this is quite *entre nous*. Remember me to Lord Forbes. God bless you, and make a good man of you (I believe it is almost impossible).

Yours very sincerely,

M. GODFREY.

6.]

To his Mother.

Friday, May 20, 1808.

My dearest Mother,

Yesterday I received my good father’s letter: it was quite a cordial to me, and *decided* my conduct instantly. Never could I have had the faintest idea of accepting so paltry and degrading a stipend, if I had not the *urging* apprehension that my dears at home wanted it; but Heaven be praised that you are not in *instant* necessity for an assistance which necessity alone could reconcile. I will do *better* for you, at least *as well*, by means more grateful to my feelings. The manner in which Mr. Wickham communicated the circumstance to me would disgust any man with the least spirit of independence about him. I accordingly, yesterday, after the receipt of my father’s letter, enclosed the Ode for the Birthday, at the same time resigning the situation, and I slept sounder last night in consequence, than, I assure you, I have done for some time. It would place me on “*a ladder*” indeed, but a ladder which has but the *one rank*, where I should stand stationary for ever. Feeble as my hopes are of advancement under government, I should be silly to resign them, without absolute necessity, for a gift which would authorise them to consider me provided for, and leave me without a chance of any other or further advantage: it would “write me down an *ass*” and a *poet* for ever! Having considered the matter much since I came to town, and found every instant fresh reason to be disgusted with it, I consulted every one I met with upon the subject, and every one, *except* Croker, advised me peremptorily to reject it. Carpenter’s conduct is uncommonly liberal. When I told him that my only motive for retaining it was a very particular use to which I had applied the stipend, he insisted I should not hesitate upon that point, as he was ready, abstracted from our business-account, to pay a hundred a-year for me till I could discharge him and pay it myself. So you see my resources. The only thing I was anxious about was Lord Moira and my dear inestimable friend

Atkinson, whose interest had been so actively employed to procure it for me; but Lord Moira has totally relieved my mind upon the subject, by assuring me, that whatever resolution I adopted should meet with *his* concurrence; and I trust that Atkinson's good sense and liberality will in the same way induce him to forgive the necessity which obliges me to decline the favour as totally incompatible with my feelings. I shall write to him to-morrow.

There is a very promising *periodical work* to commence in about a month or two, in which I bear the principal part. We have all advanced fifty *pounds* each, and I expect it will very soon *double* the *income* of the laureateship to me: so why should I burthen my mind with a situation whose emolument is so contemptible, compared to the ridicule which is annexed to it? Love to the dear girls when you write. God bless you, good father and mother, and your own,

TOM MOORE.

I send this by post, lest any accident happen. I should be glad, if you have no objection, that you would *send* this letter to Captain Atkinson, as I have not time to write to him till to-morrow; and I wish him to be as soon as possible apprised of my resignation.

7.] *To his Mother.*

Twelve o'clock, Sunday night, Aug. 7, 1803.

My dearest Mother,

I am going to town to-morrow morning on a business which *may* prove as fallacious as all the rest have been, but which I think myself bound to follow up, as it will possibly in the end be productive of something, even if it be not itself a desirable object. Lord Moira told me to-day that he had had a letter from Tierney, offering him the gift of a place which government had left at his (Tierney's) disposal. It must be something far from contemptible, as Lord M. told me, in confidence, Tierney was under obligations to him, and that this was the first opportunity he had of, in any manner, repaying them. I fear, however, it is a situation not

in either of these countries; and I fear it *solely* from the violence which a *wider* separation would cause to your feelings, my dearest mother: as for my *own* part, I should not consider any sacrifice of either comforts or society at all to be avoided, if it promised me a permanent subsistence and the means of providing for those I love. I have hopes that even if it *be* necessary to leave this country, the place may be considerable enough to allow you all to accompany me. This would be delightful; but I know nothing certain of it yet. I take a letter to Tierney from Lord Moira, and the circumstances will of course be explained to me. Be assured, however, that I will do nothing without the total concurrence of your *feelings* as well as your *judgment*.

Poor Lord Moira met with a very disagreeable accident the other evening. As he was leaving the judges' dinner at Leicester, he fell in going down stairs and hurt his back, I think, very seriously; for he has been in very great pain ever since, and cannot rise from a sofa without assistance. It is a pity that hearts like his should be perplexed by such common casualties of life, which should be only reserved for the everyday pedlars of this world. He is indeed most amiable. I hope, however, it will not long be troublesome.

This journey is a new expense and perplexity to me, which I, of course, could by no means foresee. However I am very well able for it both in purse and spirits; and God knows but it may be a "tide in my affairs" which will "lead to fortune." Fortune or not, I am still the same, your own devoted

TOM.

8.] *From his Father.*

Dublin, Aug. 16, 1803.

My dearest Tom,

I regretted very much not having written to you on the receipt of your letter of the 7th, but I wished to have a fuller account of the situation of this appointment, which we had reason to expect from yourself, and which we have had this day by your letter. Your uncle came here yesterday for the



purpose of disclosing the whole secret to your mother, so that we only anticipated what you had done of yourself to-day. There could be no such deception carried on with her, where you, or indeed any one of her family, were concerned, for she seems to know everything respecting them by instinct. It would not be doing her the justice she well deserves to exclude her from such confidence. Her fears are greatly removed and relieved by the various accounts we have of this island, possessing good air and almost every other advantage that can possibly be wished for: there is nothing unpleasant in it but the distance, and Heaven knows that ought to be reckoned a blessing to be almost any distance from these two countries at present. Poor Kate came to town to-day in consequence of my having written to her on this business, for there is no one ought to be more interested in your affairs than her, and my poor child knows it. However, after all that was natural for her to feel on such a separation, she was quite delighted, and said she wished to accompany you. She returned back to Atkinson's; he, A., does not know of this business, nor do I think it right he should until it's all determined; for though he is, I believe, one of the best of men, he blabs a little too much. However you know when and how to let him know of it. Your uncle Joice wrote you yesterday: he is one of the best of creatures; he mentioned his wish to know something certain of the emoluments of this place, which was very natural, but your letter of this day clears up that point. For my particular part I think with you, that there is a singular chance, as well as a special interference of Providence, in your getting so honourable a situation at this very critical time. I am sure no one living can possibly feel more sensibly than your poor mother and me do at losing that comfort we so long enjoyed, of at least hearing from you once every week of your life that you were absent from us; for surely no parents had ever such happiness in a child; and much as we regret the wide separation which this situation of yours will for some time cause between

us, we give you our full concurrence, and may the Almighty God spare and prosper you as you deserve. Your own good sense, I hope, will always direct you. It will be most material, and I hope what you will be able to accomplish, that of being called to the bar either here or in London; for it would give you not only sanction and consequence at present, but give you an honourable profession after. I need not suggest those things to you, for I am sure you will not leave anything undone. I should be glad you would now write to us more frequently, as you may suppose our anxiety about you will be every day increasing, and I hope you will be able to come to see us before your departure. You will hear from me again in a post or two. Your mother joins me in love to you, and I am, my dearest child, your ever affectionate,

JOHN MOORE.

9.]

*To his Mother.*

Saturday, Sept. 10, 1803.

My dearest Mother,

I have just got my father's letter, which has made me *very happy*. I am quite consoled by the idea of your keeping up your spirits so well, and I entreat of you to let nothing depress them in my absence, for I shall come home, please that Heaven which watches over me, better stocked in constitution as well as pocket than I ever should become by loitering here. I find Bermuda is a place where physicians order their patients when no other air will keep them alive. I am still uncertain about the time of my going, but I pray that Merry may not leave me behind. I could not possibly have such another opportunity. . . . I mentioned to another friend of mine, Woolriche, the surgeon, what I had asked of Atkinson, and he said if it failed, or was not time enough, *he* would contrive to manage it for me. These are Englishmen! without any profession or ostentatious promises, but with a soberly liberal readiness to help the man who is worthy of being helped. Oh! the *gold mines* of sweet Ireland! God Almighty bless you and keep you in health and happi-

ness till I return. I will write again on Monday. Your own,

TOM.

10.]

*To his Mother.*

Monday, Sept. 12, 1803.

My dearest Mother,

I enclose you a note I received from Merry yesterday, by which you will perceive that everything is in train for my departure. Nothing could be more lucky. I shall have *just* time to prepare myself; and all difficulties are vanishing very fast before me. Heaven smiles upon my project, and I see nothing in it now but hope and happiness. Tom Hume is arrived, to my very great delight, as his kindness will materially assist in smoothing the path for me. He is a perfect enthusiast in the business, and says that nothing could be presented so *totally* free from every alloying consideration,—so perfectly adapted to my disposition, constitution, and prospects; and he is right. If I did not make a shilling by it, the new character it gives to my pursuits, the claim it affords me upon government, the absence I shall have from all the frippery follies that would hang upon my career for ever in this country, all these are objects invaluable of themselves, abstracted from the pecuniary. [The rest of the letter is torn away.]

11.]

*To his Mother.*

Portsmouth, Thursday, Sept. 22, 1803.

Just arrived at Portsmouth, and the wide sea before my eyes, I write my heart's farewell to the dear darlings at home. Heaven send I may return to English ground with pockets *more heavy*, and spirits *not less light* than I now leave it with. Everything has been arranged to my satisfaction. I am prepared with every comfort for the voyage, and a fair breeze and a loud yo-yo-eo! are all that's now wanting to set me afloat. My dear father should write to Carpenter, and thank him for the very friendly assistance he has given me: without that assistance the breeze would be fair in vain for me, and Bermuda might be sunk in the deep, for any share that *I* could pretend to in it; but now

all is smooth for my progress, and Hope sings in the shrouds of the ship that is to carry me. Good by. God bless you all, dears of my heart! I will write again if our departure is delayed by any circumstance. God bless you again, and preserve you happy till the return of your

TOM.

Urge Stevenson to send Carpenter the songs: I shall write to him. Sweet mother, father, Kate, and Nell, good by!

12.]

*To his Mother.*

Oct. 10, 1803.

My own dear Mother,

There is a ship in sight which we suppose to be homeward bound, and with that expectation I prepare a few lines, which I trust in Heaven will reach you safe, and find you all well and happy. Our voyage hitherto has been remarkably favourable. In the first week we reached the Azores, or the Western Islands, and though our second week has not advanced us much, from the almost continual calms we have had, yet the weather has been so delicious that there is but little to complain of, and in another fortnight we hope to be landed in America. We are at present in latitude 33° or thereabouts, and in longitude 38°. Though this you cannot well understand yourself, yet you will find many who can explain it, and I know all minutiae about my situation must be interesting to you now. I hope the packet I sent through Erche, from Portsmouth, has arrived safe. Keep up your spirits, my sweet mother; there is every hope, every prospect of happiness for all of us. Love to darling father, to my own Kate and Nell. I am now near two thousand miles from you, but my *heart* is at *home*. God bless you. The ship is brought to, and our lieutenant is just going aboard, so I must stop. Your own,

TOM.

I wrote a line to Carpenter by a ship we met off the Western Islands: I hope he has got it. Here is a *kiss* for you, my darlings, all the way from the Atlantic.

13.]

*To his Mother.*

Norfolk, Virginia, Nov. 7, 1803.

Safe across the Atlantic, my darling mother, after a six weeks' passage, during which my best consolation was the thought and remembrance of home, and the dear hope that I should soon be assured of what I anxiously persuaded myself, that you were all well and happy. We met a ship off the Western Islands, which was bound for Lisbon, and I took the opportunity of sending a letter by it, with, I fear, but very little chance or expectation of your ever receiving it: if, however, it has been so lucky as to reach you, you have some part of that solicitude removed, which you must, dear mother, most cruelly feel at such a new and painful trial of your fortitude. Heaven send that you have not suffered by it! Keep up your spirits, my own dear mother: I am *safe*, and in health, and have met friendship and attention from every one. Everything promises well for your dear absent boy; and, please God! there will be a thousand things to sweeten our reunion, and atone to us for the sacrifice we are making at present; so let me entreat of you not to yield to those anxieties, which I now guess by myself how strongly you must suffer under. Our passage was rather boisterous upon the whole, and by no means kept the flattering promise the first week of it gave us; but the comfort of our accommodations and the kindness of the captain, which was exhibited towards me particularly, served very much to render it not only supportable, but pleasant. \* \* \* With Cockburn\*, who is a man of good fashion and rank, I became extremely intimate; and, the day we landed, he took a seal from his watch, which he begged I would wear in remembrance of him. Never was there a better hearted set of fellows than the other officers of the ship: I really felt a strong regret at leaving them,—the more so, as it then, for the first time, appeared to me, that I was going among strangers, who had no common medium of

communion with me, and who could not feel any of those prepossessing motives for partiality, which those to whom my name is best known have always found strong enough to make them kind and attentive, almost at first sight, to me. This, I assure you, weighed heavy on me the night I quitted the ship, and though I knew I was to be presented to the British consul here, under the auspices of Mr. Merry, and so might be tolerably sure of every attention, yet I dreaded meeting some consequential savage, who would make me regret the necessity of being under an obligation to him. I was, however, most agreeably disappointed. I found the Consul, Colonel Hamilton, a plain and hospitable man, and his wife full of homely, but comfortable and genuine civility. The introduction I brought him from Lord Henry Stuart was of no little weight, as it told him the light I was considered in in England; and on my mentioning Lord Moira by accident, I understood from him that they were old friends in America, and that he should be happy to show his remembrance and love of Lord Moira, by attention to any one whom he honoured with his friendship. I shall, of course, mention all this when I write to Lord M. I am now lodged at the Consul's with Mr. and Mrs. Merry, where we have been entertained these two days, in a manner not very elegant, but hospitable and cordial. \* \* \* They will set off in a day or two for Washington, and on Wednesday next (this is Sunday) I think I shall have an opportunity of getting to Bermuda: it is not a week's passage, and I am so great a sailor now, I shall think nothing of that. Colonel Hamilton will give me letters to every one of consequence in the islands. I am much more hardy, dear mother, than I ever imagined; and I begin to think it was your extreme tenderness that made either of us imagine that I was delicate. In the course of our passage towards the southward, it was so hot, that the thermometer was at 90° in the shade; and about five or six days afterwards, when we came along the American coast, a pair of blankets was scarcely enough at night, the weather became so

\* Afterwards Admiral Sir George Cockburn, G.C.B., &c.

suddenly cold. Yet this violent change has not the least affected me, and I never was better in health, or had a more keen appetite. I often thought of my dear father's "sea-room" when we were rolling about in the vast Atlantic, with nothing of animated life to be seen around us, except now and then the beautiful little flying fish, fluttering out of the water, or a fine large turtle floating asleep upon the surface. This Norfolk, the capital of Virginia, is a most strange place; nothing to be seen in the streets but dogs and negroes, and the few ladies that *pass for white* are to be sure the most unlovely pieces of crockery I ever set my eyes upon. The first object I saw on entering Colonel Hamilton's drawing-room was a harpsichord, which looked like civilisation, and delighted me extremely; and in the evening we had a Miss Mathews, who played and sung very tolerably indeed; but music here is like whistling to a wilderness. She played some of dear Kate's lessons, which brought the tears into my eyes with recollection. I saw some of my own songs among the music-books, and this morning I met with a periodical publication full of extracts from my Anacreon and Little's poems, and speaking of me in the most flattering terms of eulogium. All this is very gratifying; it would be so naturally at any time, and is now particularly so, from the very few hopes I had of being cheered or welcomed by any of those little pleasures or gratifications I have been accustomed to so long. They tell me that the people of Bermuda are very musical, and I find Admiral Mitchell and his squadron winter there, so that I shall not be very much at a loss for society; and as I intend to devote all my leisure hours to the completion of my work, my time may be filled up not unpleasantly. From what I have heard, however, since I came closer to the channels of correct information, I strongly suspect that we shall not, dearest mother, be long separated. I am delighted that we all had the resolution to enable me to make the effort, but as that is the chief point, and almost the only one I ever expected to attain by the step, I believe I shall not find enough, other-

wise advantageous, to induce me to absent myself long from my home-opportunities of advancement. My foot is on the ladder pretty firmly, and that is the great point gained.

When I was leaving Portsmouth, just on the instant of my coming away, I folded up a packet in a hurry, which I enclosed to Jasper Erche, but (I believe) forgot to direct it inside. There were some songs in it for Stevenson to arrange. I anxiously hope it arrived safe. At the same time I had a letter written to Captain Atkinson, but not having time to fold it ashore, I was obliged to send it back by the boat which left us to return to Portsmouth. This too I have hopes arrived safe; but my confusion was so great, that I cannot now remember what I wrote or what I did. Explain all this to my dear good friend Atkinson, and tell him he shall hear from me by the next opportunity. It astonishes me to find that Colonel Hamilton does not recollect him, for he knows Doyle and Marsh, and all Lord Moira's old cronies. If Atkinson could get Lord Moira to write a few words about me to Hamilton, I think it would be of singular service to me while I remain at Bermuda. Show him this letter, and give him with it the warmest remembrances of my heart. I trust Stevenson has not forgotten me, and that he has by this time furnished poor Carpenter with some means of freeing himself from the incumbrances I feel he has submitted to for me. If any delay has taken place, do, dear mother, conjure him from me to give all the assistance he can in collecting my songs, and forwarding the publication of them. This business I have very much at heart, and shall be extremely grateful to Stevenson if he accomplishes it for me.

I have this instant received an invitation to dinner from one of the Yankees of this place: if the ambassador and his lady go, of course I will. Oh! if you saw the vehicles the people drive about in here, white coaches with black servants, and horses of no colour at all; it is really a most comical place. Poor Mrs. Merry has been as ill-treated by the musquitoes as she is by every

one else. They have bit her into a fever. I have escaped their notice entirely, and sleep with a fine net over my bed. The weather now is becoming too cold for them, and indeed a little too much so for me. I shall be glad to escape to the mild climate of Bermuda, which I still hear is the sweetest and most healthy spot in the world; but I am sorry to find that meat is rather a scarcity there, and that it is sometimes no fish, no dinner. He that can't feed well, however, upon good poultry, fish, and fruit of all kinds, ought to be condemned to eat roast mutton all the days of his life; and this, my dear mother, in your mind and mine, would be sufficient punishment for him. Tell my beloved, darling father, that if there is anything in the mercantile way which he can learn, that I may assist him or Mr. Gillespie in here, they shall find me a steadier fellow than I am afraid I have hitherto appeared (at least to Mr. G.), and I shall manage for them like a solid man of business. Seriously, though I know nothing at present about the trade here, it is not impossible but something may occur to Mr. Gillespie in which I may be made useful.

14.]

*To his Mother.*

Norfolk, Virginia, Nov. 28, 1803.

My darling Mother,

By a ship which sailed last week for England, I wrote you the first account of my arrival at Norfolk, safely and prosperously, as I could wish. Heaven speed the letter to you, my sweet mother! It is very painful to be uncertain upon a point so interesting, as the little communication we are allowed must be to us all; but it is impossible to answer for the arrival of my letters, and I shall be doomed to still more uncertainty at Bermuda. I must, therefore, take every opportunity that presents itself, and it will be very unfortunate, indeed, if some of my communications do not reach you. I have now been here three weeks, waiting for a ship, to take me to Bermuda. I could scarcely have hoped, dear mother, to bear the voyage and the climate so well,

as (thank Heaven!) I hitherto have done. I am lodged at Col. Hamilton's, the British consul, from whom I have experienced all possible kindness and hospitality; and if any of the squadron off this station touch here in their way from Halifax to Bermuda (where they are to winter), I shall be the luckiest fellow in the world, for I am sure of a passage with them, without expense, and most comfortably. Dear darlings at home! how incessantly I think of you: every night I dream that I am amongst you: sometimes I find you happy and smiling as I could wish: sometimes the picture is not so pleasant, and I awake unhappy, but surely Heaven protects you for me, and we shall meet, and long be united and blessed together. In that hope I bear absence with a lighter heart, and I entreat of you, sweet mother! to look on it with the same cheerful confidence — the same consoling dependence on that God of all pure affection, who sees how we love each other, and has, I trust, much prosperity in store for us. I shall lose no opportunity whatever that occurs of writing to you, and saying how affairs go on. My dear father, I am sure, will often give me the consolation of seeing his hand. Good Kate and Nell too must not be idle, but show me that their thoughts are frequently employed upon me.

I write this merely as a *duplicate* of my last letter, to tell you of my arrival, and let you know how I am at present situated: never was my health or spirits better.

15.]

*To his Mother.*

Norfolk, Dec. 2, 1803.

Again, my dearest mother, I avail myself of an opportunity which just offers for Ireland, and again I repeat what I have said in my former letters, lest they should be so dreadfully unfortunate as not to reach you. I arrived here this day month in perfect health; am lodged at the British consul's, where I have found the most cordial hospitality, and only wait an opportunity of getting to Bermuda. I left with Carpenter some words to be written under the title of

“Come, tell me, says Rosa,” acknowledging to whom I am indebted for the air: lest he should forget them, let my father write to remind him. I sent too, from Portsmouth, a letter for Capt. Atkinson, the arrival of which I am very anxious about: mention all these points when you write. When you write! Oh, dear mother! think it is now three months since I had the sweet consolation of seeing any memorial of home. This is a long period, and much may have happened in it; but I hope, I trust, I depend on Heaven that it has preserved you all well and happy for me, and that we shall not long be this dreary distance asunder. My good father! how often, how dearly, I think of *him*, and *you*, and *all*! I feel how anxious your hearts must be at the long interval you have passed without hearing of me, but the letter I wrote to you in the third week of our passage, and sent by a ship bound for some part of the Continent, if it reached in any reasonable time, must have been a happy relief to your solicitude. I did not regret so much the foul winds we had afterwards, because they were fair for that vessel which bore some tidings of comfort to my dear home. Oh, if the wretches have been neglectful, and not forwarded the letter! But I will hope the best, and think that, long before this, you have seen my handwriting and are comforted, dear mother. The kindness of these good people, the Hamiltons, is fortunate and delightful to me. If I were not so completely thrown upon it though I should be more gratified by, and enjoy it more pleasantly: but is it not a most lucky thing, when I am obliged to remain here, to be received cordially by a family whose hospitality is of that honest kind which sets one at home and at ease, as much as is possible in such a situation. I have been obliged to get a servant, and am fortunate enough to have one who cannot speak a word of English, which will keep me famously alive in my French. It is extraordinary that I cannot, even here, acquire any accurate information with respect to the profits of my registrarship. One thing is *certain*, that a Spanish war *alone* can make

it worth a very long sacrifice of my other opportunities, and our government has so long hesitated upon that point, that it seems now more doubtful than ever. However, I am too far from the source of information to guess how politics stand at present. Perhaps we are at this moment engaged in a Spanish war; if so, *tant mieux pour Jeannette*. I know that my friends in Dublin will all be very angry that I do not write to them by the same opportunities I have found for writing to you, but I can't help that; till I have satisfied myself pretty well with respect to *your* certainty of hearing from me, I confess I cannot think much about any one else. This is, however, the third letter I have written since my arrival, and the winds and waves must be cruel indeed if they do not suffer at least one of them to reach you. The next opportunity I shall make use of to write to my dear friend Atkinson. Tell him so, and give him my warmest remembrances: they are not the less warm for being Transatlantic. Absence is the best touchstone of affection: it either cools it quite, or makes it ten times warmer than ever it was; and I can never judge how I *love* people till I *leave* them. This is a strange climate; yesterday the glass was at 70°, and to-day it is down to 40°. I consider myself very hardy to bear it so well: my stomach has seldom been in such good order, nor my whole frame more braced and healthy. If Bermuda agrees so perfectly with me, I shall return to you the better for my trip. Return to you! how I *like* to say that, and think it, and pray for it. Dear mother, kiss Kate and Nell for me. I need not bid Kate read, but I bid little Ellen, and they must both apply closely to their music. I expect such a treat from them when I go home; for, indeed, there is a sad dearth of that luxury in these parts. God bless you again and again. The captain waits for the letters; he goes to Cork. Ever your own.

16.]

*To his Mother.*

Bermuda, Jan. 19, 1804.

My darling Mother,

These little islands of Bermuda form certainly one of the prettiest and most romantic spots that I could ever have imagined, and the descriptions which represent it as like a place of fairy enchantment are very little beyond the truth. From my window now as I write, I can see five or six different islands, the *most distant* not a mile from the others, and separated by the clearest, sweetest coloured sea you can conceive; for the water here is so singularly transparent, that, in coming in, we could see the rocks under the ship quite plainly. These little islands are thickly covered with cedar groves, through the vistas of which you catch a few pretty white houses, which my poetical short-sightedness always transforms into temples; and I often expect to see Nymphs and Graces come tripping from them, when, to my great disappointment, I find that a few miserable negroes is all "the bloomy flush of life" it has to boast of. Indeed, you must not be surprised, dear mother, if I fall in love with the first pretty face I see on my return home, for certainly the "human face divine" has degenerated wonderfully in these countries; and if I were a painter, and wished to preserve my ideas of beauty immaculate, I would not suffer the brightest belle of Bermuda to be my housemaid. But I shall refer you for a fuller description of this place to a letter I have written to my good friend Atkinson; and to come to the point which is most interesting to us, dear mother, I shall tell you at once that it is *not* worth my while to remain here; that I shall just stop to finish my work for Carpenter, which will occupy me till the spring months come in, when the passages home are always delightfully pleasant, and that then I shall get upon the wing to see my dear friends once more. I perfectly acquit those whose representations have induced me to come out here, because I perceive they were totally ignorant of the nature of the situation. Neither am I sorry for having come; the appointment is respect-

able, and evidently was considered a matter of great patronage among those who had the disposal of it, which alone is sufficient to make it a valuable step towards preferment. But this is all; so many courts have been established, that this of Bermuda has but few prize causes referred to it, and even a Spanish war would make my income by no means worth staying for. I have entered upon my business, however, and there are two American ships for trial, whose witnesses I have examined, and whose cause will be decided next month: it is well to be acquainted with these things. I have seen too a little more of the world, have got an insight into American character and affairs, have become more used to inconveniences and disappointments, have tried my nerves and resolution a little, and I think very considerably improved my health, for I do not remember ever to have been more perfectly well than I am at present. All these advantages are to be calculated, and as they reconcile me completely to the step I have taken, I have hopes that my darling father and you will consider it in the same favourable light, and not feel much disappointment at the damp our expectations have experienced. Please Heaven! I shall soon embrace you all, and find you in health and happiness once more; and this will amply, dearly repay me for much more exertion than I have yet made towards your welfare. How I shall enjoy dear Kate's playing when I return! The jingle they make here upon things they call pianofortes is, oh! insupportable. I hope Carpenter has not forwarded my books to America, for, if he has, they run a risk of being lost; let dear father inquire about them. In one of the last English newspapers, I was shocked beyond measure at reading of poor Biggin's death: it made me feel the horrors of absence, which keeps one from knowing these calamities till they come by surprise, and without any preparation to soften their impression. It made me resolve almost not to look into another English paper till I return. In closing my letter now, it is a very uncomfortable feeling to think that, perhaps, not a

word I have written will reach you; however, Heaven speed it! I will write by as many chances as I can find, let the letters be ever so short, in order to make it more likely that you will receive some of them; and, accordingly, I shall reserve Atkinson's letter for another ship, which sails soon after the one that takes this. Best love to my adored father: I hope Providence favours his exertions for the dear ones about him. Darling Kate and Ellen have my heart with them always. There is a little thing here very like Nell, only much darker, and I go very often to look at her. God bless you, sweet mother, for your own, own affectionate,

T. M.

17.] *To his Mother.*

Bermuda, March 19, 1804.

My dearest Mother,

Oh! darling mother, six months now, and I know as little of *home* as of things most remote from my heart and recollection. There is a ship expected here daily from England, and I flatter myself with hopes you may have taken advantage of the opportunity, and that to-morrow, perhaps, may bring me the intelligence I pine for. The signal post, which announces when any vessels are in sight of the island, is directly before my window, and often do I look to it with a heart sick "from hope deferred." I am, however, well and in spirits; the flow of health I feel bids defiance to melancholy; and though now and then a sigh for home comes over me, I soften it with sweet hopes, and find in the promises of my sanguine heart enough to flatter away such thoughts. There have been as many efforts at quietude here as I could possibly have expected in so secluded a nook of the world. We have a ball or two every week, and I assure you the weather is by no means too hot for them; for we have had some days so cold, that I almost expected to see a fall of snow, miraculous as that would be in a region so near the sun as this is. A week or two since I rode into (what they call) the country parts of the island: nothing could be more enchanting than the scenery they showed me. The road

lay for many miles through a thick shaded alley of orange trees and cedars, which opened now and then upon the loveliest coloured sea you can imagine, studded with little woody islands, and all in animation with sail-boats. Never was anything so beautiful! but, indeed, the mission I went upon was by no means so romantic as my road. I was sent to swear a man to the truth of a *Dutch invoice* he had translated. Oh! what a falling off is there. Indeed I must confess that the occupations of my place are not those of the most elegant nature: I have to examine all the skippers, mates, and seamen, who are produced as witnesses in the causes of captured vessels. I should not, you may be sure, think a moment of the inconveniences of the situation, if the emoluments were anything like a compensation for them; but they are not; and accordingly, dear mother, you will soon have me with you again. About May, I dare say, I shall be able to leave Bermuda; and I shall endeavour, if my purse will compass it, to see a little more of America than before I had an opportunity of doing; so that, about the end of summer, darling mother, you may *look to the signal-post* for your Tom, who will bring you back a sunburnt face, a heart not the worse for the wear, and a purse, like that of most honest fellows, as empty as—richer fellows' heads! Never mind, though! I am young and free, and the world is a field for me still. While I have such motives for exertion as *you*, my dear father, and sisters, I may say "warring angels combat on my side." I shall leave this letter open, in case I have anything further to add, as the brig which is to take it, I find, does not sail till to-morrow.

I have but just time to close my letter in a hurry, as the vessel is on the point of sailing. God bless you, my sweet mother, my own dear father, and good, *good* little girls. Write to Carpenter to say I sent a letter to him last month, and that I shall be the bearer of my work to him myself. Give my dearly remembered Joico the best wishes of my heart; and to all those who love or recollect me, say everything kind that you can imagine



me to feel. Again Heaven bless you all, for your own,

TOM.

I enclose some letters for people here: the English one you will get franked, and that to Switzerland you must have put into the Foreign Office in London, not in Dublin. I kiss you, darlings.

18.] *To his Mother.*

New York, May 7, 1804.

My dearest Mother,

I have but just time to say, *here I am*, after a passage of nine days from Bermuda; never was better; and the novelty of this strange place keeps me in a bustle of spirits and curiosity. The oddest things I have seen yet, however, are young Buonaparte and his bride.\*

My plans are not settled yet. Captain Douglas †, of the Boston frigate, who brought me here, sails in a few days for Norfolk, whither I shall accompany him; and my intention is, if I can manage it, to come up by land through the States, and rejoin him at Halifax, from whence I believe he will be sent to England,—a fine opportunity for me, and I anxiously hope it may occur so. I go to the theatre this evening, and to a concert to-morrow evening. Such a place! such people! barren and secluded as poor Bermuda is, I think it a paradise to any spot in America that I have seen. If there is less barrenness of *soil* here, there is more than enough of barrenness in intellect, taste, and all in which *heart* is concerned. \* \* \*

I have no more time; my heart is full of the prospect of once more seeing and embracing you, dear mother, good father, and my own Kate and Ellen. God bless you. I wrote to Carpenter and Lord Moira by the same ship. Your own Transatlantic

TOM.

19.]

*To his Mother.*

Passaic Falls, June 26, 1804.

My dearest Mother,

I *must* write to you from this spot, it is so beautiful. Nothing can be more sweetly romantic than the cascade of the Passaic; and yet I could not help wishing, while I looked at it, that some magic could transform it into the waterfall of Wicklow, and then but a few miles should lie between me and those I sigh for. Well, a little lapse of time, and I shall be, please Heaven! in your arms. But there have ships come, darling mother, from Dublin, and I have received no letters; none with a date more recent than January: perhaps they have been sent on to Col. Hamilton, and I shall get them at Halifax. God send I may; but till then I cannot feel at ease. Not a line has reached me from Carpenter since I left England. I sometimes forget the contingencies and accidents which delay and embarrass the forwarding of letters, and almost begin to think myself neglected by those at home; but I ought to recollect how very short a time I have been stationary anywhere, and I shall look with hope to Halifax for the long arrears of comfort which begin to impoverish the treasury of my spirits, rich as it is in stores of consolation and vivacity.

My reception at Philadelphia was extremely flattering: it is the only place in America which can boast any literary society, and my name had prepossessed them more strongly than I deserve. But their affectionate attentions went far beyond this deference to reputation; I was quite caressed while there; and their anxiety to make me known, by introductory letters, to all their friends on my way, and two or three little poems of a very flattering kind, which some of their choicest men addressed to me, all went so warmly to my heart, that I felt quite a regret in leaving them; and the only place I have seen, which I had one wish to pause in, was Philadelphia.

\* M. Jerome Buonaparte and Miss Patterson.

† Rear Admiral Douglas; born 1764, died 1826.

20.]

*To his Mother.*

Saratoga, July 10, 1804.

My darling mother, I hope, has received the letter I wrote from the Passaick Falls. Since that I have passed a week in New York, but was afraid to write from thence, through fear you might be uneasy at my being there in so warm a season. Till the day before I left it, there was no appearance of any infection: on that day, some reports of yellow fever *were* made, and indeed I have no doubt the visitation of this calamity will be as dreadful this year, as any that has preceded. I have now come two hundred miles from New York, and if anything can add to the blessing of the health which I feel, it is the idea of having left such pestilence behind me. Oh that you could see the sweet country I have passed through! The passage up the Hudson river gave me the most bewildering succession of romantic objects that I could ever have conceived. When it was calm, we rowed ashore and visited the little villages that are on the river: one of these places they have called *Athens*, and there, you may imagine, I found myself quite at home. I looked in vain though for my dear *gardens*; there were *hogs* enough, but none of *Epicurus's herd*. If you, or sweet Kate, could read *Latin*, I would quote you here what I allude to; but you have not "been at the great feast of languages, or *stolen the scraps*," so I'll not *tease* you with it. Two or three days ago I was to see the Coho Falls on the Mohawk river, and was truly gratified. The immense fall of the river over a natural dam of thirty or forty feet high, its roar among the rocks, and the illuminated mist of spray which rises from its foam, were to me objects all new, beautiful, and impressive. I never can forget the scenery of this country, and if it had but any endearing associations of the heart (to diffuse that charm over it, without which the *forest* features of nature are but faintly interesting), I should regret very keenly that I cannot renew often the enjoyment of its beauties. But it has none such for me, and I defy the barbarous natives to forge one

chain of attachment for any heart that has ever felt the sweets of delicacy or refinement. I believe I must except the *women* from this denunciation; they are certainly flowers of every climate, and here "waste their sweetness" most deplorably. Dear mother, I know you will be pleased with a little poem I wrote on my way from Philadelphia; it was written very much as a return for the kindnesses I met with there, but chiefly in allusion to a very charming little woman, Mrs. Hopkinson, who was extremely interested by my songs, and flattered me with many attentions. You must observe that the Schuylkill is a river which runs by, or (I believe) through, Philadelphia.

[Here follows,

"Alone by the Schuylkill a wanderer rovd,"  
already published.]

I am now near the spot where the accomplished but ill-fated Burgoyne incurred the first stain which the arms of England received from the rebel Americans. The country around here seems the very home of savages. Nothing but tall forests of pine, through which the narrow, rocky road with difficulty finds its way; and yet in this neighbourhood is the fashionable resort, the watering-place for ladies and gentlemen from all parts of the United States. At Bell Town Springs, eight miles from this, there are about thirty or forty people at present (and, in the season, triple that number), all stowed together in a miserable boarding house, smoking, drinking the waters, and performing every necessary evolution in concert. They were astonished at our asking for basins and towels in our rooms, and thought we might "condescend, indeed, to come down to the *Public Wash* with the other gentlemen in the morning!" I saw there a poor affectionate mother who had brought her son for the recovery of his health: she sat beside him all day with a large fan, to cool his "feverish brow," and not a moment did she rest from this employment; every time I passed I saw her at it with the sweetest patience imaginable. Oh! there is no love like mother's love; the sight made me think

of home, and recalled many circumstances which brought the tears of recollection and gratitude into my eyes.

21.] *To his Mother.*

Geneva, Genessee Country,  
July 17, 1804.

I just pause a moment on my way to give one word to my dearest mother. I hope the letter I wrote, four or five days since, from Seenectady, will find its way to you. Since then I have been amongst the Oneida Indians, and have been amused very much by the novelty of their appearance. An old chief, Seenando, received me very courteously, and told us as well as he could by broken English and signs, that his nation consisted of 900, divided into three tribes, entitled the Wolf, the Bear, and the Turtle; poor, harmless savages! The government of America are continually deceiving them into a surrender of the lands they occupy, and are driving them back into the woods farther and farther, till at length they will have no retreat but the ocean. This old chief's manners were extremely gentle and intelligent, and almost inclined me to be of the Frenchman's opinion, that the savages are the only well-bred gentlemen in America.

Our journey along the banks of the Mohawk was uncommonly interesting: never did I feel my heart in a better tone of sensibility than that which it derived from the scenery on this river. There is a holy magnificence in the immense bank of woods that overhang it, which does not permit the heart to rest merely in the admiration of *Nature*, but carries it to that something less *vague* than *Nature*, that satisfactory source of all these exquisite wonders, a Divinity! I sometimes on the way forget myself and even you so much, as to wish for ever to remain amidst these romantic scenes; but I *did not* forget you; you were *all inseparable* from the plans of happiness which at that moment might have flattered my fancy. I can form none into which you are not woven, closely and essentially.

To-morrow we shall set out for the *Falls*

*of Niagara!* After seeing these (which I shall consider an era in my life), I shall lose no time in reaching Halifax, so as to be ready for the sailing of the frigate. I told you in a former letter, that it is this lucky opportunity of a passage *gratis* to England which has induced me to devote the expenses of my return to the acquisition of some knowledge respecting this very interesting world, which, with all the defects and disgusting peculiarities of its natives, gives every promise of no very distant competition with the first powers of the Eastern hemisphere.

We travel to Niagara in a *waggon*: you may guess at the cheapness of the inns in this part of the country, when I tell you that, the other night, three of us had supper, beds, and breakfast, besides some drink for two or three Indians who danced for us, and the bill came to something less than seven shillings for all. I must own the accommodations are still lower than their price; nothing was ever so dirty or miserable; but powerful curiosity sweetens all difficulties. I shall not have an opportunity to write again for some time, but I shall send you thoughts enough, and you must imagine them the dearest and most comfortable possible. When I say "for some time," I mean a fortnight or three weeks. Good by. God bless you, dears. Oh! that I could know how you are at this moment. Your own,

TOM.

22.] *To his Mother.*

Chippewa, Upper Canada,  
July 22, 1804.

Dearest Mother,

Just arrived within a mile and a half of the Falls of Niagara, and their tremendous roar at this moment sounding in my ears. We travelled one whole day through the wilderness, where you would imagine human foot had never ventured to leave its print; and this rough work has given a healthier hue to my cheek than ever it could boast in the Eastern hemisphere of London. If you look at the map of North America, you will be able to trace my situation. I have passed

through the Genessee country, and am now between Lake Erie and Lake Ontario. Such scenery as there is around me! it is quite dreadful that any heart, born for sublimities, should be doomed to breathe away its hours amidst the miniature productions of this world, without seeing what shapes Nature can assume, what wonders God can give birth to.

I have seized this momentary opportunity, dear mother, for writing a line to you, which I will entrust to the waggoner who returns to Geneva, from which place I last wrote to you. Heaven send you may receive all the letters. I feel they would interest even a stranger to me, then what must they be to you! Love to dear father and girls. Your own,

TOM.

I am now on British ground; we arrived yesterday evening to dinner, and drunk the King's health in a bumper. Just going to see the Falls. Good by.

23.] *To his Mother.*

Niagara, July 24, 1804.

My dearest Mother,

I have seen the Falls, and am all rapture and amazement. I cannot give you a better idea of what I felt than by transcribing what I wrote off hastily in my journal on returning. "Arrived at Chippewa, within three miles of the Falls, on Saturday, July 21st, to dinner. That evening walked towards the Falls, but got no farther than the Rapids, which gave us a prelibation of the grandeur we had to expect. Next day, Sunday, July 22nd, went to visit the Falls. Never shall I forget the impression I felt at the first glimpse of them which we got as the carriage passed over the hill that overlooks them. We were not near enough to be agitated by the terrific effects of the scene; but saw through the trees this mighty flow of waters descending with calm magnificence, and received enough of its grandeur to set imagination on the wing; imagination which, even at Niagara, can outrun reality. I felt as if approaching the very residence of the

Deity; the tears started into my eyes; and I remained, for moments after we had lost sight of the scene, in that delicious absorption which pious enthusiasm alone can produce. We arrived at the New Ladder and descended to the bottom. Here all its awful sublimities rushed full upon me. But the former exquisite sensation was gone. I now saw all. The string that had been touched by the first impulse, and which *fancy* would have kept for ever in vibration, now rested at *reality*. Yet, though there was no more to imagine, there was much to feel. My whole heart and soul ascended towards the Divinity in a swell of devout admiration, which I never before experienced. Oh! bring the atheist here, and he cannot return an atheist! I pity the man who can coldly sit down to write a description of these ineffable wonders; much more do I pity him who can submit them to the admeasurement of gallons and yards. It is impossible by pen or pencil to convey even a faint idea of their magnificence. Painting is lifeless; and the most burning words of poetry have all been lavished upon inferior and ordinary subjects. We must have new combinations of language to describe the falls of Niagara."

\* \* \* \* \*

24.] *To his Mother.*

Quebec, August 20, 1804. \*

My darling Mother,

After seventeen hundred miles of rattling and tossing through woods, lakes, rivers, &c., I am at length upon the ground which made Wolfe immortal, and which looks more like the elysium of heroes than their death-place. If anything can make the beauty of the country more striking, it is the deformity and oddity of the city which it surrounds, and which lies hemmed in by ramparts, amidst this delicious scenery, like a hog in armour upon a bed of roses.

In my passage across Lake Ontario, I met with the same politeness which has been so gratifying, and indeed convenient, to me all along my route. The captain refused to take what I know is always given, and begged me

to consider all my friends as included in the same compliment, which a line from me would at any time entitle them to. Even a poor watchmaker at Niagara, who did a very necessary and difficult job for me, insisted I should not think of paying him, but accept it as the only mark of respect he could pay to one he had heard of so much, but never expected to meet with. This is the very nectar of life, and I hope, I trust, it is not vanity to which the cordial owes all its sweetness. No; it gives me a feeling towards all mankind, which I am convinced is not unamiable: the impulse which begins with *self*, spreads a circle instantaneously around it, which includes all the sociabilities and benevolences of the heart. Dearest mother! you will feel this with me. I cannot write more now; the fleet which sails for England is on the point of sailing. To-morrow or next day I am off for Halifax, where I shall bid my last adieu to America, and fly home to my darlings once more. Love to all. Your own boy.

25.] *To his Mother.*

Windsor, Nova Scotia,  
Sept. 16, 1804.

My darling Mother,

I arrived at Halifax last Tuesday week, after a passage of thirteen days from Quebec. I wrote to you while at Quebec; but from what I have since heard of the time of the fleet's sailing from there, it is likely this letter may reach you first. Well, *dears of my heart!* here am I at length, with the last footsteps upon American ground, and on tip-toe for beloved home once more. Windsor, where I write this, is between forty and fifty miles from Halifax. I have been brought hither by the governor of Nova Scotia, Sir J. Wentworth, to be at the first examination of a new university they have founded. This attention is, as you may suppose, very singular and flattering; indeed, where have I failed to meet cordiality and kindness? They have smoothed every step of my way, and sweetened every novelty that I met. The governor of Lower Canada, when I was on the point of leaving, sent his aide-de-camp to the master

of the vessel which was to take me, and begged it as a favour he would defer sailing for *one day* more, that I might join a party at his house the next day. All this cannot but gratify my own sweet mother, and she will not see either frivolity or egotism in the detail. All along my route I have seized every opportunity of writing to you, and it will be more than unfortunate if my letters do not reach you. You cannot imagine how anxious I have been lest I should lose the opportunity of the Boston frigate home; for I have been unavoidably detained a month beyond my time, and the orders of service are imperious. I know that with all Douglas's friendship, he could not wait for me, and I almost gave up the hope. But, still lucky, I have found him here refitting, and *in about three weeks we shall sail for England*. How my heart beats with delight to tell you this. I have got Kate's letter of the 29th. God bless her! dear, good girl.

You must not be surprised at such a scatter-brained letter, for I have this instant heard that the packet leaves Halifax before I return thither, and I scribble these dithyrambics (just risen from dinner) to send into town by a gentleman who goes in the morning.

Tell Carpenter I am coming with a volume of poetic travels in my pocket; and tell Kate I have learnt some of the "*Chansons des Voyageurs*" in coming down the St. Lawrence, which I hope before three months, at the utmost, to sing for her. Love to good father and girls, and good by. Sweet mother, your own,

TOM.

26.] *To his Mother.*

Plymouth, Old England once more,  
Nov. 12, 1804.

I almost cry with joy, my darling mother, to be able once more to write to you on English ground. After a passage of eight-and-twenty days, here I am, without a blemish either in heart or body, and within a few hundred miles (instead of *thousands*) of those that are dearest to me. Oh dear! to think that in ten days hence I may see a letter from home, written but a day or two before

warm from your hands, and with your very breath almost upon it, instead of lingering out months after months, without a gleam of intelligence, without anything but dreams— [here the letter is torn]. If the idleness I have had was voluntary or intentional, I should deserve to pay for it; but without giving me anything to do, my friends have increased the necessity of my doing something. However, there is one satisfying idea; which is, that I am not at a loss for employment, and that I have it within my own power, in the course of two or three months, to draw the sponge over every pecuniary obligation I have contracted. How few in a similar situation could say this! and how grateful do I feel to Heaven, and my dear father and mother for those means! \* \* \*

27.] *To his Mother.*

Saturday [after my return from Bermuda].

My darling Mother,

I have only just time to tell you that the Prince was extremely kind to me last night, at a small supper party at which I met him: every one noticed the cordiality with which he spoke to me. His words were these: "I am very glad to see you here again, Moore. From the reports I heard, I was afraid we had lost you. I assure you (laying his hand on my shoulder at the same time) it was a subject of general concern." Could anything be more flattering? I must say I felt rather happy at that moment. The idea of such reports having reached him—his remembering them upon seeing me, and expressing them so cordially—was all pleasant, and will, I know, gratify my dear father and mother's hearts. I saw him afterwards go up to Lord Moira, and pointing towards me, express, I suppose, the same thing.

It was at Lord Harrington's. I enclose you the invitation I received from Lord Petersham, because it is friendly, and because nothing else could have induced me to break the studious retirement I have adopted. I am delighted I went. God bless you all.

28.] *To Miss Godfrey.*

Tuesday, — 1805.

I write to-day, merely because I said I would—(a reason, by the bye, which I have sometimes been perverse enough to let operate in quite a contrary direction), but it is now half-past five o'clock, and I have been all the day beating my brains into gold-beater's leaf, wherewith to adorn and bedaub the Honourable Mr. Spencer, and the last sound of the bell-man is now fading most poetically upon my ears, so God bless you! Heaven reward you both for the pleasant feelings and sweet recollections you have given me to enliven my task and my solitude; they are quite a little *Tunbridge lamp*\* to me, and will throw the softened light of remembrance over everything I shall do or think of. God bless you both again and again. I shall not attempt to tell you the feelings I have brought away with me, but if I have left *one* sentiment behind, of the same family, of the *remotest kin* to those you have given me, I am but too happy. I have not stirred out these two days. The weather is very dreary and "suits the scribbling habit of my soul;" but my fire burns bright, and, we flatter ourselves, so does our poetry; so that between the two, and the sweet, comfortable recollection of my friends at Ramsgate, I contrive to keep both heart and fingers at a proper degree of temperature, just a little below *salamander heat*. Ever your own, and dear Lady Donegal's,

T. M.

29.] *To his Mother.*

Saturday, March 30, 1805.

Every one that I ever knew in this big city seems delighted to see me back in it: this is comfortable, and if the flowers strewed before me had a little *gold leaf* on them, I should be the happiest dog in the world. All in good time; but it is strange that people who value the *silk* so much, should not feed the *poor worm* who wastes himself

\* The Donegals were then at Tunbridge. T. M.

in spinning it out to them. Lady Donegal is the dearest creature in the world. God bless you all. Your own,

TOM.

30.] *From Miss Godfrey.*

Friday, May 24, 1805.

"Whate'er they promised or profess'd,  
In disappointment ends;  
In short, there's nothing I detest  
So much as all my friends."

But most of all, you Thomas Moore, the most faithless of men! If I had any spirit at all, but I have not, I would not write you another line. But what can a poor woman do, if the heart will still dictate, and the hand still obey. I would have you to know, however, that the heart dictates nothing but rage and anger and scolding, and luckily the hand can only make use of a pen upon the occasion. Lady Charlotte has bit you, and what use is there in my writing to you: so here I "whistle you down the wind to prey at fortune."

However, if you should beg and pray, prostrate yourself in the dust, and put on sackcloth and ashes, why, I am such an easy, yielding, gentle composition of flesh and blood, to say nothing of being rather foolish into the bargain, that possibly I might be persuaded to forgive you. I should blush for my weakness. But then weakness is very feminine, and blushing not unbecoming. So if you should ask pardon, and I should forgive you, and blush afterwards for my weakness, I shall only look the better for it, that's all. It is very near a fortnight since I wrote to you, and it is very near a month since I heard from you. I hope at least that your time has been well employed, but I fear that the book will not come out this year. I am quite impatient for it: so pray tell me how far you are advanced.

For us, in this gay world, we go on much as you left us: there are more assemblies, but nothing very pleasant: very few calls; much talk of impeachments, French fleets, and such like matter of fact subjects, which you, mounted in your highest heaven of

invention, would not condescend to listen to. Mr. William Lamb is to be married to Lady C. Ponsonby, and Lord Cowper to Miss Lamb, and Miss Call to Mr. Bathurst, and very probably I told you all this before. I suppose conscience smote you about *the two hundred and eighty*, and you had not courage to write to me.

Adieu. If you don't answer this, it is the last speech and dying words of the much insulted, cruelly treated, and extremely ill-used, &c. &c.

M. G.

31.] *From Lord Moira.*

Edinburgh, Sept. 12, 1805.

My dear Sir,

With very sincere satisfaction I accept the distinction you are kindly disposed to offer to me by the dedication of your work. It is not the parade of false modesty when I say that I think you ought to have sought some more marked name. Mine has been a life of effort, "signifying nothing;" and its unproductiveness has lasted so long, that folks have made up their minds to consider the character as barren in its nature. At all events, the time has gone by; so that I am only one of the out-of-fashion pieces of furniture fit to figure in the steward's room. Your dedication will be a memorial of me, which will keep me from total oblivion. Judge, therefore, how I am bound to estimate the compliment. Believe me, my dear sir, very faithfully yours,

MOIRA.

Thomas Moore, Esq.

32.] *To his Mother.*

Nov. 2, 1805.

My dearest Mother,

It is now near six o'clock, and I have hardly time to say How d'ye do? I have been sitting this hour past with Lady Harrington: she is very kind to me, and says the more and oftener she sees me in Ireland, the better.

The whole town mourns with justice the death of Nelson: those two men (Buona-

parte and he) divided the world between them—the land and the water. We have lost ours.

I got my dear father's letter, and forgive Tom Hume for the many kind affectionate things my charge has produced from you. Your own,

Tom.

33.] *To his Mother.*

Nov. 8, 1805.

My dearest Mother,

This weather is only fit for poets, lovers, and murderers: there is hardly light enough to pursue any other calling. It is now but four o'clock, and I can scarcely see to write a line. I am just going to dine *third* to Rogers and Cumberland: a good poetical step-ladder we make—the former is past forty and the latter past seventy.

I wish I could hope to dance at Eliza A.'s ball. I have not capered much since I left Bermuda; though I forget myself—at Tunbridge, my toe had a few fantastic sallies. God bless you all, dears, and good friends. Your own,

Tom.

They say now Lord Powis is going as lord-lieutenant. I don't know him at all.

34.] *To his Mother.*

Wednesday, Jan. 22, 1806.

Dearest Mother,

The town has been a good deal agitated to-day by various reports about Mr. Pitt's death. It still seems uncertain; but every one appears to agree that he cannot live. What a strange concurrence of circumstances we have witnessed within this short period. Something bright, I hope, will rise out of the chaos; and if a gleam or two of the brightness should fall upon me, why, Heaven be praised for it!

I am quite stout again, but have not yet ventured upon wine. Nothing ever was like the ferment of hope, anxiety, and speculation that agitates the political world at this moment. They say the King will certainly offer the *premier*ship to Addington, but it

is strongly expected that Addington will refuse it.

Good by. God bless you all. Your own,  
Tom.

35.] *To his Mother.*

Tuesday, Feb. 6, 1806.

My darling Mother,

I am quite in a bewilderment of hope, fear, and anxiety: the very crisis of my fortune is arrived. Lord Moira has everything in his power, and my fate now depends upon his sincerity, which I think it profanation to doubt, and Heaven grant he may justify my confidence. Tierney goes to Ireland, so *there* a hope opens for dear father's advancement. In short, everything promises brilliantly; light breaks in on all sides, and Fortune looks most smilingly on me. "If that I prove her haggard," no hermit or misanthrope has ever fled further or more heartily from the commerce of mankind than I shall from the patronage of grandees. But this sounds like doubt of Lord Moira, which I hate myself for feeling. I have not seen him yet, nor do I expect it for some days; but the instant anything turns out one way or other, you shall know it.

God bless us all, and turn this dawn of our hopes into full daylight, I pray of him. Your own,

Tom.

36.] *To his Mother.*

Thursday, Feb. 8, 1806.

My darling Mother,

I this morning breakfasted with Lord Moira, and have had all my doubts about his remembrance of me most satisfactorily removed: he assured me in the kindest manner that he had not for an instant lost sight of me; that he had been a good deal burdened by the friends of others (alluding to the Prince); but that he still had a very extensive patronage, and would certainly not forget me. What gave me most pleasure of all, and what I am sure will gratify *you*, dearest mother, is his saying that he could *now* give me a situation immediately, but that it would



require residence abroad, and he added, "We must not banish you to a foreign garrison." I answered, "that, as to occupations, I was ready to undertake any kind of business whatever."—"Yes," says he; "but we must find that business *at home* for you." I deferred writing till to-day that I might have this interview to communicate to you, and I know you will share my satisfaction at it. God bless you, dears. Your own,

TOM.

I have hopes that Tierney will go chancellor of the exchequer to Ireland, which will give me an opportunity of putting in a word for father.

37.] *To his Mother.*

April 30, 1806.

My dearest Mother,

I cannot help now thinking of the poor Negro, who said, when he was going to be hanged, what a hard thing it was for a poor man "to die and he no sick." With all the feelings of health about me, and such roses and *even* lilies in my face as there never were there before, I am obliged to lie up again for a week or so, in order to give the *coup de grace* to my maladies; in short, the abscess, though quite well, would not close, and I have within these two hours undergone a little operation for the purpose of closing it, which has given me more pain than I have felt yet, and will confine me for about eight days. It is a good thing to know, however, that, at the end of those eight days, I shall be turned out sound and perfect as I ever have been in my life.

I have received a letter from Mrs. Tighe, and shall answer it when I get off my back.

Now that I have written this letter, I feel almost afraid that you will be fool enough to be alarmed at it; but if you saw my cheeks at this moment, almost bursting with health and cheerfulness, you would even *laugh* at the little pain that I feel. Your own,

TOM.

38.] *To his Mother.*

Monday, May, 1806.

My dearest Mother,

I missed one letter this last week, for which I cry "*peccavi*:" but I enclose something now to you, which will, I think, make you feel very happy; and I hope that, by the time this reaches you, Atkinson will be returned and at hand to arrange everything about my father's appointment. You must not say a word to any one about this promise of Fox's, as it would be wrong on many accounts.

I believe I told you the kind things the Prince said to me about my book.

I feel uncommon spirits, which I hope everything will justify me in. All around me looks bright and promising, and the respectability of the situation they intend for me flatters my hopes most delightfully.

God bless you all. Best love to dear uncle and aunt. You may tell *them* of Fox's promise. Your own,

TOM.

Why does not saucy Kate write to me about my book?

39.] *From Lord Moira.*

June 21, 1806.

My dear Sir,

I have completed the arrangement for your father's being fixed in the barrack-mastership at Dublin. Let me know his Christian name, that the warrant may be made out. Faithfully yours,

MOIRA.

40.] *To his Mother.*

Wednesday, — 1806.

My dearest Mother,

I have seen Lord Moira, and presented him my father's thanks. He told me, that it is one of the *Irish* commissionerships I am to have, and that these will not be arranged till those in England are settled. He spoke with the utmost kindness to me; and I am sure, when he has it in his power, I need not doubt his good-will to serve me. He

said, at the same time, that there was nothing to prevent my visiting Ireland, as he should not forget me; so that, I think, in about a fortnight I shall take flight for the bogs. Darling mother! how happy I shall be to see you!—it will put a new spur on the heel of my heart, which will make life trot, for the time at least, sixteen miles an hour. I trust in Heaven that you are recovering, and that I shall find you as you ought to be. Ever your own,

Tom.

Love to uncle and aunt.

41.] *To Miss Godfrey.*

Wednesday, July, 1806.

I certainly may say to you as Cowper says to one of his correspondents, that "you understand trap," for nothing was ever more skilfully anticipated than the scolding which you know you deserved from me, and which you were resolved to be beforehand with. Sheridan himself could not manage an impeachment against money-defaulters with a more unblushing brow of innocence, than you have assumed in charging me with neglect; after your having remained a fortnight at Worthing, with nothing on your hands but your gloves, and nothing to distract you but Chichester, and yet, during that whole time, not feeling *one twitch* of the pen (a disorder too that I know you to be at other times so subject to), nor thinking it necessary to bestow one moment of your idleness upon the "poor forsaken *gander*" whom you left *hissing hot* upon the pavement of London, with a pain in his side and the wind-colic in his heart, with the dust in his eyes and the devil in his purse, and in short with every malady, physical, phthisical, and quizzical, that could shake the nerves of a gentleman, or excite the compassion of a lady; and there are you, between *sunbeams* and *mists*, between *Ossians* and *Chichesters*, taking a whole fortnight to consider of it, before you would even say, "How are you now, sir?" Well—I forgive you, though I cannot help thinking it the very refinement of Irish modesty, the very quintessence of the bogs,

to follow up such delinquency with an attack instead of an apology; it is like Voltaire's Huron, who, when they send him to confession, seizes the unfortunate priest, whirls him out of his sentry-box, and forcing him down upon his knees, says, "Now, you must confess to me!" \* \* \*

Now as to *Worthing*, when am I to visit you? I *solemnly and assuredly* hope to leave London for Ireland *about the latter end of next week, or the beginning of the following one*. Lord Moira has told me that my absence will not interfere with anything that he has in prospect for me; that the commissioner-ship intended for me is to be in Ireland; and that, *if there are any such appointments*, I am to have one of them. Such are my plans, and such my hopes. I wait but for the arrival of the Edinburgh Review, and then "a long farewell to all my greatness." London shall never see me act the farce of gentlemanship in it any more, and, "like a bright exhalation in the evening," I shall vanish and be forgotten. Say how and when I am to go to you. Ever yours,

T. M.

On Saturday, if you have got to Worthing, I think I shall be able to go down to you: this at least imposes upon you the task of writing to me to-morrow to let me know.

42.] *To Miss Godfrey.*

Remston, Leicestershire, Sept. 20, 1806.

"Thus far into the bowels of the land have I marched on without impediment." I know you will say I am an odd fellow, and as long as you say no worse of me, I shall be contented. Why didn't I write all the last fortnight that I have been *Septembriſſé* in town? Why didn't I apprise you that I was about to transport my illustrious carcase hither? And why didn't I—but the only answer I can make to Why didn't I? is Why—I didn't. The fact is, I was neither happy nor comfortable, and I did not like to throw the shade of my mind upon paper for you, though little bodies do not in general cast great shadows; yet you cannot imagine what an eclipse I spread around me whenever my

orb becomes opaque with sorrow, or that the light of the heart does not shine pleasantly through me; and this has been the case all this fortnight past. I have had every possible colour of annoyance,—brown study, blue devils, not forgetting “green and yellow melancholy”—in short, I have been a “rainbow ruffian” (as some sentimental poet styles a well-dressed soldier), and my reflections on paper would have been all of the prismatic kind. “Oh, this learning! what a thing it is!” But to come to the plain matter-of-fact (which, you know, I love as well as I do roast mutton), I was fidgetted and teased by my impatience to get away from London, and by the impossibility from day to day of accomplishing it for want of those *paper-wings* which are so necessary to the flights of even poets themselves. I have, however, contrived to fly thus far; and oh! that I had the wings of a *Lottery Pigeon*, that I might flee away and be in Dublin. I hope in two or three days to manage this. I came down here in a new carriage of Rancliffe’s, with his German servant to frank me along (“base is the slave who pays”), and the title of “My Lord” lavished on me all the way; not without some little surprise that his Lordship had *grown* so much of late. I was unfortunate enough to be just in time for the Leicester Races, where I went with “burning eyes of love” after my long night’s travel, and figured away at the ball in the evening to the tune of Paddy O’Rafferty till three or four o’clock. The Duchess of Rutland was there. Think of her dining in *ordinary* with about two hundred Leicestershire *racers* and *graziers*, in their boots just fresh off the race-ground, staring at her with all their eyes and mouths. She did the honours in a most *queenish* style; and I asked one of these turf gentlemen whether he did not think she was a fine “*Monarch Mare*.” Now this is a joke even still more distant from your comprehension than jokes in general, because it is a familiar designation among sportsmen for the female descendants of a certain famous gentleman whom they call *Monarch*; and I assure you that it had all the “just’s prosperity” among the black-legs.

Best love to Lady Donegal: direct your next letters under cover to Edward Connor, Esq., War Office, Dublin Castle. Yours,  
T. M.

43.] *To Miss Godfrey.*

Dublin, 1806.

I hope Lady Donegal received the letter which I wrote to her on my arrival here, though I think if she had, she would have been honest enough to have repaid it before now; and I should not have delayed so long answering your *very dear* letter, if I had not been for these five or six days laid up in my old way on the sofa, not so much with illness as with the dread of illness. I had two or three broad hints from my side that it intended to recommence operations; so, without waiting for the attack, I adopted that “stirring little man, Buonaparte’s” system, and marched an *army* of leeches over it immediately; a little hostile blood has been spilt, and everything, I am happy to say, seems restored to its former tranquillity. You cannot imagine how desperately vulgar and dreary this place is! I have not even Mrs. Tighe\* to comfort me, but I expect she will be in town in a week or two. I regret very much to find that she is becoming so “*furieusement littéraire*”: one used hardly to get a peep at her blue stockings, but now I am afraid she shows them up to the knee: however, I shall decide for myself when I see her, as certainly this city, among the other features of a country town which it has acquired, has not forgotten that unfailling characteristic, *scandal*. If it were not for my own dears immediately about me, and the old books of Tanaquil Faber in St. Patrick’s Library, I should die the death of the desperate here. I have been received certainly with every possible mark of attention: most of the men of situation have left their cards with me, and, amongst the rest, the new Provost of the University, who as being the depository of the morals of the country, and personally a very High Priest into the bargain, gave me more pleasure by

\* Author of “*Psyche*.”

his visit than any of them. The Harringtons have asked me two or three times to dinner; and this very day I was to have been presented at a private audience to the Duke of Bedford, but he has not come to town on account of illness I believe, and it will not take place till to-morrow. All these things, to be sure, are merely *feathers in the cap*, but they are feathers I like to shake in the eyes of some envious people here amazingly. I entreat of you to write often to me. Your

last letter was like summer sunshine to me—not only bright but warm, not only luminous but comfortable. That blessed ingredient, *affection*, which would sweeten the homeliest draught, comes doubly sweet in the Falernian you sent me, and I beg of you to repeat the dose as often as possible.

Best love to Lady Donegal and your sister Philippa.

Ever yours,

T. M.

## DUEL WITH JEFFREY.

1806.

(WRITTEN AS A CONTINUATION OF THE MEMOIR.)

Particulars of my hostile Meeting with JEFFREY in the Year 1806.

SOME letters of my own, written in the year 1806, having lately fallen into my hands, which contain allusions to my hostile meeting, in that year, with my now sincerely regarded and valued friend Jeffrey, I suspend the regular course of the Memoir of myself commenced in these pages, in order, while yet all the circumstances are fresh in my memory, to note down some authentic particulars of a transaction concerning which there has been a good deal of foolish misstatement and misrepresentation.

In the month of July, 1806, I had come up to London from a visit to Donington Park, having promised my dear and most kind friend, the late Dowager Lady Donegal, to join her and her sister at Worthing. The number of the Edinburgh containing the attack on my "Odes and Epistles" had been just announced, and, as appears by the fol-

lowing passage in one of my letters, I was but waiting its arrival to set off to Worthing.

"I wait but for the arrival of the Edinburgh.

\* \* \* Say how and when I am to come to you." The Review did not, however,

reach me in London; for I have a clear recollection of having, for the first time, read

the formidable article in my bed, one morning, at the inn in Worthing, where I had

taken up my sleeping quarters, during my short visit to the Donegals. Though, on the

first perusal of the article, the contemptuous language applied to me by the reviewer a

good deal roused my Irish blood, the idea of seriously noticing the attack did not occur

to me, I think, till some time after. I remember, at all events, having talked over

the article with my friends, Lady Donegal and her sister, in so light and careless a tone,

as to render them not a little surprised at the explosion which afterwards took place.

I also well remember that, when the idea of calling out Jeffrey first suggested itself to

me, the necessity I should be under of proceeding to Edinburgh for the purpose, was a considerable drawback on my design, not only from the difficulty I was likely to experience in finding any one to accompany me in so Quixotic an expedition, but also from the actual and but too customary state of my finances, which rendered it doubtful whether I should be able to compass the expense of so long a journey.

In this mood of mind I returned to London, and there, whether by *good* or *ill* luck, but in my own opinion the *former*, there was the identical Jeffrey himself just arrived, on a short visit to his London friends. From Rogers, who had met Jeffrey the day before at dinner at Lord Fincastle's, I learned that the conversation, in the course of the day, having happened to fall upon me, Lord F. was good enough to describe me as possessing "great amenity of manners;" on which Jeffrey said, laughingly, "I am afraid he would not show much amenity to me."

The first step I took towards my hostile proceeding was to write to Woolriche, a kind and cool-headed friend of mine, begging of him to join me in town as soon as possible; and intimating in a few words the nature of the services on which I wanted him. It was plain from his answer that he considered me to be acting from the impulse of anger; which, though natural to conclude, was by no means the case; for, however boyish it might have been of me to consider myself bound to take this sort of notice of the attack, there was, certainly, but little, if any, mixture, either of ill-temper or mere personal hostility, with my motives. That they were equally free from a certain *Irish* predilection for such encounters, or wholly unleavened by a dash of *vanity*, I will not positively assert. But if this sort of feeling *did* mix itself with my motives, there certainly could not have been a more fitting punishment for it than the sort of result that immediately followed.

As Woolriche's answer implied delay and deliberation, it did not suit, of course, my notions of the urgency of the occasion; and I accordingly applied to my old friend Hume,

who without hesitation agreed to be the bearer of my message. It is needless to say that feeling, as I then did, I liked him all the better for his readiness, nor indeed am I at all disposed to like him a whit the less for it now. Having now secured my second, I lost no time in drawing up the challenge which he was to deliver; and as actual combat, not parley, was my object, I took care to put it out of the power of my antagonist to explain or retract, even if he was so disposed. Of the short note which I sent, the few first lines have long escaped my memory; but after adverting to some assertion contained in the article, accusing me, if I recollect right, of a deliberate intention to corrupt the minds of my readers, I thus proceeded: "To this I beg leave to answer, You are a liar; yes, sir, a liar; and I choose to adopt this harsh and vulgar mode of defiance, in order to prevent at once all equivocation between us, and to compel you to adopt for our own satisfaction, that alternative which you might otherwise have hesitated in affording to mine." I am not quite sure as to the exact construction of this latter part of the note, but it was as nearly as possible, I think, in this form.

There was of course but one kind of answer to be given to such a cartel. Hume had been referred by Jeffrey to his friend Mr. Horner, and the meeting was fixed for the following morning at Chalk Farm. Our great difficulty now was where to procure a case of pistols; for Hume, though he had been once, I think, engaged in mortal affray, was possessed of no such implements; and as for me, I had once nearly blown off my thumb by discharging an over-loaded pistol, and that was the whole, I believe, of my previous acquaintance with fire-arms. William Spencer being the only one of all my friends whom I thought likely to furnish me with these *sine-qua-nons*, I hastened to confide to him my wants, and request his assistance on this point. He told me if I would come to him in the evening, he would have the pistols ready for me.

I forget where I dined, but I know it was not in company, as Hume had left to me the task of providing powder and bullets,

which I bought, in the course of the evening, at some shop in Bond Street, and in such large quantities, I remember, as would have done for a score of duels. I then hastened to Spencer, who, in praising the pistols, as he gave them to me, said, "They are but too good." I then joined Hume, who was waiting for me in a hackney coach, and proceeded to my lodgings. We had agreed that for every reason, both of convenience and avoidance of suspicion, it would be most prudent for me not to sleep at home; and as Hume was not the man, either then or at any other part of his life, to be able to furnish a friend with an extra pair of clean sheets, I quietly (having let myself in by my key, it being then between twelve and one at night) took the sheets off my own bed, and, huddling them up as well as I could, took them away with us in the coach to Hume's.

I must have slept pretty well; for Hume, I remember, had to wake me in the morning, and the chaise being in readiness, we set off for Chalk Farm. Hume had also taken the precaution of providing a surgeon to be within call. On reaching the ground we found Jeffrey and his party already arrived. I say his "party," for although Horner only was with him, there were, as we afterwards found, two or three of his attached friends (and no man, I believe, could ever boast of a greater number) who, in their anxiety for his safety, had accompanied him, and were hovering about the spot.\* And then was it that, for the first time, my excellent friend Jeffrey and I met face to face. He was standing with the bag, which contained the pistols, in his hand, while Horner was looking anxiously around.

It was agreed that the spot where we found them, which was screened on one side by large trees, would be as good for our purpose as any we could select; and Horner, after expressing some anxiety respecting some men whom he had seen suspiciously hovering about, but who now appeared to have departed, retired with Hume behind

the trees, for the purpose of loading the pistols, leaving Jeffrey and myself together.

All this had occupied but a very few minutes. We, of course, had bowed to each other on meeting; but the first words I recollect to have passed between us was Jeffrey's saying, on our being left together, "What a beautiful morning it is!" "Yes," I answered, with a slight smile, "a morning made for better purposes;" to which his only response was a sort of assenting sigh. As our assistants were not, any more than ourselves, very expert at warlike matters, they were rather slow in their proceedings; and as Jeffrey and I walked up and down together, we came once in sight of their operations: upon which I related to him, as rather *à propos* to the purpose, what Billy Egan, the Irish barrister, once said, when, as he was sauntering about in like manner while the pistols were loading, his antagonist, a fiery little fellow, called out to him angrily to keep his ground. "Don't make yourself unaisy, my dear fellow," said Egan; "sure, isn't it bad enough to take the dose, without being by at the mixing up?"

Jeffrey had scarcely time to smile at this story, when our two friends, issuing from behind the trees, placed us at our respective posts (the distance, I suppose, having been previously measured by them), and put the pistols into our hands. They then retired to a little distance; the pistols were on both sides raised; and we waited but the signal to fire, when some police-officers, whose approach none of us had noticed, and who were within a second of being too late, rushed out from a hedge behind Jeffrey; and one of them, striking at Jeffrey's pistol with his staff, knocked it to some distance into the field, while another running over to me, took possession also of mine. We were then replaced in our respective carriages, and conveyed, crestfallen, to Bow Street.

On our way thither Hume told me, that from Horner not knowing anything about the loading of pistols, he had been obliged to help him in the operation, and in fact to take upon himself chiefly the task of loading both pistols. When we arrived at Bow

\* One of these friends was, I think, the present worthy Lord Advocate, John Murray.

Street, the first step of both parties was to despatch messengers to procure some friends to bail us; and as William Spencer was already acquainted with the transaction, to him I applied on my part, and requested that he would lose no time in coming to me. In the meanwhile we were all shown into a sitting-room, the people in attendance having first enquired whether it was our wish to be separated, but neither party having expressed any desire to that effect, we were all put together in the same room. Here conversation upon some literary subject, I forget what, soon ensued, in which I myself took only the brief and occasional share, beyond which, at that time of my life, I seldom ventured in general society. But whatever was the topic, Jeffrey, I recollect, expatiated upon it with all his peculiar fluency and eloquence; and I can now most vividly recall him to my memory, as he lay upon his back on a form which stood beside the wall, pouring volubly forth his fluent but most oddly pronounced diction, and dressing this subject out in every variety of array that an ever rich and ready wardrobe of phraseology could supply. I have been told of his saying, soon after our rencontre, that he had taken a fancy to me from the first moment of our meeting together in the field; and I can truly say that my liking for him is of the same early date.

Though I had sent for William Spencer, I am not quite sure that it was he that acted as my bail, or whether it was not Rogers that so officiated. I am, however, certain that the latter joined us at the office; and after all the usual ceremony of binding over, &c. had been gone through, it was signified to us that we were free to depart, and that our pistols should be restored to us. Whether unluckily or not, it is hardly now worth while to consider; but both Hume and myself, in quitting the office, forgot all about our borrowed pistols, and left them behind us, and, as he set off immediately to join his wife who was in the country, I was obliged myself to return to Bow Street, in the course of a few hours, for the purpose of getting them. To my surprise, however, the officer

refused to deliver them up to me, saying, in a manner not very civil, that it appeared to the magistrate there was something unfair intended; as, on examining the pistol taken from me, there was found in it a bullet, while there had been no bullet found in that of Mr. Jeffrey.

Recollecting what Hume had told me as to the task of loading the pistols being chiefly left to him, and observing the view taken by the officer, and, according to his account, by the magistrate, I felt the situation in which I was placed to be anything but comfortable. Nothing remained for me, therefore (particularly as Hume had taken his departure), but to go at once to Horner's lodgings and lay all the circumstances before him. This I did without a moment's delay, and was lucky enough to find him at his chambers. I then told him exactly what the officer had said as to the suspicion entertained by the magistrate that something unfair was intended; and even at this distance of time, I recollect freshly the immediate relief which it afforded me when I heard Horner (who had doubtless observed my anxiety) exclaim, in his honest and manly manner, "Don't mind what these fellows say. I myself saw your friend put the bullet into Jeffrey's pistol, and shall go with you instantly to the office to set the matter right." We both then proceeded together to Bow Street, and Horner's statement having removed the magistrate's suspicions, the officers returned to me the pistols, together with the bullet which had been found in one of them; and this very bullet, by-the-by, I gave afterwards to Carpenter, my then publisher, who requested it of me, (as a sort of *polemic* relique, I suppose,) and who, no doubt, has it still in his possession.

The following letter, which I wrote immediately to Miss Godfrey (she and her sister, Lady Donegal, being among the persons whose good opinion I was most anxious about), will show, better than any words I could now employ, what were my feelings at that time.

44.] *To Miss Godfrey.*

Monday.

I have just time to tell you that this morning I was fool enough (as I know you will call it) to meet Mr. Jeffrey by my own invitation, at Chalk Farm, and that just as we were ready to fire, those official and officious gentlemen, the Bow Street runners appeared from behind a hedge, and frustrated our valorous intentions, so that we are bound over to keep the peace for God knows how long. William Spencer is the cause of this very ill-judged interruption, though he had pledged his honour to keep the matter as secret as the grave. I never can forgive him; for at this moment I would rather have lost a limb than that such a circumstance had happened. And so there is all my fine sentimental letters which I wrote yesterday for posthumous delivery to your sister, you, &c. &c., all gone for nothing, and I made to feel very like a ninny indeed. Good by. I have not yet had time to read your letter. Best love to Lady Donegal and your sister. Ever your

Tom Fool till death.

What I asserted in this letter, namely, that it was through Spencer's means the meeting had been interrupted, was communicated to me by Rogers, and, I have no doubt, was perfectly correct. Spencer dined alone with the Fincastles, and, after dinner, told all the circumstances of the challenge, the loan of the pistols, &c., to Lord Fincastle, who (without, as it appears, communicating his purpose to Spencer) sent information that night of the intended duel to Bow Street.

The manner in which the whole affair was misrepresented in the newspapers of the day is too well known to need any repetition here; but I have been told, and I think it not improbable, that to a countryman of my own (named Q—), who was editor of one of the evening papers, I owed the remarkable concurrence in falsehood which pervaded all the statements on the subject. The report from Bow Street was taken first (as I have heard the story) to the office of the paper in

question, and contained a statement of the matter, correctly, thus:—"In the pistol of one of the parties a bullet was found, and nothing at all in the pistol of the other." Thinking it a good joke, doubtless, upon literary belligerents, my countryman changed, without much difficulty, the word "bullet" into "pellet;" and in this altered state the report passed from him to the offices of all the other evening papers.

By another letter of my own, written on the following day, to Lady Donegal, I am enabled to give to my narrative not only authenticity, but a good deal of the freshness of the feeling of the moment to which it refers.

45.] *To Lady Donegal.*

Tuesday.

You will see that I am doomed inevitably to one day's ridicule, by the unfortunate falsehood which they have inserted in all the morning papers, about the loading of our pistols; but, of course, a contradiction will appear to-morrow, signed by our seconds, and authorised by the magistrate. This is the only mortifying *suite* that this affair could have, and Heaven knows it has given me unhappiness enough. Do not scold me, dearest Lady Donegal; if the business was to be again gone through I should feel it my duty to do it; and all the awkwardness that results from it must be attributed to the ill-judged officiousness of the persons who were sent to interrupt us. To be sure, there cannot be a fairer subject for quizzing, than an author and a critic fighting with pellets of paper. God bless you. Tell every one as industriously as you can the falsehood of to-day's statement, and stem, if possible, the tide of ridicule till our contradiction appears. Love to your dear sisters. Ever your attached,

T. M.

The statement announced in this letter was regularly drawn up, signed by Horner, and authorised by the magistrate; but, alas! never appeared. My friend Hume (now again my friend, though his conduct on that



occasion caused a severance between us for more than thirty years) took fright at the ridicule which had been brought upon the transaction, said that he did not like to expose his name; that he "did not know who Mr. Horner was;" in short, he refused to sign the paper; and the only effort made at public explanation was a short letter on the subject from myself, which, of course, to those who did not know me personally, went deservedly for nothing.

Through the kind offices of Rogers, a treaty of peace was negotiated between Jeffrey and myself; I mean those formalities of explanation, which the world requires, for in every other respect we already understood each other. In the two letters that follow will be found some particulars of the final arrangement of our strife.

46.] *To Lady Donegal.*

Aug. 29, 1806.

I have been looking for a frank (like that best of all thrifty good girls, Miss J \* \* \*), in order to send you back Hayley's letter, which is as pretty a specimen of the old gentleman's twaddling as I could wish to see. But the last person I asked for a frank was Humphrey Butler; and he told me if I had applied before the Union he could have given me one, — which, however satisfactory it was, made me resolve to keep Hayley's letter from you a little longer, and I shall return it the instant I get a cover, and not a soul shall see it, I assure you. Lord Moira has written to me a very kind note, in consequence of my communicating to him the explanations which I had from Jeffrey, and he assures me "he feels uncommon satisfaction that it has terminated so pleasantly." If I were just now seated upon the couch, with my legs turned up, I could show you this letter; but, as I am not, I must only give you an extract from it, thus:—"I feel perfectly for you how disagreeable it is to be obliged to start one's self as the butt for all the wild constructions of the public; misrepresentation, in some way or the other, is the inevitable lot of every one who stands in

such a predicament; but the squibs against you were only momentary, and a fair tribute to the spirit with which you vindicated your character will remain."

"This high Spanish approbation of my conduct has given me much pleasure, as I know it will to you; indeed, nothing can be more gratifying than the generous justice which every friend whose opinion I value has done to my feelings upon this occasion. I was particularly happy to hear that Horner, the other day, at Holland House, spoke warmly in praise of what he called "the mixture of feeling and fortitude which my conduct exhibited."

I met your friend the Duke of York, and the Duke of Cambridge, in a dinner party of eight only the other day at Harry Greville's. In short, I do nothing but *dine*; yesterday at Ward's, to day at Lord Cowper's, &c. Somebody told me, and made my heart flutter not a little, that you are coming to town before your Tunbridge trip. I believe it was (Hichester that "*whispered* the flattering tale," but I am almost afraid to believe it. I should in that case see you once before I go to bury myself among my St. Chrysostoms and Origenes, and to shake hands with a dearer father than whole centuries of such fathers. Carpenter is to give me forty pounds for the Sallust, and I wait but for this forty-pounder to discharge me at one single shot to Dublin.

Best love to dear Mary (why shouldn't I call her Mary, as well as that old ridiculous Hermit?), and to sister Philippa, too, a thousand remembrances. Ever yours, most truly,

T. M.

47.] *To Lady Donegal.*

Monday, August, 1806.

I have the pleasure to tell you that this morning I had a pacific meeting with Mr. Jeffrey at Rogers's, and received from him the most satisfactory apologies for the intemperance of his attack upon me. He acknowledged that it is the opinion, not only of himself but his friends, that the Review contained too much that was exceptionable,

and that he is sincerely sorry for having written it. He has given me a statement to this purpose in his own autograph, which concludes thus: "I shall always hold myself bound to bear testimony to the fairness and spirit with which you have conducted yourself throughout the whole transaction." Is not this all pleasant? I know you will be glad to hear it. The letter which you will see in to-morrow's Post was a very necessary step, and will put an end to every misconstruction of the affair; so that (for the first time since I took the business into contemplation) I feel "my bosom's lord sit lightly on his throne," and the sooner I receive your congratulations upon the subject the better. Ever yours,

T. M.

I have now done with these *bulletins*, and shall write you *letters* hereafter.

48.] *From Miss Godfrey.*

Tunbridge, Oct. 2, 1806.

Well, how are you after your sea-sickness, and how do you feel yourself in Dublin, after your brilliant career here among the learned and the dissipated? If it were not for the extreme joy which I know you feel at being with your family again, I should grieve for the change; but you have contrived, God knows how! amidst the pleasures of the world, to preserve all your home, fireside affections true and genuine as you brought them out with you; and this is a trait in your character that I think beyond all praise: it is a perfection that never goes alone, and I believe you will turn out a saint or an angel after all. We have had the whole history of your affair with Jeffrey from Rogers, even to the slightest particulars. If I had never known you, the story would have interested me, the way he tells it. He makes you out a perfect hero of romance, and your conduct quite admirable. But what pleased me most was, to hear that Jeffrey took a great fancy to you from the first moment he saw you in the field of battle, pistol in hand to kill him. I believe Rogers to be truly your friend upon this occasion. Lord Clifden says he has

heard the affair talked of by several people, and that you had got universal credit for the manner in which you had conducted yourself throughout the whole of it. In short, I am quite agreeably surprised to find the turn it has all taken in your favour. You don't know how happy we feel at it, for I am sure you don't know to this good day how much we care for you. But never take a pistol in your hand again while you live. I dare say in Ireland, where you have *beaucoup d'envieux*, every pains has been taken to misrepresent and blacken you. I desired Philly to write Rogers's whole account of it to Miss Crookshank, that she may tell your friend Joe of it, and spread it about in her society; for it is in that line of life that the prejudices against your writings, and the envy of your talents, are the strongest. The old ones have more morality, and the young ones more pretensions than one finds in the higher ranks of life. All I want is to have justice done to you, perhaps a little more than justice. But I would have all the world to understand, that I am a very moral woman; and I must honestly confess to you by the way, that all my illusions about the beautiful Susan have vanished, and left not a wreck behind them. We are all very tame this year, and neither blindman's buff nor puss in a corner have yet made their appearance amongst us; but as Souza is expected, there is no knowing how soon the revels may begin. The place is quite full, and many more people of our acquaintance than were here last year; but we would give them all rank and file for you, and there's the sea rolling away between us, as satisfied as if it were doing the thing in the world we liked the best. Philly was offended with you for leaving her name out in your last letter.

I suppose your sister is quite delighted to have you with her. I hope you found her and all the rest of your family happy and comfortable in their new situation. Tell me something of your way of life in Dublin. Adieu! Sincerely yours,

M. G.

## L E T T E R S.

1807—1818.

40.] *To Miss Godfrey.*

Dublin, Monday, Feb. 23, 1807.

I am quite ashamed of myself—at which you ought to be very much delighted, because it humiliates me most profoundly before you, and gives you ten times more merit in my eyes than I would condescend to allow you if I felt that I had exactly done what I *ought* to do; but, indeed, if you knew the efforts I am obliged to make to throw some sort of *ballast* into the little pleasure-boat of my existence—if you knew how difficult I find it to *square* the gains and losses of *time*, and set off the savings of the morning against the expenditures of the night, you would not be very hard upon me, but would be very glad to hear that I have contrived to study about three hours and a half every day since I came here. And though I have said every morning, in going to old Patrick's Library, "Well, I shall return time enough to-day for the post," yet once I get into that bewildering *seraglio*, what with making real love to one, flirting with some, and merely throwing my eye upon others, the whole day has passed in dalliance, and I have hardly had time enough afterwards to make myself decent for company. I have now, however, bid adieu to this harem, and have made up my mind for a week's idleness before I leave Ireland, which will be, I hope, on Friday or Saturday next, and then once more for Donington, for the Muses, and for *you!*—dear Donington, dear Muses! and dear *you!* Sorry am I to think, however, that both *you* and the *Muses*, however you may visit my thoughts, must be equally *invisible* to me, and I would willingly give up the society of

my whole *Nine* just to be, as I could wish, with my *Two* in Davies Street. By my *Two* here I mean you and your sister Philly, for Lady Donegal has long forgotten me.

What you communicated to me about Jeffrey pleases me extremely, because it justifies my conduct most amply, and does honour to both of us. I have written nothing since I came here, except *one song*, which everybody says is the best I have ever composed, and I rather prefer it myself to most of them. When am I to sing it to you? Oh! *when, when?* I am an unfortunate rascal, that's certain.

You may direct your answer to this to Donington, and I have full reliance on your being my *sick heart's nurse* while I am there. God bless you. Very much yours,

THOMAS MOORE.

50.] *To Miss Godfrey.*Donington Park, Loughborough,  
Friday morning, March, 1807.

Though I think you do not care much to know "my whereabouts," or I should have had a letter here as I petitioned, yet I cannot help telling you that here I am, and here shall be, for God knows how long. I am made very comfortable, and it certainly is friendly of Lord Moira to do me these little kindnesses; but the main point is still wanting: "*Il me donne des manchettes, et je n'ai point de chemise.*" I read much more than I write, and think much more than either; but what does it all signify? The people of Dublin, some of them, seemed very sorry to lose me; but I dare say by this time they treat me as the *air* treats the *arrow*, fill up

the gap and forget that it ever passed that way. It is a dreadful thing not to be necessary to one's friends, and there is but *one* in the world now to whom I am anything like a *sine quâ non*. While that one remains, *il faut bien que je vive*; when that one goes, *il n'y a plus de nécessité*. You see I have brought no wife with me from Ireland, notwithstanding all that the kind match-makers of this world did for me. I was very near being married the other night here at a dance the servants had to commemorate St. Patrick's Day. I opened the ball for them with a pretty lacemaker from the village, who was really *quite beautiful*, and seemed to break hearts around her as fast as an Irishman would have broken heads. So you see I can be gay.

Have you met with old Cumberland's second edition? He has spoken of me in a way that I feel very grateful for, and if you ever see him, I wish you would tell him so. How go on Spencer and Rogers, and the *rest* of those agreeable rattles, who seem to think life such a treat that they never can get enough of it? Yours,

T. M.

51.] *To his Mother.*

Wednesday, March, 1807.

My dearest Mother,

We know nothing decisive yet about the ministry. The last accounts gave me rather a hope that Lord Moira would stay in, though I don't know whether one would wish him for his own sake to continue, after his public vow not to serve with the Duke of Portland: If however, as it is said, the Prince takes the part of the new arrangement, he will most certainly stay in. It is all a bad business for the country. Fine times, to be sure, for changing ministry, and changing to such fools too! It is like a sailor stopping to change his shirt in a storm, and after all putting on a very ragged one. I see Lord Hardwicke is very active in the business, so I suppose he will return to Ireland. I got Kate's *one* letter in the course of three weeks, and congratulate her much on her activity. Love to all.  
Your own,

Tom.

52.] *From Lord Moira.*

London, April 9, 1807.

My dear Sir,

You will have been well aware of all the occupation which has attended our expulsion from office; therefore, I think, you will have ascribed my silence to that cause, and not have charged me with inattention. Had you been here on the spot, your pen might have been exercised with great effect in displaying the importance of the constitutional question which we have been defending. The matter, however, will now be at an end before any publication could appear; and in the vehemence of contest all real consideration of the point at issue will be lost. Most sincerely do I lament that I had not the means of obtaining some fit situation for you before we were turned out. Perhaps your prospects are not worse now than they were; for my own patronage afforded nothing of a kind to suit you, and my colleagues had too many objects of their own to fulfil.

I have the honour, dear sir, to be your very obedient servant,

MOIRA.

No. 53.] *To Lady Donegal.*Donington Park,  
Monday, April 27, 1807.

"We are commanded (says Cosmo de Medici) to forgive our *enemies*, but I cannot find that we are anywhere ordered to forgive our *friends*." Now, though this is a very deep and good saying of Cosmo's, yet it is not at all applicable to you; for, notwithstanding that I *did* suspect you of a sort of *leze amitié*, a kind of compassing and imagining the death of our friendship, yet I now entirely acquit you, and hope everything from your loyalty in future. As to absence, I have said very often, and I believe to you among others, that recollections are too like the other perishables of this world, and that it is hard even for those who take the best care of them, to keep up a stock without a supply now and then; so that, though I feel I am strong in that article at present, yet I trust for all our sakes I shall be able to open shop in Tunbridge this year, and shall come back "laden

with *notions*," as the Americans call their fancy goods. I suppose you will only allow *love* to come under the head of *fancy* goods, but I am afraid all the feelings of our heart have but too much of *her* manufacture in them. I am here very busy, and yet if I were to try and tell you about *what*, it would puzzle me a little: only this I must inform you "to God's pleasure and both our comforts," that I am not writing *love-verses*. I begin at last to find out that *politics* is the only thing minded in this country, and that it is better even to *rebel* against government, than have nothing at all to do with it; so I am writing politics: but all I fear is, that my former ill-luck will rise up against me in a new shape, and that as I could not write *love* without getting into —, so I shall not be able to write *politics* without getting into *treason*. As to my gaiety and dissipation, I am to be sure *very* dissipated, for I pass my whole time among *knowing-ones* and *black-legs*, the former in the *library*, the latter in the *rookery*: it is true, I see some *white* legs now and then upon the lawn, but I have nothing at all to do with them, I assure you.

I had a long letter from America the other day; and what do you think? My Epistles were, in January last, going through their *third* edition there! and Carpenter is only just now getting out his *second*, of which I have seen some proof-sheets, and they are very beautiful. My correspondent tells me that, to the last edition that had come out in America, there was prefixed "some account of the author," but he had not yet seen it. A pretty account, I dare say, it is; but there is some glory in being even abused so generally; and I have that at least in common with most of the great men who have lived, just as I am little, like Horace, and love dozing in the morning, like Montaigne: it is comfortable to resemble great men in anything. Tell Miss Godfrey that I cry "*pec-cavi*," and beg pardon for what I said in my last billet, but that I said it merely for the pleasure of transcribing that epigram, which I knew she would like, and which is written by her friend, the man that wrote "*Mille fois*," &c. I shall send her a palinode in a

day or two, that is (for fear she should expect anything great from this hard Greek word) my recantation, justification, and renunciation of the *aforesaid* and all other errors thereunto belonging and appertaining, and what not. You must know I have been reading law very hard, and you must not wonder at its breaking in in my style. *I am determined on being called to the Irish bar next year*. Best remembrances to your dear sisters, and believe me, yours most truly,

THOMAS MOORE.

54.] *To his Mother.*

May, 1807.

My dearest Mother,  
There is a fishpond here, which Lord Moira has always been trying to fill; but he couldn't; and it has long furnished me with a very neat resemblance to *my own pocket*, which I dare say he would like to do the same with, but couldn't. This pond, however, in the late ruin, has got the start of my pocket, and is brimful at this present writing, which will delight his lordship so much that I am afraid he will come down in a hurry to look at it. Believe me, your own,  
TOM.

55.] *To Miss Godfrey.*

Tuesday night, May 26, 1807.

• These good people are come down upon me at last; so there is an end at once to all my musings and meditations. But there is *one* thing, I assure you, I write to you with some pleasure now, because I *want* you more. Except when I *actually* HAVE the society of those I love, I am never so much *with* them as when I am alone; and though this may sound very Irish, I flatter myself it is Irish in much more than sound. All my pursuits, all my thoughts in solitude, have a reference to my dear and distant friends. I enjoy my own feelings *best*, when I think *they* would sympathise in them, and am never proud of what I do, except when I can hope *they* will approve of it; but in the bustle of such society as I have now, neither my feelings or my business are worthy of being associated with such friends as you are, so that I begin

to miss you exceedingly, and am glad to fly to a quiet moment like this, when I can call you back and tell you that my heart is fit to receive you. There is another circumstance by which you are a gainer in my present situation, and that is *comparison*. Oh the sweet happy days of friendship and boiled mutton! how unlike were you to the disguised hearts and dishes, the iced wines and looks, of my present dignified society. But I am beginning to talk too sentimentally for your *wag-ship*. You must know I shall soon leave this; but I wish to Heaven either I or you could know that I shall leave it for Tunbridge. I am afraid, alas! that Ireland must be my destination again, and that I must leave our friendship to take care of itself, without any looking after, for six or seven months longer: this is a hard case, but the *softest* hearts meet with the *hardest* cases in this world. I wish such precious souls as yours and mine could be *forwarded* through life with "This is glass" written on them, as a warning to Fortune not to jolt them too rudely; but if she was not blind, she would see that we deserve more care than she takes of us. She would see that I ought to be allowed to go to Tunbridge, and that you ought to be without ache or ailment to receive me there. You always speak so *wag-gishly* about your own grievances (and, indeed, other people's) that I cannot collect from what you say of your illness, whether you are really very bad or not; but I sincerely hope it was more fatigue than ill-health that you complained of. Ever yours,

T. M.

On Thursday I shall be *seven and twenty* round years\*: drink my health, and more sense to me.

56.] *From Miss Godfrey.*

June 9, 1807.

You are the most ingenious man at making excuses, telling lies, and deceiving poor woman, that ever fell in my way in my pilgrimage upon earth; and your last letter to

me is a most beautiful composition of this sort, and, albeit, might impose upon any one of my sex but myself. Alas, and alack-a-day! I have not lived so long with you for nothing. I have found you out, and know full well, to my sorrow and regret, that unless you are in love with a woman you don't care a pin about her, if she does not worry and torment you into thinking of her sometimes; and poor dear Friendship, after being obliged to march up boldly and take you by your assault, must keep a constant watch upon you afterwards, or she will most certainly lose you. Well, there is no help for it—with all your faults I like you still. Pray don't think of going to Ireland without paying us a visit either here or at Tunbridge. We shall be excessively disappointed if you do. I changed my plans since I wrote to you last, and have remained on in town; in the first place, because I got better, and in the second place, because the Shaftesburys would not let me stir, whether I were better or worse. So here I am, and here we all are, till the middle of next week, and then we propose to return to Tunbridge, and either here or there, a visit from you will give us the sincerest pleasure. I think your return to Ireland looks like marrying, and if the lady be young and handsome, and rich, what better can you do? The latter she *must* be, or you *must* not think of her, and all the rest I hope she will be. Are you really thinking of such a step?

\* \* \* Lord Shaftesbury\* is reading and admiring your poems at present; he desired me to tell you that he has got an Anacreon for you which he means to give you when he sees you. It was given to him by a Professor in the University at Genoa, who understood English, and admired your translation to the greatest degree; and upon Lord Shaftesbury saying you were an acquaintance of his, he made him a present of this Anacreon, which is printed in capital letters, or something uncommon, which a poor ignorant woman cannot be expected to understand or explain. I forgot to tell you

\* In fact, according to the medal, twenty-eight.

\* Anthony, fifth Earl.

in my last that I saw Cumberland at Tunbridge, and I took an opportunity of mentioning to him how much you were obliged by the manner in which he had spoken of you in his book. So he smiled and panted, put his head on one side, and said how happy he was—that you were quite charming: ‘He has more talents than any of them; I was obliged to admit his faults to obtain credit for what I said of his excellences, otherwise praise would have been injudicious and useless.’ I asked him if Rogers had not told him, as I begged he would, how flattered you felt upon the occasion; and his answer was, ‘He be hanged; he never told me one word about it.’ The Fincastles set off for Scotland yesterday; they are to remain there two years. I am sorry for it, as I really like them both, and him in particular. Rogers is gone to Hampshire for three weeks, and I suppose Spencer is weeping, and wailing, and gnashing his teeth, an operation which he will take care to perform in public that he may be seen of men. What do you call this but ill-nature? And yet I swear to you I hate ill-nature, and I don’t dislike Spencer; he is a good-humoured, heartless fellow, and we shake hands and are jolly whenever we meet. Whenever you see Lady Shaftesbury\* you must love her, for she is all over heart and goodness; and Lady Barbara† is a pretty amiable little girl, and you can’t help loving her. Now, farewell; perhaps this day twelvemonth I may receive the answer to this letter, scolding me, as you always do, when you are conscious of behaving ill to me, for my long silence.

M. G.

Your letter, having gone round by Tunbridge, came too late for us to drink your health on your birthday. I shall drink it twice next year.

You are a shabby fellow for having written three long pages to Mary, without once mentioning the name of unfortunate me. I

\* Daughter and heir of Sir John Webb.

† Afterwards Lady de Mauley.

wish I could flatter myself that this omission was intentional, for then I could forgive it; but as it proceeds from downright forgetfulness, I own my wrath will endure till you have atoned for such an outrage against friendship. With all your sins upon your head, I hope we shall see you at Tunbridge, as it would grieve me sincerely to think that you were to return to Ireland without seeing us, even for one week.

Yours most truly, &c. &c.

B. D.

57.]

*From Miss Godfrey.*

Tunbridge Wells, Aug. 30, 1807.

Well monk, hermit, philosopher, misanthrope (or whatever title please thine ear), what are you about? My pen would naturally fall into its old habits of accusing you of forgetting absent friends, and not caring for anything that was not stuck upon its chair before your eyes, if I had not made an effort over myself, and taken up a new system. I intend from this day forth and for evermore, to form myself upon the model of Charity, which, as St. Paul tells us, “suffereth long, and is kind, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things.” So I suffer your long silence and seeming forgetfulness, and yet am kind; and I believe that you care for us, and I hope that you care for us: but as to enduring, I don’t know what to say: it is an ugly word, and I am sorry I wrote it down. The beautiful Miss Fawkeners came here yesterday and went away to-day. I did not see them; but they told Harry Greville, who asked me if it were true, and I said it was a lie, that you were actually married to an attorney’s daughter with a large fortune. Miss Joddrel and her mother arrived here yesterday. The girl asked a thousand questions about you, and desired many pretty things to be said to you. She is in great beauty just now, and I thought in your little cottage you might be glad to hear that you were regretted by your former belles; and to show you that you are remembered by others also, I have cut out of a newspaper a copy of baddish sort of verses for your edifi-

cation. What are you about now? everybody asks us, and we can tell nobody. I should like to know for my own satisfaction, and I would keep it a most profound secret if you wished it; for when discretion and secrecy are required from me, I am without an equal upon this wide earth. So you live near an obelisk that I used to drive out to with the Crookshanks, when I was last in Ireland: a dreary spot it is, as well as I recollect, without tree or bush to shelter you from sun or wind. I grieve at your banishment from this country, for I think you are thrown away in Ireland; and life is so short, and youth still shorter, that it is melancholy not to be able to enjoy it all, and still more melancholy to be obliged to live at all for the future in such times as these, when the future may come so frightful to us as to give us nothing but regrets for not having enjoyed the past while there was any good to enjoy. And yet you were wise too, and I have your real welfare too much at heart not to be glad for your sake at the sacrifice you have made, but I lament that it was necessary to make it. I hope nothing will prevent your return here this winter. You are so popular that I am afraid your head will be turned at the joy which your arrival in London will create among all your friends and acquaintance. You will find them all pretty much as you left them; hardly any chances or changes having occurred since you turned your back upon this gay world last summer, except that, for the women, *un an de plus, et une grace de moins* are something. You have of course seen and heard the Catalani. What do you think of her? She had outlived her fame in this country. Her voice astonished at first, but when the novelty was over they said she was more surprising than pleasing, and that she sung out of tune. She asked and got more for singing at concerts than anybody ever got before. She never went anywhere without her odious husband at her elbow, who never could bear that she should sing without being paid for it. Mr. Knight gave her some gay dinners as he was one of her greatest admirers. I saw her at the Fincastles and

the Berrys, where she was made much of, and sang, and appeared good-natured. La Canned and she hated each other, and would never sing at the same parties. Have you read Madame de Stael's new novel *Corinne*? Read it if you have not; it will amuse you in your cottage. You will hate the heroine, for you like to chain women down to their own firesides; and provided that they are beautiful and foolish, you ask nothing more. Now I don't quarrel with you about the fireside and the beauty, but I think it a pity you should protect and preach up folly. And note, I don't love *Corinne* myself, but I was interested in the book, for I like a fine, exaggerated, extravagant passion that breaks one's heart, such as one never sees in the natural course of human affairs. But you can't deny, much as you are disposed to dispute all my wise opinions, that, in the natural course of human affairs, things go on dully and stupidly enough, and that to-day is too much the ditto of yesterday. When once I take up the pen to write to you, there is no getting rid of it; it sticks to my fingers and keeps moving on in spite of me; and here I have written you a long letter about nothing, and have never told you of the miserable anxiety of every one about our expedition to Copenhagen, which is however the only subject that any one talks of. What do you say to King Jerome Napoleon marrying our king's great niece, the Princess of Wirtemberg? Her mother was daughter to the Duchess of Brunswick, and sister to the Princess of Wales, so his son will be presumptive heir to the throne of England. I hope it will be a very wet day, and that you may be tired of books and writing when you receive this letter, and that you may be glad of anything to make a little variety in your life; then perhaps you may welcome this with all its dulness. A thousand kind things to you from us all. Never, while you live, forget us. Adieu.

M. G.



58.]

*To Lady Donegal.*

Saturday, April 29, 1808.

Though I don't much care how light and inconsiderate I may seem to the world in general, yet with regard to the opinion of *friends* I am not altogether so indifferent: and therefore, though I allow the good people of Dublin to think (as indeed I have told them) that it was the toss-up of a tenpenny token which decided me against going to London, yet to *you* I must give some better signs and *tokens* of rationality, and account for my change of mind in somewhat a more serious manner. As this task, however, is very little to my taste, seeing that I would rather vindicate any one else than myself, the present *exposé* must serve for "all whom it may concern;" and I therefore enjoin you to make the said document known unto our friend and *cozen*, Miss Mary, not forgetting our trusty and well-beloved Rogers, to the end that we may be no farther troubled therewith. In the first place, then, my motives for going to London may be comprised under the heads of *pleasure* and *ambition*, and the purest part of the former object you must take solely to yourselves, for, (though I confess, the taste of pleasure has not *quite* yet left my lips, the strongest attraction that my Epicureanism would have in London at present is the pleasure of being near you, with you, and about you,—“About you, goddess, and about you.” Well, then, there's the *pleasure* of the thing settled. Now, with respect to the *ambitious* part, I don't know that I can be quite so explicit upon that head, for the objects of all *ambition* are generally as vague as they are distant; and luckily for the humble people of this world, those joys that give most pleasure to the heart are easiest defined and easiest attainable. I thought, however, that by republishing those last poems with my name, together with one or two more of the same nature which I have written, I *might* catch the eye of some of our patriotic politicians, and thus be enabled to serve both *myself* and the *principles* which I cherish; for to serve one at the expense of

the other would be foolish in one way and dishonourable in the other. Though, however rash it would be to sacrifice myself to my cause, I would rather do it a thousand times than sacrifice my cause to myself. How happy when the two objects are reconciled! Well, against these motives of pleasure and ambition, I had a sad array of most cooling considerations; indeed, many of the reasons why Austria should not go to war were the very reasons why *I* should not go to London—an *exhausted treasury*, *dilapidated resources*, the necessity of seeking subsidies from those who would fleece me well for it in turn, the unprepared state of my *capital*, &c. &c. “I have here a home, where I can live at but little expense, and I have a summer's leisure before me to prepare something for the next campaign, which may enable me to look *down upon* my enemies, without *entirely looking up* to my friends; for, let one say what one will, *looking up* too long is tiresome, let the object be ever so grand or lovely, whether the statue of Venus or the cupola of St. Paul's.” Such were my reflections, while I waited for the answer to a letter which I had written to Carpenter, sounding him upon the kind of assistance which he would be willing to give me, and suggesting that, as it was entirely *for his interest* that I should go over (to get the work through the press which I left in his hands), I thought he ought at least to defray my expenses. His answer was so niggardly and so chilling, that it instantly awakened me to the folly of trusting myself again in London without some means of *commanding* a supply, and I resolved to employ this summer in making wings for myself against winter to carry me completely out of the mud. I have not time to add any more to this, which I have written in a great hurry, and have not now time to read over again; but I trust you will be able to make out from it very good and sufficient reasons for the sacrifice which I have doomed myself to make in not going to London this year. With respect to sister Mary's intelligence of my being in love, I shall answer that charge to herself, and shall only say that I wonder *she* is not

sick of imputing to me a sensation of which, I am sorry to say, I have not felt one flutter these three years. Do not forget me; above all things do not forget me.

T. M.

59.] *To Lady Donegal.*

Jan. 3, 1809.

I was quite sorry to hear from Rogers that you have had another attack of those sad fainting fits which used to annoy you so last year, and think you are very right in trying Baillie, instead of your old *state* physician Sir Francis. I shall be more anxious than, I fear, you will give me credit for, till I hear that you are recovered; and if you do not let me know immediately, even by a short bulletin, how you are getting on, I will never play Paddy O'Rafferty for you again. You will perceive by my seal that death has been a visitor in my family; and indeed it is the first time that I have had to lament the loss of any one very dear to me. My poor uncle, who went to Madeira, with but faint hopes of recovery from a decline, died there in four days after his arrival. I am so hourly prepared for these inroads on our social happiness, that the death of even the healthiest friend about me could scarcely, I think, take my heart by surprise; and the effect which such calamities are likely to have upon me will be seen more in the whole tenor of my life afterwards, than in any violent or deep-felt grief of the moment: every succeeding loss will insensibly sink the level of my spirits, and give a darker and darker tinge to all my future hopes and feelings. This perhaps is the natural process which many a heart goes through that has to survive its dearest connections, though I rather think it is not the commonest way of feeling those events, but that, in general, the impression which they make is as *short* as it is keen and violent; and surely it is better to have one moment *darkly blotted*, with the chance of the next moment's washing it all out, than to possess that kind of sensibility which puts one's whole life into mourning. I am not doing much; indeed, the downright necessity which I feel of doing some-

thing is one of the great reasons why I do almost nothing. These things should come of their own accord, and I hate to make a *conscrip*t of my Muse; but I cannot carry on the war without her, so to it she must go. London is out of the question for me, till I have got ammunition in my pocket, and I hope by April to have some combustibles ready. How a poor author is puzzled now-a-days between quantity and quality! The booksellers won't buy him if the former be not great, and the critics won't let him be read if the latter be not good. Now, there are no two perfections more difficult to attain together, for they are generally (as we little men should wish to establish) in inverse proportion to each other. However, I must do my best.

Take care of yourself for *my* sake, best and dearest friend; and with warm remembrances to our well-beloved Mary, believe me, most faithfully yours,

THOMAS MOORE.

Many a year of happiness and good health to you both.

60.] *From Samuel Rogers, Esq.*

Jan. 29, 1809.

No, my dear Moore; I must insist upon firing shot for shot, and if you have not received my fire, it was only because I could not take my aim, for I left Town immediately on the receipt of your kind letter, and unfortunately left it behind, with your address contained in it. I rejoice to hear you have been so well off in the most important of all things — *at least so*, to your happiness and mine; and though Mrs. Seymour has left you, I dare say you have already filled up the vacancy. The last month I have idled away at private houses in the country, — at Woolbeding\*, where all was luxury; and at Glynd, a seat of Lord Hampden's, as old as the world itself, where the long, long galleries and gigantic staircases were as windy as the sea-shore; and where my own bed-chamber, hung with arras, smelt so strongly of time

\* Lord Robert Spencer's.

that I could have sworn that John of Gaunt, or some ancestor of his, lay asleep in his stone coffin under my bed. Brighton, from which I came yesterday, is still very gay, and full of balls. There I left (full of smiles, and talking much of you) Miss Dallas. Do you remember her at R. Thornton's breakfast? I told her you wished to dance with her there, and her eyes brightened into diamonds. There also are the Grattans, the Thompsons, Lady Isabella Fitzgerald\*, as full of romance as any heroine, and a Miss Tudor, an American, who says she knows you, though you must have forgot her, and who is rather admired by the men, though hated by the women, reciting odes of Horace, and in beauty surpassing anything I have heard of among her countrymen—the Iroquois and Illinois, the Cherokees, the Chicasaws, the Chipewaws, the Ottawas, or Catabaws. Our friends in Davies Street I have seen but for ten minutes since my return; but they are well, and look better and gayer than I have ever seen them. They upbraided me very deservedly for my not writing to you. They had a party last night—the Berrys, Mrs. Damer, T. Hope, and other delectables; but I could not go, being knocked up with a cold. Arthur goes to school next week. A month ago Gifford called to communicate *confidentially* his design to publish immediately a Review on the plan of the "Edinburgh," to be called the "London Review."† I must confess I heard of it with pleasure, as I thought it might correct an evil we have long lamented together. He wishes much for contributions, and all contributors (as is the case with the "Edinburgh Review") are to be paid indiscriminately. He is exceedingly anxious that you should assist him as often as you can afford time. You may choose what book to review you like (and you are to receive twenty guineas for every sheet of letter-press), subject, however, to any alterations and corrections whatever of

the Editor, who is to retain an unlimited control, as Jeffrey retains at Edinburgh; a very proper regulation I think. I gave him great hopes of you (as well as some of myself), and he has since sent Hoppner to me once or twice to urge me to write to you on the subject. Some circumstances which I have since learnt must, however, be stated to you. They affect my mind a little, and not a little. It seems the politics of Jeffrey's "Review" have long given great offence to the Government party, particularly at Edinburgh; and Walter Scott, who formerly wrote in it principally in the quizzing department, has on that account (and perhaps for some private reasons) withdrawn his countenance and support. At the desire of some persons in power, particularly Canning and the Lord Advocate, he has written a very long letter on the subject to Gifford (which I have seen), detailing, ably enough, the plan on which the Review should be conducted, and pressing the scheme upon G. as a good desideratum "to counteract the deleterious principles of the 'Edinburgh Review.'" At this I took alarm; but Gifford assures me that though of course the politics will be Ministerial, it will by no means be a principal object; and he desires me to assure you so. However, I confess it shakes me a little, though Hoppner, who is very sanguine about it, does not think it should. I have now, at their ardent desire, made my report to you. When I first hinted your name to G. he jumped at the sound, and I believe has not slept since. His intention is to pay ten guineas a sheet, but the Edinburgh people pay twenty, and he cheerfully agrees to it in your instance. It seems Brougham's Review of Cevallos\* has blown Edinburgh into a blaze, and lists have been taken from house to house to collect the signatures of those who would engage no longer to take it in. All this in *confidence*, of course, as the secret is not my own. I have now fulfilled my promise to torment you on the subject. I meant to write about girls and verses, and it has ended in a long prosing on Scotch

\* Married the Count de Chabot.

† This design was soon afterwards carried out; but instead of the "London," it was called the "Quarterly" Review.

\* In Edinburgh Review, vol. xiii.

Reviewers. Spencer is still, I believe, circumstanced as you left him. The subscription goes on; but I fancy with no great effect. When I saw him at Gillwell two months ago, he mentioned an idea (suggested by the D. of Devonshire) of publishing his poems by subscription. I have not seen him since. As for myself, I am now reprinting mine with a few additions. I had thoughts of adding more; but, alas! I have none to consult with now you are away. You say nothing of your employments. A thousand, thousand thanks for a most elegant set of volumes. I am delighted with your intention to make your *debüt* on the stage,—as an author, I mean. Of your fame as an actor I have had many reverberations. Your sketch of Ireland is most melancholy, and gloomy enough is the scene here just now. Adieu, my dear Moore, and believe me to be,

Ever yours most affectionately,

SAMUEL ROGERS.

61.] *From Miss Godfrey.*

Feb. 15, 1809.

If I were to give way to my feelings, I should scold, fight, and quarrel with you for three long hours to come; but having a wonderful command over myself, and always listening to the voice of reason; and being of a Christian-like, forgiving temper, and possessing ten thousand other virtues which I have not time to mention at present, I shall pass over your sins and offences as lightly as I can, and refer you for all I leave unsaid to your own mind. See that page of it where all your best feelings and recollections are recorded, and tell me if you find nothing there to reproach you. A line or two to an absent friend now and then, one would suppose, was no weighty sacrifice. It is just the affair of five minutes; and if you carry your Epicurean love of repose so far as to think this a great effort, I am sorry for you, poor Tom, and very sorry for myself and all your other friends, for you will forget us all at last, merely because it is too much trouble to remember us. Rogers growls at you also. But I don't fight anybody's battles but my

own. I wish I knew when you really intend to come back, and what you are about, and what has become of your learned and pious women, and whether you have seen my sister Philly, and a great many other wishes also I have, of different sorts and sizes too tedious for insertion. I wonder what you have felt and thought, and feel and think, about the Court of Inquiry, our miseries in Spain, and our fooleries at home. Do you feel any compassion for the Duke of York, as a great many people do? I do; for I dare say the greater part of his accusers are just as guilty themselves. Once upon a time high situation, like charity, covered a multitude of sins: that day is completely gone by, and the higher the criminal at present the greater the punishment. Public disgrace falls so much heavier upon a Royal Highness, than the pillory would upon his *valet-de-chambre*, and its effects are so much more fatal. I believe we are all advancing fast to revolution. Not that it appears to be at all the wish of contented, stupid John Bull; but event after event seems to lead to it, and while he lets every abuse pass silently by, circumstances draw him on in spite of himself, and I am sure we shall all wake some fine morning in the middle of a revolution, without knowing where upon earth it came from. The King is quite miserable at it, and has said that it is the first time the House of Brunswick has degraded itself. \* \* \* \* \*

No one can guess where inquiries and prosecutions will stop; and there is a general apprehension of the result. In the meantime the House of Commons roar with laughing from five o'clock in the evening till two in the morning. Every house that you go into is occupied with the subject. No one talks of anything else. Our brave men fell, and are forgotten by every one but Bonaparte, who is not so ungrateful as to forget all that we have done for the success of his schemes. I really can't help writing you all this, for I hear no other subject talked of. Yesterday the crowd was so great, that it was with difficulty the Members could get up to the House. Lord Strangford got on badly enough at the Brazils. He is very

much disliked by the English; but he has an unbounded influence over the Prince's mind. I'll tell you the rest in my next letter: but the post-bell rings, and so adieu. Bab sends her best love to you.

M. G.

62.] *From Miss Godfrey.*

Davies Street, June 20, 1809.

I cannot bear this profound silence any longer. I believe you could bear it to all eternity—to your everlasting shame be it spoken. In the natural course of human affairs it was Bab who should have written and not me, and she has been always talking of doing so. I have seen the pen in her hand for the purpose, and even the first line composed; but as it has never gone farther my patience could stand it no longer, and I made a vow that I would write to you myself, and put you in mind of your poor dear absent friends, and ask you also about your poor dear self at the same time. And pray, sir (says I, very civilly), how are you, where are you, and what are you about? Are you conversing with the mighty dead, or addressing yourself to future ages? or, albeit, are you ingloriously chatting with your Fannys and Phillises in the corner, and swearing to the dear creatures that you can't live without them? As for me, sweet sir (for of course you return my kind inquiries by still kinder ones about myself), I am, at this present writing, sick to death of London, oppressed by its bustle, stunned by its noise, choked by its dust, and stifled by its smoke. And if you know any worse state of existence than this, take up your pen instantly and describe it to me, that I may have the pleasure of answering you by the return of post, and proving clearly to your satisfaction that you are in the greatest of all possible errors if you can suppose any situation can be more miserable than the one I have just had the honour of describing to your excellency.

Parliament is to be up on Thursday, after having "played such fantastic tricks before high heaven as," I take it for granted,

"made the very angels weep." This very moment it occurs to me that this was the cause of the wet season we have had—it was all angels' tears which we vulgarly called rain.

At present what do you say about revolution? I think we shall escape. We are in the high road to reform. It is the fashion of the times. Every man that wants to make a name finds out an abuse. The Opposition are just as much alarmed at this spirit as the Ministers, and are just as unpopular with the people, at which they are quite indignant. This third party is called the Mountain. The Archduke Charles and Bonaparte keep the world in a state of breathless expectation. Whoever gains, rivers of blood must flow, and anarchy or slavery is the miserable alternative. It makes one sick.

Rogers is very much discomposed at your having anything to do with Carpenter. Still he says you do yourself great injustice in continuing in his hands, and I believe so too, for we suspect him—at least Bab and I do—not to be in circumstances to pay you as other booksellers would. I have not said anything of the disappointment we felt at your not coming to England this year. We did, however, feel it truly and sincerely; but what can one do upon such occasions but submit with a good grace to what one can't help?

Bab's love to you, and mine also.

M. G.

63.] *From Samuel Rogers, Esq.*

London, July 10, 1809.

My dear Moore,

I have nothing indeed to do, but to throw myself upon your generosity, having so shamefully abused it, and to promise amendment, the only reparation in my power; but alas! is it in my power? If I may confess my weakness to you,—a weakness I have never concealed,—I have no hope. I cannot write; and continually do I walk miles to save the necessity of writing a single line. Nor, on reflection, can I say that I remember ever to have given any assurance on the

subject. No; I was too well acquainted with myself to make any. I said to you, "Stay here, and let us converse, face to face." You replied, "No; let us do it with pen, ink, and paper." Now as you will not—perhaps cannot—indulge me in my wish (and sincere it is, as you well know), it seems a little hard that I am to be blamed by everybody for a mental incapacity which I have often acknowledged to my friends with shame and sorrow; and besides, if you were a person of *an amiable absence*, it might be politic in us, if we had the vanity to think it was in our power, to render that absence as pleasant to you as possible. As it is, my dear Moore, we cannot wish to reconcile you to it by any exertion of ours.

Now I have vapoured and bullied,—and to blame others is always wise, when we ourselves are in the wrong. I will tell you how much I miss you in my walks in the Park, and at Vauxhall, and on the Thames; but much as I grieve, I must say that you have determined wisely. Lady Charlemont is again on the wing for Dublin, as beautiful as ever. She talks of your songs with the same enthusiasm she used to do. The other night, at Lady Cork's, I heard Lady Hamilton sing, "Friend of my Soul," and "The Wreath you wove," with great spirit. I could not help thinking, and so, perhaps, did many others, that I had heard them sung differently. Jeffrey has been here, and is gone: he inquired very particularly after you. The "Edinburgh Review" used to sell 10,000 copies; the "Quarterly" sells 2500. Walter Scott has just left us. He dined with Princesses and Ministers of State, and was always engaged a fortnight deep. He made ruin and sunshine in this town at pleasure. Cumberland dined with me yesterday. He is greatly changed, but still lively. He took up a volume of your *Anacreon* that was lying on the table, and spoke of you, as he always does, in the warmest terms. Poor Spencer! He took the field again when Lady Susan returned, but ill health drove him back to Gillwell, and there he now is, with some symptoms of dropsy upon him. When he came to town, he drove to Ward's;

but when he entered the house, he found, as he told me, trunks in the hall, and many alarming signs. Ward, in less than a week, let his house, and fled to Spain. He then drove to L. Dicks', and there he passed the two months he spent among us. D. was very vain of his guest. He never disturbed him, appointed two men to wait upon him; and whenever S. dined at home, Dick gave a *fête*. So Methuen has resolved to print. Woe is me!

Adieu, my dear Moore, and believe me to be,

Yours, ever,  
SAMUEL ROGERS.

64.] *To Lady Donegal.*

July, 1810.

I shall not attempt to defend myself; for it would really require more sophistry and more impudence than (bad as I am) I possess, to think of proving that I am not *quite wrong* in having so long deferred writing to you. But is there not *some* little grace in this avowal? and would it not require the hardest heart in the world to be angry with me after such an humble confession of my errors? I *know* you will forgive me; because, after all, you understand very well yourself the sort of unwillingness one has to take up a stitch that has long dropped in a correspondence; and though I think I am as sure of your heart as of any heart in this world, yet I do firmly believe that "*yours sincerely*" is the only part of a letter that you take any real pleasure in writing to me—isn't it so? As for myself, there are *a few* in the world for whom I would *willingly* shed my last *blood*, and yet I *cannot help* being sparing of my *ink* to them. I know sister Mary thinks this very odd, for she would sooner draw a pen than a sword at any time; but it is my *weakness*, and a very lazy weakness it is, I confess,—one great inconvenience of which is that my letters, when they *do* come, are only apologies for those that did *not* come, and my not having written is almost the only thing I have to write about. Pope says that "Heaven first *sent letters*;" but if it required *answers* to the letters it sent, I am

afraid that Heaven would have found me an unpunctual correspondent.—So much for the main subject of my epistle; and now, having made such a bad hand of what I have not done, I wish I could give you even a tolerable account of what I *have* done; but, I don't know how it is, both my mind and heart appear to have lain for some time completely *fallow*, and even the usual crop of *wild oats* has not been forthcoming. What is the reason of this? I believe there is in every man's life (at least in every man who has lived as if he knew how to live) one blank interval, which takes place at that period when the gay desires of youth are just gone off, and he has not yet made up his mind as to the feelings or pursuits that succeed them—when the last blossom has fallen away, and yet the fruit continues to look harsh and unpromising—a kind of *interregnum* which takes place upon the demise of *love*, before ambition and worldliness have seated themselves on the vacant throne. \* \* \* I am now on a visit with a man who has ten thousand a year, and who keeps the best table within the bills of mortality; but the house, notwithstanding, is most preciously dull; the cook and I are the only *savans* on the establishment, and the *sauce* is the only thing *piquante* I have to deal with in it. I intend, however, if I can, to turn my seclusion to account, and to write something *marketable* for this next year; for money I *must* have, if the Muses were to die for it; and of all the birds of the air, the *goldfinch's* notes for me. By the bye, talking of money, you insult me in a most pointed manner by never once touching upon the subject in any of your letters. You seem to think it quite as ridiculous to mention money-matters to *me*, as it would be to write to Hammersley about the Loves of the Plants; but I'd have you to know—seriously, I take it rather unkind of you that you do not tell me how you are getting on with those sad samples of nobility you have to deal with, for though my hard fate prevents me from being anything but a burthen to you, yet you ought to do me the justice to feel that I am anxious about all that concerns you,

and that to know the *worst* from yourself is better than being made to fear everything bad by others. Mrs. Crookshank, about a month ago, told me some circumstances which gave me much and real pain. Ah! nothing goes *right* in this world, *except* for those with whom everything (*please God*) will go *wrong* in the other. Really, one is obliged to feel either very profanely or very piously, when one sees the kind of persons that are put upon the black list in this life. Do, pray, let me know something about your affairs, and do not for an instant suppose that I am not as warmly and anxiously alive to everything connected with you and your happiness, as I was when near you, and as I ever, while I live, shall continue to be.

I hope you did not dislike my dedicatory letter to you. It was sent to the press before I recollected that I ought to have asked your permission for the step, and it was this afterthought that made me resort to the awkward expedient of putting only the initials of your name. Most people here think it is Lady Downshire, which is very stupid of them, though perhaps *you* will not be sorry for the transfer. As to politics, I begin rather to hope that the kind of change most for *my advantage* (and perhaps most for the advantage of the country) will take place next sessions, and that the Whigs will come in, in spite of my other friends the Reformists, who seem to be dropping off the perch very fast indeed; and certainly never did *dirtyier sticks* ascend in the *bright shape* of rockets than some of these said Reformists have proved themselves to be. Cobbett is contemptible; Wardle is in the mud; and Burdett himself is, I believe, beginning to think that politics, like "poverty, brings a man acquainted with strange bed-fellows." When I mention my hopes from the Whigs, I found them chiefly upon the impression which my last pamphlet has made among them. I have had letters of the most flattering kind possible from Grattan, Lord Lansdowne, Lord Moira, the Duke of Bedford, &c., and the language which they use, particularly Lord Lansdowne and the Duke of Bedford, looks very like a persuasion in their minds that I might be somewhat use-

ful to them. But I was almost forgetting to tell you of the strange honour that came by surprise upon me the other day. I received a letter from Stockholm, through Hammersley's house (where it had been detained *about a year*), informing me that I had been elected a Knight of the illustrious, secular, equestrian, and chaptal Order of St. Joachim \*, on account of my reputation for literature on the Continent. This, you know, is one of the orders made hereditary in the family of Nelson. I thought for a moment that it was a *hoax*, and the name of the saint appeared to me very well chosen, being easily convertible into St. *Joke-him*; but upon applying to Naylor, the Windsor genealogist, and others, to whom this letter from the Vice-Chancellor of the Order referred me, I found it to be all a most illustrious and chaptal matter-of-fact; so I am now Sir Thomas Moore, K. J., elect. I have not yet answered the letter, but it is my intention respectfully to decline the honour, as literary knights (even if the knighthood were acknowledged) are anything but reputable personages in the eyes of John Bull, to whom the respect for authorship that exists on the Continent is as unintelligible as their cookery, and goes against his stomach quite as much.

And now, good bye. Give dear sister Mary my best and warmest regards; tell her I shall write just as long a letter to her very soon, and that *that* letter and another will be about long enough to cover the space between this and our meeting, which I trust will be a happy one; and to which I shall carry just as warm a heart and as constant a spirit (I mean in friendship) as ever.

Yours,  
T. M.

65.] *To Lady Donegal.*

Jan. 3, 1811.

I wonder whether you have as beautiful a day before your eyes this moment as I have. "The green blood dances in the veins" of the young rose trees under my

window, and the little impudent birds are peeping out as boldly as if it were *May-day*. I am afraid, however, it is rather a rash speculation of theirs: like Spanish patriots, they are bursting out too soon, and General *Frost* will some night or other steal a *march* upon them. You may conclude from all this that I write to you from a garden; and so I do, from a garden most romantically situated at the end of Dirty Lane, which leads out of Thomas Street, well known in the annals of insurrection for

"The feast of treason and the flow of punch."

On my right is the "hanging wood" of Kilmainham, and from my left I catch the odorous breezes of a tanyard; so that you must not be surprised if such a sweet and picturesque situation should inspire me with more than usual romanticity. I am certainly, somehow or other, in most sunshiny spirits to-day; and I believe the principal reason of it is, that I have resolved this morning to be in Davies Street in the course of a fortnight. *Don't tell any one*, but I think my having *resolved* it is the *only thing* likely to prevent its taking place. I cannot find in my heart to let you have a revolution, without being up in town to attend it. You know most Irishmen are amateurs in that line, and I have not a doubt but John Bull soon means to give us a specimen of his talents for it. What will your friend the Duke\* turn to? He may become a schoolmaster, like Dionysius, and instruct young gentlemen in the "art of polite letter writing;" and if he will condescend to join the *Quakers*, we shall have another union of the houses of York and Lancaster. I am afraid you will be angry with me for laughing in this manner at such serious events and such illustrious people, but I cannot help it; at least *to-day* I cannot help it; and if I do not send off this letter till to-morrow, you shall have a most loyal and dismal postscript to make up for my profane and "unparliamentary" levity. It is some comfort to you to think that *all* your countrymen are not such refractory re-

\* See Preface to Moore's Collected Works.

\* The Duke of York.



probates as I am, and that there is but little fear of our incurring much suspicion for honesty or independence, while Messrs. B. and C. are alive to vindicate our characters. But why do I talk politics to you (in which we don't agree) when there are so many pleasanter things in which we *do*? One of them, I flatter myself, is the wish to see each other, and in that I seriously think we shall soon be gratified. Now be sure you meet me with all your heart and soul, for my stay will be but short. I stay a good deal at home with my father and mother here, eating boiled veal and Irish stew, and feeling very comfortable; in short, very much the same diet and feelings which I was used to in Davies Street; only that those about me *know* how much I love them, which you and *Mary* sometimes *pretended not* to know.

Rogers has not answered my letter, but I shall fire another at him soon.

This little note is a specimen of the sort which I intend to write to you *often* now; for, indeed, it is a sad thing to be long without knowing how this hard world deals with those who are away from us; and though I would willingly dispense with telling you about myself, yet it is a cheap price after all to pay for the delight of hearing from you.

Tell me something, when you write, about the political *secrets* of London, and particularly say whether you have heard anything about the *Plenipo's* difference with the Prince Regent. Ever yours,

T. M.

Best love to sister. Many happy returns of this year.

I have been waiting in awful suspense for a letter about the tickets, but I fear that Fortune's usual *blindness to merit* will leave us in the lurch as well as many other excellent people. "Call me not fool till Heaven shall send me fortune," is as much as to say that we wise personages need never expect a 20,000*l.* prize in the lottery. But how *very* convenient it would be! How much it would brighten up all my views of politics, law, divinity, &c. For what I cared, they

might send Mr. Percival to be second in command to St. Narcissus, or employ Sheridan's nose in bringing about a *thaw* for the armies in Finland; but there's nae sic luck for us, I fear. You are very right in saying that every pursuit is a lottery, and my ticket-wheel is my *head*, from which I draw ideas sometimes *blank* enough, God knows; but the fact is, I have kept Cupid too long for my drawing-boy, and as he is quite as blind as Fortune, it is no wonder that nothing *capital* has come forth, but I have dismissed him this good while. • • •

66.] *To his Mother.*

Saturday, Feb. 1811.

My dearest Mother,

I forgot whether I told you that my excellent friend Douglas was among the many persons enriched by the old Duke of Queensbury's will.\* He has been left 10,000*l.* I saw him this morning for the first time these six years; I believe, *five* at least: he has never written a line to me during that time, and after an hour's conversation to-day he said, "Now, my dear little fellow, you know I'm grown rich: there is at present seven hundred pounds of mine in Coutts's bank; here is a blank check, which you may fill up while I am away, for as much of that as you may want." I did not of course accept this offer, but you may imagine what my feeling was at this unexampled instance of a man bringing back the warmth of friendship so unchilled, after an absence of five years. I never heard anything like it.

I got dear Ellen's letter, which is beautifully written, and I hope she will often let me have such. Ever your own,

TOM.

67.] *To his Mother.*

Saturday, March, 1811.

My dearest Mother,

I dined with Lord Holland on Wednesday, and yesterday with old Sheridan, who has been putting us off from day to day as if we

\* Charles, Duke of Queensbury, died in December, 1810.

were his creditors. We had yesterday Lord Lauderdale, Lord Erskine, Lord Besborough, Lord Kinnaird, &c. &c. My old friend, Lady A——, still faithful in her faithless way, took me to dinner in her carriage. I have at last got a little bedroom about two miles from town, where I shall fly now and then for a morning's work. It was quite necessary for me, if I did not mean to starve gaily and fashionably in London, though, indeed, the starvation part is not very likely.

68.] *To his Mother.*

Saturday, May, 1811.

My dearest Mother,

I have been these two or three days past receiving most flattering letters from the persons to whom I sent my Melologue. I was, however, much better pleased to get dear Kate's letter with news from home, as the long silence you all kept was beginning to make me a little uneasy.

Jeffrey, my Edinburgh friend, is in town: we have called upon each other, and I am to meet him to-morrow morning at breakfast with Rogers: to-day, I shall touch the two extremes of anarchy and law, for I dine with Sir F. Burdett, and go in the evening to Lord Ellenborough's.

Tell Kate I cannot give any opinion of Miss Owenson's novel; for *one* reason, *i. e.* because I have not read a line of it. Ever yours, my dearest mother,

TOM.

69.] *To his Mother.*

May, 1811.

My dearest Mother,

I have just seen Lady Donegal, as kind and delightful as ever. Her praises of *you*, too, were not the *worst* recommendations she returned with. She came last night. I breakfast with her on Monday, and dine to meet her at Rogers's on Tuesday; and there is a person to be of both parties whom you little dream of, but whom I shall introduce

to your notice next week.\* God bless you, my own darling mother. Ever your own,  
TOM.

70.] *To his Mother.*

Tuesday, May, 1811.

My dearest Mother,

You will be sorry to see this letter unfranked; but Connor has written to me to say, that he did not authorise any one to tell us that the channel of the War Office was again opened: he has added, civilly, that he regrets it very much, &c. &c.: however, do not fear, darling mother; I shall find some ways of letting you have your two letters a week notwithstanding. It was but two days ago I got my dear father's letter about the letting of the house. If I thought, for an instant, that this resolution arose in any degree from any feeling of *hopelessness* or disappointment at my marriage, it would make me truly miserable; but I hope, and, indeed, am confident, dearest mother, that you do me the justice to be *quite* sure that this event has only drawn closer every dear tie by which I was bound to you; and that, while my readiness to do everything towards your comfort remains the same, my power of doing so will be, please God! much increased by the regularity and economy of the life I am entering upon. Indeed, *I may* be a little too alive to apprehension; but it struck me that there was rather a degree of coldness in the manner in which my dearest father's last letter mentioned my marriage; and if you knew how the cordiality and interest of all my friends has been tenfold increased since this event, you would not wonder, my darling mother, at the anxiety which I feel lest those, whom in this world I am chiefly anxious to please, should in the least degree withhold that full tribute to my conduct which my own conscience tells me I deserve, and which the warm sympathy of all my other friends has given such a happy and flattering sanction to; but I know I am (like *yourself*) too tremulously alive upon every subject con-

\* Mr. Moore was married to Miss Dyke, on March 25, 1811, at St. Martin's church, in London.

nected with the affection of those I love, and I am sure my father by no means *meant* to speak coldly.

With respect to letting the house, I do believe (if you really *like* to leave it) that it would be the best thing you could do. I know you want a little society, and in lodgings more convenient to those you are acquainted with you could have it. Besides, I should think my father might get something handsome by letting it, as that neighbourhood has become so much more promising since he took the place. All I want is, that you should not leave it from any fear that I shall be unable to do anything in future towards helping you through any occasional difficulties you may encounter: for, on the contrary (even if the present change in politics does not do all it ought to do for me), I have every prospect of having it more in my power to assist you, in my little way, than ever; and, if my father wants some money now, let him only apprise me, and draw on Power for it without hesitation.

I have not a minute to write more: my next letter shall go through Lord Byron. Ever yours, dearest mother,

TOM.

71.]

To his Mother.

Friday, June 21, 1811.

My dearest Mother,

I ought to have written yesterday, but I was in bed all day after the fête, which I did not leave till past six in the morning. Nothing was ever half so magnificent; it was in *reality* all that they try to imitate in the gorgeous scenery of the theatre; and I really sat for three quarters of an hour in the Prince's room after supper, silently looking at the spectacle, and feeding my eyes with the assemblage of beauty, splendour, and profuse magnificence which it presented. It was quite worthy of a Prince, and I would not have lost it for any consideration. There were many reports previous to it (set about, I suppose, by disappointed *aspirants*), that the company would be mixed, &c. &c.; but it was infinitely less so than could possibly be expected from the strange hangers-on

that all the Royal Brothers have about them, and of course everything high and noble in society was collected there. I saw but two unfortunate ladies in the group (mother and daughter) who seemed to "wonder how the devil they got there," and everybody else agreed with them. While all the rest of the women were outblazing each other in the richness of their dress, this simple couple, with the most philosophic contempt of ornament, walked about in the unambitious costume of the breakfast-table, and I dare say congratulated each other, when they went home, upon the great difference between their becoming simplicity and the gaudy nonsense that surrounded them. It was said that Mr. Waithman, the patriotic linendraper, had got a card; and every odd-looking fellow that appeared, people said immediately, "That's Mr. Waithman." The Prince spoke to me, as he always does, with the cordial familiarity of an old acquaintance.

This is a little *gossiping* for you, dearest mother, and I expect some in return from Kate very soon. God bless you. Ever your own,

TOM.

72.]

To his Mother.

Donington Park, Friday,  
— 1811.

My dearest Mother,

I got Kate's last letter here from town, and am delighted to think that you are all well and happy. Nothing can equal the luxury of this house, especially since *Monsieur's* arrival. I can imagine that it *may* be surpassed, but I am sure it *seldom* is: the Prince of Condé and the Duke of Bourbon have come with him.

How does Herbert's play go on? Tell him I wish to have a particular description of the situation in which he desires to have the *song* introduced, and I shall endeavour to make out something suitable to it.

If I could, I should like very much to return to Ireland with Lord and Lady Granard; but it is not very probable. Send the enclosed letter to Mrs. Mills: it will save her

so much postage, and I ought to have written to her.

Love to Kate, dear father, and yourself.  
TOM MOORE.

73.] *To Lady Donegal.*

Saturday, August 17, 1811.

The season is now, indeed, so far gone, that I should not wonder if I were yet to have you witnesses of my first plunge; and oh! if I could pack a whole audience like you, with such taste for what is good, and such indulgence for what is bad; but I think there is not in the world so stupid or boorish a congregation as the audience of an English playhouse. I have latterly attended a good deal, and I really think that when an author makes them laugh, he ought to feel like Phocion when the Athenians applauded him, and ask what wretched *bêtise* had produced the tribute.

Your sister bids me give an account of my mode of living, and I promise to do so in my next letter, which now that I am released from my joke-manufactory, shall follow up this in closer order than I have hitherto preserved; but, in the meantime, I know I cannot tell you too often, that I am more rationally happy than ever I was; that, to compensate the want of worldly advantages, I have found good sense, simplicity, kind-heartedness, the most unaffected purity, and *rightness of thinking* upon every subject connected with my welfare or comfort.

I have no news for you. Rogers is still at his brother's in Shropshire. I suppose you saw the account in the paper of the apartments at Windsor into which the poor King was turned loose, and suffered to range blindly and frantic about, like Polyphemus in his cave. I never read anything more melancholy; the mockery of *splendour* which, they said, was preserved in these preparations (that he might knock his head royally against velvet and satin), made the misery of his situation so much more glaring and frightful, that I am quite happy to find it was all a fabrication.

I shall write to *dear Mary* next week. I

have *told my Bessy* that you know it, therefore you may write without restraint. Ever most truly yours,

T. M.

I would enclose this through the War Office, but the paper is too *thin* for stranger eyes.

74.] *To Miss Godfrey.*

Dublin, Sept. 11, 1811.

My unfortunate opera \* was at last launched the night before last; and though the actors expected so much from it, I doubt whether it will turn out at all so attractive as they supposed. I have not seen it myself yet; but last night I am told it went off without the slightest opposition, and to-night I dare say I may venture, without danger to my nerves, to go and see it. I knew all along that I was writing down to the mob, but that was what they told me I must do. I however mingled here and there a few touches of less earthy mould, which I thought would in some degree atone for my abasement. I am afraid, however, I have failed in both: what I have written up to myself is, they say, over-refined and unintelligible; what I have written *down to them* is called vulgar. I have therefore made a final resolution never to let another line of mine be spoken upon the stage, as neither my talents nor my nerves are at all suited to it. I must tell you, at the same time, that the piece has (what the actors call) *succeeded*, the second night having been fully attended and unanimous in applause. Most of the paper critics too have been friendly; the "Times" making a most formidable exception. The article in that paper yesterday was really a brain-blow, from the style in which it was written and the candour with which it affected to praise me in other departments of literature: they however made a most ridiculous and unaccountable mistake in accusing me of royalism and courtiership, when the fact is, the piece was dreaded by us all as dangerous from the opposite quality, and I had a long struggle with licenser for

\* M. P. or the Blue Stocking.

the retention of several most ticklish passages about bribery. The worst of it is, that I fear Arnold means to trick me out of all but the first advance that he made me in the spring; this is too bad. However, you shall know more when I have ascertained his intentions.

I shall now take to my poem, and do something, I hope, that will place me above the vulgar herd both of worldlings and of critics; but you shall hear from me again, when I get among the maids of Cashmere, the sparkling springs of Rochabad, and the fragrant banquets of the Peris. How much sweeter employments these than the vile joke-making I have been at these two months past!

Best love to dear Lady Donegal from hers and yours ever,

THOMAS MOORE.

75.]

*From Miss Godfrey.*

Killarney, Sept. 22, 1811.

You are so severe upon your poor opera, that, upon first opening your letter, we gave it up for lost, and thought it must certainly go to the regions below. However, upon going a little further on it was an agreeable surprise to find it had succeeded; and, upon turning to the "Globe," the paper which we get, we had great consolation in seeing that it had been very well received, and was likely to go on with great success. What more would you have? If you had written something that had pleased yourself, and half a dozen people of taste very much, that had been full of sentiment and refinement, and not a vulgar joke in it, it might have been very delightful for the above-mentioned seven people, but the public would not have borne it the second night. You wrote to please the public and not yourself; and if the public are pleased, upon their heads be the sin and shame, if it be unworthy of giving pleasure. An author who hopes for success on the stage must fall in with popular taste, which is now at the last gasp, and past all cure. I dare say, however, that this piece has a great deal more merit than you

allow that it has, and that whenever you could give your taskmasters the slip you have put in something excellent in your own way. At all events, the "Globe" gives us a very good account of it, and I'll stick to that; and I hope we shall see it next November with a great deal of pleasure, and I am sure we shall with a great deal of interest. Pray don't let Mr. Arnold cheat you: it really is too bad that everybody cheats you, and makes money of your talents, and that you sit smiling by, not a farthing the better for them.

It gave us both great satisfaction to hear so pleasant an account of your domestic life, as that which your last letter to Bab contained. Be very sure, my dear Moore, that if you have got an amiable, sensible wife, extremely attached to you, as I am certain you have, it is only in the long run of life that you can know the full value of the treasure you possess. If you did but see, as I see with bitter regret in a very near connection of my own, the miserable effects of marrying a vain fool devoted to fashion, you would bless your stars night and day for your good fortune; and, to say the truth, you were as likely a gentleman to get into a scrape in that way as any I know. You were always the slave of beauty, say what you please to the contrary: it covered a multitude of sins in your eyes, and I never can cease wondering at your good luck after all said and done. Money is all that you want, and it is very provoking to think how much that detestable trash has to do with our happiness here below. What between my sister's lawsuits, and settling my brother's affairs, we are sick of the word money, and I hope I shall live to see the day when it may never be mentioned in my hearing. We reckon upon leaving this place towards the end of October. We stay later than we intended on account of my brother, who has not been well; and we have great pleasure in thinking that we have been of material service to him in every way, and have contributed as much to the restoration of his health as to the tranquillity of his mind. I like this county a thousand times better than any

part of Ireland; and the common people are delightful. They are savages, with the strongest feelings and the most intelligent minds I ever met with; and so alive to kindness, and so unused to it, that they seem to adore any one that treats them with humanity. To be sure they cheat whenever they can, and they have not the smallest value for their own lives or the lives of others; and as they have strong feelings of gratitude they have also strong feelings of resentment, so that murder too often occurs amongst them. But I intend to prove to your satisfaction when we meet, that their vices are the work of the gentlemen of the country, and their virtues all their own; so wait till then, and bless your good fortune in escaping my reasoning for the present. The beauty of all this part of the country is not to be told. The lake does not belong to this world at all, but is certainly some little corner of heaven that broke off, and fell down here by some accident or other: and the musical echoes can only be produced by some of the choirs from heaven, who fell with this little corner, but don't choose to show themselves to mortal eyes. You think, I dare say, in England, that we are all in an uproar about the proclamation, and the Roman Catholic petitions. I really don't believe that there are fifty people in all Ireland that think upon the subject after the meetings are over, and the resolutions sent to the paper. There is not depth or steadiness enough of character in Irishmen to make great patriots of them. They talk much and do little: this, too, to be proved to you when we meet. This is one of the most Roman Catholic counties in Ireland, yet none of the leading ones attended the meeting, for they condemn all violence. I must say we set an example of toleration in this county worthy of a more enlightened people. Bab has got great credit for asking the Roman Catholic and Protestant bishop to the same party at her house. I suppose, because she is a courtier, they expected her to be a bigot. I wish I could say as much for the rest of Ireland upon the same subject as I can for this county, but I can't; and, unless they all turn

Mahometans, I see no chance of their living together like Christians. And so now God bless you. If you intend to write soon, direct here; if not, to 11, Leinster Street, Dublin. Bab sends you a thousand kind things, such as loves, and friendships, and good wishes. And if you like to say anything from us to Mrs. M., we give you a *carte blanche* to say everything you would like for us to say to your wife, and, when the time comes for saying it to herself, we will with pleasure. Adieu, cher Tom,

M. G.

76.]

*To Lady Donegal.*

Monday, Oct. 28, 1811.

My opera has succeeded much better than I expected, and I am glad to find that Braham is going to play it at Bath; but I have been sadly cheated. What a pity that we "swans of Helicon" should be such geese! Rogers is indignant, and so am I; and we ring the changes upon \* \* \* and \* \* \* often enough, God knows, singing of them like Cadet Roussel's children, "*L'un est voleur, l'autre est fripon—ah! ah!*" &c. &c., but it all won't do.

I suppose you have heard that I have had the magnificent offer of Lucien Bonaparte's poem to translate, and that I have declined it. I wrote to ask Lord Moira's advice about the matter, and his answer contained one thing most comfortably important in my opinion, as showing his thoughtfulness about my future interests; he bid me, in case I should find the poem unobjectionable in its political doctrines, to mention the circumstances to M<sup>c</sup>Mahon, and get the Prince's assent to my translating it, adding, that if I could wait till he arrived in town, he would mention it to the Prince himself.

The Prince, it is said, is to have a villa on Primrose Hill, and a fine street, leading direct from it to Carlton House. This is one of the "primrose paths of dalliance" by which Mr. Percival is, I fear, finding his way to the Prince's heart.

I have nothing more to say now, but that I am as tranquil and happy as my heart could wish, and that I most anxiously long

for the opportunity of presenting *somebody* to you. If you do not make haste, I shall have *two* somebodies to present to you. Ever yours,

T. MOORE.

77.] *To Mr. Longman.*

Wednesday,  
Bury Street, St. James's, 1811.

My dear Sir,

I am at last come to a determination to bind myself to your service, if you hold the same favourable dispositions towards me as at our last conversation upon business. Tomorrow I should be very glad to be allowed half an hour's conversation with you, and, as I dare say, I shall be up all night at Carlton House, I do not think I could reach your house before four o'clock.

I told you before that I never could work without a retainer. It will not, however, be of that exorbitant nature which your liberality placed at my disposal the first time I had the honour of applying to you; and I still beg, as before, that our negotiations may be as much as possible between ourselves. Whatever may be the result of them, I shall always acknowledge myself indebted for the attention I have already experienced from you, and beg you to believe me, dear sir, faithfully yours,

THOMAS MOORE.

78.] *To Lady Donegal.*

Saturday, Jan. 4, 1812.

I did not like to write to you during the first moments of your unhappiness, because indeed there is nothing harder than to know what to say to friends who are in sorrow, and the best way is to feel with them and be silent. Even now, I am afraid if I speak honestly, I shall confess that a selfish feeling is predominant with me, and that I am much more grieved by your absence, which is *my* distress, than the cause of it, which is *yours*. This after all, however, is very natural, and I am sure you will give me more credit for sincerity in *missing* you whom I know and love, than in mourning over your

brother whom I scarcely was lucky enough to be even acquainted with. Most happy shall I be to see you back once more from a country which could have but little charms for you at any time, but which the sadness and perplexity you have met there now must render particularly gloomy and disagreeable. I shall be the more happy at your taking your leave of it for ever, as I have every hope and thought of being able to live in England myself; and the more I narrow my circle of life, the more seriously I should want such friends as you in it. The smaller the ring, the sooner a gem is missed out of it: so that I own I shall not be *quite* easy till you are once more upon English ground.

I have been living very quiet and very happy, with the exception of those little apprehensions which I must naturally feel at the approaching trial of poor Bessy's strength. She is very delicate indeed, but her spirits and resolution are much better than they were at first.

I was going to talk to you about being god-mother, but as you will not be here at the time, we shall wait till the *next*, though I sincerely hope they will come "like angel visits, *few and far between*."

Rogers has been at Lord Robert Spencer's this fortnight past, but I have this instant got a note from him asking me to a tête-à-tête dinner.

On Sunday last I dined at Holland House. Lord Moira took me there and brought me back. There is no guessing what the Prince means to do: one can as little anticipate his measures as those of Bonaparte, but for a *very different reason*. I am sure the powder in his Royal Highness's hair is much more settled than anything in his head, or indeed heart, and would stand a puff of Mr. Percival's much more stoutly. At the same time I must say, that there are not the same signs of his jilting Lord Moira, as there are of his deserting the rest of the party. Lord M. is continually at Carlton House, and there was a reserve among the other statesmen at Holland House on Sunday in talking before him, as if they considered him more in the *penetrabilia* of the sanctuary than themselves:

it was only in groups after dinner that they let out their suspicions upon the subject. Lord Moira has not, for a long time, been so attentive to me as since his last return to London.

I never am let to write half so much as I wish; but now that I have broken the chilling ice which the last sad misfortune cast between our communications, you shall hear from me constantly. Ever your attached friend,

THOMAS MOORE.

79.] *To his Mother.\**

Saturday, — 1812.

My dearest Mother,

I never had such a *flattering*, but embarrassing scene as yesterday. I dined at Lord Holland's, and there were the Duke of Bedford, Lord Grey, Lord Morpeth, &c. Their whole talk was about my poem, without having the least idea that I had written it: their praises, their curiosity about the author, their guesses, &c., would have been exceedingly amusing to me, if there had been *no one* by in the secret; but Lord Holland knew it, which made me a good deal puzzled how to act. Nothing for a long time has made such a noise. The copy I had for you has been forcibly taken away from me by Lord Holland this morning; but I dare say it will be in the papers to-day or to-morrow, and at all events I will not close this letter till I try whether I can get Rogers's copy, or Lord Byron's, for you.

Rogers has this instant sent me a present of a most beautiful reading-desk, which puts the rest of my room's furniture to the blush. God bless my darling mother. Ever your own,

TOM.

I am going to dine with Croker on Monday.

80.] *To Lady Donegal.*

Saturday, 1812.

I take advantage of a frank, and have but one moment to say that I am a papa! and,

\* On the appearance of his Parody of the Prince's Letter.

contrary to my express intentions, it is a little girl.\* It is well for you that I have not time now to tell all I feel about your neglect of my last letter. *You* I forgive a little, because you don't like writing; but it is so unlike dear Mary, that I am afraid I am beginning to be forgotten. The Berrys and C. Moore hear continually, and Rogers, indeed, very often taunts me with the preference shown to them; but I tell him I have no doubt they deserve it, however I may lament that I have *lost* such *valued ground*. *Will* you be god-mother to my little girl? I would not add to your responsibilities in the child line, if the god-father, who is rich and generous, did not *ask* to stand for the very purpose of taking care of the little one, if anything should happen to us. Therefore it is the high, precious, *heart-felt sanction* (the *honour* I would say, if it were not too cold a word), the *sanctification* which your name would give to my present happy tie. This is what I want, and what I am sure you will grant me.

I hardly know what I write, but I shall be more collected next time. We are all doing well. Ever your attached friend,

THOMAS MOORE.

81.] *To Lady Donegal.*

— 1812

I wrote to you last week; at least I sent a letter directed to you, which, I dare say, like the poor poet's "Ode to Posterity," will never be delivered according to its address. Instead of directing to Leinster Street, as you bid me, I have despatched it to *Killarney*, with the same idea of shortness that the Irishman had when he said, "my name is Tim, but they call me O'Brallaghan *for shortness*." I dare say it will be some weeks before it reaches you, which, however, I hope it *will* do at last, as there were some little family details in it not quite fit for the eyes of the uninitiated: for instance, there is an account of a *birth*, and rumours of a *christening*, and a modest request that you would take the

\* Mr. Moore's eldest daughter, Anne Jane Barbara, was born on the 4th February, 1812.



poet's first production under your patronage ; seriously, I have been unreasonable enough to ask that you would allow me to give your name to my little daughter ; and I have at the same time told you, that I would not have added to your responsibilities in this way, only that the god-father, who is rich enough to buy all Parnassus, has taken the worldly riak entirely upon himself, and left only the spiritual and godly responsibilities to your ladyship, who will, I am sure, be as *willing* as you are *able* to undertake it.

I also threatened you with a little overflowing of my heart on the subject of your silence to me ; but this I feel too deeply to venture upon in a letter. Charles Moore tells me that you are certainly coming in April, and Charles Moore has been indebted to my anxiety to know something about you, for two or three visits, which otherwise I might not perhaps have paid him ; for, after all, though I can bear *participation* in what I value, I am very impatient of *monopoly*, and nothing but my real wish to know that you are well and happy could make me submit to inquire news of you from a person who so *totally* engrosses your attention. You never before left a letter of mine so long unanswered as the one I last sent to Leinster Street.

One thing is pretty certain, that you will soon be rid of me. In Lord Moira's exclusion from all chances of power, I see an end to the long hope of my life ; and my intention is to go far away into the country, there to devote the remainder of my life to the dear circle I am forming around me, to the quiet pursuit of literature, and, I hope, of goodness. It will make me very unhappy to be forgotten by you, but not half so much so as I should be if I thought I *deserved* it. I have not time for more. Ever your sincere friend,

THOS. MOORE.

I have not time to look over this, but I fear there is a little *spleen* in it ; and the truth is, that the political events of these few days, so suddenly breaking up all the prospects of my life, have sunk my spirits a little ; so forgive me if I am either unjust or ill-natured.

82.]

To Miss Godfrey.

Friday, March 6, 1812.

Your letters have made ample amends for your silence, and I am always ready to believe, at a minute's notice, the kindest assurances of recollection which you can make me ; indeed, I cannot hear them renewed too often, and I should not wonder if there were at the bottom of all my *complaining*s a little lurking wish to draw these kind professions from you rather than any serious supposition that I am *really* either forgotten or supplanted. No, I believe I have a ninety-nine years lease of your hearts, which is *pretty nearly* as long a term as I shall want them for ; and you may set up the sign of the *Angel* over them afterwards. I suppose I can tell you nothing in politics that you have not heard already ; but I dare say I should give a very different colouring to my intelligence. Your correspondent is one of the *livery-servants* in politics, and his sentiments of course take the colour of his *facings* ; but I, thank Heaven ! (and it consoles me for my poverty) am free to call a rascal a rascal wherever I find him, and never was I better disposed to make use of my privilege. You seem to think, both Lady Donegal and you, that the late events are likely to depress my spirits ; and I am not sorry that you *did* think so, because the affectionate things it has made you say to me are too sweet to be lost ; but I rather believe, if you were here to see with what a careless spirit I bear it all, you would be of opinion that consolations and condolences are thrown away upon me. The truth is, I feel as if a load were taken off me by this final termination to all the hope and suspense which the prospect of Lord Moira's advancement has kept me in for so many years. It has been a sort of *Will-o'-the-Wisp* to me all my life, and the only thing I regret is that it was not extinguished earlier, for it has led me a sad dance. My intention now is, as I have told you already, to live in the country upon the earnings of my brains, and to be as happy as love, literature, and liberty can make me. I think of going somewhere

near Lord Moira's for the sake of the library ; and though I shall have but few to talk to me, I will try to make many talk *of* me. This now shall be my only ambition, and I mean to lay the whole *lever* of my mind to it. Lord Moira has behaved with all that delicate high-mindedness, which those who know him well expected from him. When he told the P. that in a very short time he should make his bow and quit the country, this precious gentleman began to blubber (as he did once when he was told that Brummel did not like the cut of his coat), and said, "You'll desert me then, Moira?" "No, sir," says he ; "when the friends and counsels you have chosen shall have brought your throne to totter beneath you, you will then see me by your side to sink, if it should so please God, under its ruins with you!" He is certainly going to Vienna.

(To Lady D.)

Your answer about my little girl was so long coming, and mamma was so impatient to have her made a Christian (seeing, as she said, that "children always *thrive better* after it"), that I was obliged to take my chance for your consent ; but not wishing to presume too much, we have not placed you in the *van* of responsibility, but merely made you bring up the rear in the following long army of names, "Anne Jane Barbara Moore."

We are all well, at least *pretty* well, for poor Bessy is sadly altered in looks ; indeed, so totally, that, though she says nothing ails her, I cannot think how health can be compatible with such pale emaciation, and am therefore not a little anxious about her. I hope you will come before we leave London. Ever most sincerely yours,

THOMAS MOORE.

88.]

To his Mother.

Friday night, — 1812.

My dearest Mother,  
After long wishing and waiting, I got a letter from my dear father to-day, and I

quite jumped at it with impatience, after the long silence you have all kept. I hope *now*, however, since I have told you of the convenience of inclosing to Lord Byron, that you will let me hear a *little* oftener about you ; for, indeed, all this time that Kate has been with you, you have been three writers in family, and I am but one ; besides, I write for the public, and Kate and Nell have little other authorship than gossiping now and then to me, which I hope they will afford me oftener.

I think of taking a little tour the beginning of next week, to look for some rural retreat somewhere, as I am quite weary of London, and I find my friend Dalby is confined with an illness which may prevent him for some time investigating the neighbourhood of Donington for me.

I wish, whenever you have a good opportunity, dear mother, you would send me the remainder of my books, as I am collecting a library, and am resolved to get all together that I can. Tell Kate she must leave her Boileau to me in her will. I owe her many books still, and, as soon as I can get an opportunity, I will send her Lord Byron's book (which is *everything* now), and one or two more new publications.

My Lord Byron liked so well the way I conducted my *own* affair with him, that he chose me as his friend the other day in a similar business, and I had the happiness of bringing him through it without going to extremities. When I say that "he liked so well," &c., I don't mean that he gave that as a reason for employing me, but I think it was a tribute that amounted to pretty much the same thing, and I was flattered by it accordingly.

I am quite sorry, my darling mother, to find that you have had your winter cold ; but the sweet season that we feel now will, I trust, quite restore you.

I shall take care and not write anything in the papers. Poor Hunt is *up* for his last article but one against the Prince. God bless you, darling mother. Ever your own,  
TOM.

84.] *To his Mother.*

— 1812.

My dearest Mother,

I have not had an answer from Dalby yet, but am in the same mind about retiring *somewhere*, and I should prefer Donington both from the society and the library. Lord Moira told me himself that he meant to withdraw entirely from politics, so that I look upon all hope from him in this way as completely extinguished, and must only look to myself for my future happiness and independence; indeed, I rather think, from the appearance of the times, that the best of the great ones hold their places and possessions by a very precarious tenure, and he that has nothing to *fall from* is the only one that has nothing to fear. I don't know whether I told you before, (and if I did not, it was my uncertainty about it for some time which prevented me,) that the Powers give me between them *five hundred* a year for my music; the agreement is for seven years, and as much longer as I choose to say. This you will own (however precarious, as depending on their success in business) is very comfortable as long as it lasts, and shows what may be done with my talents, if exerted. You will not mention this much. As soon as I have leisure to finish a long poem I have in hand, I shall get a good sum for it, which will, I hope, enable me not only to pay my debts, but to assist my dearest father with something towards *his* establishment. So you see, darling mother, my prospect is by no means an unpromising one, and the only sacrifice I must make is the giving up London society, which involves me in great expenses, and leaves me no time for the industry that alone would enable me to support them: this I shall do without the least regret.

My friend Lord Byron's poem is doing wonders, and there is nothing talked of but him everywhere; he certainly is \* \* \*  
[*The rest of the letter has been lost.*]

85.] *From Mr. Dalby.*

Castle Donington, March 31, 1812.

My dear Moore,

Your determination to quit the great city, and take up your residence among humble villagers, equally delights and surprises me. From the hint you gave me in your first letter, that you intended to explain your plan to Lord Moira, I formed a hope that you would be *made* to abide in the very centre of attraction, the house at the Park, with your books all around you. This, however, was not by any means the cause of my delaying to give you an answer in due time. One of the worst colds I ever had, in combination with a long series of the worst weather I ever remember, absolutely prevented me from making that industrious search after a house for you in this neighbourhood, which I no less wished, than you seemed to require me to make. I could, indeed, at once have said that there is no house in Donington to be had for you, that is, which would suit you; but this "not satisfactory" answer was what I could not, in obedience to my own feelings, think of sending you. As soon as my present unwelcome visitor, that has detained me in the house for the last fortnight, has taken its leave, I intend to form a complete circle with a radius—(when a poet talks of "ratio," surely one that fancies himself something of a mathematician may indulge himself with his "circle and radius")—of three miles round the library at the Park, and industriously examine every point of the whole superficial contents to find out a house, neither too large nor too small, with a garden to it, that will do for the residence of a poet. By the bye, you don't say whether it must be a flower-garden or a potato-garden; and, between the poet and the Irishman, I am at a loss to determine which. This you must determine for yourself; and therefore you may, in good earnest you may, depend upon it, that the moment I have found a house which appears to me in any manner suitable for you, I shall give you information.

I have had two or three letters from Lord

Moira since the restrictions expired, but he does not say one word of his disappointments. I am, dear Moore, most sincerely yours,

JNO. DALBY.

Lord Byron writes a worse hand than I ever saw before. It is almost impossible to believe that English Bards and Scotch Reviewers was originally written in so vile a hand.

86.] *From Lady Donegal and Miss Godfrey.*

May, 1812.

The sight of your handwriting does one good; and the general joy which even a line from you diffuses throughout the house, would, I think, give you pleasure if you could witness it. But as you cannot, you must take my word for it. We are happy to find that your journey was performed without accident, and that Bessy is so much pleased with her new habitation, though I dare say that its greatest charm is its distance from London, and seclusion from the "haunts of man." I hope that your friends will not officiously break in upon you; but I hear that Lord Byron meditates a visit to Kegworth, as Rogers has told you in the enclosed note. He (Rogers) talks of you both in the most amiable manner, and Lord Moira and Lady Loudoun \* \* \* As usual, here am I, the poor *pis aller*, to tell you the rest, for she was obliged to go off in the midst of what she was saying, and I must supply her place as well as I can; and so, as she was saying, everybody that you care about speaks and thinks and feels about you precisely in the very way you would like. And for that most ungrateful of Bessys, she has made the most favourable impression upon all those hearts she was in such a hurry to run away from. I hope you are all unpacked and settled comfortably by this time; and that you both find everything exactly as you like it should be in this best of all possible worlds. You have a happy talent of persuading yourself that you *intend* to write the longest letters containing the fullest details of every interesting particular about yourself to your intimate friends in the course of

*next week.* But for my part, I have long heard talk of those long letters and that next week; as to seeing them, I have never yet had that pleasure. However, to be just to you, you are not near so bad as you were before you married, and I live in hopes of Bessy's making you wiser and better every day. I dare say you are almost mad with delight and fit to be tied, at the thoughts of Mr. Wortley's success. The poor departed Ministers were thunderstruck, for he was their supporter through many a year of hard labour to keep their places. Lord Wellesley, they say, will move heaven and earth to make up a Ministry with Lord Holland, Lord Moira, Lord Lansdowne, and Canning. His first measure, to give the Catholics all they ask; his second, to send every soldier he can lay his hands on to Spain, and to make a sublime effort there; and his third, to tax us within an inch of our lives. If we live to tell the story, we shall tell it grandly, and you had better get ready your epic poem for the occasion. If we die, we shall die like demi-gods, but what'll become of your poem?

Yesterday, at the levee, Lord Cholmondeley and Lord Hertford were leaning on a writing-table which broke, and down they came: that good honest man, that nobody cares for because he is honest, Lord Sidmouth, caught at the table to prevent the fall, and got his hands all over ink. "Well," he said, "I did hope to have gone out of office with clean hands." In the Prince's interview with Lord Wellesley and Canning, when he was trying to persuade them to join with the relics of Percival, he tried all ways to soften them, and finding them inflexible upon the Catholic question, he rubbed his hands and said, "I must try then to get Liverpool and Eldon to give up this point." Bab thinks you may enclose once more to Lord Glenbervie when you have a large packet, but he is tottering with the rest, and I suppose only holds his place till arrangements are made. She has got two packets from Power for you; they came yesterday; but she has not yet been able to get a large frank for them, but will for Monday's post.

I am in a violent hurry, so make the best of my blots and scratches, and give our love, downright, honest love, to Bessy; and we send the ditto to yourself, wishing you places and pensions in this new order of things.

Yours ever,

M. G.

Bab will really write soon.

87.] *To Miss Godfrey.*

Kegworth,  
Wednesday, — 1812.

This is *not* "the long letter next week," so don't mistake it for it. Campbell, you know, says that "coming events cast their shadow before;" so this is only the *shadow* of the coming letter, which you shall have, please pen and ink, before next Tuesday. The first glass of wine of *my own* that I've drunk since I came here was the day before yesterday to the late Ministry, and (as we say in Ireland) "sweet bad luck to them." I feel more indifferent about chances and changes than ever I did in my life, which makes it more likely, perhaps, that I shall get something good out of them, for Fortune is one of those ladies who are piqued by indifference, and generally makes her advances to those who could contrive to do very well without her.

I took Bessy yesterday to Lord Moira's, and she was not half so much struck with its grandeur as I expected. She said, in coming out, "I like Mr. Rogers's house ten times better;" but she loves everything by association, and she was very happy in Rogers's house. By the same rule, I think 56, Davies Street would excel, in her eyes, very mansion in the Lady's Almanack.

Good bye. I was very near forgetting though, that you have kept me in sad suspense about a packet (one of those that were sent to you) which comes from Bermuda, and which, I shrewdly suspect, contains *money*: if you had had a suspicion of this, I know you would have contrived, somehow or other, to put wings to it for me; but I dare say you sent it flying yesterday. Good bye again.

Ever yours,

THOMAS MOORE.

I am sorry the old *Woodman*\* is going out; but we shall get somebody else perhaps.

Since I wrote the above, I have received the packet from you, and it *is money* indeed! Bessy imputes this luck entirely to a little robin redbreast that has haunted us these two days.

88.] *To Mr. Power.*

Thursday, June, 1812.

I send you the Tyrolese air, which I have just written words to, and I think it goes beautifully. Pray let me know whether anything more is done with Stevenson; if not, I shall send you up a letter, which you must forward to him with my songs to be arranged. The second verse of "Cease, oh! cease," is to be thus:

"Say, oh! say no more that lover's pains are  
sweet,

I never, never can believe the fond deceit.

*Thou lov'st the wounded heart,*

*I love to wander free;*

So, keep thou Cupid's dart,

And leave his wings to me."

This will sparkle better in the page. Ever  
yours,

T. M.

89.] *To Lady Donegal.*

Kegworth, June, 1812.

This is merely an experiment to try how I can get at you through the Woods and Forests †, and as soon as I have cleared the vista, we shall have many a peep at each other. We arrived here safe and tired, though, I must say, I never made a journey with less fatigue, for we had the inside of the stage to ourselves, and it was like travelling in the family coach. Bessy is quite pleased with our new house, and runs wild about the large garden, which is certainly a delightful emancipation for her after our very limited domain at Brompton. But we are still in all the horrors of settling, and if

\* Lord Glenbervie.

† Through a kind friend of mine, Lord Glenbervie, we long continued to enjoy this privilege.

a life could be found worse than that of "buttoning and unbuttoning," it would be packing and unpacking. We talk often over your kindness to us the morning we came away, and I think often of your kindness to me every morning I have ever seen you. God bless you for it all; and, as I intend now to go to church every Sunday, you shall have many a prayer offered up for you; none of your worn-out devotions, that have been hacked till they are good for nothing, but bran-new prayers, that (at least in church) are very little the worse for the wear. Love to dear Mary and your sister, from theirs and yours ever,

T. M.

90.] *From Miss Godfrey.*

June, 1812.

I had much rather be hang'd than write to you, for you treat my letters with the utmost contempt, and always answer them to Bab, which is as much as to say, "I implore you not to write to me any more." But yet, being as good-natured a fool as you ever had the pleasure of knowing, I will give you a few lines, because Rogers says you want to know the whys and the wherefores, and the on dits of all these late political follies. It will puzzle me to tell you *why* Lord M., from a high-flown sense of honour, quite above the common flight of common understandings, has thought it right, and loyal, and patriotic to keep in a set of Ministers, whom he has hitherto appeared to think knaves and fools, and to be the champion of Lord Yarmouth, &c., for whom he feels a thorough contempt. And when he thought the salvation of the country depended upon the Catholic Emancipation, and the repeal of the Orders of Council, in short, upon a total change of men and measures, *why* he sacrificed his poor dear country and only thought of saving Lord Hertford's and Lord Yarmouth's places, and all in the name of *honour*, is what I never can tell you; at least, I can only tell you that his friends say it was all *honour*; that Lord Yarmouth had behaved particularly ill to him, and that he felt it was a *point of*

*honour* not to allow the Prince to dismiss him, lest it might be supposed he was actuated by personal pique; that it would be acknowledging that he believed in the influence of the house of Hertford over the Prince if he recommended their dismissal; that Lord Grey and Lord Grenville insisted upon it in so high a tone, that yielding to them was lowering the Prince; so that, over and above his own tremendous honour, he took the Prince's also under his protection—*c'étoit bien peu de chose*. There he made his stand. And I am firmly persuaded that he acted a most disinterested part, and that he has been the dupe of his own honourable feelings, and the Prince's tears. To these he must believe he has sacrificed his country, for he has long said these Ministers and their measures were ruining it. He may set up for a pattern of an honourable man and devoted friend, but as to a patriot or statesman, I suppose he cannot. Do you think he can? The Opposition are also condemned for not coming in without saying a word of the household; and, after arranging the Ministry, they might have dismissed the household with impunity, for the Prince would then have been afraid to object. Lord Ellenborough says, they have lost the game with four by honours and the odd trick in their hand. Mr. Sheridan is accused of having acted so unaccountable a part, that he thinks it right to come forward with explanations in the House of Commons. Lord Yarmouth says he told him he intended to resign the moment the Opposition came in, on purpose that he might inform them of it. Sheridan says he heard him make such a declaration, but it appeared to him to arise from the pettish feeling of the moment, and that he was not authorised to repeat it. Lord Yarmouth says he was. So the story is to be told in the House of Commons. In the meantime I am now persuaded that the Ministers we have are as good as any others. They manage their own affairs so well, that I live in hopes of their outwitting Bonaparte as they have outwitted the Opposition. And as to patriots, I don't believe in the existence of any such creatures. Don't write

any more good things. Lord Moira says the P. must no longer be trampled on,—that he must be kept up to the people. There are some ill-natured remarks now and then upon potato-heads, and sneers at the word honour, which grieve me, for I think highly of the man—but, alas for the statesman!! I might just as well have spared you all this, for you may read it in the papers. Rogers put it into my head to write, though I have but little to say. Our kindest remembrances to Bessy. Yours sincerely,

M. G.

There was a fine scene about the ribbon that the P. took off his own shoulders to put on Lord Moira's at the installation. Tears ensued.

91.] *To Miss Godfrey.*

Monday, June 22, 1812.

You must take every line I write to you now as pure matter of friendship, without one grain of self-interestedness in it, for my Lord Glenbervie has given me free leave to make use of him *on my own account*, and so I am now independent of you, and might crack my fingers at you, if it were not for a little sneaking kindness that makes me think of you even when you are *not* doing me services; a sort of repose, in which you so seldom indulge yourself, that I ought to avail myself of every such short opportunity as you allow me for the display of my disinterestedness.

I thank you very much for the pamphlet, and if you think the Quarterly Review will come within the limits of Lord G.'s privilege and good-nature, Power shall now and then trouble you with one for me. I would not ask you to send me the Edinburgh, because that is growing too heavy to be franked.

They are preparing at Donington for Lord Moira, but I should suppose he is tied too fast by the ribbon to come away; and, in the meantime, I meet very good company at the Park, both ancients and moderns, Greeks and Persians; and the best of it is, I have the privilege of bringing home as many of them as I please to a visit with *me*.

I have heard nothing whatever of Lord Byron, and I dare say he will return to London without my seeing him. Lord Tamworth called upon me yesterday, but I was at church!

From what I see of this place, I have the pleasure to tell you that I think we shall be able to live very cheaply in it. There is no fear of my getting too fat with eating; the market is as bad nearly as that of Bermuda, where they ring a bell to announce the *event* of their going to kill a *creatur*.

Bessy is plagued with headaches. You never say anything about your health, but I think often of those vile attacks you have, and wish you would tell me whether they are less frequent. Ever yours,

THOMAS MOORE.

92.] *From Lord Glenbervie.*

London, June 25, 1812.

Dear Sir,

I can assure you it will give me very sincere pleasure to be in any respect instrumental in enabling you to continue, with your accustomed periodical regularity, the exercise of that tender office in which your filial affection has been so long engaged. I request that you will not deprive your mother of the comfort of hearing from you as often as formerly from any scruple in making me the channel of your correspondence. I lost, too early in life, the blessing you have still the happiness to possess, to have personally experienced the gratification you seem so worthy of enjoying. I have, however, ample domestic observation to confirm what our earliest feelings teach us, that there is no sentiment so tender, so permanent, and so pure as the reciprocal sympathy of filial and maternal love. Believe me, dear sir; most sincerely yours,

GLENBERVIE.

93.] *From Miss Godfrey.*

— 1812.

I have not much to say to you, but as I have said nothing to you since I received your last note, which was a very amiable production, I feel disposed to give you a few

lines, to-day as I can get a frank. Your retirement will soon be broke in upon, I suppose, by your great neighbours, who are either gone, or just going, to Donington. You will also soon see Rogers, who will tell you all about this gay world that you have so wisely quitted. You will still like, I hope, to hear something of us poor fools who yet remain in it. I wish you had pitched your tent within reach of Tunbridge, that you and *Bessy* might make us a visit there. We mean to go there about the middle of August. I dare say you feel much more indifferent about politics, and all the ambitious pursuits of men, now that you have got out of their way, than you did when you were in the midst of the bustle; and if Heaven has blessed you with a fine large tree and a seat under it, you sit there rejoicing on a fine evening with your wife at your side, your child at your feet, and a book in your hand, and wondering at poor foolish man that can wish for more; and many is the word of contempt you bestow upon your poor fellow-creatures who keep toiling on their weary way. I am sure these are the moments in which men think themselves wisdom itself; and I believe they are right, but why abuse the rest of mankind? Dear Tom, look upon us all with kindness from under the shade of your oak tree. May one venture to hint to you, how the rest of the world employ themselves? I'll try, and you can but go to sleep, or burn my letter. There are people whose spirits are greatly revived by this war in the north, and who foresee all sorts of happy results. One cause of hope is the part *Bernadotte* takes. They say he has formed a very fine Swedish army, and that he directs the Russian campaign. It is the first time that *Bonaparte* has had one of his own generals opposed to him, which at least makes a change in the state of things. In Spain, Lord Wellington has got a *carte blanche*, and he is for the future to pursue his own plans, unchecked by Ministers at home. He complains that the English papers give too much information to the enemy, who have no other intelligence from Spain but what they get through this

channel. I saw a French gentleman yesterday, who is lately arrived in this country, and I am told one may believe everything he says. He gave a very entertaining account of *Bonaparte's* impatience to have the English papers translated to him. While his secretary is translating them, he stands looking over his shoulders, reading every word as fast as he writes; not a word must be omitted upon any account, not even the paragraphs against himself. This gentleman, and a Russian, who has arrived within the last week, say nothing can equal the enthusiastic admiration that is felt for Lord Wellington all over the Continent, and that they can take back no present to their friends which would be half so much liked as a print of him. I wonder if Lord *Moira* will talk to you about his unfortunate negotiation, and I should like to know if he has yet any suspicion how much he was the Prince's dupe. If one may judge from the outside of things, he appears to have been treated with the most mortifying neglect also. The Thursday after his negotiation with the Opposition ended, when he had accepted the Garter, and the present Ministers secured their places, there was a drawing-room at which the whole house of *Moira* was; the Prince went about inviting company to *Carlton House* that evening, but never asked any one of that family; which, considering all the tears he shed at the reconciliation, might have been expected as a thing of course. On the Friday, Lord *M.* went to the levee, and was installed. The next day the Prince had a great dinner of what he called friends, to which Lord *M.* was *not* invited. And three times that day, both before and after dinner, he declared that if Lord *Grenville* had been forced upon him he should have *abdicated*. This was his expression. A friend of ours was there, and asked if this declaration was to be kept a secret, and one of the Princes who was present told him not, that the Regent wished to have it known. This is an absolute fact, and shows what a dupe poor Lord *M.* was. The Prince also, as we heard the other day, now declares that he never did hold out any hope to the Irish



Catholics; and he says he has written to Lord Kenmare to tell him so, and to beg he will contradict the report of such a declaration in their favour ever having been made to him. And he desires to have his letter and Lord Kenmare's answer published in the Dublin Evening Post. I think it is hardly possible that this can be true, but yet we were assured that it came from himself. This is all that I have to tell you at present, but I dare say Rogers will have a thousand amusing anecdotes for you.

My sisters both desire their kindest remembrances to you and Bessy, and so do I. Ever sincerely yours,

M. G.

94.] *To his Mother.*

Donington Park,  
Thursday night, 1812.

My dearest Mother,

To-day I drove Bessy over to our own house to see dear little Barbara, whom we found quite well and in high spirits. I think it would have pleased you to see *my wife* in one of Lord Moira's carriages, with his servant riding after her, and Lady Loudoun's crimson travelling cloak round her to keep her comfortable. It is a glorious triumph of good conduct on both sides, and makes my heart happier and prouder than all the best worldly connections could possibly have done. The dear girl and I sometimes look at each other with astonishment in our splendid room here, and she says she is quite sure it must be all a dream. Indeed, Lady Loudoun's attentions are most kind and delicate. We think of going on with Rogers the day after to-morrow to see Matlock, which is a most beautiful place, within four-and-twenty miles of this.

God bless you, my darling mother. Ever your own,

TOM.

95.] *To Lady Donegal.*

Kegworth, 1812.

I went over and dined with the Moiras yesterday, and saw poor Lord M. in his Star and Garter, which he sat down to dinner in,

with a couple of parsons and myself, to celebrate the Prince's birthday! They leave this, I believe, next week, and it is a fine thing to see at last the manly resignation with which he is disbanding whole regiments of servants and horses, and reducing his expenditure to a scale which can hardly exceed two or three thousand a year. I feel most deeply interested about him; and both he and she have given me new cause for the warmest gratitude by their kind attentions to Bessy. Rogers and I had a very pleasant tour of it, though I felt throughout it all, as I always feel with him, that the fear of *losing* his good opinion almost embitters the *possession* of it, and that though, in his society, one *walks upon roses*, it is with constant apprehension of the *thorns* that are among them. \* \* \* \* \*

He left me rather out of conceit with my poem, "Lalla Rookh" (as his fastidious criticism generally does), and I have returned to it with rather an humbled spirit; but I have already once altered my whole plan to please him, and I will do so no more, for I should make as long a voyage of it as his own "Columbus" if I attended to all his objections. His *general* opinion, however, of what I have done is very flattering; he only finds fault with *every part* of it in detail; and this you know is the style of his criticism of characters—"an *excellent* person, *but*—"

I find my hour draws near, and I have talked so much of Rogers that I have only time to say I hope Tunbridge has made you both as stout as in our best days of Tunbridge happiness.

Best love to dear Mary, and believe me,  
Ever yours,  
T. MOORE.

96.] *To his Mother.*

Kegworth, Thursday, 1812.

My dearest Mother,

I am just returned from a most delightful little tour with Rogers. We left Donington on Sunday (poor Bessy being too ill and too fatigued with the ceremonies of the week to

accompany us), and went on to Matlock, where I was much charmed with the scenery, and from thence proceeded to Dove Dale, which delighted me still more. It is the very abode of Genii. I parted with Rogers at Ashbourne, and came home yesterday evening. I found Bessy by no means well, but the little thing in high spirits. We are both right glad to be quietly at home again. Nothing could equal the kind attentions of Lord M. and Lady Loudoun; the latter gave Bessy the most cordial advice about her health. The day we were coming away Lord M. took me aside, and asked me in his own delicate manner about the state of my pecuniary affairs; and when I told him that I had every prospect of being comfortable, he said, "I merely inquired with respect to any present exigence, as I have no doubt there will soon be a change in politics, which will set us all on our legs." This was very pleasant, as being a renewal of his pledge to me, though I fear the change he looks to is farther off than he thinks. Ever your own,  
TOM.

I am afraid, on account of my *tour*, you will be stinted to *one letter* this week.

97.] *From Lady Donegal.*

Tunbridge Wells,  
August 28, 1812.

I can never sufficiently admire the reformation that something has wrought in you; for, instead of scolding and reproaching you for never writing to us, I have to make my excuses, as well as I can, for having let two letters of yours remain so long unanswered. Bessy, I conclude, is the reformer, and good luck to her in the undertaking. Your description of Rogers is too like him. How vexatious it is that a man who has so much the power of pleasing and attaching people to him should mar the gifts of nature so entirely by giving way to that sickly and discontented turn of mind, which makes him dissatisfied with everything, and disappointed in all his views of life. Yet he can feel for others; and, notwithstanding this unfortunate habit he has given himself

of dwelling upon the faults and follies of his friends, he really can feel attachment; and to you I am certain he is attached, though I acknowledge that the thorns sometimes make one wish to throw away the roses, and forego the pleasure to avoid the pain. But with all his faults I like him, though I know he spares me no more than any of his other dear friends. I feel great compassion for Lord Moira, yet wonder how he could ever have expected anything from the Prince but what he has met with from him, for he knew him; and, in knowing him, how could he hope any good from such a head and heart? He was, however, so gracious as to ask me a second time to Carlton House, though he was not so gracious as to speak to me when he saw me there; this, however, for particular reasons, must rest *entre nous*. We stayed in London till the 17th of August, when the workmen turned us out of the house; for we are making great alterations, and I grieve to say that you will hardly know your old haunts again. The house is to be painted and papered from head to foot, and the old crimson couch is to change its colour. So you must come to town this winter, or you can no longer see us in your mind's eye; and I would not give a fig for a friend, or a poet, who could rest satisfied with mere imagination. But I am afraid you are both so horridly comfortable, and so much pleased with the country and with each other, that our chance of seeing you is but small. On our first arrival here we had all sorts of disasters. We have, however, got the better of them by degrees, and we are comfortably settled in a bow-window house on the top of Mount Sion, where we lead quiet sober lives, and scandalise our neighbours by our early hours. The knowing ones say, with a significant look, that "people do not go to bed at ten o'clock for nothing." And they are right, for we walk ourselves off our legs all day, and are very glad to go to sleep as early as we can at night. The pantiles were put into an uproar last Tuesday by the arrival of the Princess of Wales on a visit to the Berrys. She brought Lady C. Campbell and Mrs. and Miss Rawdon with her, but not a man did

she bring, or could she get here for love or money, except Sir Philip Francis and old Berry, who, egad, liked the fun of gallanting her about, and enjoyed himself more than the fair daughters did, who were in a grand fuss, and were forsaken in their utmost need by Beaux their former suppers fed, and had to amuse her, as well as they could, with the assistance of a few women that she did not care about.

Charles Moore is to come here next week, for our consolation. In the meantime there is not a soul in the place that we care about except the Berrys, and now and then thorns are to be met with in that quarter too, but with them many amiable and friendly feelings. But I hardly know where one can turn without meeting with thorns, except to you; and this is no compliment, for it is what Mary and myself often say; and I think, if it were possible for us ever to feel disappointed in you, that we should hang our harp upon a tree, and sing the song of friendship no more.

Now write to us soon, and tell us how you are both going on in this wicked world. You say that you are about something, and that Rogers has discouraged you with his ifs and his buts; but pray trust to your own judgment, and do not fine and refine your work away to please him. What is the subject? and when is it likely to see light? Mary's love, Philly's, and mine to you, and kindest remembrances to Psyche.

98.]

*To his Mother.*

Kegworth,

Thursday, — 1812.

My dearest Mother,

Bessy has received your letter, and if you could witness the pleasure it gave both her and me, you would think it was the only one thing in this world which we wanted to make us *quite* happy; but there is still more wanting, and that is the delight of our being all together in love and quiet; and, please God! I trust that happiness is not very far distant; though on every account it would be imprudent of me to break in upon the leisure and profitable retirement I am enjoy-

ing at present. I shall let you pay the postage of this letter, as I shall not trouble Corry till my next. I feel a little compunction about him, as his letters do not go free; but their postage is all paid by the Board. However, once or twice a week will not break the Great Linen Board of Ireland. You shall have a letter from Bessy herself with my next, but to-day she is very busy preparing for a tea and supper party which she gives to-morrow evening to some of the *Natives* here. I am much afraid that Lord Moira has ruined his reputation as a statesman. The only thing that can save him is (what I suppose he reckons upon) the present Ministry giving up the Catholic question; in which case he will, of course, go to Ireland. But if they deceive his hopes in this respect, I look upon him as a gone man with the Catholics, the country, and, what is worse, *himself*. I shall send a letter for Kate with my next packet. God bless my dearest mother and father. With the best love and duty of our hearts, believe me, ever your own,

Tom.

99.]

*To Mr. Power.*

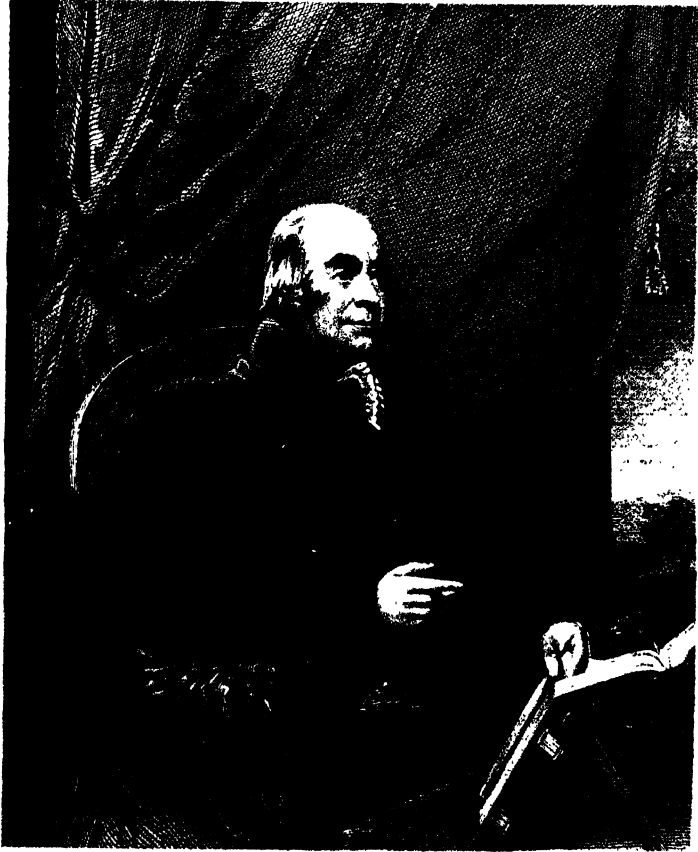
Tuesday, — 1812.

My dear Sir,

I suppose you have heard this (*to me*) very important news of Lord Moira's being appointed governor-general of India. Himself, Lady Loudoun, and the three eldest children are to sail in January next. What effect this will have upon *my* destinies I cannot at present conjecture, but it must be something very tempting indeed which would take me so far from all I have hitherto loved and cultivated. He could, of course, get me something at home by exchange of patronage, but I cannot brook the idea of taking anything under the present men; and, therefore, it will be either *India* or *nothing* with me. If he goes off without me, which is most probable, all I have left for it is, hand in hand with you, to make my own independence, and, I trust, contribute to yours: there will be an end then to all expectation from patronage, and *our plan* will be the only









object to attract all my attention and energy. I am at present, as you may suppose, in rather a fidgetting suspense, and shall be till my fate is decided one way or the other, which cannot be till I see Lord Moira himself, and he intends, I find, coming down here in a fortnight.

100.] *From Samuel Rogers, Esq.*

Hamilton, Oct. 22, 1812.

My dear Moore,

Letters being once more free (would that all mankind were) I seize the first moment to beg you will accept as many thanks as there are miles between us at this moment for your ready compliance with my request, when I troubled you with my rhymes from Keswick vale. Your criticisms were as just as they were friendly, and like yourself; and, though from being obliged to do something I was led to venture in the face of your verdict in one instance, I shall not rest till I have satisfied you and myself too with something better.

Poor Byron! what I hear and read of his prologue makes me very angry. Of such value is public favour! So a man is to be tried by a copy of verses thrown off perhaps at hazard, and *invitâ Minervâ*. The same injustice, probably, awaits "Rokeby" if it proves a flash in the pan.

I was rejoiced to hear you were again at work. I hope you are still so, and as happy as you can be in this world. Happy, indeed, you must be, circumstanced as you are. Pray remember me very affectionately to Psyche. She may say what she will, I must still love her, and I hope you, my dear Moore, will forgive me if I do. 'Tisn't my fault, but hers. My sister wants to know whether she is still as interesting as we all thought her in town. With regard to your verses, if you like them, you may rely upon it we shall, and I am very sure we shall. To tell you the truth, I had no conception that anybody in so short a time could have so imbued his mind with Eastern literature. Your garments could not have been more fragrant if you had just left a cinnamon grove.

As for me, I have led a vagabond life since we parted, among lochs and mountains, tartan-plaids, and Erse-songs. Had I found Mary and her little court in Holy-Rood, and had I supped now and then with her and Rizzio in her little chamber there—any night but one—I could scarcely have been better pleased, for nowhere could I have been received with more kindness than in Scotland. I wrote a letter some time ago to Lady Donegal, but have had no answer; I will hope, however, she and her sister are well. I wait here a day or two in the expectation of seeing Jeffrey, who is coming, as he says, on purpose to see me. He brings Dugald Stewart; and when they go I shall take my flight homewards. Farewell, my dearest Moore, and believe me to be, as ever, yours very affectionately,

SAMUEL ROGERS.

Poor Mrs. Pigou! There never was a finer mind, or a more feeling heart. No day has passed away since without my thinking of her.

101.] *From Miss Godfrey.*

Nov. 2, 1812.

You may say what you will against it, but I maintain that there is nothing like my vituperative style (I return you your own hard word, not a bit the worse for wear, as I never made use of it since), for after all I am indebted to it for a very cross, scolding, amiable note, which all my former begging and praying, and humbly entreating, had not been able to extort from you. So I give you warning that I shall scold and growl without shame or remorse for the rest of my life, whenever I have any point to carry by it with you. And I recommend the same amiable practice to Bessy's consideration: if she does not rule you with an iron rod, woe be to her! We are all in great anxiety to know what the governor-general and commander-in-chief of India will do for you. Will he make you viceroy over him? or poet-laureate of all the Indies? But do tell us seriously whether he has said anything to you, and whether you have any hopes, or



are forming any plans. Pray do not keep us long in suspense, as you know how impatient we shall be to hear. We earnestly hope he may not think of taking you to India with him, but that he may serve you, as I suppose he might do, by some exchange of patronage at home. In short, tell us all about it, and soon, or the *groul* shall begin again; for you know better than I can tell you, with what warm hearts we enter into all your hopes and fears; and I need not for ever repeat, what you have so often heard and so well believe. I think poor Lord Moira must go to his splendid banishment with a heart loaded with sorrows and regrets. At his time of life, giving up friends and country and old habits must be a painful effort, and nothing in all probability but the ruined state of his affairs, and the disappointment he must feel from the Prince's conduct, could have decided him to accept of a place which he may suspect is given to him to get rid of him. If he were young, and had never hoped for place and power and distinction under a Prince for whom he has sacrificed so much, it would have been a very fine thing to have been commander-in-chief and governor-general of India; but as it is I pity him. How severely the Edinburgh Review treated him. Bab had a letter from Rogers some time since, dated from the Dunmores: he seemed very much pleased with his tour. \* \* I hope you are advancing in your poem, and that you are not refining its life and soul out. I wish we could hear it. I dare say it will be very beautiful. We heard of your being in London from Mr. Blachford. Why didn't you put yourself into the stage and come here for a day or two? Our house is in so backward a state that we are afraid we must remain on here till after Christmas. Don't you think the mighty Bonaparte begins to tremble? What do you say to the success of Ministers in the elections? The Opposition have certainly lost ground with the people. I am with the people upon the occasion, and am quite come round to Ministers. I wish you would come round with me: there is no use in sticking to a set of men who can't play their own game. As

you said nothing about Bessy's health in your last, we hope she is quite well. Pray, say very kind things to her. Farewell. Let us hear very soon from you. God bless you.  
M. G.

102.] *To Lord Moira.*

(Extract.)

Kegworth, Nov. 4, 1812.

My Lord,

I had the pleasure of hearing of your lordship's appointment near a week ago from those friends in this neighbourhood to whom it was communicated; but I did not feel myself authorised to address you upon the subject till I had received the intelligence from those public sources through which it is now known to every one.

Though I read the fate of Ireland in your government being withheld from her, and though I think her last, last hope is now leaving her, yet I cannot but congratulate your lordship on being removed to so honourable an appointment, far away from the contemplation of evils which you are not suffered to remedy or even alleviate.

THOMAS MOORE.

To the Earl of Moira.

103.] *To Miss Godfrey.*

Friday, Nov. 6, 1812.

I take the opportunity of an inclosure to Lord Glenbervie to say a word or two in answer to my dear Mary's letter which I received yesterday. I have, as yet, had no communication whatever from Lord Moira on the subject of his appointment, which proves at least that he has no idea of taking me with him, because little men require some time for preparation as well as great men, and he is to sail the beginning of January. Neither do I think it very probable (eaten up as his patronage will be by the hungry pack of followers who surround him) that he will be able to procure me anything at home worth my acceptance: what's more, if he were able, I doubt whether I would accept it. My reasons for this another time. But, notwithstanding my expectations are so far from sanguine, I cannot help feeling a

good deal of anxiety till the thing is determined one way or other.

Poor Lord Moira! his good qualities have been the ruin of him.

“*Que les vertus sont dangereuses  
Dans un homme sans jugement.*”

They must keep him out of the reach of all Indian *princes*, or the Company's rights will be in a bad way. A shake by the hand from a *tawny* prince-regent, and a plume of *heron's feathers* to wear upon birthdays, would go near to endanger our empire in India. This is too severe, but it is *wrong* from me by his criminal gullibility to such a — as the Prince.

I have not a moment more to lay about me at my friends, or *you* should come in for a lash or two. Do you think you ever do? No, by the pure and holy flame of friendship, *never!* And so good-bye to both of you. Ever your attached,

T. M.

104.] *From Lord Moira.*

London, Nov. 12, 1812.

My dear Sir,

The inference you drew from my acceptance of the appointment to India was too just. The Catholic claims,—I write confidentially,—if they cannot be overcome, are to be baffled. I can take no part in such a system: and it is to me desirable to be out of the way when the unavoidable consequences of such policy shall break forth. I could not support the Prince against my principles and my feelings; it would be the extreme of distress to me to go into ranks hostile to him; and I could not hope that I should be suffered to remain in any retreat. It is better I should escape these difficulties. I have undertaken my task as a military engagement; the functions of governor-general being, in truth, expletive to the other. No negotiation upon it passed between me and Ministers; and it is only within a week that I have had the formal visits of those whose offices give them interference with the business. I told them that if the Catholic question came forward before my departure, as would probably be the case, it would have

the most energetic support I could give it: to which they answered it was only what they took for granted.

We shall be at the Park next week: in the beginning of it, if a severe cold of Lady Loudoun's shall not hinder travelling so soon. Present my compliments to Mrs. Moore; and believe me, my dear sir, faithfully yours,  
MOIRA.

105.] *To Mr. Power.*

Nov. 12, 1812.

My dear Sir,

I have but just got your letter, and have only time to say, that if you can let me have but three or four pounds by return of post, you will oblige me. I would not have made this hasty and importunate demand on you, but I have foolishly let myself run dry without trying my other resources, and I have been the week past literally without one sixpence. Ever, with most sincere good-will, the penniless

T. M.

106.] *To his Mother.*

1812.

My dearest Mother,

I have heard nothing more since I wrote last. The newspapers have all had it that I am going to India, and some of them have been kind enough to give me a salary of four thousand a year. I believe, however, the fact is, what was in the Morning Chronicle of yesterday, that Lord Moira has not yet made any appointments. We expect him down here every day, and then all uncertainty will be cleared up. In the meantime, my darling mother, I think you need not have the slightest dread of my being tempted out to India, as I am quite sure Lord M. will not be able (even if he be willing) to offer me anything important enough to justify me in submitting to such banishment. I wish he would only let me live at the Park while he is away, and I should be satisfied. However, there is no speculating upon what he will do till I see him, and it is as likely as anything that he will do *nothing*.

We are still very anxious about Kate. My Bessy is much better, and the little thing

breasts this frosty weather as hardy and rosy as a young winter-cherub, if there be such an animal. Love to all. Ever your own,  
TOM.

107.] *To Mr. Power.*

Tuesday, — 1812.

Your contribution of ten pounds came very seasonably, and was just sufficient to release me from my turtle-eating confinement and pay about a month's house expenses at home. I gained one point beside the turtle at the High Sheriff's; for upon my singing one song that pleased him very much, he said, "By God! I'll exempt you from the militia to-morrow;" and he did accordingly, on the next day (which was the meeting for the purpose), with "*military commission*," under my statement with respect to Bermuda, and I am exempt. I had a long letter from Lord Moira on Friday last, and (what you will think very extraordinary) there was not a single word in it about me, or any *expectations* I might have from him. It was merely and solely to explain to me *why* he had taken the appointment, the little negotiation he had with Ministers upon the subject (it being the act entirely of the Prince), *the utter hopelessness of justice being done to Ireland*, and his own determination, expressed to Ministers, to give the Catholic cause his most energetic support if it should be brought on before his departure. All this elaborate explanation shows not only his own sensibility upon the subject, but certainly proved very flatteringly the anxiety he felt with respect to my good opinion of his conduct. I cannot, however, but think it very singular that, after the renewed pledges and promises he made me so late as the last time he was here, he should not give the remotest hint of either an intimation, or even a wish, to do anything for me. I shall be exceedingly mortified, indeed, if he should go away without giving me an opportunity of at least *refusing* something, which is most probably the way I would treat any offer he could make me; but I should like to have at least this gratification. However, as he tells me at the end of his letter that he will be here the beginning of

this week, I must suspend all further opinion till he comes. For one reason, however, I shall most heartily rejoice at his appointment, and that is, for its having brought forth your friendship, my dear sir, and exhibited it to me in such fulness of heart, as was never before surpassed.

108.] *To his Mother.*

Tuesday, — 1812.

My dearest Mother,

Lord Moira arrived at the Park yesterday evening, and I am just now preparing to call upon him, so that we soon shall be put out of suspense, though I have made up my mind pretty well to expecting *very little*. Captain Thomson, an old American comrade of his, has been appointed private secretary; and that, you know, was the place which all my friends would have it, right or wrong, was to be mine. Indeed, when I say, I expect *very little*, I mean that I expect *nothing*; for, as he disclaims all connection with Ministers, there is nothing to be looked for to his interest with them, even if I were inclined to wish that he should exert it for me; and, as to India, he will offer me no situation important enough to tempt me to emigrate to such a distance; so that I am most likely to remain as I am; and, please God! there is no fear of me.

We are so anxious about Kate. Bessy is even more than I, for she has a deep horror of what Kate has to go through. Ever your own,

TOM.

109.] *To his Mother.*

Thursday, — 1812.

My dearest Mother,

I have as yet only seen Lord Moira for a moment; he was shooting in his fields, and merely said, "You see a school-boy taking his holiday;" and he must be most happy to get a little repose and relaxation after London.

We were so delighted to hear of darling Kate's happy delivery. God send they may both continue well!

I am just now setting off with Sir John

Stevenson (who came down to me, accompanied by Power, on Tuesday) for a concert and ball at Leicester.

I am quite sure Lord Moira will do nothing whatever for me. Your own, *own,*  
TOM.

110.] *To Lady Donegal.*

Tuesday, — 1812.

I have but just time to tell you that I have at last had an interview with Lord Moira. He has fought very shy of me ever since he came here. I had heard that he had nothing left to give, the Royal Family having *put upon him* three clerks, the only remaining places of his household that he had to dispose of; so that I was well prepared for what occurred between us. He began by telling me that he "had not been *oblivious* of me — had not been *oblivious* of me!" After this devil of a word there was but little heart or soul to be expected from him. He was sorry, however, to add that all the Indian patronage he was allowed to exercise *here* was already exhausted; if, however, on his going to India, he should find anything worth my going out for, he would let me know. In the meantime, he had a right to expect that Ministers would serve his friends here, in exchange for what he could do to serve their friends in India, and that he would try to get something for me through this channel. To this I replied, that, "from *his hands* I should always be most willing to accept anything, and that perhaps it might yet be in his power to serve me; but that I *begged* he would not take the trouble of applying for me to the patronage of Ministers, as I would rather struggle on as I was than take anything that would have the effect of tying up my tongue under such a system as the present."

Thus the matter rests, and such is the end of my long-cherished hopes from the Earl of Moira, K. G. &c. He has certainly not done his duty by me: his *manner*, since his appointment, has been even worse than his deficiencies of *matter*; but (except to such friends as you) I shall never complain of him.

He served my father when my father much wanted it, and he and his sister took my dear Bessy by the hand most cordially and seasonably; for all this I give him complete absolution; and, as to disappointment, I feel but little of it, as his late conduct had taught me not to rely much upon him.

If you can read this, you will be very ingenious: I shall write more legibly very soon; and, with best love to my dearest Mary, I am ever yours,

T. MOORE.

111.] *To his Mother.*

Kegworth,  
Tuesday, Dec. 1812.

My dearest Mother,

We have been very much affected, indeed, by poor Kate's loss; and the only consolation we can either feel or suggest, is its having occurred before the poor child could have taken any more than its natural hold upon her affections. A little time hence it would have been a sad loss indeed, as we can well feel when we look at little Barbara, whose rosy cheeks, however, and dancing eyes forbid us, thank Heaven! to have any such apprehensions.

The Moiras set off for town yesterday; they called here in passing, and Lady Loudoun was very kind, indeed, to Bessy. Lord M. told me he had given orders for game, &c. to be brought to me; and Lady L. made me a present of a book, which she recollected me expressing a wish for about five or six months ago, with her own name in it. I was glad of all this for one reason, because I had written Lord Moira a letter since I saw him last, repeating the substance of what I had said in our interview; and, also, begging him to dismiss from *his* mind, as I should from *mine*, his promise with respect to considering of a place for me in India, as it was *too late* in the day for me to *go on expecting*, and I must now think of working out my own independence by industry. The letter, though written respectfully and gratefully, was in a tone which he must have felt a good deal, and which, therefore, I thought might

possibly displease him; but, if it did, he concealed it, and was full of kindness.

My chief uneasiness at the misfortune that has happened at home, dearest mother, is the shock that it has given you, and my fears that it may hurt you; but, for God's sake, let no such circumstance rob us of one moment of your dear health or happiness.

I hope my father got my letter desiring him to draw upon Power in the Strand (Mr. James Power, 34, Strand), for twenty-five or thirty pounds, whichever he chooses, or indeed, for the whole fifty, if necessary; but I rather think I shall be able to send him the remainder in cash about the beginning of January. Ever your own,

Tom.

112.] *To his Mother.*

Kegworth,  
Tuesday, — 1812.

My dearest Mother,

I had a very kind letter from Rogerson Sunday, inclosed in one from Lord Byron. Rogers has seen a good deal of Lord Moira, and gives a lamentable account of his low spirits, and the sort of self-consciousness of failure there hangs about him. I pity him most sincerely. Rogers tells me that he hears nothing but praises of my conduct; which is very pleasant to be told, though I want nothing but my own heart and conscience to tell me I have acted rightly.

Dalby went up to London yesterday to take leave of the Moiras: I believe, only for Bessy's state, I should have paid them the same mark of respect myself. Good-bye, my own darling mother. Ever your own,

Tom.

Our little Barbara is growing very amusing. She (what they call) *started* yesterday in walking; that is, got up off the ground by herself, and walked alone to a great distance, without any one near her. Bessy's heart was almost flying out of her mouth all the while with fright, but I held her away, and would not let her assist the young adventurer.

113.] *From Lady Donogal.*

Tunbridge Wells, Dec. 3, 1812.

I believe I ought not to rejoice on hearing that you are *not* going to India with Lord Moira. Yet I cannot, if I was to die for it, look grave upon the occasion. I should look much graver if I were to hear that you were packing and preparing for your departure; and as the newspapers say that you have been at Donington lately, I wish you would *stir yourself*, and tell us if anything upon this subject passed between you and Lord M—, or if he means to negotiate any place for you at home, which he might do, and which would answer much better for you than any appointment he could give you in India, where the expenses are more than adequate to the pay; and you are such a thoughtless fellow, that, with all Bessy's preaching and praying, she would never be able to keep you within bounds, where all was extravagance and profusion around you.

I am, for all these reasons, quite sure that even a small place at home would be more desirable for you; and I do not think, exclusive of everything else, that you have health for the East Indies; and I am selfish enough not to be satisfied with *hearing* that my friends are happy, I must see it, and enjoy it with them. Now for all these wise and good reasons I sincerely hope to hear that you are not thinking of leaving England.

Did you see Rogers when you were in town? and is it true that he has at last published his "Columbiad?" If he has, I hope it will be well received, and kindly treated by the reviewers; for I have a sneaking kindness for him, which gives me an interest in all his little affairs.

The gallant gay Lothario of the day has been here also. He is now gone to attend his duty in Parliament and elsewhere, and his family remain here, as does Lady Wellington and her brothers; but we see nothing of them all, except in our walks, and live very quiet retired sort of lives, such as you would have thought dull enough once; but Bessy has taught you another story, and you now think that *home* is a very pretty place,

and that one may pass one's time very agreeably there without the *turmoils* of a large society. Our kindest remembrances to Bessy. She will think us very free and easy for calling her so familiarly, but we cannot help it; and I have not time now to make fine speeches on the occasion. Both sisters beg to be affectionately remembered to you. Ever yours most truly and sincerely, &c.

B. D.

114.]

*To Mr. Power.*

Friday, — 1813.

My dear Sir,

I dare say you will be surprised at not hearing from me so long, but the truth is I have been *stealing* a week or ten days from you to do a little job\*, which I think will get me out of Carpenter's debt, and, if I can make a good bargain with him, put money in my pocket. I have collected all the little squibs in the political way which I have written for two or three years past, and am adding a few *new ones* to them for publication. I publish them, of course, anonymously, and you must keep my secret. Carpenter being the Prince's bookseller, is afraid to publish them himself, but gets some one else. I am much mistaken if they do not make a little noise. What a pity it is that such things do not come from *our book-shop* in the *Strand*, but *these* would not *keep*, and there is no fear but I shall find *more* against that is opened. I consider every little reputation I can make, my dear sir, as going towards the fund I am to throw into our establishment, and though I shall, of course, *deny* the trifles I am now doing, yet, if they are liked, I shall be sure to get the credit of them.

In the meantime I have not been idle in the musical way, but have an original song nearly ready for you, and after I have dispatched my politics, you shall see what a fertile month I shall make February. I

\* In the year 1813. Mr. Moore published the "Intercepted Letters, or the Twopenny Post Bag." The dedication to "Stephen Woolriche, Esq.," is dated the 4th of March of that year.

would not have turned aside for my present job, only that I found I had a little time over, and that, indeed (as I have already said), everything that I can get fame by tells towards our future prospects; it is like establishing a credit.

We were of course delighted to hear of Mrs. Power's safe arrival of a boy; we had been indeed sincerely and unaffectedly anxious about her.

I shall send your copy of Walker's answer when I have something to send with it; or do you want it immediately?

What I inclose for Carpenter is the beginning of my squibs. It is to be called "Intercepted Letters, or the Twopenny Post Bag."

Will you find out for me how many ponies Lady B. Ashley gave the Princess Charlotte; or, at least, how many the latter drives. Ever yours,

THOMAS MOORE.

115.]

*To his Mother.*

Friday, — 1813.

My dearest Mother,

I had a long letter yesterday from Rogers, who is returned from his northern tour. He says, with reference to my interview with Lord Moira, "You have acted, my dear Moore, quite nobly and like yourself." He assigns a number of excuses for Lord Moira's conduct, which indeed are all very just; and even what I most complained of (the shyness and distance he kept with me) appears to Rogers, and even now to myself, as the very natural result of his inability. Rogers has told Lord Holland the circumstances, who thinks of it all as we do.

116.]

*To his Mother.*

Tuesday, March, 1813.

My dearest Mother,

You know it was this day week she lay in. Well, on Sunday morning last, as I was at breakfast in my study, there came a tap at the room-door and in entered Bessy, with her hair in curl, and smiling as gaily as

possible. It quite frightened me, for I never heard of any one coming downstairs so soon, but she was so cheerful about it, that I could hardly scold her, and I do not think she has in the least suffered for it. She said she could not resist the desire she had to come down and see how her crocuses and primroses before the window were getting on.

I am sending notice of quitting, to my landlord, this month. Ever your own,  
TOM.

117.] *To Mr. Power.*

Wednesday, — 1813.

My dear Sir,

Did I tell you that Murray has been offering me, through Lord Byron, some hundreds (number not specified) a year to become editor of a Review like the Edinburgh and Quarterly? Jeffrey has fifteen! I have, of course, not attended to it.

118.] *To Mr. Power.*

1813.

My dear Sir,

With respect to Murray's proposal, I feel (as I do every instance of your generosity) the kindness and readiness with which you offer to yield up our scheme to what you think my superior interest; but, in the first place, I do not agree with you, that this plan with Murray would be more for my ultimate advantage than that extensive one which I look forward to with you; and, in the next place, I do not think I would accept now *ten thousand* pounds for anything that would interfere with the finishing of my poem, upon which my whole heart and industry are at last fairly set, and for this reason, because, *anticipated* as I have already been in my Eastern subject by Lord Byron in his late poem, the success he has met with will produce a whole swarm of imitators in the same Eastern style, who will completely *fly-blow* all the novelty of my subject. On this account I am more anxious than I can tell you to get on with it, and it quite goes between me and my sleep.

I have not time now to write more; but good night, and God bless you! Ever yours most sincerely,

THOMAS MOORE.

119.] *To his Mother.*

Ashbourne, Saturday night,  
1813.

My dearest Mother,

Within these few hours I have succeeded in taking a cottage; just the sort of thing I am likely to like,—secluded, and among the fields, about a mile and a half from the pretty town of Ashbourne, in Derbyshire.\* We are to pay twenty pounds a year rent, and the taxes about three or four more.

Mrs. Ready has brought us on here in her barouche, and we have had a very pleasant journey of it.

Bessy bids me make a thousand apologies to dear Nell for not writing, but she has been so bustled about she has not had a moment.

You must direct to me now, Mayfield, Ashbourne, Derbyshire.

Best love to all from your own,

TOM.

120.] *To Miss Godfrey.*

Mayfield Cottage  
Thursday night, 1813.

We slept in our cottage, for the first time, last night, after having served an ejection on the *ghosts*, who have been its only occupants for some time past. We have the luck of getting into haunted houses; for our Kegworth mansion, though as matter-of-fact a *barn* as ever existed, must needs affect the *spirituel*, and had actually the reputation of being *troubled*. There is certainly every convenience *here* that a ghost could require, and we see nothing like a habitation from our windows, except just the upper part of an old church, which stands at half-a-mile distance among the trees; so that we really are (as our landlord pronounces it) as *lural* as possible, and I feel quite happy at my emancipation from the methodists and manufacturers that swarmed about us at Kegworth. We are, however, as yet, but very imperfectly settled.

Mayfield Cottage, near Ashbourne.

and, till I can get my little library up comfortably, the fields are my study; my "books in the running brooks, sermons in stones," &c. &c.

We walked this evening into Ashbourne, and brought back some peas for our supper, which Bessy carried in a little basket upon her arm, as happily and prettily as any market-girl in Derbyshire.

One of the very few pleasures I look forward to, that do not depend upon *myself*, is that of hearing frequently from you and dear Mary; so mind you do not disappoint me, and let me hear all the gossip you can collect for me.

Best remembrances to sister Philly.

Ever yours,

T. M.

121.]

To Miss Godfrey.

Mayfield, 1813.

I was a good deal relieved from my apprehensions about Lady Donegal by your letter, for though you mention colds, &c., I was afraid, from what Rogers said in his letter, that her old complaint had returned with more violence than usual, as he mentioned that she was obliged to consult Baillie, and I always couple his name with something serious and *clinical*. But indeed, Rogers himself, in the next line to this intelligence, mentioned having met her at Gloucester House the Saturday preceding; which (unless *aqua regalis* or *royal wish-wash* was among the doses prescribed by Baillie), I did not think looked like very serious indisposition. If *wishing* you both well and happy, and free from all the ills of this life, could in any way bring it about, I should be as good a physician for both your bodies and souls as you could find anywhere. So you insist upon my taking my poem to town with me? I will, if I can, you may be sure; but I confess I feel rather down-hearted about it. Never was anything more unlucky for me than Byron's invasion of this region, which, when I entered it, was as yet untrodden, and whose chief charm consisted in the gloss and novelty of its features; but it will now be over-run with clumsy adven-

turers, and when I make my appearance, instead of being a leader as I looked to be, I must dwindle into an humble follower—a Byronian. This is disheartening, and I sometimes doubt whether I shall publish it at all; though at the same time, if I may trust my own judgment, I think I never wrote so well before. But (as King Arthur, in "Tom Thumb," says) "Time will tell;" and in the meantime, I am leading a life which but for these anxieties of fame, and a few ghosts of debt that sometimes haunt me, is as rationally happy as any man can ask for. You want to know something of our little girls. Barbara is stout and healthy, not at all pretty, but very sensible-looking, and is, of course, to be everything that's clever. The other little thing was very ill-treated by the nurse we left her with in that abominable Cheshire, but she is getting much better, and promises to be the prettier of the two. Bessy's heart is wrapt up in them, and the only pain they ever give me is the thought of the precariousness of such treasures, and the way I see that *her* life depends upon *theirs*. She is the same affectionate, sensible, and unaffected creature as a mother that she is as a wife, and devotes every thought and moment to them and me. I pass the day in my study or in the fields; after dinner I read to Bessy for a couple of hours, and we are in this way, at present, going through Miss Edgeworth's works, and then after tea I go to my study again. We are not without the distractions of society, for this is a very gay place, and *some* of the distractions I could dispense with; but being far out of the regular road, I am as little interrupted as I could possibly expect in so very thick a neighbourhood. Thus you have a little panorama of me and mine, and I hope you will like it.

Good-bye. Ever yours,

T. MOORE.

122.]

To Lady Donegal.

Mayfield, 1813.

You may be assured that I was anything but angry on reading your kind lecture: the only thing is that I think you *quite* mistook



me, for, as far as I can recollect, my feelings were by no means those of *levity* when I wrote that letter, and if they wore that air, it was only from the habit one has got of giving a light turn to everything, the present age being so very anti-sentimental that every one is obliged to go in gay masquerade, and "no black dominos are admitted" on any account. As for the rest, I believe you and I differ a little in our opinion of virtue—at least if you think, as you seem to do, that there would be more merit in having *lost* one's former propensities than in *conquering* them: in *my* mind the struggle makes all the virtue.

"When the sea is calm

All boats alike show mastership in floating."

It is he that steers steadily onward, in spite of the surge of passion beneath, and the songs of Sirens around, who deserves the praise of resolution and virtue; and I cannot help thinking that I, poor Scaramouche, here, with all my love of pleasure and of folly as fresh on me as ever, yet leading a life of patriarchal purity, and *happy* in it, am a much greater hero in virtue than if all my said propensities were gone to sleep, and I had nothing to do but put on my night-cap and snooze quietly by their side. I know you will say that this is a very ticklish situation for poor virtue to be placed in;—but no matter, the more danger the more honour; and bad as it is to go wrong from *too much* feeling, it is, at least, a duller thing to go right only from the *want* of it. I have a lovely, pure, and attached wife, and a smiling, rosy, pug-nosed child, one look from whom, if I were in the very claws of Old Nick, would loosen his grasp and restore me to heaven again. And now, having given you one of those open confessions that are as good for the soul, they say, as other aperients are for the body, I must tell you that my book, such as it will be (for various calamities of criticism, anticipation, forestalment, &c., have made it very unlike what it was intended), shall most certainly come out in the course of this spring. What a nice opportunity it would be *now*, while Jeffrey's in America! When some savage French re-

viewer died, Bensusando wrote an epigram, which ended,

"Dieu merci! — Je vais faire imprimer mon livre."

What you tell me about Mackintosh is very delightful, if the compliment does not die, under the editor's bow-string, before it meets the light. So many pretty things have been lately *going* to happen to me! I was *going* to be very rich from the American war, and Lord Byron tells me he was *going* to dedicate the "Bride of Abydos" to me. If you come to that, "how do *you* like the 'Bride of Abydos?'" In the country we never know *how* we like things till we hear how you like them in London.

I have not time for more now. Best love to Mary.

Ever yours,

T. M.

We had a grand ball here the other night, and you cannot imagine the sensation that Bessy excited; her dress was very pretty, and "beautiful," "beautiful," was echoed on all sides. I was (as the poet says) as pleased as Punch!

123.] *From Miss Godfrey.*

London, Feb. 22, 1813.

It is a certain fact, that since I heard from you I have, in my own mind, written you five or six letters, as excellent as ever were penned, though penned they never were. How should they, when I never had a pen in my hand since I sent you off my last little flying reproach? And how could I have a pen in a hand that was never divested of a needle, thread, and thimble, except when I was nursing the sick or conversing with carpenters and upholsterers? This is all as much as to say that I have been very busy; first, preparing to go to Brighton with Lady Shaftesbury; secondly, taking care of Bab, whose illness prevented my leaving town; thirdly, helping to make the furniture, and assisting in putting our house in proper order fit for people to live in. I have still too much to do to allow me to write a long letter, which is so much the better for you, but a short one I must write in answer to yours. Your

first letter, after wandering about the world, reached us long after your second. As to Lord M.'s conduct to you, one can have but one opinion of it; and it is better for him that that opinion should not be expressed — it would be only uselessly adding to the weight of censure that he has lately drawn upon himself, for the friend and the statesman appear to be pretty nearly made up of the same weak, miserable materials. All the good points of his character are mined by his weaknesses. And there is something very melancholy in seeing how completely he has outlived all the visionary splendour that so long surrounded his name. We were heartily sorry, however, that you let him off so easily. Why did you not accept his offers, such as they were? it was still keeping up a claim on him. Your answer he will take as a discharge in full; and he satisfies his *honour*, I dare say, in the reflection that he has made the offer. And, my dear Moore, as to your political opinions, it was very fine to indulge in them and act up to them while there was a distant perspective in so doing of fame or emolument, and at the same time a feeling that the triumph of such opinions, and the success of the party you belonged to, might be conducive to the prosperity of your country. But now when those opinions have less and less influence, and that party less and less consideration, — when your family is increasing, and your wants of course increasing with it, — don't you think prudence should have its turn? Would not your love for your wife, and anxiety for the welfare of your children, reconcile you to some little sacrifice of political opinions? I have a great deal of good reasoning upon this subject in my own mind for you, but there it must remain at present, lest I should tire you without convincing you. I wish we could see you and talk the matter over with you; I should not then despair of sending you back a complete rat. The time of Roman virtue, if such a thing ever existed, is gone by; and why will you remain bolt upright, talking of systems and opinions to people who are only thinking of places and pensions, and only trying to get into power that they may have the full en-

joyment of them? Get into place and power whenever you can, and tell a plausible story how a sudden light from heaven shone upon you and convinced you. Your wife and children will be all the better for it, and yourself and your country not a bit the worse. Now that you see what a state of depravity my politics are in, I shall answer your questions regularly. First, we are not both quite well: Bab has been very ill with a very severe epidemic cold and cough. She is now much better, though not yet quite well. Secondly, we retain the kindest remembrance and the warmest interest, for you and Bessy, of whose confinement we beg you will inform us. We shall be most happy to hear that she gets over it well. We see Rogers often in the morning, but he does not dine here, as we have only one room that we can inhabit at present, and we have not yet dined with him. I sometimes like him very much, and sometimes I think him so given up, body and soul, to the world, and such a worshipper of my Lords and my Ladies, that I think it a great waste of any of my little spare kind feelings to bestow them upon him. Love without a coronet over it goes for nothing in his eyes. However, he amuses me, and I had rather be upon kind terms with him than not. Bab is more his than I am; she sees him with kinder eyes, and shuts them oftener to his follies. Her affairs in Ireland are all settled for the future, but the arrears come in very slowly, which is a great inconvenience, as she has a considerable fine for the renewal of this house to pay off, beside great expense for the repairs, &c.; but patience and economy will at last, I hope, set her affairs right, and they are now so far settled as not to worry her, which is a great point gained. The secret about the Princess Charlotte and Lady De Clifford was only that the Prince chose she should have another governess, and the Princess Charlotte chose to keep her good old snuffy woman, who had always let her do as she liked. She resisted the new appointment stoutly, but at last yielded. Bab never thought of applying for the place, and to you and one or two more friends she owns, without scruple, she would never

have accepted it had it been offered; but, from her intimacy with the Queen and Princesses, she does not volunteer this declaration.

Ever yours,  
M. G.

124.] *To his Mother.*  
Mayfield, Thursday night,  
— 1813.

My dearest Mother,

Dear Bessy and I are quite busy in preparing our little cottage, which was in a most ruinous state, but which is already beginning to assume looks of comfort. The expense of remaining at the inn, while it is preparing, is the worst part of the business. My darling mother, how you would delight, I know, to us when we are settled! I have taken such a fancy to the little place, and the rent is so low, that I really think I shall keep it on as a scribbling retreat, even should my prospects in a year or two induce me to live in London. I wish I had a good round sum of money to lay out on it, and I should make it one of the prettiest little things in England. Bessy still begs a thousand pardons of Ellen, but her bustle increases upon her, and she must only atone by long, long letters when she gets into the cottage. Mind, you must direct, "Mayfield Cottage, Ashbourne, Derbyshire." Ever your own,

TOM.

125.] *To his Mother.*  
Mayfield Cottage,  
Monday night, — 1813.

My dearest Mother,

I got my dear father's letter yesterday, and I assure you we both heartily sympathise in the impatience which you feel for our meeting: but, darling mother, it would be (I am sure you are convinced) the height of imprudence for me to go to such expense, and indulge in so much idleness as a trip to Ireland would now entail on me. Next spring it is almost certain that I shall be able to see you all embracing one another. To-morrow we shall remove from the inn to the house of the farmer from whom we have the cottage, and in a few days more I

expect we shall sleep under our own roof. To-day, while my dear Bessy was presiding over the workmen, little Barbara and I rolled about in the hay-field before our door, till I was much more hot and tired than my little playfellow. The farmer is doing a vast deal more for us in the way of repairs, but still it will take a good sum from myself to make the place worthy of its situation; and, luckily, the Post Bag has furnished me with tolerable supplies for the purpose. God bless my own dear ones at home. Ever your

TOM.

126.] *To his Mother.*  
Mayfield, Friday night,  
Sept. 29, 1813.

My dearest Mother,

We arrived, as I anticipated in my last, between five and six on Monday evening. It was a most lovely evening, and the cottage and garden in their best smiles to receive us. The very sight of them seemed new life to Bessy, and, as her appetite is becoming somewhat better, I hope quiet and care will bring her round again. I paid the *forty-second* pound to the post-boy that left us at home! This is terrible phlebotomising. However, quiet and economy will bring these matters round again also. If any of you had come with us (and I wish to God you had) you would have been amused to see how company and racket meet me everywhere. A neighbour of ours (Ackroyd) came breathless after our chaise, to say that he had a musical party that night, Sir W. Bagshaw, the Fitzherberts, &c. &c., and we must positively come in our travelling dresses. Bessy's going was out of the question, and I assured him I feared it was equally so with me. Notwithstanding this, Mr. Cooper was dispatched from the party in Lady Fitzherbert's carriage, between eight and nine o'clock, to bring me by persuasion or force, or anyhow. It would not do, however; I sent him back alone, and got quietly to my bed. The children are doing very well, and I am, as usual, stout and hearty. God bless my dearest mother. Ever your own,

TOM.

127.]

*To his Mother.*

Thursday evening, — 1813.

My dearest Mother,

We have this day got our curtains up and our carpets down, and begin to look a little civilised. It is a very sweet spot indeed, and I do not recollect whether I told you that I only pay twenty pounds a year for it; and the taxes will be about three or four more. This is not extravagant, and, though it be a little nutshell of a thing, we have a room to spare for a friend, or for you, darling mother, if you could come and visit us. How proud Bessy would be to have you, and make much of you!

We heard, a day or two ago, of our little Statia, that she is thriving finely. The only drawback on my dear Bessy's happiness is the being removed from her little child so far. She has hardly had time to get acquainted with it yet; but it would have been a great pity to take her away from a nurse that seemed to be doing her so much justice.

Best love to father and Nell from us both. Bessy says she *will not* write till the house is settled. Ever your own,

Tom.

128.]

*To his Mother.*

Thursday, — 1813.

My dearest Mother,

I had a long letter from Lord Byron yesterday: his last thing, the "Ginour," is very much praised, and deservedly so; indeed, I think he will dethrone Walter Scott. Ever, my darling mother, your own,

Tom.

129.]

*To his Mother.*Mayfield Cottage,  
Monday night, — 1813.

My dearest Mother,

It is very late, and I have been obliged to leave you last of half a dozen letters, so that you will come off very badly. We dined out to-day at the Ackroyds, neighbours of ours. You would have laughed to see Bessy and me in going to dinner. We found, in the middle of our walk, that we were near

half an hour too early for dinner, so we set to *practising country dances*, in the middle of a retired green lane, till the time was expired. Ever your own,

Tom.

130.]

*To Mr. Power.*

Oct. 23, 1813.

My dear Sir,

Bessy and I have been on a visit to Derby for a week. I was indeed glad to have an opportunity of taking her for change of air, as she was very ill before we went. We were on a visit at Mr. Joseph Strutt's, who sent his carriage and four *for* us and back again *with* us. There are three brothers of them, and they are supposed to have a million of money pretty equally divided between them. They have fine families of daughters, and are fond of literature, music, and all those elegancies which their riches enable them so amply to indulge themselves with. Bessy came back full of presents, rings, fans, &c. &c. My singing produced some little sensation at Derby, and every one to whom I told your intention of publishing my songs collectively seemed delighted.

131.]

*To Mr. Power.*

Monday night, — 1813.

My dear Sir,

I wish you would take the trouble of calling upon Sheddon before eleven some morning with this letter, as I have inclosed him Croker's letter (principally to show I have such a friend at the Admiralty) and not wishing to leave it in his hands have begged him to return it to you, when he has read it; so just deliver the packet to him, and wait till he has done with it.

I have written to ask Croker's advice about my Bermuda place, and he has, in a long letter, repeated and enforced what he said before, that my going out myself is the only way of seeing myself done justice to there; but the remedy is worse than the disease. Unfortunately, I entered into a negotiation with my deputy (through the Sheddons) to sell him, for an immediate sum, the whole

profits of the office during the war, and I very much fear he is keeping back my share, in order to diminish my opinion of the emoluments, and prevent me from setting too high a price on the situation. Even his uncles, the Sheddons, are displeased with him.

132.] *To his Mother.*

Mayfield Cottage,  
Saturday night.

My dearest Mother,

We returned from Derby the evening before yesterday, just in time for me to appear in my dignified office of steward at the Ashbourne Ball. It was a tolerably gay ball, and they said I acquitted myself *very properly*. It was, however, a very disagreeable office, as I was obliged to consult *rank* more than beauty, and dance off the two first sets with the two ugliest women in the room. Mr. Strutt, while we were with him, made *me* a present of a beautiful box for my letters, and gave Bessy a very fine ring, a nice ivory fan, and a very pretty antique bronze candlestick, so that we lost nothing by our visit.

We shall now shut up for the winter: this place is much too gay to give ourselves up to. Bessy is quite well, and little Barbara in great spirits. We are very uneasy at not hearing of Anastasia.

Barbara calls me *Tom*, and I try in vain to break her of it, because she hears her mother call me so. Ever your own,

TOM.

133.] *To his Mother.*

Monday night, — 1813.

My dearest Mother,

You cannot imagine what a sensation Bessy excited at the Ball the other night; she was very prettily dressed, and certainly looked very beautiful. I never saw so much admiration excited: she was very much frightened, but she got through it very well. She wore a turban that night to please me, and she looks better in it than anything else; for it strikes everybody almost that sees her, how like the form and expression of her face are to Cataluni's, and a turban is the thing

for that kind of character. She is, however, not very well; and unfortunately she is again in that condition in which her mind always suffers even more than her body. I must try, however, and keep up her spirits.

Little Baboo is quite well, and is, I think, improving in her looks.

The fifth number of the Irish Melodies is out. We were so hard run for airs, that I fear it will not be so popular as the others. Ever your own,

TOM.

134.] *To Lady Donegal.*

Monday, Jan. 10, 1814.

Why don't you write to me? Why don't you write to me? Why don't you write to me? Two-pence to be paid upon the inclosed, and forwarded directly. Lord Byron dedicates his "Corsair" to me, and from this on't lords are to dedicate to poor poets, instead of poor poets dedicating to lords. Mrs. Wilmot has written to me to furnish her with an epilogue for her tragedy, with fine flourishes about its being the wish of Messrs. Sheridan, Whitbread, &c. &c. I have taken time to consider. Last packet brought me proposals of being elected librarian to the Dublin Society, 200*l.* per annum, coals, candles, and to be qualified in *German* for it, at half an hour's notice, by Mr. Professor Feinagle. Everybody thinks me a person of some consequence except your two sisters there, in Davies Street; and unless you give some *signs of life* in the course of this week, I shall hand you over to the Humane Society for resuscitating persons in said condition. Ever yours notwithstanding,

T. MOORE.

135.] *To Samuel Rogers, Esq.*

Jan. 13, 1814.

My dear Rogers,

Living in the fields, as we do, we cannot stir a step without pioneers and shovels, and I cannot find it in my heart to send a servant into Ashbourne through the waste, so that I am obliged to lay hold on any unfortunate person who brings me a message, and make him useful to me by taking ten times as

many messages back again. Just such a *return-courier* is now in the house, and I take the opportunity of writing by him a very few lines, lest you should leave Lord Spencer's before you receive at least an acknowledgment of your very, very kind letter from Althorpe. I can hardly wish you where *I* am in this very *anti-cottage* weather, but I wish heartily we were together somewhere, for I want you, *selfishly* want you, often; and the glimpse I get at you through letters, is something like what we have of the sun at this season,—very bright, but distant and cheerless: yet not cheerless, either, except in comparison with the same kind things, said *à quattr' occhi* over a good fire, with one of your best smiles illustrating every word. That's what I want, and that is what, for some months to come, I fear I shall not have. Lord Byron dedicates his "*Corsair*" to me, which I look upon as a very high niche in the Temple indeed, —to be placed so near *you*, too! Between you and Lord Holland I fear I shall have applied to me the *reverse* of the famous epigram,—

"Wisdom and Wit full-sized were seen,  
And Folly, at *small length*, between."

I think there are few more *generous* spirits than Lord Byron's, and the overflowing praise he has lavished on me in his dedication (if he preserves that of which he has sent me a copy) is just such as might be expected from a profuse, magnificent-minded fellow, who does not wait for the scales to weigh what he says, but gives praise, as sailors lend money, by "*handfuls*." Let others think what they will of it, he has made *me* very proud and happy; and the more he commits his judgment for my sake, the more grateful, of course, I must feel for his goodnature.

My *return* post-boy is clamouring below stairs, so I must have done, and shall write to you a longer letter next week, directed to St. James's Place.

Ever yours affectionately,  
THOMAS MOORE.

136.]

*To his Mother.*

Thursday, Jan. 1814.

My dearest Mother,

Lord Byron has sent me a proof sheet of his Dedication, and I hope he will keep it as it is, for nothing was ever so flattering or gratifying: as I have just said in a letter to Rogers, "the overflowing praise he lavishes on me is exactly what might be expected from a profuse, magnificent-minded fellow, who does not wait for scales to weigh what he says, but gives praise, as sailors lend money, *by handfuls*." I shall keep the proof till I see whether he makes any alteration, and shall then send it you with any difference there may be.

We are almost completely blocked up by snow, and cannot stir without pioneers and shovels in our van. I have had a proposal from Dublin to stand for the librarian of the Dublin Society, with a promised prospect of success; but 200*l.* a year and residence on the spot are but poor temptations, and I have declined it. Ever, my darling mother, your own,

Tom.

137.]

*From Miss Godfrey.*

(Probably Feb.) 1814.

We were rejoicing in the thoughts of seeing you again, and just going to tell you so, when Rogers informed us your plans were all changed, and that you had put off coming to town for the present. We felt quite disappointed, and very earnestly hope you will come up in the spring. We rather wish, however, that you may be able to keep clear of Lord Ellenborough's wig; it cannot be a very pleasant sight to you, who have never treated it with the smallest respect. But pray bring your poem with you. The time you have been about it is quite absurd in the nineteenth century, when poets produce something new at least once a month. "*The Corsair*" is very much liked; and it certainly has many beauties; but surely the dedication might have been done with as kind a feeling and yet with better taste and better judgment. Lord Byron never ought

to write prose,—don't you think so? Is there not a sort of inelegant pertness in his style? I give him credit for kind feelings towards you, but we are both very angry that he did not express them better. Perhaps you may think us unreasonable and unjust, and so I shall say no more upon the subject. Madame de Staël never ceases expressing her desire to know you, and always asks when you are coming. She is a great admirer of your talents. About a fortnight since, we met her at dinner at the Duke of Gloucester's, and his band played "Lady fair" twice in the course of the evening, to her great delight, and her son and daughter, who, I believe, set up for a sort of musical geniuses, were quite in raptures. This dinner was given to bring about a meeting between her and Mr. Wilberforce, which was very interesting. But I have given you so much of her in my letters of late, and she is so much talked of, and occupies so considerable a place in the society of London at present, that I am almost tired of her name. I shall, therefore, send her off with Lord Byron. You have no idea of the very great anxiety that every soul feels about the affairs of the Continent. People tell us we are to have peace immediately, and alas, with Bonaparte! for which thanks to the shabby Austrians, who preserve him to trample upon mankind a little longer. And to say the truth, mankind well deserves it, for it has a wonderful respect for tyrants. \* \* \* How have you all got through the winter? Such a winter never was felt before in this country. We have all been invalids in one way or another, and are still plagued by coughs and colds, which will probably see the winter out. We have been extremely quiet, seeing only a few friends in a very quiet way, and going on just as you have seen us go on for years. Rogers says you have sent up your Epilogue. I dare say it is very good, and will succeed well. Give our love to Bessy. What sort of little girls are yours—are they like father or mother? Are they strong and healthy? A thousand kind things to you from us both.

M. G.

138.]

*From Mr. Jeffrey to Samuel Rogers, Esq.*

92, George Street, Edinburgh,  
March 30, 1814.

My dear Sir,

I have long been desirous of preferring an humble petition to your friend -- and I hope I may say mine also -- Mr. Moore, for some assistance on the Review, and have at last resolved to give you the trouble of making my application. I can more easily state to you than to him the terms upon which we solicit contributions; and I am sure my application will have a far better chance of success, if you condescend to say a word or two in its favour. On my return from the other side of the world, I found the affairs of the Review in some degree of backwardness and confusion; and feel that it would require the assistance of finer and stronger heads than my own completely to restore them. The brilliant success of some of Mr. Moore's late (roputed) works brought him very quickly to my thoughts; and all that I have since heard of the manly and noble independence of his conduct, in circumstances of much difficulty, has increased the ambition I felt to connect myself in some way with a person of such talents and such principles. I understand that he is living without any profession, cultivating literature and domestic happiness, in a situation of retirement. I am inclined to hope, therefore, that he may, occasionally at least, have leisure enough to furnish us with an article, if he has not other and more radical objections to enrolling himself among our contributors. If he can be prevailed on to do us this honour, it will be for himself to choose the subject upon which he would like best to enlarge, though there is one sort of article which I should be tempted to suggest, both because it is one with which I should be peculiarly glad to embellish our journal, and because I know of nobody who could execute it half so well. I mean a classical, philosophical, poetical article, after the nature of that on Aristophanes in one of the late Quarterlies, in which some ancient author

is taken up, and estimated, and commented, and poetically translated in fragments, and the purity of classic literature combined with the depth, boldness, and freedom of modern discussion. I have no particular author or publication in view for the subject of such an exercise; but if Mr. Moore was inclined to do the thing we could soon find him the occasion.

And now I have only to add, that our regular allowance to contributors of the first order is about twenty guineas for every printed sheet of sixteen pages; but that for such articles as I have now hinted at, we should never think of offering less than thirty, and probably a good deal more. I have some discretion in this matter, which I am not disposed to exercise very parsimoniously.

You see I presume a great deal on your good nature, when I venture, without any apology, to trouble you with all the negotiation; but I have already experienced so much of your kindness that I do not feel at all afraid of offending you, and cannot help having a kind of assurance that it will give you pleasure to be the means of bringing your excellent friend and me into something of a nearer connection. I hope there neither is, nor can be supposed to be, any kind of indelicacy in the proposal I have now asked you to make. Heaven forbid that you should make it if there was the shadow of a doubt on the subject; and I rely entirely on your good sense and good feeling to proceed on it or to let it alone as you think most advisable. At all events, I must beg of you to take some means to let Moore know that I respect and esteem him, and should be sincerely gratified to have the means of doing him any service. For yourself, I have only now to assure you that I am, with the utmost respect, dear sir, your obliged and very faithful servant, &c.

F. JEFFREY.

139.] *To Samuel Rogers, Esq.*

Mayfield, April 10, 1814.

My dear Rogers,

Though I owe many letters to many people, and don't owe *you* one at all, yet you see,

like Charles Surface, I let my generosity outstrip my justice, and write to you. The last time I heard of you, you were at Hope's with the Donegals; but I dare say, long before now, you have bid him and his magnificence farewell (*Spes et Fortuna, valet!*), and are now preparing to take flight somewhere for the Easter. I wish I had Cornelius Agrippa's glass to trace you through your rambles; though it would not do if I could not *hear* as well as *see* you in it; and when *shall* I either see or hear you? I suppose the Donegals have told you that I think of making my next move near to London, and then, what delight I have in anticipating, my dear Rogers, that we shall go on seeing each other every day, perhaps, till the end of our lives. This is a pleasant prospect, and what chiefly determines me to the step, for there are many considerations against it, of sober and shadowy hue, economy, prudence, &c. &c., all which are best consulted in the country; but then I flatter myself I am become steady enough (with Bessy's aid, who is a very Minerva of economy) to resist all the Town's temptations to expense; and then the times are getting cheaper, and I shall, I hope, be getting richer, and to crown all, I shall see you and the Donegals—shall hear music—go laugh at Liston—go walk in Hyde Park, and a thousand other intellectual amusements. Here, I really am in a desert; if I go to a dinner, the dulness of the good people is like suffocation,—I can hardly draw my breath under it. I have hopes, too, that the change of scene may do poor Bessy service, who has fallen off in everything but her sweetness of heart, most sadly; but *you'll* take her by the hand kindly, and *that*, too, will do her good. *Au reste*, I am going on as usual, at the easy rate of ten lines a day, with but little interruption. I made a figure at Derby the other day, at a Lancasterian dinner, where I spoke about fifteen speeches, which astonished not only the company but myself. I have got half entangled with my Derby friend Strutt (you know my unlucky facilities in this way) to accompany him for a fortnight to Paris, in a month or two hence. I am certainly most



anxious to take a peep at it before another Revolution, perhaps, lays it in ashes; and as Strutt, I believe, gives me a seat in his carriage, I may not find the opportunity amiss. My ambition has long been to see it with a very different sort of companion, namely, yourself; and who knows but even this may happen some fine spring or other? but the Louvre!—the pictures!—“and echoes, where are they?” Oh, what a pity I wasn't with you last summer!

Give my best regards to your sister, who I hope does not forget Bessy, but will let her come to Highbury with us sometimes.

Ever, my dear Rogers, most truly yours,

THOMAS MOORE.

name will be studiously circulated by Mackintosh, Brougham, Horner, Playfair, and Jeffrey, and they may be such as may afterwards, with slight alteration, be republished in another form. Campbell wrote one article,—"A General Review of English Poetry;"—and I have often heard it mentioned with praise. What a dream have we had lately! A man a fortnight ago declined to accept the throne of Louis XIV., and now retires to a little island in the Mediterranean on a pension of 250,000*l.* per annum. How could he overlook Caprea? I am glad you like the "Wanderer." I have not read it, but here it is not liked.

SAMUEL ROGERS.

140.] *From Samuel Rogers, Esq.*

Tuesday, April 12, 1814.

My dear Moore,

I have indeed thought it long since you received my last letter, but I am glad you have not quite forgot me. You must now be growing more and more an object of envy every day, with your woods and your meadows, and your rural neighbours. Have the scarlet cloaks yet made their appearance before your windows? You live in the fields, you say; pray what are you doing there? Lord Byron, as you know, has removed into the Albany, and lives in an apartment, I should think thirty by forty feet. He is satisfied with the "Quarterly Review," and I am glad G. Ellis has let him off so gently, for I suspect they have no good will towards us. Some years ago I delivered a message to you from those said Reviewers, which you answered as I knew you would do. I have now a commission of a much pleasanter kind, and I hope it will meet with more success. I send you Jeffrey's letter in confidence; it was not, perhaps, intended to be seen; but it will speak best for itself. Perhaps you had better write such an answer to it, addressed to me, as I can send to Jeffrey; not, however, discovering in it that you have seen the very letter itself. I must say I think it would be a respectable thing at least to have written two or three articles in the "Review." Your

141.] *From Mr. Jeffrey.*

Edinburgh, April 23, 1814.

My dear Sir,

Few things have ever given me more pleasure than the account which our excellent friend Rogers has just sent me, not only of your favourable, but your kind reception of the proposal I took the liberty of making you, through him, about a fortnight ago. It is a great matter to gain such an associate for the Review; but I do assure you this has but an insignificant share in the gratification I feel in having found a fair and natural occasion to cultivate your friendship, and to show my admiration of your talents and your character. I am sorry that you cannot engage to do much for us for some time to come; but hope you may still find some odd ends and fragments of time that may be bestowed on us without inconvenience. I am extremely anxious to have you fairly dipped in our ink, and should feel my periodical anxiety very much lightened for the next number if I could but reckon on its containing one little piece of yours, however short and inelaborate. We are most in want of light articles indeed of late, as I dare say you have observed; and they bear a higher value with us, like light guineas under the bullion act. I wish I could think of a bait to tempt you within the *genus* ridiculous; but at this distance from town we know little of such

matters, and I think I may say with perfect safety that you may choose for yourself, or let any London friend choose for you, without the least risk of falling upon anything that has occurred to any of our contributors. I am obliged to go a great distance into the country for a trial in a few hours, and am excessively hurried at this moment; but I could not think of delaying one hour the expression of my great satisfaction at the prospect of your co-operation, and my anxiety to have something from you as early as possible. The number, I am ashamed to say, has not yet gone to press, and anything which you may have to send before the 25th of May next will be in time for insertion. May I hope soon to hear what you think can possibly be done for us? At all events, I shall take the liberty of writing to you again when I have a moment of greater leisure. In the meantime believe me always your obliged and very faithful servant,

F. JEFFREY.

142.] *To Lady Donegal.*

Tuesday, June 28, 1814.

Ladies, who could forget a friend for such poor creatures as the Bourbons, can hardly be expected to have remembered him during the late Imperial proceedings, and therefore I have very quietly made up my mind to your being (as Lord Moira says) "*oblivious*" of me for the last three weeks; but now that these royal persons are gone, and it is the opinion of the Morning Chronicle that we should all "return to reason and reflection," I beg leave to call your attention to a certain unroyal person in Derbyshire, who is exceedingly anxious to hear all you can tell him about every single soul that has figured away since he left you, from the Emperor of Russia down to Paul Methuen and the Prince Regent. Seriously, I know that you are the very centre of chit-chat; that you have the first bloom and blossom of every good story that's going; and I shall take it very unkind of you, if you do not share some of your treasures with me. Even an old cast-off report, or a thread-bare letter from Elba, is as pretty

a present as you can make to a country acquaintance. Talking of presents, my dear Bessy was quite delighted with the very beautiful things you all sent her; and I brought down at the same time a cap and frock for the forthcoming babe from Mrs. Dalton, which quite crowned the offerings. I never came back to her so richly laden before. Such family minutiae as I bore you with! but it is what is uppermost just now, for I feel deeply anxious about her, and I know *you* will not laugh at it. These fine days are very favourable to poetry. I have my chair and my manuscript book in the garden, and stay out whole hours. I am quite sure, from the more "genial current" of thought I feel in summer, that the warm sun of Southern France would suit me exactly.

I send you back the document you were so good as to take so much trouble about; and as there seems to be but one step more to the eleven pounds for the poor sailor, I know you will take it cheerfully for him.

A kiss to bold Barbara. Ever yours affectionately,

T. MOORE.

143.] *To Miss Godfrey.*

Mayfield, — 1814.

I ought to have thanked you both much sooner for your very enlivening pair of letters. In my absence from all your fine London *fêtes*, I ask no better festival than one of these letters of an evening, and they have as *illuminating* an effect (upon our faces at least) as a despatch from Lord Wellington has among *you*. I assure you Bessy rubs her hands with as much glee as I do when she sees your seal, and says, "Now for a nice letter from Lady D. and Miss Godfrey," so that you are very much mistaken when you think that Friendship does not thrive in a cottage as well as Love; and I only wish you were near me, that you might see how pleasantly they would go together, and be, "like Juno's swans, coupled and inseparable." I have had a great number of letters lately from Lord Byron.

By the bye, how is the "Giaour" liked? and

how does Rogers seem to bear the review of "Columbus?" It is in many parts most insidiously done, and the accusing him of *haste* is really too impudent a humbug, when they and all the world know so entirely to the contrary. I am very glad to hear that I am in such high favour with that *Begum* of *literature*, Madame de Staël. Rogers has told me much more to the same purpose: that she says "she has a *passion* for my poetry," &c. &c. I should like very much to see her, though you know how shy I am of this kind of animal, and that Goldsmith's young Marlow is not more afraid of a *modest* woman than I am of a learned one. However, as I am told she is good-natured, and too much of the true lioness to hurt a little terrier like me, I think I would venture within the reach of her claws. We have been visited by some of the *respectables* in this neighbourhood, as, luckily, there is no fashion; though I have already met with a blooming old lady of sixty, who writes poems in *imitation of me*, about "Coming to bowers," &c. &c.: altogether, though, we are very well off for quiet, and I hope will continue so.

Ever, with best love to Lady D. (to whom I shall write soon about her kindest of all kind offers of a lodging in Davies Street) and remembrances to sister Philly, yours, most truly,

THOMAS MOORE.

144.] *To Samuel Rogers, Esq.*

Mayfield,  
Sunday night, 1814.

My dear Rogers,

I have taken it for granted that you have all been too occupied with your sovereigns, &c., to give one thought to an humble cottager like myself, and have accordingly refrained from interrupting your "imperial" (as the Myronian Gallery has it) delirium, till the fever had been well sweated off in balls and processions. From what I read in the papers, I conclude that, mad as London has often been, it never was so gloriously mad before; and if I could have known with certainty that another week would have brought on the fit, I should have

been very glad to have waited to witness it, though, as it is, I feel so happy and quiet once more with my cottage, and my Bessy, and my books, and my Barbara, that I cannot say I much regret the loss; and I shall the less care about it, if you will write me a long account of all that has been *ridiculous* (for that is the best part, after all) in these shows and ceremonies. How does "our fat friend" go on? among all these fighting chieftains, he seems particularly to distinguish himself in what is called *fighting shy*. Is he or is he *not* hissed wherever he goes? and is the Princess of W. likely to survive Paul Methuen's speeches in her favour? Tell me all these important points, and likewise, whether you faced the sovereigns in full dress anywhere, and whether they expressed curiosity to see any of *us Authors*, or were merely contented with the Prince Regent, and such food as their worthy chamberlain catered for them? Were they civil to the Opposition, and did Lady Jersey tell them, as she told Prince Paul and many others, that the Regent was a "*bête*?" I *hope* she did.— You see I leave you no excuse for withholding news from me, for I put all the questions that I wish to have answered, and as the Sovereigns leave town on Tuesday, you will have time to attend a little to *me*.

Poor Bessy is beginning to cry out a little, and I should hope in my next letter I shall have to announce the dear girl's safe recovery; her delight at my return, and her gratitude for my hastening it, more than repaid me for a hundred such sacrifices. I have written but sixty lines of my work since I came down; it really required some time to recall my emigrant thoughts, and establish order in the capital again; but I shall now go on vigorously.

Where is "*Jacqueline*?" *she* too, I fear, has suffered in this bustle of royalty. Do send her down here as soon as possible out of such company. Ever yours,

T. MOORE.

Pray remember me to your sister. One of the things I have thought of since I came away is, how *very* little I saw of your brother Henry while I was in town.

145.] *From Mr. Jeffrey.*

Edinburgh, July 23, 1814.

My dear Sir,

A thousand thanks for your kind letter, which I have this instant received. Both the books you mention are disengaged, and entirely at your service. I have never happened to see the work on the Fathers, but I have no doubt that you will handle it discreetly, and edify our readers prodigiously both in verse and in prose: do not omit the verses by any means. It is quite lawful, and sufficiently orthodox, to laugh at the Fathers: Middleton settled that point of law, and it is now at rest. I am delighted to hear that Lord B. is again in the press. I had not heard anything of this new work except from the newspapers: is it still in Paynim land? I long to see how he manages without beads and veils; and I want him above all things to write a tragedy. I have quoted him unmercifully, you will find, in the last number, but what can a man do who is deserted by all his friends, and obliged to write against *space* by himself? I shall take care that a Review is sent you to-morrow. It is likely enough that your bookseller's copy (you see I take it for granted that you take one) may reach you as soon, but it will be a pledge of my zeal, and a glory to make the Admiralty a convenience. I have been in the country for ten days, pruning roses and tying up carnations. Sydney Smith maintains, indeed, that these are exotics which we only know among us by engravings, but if you will come before the end of next month, I undertake to convince you of his error. The best of it is that I have got rid of my tooth-ache, and hope to get rid of my indolence by and bye. Believe me ever very truly yours,

F. JEFFREY.

I have said nothing of the noble author whose merit you are so anxious to blazon; but I hope you understand that you may take your pleasure of him. I never could read any of his lucubrations, but promise to go through every word that you may quote.

146.] *To his Mother.*Mayfield Cottage,  
Monday night, 1814.

My dearest Mother,

As Bessy is by my side, this letter must all be about Barbara; she bids me tell you she has got her a nice little stuffgown for the winter, in which she looks prettier than in anything she ever wore, and Bessy means to send you a pattern of the gown in my next letter, or rather in her own, for she means to write next time. Barbara now has got her mamma's phrase "Bird," and looks at me very significantly, as if she had discovered something wrong I had done, and says, "Oh, Bird!" We have at last heard about Statia, she had been a little ill with her teeth, but was getting quite well again. Bessy looks forward to having her home with great impatience.

We are going to a ball this evening, given by the son of a poet in this neighbourhood. I wish there was always such a vein of gold running beside the vein of poetry, for his father (Gisborne) will leave him fifteen thousand a year. Ever, my dearest mother, your own,

TOM.

147.] *To his Mother.*

Mayfield Cottage, — 1814.

My dearest Mother,

I know it delights you to hear of instances of friendship towards your own Tom, and I have one now to tell you that gave myself very great pleasure. My friend Douglas (whom I have not, you know, seen more than twice in eight or nine years) has just been appointed admiral on the Jamaica station, and the first thing he did was to offer me the secretaryship. The salary is something under five hundred a year, but the perquisites, even in peace, are considerable, and in case of war it is a sure fortune. He also tells me he has a fine house and near one hundred acres of land allowed him, which are all at my disposal. I, of course, have declined it, as the emoluments in peace are not sufficient to counteract the risk of sea, health, and other objections; but the friend-

liness and *courage* of the offer (considering the interest by which Douglas must have got the appointment) can never be forgotten by me.

We shall be all anxiety now, my dearest mother, to have accounts of your health, and your letters may be inclosed under cover to the person who franks this, "Richard Arkwright, Esq., Ashbourne Hall, Derbyshire." Bessy will write to Ellen the next time.

Have all sorts of comforts for yourself, my darling mother, and make my father draw upon me to furnish them: mind this. If we had you here we would nurse and make you well again; and perhaps at the first appearance of spring you will let me run over for you; the change of air and scene would do you good, and we should all return to Ireland with you. Ever your own,

TOM.

148.] *From James Perry, Esq.\**

Strand, July 25, 1814.

My dear Sir,

I have had a friendly conversation with Mr. Longman. I told him, of course, that I had no authority to enter into any negotiation with him; but that, as your friend, I should be happy to communicate to you any proposal that he might wish to make to you on the subject of your poem. He said that he was most desirous to treat for it,—that he understood from Mr. Orme I had mentioned the sum of 3000 guineas as the price that I thought you should fix upon it,—and that this sum was so large as to make him desirous of seeing the copy of the poem before he made up his mind. He begged to be understood that he felt the most perfect confidence in you, and was ready to own that no one but yourself could be entitled to ask such a price; but that from long experience he conceived himself capable of judging of the probable demand that there would be for the work, and it would satisfy his mind if he could have an opportunity of forming this judgment. At the same time he said he would pledge himself to you that no other human being

should see it, for he wanted no advice on the matter.

This is, in short, the substance of our conversation; it run into some length, and he spoke with the greatest admiration of your talents. His anxiety as to previously looking into the poem arose simply from the experience, that so much depended on the catching nature of the subject, as to the popularity and rapidity of its run. He was sure of the intrinsic poetical beauty, of the strength and harmony of the versification, the warmth of the passion, and the brilliancy of the images, &c. All that he wished to ascertain was the character and design of the fable. You will be the only judge of your conduct on this proposal. I did no more than say that I should faithfully consult you, and let him know your feeling on the matter. I think him quite in earnest as to his wish to treat. Of his judgment in the way of anticipating the popularity of a poem I can form no estimate. There may be a bookseller's knack; but I foresee an obvious inconvenience in this mode of treating. If after seeing the copy he should hesitate in giving the sum, or attempt to chaffer, he might wound your delicacy, and even injure the character of the work, by saying that he had refused it. I am not sure, therefore, my dear sir, whether I ought not to tell you my own sentiment on the matter, which is frankly to decline the previous communication. If you agree to show it, I shall say that it is not merely a proof of the high confidence you have in his honour, but of your own most liberal and generous nature, since you thereby incur a risk which you might safely avoid.

I need not tell you that I shall execute your commands literally; and I shall have great pleasure if I can do it to your satisfaction. I envy you the enjoyment of fresh air this delightful weather. I have as yet no news from Mrs. Perry, and I am sick with anxiety, as it is a month since she sailed from Lisbon for Bordeaux.

With respects to Mrs. Moore, believe me to be, my dear Sir,

Your faithful Servant,

J. A. PERRY.

\* For many years proprietor of the "Morning Chronicle." He died in 1821.

149.] *To Miss Dalby.*

Thursday, Aug. 18, 1814.

My dear Mary,

Another girl! but no matter: Bessy is safe over it, and that's all I care for at present. This morning, at ten minutes after ten, Miss Olivia Byron Moore (that is to be) opened her eyes on "this working-day world," and one of the first things Bessy thought of was a despatch to you upon the happy event. It is really such a weight off my mind, that I feel as if I had been delivered myself.

Now, in a very few weeks, two or three, we shall be ready for you, and you positively *must* come and help me to get poor Bessy well and fat again. In about one week, I hope to see you at Donington. Ever yours, very sincerely,

THOMAS MOORE.

Write to Bessy immediately.

150.] *To E. T. Dalton, Esq.*

Sunday night, — 1814.

My dear Dalton,

I could not have two things to tell you more delightful in the telling than first, that Bessy is safe and well; and second, that you and I shall meet in May. I only wish I could make the *partie quarrée* by taking her with me; and indeed the first time she has expressed any regret at not accompanying me, was upon hearing that Mrs. Dalton was to be in London, for she is quite constant to the impression that *Olivia's* face and manner made upon her. I have had a letter from poor Tom Sheridan within these few days, and I told him in my answer, that he was one of the very few fellows in this world who, I thought, might compare with me in the article of *wives*, and *you*, my dear Dalton, are another of this very few; for to have a wife *pretty* as well as *everything* else she *ought to be* is a thing us men ought, morn and night, to bless God for.

I am sorry I cannot put on a long face and be grieved at what you tell me about the tumour; but, besides that I am very sure it is like mine, and of no consequence, I look upon it to be the cause of your coming to London, and therefore cannot (as yet at least) feel very sorry about it.

Tell Mrs. Dalton I think Adelaide a very pretty name, but that as I always value names according to what I feel for those who wear them, I have a strong suspicion that Olivia is, *next* to Bessy, the prettiest name in the whole circle of nomenclature, that therefore I think she was very wrong in not bestowing it upon the little child. Our last God-send is the *weeest* little thing that ever was produced; something like the Countess of Hainault's children at the wax-work, which came 360 at a time; but she is thriving, I believe, and the mother is doing wonderfully.

I shall reserve all the multifarious things I have to communicate till we meet; more particularly as, having to go out early in the morning, I write this letter over night after a dish of spinach and eggs, and a pint of ale; all (except the *eggs* and *ale*) out of our own garden. So you must excuse the *muzziness* you may have detected throughout this epistle, and believe me, in happy anticipation of our coming days together in London, ever sincerely and truly yours,

T. MOORE.

151.] *To his Mother.*Ashbourne,  
Monday, — 1814.

My dearest Mother,

I congratulate you upon the certainty of peace, though I own I think the French shabby dogs for taking back the Bourbons, and *returning to their vomit* so quietly.

I find Lord Byron's being out of town was the reason of my father's last letter coming to me unfranked. We had yesterday a poor French prisoner of Ashbourne to dine with us, who was an officer of Bonaparte's guards. He damns the "ingratitude" of

his countrymen to Bonaparte, and says if he was in his army now he would stick by him to the last. It has been from first to last a strange melodrame, and if it had not been so very bloody, would be very ridiculous. It is that mixture of the tragical and the farcical, which poor wretched human nature exhibits so often.

We are very anxious to hear from you, and hope you still think of the delightful plan of coming to us. Ever your own,

TOM.

152.] *To Samuel Rogers, Esq.*

Donington,  
Monday, Aug. 29, 1814.

My dear Rogers,

This is by way of answer to a letter of yours which I have *not* received; for I left home on Tuesday last, and Bessy tells me there is a letter from you waiting me there. I am come for a few days' rummage of the Library, on the subject of the *Fathers*, which is to form one of my articles for Jeffrey. People will be a little surprised, I think, at my leaving the mothers and daughters, to take to the *Fathers*; but, heaven knows! it is time for me—a third child! only think. My dear Bessy got over it very safely and stoutly, and I left her coming on as well as possible. I took the Derby Races and Ball in my way hither, and met a very tolerable cluster of London stars there: your old friend Miss Fawkener in the character of Mrs. Henry Cavendish; which connection I was so totally ignorant of, that I told her I was quite surprised to meet her in Derbyshire! The Duke of Devonshire has given me a very kind invitation to Chatsworth for next Thursday, to meet the Harringtons, and stay a week; but I do not think I shall go. I have no servant to take with me, and my hat is shabby, and the seams of my best coat are beginning to look white, and—in short, if a man cannot step upon equal ground with these people, he had much better keep out of their way. I can meet them on pretty fair terms at a dinner or a ball; but a whole week in the same house with them detects the poverty of a man's ammunition deplorably; to which,

if we add that I should detect the poverty of *theirs* in *another way*, I think the obvious conclusion is, that we ought to have nothing to do with each other. At the same time, I think the Duke one of the civillest persons in the whole peerage; and he took every opportunity of speaking kindly and familiarly to me at Derby.

Are you thinking of France? I have put it out of my head for some time, upon many accounts. This reviewing, and my Sixth Number of "*Melodies*," has thrown me back considerably in my work; and if I let pass this next season without producing it, I fear it will turn out a *fausse couche* entirely. I am more anxious than ever that you should keep my secret about the *plan* and the *title*, as I really am so nervous upon the matter, that I have serious thoughts of passing off a pious fraud upon the public, and saying, when I publish these Tales, that they have merely sprung out of the poem I have been employed upon, and that I reserve *that* for publication at some future period. This will not only take away all air of pretension from the Tales, but it will keep indulgence alive by giving a hope of something better unproduced. Don't betray me;—no one but yourself and Bessy knows the truth; and I will not venture to ask your opinion upon the *morality* of the step, lest you should say something to scare me out of it. For my own part, I think every possible trick fair with that animal *feræ nature*, the Public.

How do "*Lara*" and "*Jacqueline*" get on? I see them on every table, so I suppose they prosper. There are some of our fair neighbours who read "*Jacqueline*" much oftener than their prayer-books.

Ever, my dear Rogers, yours most truly,

THOMAS MOORE.

153.] *From Lady Donegal.*

Tunbridge Wells,  
Aug. 30, 1814.

We are all impatience and anxiety to hear something about Bessy, and I beg of you to let me have a line from you by the return of the post, if you can, to say how she is.—

I need not add what our feelings are on the occasion.

Upon *mature* deliberation I cannot help feeling great regret that you have embarked as a reviewer. If you were a hard-headed, hard-hearted sort of man, like the rest of them, I should not care what you did. But let the person that you attack be ever so ridiculous, if you give him pain, you will be sorry for it. You may put your hand to the plough, but you will look back in spite of yourself. I shall say no more upon the subject: perhaps you may think I ought not to have said so much.

We are now going on as usual, with the varty of Lord Cranley and his barouche occasionally, and with the expectation of the Princess Sophia, who is coming here for a month.

It must be confessed that the society of the place has degenerated since the days of our serenades. Those were days that can come but once in one's life.

Now let us hear from you immediately, and ever believe me yours most sincerely, &c.

B. D.

154.]

*From Mr. Jeffrey.*

Edinburgh, Sept. 14, 1814.

My dear Sir,

I have just had the pleasure of receiving your letter and your packet, which, from my being two days in the country, came to my hand together. Your castigation of Lord T. is admirable, though far more merciful than I had expected, as are also your *incartades* on a certain great personage. I suspect your heart is softer than you know of, and you look upon that as extreme severity, which to harder fibred men is mere tickling. However, nothing can be more entertaining, or more cleverly written; and if your taste for reviewing keep any proportion to your genius for it, I shall have many such packets from you. I cannot say that the task of a critic is altogether as animating as that of a poet, but there are ways of managing it that take away much of its irksomeness; and when you have acquired the freedom which a little use of our weapons will give you, I hope you

will not find it very laborious, especially if you will gratify me by taking some subject on which more strength may be suitably put forth. Perhaps you will feel yourself happier in the society of the Fathers, though you will never understand what gratification this new vocation can give till you set about correcting some prevailing error, or laying down some original principle of taste or reasoning. It is something to think that at least fifty thousand people will read what you write in less than a month. We print now nearly 13,000 copies, and may reckon, I suppose, modestly on three or four readers of the popular articles in each copy: no prose preachers, I believe, have so large an audience.

It will do very well if I receive the Fathers about the 20th, though we are far on with our printing. Lord T. is already in hand, and will go to about thirteen pages. A thousand thanks for what you say of Lord B., though you must not subject me to the risk of a contumelious refusal. What I said to you about him was at least half in jest, and I certainly should never have had the presumption to make such a proposal directly to himself. There is no person I have so great a desire to meet with.

I have only one daughter yet, which I think is almost enough, when you consider that I was only married last October, but I earnestly wish all the children I may have to be of that sex: I have something of a natural antipathy to boys. Ever most truly yours,

F. JEFFREY.

155.]

*From Mr. Jeffrey.*

Hatton, Sept. 18, 1814.

My dear Sir,

I am not quite so rigorous a taskmaster as you seem to think me. I dare say your Saints will be in good time if they are here by the 25th; and if I were not afraid of relaxing your zeal and exertions, I would add that if it would accommodate you materially, I believe I could make a shift to get through this number without them; my contributions have come in rather better than I expected,



and I am now at all events quite sure of *quantity* enough to fill up my pages; so if you think you could finish the article more to your own satisfaction by keeping it a fortnight or three weeks longer on your hands, I shall try to get on without it for this time, and reckon upon having it to begin the next. The publication will not be very long postponed at this rate, for I intend, if possible, to publish another number by the middle of November, and consequently must go to press again before the middle of October. I am afraid I have lost a day in answering your letter by being in this place, where I pass a part of the summer in an old ruinous chateau, a few miles from Edinburgh, which I hope will one day be honoured with your inspection.

I have a task to suggest to you, which in prudence I should have taken a less hurried moment to recommend, but I shall just mention it at present. What would you think of undertaking a review of *Sismond's Literature of the South*, and, without confining yourself to the book, characterising the great poets of Italy, Spain, and Portugal: and perhaps giving us the *spirit* of some of them in a free version of their most characteristic passages? You shall have till April to do this, if you will undertake it; and you need not make it more extensive or laborious than you feel you are bound. Tell me, at least, what you think of it; and if you cannot, or rather will not do it yourself, tell me if you know anybody that can.

Tell me, too, that you will come for a fortnight to Edinburgh early next winter, and see our primitive society here. It is but thirty hours travelling, and will at the least be something to laugh at in London, and to describe at Mayfield. We shall treat you very honourably, and let you do whatever you please. Ever most truly yours,

F. JEFFREY.

156.] *From Mr. Jeffrey.*

Edinburgh, Oct. 14, 1814.

My dear Sir,

I hope that you have, long ago, received our new number, and found but few faults

in the printing of your article. I hope, too, that you like it in print nearly as well as I do; for then you will set yourself with good will to the preparation of another, and not hate me for putting you in mind of your promise to put me in possession of your *Fathers* about the beginning of November. I hope that time will suit you; take a week longer if you want it, or send them a week sooner, if you can oblige me without putting yourself to any inconvenience. I tremble a little on casting up the number of attacks on the P. R. that occur in this number; however, I bespoke none of them, and if testimonies come from the east and the west I cannot well help inserting them. However, the thing may be overdone I fancy, and I shall admit no more for a while, unless they are witty and good humoured, like some that I wot of.

Could you hunt me up a good smart German reviewer, do you think; one who knows that literature thoroughly, without thinking it necessary to rave about it, and above all who can write a concise, vigorous, and striking style? If he understood Russian and Polish so much the better. I want an account of the vernacular productions of these countries at the present day.

Do not forget my humble petition and remonstrance about the *Literature of the South*, and let me know by and bye what determination you are to make on it.

Is it true that Lord Byron is about to be married? It would make him happier I have no doubt, but probably less poetical; better for him, and worse for us. Believe me, always most faithfully yours,

F. JEFFREY.

I enclose a shabby little bill on said number; I have treated you this time very little better than an ordinary critic, just to give you a notice of our misery.

157.] *To Lady Donegal.*

Mayfield Cottage,  
Monday, Oct. 25, 1814.

When people go "upon a tour" (as I saw by the papers *you* did), I make it a rule

never to write after them, for it is ten to one that I don't hit them, and then there is so much ammunition lost. But now that I find you are settled in the old *form*, Tunbridge Wells, *have at you*, my lady! I am afraid you will think my phraseology not much improved by my retirement, but as this is the sporting season, I naturally fall into some of the technicals of the art, and I know you will forgive me for making *game* of you, for once in my life. I must certainly, *some time* before I die, have a season with you at Tunbridge Wells, and conjure up a phantasmagoria of vanished hours; indeed, if ever you have seen a phantasmagoria, it is no bad emblem of one's pleasant recollections, for the objects brighten considerably as they get farther off, and so it is with past joys; and those of Tunbridge (though I dare say I thought but middlingly of them while they existed) have acquired a brilliancy in receding back into time, which flashed upon me with full force when I read the other day of the "Marchioness Dowager of Donegal going to Tunbridge Wells." I most earnestly implore you both, that however you may take the liberty of forgetting me in other places, you will make it a point to remember me with all your hearts and souls at Tunbridge, — that you will think of our serenade at Miss Berry's, — our dear quiet dinners *at home*, — our hearty laughs at the expense of some of the wise-ones of the party, — and (if your *saint-like* heart does not feel remorse at the recollection) your own innocent and unconscious courtship of the widow for me. This last remembrance is a melancholy one. "When I consider (says Sir W. Temple) how many noble and *esteemable* men, how many lovely and agreeable women, I have outlived among my acquaintance and friends, methinks it looks impertinent to be still alive." There are already *three* whom I (at least fancied I) loved, now cold in the earth!

"Then warm in love, now withering in the grave."

But this is too sad, and perhaps part of it too foolish, to dwell upon; and it was only this plaguy Tunbridge phantasmagoria that

put it into my head, assisted, no doubt, by a little melancholy music I have been playing this evening. But to turn from the foolishly-loved that are *dead*, to the rationally and fondly-loved that are *living*. My Bessy and my little ones, you will be glad to hear, are quite well; and your little god-daughter (though far from pretty) is filling so fast with intelligences, archnesses, and endearments, that she *already* begins to be "the light of her father's house." The other (Anastasia) is still at nurse, and getting on very well. I have filled this letter so completely with *sentiment* (after a fashion) that I have no room left for news; but as soon as you answer this, I will write a little more soberly and communicatively, and in the meantime tell you that, whenever I think of *you* and one or two others, I bless my stars that *love* has not been the only article I dealt in in my youth; but that I have still on hand so much of that far less perishable commodity, friendship: and so with this tradesman's metaphor I shall conclude. Ever yours,

T. M.

158.] *To Miss Godfrey.*

Oct. 29, 1814.

I ought to have written much oftener lately (I mean much oftener than — not at all), but that I have been most overwhelmingly busy, making up for a whole month's idleness, which was inflicted on me by a visit from my musical friend, Sir John Stevenson. We did something, however, in Power's way, with whom I am again to start, as before, next March. This was my own wish, as I am anxious to keep the rest of this year unencumbered by any more jobs for him, and free for the final completion of my never-long-enough-to-be-expected poem. I suppose you have, before this, seen my *débüt* as a reviewer. I have heard nothing of it but from Jeffrey and Byron; the former of whom says "nothing can be more entertaining or more cleverly written;" and the latter, "There is wit, taste, and learning in every line of that critique, and by G—— I think you can do anything." My article upon

Mr. Boyd's Translations from the Fathers is to be in the next number; and then, I think, I have done.

I am sorry, very sorry, to hear that dear Lady Donegal still suffers from those attacks, and I really think the sooner she tries other air and other scenes, the better. It is a sad thing to think that there is such sweet sunshine going on in France and Italy, which we might all be enjoying instead of coughing and shivering through the fogs of this most unamiable climate. How *nice* it would be (you recollect my old word) if you should be starting next year at the same time that I set out on my experimental or pioneer visit to prepare the way there for the transportation of my whole family. This is a wicked trick of Mr. Vansittart's, if true, to send the income-tax riding double after all travellers. He sticks to one like the little old man in the "Arabian Nights."

My good Bessy is very well, and getting up her looks again; but I am sorry to see this last little one has increased her figure a good deal; and I very much fear she will grow large. She does not like the idea of going to France, and has hopes that I shall be disappointed and give up my resolution, when I have seen it myself; but she makes no difficulties about anything I wish, and I know she would soon get reconciled to the change; but still it is very possible that what she looks to may happen, and that I shall not like the country well enough, upon trial, to make it my residence. The moment I mention its cheapness all her objections vanish. Tell me a little of what you hear about it in this respect when you write.

I agree with you that a great part of "Lara" is very prosy and somnific; but it has many striking parts, and the death is very fine. "Lara's" waiting-maid, poor "Jacqueline," is in general, I find, thought rather *naïve* than otherwise; which I am sorry for, as Rogers sets his heart upon fame, and his heart is a good one, that deserves what it wishes.

You must not mind the blunders and blots in this letter, as I write it after dinner, with Barbara on my back.

Ever affectionately, with love to Lady D.,  
and kindest remembrances to *Philly*,

Yours,  
T. M.

150.]

To Lady Donegal.

Mayfield, Oct. 31, 1814.

I have been lately very much teased, and have had my time much interrupted by a constant succession of visitors. First, I had Sir John Stevenson for near a fortnight. He came upon business that might have been done in three days, and took the whole of that time in *not* doing it. He then wrote to his son to come to him here from London, and the next night changed his mind, and set off for London himself, crossing the sea, in a very national and characteristic manner, on the road; and this son has ever since remained with us here, waiting filially for the father to come back again. By way of episode, Lambert and his wife (Stevenson's daughter), who were at Lord Talbot's in this neighbourhood, must needs come over to see the young gentleman (who is just returned from America), and we have had *them* too to entertain: in short, amongst them all, I have not had a minute of this whole month to myself, and the loss of so much time just now is really a most grievous calamity to me. Nor is the grievance over yet, for the son is still here, inflicting all his messroom intelligence upon me. But I trust in Providence and the mail-coach for bringing Sir John down from London tomorrow, and then the day after, if there is one principle of shame in an Irish bosom, they shall both pack out of my house for Ireland. All this makes me feel the horror of the incursions I should be exposed to (from my countrymen in particular) if I lived what they call *convaniant* to London; and though I shall certainly go near town when I am publishing, I shall as certainly, after that, keep at a respectful distance from it,—at least till I see some chance of being made secretary of state in the new order of things that is approaching. By the bye, have you heard how *soon* the revolution is

to take place? You remember the story of a lady who told the king she had seen every fine sight except a coronation, which she wished to see exceedingly. The Lord keep us from a similar curiosity about revolutions; but, for myself, I shall only say, I never saw one, and — that's all. You must not take this hum-ing and ha-ing too seriously though, for I really believe, after all, that a revolution is a bad sort of thing, and that the only part of the community which deserves to suffer its horrors, are those stupid rulers who might avert it but will not. Such profane talk as this under a secretary's cover is, to be sure, something like smuggling French wares under a bishop's petticoat (if any such smuggling ever took place). But I think the inclosed head will be quite sufficient to frighten away any prying eyes that might peep into the contents of my packet. Ah this head! how cruel it is of you to take it away from me. I may almost apply, in my grief, Voltaire's lines upon sending back Frederic's portrait.

“Je le reçus avec tendresse,  
Je le renvoye avec douleur;  
Comme un amant, dans sa fureur,  
Rend le portrait de sa maîtresse.”

But mind, though I give it into your keeping, it is *still mine*, and I know nothing in the world that would induce me to part with it, even in this way, but your command. For I think it a most admirable portrait of a most excellent and highly gifted person; therefore posterity must not lose it.

Will you take the trouble of sending the packet I inclose; and believe me, with my dearest Bessy's best regards, yours and my *very* dear Mary's attached and affectionate friend,

THOMAS MOORE.

I have not said a word of your kindness in asking us to be your guests; but what *can* one say to such kindness? I shall write again soon.

160.] *From Miss Godfrey.*

Tunbridge Wells,  
Nov. 12, 1814.

You should have heard long since how pleased we were with your *Petit Tableau de Famille*, if we had not been so very much occupied in restoring the Bourbons to the throne of their ancestors. That job being performed to the astonishment of all mankind — one may now quietly sit down and ask oneself whether one is really awake, or only in a sort of extraordinary dream; and as I am at present pretty sure of being awake, I just civilly beg to know what you think of it all? Have you no ode, satire, or ballad ready for the occasion, and will you let that greatest of tyrants make his exit without hissing him off the stage? Have you seen Lord Byron's ode? They say it was written in five minutes. I think it was a pity he did not take a quarter of an hour, and make it more perfect. It is not a bad outline; at least one rejoices so in the subject, that one is disposed to judge favourably of the poem. You will rejoice to hear that our Most Gracious Regent is in the third heaven, and attributes every wonderful event now passing in the world to his own great talents. To say the truth, I am not surprised at his delight, for he has been in a most glorious run of luck. Bab was presented to Louis XVIII. and the Duchess d'Angoulême at their drawing-rooms, and was very much pleased with them both. The King has a happy talent of expressing himself, and has gratified several people by *à propos* compliments, among others, the Grattans. He said to James Grattan, that he must congratulate him upon being the son of such a father. It is said to be an absolute fact, that Bonaparte expressed a wish to be let live in this country, as he felt a reliance upon the generosity of the English character. I think it was a great compliment. When do you think of coming to town? Pray come soon, and look on a little at the wonders of the day. The Emperor of Russia is to be here in a fortnight, and the Duchess of Oldenburg is established here for the present.

They say she inherits all the talents of Catherine, with a pleasing appearance and very captivating manners. If you get a cheap little lodging, it will be your only expense; for as to breakfast, dinner, and supper, you know you have always more waiting for you in every corner of the town than you can possibly eat. If Bessy comes with you, she will always find us too happy to have her, and only regretting that we have no bed to offer her. So pray, dear Moore, let us hear that you have arranged all your plans to pay us a visit very soon. Bring your poem with you, and publish it; for it really is time to send it forth to seek its fortune. Rogers' friendship for us has all oozed out, like Acres', and we are here waiting till that happy moment arrives. We have out-lived everybody at Tunbridge except the Fincastles, Hopes, Rogers, and Lady Ellenborough. The Fincastles grow upon me; I am always pleased in their society. \* \* \* William Spencer has been here from time to time for a week, but never longer. He wrote a prologue for Lady Susan's play, and another little thing, that I will copy for you in this letter if I can. It was written upon seeing a rose-tree between two willows.

"Yon lonely rose, that climbs the eaves,  
How bright its dew-dropp'd tint appears!  
As if Aurora on its leaves  
Had left her blushes with her tears.

"And see two drooping willows nigh,  
What heat their sickly foliage blanches!  
As if a lover's burning sigh  
Won all the gale that fann'd their branches.

"Ah! wish ye not, pale plants of woe,  
Yon rose's blooming state your own?  
Methinks I hear them murmur, 'No;  
Yon rose is blooming — but alone!

"Know'st thou two hearts by love subdued?  
Ask them which fate they covet, whether  
Health, joy, and life in solitude,  
Or sickness, grief, and death together."

I suppose no woman in her sound mind ever wrote any man so long a letter before. Well, I shall be more moderate the next time. Philly desires her compliments to your sister (why should not I do the same?), and her love to you. Yours, very truly and sincerely,  
M. G.

161.] *From Mr. Jeffrey.*

Edinburgh, Nov. 23, 1814.

My dear Sir,

The affairs of the Duke of Queensberry have kept our whole bar in such a state of hurry for these last ten days, that I have been obliged to neglect many things besides my thanks and acknowledgments to you. I was a little mortified at first when I found you had repented you of the verses, and would have written a letter of remonstrance and supplication if I had thought it would have been in time. Upon receiving the article, however, I was obliged to forgive you both omissions and commissions. The candour, and learning, and sound sense of your observations are, if possible, more delightful than their point and vivacity, especially when so combined. Notwithstanding your pamphlet on the Popery laws, which I saw some years ago with the greatest surprise and satisfaction, I own I was far from suspecting your familiarity with these recondite subjects, and am still afraid that this article has cost you more trouble than we are any way entitled to put you to. It has been printed several days, and extends, I am sorry to say, only to about thirteen pages. It is no small distinction, however, in our journal to be the author of a paper which every reader must wish longer.

F. JEFFREY.

162.] *To Messrs. Longman & Co.*

London, Dec. 17, 1814.

Dear Sirs,

I have taken our conversation of yesterday into consideration, and the following are the terms which I propose: "Upon my giving into your hands a poem of the length of *Rokeby*, I am to receive from you the sum of 3000*l*." If you agree to this proposal, I am perfectly ready to close with you definitively, and have the honour to be, gentlemen, your very obliged and humble servant,

THOMAS MOORE.

I beg to stipulate that the few songs which I may introduce in this work shall be considered as reserved for my own setting.

163.] *Copy of Terms written to Mr. Moore.*

“That upon your giving into our hands a poem of yours of the length of *Rokeby*, you shall receive from us the sum of 3000*l.* We also agree to the stipulation, that the few songs which you may introduce into the work shall be considered as reserved for your own setting.”

164.] *To his Mother.*

Mayfield Cottage,  
Wednesday, — 1814.

My dearest Mother,

Here I am, returned in safety, after a most lucky visit to town. I received a sum from Bermuda, quite unexpectedly, which my friend Woolriche (who is returned and was with me) insisted upon my instantly delivering up into his hands, and he purchased for me five hundred pounds stock; so that I am now a stockholder, and, as this next year I shall be enabled to increase the deposit considerably, I look forward most sanguinely to being a *rich* old fellow. My other piece of good-luck was concluding *definitively* a bargain with the *Longmans*, whereby, upon my delivering into their hands a poem of the length of *Rokeby*, I am to receive from them *three thousand* pounds! What do you think of that, my darling mother? The poem is not, however, to be out till this time twelvemonth. I have only time to give you a skeleton of my transactions, but my next letter this week shall be fuller. Love to my dearest father and Nell. Ever your own,

TOM.

165.] *To his Mother.*

Chatsworth, Jan. 25, 1815.

My dearest Mother,

I snatch a moment from the whirl of lords and ladies I am in here, to write a scrambling line or two to you: they are all chattering at this moment about me, dukes, countesses, &c. &c. It is to be sure a most princely establishment, and the following are the company that sat down the first day I came: Lord and Lady Harrowby and their daughter

(he is a Minister, you know); Lord and Lady Jersey, Lord and Lady Boringdon, Lord and Lady Leveson Gower, Lord and Lady Morpeth, Lord and Lady Cowper, Lord Kinnaird, the Duke himself, and the Poet *myself*, with one or two more *inferior* personages. I could have wished Bessy were here, but that I know she would not have been comfortable in it. She does not like *any* strangers, and least of all would she like such grand and mighty strangers as are assembled here.

I hope, my own dear mother, I shall find a letter at home from you with better accounts than my father gave us in his last. Ever your own,

TOM.

166.] *To his Mother.*

Jan. 26, 1815.

My dearest Mother,

My father's last letter would have made us very unhappy indeed, if we had not the pleasing thought that by that time you had received the intelligence of Lord Mulgrave's letter, and were lightened at least of *half* your sorrow; indeed, my darling mother, I am quite ashamed of the little resolution you seem to have shown upon this occurrence; it was an event *I* have been expecting for years, and which I know *you yourselves* were hourly apprehensive of; therefore, instead of looking upon it as such an overwhelming thunder-clap, you ought to thank Providence for having let you enjoy it so long, and for having deferred the loss till I was in a situation (which, thank God! I am now) to keep you comfortably without it. I venture to say “comfortably” because I *do* think (when the expenses of that house, and the et-ceteras which always attend an establishment are deducted), you will manage to live as well upon your 200*l.* a year, as you did then upon your 350*l.*, which I suppose was the utmost the place altogether was worth. Surely, my dear mother, the stroke was just as heavy to *us* as to *you*, for I trust we have no separate interests, but share clouds and sunshine equally together; yet you would have seen no gloom in *us*—nothing like it; we instantly made up our minds to the reduction and

economy that would be necessary, and felt nothing but gratitude to Heaven for being able to do so well; and this, my sweet mother, is the temper of mind in which *you* should take it. If you knew the hundreds of poor clerks that have been laid low in the progress of this retrenchment that is going on, and who have no means in the world of supporting their families, you would bless our lot, instead of yielding to such sinful despondency about it. For my *father's* sake (who is by no means as stout himself as he ought to be) you ought to summon up your spirits, and make the best and the brightest of it.

Let him draw upon Power at two months for whatever he may want for the barrack money, and when the rent comes due in March, we shall take care of it. Ever, my dearest mother, your own affectionate,

TOM.

167.] *To his Mother.*

Wednesday night,  
Feb. 1, 1815.

My dearest Mother,

I meant to have written again from Chatsworth, but we got up so late, and the day was so soon over in various little occupations, that I could not find a minute except for a letter or two I had to write upon business, and I knew you would forgive me. My time was very pleasantly passed there indeed, and it required some resolution to break away from the pressings and remonstrances employed to keep me there longer. Upon my return, I found my dearest father's letter, and it delighted us both to hear that you were even a little better. But indeed, my darling mother, you have no right whatever to yield to low spirits: your children all well and happy, and loving you with all their hearts and souls; and though for a time absent from you, looking forward to being very speedily about you, and showing you how fondly and perfectly they love you. All this ought to give sunshine to your heart, my dearest mother, and keep away everything like depression or despondency. I think it is very likely when we *do* go over to you,

that we shall make a long visit of it, and, as Bessy is very cheerful, I think she and the little ones will be new life to you. Anastasia you shall certainly have early in the spring Love to all. From your own

TOM.

Bessy is still very thin and weakly.

168.] *To Miss Godfrey.*

Wednesday evening,  
March, 1815.

Oh for some of those ways of coming together that they have in the fairy tales,—wishing-caps, mirrors, flying dragons, anything but this vile intercommunication of pen and ink. I am afraid we shall never get *properly* into it; and, whenever I get a letter from either of you, it makes me regret my own laziness in this way most bitterly, as I feel you only want "*stirring up*" now and then, like those other noble females, the lionesses at the Tower (no disparagement) to make you (as Bottom says) "*roar an 'twere a nightingale.*" Whether you like this simile or not, you really *are* worth twenty nightingales to me in my solitude, and a letter from you makes me eat, drink, and sleep as comfortably again; not that I do any one of those things *over* it, but, without any flattery, it sweetens them all to me. I am as busy as a bee, and I hope too, like him, among flowers. I feel that I improve as I go on, and I hope to come out in full bloom with the Michaelmas daisy,—not to publish, you know, but to be finished. I was a good deal surprised at *you*, who are so very hard to please, speaking so leniently of Scott's *Lord of the Isles*: it is wretched stuff, the bellman all over. I'll tell you what happened to me about it, to give you an idea of what it is to correspond *confidentially* with a *firm*. In writing to *Longman* the other day, I said, "*Between you and me, I don't much like Scott's poem,*" and I had an answer back, "*We are very sorry you do not like Mr. Scott's book. Longman, Hurst, Orme, Rees, Brown,*" &c. What do you think of this for a "*between you and me?*"

I think there are strong symptoms of the

world's being about to get just as mad as ever,—the riots, Lord Castlereagh, Sir Frederick Flood, and Bonaparte! What the latter has done will be thought madness if it fails; but it is just the same sort of thing that has made heroes from the beginning of the world; success makes *all* the difference between a madman and a hero.

Bessy is, I hope, getting a little stouter. The little things eat like cormorants, and I am afraid so do *I*. There are two things I envy you in London,—Miss O'Neil and your newspaper at breakfast; all the rest I can do without manfully. Rogers has written me a long letter from Venice, all about gondolas. Best love to my dear Lady Donegal. Ever yours,

THOMAS MOORE.

169.]

*To his Mother.*

Mayfield,  
Saturday, — 1815.

My dearest Mother,

You are prepared by my letter of yesterday for the sad news I have to tell you now. The poor baby is dead\*; she died yesterday morning at five o'clock. Poor Bessy is very wretched, and I fear it will sink very deep into her mind; but she makes efforts to overcome the feeling, and goes on with all her duties and attentions to us all as usual. It was with difficulty I could get her away from her little dead baby, and then only under a promise she should see it again last night. You know, of course, we had it nursed at a cottage near us. As soon as it was dark she and I walked there; it affected her very much of course, but she seemed a good deal soothed by finding it still so sweet, and looking so pretty and unaltered: she wants to see it again to-night, but this I have forbidden, as it will necessarily be a good deal changed, and I should like her impression of last night to remain. I rather think, my darling mother, this event will bring us all together sooner than I first intended, as the change and your kindness will enliven poor Bessy's mind. Ever your own,

TOM.

\* Olivia Byron.

170.]

*To Lady Donegal.*

Mayfield,  
Monday, March 27, 1815.

What do you think now of my supernatural friend, the emperor? If ever tyrant deserved to be worshipped, it is he: Milton's Satan is nothing to him for portentous magnificence—for sublimity of mischief! If that account in the papers be true, of his driving down in his carriage like lightning towards the royal army embattled against him, bare-headed, unguarded, in all the confidence of irresistibility—it is a fact far sublimer than any that fiction has ever invented, and I am not at all surprised at the dumb-founded fascination that seizes people at such daring. For my part, I could have fancied that *Fate herself* was in that carriage.

Good-bye: write soon: by your not mentioning my "Fathers" in the Edinburgh, I take for granted you cannot read it, and "no blame to you," as we say in Ireland. Ever yours,

T. M.

What desperate weather! all owing to Bonaparte.

171.]

*From Lady Donegal.*

Tunbridge Wells,  
March 30, 1815.

Your letter of the 27th followed us here this morning, and I lose not a moment in thanking you for it. We had seen by the papers that you had lost your little girl, and we know how much Bessy would regret her, and were anxious to know something of her, and of you; but of all things in this world I think letters of condolence the most distressing and the most useless, for real friends will always feel for one under every disappointment and trial, and I was very sure that you would do our feelings justice on this occasion, as well as on all others, in which you are in any way concerned. Change of scene will do Bessy good, and your mother will forget all her aches when she has you all under her roof; yet I cannot help feeling regret that you are going to Ireland, for it is not a safe



residence for you in any way, and to let you go, without intruding my wise cautions upon you, I cannot. I begin by most earnestly imploring you to be cautious about politics. You will be in the society of some whose heads and hearts are *too wrong* to have any influence with you, but their very society will do you harm, and the association of their names with yours would grieve me most sincerely. I beseech you to avoid them all, if you can, and if you cannot, be as guarded as in your nature lies, for the Irish democrats (if you choose I will call them Opposition) are a dangerous, unprincipled set as ever existed, and are held in great disrepute by all the respectable part of the Opposition in this country. I put all my own *courtly* feelings out of the question, and do not let my prejudices in any way influence the advice I have the presumption to give you. I do assure you that I am perfectly impartial, and I call Mary as my witness. I am satisfied that you should go as far in your politics as Lord Lansdowne or Lord Grenville, but I will never give my consent to your going one step beyond them. As for Sir F. Burdett in this country, and Mr. B. and others I could name in Ireland, I have a horror of them, and join heartily in the general feeling of contempt into which they have fallen. Once more I beg of you to keep clear of them. Another request I have to make of you is, not upon any account to be security for anybody, and I wish that you would give me a *promise* that you would not, for then I should feel sure of you.

Tell me, as soon as you can, that you do not think me the greatest bore that ever lived, and that you pardon me for the freedom with which I speak to you, but I know no other language when I am communicating with a friend. Fortunately for you my head will not let me write more to-day, for I have had one of my old nervous attacks lately, and am not yet quite recovered from its effects. Mary will write to you when we hear anything more of this fiend Bonaparte. \*

We were in great luck not to have begun our travels before all this business began in

France. I think that a little gentle squeeze from Bonaparte would do Rogers no harm, for he certainly was too partial to him, and never forgave me for having rejoiced last year in his misfortunes, and for having ventured to wish that a wing of the Temple\* might be singed by the Russians, for which he heartily wished that Dublin might be burnt to the ground.

We did read your review, and liked it very much, as did others, more to the purpose than ourselves. A Roman Catholic man-friend of ours, however, was very angry at it, but I do not think that he knew it was yours.

B. D.

172.]

*To Lady Donegal.*

Monday, April 10, 1815.

Your letter deserved a much speedier answer, both to thank you for the very kind anxiety you have expressed about me, and to set your heart at rest upon the subject of it. If there is anything in the world that I have been detesting and despising more than another for this long time past, it has been those very Dublin politicians whom you so fear I should associate with. I do not think a good cause was ever ruined by a more bigoted, brawling, and disgusting set of demagogues; and, though it be the religion of my fathers, I *must* say that much of this vile, vulgar spirit is to be traced to that wretched faith, which is again polluting Europe with Jesuitism and inquisitions, and which of all the humbugs that have stultified mankind is the most narrow-minded and mischievous; so much for the danger of my joining Messrs. O'Connell, O'Donnell, &c.

Now as to poor Bryan, whom I know you particularly allude to, I believe I need not tell *you* who know me a *little*, that not all his wrong-headedness, nor all the clamours of the world against him, could make me guilty of one minute's coldness towards a man who has shown such genuine, hearty, and affectionate interest about me and mine. He is, I own, a blunder-headed politician; but, luckily both for himself and me, he is

no longer a politician, for he has split with the Catholic board for ever. I had almost forgot the "giving security." I do promise you; and if any needy gentleman, presuming upon my funded property, should venture to hint such a thing, I will tell him I have been sworn upon a hundred pound debenture, never to risk so dangerous a proceeding. Seriously, though it is not very likely any one should ask me, I am aware of the danger there is in so committing one's self; and I only hope, most anxiously hope, that your warning does not proceed from any sad experience of your own.

It is a hard thing that you, who like London, should find it necessary, or at least prudent, to quit it just now; for I fear *that* is the case. For myself, I know I ought to *pay* before I talk of *lending*; however, I shall only say that my debentures, such as they are, are now and evermore most heartily at your service.

T. M.

173.] *To Mr. Longman.*

Mayfield Cottage,  
April 25, 1815.

My dear Sir,

I hope to see you in town the beginning of next week. I had copied out fairly about 4000 lines of my work, for the purpose of submitting them to your perusal, as I promised; but, upon further consideration, I have changed my intention: for it has occurred to me that if you should happen not to be quite as much pleased with what I have done as I could wish, it might have the effect of disheartening me for the execution of the remaining and most interesting part, so I shall take the liberty of withholding it from your perusal till it is finished; and *then*, I repeat, it shall be perfectly in your power to cancel our agreement, if the merits of the work should not meet your expectation. It will consist altogether of at least 6000 lines, and as into *every one* of these I am throwing as much mind and polish as I am master of, the task is no trifling one. Ever yours, my dear sir, very truly,

THOMAS MOORE.

174.] *To Samuel Rogers, Esq.*

Mayfield Cottage,  
Monday, May 22, 1815.

Welcome, my dear Rogers, most welcome back again. I was beginning to feel seriously anxious about you, and feared very much I should not hear any tidings of you before my departure—yes, my departure. You have caught me upon the wing for Ireland: this very evening we set off. I have long, you know, been promising my dear mother a sight of her new relations; and, anxious as I was myself to see them altogether, I would willingly have still deferred it a little longer; but the declining health of my mother, and poor Bessy's very delicate state, both in spirits and health, since the loss of our last little child (Olivia Byron), have altogether determined me to sacrifice my own convenience to their gratification. The sight of her little grandchildren will be new life to my mother, and the change of scene and air will be sure to do Bessy service. You will hear from our friends in town that I had determined upon a trip thither, and I now more than ever regret my inability to achieve it, as I should have had at least one shake of the hand from you; but the exchequer was not adequate to the two journeys, and I was obliged to sacrifice London to Dublin. I shall return myself in August; but if the sea-bathing agrees with Bessy, I shall prevail upon her to stay behind me as long as she can take advantage of it.

I have sold my *Poem* (for so it must be called still) for three thousand pounds! There will of course be a revision of the contract, and perhaps a retraction, when I disclose the real nature of the work; but I have gained at least the tribute to my reputation, and I do not much fear any *considerable* diminution of the sum, when they find the same quantum of poetry they have bargained for (5000 lines!), but divided into tales instead of one continued poem. Pray keep my secret about it with your accustomed fidelity. Your calling it "my tales" in your letter quite startled me—I

felt as if the whole thing were known,—for I never call it anything but my poem.

I cannot write any more now, for we are in the very agonies of packing; but you shall hear from me from Dublin.

Your letter from Venice I received, but not till the end of March, when I knew it would be useless to answer it. It made me unhappy for days. How I envy you!

Best regards to your sister. The next time we meet, my dear Rogers, it will be, I hope, for a *long spell*.

Ever, ever yours most affectionately,

THOMAS MOORE.

175.] *To Samuel Rogers, Esq.*

Dublin, June 7, 1815.

My dear Rogers,

I snatch one moment from the bustle of greetings and visitings that assail us here, to tell you of our safe arrival and the thousand hearty welcomes we have met with. If we had as many hands as Briareus, they would be all nearly shaken off. My friend Richard Power, who is now in England, has lent us his house (one of the best in Dublin, with an excellent library.) during our stay, and all Dublin is at our doors, in carriages, cars, tilburies, and jingles, from morning till night, to the no small astonishment of a Derbyshire maid we have brought with us to take care of the little ones. The sight of us has been quite a renewal of the lease of life to my dear good mother and father, and I had the happiest dinner among them all on my birthday,—*far* the happiest I have enjoyed for a long time. They loved Bessy *upon trust*, before they saw her, and the little children are never out of their arms. We are going to pay some visits at country-houses next week, amongst others to Lord Granard's, and altogether I shall have but little breathing-time till my return to the dear cottage, which I hope to achieve before the end of August, and to which (in spite of all the cordial chaos about me) I look forward with a feeling most ungratefully impatient.

I have seen Curran once; he talked of the "intensity" of your attachment to me, and, for once, I hoped his style was not exaggera-

tive. Of Lord Moira, too, he spoke much, but in a far different strain:—"I have mourned over him; I have held an inquest upon the carcase of his dead fame, &c. &c.;" and then finished by a climax quite characteristic of his eloquence,—“that, in short, it was but too true he (Lord M——) had a great dash of the Piper about him!” Notwithstanding all this bad taste, there is nothing like him for fancy.

Do, my dear Rogers, let me hear from you as soon as possible, and direct, 7, Kildare Street, Dublin. Bessy, I hope, is somewhat better, though she hardly knows how she is in this eternal bustle. She has this instant looked over me, and bid me not forget "her love."

Best remembrances to your sister, from,

Ever faithfully yours,

THOMAS MOORE.

176.] *From Mr. Jeffrey.*

Edinburgh, June 11, 1815.

My dear Moore,

As I do not see your poem yet announced, I am afraid you are still occupied in a more interesting way than with reviews; but I cannot help taking the chance, however desperate it may be, of your having an hour or two to throw away on the baser avocation. I was shot in the eye with a sky-rocket on the king's birthday, and have been almost blind ever since; which has thrown me back with all my preparations, and reduced me to such extremities in providing for the next number as must touch all Christian hearts with compassion.

I have just got a set of Lord Byron's works, and read his Hebrew Melodies for the first time. There is rather a monotony in the subjects, but a sweetness of versification to which I know but one parallel, and a depth and force of feeling which, though indicated only by short sobs and glances, is here as marked and peculiar as in his greater pieces. I have heard nothing of him lately, but am now persuaded that he cannot be long idle. I cannot see to write any more. Believe me always most truly yours,

F. JEFFREY.

177.] *To Lady Donegal.*

Kilfane, July 3, 1815.

Your letter, which Arthur gave me in Dublin, found me so whirled about in visitings, dinnerings, hand-shakings, &c., that I had not a moment to myself, and I knew you would forgive my deferring my answer till I got a little out of the bustle. Our reception, indeed, has been highly flattering and gratifying, and the attention every one has paid to Bessy is as creditable to themselves as it is pleasant to her and me. We are now with Richard Power's brother, who has a most beautiful place here, and gives us a very hospitable welcome. We have been with the Bryans for a week or ten days, and a few days with Joe Atkinson's daughter, Mrs. T. Kearney. Next week we return to Dublin, that Bessy may get a little sea-bathing, which has been ordered as quite necessary for her; and thence we have two more visits to make, to the Duke of Leinster and Lord Granard, if the latter family shall have sufficiently recovered their grief for poor Hastings\* to admit us. What fearful and wonderful things are happening! Tragedy and farce come so mixed up together, that to do justice to the world, we ought to be like the grimacier at Astley's, and cry at one side of the face while we laugh with the other. I suppose it is all over with the Great Nation, and with the Napoleons, both great and small. His Imperial Majesty, I perceive, is coming quietly to England, and you will perhaps have an opportunity of letting your house in Davies Street to him; though I rather think you would burn it to the ground after such profanement, as the gentleman did with his mansion after the Constable Bourbon had slept in it. I am afraid you and I would have some little squabbles about the poor Bourbons if we were together just now; and I hope, for the sake of your repose in this very hot weather, that all the persons around you are thorough coinciding, sympathising, and never-ceasing Tories. Reprobate as I am, I am sure your will give credit to my

prudence and good taste in declining the grand public dinner that was about to be given me upon my arrival in Dublin. I found there were too many of your favourites the Catholic orators, at the bottom of the design,—that the fountain of honour was too much of a *holy-water* fount for me to dabble in it with either safety or pleasure; and, though I should have liked mightily the opportunity of making a treasonable speech or two after dinner, I thought the wisest thing I could do was to decline the honour. Being thus disappointed in *me*, they have given a grand public dinner to an eminent toll-gatherer, whose patriotic and *elegant* method of collecting the tolls entitles him, I have no doubt, to the glory of such a celebration. Alas! alas! it must be confessed that our poor country, altogether, is a most wretched concern; and as for the Catholics (as I have just said in a letter written within these five minutes) one would heartily wish them all in their own Purgatory, if it were not for their adversaries, whom one wishes *still further*.

I have written to Lord Byron about your Tunbridge friend, though I fear the application will have but little success. Did you hear that *I* was applied to to join the Committee?

Bessy, as you may collect from what I have already said, is not very strong; but the little ones are quite well, and go about with us everywhere.

Best love to dear Mary, and believe me, ever

Most affectionately yours,  
T. MOORE.

178.] *To Samuel Rogers, Esq.*

Dublin, Aug. 9, 1815.

My dear Rogers,

I am most anxious to hear something about you. I'm sure you do not like me *in Ireland*, for you never write to me here. There are now two able and full-grown epistles of mine unanswered near three months. However, no matter for that, I do seriously believe that they who *bottle up* their remembrance of each other have it in much higher

\* Honourable Hastings Forbes, killed at Waterloo.

order and effervescence when they meet, than they who let it out, drop by drop, through the post-office; and I can answer at least for my own being at this moment as strong, cordial, and *racy* as ever, my dear Rogers.

We have made two country tours since I wrote to you, and are now just returned from a three weeks' visit to my married sister in Tipperary. Alas! it would be but a poor return for your delicious pictures of Italy — your "thoughts that breathed" of the sweet air in which they were born, and your "words that burned" with the pure sunshine which they described, to give you any account of what I either felt or saw in the foggy, boggy regions of Tipperary. The only thing I could match you in is *banditti*; and if you can imagine groups of ragged Shanavests (as they are called) going about in noonday, armed and painted over like Catabaw Indians, to murder tithe-proctors, land valuers, &c., you have the most stimulant specimen of the sublime that Tipperary affords. The country, indeed, is in a frightful state; and rational remedies have been delayed so long, that nothing but the sword will answer now. We lost a visit to the Grattans by this barbarous trip — a sort of sacrifice which I am often obliged to make, but which your *scarvoir-faire* so happily always extricates you from. On our return to town last week, in high spirits at the prospect of sailing immediately for England, and getting back to our dear, *doubly* dear cabin once more, poor Bessy had to encounter the shock of finding our darling Barbara (whom we left at my father's) dangerously ill of a bilious fever. Nothing could be more unseasonably distressing. She is now, however, recovering rapidly; and if in a week after the receipt of this you will sit down, like a good fellow, and answer it, your letter may find me, I trust, at Mayfield Cottage.

Persia, of course, has suffered by Tipperary; but I shall work double tides to make it up again.

Best regards to your sister from hers and yours, faithfully,

THOMAS MOORE.

179.]

To Mr. Dalton.

Atlassel Abbey, Cashel,  
Friday, Aug. 22, 1815.

My dear Dalton,

Bryan, as I suspected, will not stir, and Killarney is given up. If it were possible for me to wait *your* time, we could manage, I think, to achieve the business without him; but that's out of the question, and sincerely do I regret that it is so; for I flatter myself Killarney has seldom had, within its enchanted precincts, two souls that would agree better in enjoyment of all its beauties. My sister has been alarmingly ill since we came, from a miscarriage; she is now much better; but a sick house, and a dull, ugly country, render our visit here rather a melancholy proceeding, and I look with some impatience to next week for a release from it. The only *stimulants* we have are the Shanavests, who enter the houses here at noonday for arms, and start out, by twenties and thirties, upon the tithe-proctors in the fields, stark naked, and smeared over with paint like Catabaws. The good people of Tipperary will have a bloody winter of it.

Lord Llandaff's is the only fine house in this neighbourhood; but it is one of those unfinished and never-to-be-finished places, which, as far as I can perceive, abound throughout Ireland.

The rector of this place has just passed the windows on a tithe-hunting expedition, with a large gun in his gig. This is one of the ministers of peace on earth! Ever, my dearest Dalton, your faithful friend,

THOMAS MOORE.

180.]

To his Mother.

Derby, Tuesday, Oct. 17, 1815.

My own dear Mother,

I have run over here on a short visit to our friends the Strutts, and to buy a sofa for Bessy, who cannot do without lying down a good deal. Mr. Strutt, who never sees me without *giving* me something, has just made me a present of a very snug and handsome easy chair for my study. They are most friendly and excellent people.

I fear I have been a little irregular, my

darling mother, this last week, in my correspondence, but I shall make up in the present one. Ever your own affectionate,

Tom.

181.] *To Mary Godfrey.*

Mayfield Cottage,  
Thursday night, Oct. 19, 1815.

There is nothing like demanding an answer by return of post. It is the only way with such correspondents as I am, and I wish you always had some baron or other to put me in requisition, for many is the self-reproach it would save me; but I know no more of said baron than of the man in the moon, nor has William Spencer (who will be "responsible," poor fellow! for anything but his debts) ever written me a single line on the subject; you know, however, I cannot give words for music to any one but Power. I am bound hand and foot,—at least my lyrical feet,—and you may tell the Baron it would cost me five hundred a year to give him even so much as a "Down derry down" of my own composition. Strange that such penalty should be on Tweedle-dum and Tweedle-dee, but so it is, and you can swear to it, for you read the deed. We arrived here two or three weeks since, after the most anxious journey I ever had to encounter. Poor Bessy (who was by no means well when we embarked) suffered so much on a long and sickening passage, from her own illness and attention to the children, that on our arrival at Holyhead, she was most alarmingly indisposed, and it was with great delay and many difficulties that I was able to get her along the road at all. The sight of her own little home, however, and the comfort of being there after the very bothering bustle of our Irish visit, was like magic in restoring her, and though she is still very weak, I have great hopes that rest and care will bring her about again.—Among other welcome things that greeted me at home, was your *thrice*-welcome letter from Tunbridge, and if yours were but "generous letters that no answer wait," or if there were any way in which you could know how thoroughly they delight me, and how warmly I remember you both every hour of

my existence, without my taking a dirty pen in my hand to tell you so, the whole pleasure of the thing would be as unalloyed as it is delightful; but since it is impossible, I suppose, for me to enjoy that perfection of friendly correspondence, where (as Sir Boyle Roche says) "the reciprocity would be all on one side," and where you alone should write and I should read, I must only endeavour to muster up as *much* reciprocity as possible, and if you will even give me two letters for one, I shall be satisfied.

I am returning to work again, but the illness of our Irish trip, and the necessity of completing my year's job for Power, make sad havoc in my time and thoughts. How unlucky I have been in not seeing Paris before it was "shorn of its beams!" Often do I think with regret of the opportunity, the golden one, you gave me and I missed. It is a proof perhaps that my life has not been very miserable, when I say that the loss of that opportunity is one of the things I *most* regret in the course of it. How do you like the way your friends, the legitimates, are disposing of the world? At all events, the ball is completely at their feet, and we shall see whether old women, priests, and fat regents, assisted by French renegades and drunken corporals, are, after all, the best agents of Providence for the welfare of mankind. I suppose they are, at least it is but loyal to think so. The boxing epistle is mine, the only thing of the kind I have done for a long time.

I have written often to Byron about your Tunbridge friend; but he seems to say, like King Arthur, "petition me no petitions," and will not mind me; I will try Kinnaid next.

Love and regards from both to both.

Ever yours,  
T. M.

182.] *To his Mother.*

Oct. 21, 1815.

My dearest Mother,

I returned from Derby on Thursday, and the chair Mr. Strutt gave me was not the only present I received. I owe the man there who furnished our cottage, a balance of about thirty pounds on his bill, and as I

could not pay him, I was doubtful whether I should call upon him: however, I plucked up courage and went, and asked to look at a stand to hold my music, which we very much want. He showed me one, price two pounds, very handsome. I asked whether he made any cheaper: "some," he said, "at from thirty-two to thirty-six shillings; but, Mr. Moore, if you will do me the honour to accept that one, as a proof of the high respect I entertain for you, you will flatter me exceedingly." I, of course, accepted it without hesitation: what do you think of that for an English upholsterer?

Bessy, while I was away, has got the rooms and hall stained, and we look much neater now: often, often, my darling mother, do we wish for you; and Bessy says she never will be quite happy till *you* see how comfortable we are.

Take the earliest opportunity of telling Power that I should have written to him long before this, but I have been waiting for his announcement of the departure of my books. Ever your own,

TOM.

183.] *From Mary Godfrey.*

Nov. 6, 1815.

As I have the happy talent of believing everything I wish to believe from those that I like, I take *au pied de la lettre* all the kind and flattering things you say to us in your last letter; and being very willing to pay any price for the pleasure of hearing from you, we agree to the proposal of sending you two letters for your one; and, I assure you, if you knew the aversion I have taken to writing and Bab's idleness upon that subject, you would understand in some degree how much we value your letters. We were quite amused at the way William Spencer had done the honours of you to the poor Baron, who was in despair at his disappointment. It seems Mazinghi (I really don't know how to spell the man's name, if I were to die for it) told him that he knew you could not assist him on account of your engagement with Power. But William Spencer said that was all fudge; he would settle that

with you. Bab is very busy preparing for a visit to Windsor to-morrow. She is to be in the Castle and to spend a few days there. She implores you, for her sake, to spare all the females of that family and the Duke of York. The Princesses are the greatest admirers of your Melodies, and even of the last. The Princess Augusta has composed very pretty variations to "Love's Young Dream." And these are the Princess Elizabeth's own words in a letter written about a month ago: "My music goes on ill without I am tempted to sing an Irish Melody. I hear that your friend Anacreon Moore is bringing or has brought out another set. How lovely is his taste!" Bab trembles lest anything in this Cumberland\* business should tempt your wicked pen; but she knows for her sake you will resist temptation this once. As to our fat and gracious Regent, he is very much at your service to do whatever you like with him, though, to say the truth, you have done pretty well for him already. I wish Bessy would copy your boxing epistle and send it to us. We are sincerely glad to hear she is recovering. Alas! I fear the air of Ireland is good for none but rebels. When is your poem to be ready for the press; and when shall we see you again? Walter Scott's "Waterloo" is not the Duke of Wellington's Waterloo. It is by all accounts a very poor performance. I have not seen it yet, nor am I very impatient about it, as I have read the gazette of that grand battle, in which it is better described, and just as poetically, as I am told. Money, however, is his object; and besides what he makes by this poem, he is to publish his "Travels to the Netherlands," the price agreed on, before he set out, five hundred pounds. Rogers is just returned from Paris, and in the very extreme of agreeableness.

The post bell rings; so farewell. Very kind remembrances to Bessy.

Truly and sincerely yours,

M. G.

\* The suicide of Sellis, the Duke of Cumberland's butler, which caused great scandal at the time.

184.] *To Miss Godfrey.*

Tuesday, Dec. 6, 1815.

Where is my two for one? Ever since the magnanimous promise in your last, that you would really and truly let me have two of your letters for every one of mine, I have been waiting for the shot from the other barrel like a hero, but none has come, and, therefore, I fire off this little squib at you, just to try your courage, which, I hope, will show itself, by return of post, oozing out (like Acres's) from your fingers' ends. I have no news for you; except that the other day, being inclined to treat Bessy to Mrs. Inchbald's Modern Theatre, in ten volumes, I wrote to Longmans for them; and, lo! with a generosity unexampled among biblioplists, they sent her a present of *all* the plays Mrs. Inchbald has edited, consisting of forty-two volumes splendidly bound, with proof impressions of the plates. I have read *Walter-loo*, since I heard from you. The battle murdered many, and *he* has murdered the battle \*: 'tis sad stuff; *Hougomont* rhyming to "long," "strong," &c. He must have learned his pronunciation of French from Solomon Grundy in the play—"Commong dong, as they say in Dunkirk." *Where* is Rogers? I have not heard from him for ages. Four goodly letters has he had from me since I left this for Ireland, and never answered one of them. This is even worse than you, Miss Two-for-one! Best, kindest love to Lady Donegal, from hers and yours faithfully,

THOMAS MOORE.

185.] *To his Mother.*

Wednesday, — 1815.

My dearest Mother,

What with you and my *other* love, Bessy, I am kept in continual pursuit of franks. I shall send this to Lord Byron, and take my chance for his sending it to-day. You can-

\* In similar phrase Lord Erskine wrote:

"Of all who fell, by sabre or by shot,

Not one fell half so flat as Walter Scott."

But Sir Walter only fell as a poet, to rise again as a novelist.

not conceive how kind everybody is to me here, and my visit will do me all the good in the world by inspiring me with confidence, and showing me the high ground I stand upon. I am invited to *lecture* at the Royal Institution next year; a very flattering distinction, which, however, I am doubtful, from many reasons, whether I shall accept. Lord Lansdowne last night at Lady Besborough's said, he should feel delighted if I would fix my residence near his house in the country, and that my best way would be to take Bessy there on a visit to him and Lady Lansdowne this summer, and look about us for something. Could anything be more pleasant or flattering than this?

I am very anxious to hear from you, my own dear mother; and with best love to father, Kate, and dear Nell, I am ever your own,

TOM.

186.] *To Samuel Rogers, Esq.*

Mayfield Cottage,

Dec. 26, 1815.

My dear Rogers,

As this is about the time you said you should be on your return to London, from your bright course through that noble Zodiac you've been moving in, I hasten to welcome you thither, not alas! with my hand, as I could wish,—*that* joy must not be for a few months longer,—but with my warmest congratulations on your safe and sound return from the Continent, and hearty thanks for your kind recollections of me—recollections, which I never want the outward and visible sign of letter-writing to assure me of, however delightful and welcome it may be, in addition to *knowing* that there's sweet music in the instrument, to *hear* a little of its melody now and then. This image will not stand your criticism, but you know its *meaning*, and that's enough—much more indeed than we Irish image-makers can in general achieve. My desire to see you for *yourself alone*, is still more whetted by all I hear of the exquisite gleanings you have made on your tour. The Donegals say you have seen so much, seen everything so well, and



describe it all so picturesquely, that there is nothing like the treat of hearing you talk of your travels—how I long for that treat! You are a happy fellow, my dear Rogers; I know no one more *nourri des fleurs* of life, no one who lives so much “*apis matinae* more” as yourself. The great regret of my future days (and I hope the *greatest*) will be my loss of the opportunity of seeing that glorious gallery, which, like those “domes of Shadukiam and Amberabad,” that Nourmahal saw in the “gorgeous clouds of the west,” is now dispersed and gone for ever. It is a loss that never can be remedied; but still perhaps our sacrifices are among our pleasantest recollections, and I ought not to feel sorry that the time and money, which would have procured for myself this great gratification, have been employed in making other hearts happy,—better hearts than mine, and better happiness than that would have been. With respect to my *Peris*, thus stands the case, and remember that they are still to remain (where *Peris* best like to be) *under the rose*. I have nearly finished three tales, making, in all, about three thousand five hundred lines, but my plan is to have *five tales*, the stories of all which are arranged, and which I am *determined* to finish before I publish—no urgings nor wonderings nor tauntings shall induce me to lift the curtain till I have grouped these five subjects in the way I think best for variety and effect. I have already suffered enough by premature publication. I have formidable favourites to contend with, and must try to make up my deficiencies in *dash* and vigour by a greater degree, if possible, of versatility and polish. Now it will take, at the least, six thousand lines to complete this plan, *i. e.* between two and three thousand more than I have yet done. By May next I expect to have five thousand finished. This is the number for which the Longmans stipulated, and accordingly in May I mean to appear in London, and *nominally* deliver the work into their hands. It would be then too late (even if all were finished) to think of going to press; so that I shall thus enjoy the credit with the Literary Quidnuncs of having com-

pleted my task, together with the advantage of the whole summer before me to extend it to the length I purpose. Such is the statement of my thousands, &c., which I am afraid you will find as puzzling as a speech of Mr. Vansittart's; but it is now near twelve o'clock at night, which being an hour later than our cottage rules allow, I feel it impossible to be luminous any longer—in which tendency to eclipse, my candle sympathises most gloomily.

Your poor friend Psyche is by no means well. I was in hopes that our Irish trip would have benefited her; but her weakness and want of appetite continue most distressingly, and our cold habitation in the fields has now given her a violent cough, which if it does not soon get better, will alarm me exceedingly. I never love her so well as when she is ill, which is perhaps the best proof how *really* I love her. How do Byron and my Lady go on? there are strange rumours in the country about them.

Ever yours, my dear Rogers,  
THOMAS MOORE.

187.] *From Miss Godfrey.*

Monday, 1816.

I have nothing to say for myself. With regard to my promise, I have broke it as gallantly as any French marshal could do. I think I shall behave better for the future—at least it is my intencion, for I know I promise myself a great pleasure when I provoke a letter from you, and therefore I think I shall act no more *à la Française*, but adhere honourably to my engagements. I like Longman's gallantry to Bessy prodigiously, and I hope you will reward it without loss of time, by giving him an immediate opportunity of publishing your poem, which all the world is expecting with impatience. Bab, who is the most heroic and loyal of women, wants you to celebrate Waterloo, the Duke of Wellington, ditto of York, &c. &c. As to Walter Scott, he ought to be shot upon the field of battle as a peace offering to the manes of the illustrious dead whose deeds he has so ill recorded. Charity, that covers a multitude of sins, and does many other kind and

good acts, certainly does not produce good poems. "Waterloo" was written for the benefit of the subscription for the soldiers, as "Don Roderick\*" was for the Portuguese; they are both the worst things he has written, and not half so much to the purpose as a charity sermon. Rogers is wandering in the troubadour style from one great baron's castle to another, recounting his adventures. Whether the ladies of the castles reward him with their smiles or not I have not heard, but I am sure he tells his story admirably well. He has seen everything so well, and tells it all so distinctly, and is so picturesque and so sentimental, that I think it a very great pleasure to listen to him when he is put upon the subject of his travels. He has been at Woburn, and is now at Bowood. I am surprised he has not written to you. London is very quiet, which suits us very much. The Berrys give parties; nobody else does; so they pick up all the curiosities they can lay their hands on. They are going to show off to-morrow evening Generals Sebastiani and Flahaut; they are come here for safety while the trials are going on at Paris. Sebastiani, by way of being very correct and proper, went to consult the French ambassador upon the propriety of going to the houses of the Opposition: he asked whether he might do it without giving offence to the English Government. The ambassador said he might certainly, for though the French Opposition were all traitors, in this country the Opposition was made up of loyal and respectable men. He then asked whether there would be any impropriety in going to the Miss Berrys. I suppose he was told not as he has been there three or four times since. How do you like the peace we have given the French? I am afraid, as it was you who wrote the boxing epistle, that you will not like it. You think those tigers and monkeys should be still left at large to worry their fellow-creatures. But you who love liberty, why don't you rejoice that its greatest enemies are punished and tied up? Don't

\* Scott's Poem called "The Vision of Don Roderick."

be so inconsistent as to lament over the fall of a tyrant and his most willing and obedient slaves. I love freedom too well not to rejoice at the present prospect of things. That poor wretch, Ferdinand, is serving the cause in Spain; and Louis is much more ready to give a free constitution to France than France is to take it.

And so farewell till the next time. With kindest remembrances to Bessy, earnest prayers for the speedy appearance of your poem, a warm wish for something about Waterloo,

I remain, ever

Yours sincerely,

M. G.

188.]

To Miss Godfrey.

Jan. 24, 1816.

You must not be angry with me for not writing to you: we have had nothing but illness in the house since you last heard from me. Scarcely had Bessy begun to show symptoms of recovery when I must needs imitate my betters, and be ill too. For about ten days I could hardly hold up my head; but I really think the apothecary was, as usual, nine-tenths of my disease; for he starved and physicked me into such a state of debility, that, when the original complaint was gone, there was another, much worse, of his own manufacture, to proceed upon; but at last I took Molière's method of dealing with him, and am, accordingly, as well as ever: "Il m'ordonne des remèdes; je ne les fais point, et je guéris." I wish I could say as much for poor Bessy, but her state of health gives me great uneasiness; indeed, she is not an instant free from pains, either in her back or head, and there appears a general weakness and derangement all over her: but her spirits and resolution keep her up wonderfully, and the regularity of our little *ménage* never suffers an instant from her indisposition. She went the other night to an Ashbourne assembly (the first time she has been in company since our return from Ireland), and the change in her looks struck every one. She feels, as I do, most sensibly your kindness in asking her to pass some time with you; and there is nothing she

desires and raves of so incessantly as the seeing London, and the streets and the theatres once more; but no pleasure will tempt her to leave the children, and the impracticability of moving *with* them puts such a visit out of the question, till my present task is finished, and I can shift my quarters nearer to you for good and all: indeed, *here* it is impossible to stay another winter; so I have said for these two winters past, and then, like the returning smiles of a mistress, the sweet summer looks of the little place made me fall in love with it again, and all the past was forgotten: but we have suffered too much, I think, *this* winter, from its damp, smokiness, and smallness, to let anything tempt us into a repetition of such horrors. How have *you* both stood the campaign? I fear, from what Rogers said in his letter, that my dear Lady Donegal has had some returns of her attacks,—is it so? Do tell me all particulars about yourselves; for your letters sometimes make me feel as if you thought I was a selfish fellow: I am so entirely the hero of them; but then, on second thoughts, I should *not* be *your* hero, if you thought me too much *my own*: so it is all right as it is, only *do* tell me a little more of your concerns—physical, moral, worldly, and spiritual.

We have had a melancholy event among us lately: a lovely young girl, of eighteen, left us a bride, and in six weeks afterwards was a corpse. It seemed as if her marriage bells had but just ceased, when we heard of her death. During her last delirium she sung several of my Sacred Songs, of which the poor girl was a most enthusiastic admirer. Good-bye. Ever faithfully yours.

THOMAS MOORE.

What account do you hear of Lord Byron and his wife? He never mentions her, but writes, I think, in lower spirits than usual.

180.] *From Miss Godfrey.*

Feb. 1816.

We were extremely sorry to hear so bad an account of both you and Bessy. I am afraid this extremely cold weather, in your cold smoky cottage, will be felt severely by

*her* in particular, for *you* seemed pretty well when you wrote. I am very glad you are resolved not to stay another winter there. We are all hoping that you will settle within a reasonable distance of us, and that we shall see more of you both for the rest of our days. Pray write soon again, and say how you all are, and how you bear this hard frost. As to ourselves I have to report that we are in a very tolerable state of health, though Bab's nervous attacks never fail. In the interval she enjoys good health and spirits, and altogether the current of time flows smoothly on at present. Taking life as it is, with all its goods and evils, and ups and downs, it is something to be able to say, "I am content;" and we say it, and, still better, feel it. One would rather that youth and health lasted for ever; but, as they do not, it is also something to be able to do without them. I wish, however, that it had been consistent with the order of creation to have given a longer summer to the year, and a longer youth to life; but, perhaps, it is all better as it is. We have been visiting about a great deal this year in the neighbourhood of London, and Bab has been twice at Windsor, being in high favour with the Queen, Princesses, and Duke of York, but just as usual with the Regent, that's to say, in no favour at all. We were also at that poor dear honest man's, Lord Sidmouth's, for a few days. As to your wicked story of his getting drunk, and singing ballads with his royal master, there is not a word of truth in it; it would be much more like him in his cups to give him a high flown discourse upon all the cardinal virtues and Christian graces. Seriously, I believe him to be as honest, as frank, and as open a character, as free from all little meannesses as any man in the whole world. I was very much amused one day upon looking over their books in the drawing-room, the very room in which he receives the Prince Regent and all the Ministers, to see stuck up gravely on the shelf my old acquaintance the Twopenny Post Bag; the last book I should have expected to find in a Minister's house. I suppose you have heard from Lord Byron the history of his separation

from his wife. The world are loud against him, and vote him a worthless profligate. She has gone to the country with her mother and Miss Doyle. She says she wishes to make no accusations; but she has advised him to go abroad for a few years. We don't know her; but every one praises and pities her. He is completely lost in the opinion of the world; and I fear he is the sort of character never to make an effort to recover it. So I look on him as given up to every worthless excess for the rest of his life. I hope he will go abroad for your sake, as he will certainly cling to you. Give him good advice, and tell him to go. A thousand kind things to you both from us both. I intended to write a longer letter, but have been interrupted; which I have great comfort in thinking will not break your heart, for I can't but feel that I am dulness itself at this present writing; but ever truly and sincerely yours,

M. G.

190.] *To Lady Donegal.*

Mayfield, April 4, 1816.

You know what it is to put off answering a letter; *right well* you know it; nobody better; and it is not to you I am going to apologise, but to my dear, trusty, and well-beloved correspondent at your side, who deserves all the punctuality, good letter-writing, wit, and fair penmanship I do *not* bestow upon her; and the fact is, when I got her last letter we were from home, actually smoked out of our house in those high winds, and blown into any of those of our neighbours that would give us shelter; and when we returned, I had so much to do for Power, besides my own never-ceasing job, that I could not muster up five minutes for letter-writing for the life of me. I cannot tell you how I am longing to be with you this sweet weather. I really believe spring has as much to do with friendship as with love, for I never think half so *genially* of all those I like as at this season. How soon do you leave town this year? I hope not till after June, as that will be about the period of my flourishing there. I have been thinking, as France is in such a ticklish state, to take a

run over to Paris, just for about a fortnight, to take one peep into that great cauldron of revolutions, before the "bubble, bubble" begins again, as it will before long, as sure as Louis is an old woman. By the bye, are you, or are you not, a little ashamed of your dear friends, the Ministers? I don't mean on the score of their wisdom, talents, &c., for in this respect they are, of course, as admirable as ever, but for the shabbiness with which they are daily surrendering so many wise, indispensable, and sine-quâ-monical measures to the bullies of Opposition. "Time was, that when the brains were out, the man would die;" or that when a Minister (as Dogberry says) "was *proved* a fool, he would go near to be *thought* so to;" but now we see that so he keeps his place, he need not be nice as to *whose* measures he keeps it by: if he hasn't the vigour or the sense to force what *he* thinks right upon his adversaries, he has the convenient passiveness to let them force what *they* please upon *him*. We shall soon have all measures originate with the Opposition: they will lay the eggs, and the kind Cuckoo Ministers will hatch them. Bessy, though a little better within these few days, continues in general as weak or even weaker than ever; but I look with much hope to the summer for her amendment. The little ones are quite well, and Barbara, if she was but prettier, promises to be all we could wish her,—intelligent, sweet-tempered, and affectionate. How is *your* dear Barbara? You have not mentioned her to me this long time. I suppose I shall find her grown beyond redemption: what a pity they can't stay little young things for ever.

Be it known to you that on Saturday last I took the chair at the anniversary dinner of the Lancastrian Society at Derby, and astonished not only the company but myself by sundry speeches, of which the Derby paper of to-day gives such a flourishing account, that I blush to the eyes; seriously, I never saw anything like the enthusiastic effect I produced, and of all exertions of talent, public speaking is certainly the most delightful: the effect is so immediately under one's own eyes, and the harvest of its fame so in-

stantaneous. This was the first time I ever really prepared or exerted myself in speaking, and oh! what would I *not* give to have many and higher opportunities for it. Would you bring me in if you could? *that* you would, in spite of Dogberry and the Cuckoo Ministers; I know you would. Ever yours,  
T. M.

In a letter I have had lately from Lord Byron he says, "There is not existing a better, a brighter, or more amiable creature than Lady Byron." Is not this odd? What can be the reason of the separation?

191.] *From Lady Donegal.*

Sunday night, — 1816.

Mary has received your lecture, and means to answer it to-morrow; but I cannot let her cover go without a word or two from me, particularly as I want to ask a favour of you. You really would confer a lasting obligation on me, and as lasting honour on yourself, if you would comply with my request, which is, that you will sit down and write, without farther loss of time, the "Battle of Waterloo." Do not let that pitiful, wretched performance of Scott's remain the only tribute that genius has paid to such glorious deeds; but do you describe the day. And I will answer for it, be it ever so short, or done in ever so great a hurry, that you will get anything for it that you choose to ask, and drive Walter Scott out of the field (at least of *that* field), for ever. It would be a magnificent subject for you; and the last Quarterly Review has made a collection of anecdotes, all ready to your hand, of the most interesting events of the day; and all such beautiful subjects, that I would give more than I can say if you would undertake it. The work that you have in hand must be ready for the press by this time; and I hope that you have begun nothing else that could prevent your undertaking this. I implore you to think seriously of it, for I am sure you would make it the most beautiful thing in the language, and it would cost you but very little time or trouble. As I am rather out of my senses upon the subject, I shall keep the rest of my ravings to myself, when I once

more exhort you to let the Irish bard record the deeds of the Irish hero. You might too, with a safe conscience, say a word or two of the merits of the Duke of York, who had made the army, and contributed his share to the glory of the day. Not a word of his box at Covent Garden, which we have at our command.

Give my love to Bessy. How is my god-child (I was just going to write grand-child) going on? How far is she advanced in her education? Ever truly and sincerely yours,

B. D.

192.] *From Samuel Rogers, Esq.*

April, 1816.

Many, many thanks, my dear Moore, for your very kind letter. I can assure you in everything I shall rejoice to meet you two-thirds of the way; and happy indeed shall I be to realise with your assistance all the delightful castles we have been building and furnishing so long. In six weeks I shall hope to see you. Though I have not pelted you with my correspondence, I have not thought of you the less; and if you had received every letter I have begun to you, you might have perished *under the papers*. But pray, pray dine with me to-day, and bring Psyche and her babes, — the last shall be the ornaments of the dessert. You will meet the Dummores, Spencer, and our friends from Davies Street, whose eyes twinkle whenever they talk of you. There are a thousand things I should like to say to you, a thousand very near my heart I should like to ask you about, but I dare not trust myself on paper, for I should never end.

Lord B.'s farewell, have you seen? It is very beautiful. He goes to Italy in a few days. I see him now as he looked when I was leaving him one day, and as he cried out after me, with a gay face and a melancholy accent, "Moore is coming, and you and he will be together, and I shall *not* be with you." It went to my heart, for he loves you dearly; but I hope his feelings are as transient as they are acute. More of these things and of many others hereafter. My sister was with me when I received your letter yesterday morn-

ing, and desires to be remembered very affectionately to you. The oftener you and yours knock at her door at Highbury, the warmer, if possible, will be the welcome. If you had seen the tears she shed, poor thing, the day she left Italy, thinking I should never return with her, and knowing my brother never would, you would have liked her better than ever. Little Barbara is very anxious to see your little ones. She is a very engaging child, and grows more and more so every day. The Dunmores are the same as ever. Spencer I have not seen for many months.

Ever yours,  
S. R.

193.] *To his Mother.*

Saturday, May 4, 1816.

My dearest Mother,

What do you think of *me*, Tom Brown the Younger, having been at the Queen's house to see the royal bride in all her nuptial array? Lady Donegal had the courage to ask permission of the Princess Elizabeth for me to go. The Princess Charlotte stopped, as she passed, to shake hands with Lady Donegal, by whose side I stood, so that I had an admirable view of her. I am almost tired of the bustle of this place already, and even after a short week begin to sigh for my little cottage and Bessy again.

194.] *To his Mother.*

Monday, May, 1816.

My dearest Mother,

I cannot get a frank, and have not time to write *round* through Joe, so I must dispatch this as it is; to tell you I am quite well, in *terrible* request, never half so much so before, and that, flattering as it is all, I am delighted at the idea of being off on Friday next (as I expect) to the cottage. This, I know, will give you more pleasure than anything else, as it proves I am happy at home, which is the source of every comfort and virtue in this life. I only wish you were there to make it still happier to me. God bless my darling mother. Ever your own,

Tom.

195.] *From Mr. Jeffrey.*

92, George Street, Edinburgh,  
May 28, 1816.

My dear Moore,

I am glad you have learned to feel feverish in London, for then there is some chance of your condescending to take a peep at us here, where there is not half enough of movement and variety to fill the evening of a true London taste. We live in blissful ignorance of the doings which vex and scandalise you in that great city, though I have mourned a great deal to myself about Lord Byron, without knowing very well what to believe of the crude rumours that have spread so far.

May I venture to ask what has become of your *opus majus*, which you led us to expect nearly a year ago? I am afraid you are very idle in your retreat, though I have too long considered idleness and happiness as synonymous to blame you very much for this indulgence.

I meditate some little reviews of poetry, and certainly shall not be ill-natured to *Rimini*. It is very sweet and very lively in many places, and is altogether piquant, as being by far the best imitation of Chaucer and some of his Italian contemporaries that modern times have produced. I do not know exactly what to say of Christabel, though with all its perversity and affectation I read it with some pleasure. I do not mean the pleasure of scoffing and ridicule. Indeed I scarcely ever read poetry in that humour, and usually find something to love and admire in works which I could never have courage or conscience to praise. My natural foible is to admire and be pleased too easily, and I am never severe except from effort and reflection. I am afraid some people would not believe this; but you will, when I tell you that I say it quite in earnest.

I was lucky, far beyond my deservings, in meeting with Samuel Rogers at Paris, and we had great comfort in talking of you. Is it not a little bit of affection in you to say you are obliged to me for speaking kindly of

you, of whom all men agree to speak kindly, and to whose kindness, and frankness, and generosity, I am indebted for a friendship which paltry spirits cannot comprehend? But I am not going to speak seriously of things that might make me too serious. Believe me ever, very faithfully yours,

F. JEFFREY.

196.]

*To his Mother.*

July 11, 1816.

My dearest Mother,

We got dear Nell's letter last night; and Bessy is afraid, by what she says, that she has not received a letter from her which I inclosed, I think, about a week ago. Perhaps, in my hurry, I may have omitted it, but I shall look among my papers. I sent one letter last week to you through Corry, which I fear you may not receive, from his being perhaps out of town.

It grieves me to hear of the poor car's being such an invalid; and if my father could but get credit for a new one for a few months, I think I could manage to supply him by the time. Just now, and for two or three months to come, I shall be without one *extra* pound; if, indeed, I am lucky enough to have any *intra* ones; but *couldn't* you manage it somehow before the fine weather is all over, my dearest mother? the exercise is so necessary to you. Ever your own,

TOM.

197.]

*To Miss Godfrey.*

Mayfield, July 18, 1816.

I know you will say that I put off my letter to this "last day of the world" in the hope of escaping, by *any* means, from the trouble of writing. But I am not quite so desperate, and I hope we shall have many "more last" days (though of somewhat a sunnier kind than this is) to give me an opportunity of convincing you that, though appearances may be against me, I am really a very good correspondent. Do you know what the chemists call "latent heat?" This I am full of. It is a property which some bodies have of keeping all their warmth to themselves; or, rather, *in* themselves; which

makes them seem not half so warm as other bodies which have all their warmth on the surface. Now this is the case with me; and therefore, whenever you are long without hearing from me, set it down at once to "latent heat," and console yourself with the idea of its being all snug and warm in my heart, instead of lavishing its precious particles through the post-office. Seriously and really I ought to have written sooner; but, as I am very busy, and have no news for you, — nothing, in short, to send but a few bad jokes, which, like *over-dead* game, will hardly *keep* to town, — I thought I might as well let *you* begin with your "How d'ye do?" and then, like Paddy Blake's echo, I could answer "Very well, I thank ye." I found Bessy, I thought, a little better on my return, which I attribute a good deal to her having passed the time away from home, and out of the reach of those domestic cares which, limited as they are, she feels much too anxiously and busily for that repose, both of mind and body, which is so necessary to her. If I could but afford the money and time, I am sure a few months of rambling and idleness would do her far more service than all the doctors in the world. She sometimes looks so wan and feeble as to make me quite miserable. I have given notice to our landlord, and, as soon as the winter months set in (at least those that don't call themselves summer ones, like the present), we shall hope to be off to you. My ulterior plans are so uncertain, that I think for the winter I shall only take a small furnished house somewhere near London.

Do you know that I was lately fool enough to waste a few days on a review of Glenarvon, and, thinking it rather comical, sent it to Jeffrey, who appears to have thought the same of it. But, in consequence of numerous applications he had from town, he pledged himself to more than one friend *not* to admit any mention of the book in his Review. Horner was one of the advisers, and I think, upon the whole, they were right.

Those two little brothers, the Powers, are going to war ding-dong, and seem resolved to be "belligerent Powers," as well as their

bettors. I am delighted that the work they come to issue upon is the Sacred Songs, as from them not even Garrow himself will be able to extract indecency.

Our little ones are quite well. Bessy was all delight at your presents, and is keeping the scarf for town display. Ever yours, with best love to Lady D. and sister Philly,  
T. M.

198.] *To his Mother.*

Thursday, — 1816.

My dearest Mother,

You will get either by to-day's or to-morrow's post a Morning Chronicle, with some lines on the death of Sheridan by *me*, which you must send back when you have done with them. Let old Joe see them first; but you need not mention to any one else their being mine. Bessy has just been out walking to pay some bills, and call upon some of her poor sick women, to whom she is very kind and useful at very moderate expense. This delights her more than all the finery and company in the world. I never cease regretting, my dearest mother, that you have not an opportunity of seeing her in her own element—home and quiet. Mary Dalby (whose long and sincere attachment to me makes her a very quick-sighted judge) said to me at the end of a fortnight she passed with us, "I do not think in the world you could have found another creature so suited to you as that." And she was right. God bless you, my dearest mother. Ever your affectionate

TOM.

199.] *From Samuel Rogers, Esq.*

August 30, 1816.

My dear Moore,

*Many, many thanks* to you and yours, not forgetting the two personages at the second table. I can assure you I left you all with a heavy heart, as I went all along (faithless deserter!) and many and many a time in my rambles with Wordsworth have I lamented your absence, when the mists and sunbeams gave us revelations of Heaven. This is in-

deed a most enchanting country, and I shall leave it with a sigh, but leave it I must. I came here yesterday; and shall depart in two or three days. To the North? No, I think, but what will become of me I cannot say, till my foot is on the first step of my chaise.

Believe me to be yours ever,

SAMUEL ROGERS.

I have spent some very delightful hours with Southey, and could you see the neatness of his house, the beauty of his girls, the cheerfulness of his fireside, and the order and completeness of his library, you would see (though some of the said ingredients are a little more matured by time—I allude to the second and the last) a reflection of your own, Signor Tomaso.

200.] *To Lady Donegal.*

Sept. 24, 1816.

I will not stop to make apologies for being so long without writing. My excuse is, that I had not time; but then, I have not time to make the excuse, as I merely seize the opportunity of a cover to Power to inclose a few hasty hieroglyphics to you. Part of my business lately has been gaiety; the business, of all others, I was born for. Bessy's doctor thought a trip to Matlock would do her good, and there accordingly we passed eight or nine days, dancing, walking, and keeping-never-minding anything; for which Bessy, I think, was evidently better, and I, you may swear, not at all the worse. Rogers stayed with us here from the Wednesday to Sunday, and left "an image of himself" (I mean, intellectually speaking), *very favourable indeed*, on the minds both of Bessy and the little ones. He was indeed particularly amiable; and took no fright at the superfluity either of melted butter or of maids, and even saw with composure a little boy who comes to clean my shoes; not that I can quite answer for his subsequent reflections on these luxuries.

As the time approaches for leaving our cottage, I begin to feel a little reluctance,

L



and shall, I dare say, linger on here till the period of my publishing is near. Bessy is certainly a little better, and a break-up of our establishment just at this moment would be very *degrading*. She was delighted with the confidential frankness of your letter to her, and felt something far beyond the mere *honour* that it did her, though that was felt too, as it ought to be.

Tell our dear Mary that I look for it, under her own hand and seal, that she is quite as well and waggyish as ever. Ever yours,

T. MOORE.

201.] *From Mary Godfrey.*

Dec. 24, 1816.

What are you about? and why are you not come? and how are you all? and where is the poem? You said in your last letter you would soon write again, to tell us when you were to come, and you have never written since. So pray do give us a line, or tell Bessy to do so, to let us know all about you. I am afraid she has suffered from this dreadful season, as you said your house was neither water-proof nor wind-proof. As to ourselves, we go on soberly. My sisters and Barbara have been visiting at Lady Kingston's and Lord Clifden's, and I established myself at Lady Shaftesbury's in their absence. I am sorry to say Bab returned from her last visit extremely ill, and continued so for some days with her old faintings. She has now got quite well again, but I am afraid we must expect returns of the complaint, it seems to have taken such complete possession of her constitution. All the physicians who have attended her declare there is no sort of danger in it, which is a great consolation. We have not seen Rogers for a great while; he called when we were out of town, and when we returned he was gone to Lord Spencer's. He has been very amiable to us since he came back from you, and has called here very often; he never hinted at the unfortunate journal. How do you like Lord Byron's last gloomy productions? He now comes out openly and fairly—the hero of his own tale. Some people say those pretty lines, from the banks of the Rhine, are addressed to his sister.

Others will not allow that they can be addressed to a sister. He has written to Lady Byron to ask to be reconciled; and Madame de Stüel, not knowing Lady Byron, has written to Lady Romilly to beg she would use her good offices to second his wishes. To this letter Lady Byron returned an answer herself, saying, that Lord Byron well knew that they could never live together again. There is nothing to be seen or heard of but wretchedness and poverty, which there is a general wish and effort to relieve. Everybody is doing their best to assist their fellow-creatures in distress; and it is a satisfaction to see how much good feeling and humanity there is to be found in time of need in this wicked world. The town is empty, and our only gaiety is the play, where we have been very often. It would grieve you to see Miss O'Neil in "Volumnia," and Kemble her "dear boy." They said she did Constance well; but, I own, I thought it a part quite out of her line. I liked her in Lady Townley; but I had never seen it acted before, and I thought she looked so pretty, and so like a woman of fashion, that I had much pleasure in the performance, though the critics said her gaiety was not gay enough. But critics are the very pests of society, and will not let one be pleased with anything. We heard yesterday—but I don't answer for the truth of it—that both playhouses were in so ruinous a state, that they would be obliged to act but three times a week. I can't think it is the case with regard to Covent Garden; but every one says the other is in a wretched way.

The King of France is in very bad health, and then Chaos is to come again, for the discontent and divisions of that country are beyond all conception, according to every one's account.

A thousand kind remembrances and good wishes to you and yours, from me and mine. God bless you all, and good-bye.

M. G.

[1817.]

In the preface to the sixth volume of Moore's Works, published by Messrs. Longman & Co.,

will be found a statement, that in the year 1812 he first conceived the project of a poem on an Oriental subject, of the quarto size, which Scott had adopted, and rendered popular. It will be seen, also, that Mr. Perry insisted he should receive no less a sum than the highest that had ever been paid for a poem. "That," said Mr. Longman, "was 3000 guineas." "Exactly so," replied Mr. Perry; "and no less a sum ought he to receive." The sum of 3000*l.* was readily agreed to, and Mr. Moore proceeded with his work. In 1816 the poem was ready for publication; but as the year was one of great distress, and consequently very unfavourable to publishers, Moore most handsomely wrote to the Longmans, to leave them at liberty to postpone or modify the bargain, or even to relinquish it altogether. Considering the years he had spent in the work, and the value of 3000*l.* to his family and to himself, this conduct was really maganimous. But Mr. Longman was too liberal a man to take advantage of such generosity. The poem appeared in May, 1817, with a dedication to Mr. Rogers.]

202.] *To Lady Donegal.*

Jan. 12, 1817.

I have had various calamities lately. In the first place, my studies have been interrupted, in their very *capital*, by a violent pain, which was at first thought to proceed from too much blood, and I was accordingly cupped, scarified, leech'd, and bleached by abstinence, physic, &c. &c. In the next and more serious place, my father has been turned out of his employment in Ireland; and thus am I doomed to be a poor man for the remainder of my existence, as I must share my crust with him as long as he lives. They do not even give him half-pay; and his dismission has been attended with some unfairness (as well as I can understand from his own account and Joe Atkinson's), which I have endeavoured to counteract by the inclosed letter to Lord Mulgrave. You will smile at my having the impudence to write to him; but as I ask no favour, and merely entreat

justice for my father, there could be no scruple on my part in addressing him; and, if *you* feel none in giving him the letter, I think it will be the means of drawing his attention more favourably to it. It was but this moment I thought of asking you to do me this kindness and I have not time for a word more; except to say, that next month we move towards town, and that it will give me real happiness, amid all my perplexities, to find *you*, my very dear friend, as much better in health as my heart wishes you to be. Best love to Mary. Ever yours,

T. MOORE.

My head is much better. You need not be afraid of the *tone* of the inclosed; nor think, with Davy, that "it is, as I may say, a designing and malicious looking letter." I have written it with great respectfulness and humility, as I was in policy bound to do. You need not add any representations, I think, of your own, as I by no means wish to have the appearance of *making interest*: but the sooner you let him have it the better.

203.] *To Mr. Power.*

Saturday, Jan. 18, 1817.

My dear Sir,

You will be glad to hear that my father has got half-pay, which is a considerable relief compared with what we expected; and I write to you immediately, as I know you will be glad to hear it. *Between ourselves*, he never could have got it, had I not myself written to Lord Mulgrave on the subject: but more of this when we meet. It is pleasant, as well in point of *character* as of *money*; for the liberal gentlemen at the other side wanted to make it appear that he had done something very wrong, which merited such a dismission; but Lord Mulgrave, in his letter to me, says, he "can find nothing in Mr. Moore's conduct to prevent his receiving the retirement of half-pay; which he has accordingly directed." Next Monday or Tuesday you shall have the proofs, &c.; but I have been all distraction and nervousness lately. Ever yours,

T. MOORE.

Could you in the course of a week or ten days muster me up a few pounds (five or six) as I am almost without a shilling?

204.] *To Lady Donegal.*

Thursday night,  
Jan. 23, 1817.

I am upon my knees before you. I find, from your statement, that I was quite wrong, and have not a word to say in my defence, except you can understand (what, perhaps, is unintelligible to any but "*wrong-headed Irishmen*") the mortal dread I feel of being supposed to relax my principles in favour of my interest, or of being thought capable of attacking a man one day, and coming cap-in-hand to him on another, according as it suited my convenience so to do. Even now, so strongly do I labour under this wrong-headedness, that (simple as the transaction has been, and creditable, I think, to all of us) I should infinitely rather have worked to support my father myself *totally*, than have made one movement towards procuring this half-pay for him, did I not know that the idea of depending wholly upon my exertions would have made my mother and him wretched. But this is only my own (perhaps morbid) feeling. It was that plaguy word about "justice" in his note to you that set my fancy on horseback, and, as is the case with all beggars (which my fancy must be by this time, after an expenditure of six thousand lines), she rode to the devil with me. But do forgive me, my dearest friend, and, for Heaven's sake, write immediately to say you do; for among the calamities of this world I should rank as the *greatest*, my being in the slightest degree out of favour with you: indeed, I have not been happy ever since I wrote that hot-headed letter. Ever yours,

T. M.

I have inflicted double postage upon you, as I think the sooner he gets my acknowledgment the better, and I thought it would be satisfactory to you to see it. Do write soon, I intreat of you.

205.]

*To his Mother.*

Ashbourne, March 6, 1817.

My dearest Mother,

I arrived here yesterday morning, after having set the printers to work on my manuscript, and fixed upon a cottage at Hornsey, within six miles of town. The way I have arranged my money matters with Longman is satisfactory and convenient to them, and, I should hope, safe for myself. I am to draw a thousand pounds for the discharge of my debts, and to leave the other two thousand in their hands (receiving a bond for it) till I find some mode of disposing of it to advantage. The annual interest upon this two thousand (which is a hundred pounds) my father is to draw upon them for quarterly, and this I hope, with his half-pay, will make you tolerably comfortable. By this arrangement, you see, I do not touch a sixpence of the money for my own present use, and I consider myself very lucky indeed to be able to refrain from it. If my poem succeeds, I have every prospect of being very comfortable; and indeed, whether it succeeds or not, there is no fear of me.

I shall stay a few days here with our friends the Coopers, and, on Tuesday next, transport the whole colony (no easy or cheap matter, you may suppose) to London. Ever your ov

TOM.

206.]

*To his Mother.*

Hornsey, Middlesex,  
— 1817.

My dearest Mother,

We are at last settled, and I *begin* to feel at home. At first when we came, I was a good deal disgusted by finding that the place was full of rats, and that one of the rooms smoked,—indeed, you would have pitied me if you had seen the irritable state of fidget it put me into, everything now depending so much on my having these two next months free and quiet for the getting out my poem; but I think we have now got over all our grievances; and Bessy's exertions and good humour throughout the whole, and the ac-

commodating spirit with which she has encountered and removed every difficulty for me, has been quite delightful.

I hope my dear father has not suffered himself to want any supply: he may draw whenever he is in need of anything; and as soon as the poem is out I shall establish the *regular* channel through Longman for his annual hundred. Love to all. Ever your own,

TOM.

207.] *To his Mother.*

Tuesday, May 13, 1817.

My dearest Mother,

I am posting away, whip and spur, for the goal, which (you will have seen by the papers) I am to reach on the 22nd. Strange to say, the work is not finished yet, but I hope to give the last of it into the printer's hands before Saturday. I believe there is a good deal of anxiety for it, and the *first* sale will, I have no doubt, be rapid; but whether it will stick to that is the question, and I have my fears.

I never was better, thank God! I have been (for the first time since I was your own little *boy*) a good Catholic all this week, not having tasted a bit of *meat* since Tuesday last. I found myself getting a little too full of blood, and this regimen has made me as cool and comfortable as possible. Love to all. Ever your own,

TOM.

208.] *To his Mother.*

Hornsey, May 30, 1817.

My dearest Mother,

The book is going on famously; I believe I told you in my last that we were already going into a second edition, so that my conscience as to the publishers' pockets is now quite at rest. I should suppose your copy was the first that arrived in Dublin. All the opinions that have reached me about it in London are very flattering; and I rather think I shall not be disappointed in the hope that it will set me higher in reputation than ever. Faults, of course, are found, but much less than I expected; and if I but get off well with the two Reviews, the Edinburgh

and Quarterly, I shall look upon my success as perfect. The latter, of course, is rather hostile to me from my politics, but I believe, on the present occasion, they will be pretty fair.

I have had most pressing solicitations from the Opposition to undertake the superintendence of a new paper they have set up, "The Guardian," but it would not suit me; besides, living in London is what I do not now like at all. I dined and slept at Holland House on Wednesday last; we had Tierney, Lord Aberdeen, &c. &c. Bessy took a round with me, while we were in town, to return calls,—Lady Besborough, Asgill, Cork, Hastings, &c. &c.: we were let in at almost all, and she was very much amused. We go for a few days to Lady Donegal, on Wednesday next, children and all. Ever your own,

TOM.

209.] *To his Mother.*

Hornsey, June, 1817.

My dearest Mother,

We are in expectation of some visitors here. Bessy's brother-in-law\* is arrived from Edinburgh, and we mean to have him out for a day or two: and Barbara Godfrey, Lady Donegal's niece, comes to pass a few days with us next week—our neighbourhood to town imposes a little of this upon us. Our most welcome visitor, however, comes to-day, meaning no less a person than that gentleman of the gown and breeches, Master Tom (you know, I suppose, that a gown and short breeches form part of his costume). Sir Francis Burdett's brother, who lives in our neighbourhood, brings him to us from the Charter House, with his own two sons, and takes him back again on Monday. God bless you both. Your own,

TOM.

210.] *To his Mother.*Keppel Street,  
June 25, 1817.

My dearest Mother,

Our College dinner on Saturday was a very curious one. I dare say you will see the

\* Mr. William Murray, the eminent actor, and long the lessee of the Theatre Royal, at Edinburgh. He died in 1852.

account of it copied into the Irish papers, and it will amuse you to find that Croker was the person that gave my health. I could not have a better proof of the station which I hold in the public eye than that Croker should claim friendship with me before such men as Peel, the Duke of Cumberland, &c. &c. I was received with very flattering enthusiasm by the meeting. Bessy and the children left Rogers's yesterday, and came here for a few days to the Branigans. About the tenth of the next month I shall set off for Paris; and, having passed a month there, it is my intention to run over to Dublin for a week or two, my darling mother, to see you and my own dears at home, as I have given up the thought of taking my whole establishment over, which would be imprudent unless I meant to live some time in Ireland, and *that*, I think, I had better *not* do. Bessy is pretty well in spite of all her racketting. She saw Kemble take leave on Monday night, Lady Besborough having sent to us to go to her box. Everybody is most kind to her. (God bless my own dear mother. Ever yours,

TOM.

211.] *To his Mother.*Hornsey,  
Thursday, — 1817.

My dearest Mother.

I am kept in the most perplexing state of bustle all this week by Rogers's delay of our departure: however, on Sunday he promises positively to be off. I will try and write again between this and then, and you shall hear from me as often while I am in France as possible. Bessy, too, shall write a line on the newspapers she sends you to tell you how I am. I expect much pleasure from the trip.

I take a letter of credit for three hundred pounds; pretty well, you'll say!—but this is mere form, and only for the dash of the thing, as I dare say I shan't draw more than thirty. Ever my darling mother's own,

TOM.

\* The Right Honourable John Wilson Croker, Secretary to the Admiralty.

212.] *To his Mother.*Hornsey,  
Saturday, — 1817.

My dearest Mother,

I have come down here for a day or two, previous to my flight for France; and a bustling, crowded house I find it,—Branigan, his wife, two children, and two servants, in addition to our own establishment. Bessy has stowed us all away, though, very comfortably; and when *he* is gone to Scotland, and *I* to Paris, which will be the beginning of next week, she will get on very well with her group till our return. It is very delightful to her to have her friend with her while I am away.

I have seen the Daltons on their way to Paris. Poor fellow! his complaint seems to grow more near its fatal consummation every day. God bless my darling mother. Ever your own,

TOM.

213.] *To his Mother.*

Amiens, July 16, 1817.

My dearest Mother,

I seize one moment, on my way, to write a line (if this cursed French ink *will* write) to tell you that I am quite well and merry, and enjoying myself in this grotesque country amazingly. Our passage from Dover to Calais was but three hours and a half, and I was as sick as need be; but the journey hither (we are within seventy or eighty miles of Paris) has quite set me up again: and I assure you, my own dears at home, that pleasant as this journey promises to be, I look forward to a still pleasanter one after it, in my trip to you all in Dublin.

God bless my own darling mother. Wherever I am, yours ever affectionately,

TOM.

214.] *To his Mother.*

Wednesday, August 20, 1817

My dearest Mother,

I have but this instant arrived safe and well, and am hastening, in great anxiety, to

Hornsey; as I hear our poor dear Barbara is very ill indeed, from the fall she had a week ago. I suppose Bessy has told you of it. I have just seen Tegart; and I fear, from the way he speaks, that my dear child is in a very dangerous state. You shall know more by to-morrow's post.

God bless my darling mother. Ever your own,

TOM.

215.]

*To his Mother.*

Sept. 10, 1817.

My dearest Mother,

Barbara is not at all better; indeed, this morning we have been in very great alarm about her; but the medical man, who has just left us, says she is not worse. If she should get a little better, I mean to go for a day or two to Lord Lansdowne's, to look at a house which he has most friendly written to me about, which he thinks would suit me exactly. He has been searching his neighbourhood for a habitation for me in a way very flattering indeed from such a man.

God bless my own dearest mother. Your  
TOM.

216.]

*To his Mother.*

56, Davies Street, Berkeley Square,  
Saturday, Sept. 20, 1817.

It's all over, my dearest mother; our Barbara is gone. She died the day before yesterday, and, though her death was easy, it was a dreadful scene to us both. I can bear such things myself pretty well; but to see and listen to poor Bessy makes me as bad as she is. Indeed, my dearest mother, you can only conceive what she feels by imagining *me* to have been snatched away from you at the age of Barbara. It will be some time before she can get over it; but she is very sensible and considerate; and her love for us that are left her will, I know, induce her to make every effort against the effect of this sorrow upon her mind. I succeeded yesterday in prevailing upon her to leave Hornsey, and come up to Lady Donegal's house, where we are now, as retired (for the family are at Tunbridge) and as

comfortable as we could desire. It is a great consolation to us to reflect, from what Dugan told us in Dublin, and from what the medical men say here, that if Barbara had lived she must have been always a suffering invalid from the bad state of her inward parts; indeed, Tegart says that the fall was not of itself the cause of her death, but merely *hastened* what would otherwise have come on. God bless you. Ever your own affectionate,

TOM.

217.]

*To his Mother.*

Thursday, — 1817.

My dearest Mother,

Poor Bessy, though she neither eats nor sleeps enough hardly to sustain life, is getting somewhat more composed in mind than she was, and will, I hope, soon recover from this sad shock. I shall, as soon as possible, go down to Lord Lansdowne's, who (I think I told you) wrote most friendly to me to say he had been looking for a house in his neighbourhood for me. It would certainly be an object to be near such a man; his library, his society, all would be of use to me; not to mention the probability of his being some day or other able to do me more important services. Lady Donegal is very anxious that I should take the house he talks of.

We are anxious to hear from you. You had better direct to 56, Davies Street, Berkeley Square. We could not be more comfortable anywhere than we are here. Ever your own,  
TOM.

218.]

*To his Mother.*

Bowood, Sunday, Oct. 1817.

My dearest Mother,

I arrived here the day before yesterday, and found Rogers, Lord and Lady King, &c. Yesterday I looked at the three houses Lord Lansdowne had thought of for me; but there is only *one* of them at all within my reach, a little thatched cottage, with a pretty garden for 25l. or 30l. a year: it is, however, I fear, too small and humble even for our pretensions. I shall not decide till I return to

Bessy, which I hope to do on Wednesday or Thursday.

It is a sad thing that my father cannot let his house; and I heartily wish it would suit us to live in Dublin, that I might take it from him.

My leg is not the worse for the use I have been obliged to make of it. Ever your own affectionate,

TOM.

219.] *To his Mother.*

Saturday, Oct. 11, 1817.

My dearest Mother,

Bessy, who went off the night before last to look at the cottage near Lord Lansdowne's, is returned this morning, after travelling both nights. Power went with her. She is not only satisfied but delighted with it; which shows the humility of her taste, as it is a small thatched cottage, and we get it *furnished* for 40*l.* a year! This is cheap, God knows. I am nursing my leg, which is free of the inflammation that my journey produced, and I hope, by giving it fair play, it will soon get well.

I have had so many letters to write to-day that my hand is quite weary. God bless my dearest mother. Ever your own,

TOM.

220.] *To Mr. Power.*

Sloperton, Devizes,  
Wednesday, Nov. 19, 1817.

My dear Sir,

We arrived safe, and are in possession: all looks as if we were likely to be very snug. Our maids (servants being always the hardest to please) look a little sulky at the loneliness of the place; but I dare say they will soon get reconciled.

I am just sallying out to my walk in the garden, with my head full of words for the Melodies. You shall have them as I do them. Ever yours,

T. MOORE.

The pianoforte! the pianoforte!

221.]

*To Lady Donegal.*

Sloperton Cottage,

Jan. 9, 1818.

A pang of conscience has just come over me for having been so long without writing; and, in addition to this pang, I have just received the long-strayed letter from Calne, which has been half over the country, but has reached me at last safe and inviolate. We are getting on here as quietly and comfortably as possible; and the only thing I regret is the want of some near and plain neighbours for Bessy to make intimacy with, and enjoy a little tea-drinking now and then, as she used to do in Derbyshire. She continues, however, to employ herself very well without them; and her favourite task of cutting out things for the poor people is here even in greater requisition than we bargained for, as there never was such wretchedness in any place where we have been; and the better class of people (with but one or two exceptions) seem to consider their contributions to the poor-rates as abundantly sufficient, without making any further exertions towards the relief of the poor wretches. It is a pity Bessy has not more means, for she takes the true method of charity, — that of going herself into the cottages, and seeing what they are most in want of.

Lady Lansdowne has been very kind indeed, and has a good deal won me over (as, you know, kindness *will* do now and then). After many exertions to get Bessy to go and dine there, I have at last succeeded this week, in consequence of our being on a visit at Bowles's, and her having the shelter of the poet's old lady to protect her through the enterprise. She did not, however, at all like it; and I shall not often put her to the torture of it. In addition to her democratic pride, — which I cannot blame her for, — which makes her prefer the company of her equals to that of her superiors, she finds herself a perfect stranger in the midst of people who are all intimate; and this is a sort of dignified desolation which poor Bessy is not at all ambitious of. Vanity gets over all these difficulties; but pride is not so practicable. She is, how-









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ever, very much pleased both with Lord and Lady Lansdowne; who have, indeed, been everything that is kind and amiable to her. Her health is, I think, somewhat better; and little Anastasia is perfectly well.

I trust, my dearest friend, that you have not had another attack since that which, I was grieved to find, you had suffered when the last letter was written: pray mention always particularly how you find yourself.

I am getting on wickedly with all the Fudges, and you cannot think how much your *list* embarrasses me; particularly with respect to that "venerable and illustrious female," whom I have now such an excellent precedent for attacking in the Memoirs of the patriotic and disappointed Bishop Watson. She is, however, safe, though it has already cost me the strangling of two or three young epigrams in their cradle. *All*, in fact, shall be safe, except Lord Sidmouth; but that the author of the Circular, the patron of spies and informers, the father of the Green Bag, the eulogist of the Knights of Northampton (?), &c. &c., should not have a touch or two, is out of the nature of things. I only promise that he shall neither be called "Doctor" nor "Old Woman," which is quite as much as his warmest friends could expect.

THOMAS MOORE.

Jeffrey's article is pretty fair, though within an inch, now and then, of being otherwise; but the Longmans write me word it will do the book much service, and they are the best judges.

222.] *To Samuel Rogers, Esq.*

Sloperton Cottage, Feb. 6, 1818.

My dear Rogers,

Though I think it not unlikely that I shall, in the course of next week, be shaking hands with you in St. James's Place (as those musical but inharmonious brothers, the Powers, who might well be called *brothers-in-law*, have given signal for combat on the 13th, and I fear I am to receive a subpoena on the occasion), yet I cannot help writing you a short letter, just to ask how you do in this very cold weather. March was the month I looked to for being ready with the

Fudges, and at the same time devoting three or four weeks to a rummage in London on the subject of Sheridan, who must be my next victim; but this cursed *law* trip will disconcert my plans a good deal; still, however, I shall contrive to be ready for the press in March, as I have now about 1400 lines written, and there will not be more in all than 17 or 1800. I have done it, I think, pretty well; but, as usual, not half so well as I had *pre-*imagined it. The Lansdownes have been particularly amiable to us. The day that Bessy dined there was indeed a sad operation to her, for there were a good many people, not one of whom she knew; and among whom she sat, poor girl, in a state of dignified desolation; but before they went to town Lord and Lady L., with Pamela\*, walked over one morning and lunched with us, and listened to music; and then we all rambled together to the church at the other side of the valley, and Lady Lansdowne was all heartiness and goodnature; and Bessy, whose element is home, was seen, I flatter myself, to much advantage; so that we shall get on with them, I have no doubt, most comfortably; and, as they will only come like comets now and then into our system, we shall enjoy a little of their light and warmth without being either dazzled or scorched by them. I have, indeed, got to like Lady L. exceedingly; she is frank and sensible, unaffected, and certainly very pretty; and altogether she has so won me over that I am going to dedicate a set of national airs to her,—there's my anti-aristocracy for you! *He* is delightful; and, if I could but once forget he is a Lord, I could shake his hand as heartily as that of any good fellow I know. We passed three or four days at Bowles's† since I last wrote to

\* Daughter of Lord Edward Fitzgerald; married Sir Guy Campbell.

† The Rev. William Lisle Bowles, Rector of Brenhill, in Wiltshire, whose *Sonnets*, published in 1789, gained him great reputation, which was increased by his subsequent poetical productions. The edition of Pope, which he published, involved him in a famous controversy with Thomas Campbell and Lord Byron. He died in 1850, at the advanced age of 88.

you. What an odd fellow it is! and how narrowly, by being a *genius*, he has escaped being set down for a *fool*! Even as it is, there seem to be some doubts among his brother magistrates; but he is an excellent creature notwithstanding; and if it is not of Helicon that his spirit has drunk, it is at least of very sweet waters, and to my taste very delightful. Bessy has had a long letter from Crabbe, with "Fair Lady!" in every page: he, too, is an odd fellow. Then there's Crowe\*, whom I like much. He sent me a message that he wished to meet me, and we dined together at an ex-attorney's in Devizes; much to my gratification, for he certainly is one of the few, and there is something very racy even in his lees.

Tell the Donegals they are very lazy not to write to me; and, with best remembrances to your brother and sister, believe me,

My dear Rogers, faithfully yours,  
THOMAS MOORE.

223.] *To his Mother.*

Saturday, March, 1818.

My dearest Mother,

We are still without a line from you, and I really begin to be apprehensive that something is the matter. We have had most dreadful weather here; the paling before the house was all blown in, and we were left bare to the road. How have you fared in Jervis Street?

Did I tell you that, when I was in town, I received an anonymous letter from some young girl, inclosing *three pounds*, as a token of her admiration of Lalla Rookh! It was wrong directed, and they made such work about it at the Post Office (as a *property* letter) that I really began to think there was something considerable in it; but I dare say it was as much to the poor girl as three hundred to another; and if every reader of Lalla Rookh would do the same, it would make us all pretty easy about money matters. I laid out the sum immediately in two sixteenths, and I hope they will be lucky to me.

\* The author of "Lewesdon Hill." See p. 163.

They will soon go to press with a seventh edition of Lalla.

Poor Bessy is ailing with *her* new edition, and is often very low-spirited; but she keeps up for my sake, and does her utmost to make me happy and comfortable. God bless my darling father, and mother, and Nell. I often feel it dreary to be so long without seeing you all; but before the spring is over we shall meet, please Heaven. Ever your own,  
TOM.

224.] *To Lady Donegal.*

Sloperton, Devizes,  
April 2, 1818.

I was just going to write to you, when I received your letter, and why I have deferred it so long since is more than I can satisfactorily explain to you, except that we are very often apt to take *other* people's performance of their duty for our *own*. I grieve, most heartily grieve, for the annoyance and embarrassment these wretched people inflict upon you. I am afraid, after all, it is but a wicked world, and I am about too, myself, to be a victim of its wickedness. Within these twenty-four hours I have come to the knowledge of a circumstance which may very possibly throw me into a prison for life. You know I have had a deputy at Bermuda; he is nephew to very rich and respectable merchants (now my only hope), the Sheddons of Bedford Square. I had every reason to suspect his playing me false with respect to my share of the profits during the American war, and I had written so often in vain to demand his accounts for the last year of the war, that I at last gave up the matter as hopeless. I had forgot both him and the office, when yesterday I was roused into most disagreeable remembrance of them by a motion from Doctors' Commons, calling upon me to appear there within fifteen days, in consequence of my deputy having refused to produce the proceeds of a sale of ship and cargo, which had been deposited in his hands during an appeal to the Court at home. I suppose the sum was considerable, and the fellow has absconded with it. I have no security from him, as the place was so mere a trifle at the

time I appointed him, that no one would have thought it worth either asking or giving security; and, at present, I see no chance for my escape but in the forthcomingness of his uncle Sheddon, who, as having recommended him to me, is bound, I think (at least in honour), to be answerable for the defalcation. If he (which is highly probable) refuses, I suppose I have nothing for it but a prison; and all I shall ask of your friend Sir William Scott is, that he will either make interest for the Rules for me, or at least let me have *two* rooms in whatever dungeon is to receive me. I dreamt, about a week ago, that I was walking home in full sunshine, and that suddenly a pitch-black cloud came all over the sky, like the forerunner of an earthquake, that made me cower down to the very earth, exclaiming, "Oh, my dear Bessy and child!" Is this what they call one's dreams being *out*? Mind, I am only talking and anticipating now from what appears on the face of the monition, as I know nothing further of the particulars; but I wrote by last night's post to the Sheddons, and on their answer must depend a good deal of my comfort.

And now that I have given you grievance for grievance, I must say that our dear Mary's ill health gave us both very real concern; and I trust when I go up to town I shall find her much better, as well as yourself, in *every* way, as you both richly deserve to be.

Poor Bess, who—I don't know whether to be glad or sorry at it—is in the way of producing another little incumbrance for us (a little *prisoner* perhaps), is, as usual in that state, very weak and ailing.

Your friends, the Fudges, are nearly *out of hand*. It was well this shock did not come upon me sooner, as it might, perhaps, (though I doubt whether it would,) have damped my gaiety with them; but, I don't know how it is, as long as my conscience is sound, and that suffering is not attended by delinquency, I doubt whether even a prison will make much difference in my cheerfulness: "Stone walls do not a prison make," &c. &c. I shall be in town next week. Ever yours,

T. MOORE.

I need not remind you that this is not a case for interference with Sir W. Scott, or *any one*. The thing must take its course; and any interest you have must be reserved for my *prison comforts*.

225.] *To Mr. Power.*

Monday, April 6, 1818.

My dear Sir,

Your kind prayer for me on my wedding day has, I grieve to say, failed; and I have heard within these few days of a calamity which *may* have the effect of imprisoning me for life. My deputy at Bermuda, after keeping back from me my proper share of the receipts of the office, has now, it seems, made free with the proceeds of a sale of ship and cargo deposited in his hands, and I am called upon, by a monition from Doctors' Commons, to be accountable for it. I know not what may be the extent of his defalcation, but it *may* be more than I can even attempt to pay. What a life it is! I am not, however, thank Heaven! at all cast down by the prospect: as it is not by my own misdeeds I shall suffer, there will be nothing in it to embitter my conscience, and I shall smile at Fortune still. They cannot take away from me either my self-respect or my talents, and I can live upon them happily *anywhere*. Good-bye, my dear friend: I shall see you on Friday next. Best regards to Mrs. Power. From yours, very sincerely,

THOMAS MOORE.

226.] *To his Mother.*

Sloperton Cottage,  
May 6, 1818.

My dearest Mother,

You cannot conceive how happy I am at finding myself quietly here again, out of the distracting bustle of London. I left my Bermuda affairs in as good train as I could, and, as my deputy has some landed property, I am in great hopes the burden will not fall so heavy on me as I first apprehended. In the meantime do not you, my darling mother, feel the least uneasiness about either our comforts or your own. The sum is so large that I could not think of attempting to pay

it; and, as in the processes of the Admiralty Court they cannot touch *property*, let the worst come, my means of supporting myself, and continuing to contribute the little I do towards *your* comforts, will not be in the least diminished by it.

As soon as I rest a little, I hope to be off for about ten days (all I can spare now) to Dublin, and hope to find my own dears there well and comfortable. I want to persuade Bessy to go on as far as Derbyshire with me, where she might stay among our friends there till my return; but I am afraid she will not agree to it.

I left the Fudges prospering amazingly in town,—five editions in less than a fortnight,—and my share for that time (I go half and half with the Longmans) was 350*l.* Very convenient it was too, as I had overdrawn them; and it not only paid what was over, but gave me some *ready* in my pocket besides. God bless my darling mother. Ever your own,

Tom.

227.] *To Lady Donegal.*

Sloperton, May 17, 1818.

I have been, not so much reproaching myself, as regretting that I did not get one shake of the hand from you before your flight; but I had taken it into my head that Wednesday was to be the day of your departure (I find since it was the day of taking possession), and, on Tuesday morning, I went very quietly to breakfast with you between eleven and twelve, but found nothing except Farrance, with a long list of memorandums in his hand, and myself and Child Harold commemorated thereon. I was heartily mortified. How badly this world goes on with us all! It *used* to be much better, I think; or is it that the bitters *always* lie towards the bottom of the cup? Your disappointment about the house is too bad; but it is lucky you do not like Brighton much, as you will have a regret the less. I mean to set off this next week for Ireland. I shall be away but three weeks in all; and for nothing but to gratify my poor mother (who is ill and out of spirits) would I leave

just now my sweet, quiet cottage, where, in spite of proctors, deputies, and all other grievances, I am as happy as, I believe, this world will allow any one to be; and, if I could but give the blessing of health to the dear cottager by my side, I would defy the devil and all his works, and Sir William Scott to boot. Poor Bessy is not at all well, and though she is very generous and considerate about these absences from her, yet, in her low state of health and spirits, they are not by any means pleasant. I am happy to hear *you* speak of the good effects of Brighton upon your health, and, disagreeable as it is otherwise, I shall be glad to hear you are enabled to stay there.

My Bermuda business remained, when I left town, *in statu quo*, “nothing brighter or darker” than it was when I saw you. I have sent out a power of attorney to lay hold of whatever is forthcoming of my honest deputy’s property, and I hope the person I have employed will do his duty.

Let me have a line from you in Dublin, directed 39, Upper Jervis Street. I shall be most anxious to hear whether you have got another tenant. Bessy sends her best love. Ever faithfully yours,

THOMAS MOORE.

228.] *From Mr. Jeffrey.*

Jordan’s, St. James’s Street,  
Tuesday, May 30, 1818.

My dear Moore,

What I inclose has been justly owing you, I am ashamed to say, ever since you were so kind as to send me that account of M. de J — I do not know how long ago; but I did not know your address, and I neglect everything. Will you let me hope for a contribution from you some day soon?

I cannot from my heart resist adding another word. I have heard of your misfortunes, and of the noble way you bear them. Is it very impertinent to say that I have 500*l.* entirely at your service, which you may repay when you please; and as much more, which I can advance upon any reasonable security of repayment in seven years?

Perhaps it is very unpardonable in me

to say this; but upon my honour I would not *make* you the offer, if I did not feel that I would *accept* it without scruple from you.

At all events, pray don't be angry at me, and don't send me a letter beginning *Sir*. I shall ask your pardon with the truest submission if I have offended you; but I trust I have not, at all events; and however this end, no living soul shall ever know of my presumption but yourself. Believe me, with great respect and esteem, very faithfully yours,  
F. JEFFREY.

229.] *To Mr. Power.*

Tuesday, June 16, 1818.

My dear Sir,

I was kept in such a state of bustle while in Dublin, that I had not a minute to write to you. I suppose you heard all the enthusiasm my visit excited there—the grand dinner to me—the design of making it an anniversary—my reception at the theatre, &c. &c. Nothing certainly was ever like it; and, if I had stayed there a week longer, it was very confidently said there would be a deputation to ask me to stand for the city of Dublin. I shall never say that Paddy is not national again.

I hope Mrs. P. is better. Ever yours, very sincerely,

THOMAS MOORE.

230.] *From Miss Godfrey.*

July 9, 1818.

I have been thinking of writing to you from time immemorial, and at last I am determined to begin, and talk to you a little about you and yours and me and mine. We have been reading of your honours and glories and speeches with great interest and pleasure, knowing how gratifying it must all have been to your feelings and to Bessy's. At the same time, however, that I congratulate you upon the flattering manner you were received in by your countrymen, let me whisper a little word of congratulation also at your having got away safe from them before it came to throwing stones at you, or throwing you into the river, which they intended to do by Mr.

Grattan. I would not say it out loud upon any account, for fear of a flowing tirade from that sunflower of eloquence Mr. Phillips; but I heartily rejoice that you have got off with all your popularity and whole bones into the bargain, and are safely lodged in your own cottage, where I hope you found Bessy and Anastasia as well as your heart could wish. Have you heard anything more of your Bermuda affairs? Pray write soon, and give us a long account of yourselves. The last we heard of you was through Rogers, who read us the letter you wrote to him upon your return home. As to ourselves, I have but a tragical history to give. Our expedition to Brighton, which we intended for health and economy, failed in both. I came back very ill; and no sooner had I got well, than Bab had a return of her old faintings, from which, thank God! she is now almost quite recovered; but she has had a very bad attack, I grieve to say. We propose going next week to Tunbridge Wells to stay two or three months. Philly and Barbara are already there. I suppose you are in the very joy of your heart at the success of the Reformers, and expect great doings in this new Parliament. We have had some fine specimens of liberty during the Westminster election, which make one tremble in one's skin. We were in hopes that some great Whig, in either England or Ireland, would have brought you into the House of Commons; but I dare say your great Whigs would be pretty nearly as much afraid of you as your great Tories, for you do now and then take them by surprise with some unlucky truth that they would rather not hear.

Rogers just called, and, seeing this frank on the table, desired me to tell you he was writing to you: but I think it is only in his imagination, so don't be surprised if the letter never comes. I have not a word of news to tell you,—we have been so much shut up from the world since our return to town. We both join in everything most kind to you all, and shall be very happy to hear a good account of Bessy's health. Truly yours,

M. G.



231.] *To his Mother.*

August 1, 1818.

My dearest Mother,

I have been just writing a long letter to the great Grecian, Doctor Parr, with whom I have entered into a correspondence about Sheridan; so that I have but a few minutes left for you; but I know a few words to tell you we are well and happy are to *you*

“Sweeter than all the Heathen Greek  
That Helen spoke when Paris woo’d.”

Will you tell Miss Creagh, if you ever see her, how grateful I am for her kind recollections in sending me the pretty music she promised, so beautifully written out? Don't forget this! There was a concert in this neighbourhood the other night, where they had got nothing almost but *my* things to be performed, in expectation that I should be there, but I was not.

Love to all around you. Ever your own,  
TOM.

232.] *From Miss Godfrey.*

Saturday, Oct. 5, 1818.

We have long been intending to write to you, but have gone on putting it off, owing to one disagreeable circumstance or another, till at last we were ashamed to begin; but Rogers called here yesterday, and told us that he was very much afraid your odious Bermuda business would turn out much more vexatious than was at first apprehended. The sincere concern this information gave us soon put laziness to flight; and I have got a frank to write to you, for I am sorry to say Bab has not been well for some days, and her head does not allow of her doing so. Pray write immediately, and tell us in what state the business is at present, and what you really think will be the consequence of it to you. We are most anxious to know. Rogers said he had written to you upon the subject, but that he had not received an answer. But pray don't serve us so, or we shall be very angry with you; and, at the same time, tell us how Bessy is going on. I am afraid she must be worried by this troublesome affair; but I trust and hope that

it will at last end to your satisfaction. It is so very hard a case, that I think Mr. Sheddon, the uncle, cannot suffer you to be the victim of his nephew's dishonesty, if he has any honour or principle himself, as it was at his desire you continued him in the office. The affairs of this world don't go on at all to my satisfaction at present; but hope follows on, and it is always the best companion upon our dreary road. We have had beautiful skies, and brilliant suns, moons, and stars this year, but not much health to enjoy them, and the old worries of knaves and fools, which it seems to be poor Bab's fate never to be able to get rid of; but I must say she bears it, as well as a very indifferent state of health, with great heroism. We returned to town about a fortnight since, and are established here for the winter. We were obliged to leave Tunbridge sooner than we intended, on account of the smallness of our house, and the illness of some of the servants, which made it necessary to give up some of our rooms for the use of the sick. So here you will find us if anything should bring you to town. We got your “Melodies” last week; and Barbara is gone mad after “This Earth is the planet.” She begged leave to play it between each of her lessons; and she goes singing the delights of this world all over the house, as if it was quite her opinion that it was all sunshine and gaiety; long may she think so: but the time too surely comes that one gets behind the scenes, and the brilliant spectacle vanishes.

Adieu! and God bless you all.

M. G.

233.] *To Miss Godfrey.*

Sloperton Cottage,  
Sunday, Oct. 11, 1818.

I have only time to write you a few words, in order to take advantage of a parcel I am sending to P'wer; but you shall have more anon. The tone of your letter has saddened me not a little,—Lady Donegal in bad health, and *you* evidently not at all in spirits; this is sad work, and I wish from my soul I could do anything to mend it. As for myself, it is not true that there has occurred anything

to darken the gloom of my Bermuda prospects: on the contrary, since I received your letter, I have had one from Bermuda of rather a comfortable nature, as, in the first place, it assures me of my having a man of respectability there (to whom I applied), ready and willing to look after my interests; in the next place, it gives me intelligence that my deputy has not absconded from the island, which I rather feared; and, in the third place, it informs me that he has some property, which I much doubted.

Rogers is expected here soon. I have not time for another word. Ever yours,

T. MOORE.

234.] *To Miss Godfrey.*

Saturday, Oct. 24, 1818.

My dear Mary,

All's safe and well; my darling Bessy is, at this moment, lying snug and smiling, with a little boy in her arms!

I have not time for a word more, as I am writing dispatches in all directions. God bless you, my dearest Mary. Ever yours,

T. MOORE.

235.]

*To Miss Godfrey.*

Sunday, Nov. 8, 1818.

My dear Mary,

I address you thus familiarly, because I am about to do a very familiar and (I am afraid, you will think) *too* friendly thing by you; and that is, to make you godmother to our little Johnny Newcome. It is Bessy's wish; and as it makes no *additional* tie between us (for I am sure you feel quite as much interested about me and mine as if you "were ten times our (god) mother"), why, I don't see any great objection you can have to the ceremony. Your *compères* are Lord Lansdowne and Dr. Parr, so that, as far as Greek and nobility go, you will be in good company.

I am glad you are returning to your own *couleur-de-rose* state of mind again, and hope our dear Lady D. will continue well enough to *keep* you in it. Poor Bess is not so stout as she was at first; her efforts to suckle the little hero do not well agree with her, and I am afraid she must give it up. God bless you ever. Your gossip,

T. M.

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## DIARY OF THOMAS MOORE.

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1818.

August 18th. Went to Bath, on my way to Leamington Spa, for the purpose of consulting Mrs. Lefanu, the only surviving sister of Sheridan, on the subject of her brother's life: meant to call also upon Dr. Parr, with whom I had had a correspondence on the same subject.

20th. (Leamington.) Found Mrs. Lefanu—the very image of Sheridan, having his

features without his carbuncles, and all the light of his eyes without the illumination of his nose. While I was there, and talking of Sheridan, Dr. Parr entered in full wig and apron (which he wears as prebendary of St. Paul's, and not unwilling, of course, to look like a bishop). I had written to him to say Mrs. L. was in his neighbourhood, and he came thus promptly and kindly to visit the sister of his friend; a powerful old man both in body and mind.

Parr, in the conversation of the morning, had told me of a paper which Sir W. Jones had written in French on the subject of the liberties of the people, which somebody else had translated into Welsh, and which from thence was rendered (by Bishop Shipley, I believe) into English, and inserted in the papers of the Constitutional Society. I could not collect this at all accurately, on account of the thickness of Parr's utterance, to which it requires a little time to become accustomed.\*

21st. Dined with Dr. Parr: himself, his wife, and a friend he called "Jack," a clergyman of 1000*l.* a year, who lives in his neighbourhood, very much devoted to him, and ready at a call to come and write letters for him, &c. &c.; his own hand being quite illegible (see what he says of it in preface to "Fox's Characters"). He was very cordial and animated; hob-nobbed with me across the table continually; told me he had written whole sheets of Greek verses against Big Ben (the Regent); showed them to me: the name he designated him by, I saw, was *φουκων*, inflated or puffy. Told me they were full of wit, which I took his word for, as they seemed rather puzzling Greek.

On this day, when I went to my inn to dress, the landlord's sister gave me a letter, on opening which I saw it was poetry. "Here," said I, "some one has sent me a poem." "That, sir, is like sending coals to Newcastle," replied the young Bonifacia, who was an Irish girl just imported.

22nd. Dined with Dr. Parr; the Duke of Grafton, the lion of the day; young Seymour, a nephew of Lord Hertford's; the Burnes, Lefanus, &c. &c. The doctor was glorious, often very eloquent, always odd; said there was no such man as Homer; that there were various poems tacked together by a collector, who was called *Ὀμηρος* (from *ὄμων*, *simul*, and *ἀρω*, *apto*)—that this was now

\* Lord Holland used to say that it was most unfortunate for a man so full of learning and information as Dr. Parr, that he could not easily communicate his knowledge; for when he spoke, nobody could make out what he said, and when he wrote, nobody could read his handwriting.

the general opinion of the learned. He had told me before dinner that we Irish started with a blunder in the name we gave our St. Patrick, which meant the Devil, his real name being *Succat*; but the Pagan priests called him *Patric*, which meant an evil spirit: took down Vallancey's "Collectanea" to prove it to me. He mentioned after dinner the witticism that made Crassus (I think) laugh, for the only time in his life: "Similes habent labra lactucas." He said it was in Bayle. I mentioned that I had also, I thought, seen it in Erasmus's "Adagia." "Very likely. What a book that is! what a condensation of learning!" I quoted Morhof's "Polyhistor." "Have you a 'Morhof?'" he exclaimed; "read him day and night." He had before dinner pointed out an anecdote to me in Gesner's "Isagoge," and advised me to get the book. Has a contemptuous opinion (which he is but too well justified in) of our Irish scholars; says we have had none since Archbishop Usher. *N. B.* I believe he claims descent from the Dr. Parr that was Usher's chaplain. His models of good English writing are, among others, Bishop Shipley, Uvedale Price, and Sheridan. Mentioned the freedom with which he had criticised to Fox himself his letter to the electors of Westminster—"your acquittal I confidently expect," a false use of the word; also his use of the word "defer" (which Fox, by the bye, has employed in the same manner in his "History"); and the cant phrase of "I am free to say." Had corrected me the day before for saying medicinal, which he accents medicinal; he would say, also, inextorable, irrevocable, &c. &c. The Duke of Grafton said he had succeeded Sheridan, within a few years, at Harrow, and found his memory preserved very affectionately there, his poems repeated, and a room called after his name. Returned to my inn at ten o'clock; supped in the public room. A gentleman told a punning epigram of Jekyll's upon an old lady being brought forward as a witness to prove that a tender had been made:

"Garrow, forbear! that tough old jade  
Can never prove a tender maid."

24th. Arrived at my cottage. Always glad to return to it, and the dear girl who makes it so happy for me. Found heaps of letters, some of them from poets and authors, who are the pest of my life:—one sending me a “Serio-comic Drama of Invasion, in Three Acts, including the Vision and the Battle,” and referring me for his poetic credentials to three admirals and “the late comptroller of the navy!” Another begging to know whether I was acquainted with “any man or woman to whom money was for a time useless,” who would venture 100*l.* upon a literary speculation he had in hand.

26th. Answered the author who wanted the “useless money:” told him I, at least, had none of that description,—very sorry, &c. &c. Wrote also to the poetical grocer’s apprentice in Dublin, from whom I had had a long letter the week before, complaining that I had left his MSS. when I came away unfolded, and “open to the gaze of every one;” assured him I was sorry for the accident, which was owing to the carelessness of the person to whom I entrusted them, and concluded my letter thus, “wishing you all success in that line of life, from which it would be cruel to divert you by any false hopes of literary eminence, I am, &c. &c.” Began “Holcroft’s Memoirs,”—his description of the life of a Newmarket boy, very curious and interesting. I wish every literary man would write his own memoirs.

29th. Began reading Mrs. Crouch’s “Memoirs:” stated there that Sheridan had written the “Songs of Tickell’s Carnival of Venice,”—is this true? Wrote to Lord Byron, and, mentioning my Bermuda calamity, said, “This may have the effect of confining me to the Rules for life; but *n’importe*—unity of place is one of Aristotle’s rules; and, as a poet, I shall easily learn to conform to it.” Received a kind note from Sir F. Burdett, asking me and Mrs. M. over to Ramsbury Manor, to meet Lady Charlotte Fitzgerald, I. Hobhouse, &c. A good story in Mrs. C.’s “Memoirs” of Stephen Kemble, who, sleeping at an inn in a country town, was waked about daybreak by a strange figure, a dwarf, standing by his bed in extra-

ordinary attire. Kemble raised himself up in the bed, and questioned the figure, which said—“I am a dwarf, as you perceive; I am come to exhibit at the fair to-morrow, and I have mistaken the bedchamber: I suppose you are a giant come for the same purpose.”

September 1st. My Sheridan task in the morning: interrupted by Bowles\*, who never comes amiss; the mixture of talent and simplicity in him delightful. His parsonage-house at Brenhill is beautifully situated; but he has a good deal frittered away its beauty with grottoes, hermitages, and Shenstonian inscriptions: when company is coming he cries, “Here, John, run with the crucifix and missal to the hermitage, and set the fountain going.” His sheep bells are tuned in thirds and fifths; but he is an excellent fellow notwithstanding; and, if the waters of his inspiration be not those of Helicon, they are at least very *sweet* waters, and to my taste pleasanter than some that are more strongly impregnated.

3rd. Wrote shoals of letters. This light skirmishing of letter-writing exhausts one’s ammunition, both of time and thought, most cruelly. Did some sentences of Sheridan’s life: went in the evening with the Phippses to a Melksham concert; joined by the Hugheses, from Devizes, who brought an author with them, a Rev. Mr. Joyce, who, they tell me, wrote the “Modern Parnassus” some years ago. He made not a bad pun in the course of the night. A seat on which Mrs. Mole was sitting gave way; and he said “*Mole ruit sui.*”

4th. A good typographical mistake in the “Freeman’s Journal.” It gives the new Secretary’s (Grant) speech on the Catholic question, in the year 1813; and there is a passage where he says of the bigoted adversaries of the Catholics, “They have taken up a position in the depth of the middle ages;” instead of which he is made to say, “They have taken up a physician in the depth,” &c. The “Freeman’s Journal” is often very ingenious in this way. I remember its telling

us that "Dr. Lawrence, the celebrated civilian, was very dangerously *disposed*." Worked at Sheridan a little, and went to dine at Bowood. Found Lord Lansdowne in the garden, with Vernon (the Archbishop's \* son), and a Frenchman, a tall, talking, twisting, and gesticulating fellow, with a small dandy French hat on the top of his head. Was told, to my surprise, by Vernon, that he was a judge, come to study our jurisprudence, &c. Very unlike our Ellenboroughs and Abbots. The dinner amusing enough. I mentioned the mistake in the "Freeman's Journal," which brought out some good instances of typographical errors. Professor Playfair's advertisement of a "Syllabus or *Heads of Lectures*" was all last year inserted as "*Heaps of Lectures*." Bowles mentioned a doctor somebody, correcting his sermon through the press, but not knowing the method; in consequence of which a sentence stood thus, "Christ, *Italic*; Son of, Roman, God." Talked of Mitford's "*Harmony of Languages*," praised by Lord L. His "*History*"—the bad taste of carrying back the virulence of modern politics into a history of the Grecian republic. It was remarked as a singular thing, that the two historians of Greece and of Rome (Gibbon and Mitford) were both colonels in the Hampshire militia. Talked of Malone—a dull man—his whitewashing the statue of Shakspeare, at Leamington or Stratford (?), and General Fitzpatrick's (Lord L.'s uncle) epigram on the subject—very good—

"And smears his statue as he mars his lays."

Bowles, who cannot speak French, holding a conversation with the judge, and bellowing out to him, as if he was deaf—highly amusing—asking him "did he know *Nancy*?" pronouncing it in the English way. The night very rainy; slept at Bowood.

5th. Found dear Bessy just going to breakfast. In telling them the mistakes in the press mentioned the day before, recollected one I observed in the American edition of "*Gifford's Juvenal*," when I was at New York. It was very beautifully printed, &c.

\* The Archbishop of York.

&c., but in the preface, where he draws a parallel between Horace and Juvenal, and says, "Horace was of an easy disposition, inclining to indolence," they turned it into "inclining to insolence." I remember another error of the press that happened in some of Erasmus's works, where he had described the philosophers of Greece as having lived chiefly "*in mendicitate*," the printer, as if he had had "*Græcia mendax*" in his mind, made it "*in mendacitate*." Wrote a little of Sheridan. Read a little of "*Balzac's Letters*." One may apply to him what he says of some one else, "*Il vaudroit mieux être un peu étourdi que de prendre tant de peine à être sage*."

7th. Took a chaise to Devizes, and went from there outside the coach to Marlborough. Took a chaise from Marlborough to Burdett's,—six miles,—Burdett and Hobhouse out shooting. The company at Burdett's were the two Hobhouses, Scrope Davies, a little doctor who attends Lady Burdett, and a Mr. Maxwell. Davies, in fishing that morning, had caught his eye with the hook, but no great harm done. Walked with him and Mr. Maxwell to Ramsbury, to have leeches applied to the eye. We laughed about Douglas Kinnaird's patriotic dinner at the Horns at Kennington (*5s.* a head) in honour of the "Father of Reform," Major Cartwright. Davies proposed calling Cartwright "the Mother of Reform instead;" he is a most mischievous old woman.—His taking the "*brevia Parliamentaria*" of Prynne for "short parliaments," admirable. Lord Lansdowne told me he was with Lord Holland when the letter containing this precious bit of erudition arrived. \* Sat down to dinner without Burdett and Hobhouse. Davies told me that Berkeley Craven called the permission the Jews gave him to come over from Paris and try his chance at Newmarket for a month, "the Jew's Pass-over." A good story of B. Craven and Lord Alvanley, when an accident happened to their carriage: the former getting out to thrash the footman,

\* "*Brevia Parliamentaria Rediviva*," Short Parliaments Revived.

saw he was an old fellow, and said, "Your *age* protects you:" while Alvanley, who had advanced towards the postilion with the same intention, seeing that he was an athletic young fellow, turned from him saying, in his waggish way, "Your *youth* protects you." Two Miss Burdetts at dinner,—nice girls. Burdett's style of living not at all equal to his means, either in expense or elegance. With such a fortune, he ought to make his private life a sort of counteraction to the plebeian tendency of his politics; like Washington, who threw all the graces and courtesies of aristocratic ceremony round his republican court; and unlike his successor, Jefferson, who seemed to delight in vulgarising democracy to its lowest pitch. Burdett, a most amiable man, something particularly attaching in his manner; his gentleness, and almost bashfulness, forming such a contrast to the violence of his public career. He is, however, but a boy in wisdom, and, though he speaks plausibly, he is neither very sensible, nor deeply informed upon any subject. I speak but from superficial knowledge of him. Hobhouse and other men, who know him better, think much more highly of him.

8th. Walked out, after breakfasting and writing to Bessy (my daily task when away from her), with H., D., and Burdett, through Lord Aylesbury's forest. Magnificent! could ramble through forest scenery for ever: there is less of *the world* there than anywhere else, except on the ocean, if one was *alone* on it. Talked much of Ireland, with which Burdett is delighted; he told me if I would collect proofs against Lord Castlereagh's ministry in Ireland, and draw up resolutions, he would move them in the House, and impeach him; but the thing is gone by. He is evidently prejudiced against Grattan, and did not show quite a right feeling on the late outrageous attack upon that noble old man in Dublin; he wants (what so many want) candour. Curran evidently the favourite of the whole party; and, no doubt, was far above Grattan in wit and genius, but still farther *below* him in real wisdom and goodness. I told stories of Curran which made them laugh a good

deal; his speech to the Englishman who was laughing at him on the top of the coach, "May God Almighty never humanise your countenance, you odious baboon;" and many others. At dinner, besides the party of the day before, old Crowe, the author of "*Lewesdon Hill*," a good poet, and a man of simple manners; but his day of talent gone by. Translation by a school-boy of "they ascended by ladders,"—"ascendebant per adolescentiores" (the comparative degree of lad, *i. e.* ladder).

9th. Walked to Ramsbury at seven in the morning, and took the Marlborough coach. Arrived in London at half-past six in the evening, and dined at the George in Coventry Street, and found that Power had taken lodgings for me in Duke Street, 33, and that my brother-in-law, Scully, was in town.\*

10th. Called on the Longmans: the "Fudges" soon going to press for another edition; they are very anxious for the "Fudges" in London, but I am still doubtful as to the good taste of following up the blow. Dined with Power (John Scully and I), and went to Covent Garden in the evening: "School for Scandal" and "Tom Thumb." The first appearance of Farren from Dublin; an excellent actor; enthusiastically received.

11th. Called at Carpenter's, and had the triumph of telling him the liberal conduct of the Longmans to me about the profits of the "Fudges;" such a contrast to his own! Dined at the George with Scully, and went alone to the Haymarket Theatre: "Honey-moon" and the "Green Man;" Major Dumping in the latter by Tokeby excellent; a pretty girl, Miss E. Blanchard, who moves her head like a mandarin, when 'tis near stopping. Why are there not more pretty girls on the stage? Beauty is at least the next thing to first-rate acting; and I agree with that French actress who, when told that the "premier principe" of her art was attention to costume, answered, "*le premier principe d'une femme c'est de paraitre jolie.*"

12th. Breakfasted at Power's, and made

\* Mr. Scully married Miss Catharine Moore.

the assignments of my works to him under our seven years' deed. His attorney had proposed a draft of a new agreement for us to enter into, and both pressed me to it very anxiously; but though it is a very comfortable certainty for me (500*l.* a year), and he is as liberal a man as I could have to deal with, I shall not be in a hurry to re-embark into the concern, until he and I and his brother have settled *all* past transactions together. Called upon Shee, the painter, in order to show Scully the pleasant spectacle of an Irishman and a Catholic prospering among the grandees of England, without the surrender of one honest Irish or manly principle. His copy of his own picture of me not so good as the original. The miniature copy in Carpenter's possession being seen by a stranger passing the shop (I mean a stranger to me), he went in and offered Carpenter forty-five guineas for it. Left a message for Woolriche\*, who had called at my lodgings, to say that he would find us at the George at five o'clock. He joined us; had just left Woburn, and had been paying visits with the Duke at Lord Grey's and Lord Huntley's: spoke of the former (Lord Grey), as a family man, with all the admiration and enthusiasm he deserved: it is indeed a noble thing to see this high unbending politician in the bosom of his happy family, playing with the young ones like a schoolfellow, and listening to the music of the elder girls with all the attention and delight of a lover. He is, I have no doubt, proud and aristocratic, and looks as loftily down upon us untitled ones as the rest of his caste; but, speaking of him in his own sphere, he is a truly noble fellow, and joins more the solidity of the shaft with the ornaments of the capital than any of his caste.

13th. Met Scully at breakfast at the George, and set off with him walking for Hornsey†, in order to visit the grave of my poor Barbara, and report to Bessy whether

\* Physician to the Duke of Bedford.

† On our way, called at Perry's. S. delighted with the beauty of his house and library. Agreed how gratifying it was, in these times of apostasy and servility, to see *one* man prospering on the side of independence and consistency.

it was kept as neat and sacred as she could wish. Felt it less this time than I did some months since, when I went to the church-yard alone and had nothing to divert me from the melancholy train of thinking it led to. That space which is left upon the stone for *other* names is a frightful blank. I showed him the cottage at the foot of Muswell Hill where we lost this dear child, and to the gate of which she had so often run to meet me. We dined at the Sun at Highbury, and walked home in the evening. Scully a good, honest, manly-minded fellow. Packed up for my departure next morning, and supped with S. at the York.

15th. We planned a party to Bath next day, to see Scully so far on his way. S. told of the *Shanavests* in Tipperary giving up the arms they had taken from the tithes-proctors to *him*, on his pledging his word they should not be endangered. This he did openly in the chapel; and, in consequence, as he was walking near the ruins of the abbey (Athassil), a fellow came to him muffled up, and asked where the arms should be deposited; Scully told him, near the river at night-fall, and there accordingly they were brought. Scully threw them into the river, lest they ever might be brought in judgment against the poor wretches; for which method of disposing of them (upon communication with the commander-in-chief) he was reprimanded; that dignitary, I suppose, thinking that no one should keep faith with rebels. Scully, however, differed with him, and he was right.

16th. Sent for a coach to take our party (Mrs. Hughes and sister, Mary Dalby, myself, and Scully) to Bath, but a *chaise* came instead, which blunder, together with Woolriche's arrival after a night's travelling in the mail, put an end to the scheme, and Scully went by himself. Took Woolriche my favourite walk through the little wood and the valley: must soon bid adieu to this walk till summer comes again. Summer *will* come again, but where may *I* be? where may those be who are dear to me? These are thoughts that haunt me though my happiest moments. Talked of Woolriche's connection with the Duke of Bedford—he travelled

with him as his physician to Paris, and thence to Italy.

17th. After writing some letters, set out with Woolriche to call at Bowood; he had attended young Wycombe at Rome, and spoke highly of Lady L.'s affectionate attention to the little Earl in his illness.

19th. Wrote some letters and walked out with W. and Mary D.; dined at Bowood: the company, two Miss Edgeworths and Dumont.\* Some amusing things mentioned at dinner—Madame de Staël very angry with William Smith for his act in favour of the Unitarians: thought it was an act for the abolition of the Trinity: "C'est vous donc (said she, on being introduced to Smith) qui ne voulez point de mystères!" Talked of Penn's book about the end of the world, and Swift's ridicule of Bickerstaff's prophecy, which I must see. Swift says the only persons glad at the end of the world, were a man going to be hanged and another going to be cut for the stone. Talked of Perry. I mentioned a good scene I was witness to at his table, when the Duke of Sussex dined with him, when, to his horror, he found he had unconsciously asked a brother editor to meet his R. H. This was Doherty, the well-known, unfortunate, ways-and-means Irishman, whom Perry had asked, without knowing much about him, and without intending he should meet the Duke of Sussex, who had only fixed to dine with Perry the day before. The conversation turned upon newspapers, the Duke said, in his high, squeak tone of voice, "There is a Mr. Dockerty, I find, going to publish a paper." I looked towards Doherty, and saw his face redden. "Yes, sir," said he, "I am the person; I had the honour of sending your Royal Highness my prospectus." I then looked towards Perry, and saw *his* face blacken; the intelligence was as new to him as to me. I knew what was passing in his mind, but so did *not* my honest friend Tegart, the apothecary, who, thinking that the cloud

on Perry's brow arose from the fear of a *rival* journalist, exclaimed with good-natured promptitude, to put him out of pain, "Oh, Mr. Doherty's is a *weekly* newspaper!" It was altogether excellent. Perry is as good-natured and honourable a man as I know *anywhere*, and does honour to the cause he has so consistently and ably advocated. We talked of Bowles's copy of the "Institutes" of Calvin, to which he has had a drawing prefixed, of Servetus roaring in the flames, and Calvin reading to him: underneath are the words which Calvin used in describing Servetus's sufferings, "*Ter reboabat, Hispanico more, Misericordia.*" Dumont talked of Castalion as one of the first teachers of toleration, and who had held against Calvin and Beza, that heretics were *non gladio puniendi*. He then cited Bayle and Locke as able champions of toleration. I said that Bayle's ideas of religious freedom were, as well as Locke's, fettered by his prejudices against the Catholics. This he, Dumont, granted as to Locke, but denied as to Bayle. I find, however, I am right: in the preface to the "Commentaire Philosophique," Bayle not only praises the penal laws of England, but proposes a league of all Christian princes (*non papistes*), and even of infidel princes, against Popery, and says, "*Ce ne seroit pas une ligue moins honorable que celle qu'on feroit contre les Corsaires de Barbarie.*" This is toleration with a vengeance! M. Dumont, who is a man of learning, contradicted me on this point so authoritatively, that I almost took for granted that I was mistaken. D. said that Voltaire was the only true and unqualified champion of toleration. Wonderful that a mild man like Melancthon should have approved of Calvin's burning Servetus. Lord L. said he could not have approved it in his heart, but must have merely given way to the spirit of party. Talked of Bayle's "*Nouvelles de la République des Lettres.*" I said that it was not so *much* livelier than other critical journals (Le Clerc's, for instance), as one would expect from Bayle's variety and vivacity in his other works. Dumont owned it was not so amusing as the "Thoughts on Comets;" but still it gave

\* M. Etienne Dumont, a native of Geneva, who long resided in England, and was intimately associated with Jeremy Bentham. He died at Milan in 1829.



most valuable analyses of books. Asked his opinion of the "*Acta Eruditorum*," but he did not seem to know much about them. Lord L., of whom I had inquired the last time I saw him, whether he had a copy of Montreuil's poetry ("*Madrigaux*") now mentioned these to Dumont, who knew nothing of them. I want them for an extract for Sheridan's life. In the evening, Miss Edgeworth delightful; not from display, but from repose and unaffectedness; the least pretending person of the company. Lord L. mentioned Madame de Coigny's witicism about the Society of Returned Emigrants, who call themselves, "*Le Château: les Esprits n'y reviennent pas*." Barnave's exclamation in the Convention, "*Le sang qu'on a versé, étoit-il donc si pur?*" Dumont said he was by when Barnave made this "unpardonable" speech, and that he lifted up his arms most solemnly in saying it, while long *pleureuses* (for he was in mourning) hung from his sleeves. Somebody said it was the same Barnave who exclaimed "*Perissent les Colonies, plutôt que les Principes*:" something like Wyndham's exclamation of "Perish Commerce, live the Constitution!" Miss Edgeworth praised the eulogy upon Madame de Staël in the notes on the 4th canto of *Childe Harold*, as a beautiful specimen of Lord Byron's prose-writing. I told her it was *Hobhouse's*. Lord L. read it aloud, and they all seemed to like it. There is a metaphor about a *vista* in it. I mentioned what Curran once said to me, "My dear Tom, when I can't talk sense I talk metaphor." Bonaparte sent word to Madame de Coigny not to be so free with her jokes about him; it is probable, therefore, that it was to her he made that gallant speech at his levee, "*Eh bien, Madame, comment va la voix?*"

20th. Went (*Bessy*, Mary D., Woolriche, and I) to breakfast with Bowles, and attend his church. Showed us a tract he had written to ridicule the Calvinists, called "*The Triumphant Tailor*," with a caricature drawing he had got done for it of the tailor in his ecstasies of election. His sermon not so good as the last I heard him preach; all the faults of extempore eloquence, without

any of the beauties he before gave it. Returned through Bowood to dinner. In the evening played and sung out of *Latrobe* and my own "*Sacred Songs*." Talked of sacred poetry; my having been applied to for a version of the *Psalms*. Woolriche thought it a fit task for me, and not so difficult as I represented it. I read to them the passage in *Bishop Horsley's* Preface to the *Psalms*, where he calls "*Sternhold and Hopkins's*" an excellent translation, and denounces any one who dares to attempt a better. The beautiful parts of the *Psalms* are much better in their present form than they would be in any metrical version. "Oh that I had the wings of a dove," &c. might be made metre by the alteration of only one word,

"Oh that I had the pinions of a dove

That I might flee away and be at rest."

But even this alteration spoils it. In the beautiful psalm, "*By the waters of Babylon*," what is one to do with the phrase "may my right hand forget its cunning"? Read a little of S.'s speeches.

21st. Wrote a letter or two, and copied out *Haydn's* beautiful "*Agnus Dei*" from *Latrobe's* collection. Sadly idle; have done nothing at Sheridan this fortnight past; must be industrious. Asked Woolriche about the Temple of the Graces which the Duke of Bedford is building at *Woburn*: the group of the Graces not yet arrived from Italy. Some time ago Rogers told me the Duke was very anxious for an inscription for this Temple, and I was going to send him these lines of *Pindar*, addressed to the Graces, in the fourteenth Olympic:

Συν γὰρ ὄμιν τα τερπνα καὶ τα γλυκκα  
Γίνεται πάντα βροτοῖς.

Rogers has since made a paraphrase of these very lines himself in blank verse; and they are, I believe, to be inscribed on the Temple. Here is another passage of *Pindar*, which, perhaps, would do better, particularly if the Temple be placed in a garden;—

Εξαιρετον Χαριτων νεμορα.  
Καπον κειραι γαρ σπασαν  
Τα τερπν'.

23rd. Received a kind letter from Rogers,

from Lord Holland's, in Bedfordshire, upon learning I was in town inquiring after my Bermuda business (which some one had told him wore a darker aspect), and offering to come up to me if he could be of the least comfort to me.

24th. Read after tea Miss Lee's clever comedy, "The Chapter of Accidents," to Bessy and Mary D. The latter seemed to think it made a *mistress* more interesting than she ought to be; but anything that encourages toleration and tenderness does good. The world is but too inclined to the opposite extreme, particularly with respect to the frailty of women, whose first fault might often be repaired by gentleness; instead of which they are violently sent adrift down the current, and the ruin which their own weakness began, the cruelty of the world consumes: as my namesake the fabulist says,—

—the ports against her close,  
And shut the wanderer from repose."

25th. In the garden all day; delicious weather. At my Sheridan task from ten till three: so hard to narrate familiar events eloquently—I often wish Sheridan, Miss Linley, and Major Mathews at the devil. This would have been a day for poetry—not tame, dull, business-like prose; and yet thus have I lost all this most poetical summer.

26th. At Money's where I dined, Linley told some stories of S.'s trickery in money matters, but seemed willing to acquit him of any low, premeditated design in these various shifts and contrivances. Told a story of a picture of his sister by Gainsborough, which he (Linley) sent to the exhibition of that artist's pictures, at the request of the directors; but which was seized, with a great many pictures of Sheridan that were also there, by Burgess, S.'s attorney, under pretence of a *lien* upon his property; but S. afterwards, in consideration of a loan of 100*l.* from Linley, had the picture restored to him. Another story about his trying to get 400*l.* out of old Mrs. Linley, to pay the deposit required by the proprietor of the Lyceum, when the company removed to that house after the burning of Drury Lane. Told me that one day at S.'s house, before poor

Tom went abroad, the servant in passing threw down the plate-warmer with a crash, which startled Tom's nerves a good deal. Sheridan, after scolding most furiously the servant, who stood pale and frightened, at last exclaimed, "and how many plates have you broke?" "Oh! not one sir," answered the fellow, delighted to vindicate himself; "and you damned fool (said S.), have you made all that noise for nothing?" Captain Morris\* (Linley said) has an annuity of 200*l.* from the Prince still continued to him. The Duke of Norfolk left him no legacy, though he devoted his whole life to him; nor ever gave him anything but the life-interest in a small cottage, at which he always passes the summer months. Described George Colman at the Beef Steak Club lately, quite drunk, making extraordinary noises while Morris was singing, which disconcerted the latter (who, strange to say, is a very grave, steady person) considerably. Some years before S.'s death, he requested Peter Moore to appropriate as much of his Cornwall income as could be spared above a bare subsistence for him to the liquidation of his debts; and he allowed it to go on so for some time, till at last his necessities forced him to violate his intention.

28th. Found out a good motto in Ovid for the verses I wrote to Lord Lansdowne some weeks since, inviting him to dinner,—

"Subiére minores  
Sæpe casas Superi."—*Metam.* lib. v. 232.

Worked at Sheridan, and in the evening read the little interesting comedy of the "Birthday" to Bessy and Mary D.

29th. One day so like another, that there is little by which to distinguish their features; and these are the happiest; true cottage days, tranquil and industrious; with no other alloy than the weak state of my sweet Bessy's health, which I trust in Heaven, after she has had her little one, will improve. Pursued my task all day in the garden, the evening most delicious; seemed to be the last soft farewell of summer. The Hugheses

\* This celebrated convivial song-writer died in 1832, at the advanced age of 93.

came to tea and supper; played and sung, and read to them Morton's comedy of the "School of Reform." I should like much to act Tyke.

30th. Ditto for the most part. Another bright parting glance of summer in the evening; it surely must be the last. Copied out after tea part of a glorious thing of Haydn's, beginning with the chant, "Amen, dico tibi, hodie mecum eris in paradiso." The passage, "Oggi con me," &c. divine!

October 1st. Crowe\* called, and found me in the garden at work. I thought he was come to pay his long-promised visit, but he was on his way to dine at Devizes. Told me he remembered the first Mrs. Sheridan when Miss Linley: there was a degree of sternness, he said, mixed with the beauty of her features; like her father, who was ill-tempered looking. Tom resembled her very much. This I have heard from every one. Walked with Crowe on his way through the fields.

3rd. Sheridan, the first time he met Tom, after the marriage of the latter, seriously angry with him; told him he had made his will, and had cut him off with a shilling. Tom said he was, indeed, very sorry, and immediately added, "You don't happen to have the shilling about you now, sir, do you?" Old S. burst out laughing, and they became friends again. The day that Dog Dent was to bring forward the motion (that gave him that name) about a tax upon dogs, S. came early to the house, and saw no one but Dent sitting in a contemplative posture in one corner. S. stole round to him unobserved, and putting his hand under the seat to Dent's legs, mimicked the barking of a dog, at which Dent started up alarmed, as if his conscience really dreaded some attack from the race he was plotting against. Sheridan angry with his servant for lighting a fire in a little room off his hall, because it tempted the duns to stay, by making them so comfortable. Mrs. Sheridan wrote an entertainment called the "Haunted Village," which she gave S. to add some touches to, but never could get from him again. Linley seemed to

think he suppressed it from jealousy. Leeves, a clergyman, was the author of the words of "Auld Robin Gray:" I already knew Lady Anne Lindsay composed the music.\* Morel wrote some of the sweetest words in Handel's oratorio—"Tears such as tender fathers shed," &c. &c.; very sweet English this "for joy to think." We read to-night passages out of "Lewesdon Hill;" some of them of the highest order. Parr, when asked by Lady Madalina Palmer, how he liked Crowe, said, "Madam, I love him; he is the very brandy of genius, mixed with the stinking water of absurdity." To-day Bowles showed me a part of his library, in which was collected, he told me, all the books illustrative of the divines of the times of Charles I., and the theology of that period. The first book I put my hand on in this sacred corner was a volume of Tom Brown's works, &c. Bowles was amused in the midst of all his gravity by this detection. What with his genius, his blunders, his absences, &c., he is the most delightful of all existing parsons or poets. In talking of Miss Gayton, the pretty little dancer, marrying Murray, a clergyman, Joy applied two lines well, saying they might now, in their different capacities,

"Teach men for heaven or money's sake,  
What steps they were through life to take."

4th. Bowles, speaking of the toleration of the English Church, gave two or three instances; among others, Bonner, after all his burnings, being left unmolested. He took down Hooker, and turned to the protest of Travers against some tolerating expressions of Hooker's about the Catholics. I remarked to him, however (what rather seemed to contradict his assertion of the general toleration of the English Church) the passage where Travers says, in his memorial, "Such language has never before been used," &c., or words to that effect: meaning, such mild

\* This is a mistake. There are two airs to this celebrated song, an ancient and modern one. The verses for the old air were written in 1772 by Lady Anne Lindsay; and the modern air, which has become very popular, was composed by the Rev. W. Leeves, rector of Wrington, in Somersetshire, about the same time.

language as Hooker's had not been ventured on by any other Protestant divine. Came home, and found my dearest Bessy very tired after her walk from church. She had been receiving the sacrament, and never did a purer heart prostrate itself before the altar. In the note she wrote me to Bowles's the day before, she said, "I am sorry I am not to see you before I go to church."

5th. My little Anastasia repeated to me a pretty child's poem she had learnt, beginning, "Twinkle, twinkle, little star." I wrote one for her the other day, which she repeats: "Little May-fly, the sun's in the sky," &c. &c.

7th. The company at Bowood, besides those there on Sunday, the Hollands, Allen, Marsh, Henry Fox, Wellesley; and Charles Fox and Fazakerly arrived in the evening. Sat near Lady Holland at dinner; very gracious; has really shown a sincere anxiety about my Bermuda misfortune. They talked much about Brougham's "Letter on the Public Charities;" all seemed to condemn his strictures upon Eton and Winchester: an answer to it coming out, got up by the Government, in a letter to Sir William Scott. Talked of poor Monk Lewis: his death was occasioned by taking emetics for sea-sickness, in spite of the advice of those about him. He died lying on the deck. When he was told all hope was over, he sent his man down below for pen, ink, and paper; asked him to lend him his hat; and upon that, as he lay, wrote a codicil to his will. Few men, once so talked of, have ever produced so little sensation by their death. He was ruining his Negroes in Jamaica, they say, by indulgence, for which they suffered severely as soon as his back was turned; but he has enjoined it to his heirs, as one of the conditions of holding his estate, that the Negroes were to have three additional holidays in the year; and has left a sort of programme of the way those holidays are to be celebrated,—the hour when the overseer is to sound his shell to summon them together, the toasts, &c.: the first toast to be "the Lady Frederica, Duchess of York;" so like poor Lewis. Had a good deal of conversation

with Lord Holland in the evening about Sheridan. Told me that one remarkable characteristic of S., and which accounted for many of his inconsistencies, was the high, ideal system he had formed of a sort of impracticable perfection in honour, virtue, &c., anything short of which he seemed to think not worth aiming at; and thus consoled himself for the extreme laxity of his practice by the impossibility of satisfying or coming up to the sublime theory he had formed. Hence the most romantic professions of honour and independence were coupled with conduct of the meanest and most swindling kind; hence, too, prudery and morality were always on his lips, while his actions were one series of debauchery and libertinism. A proof of this mixture was, after the Prince became Regent, he offered to bring S. into parliament, and said, at the same time, that he by no means meant to fetter him in his political conduct by doing so; but S. refused, because, as he told Lord Holland, "he had no idea of risking the high independence of character which he had always sustained, by putting it in the power of any man, by any possibility whatever, to dictate to him." Yet, in the very same conversation in which he paraded all this fine flourish of high-mindedness, he told Lord H. of an intrigue he had set on foot for inducing the Prince to lend him 4000*l.* to purchase a borough. From his habit of considering money as nothing, he considered his *owing* the Prince 4000*l.* as no slavery whatever: "I shall then (he said) *only* owe him 4000*l.*, which will leave me as free as air."—Sheridan's high opinion of his own powers of management, which made him often stand aloof from his party and friends. He was the means, said Lord H., of bringing Sidmouth in with us in 1806, and of bringing Ellenborough into the Cabinet. He was also the primary cause of the defection of the Prince from the Whigs, when he became Regent. On that event taking place, the Prince wrote to Lords Grey and Grenville to take measures for forming an administration. Their answer was shown by the Prince to Sheridan, who

pointed out some things in it he thought objectionable. The Prince represented these to the two lords, who very imprudently returned a high-toned remonstrance to him for having shown their answer to S. The latter was nettled, and, with equal imprudence, made such comments on the sort of tyranny to which these lords seemed already to aspire over the Prince, and let out so many other opinions with respect to them, that his Royal Highness became alarmed, and threw himself into the arms of the Tories. "These," said Lord Holland, "are secrets of too *cabinet* a nature, and too recent to be made use of by you." I said I believed that not only S., but Lord Moira, had never forgiven Lords G. and G. for the way in which they themselves (and, in their person, the Prince) were, as they thought, treated by them after the death of Mr. Fox. I remember Lord Moira saying, "They actually pushed us from our stools; never consulted us about anything." Mentioned this. "I cannot think what he meant by that," said Lord Holland, "Moira is certainly the oddest mixture of *romance* and the reverse that ever existed. As to not consulting him, he always sat silent, and did not seem to attend to anything. As to our making no report to the Prince of what we were doing, we looked upon Moira as his organ there, and thought it would be officious of any one else to be the medium of communication." The fact is, Lord M.'s silence was evidently from pique at thinking himself neglected, and the only communication, of course, he made to the Prince was, to tell him that they never troubled their heads about him. All this accounts most satisfactorily for the defection of the Regent; and if anything could justify his duplicity and apostasy, it would be their arrogance and folly. Sheridan was jealous of Mr. Fox, and showed it in ways that produced, at last, great coolness between them. He envied him particularly his being member for Westminster, and, in 1802, had nearly persuaded him to retire from parliament, in order that he might himself succeed to that honour. But it was Burke chiefly that S. hated and

envied. Being both Irishmen, both adventurers, they had every possible incentive to envy. On Hastings' trial particularly it went to Sheridan's heart to see Burke in the place set apart for privy councillors, and himself excluded. This was all very amusing, and I was rather sorry I had arranged to return home at night. Everybody pressed me to stay, and I was very near having reason to repent my going; for, when we were about a mile from the house, Joy's coachman drove off the road down a bank, and upset the carriage. The crash was tremendous, for three of the glasses were up; but none of us were hurt, except Joy's man a little bruised in the hip, and my arm slightly strained. Lord Lansdowne's keeper happened luckily to be passing, and helped us to raise the carriage. I walked home, and did not arrive till past one o'clock.

In speaking of Sheridan's eloquence, Lord H. said that the over-strained notions he had of perfection were very favourable to his style of oratory in giving it a certain elevation of tone and dignity of thought. Mr. Fox thought his Westminster Hall speech, trumpery, and used to say it spoiled the style of Burke, who was delighted with it. Certainly in the report I have read of it, it seems most trashy bombast.\*

8th. Had a letter from the Donegals. Their letters (particularly Mary's) full of talent; but this one very melancholy.

9th. Received a long letter from Lord Byron, in which he sends me two stanzas of the Beppo-ish poem he is about, called "Don

\* There was, undoubtedly, some bombast in Mr. Sheridan's speeches, but they were marked by glowing eloquence, and not unfrequently by brilliant wit. Although some of his jokes were the result of great study, yet, as they were perfect in their kind, and that kind of the very highest, we may forgive the labour. Few men have possessed the power to make such a speech as that which dazzled the House of Commons on the Begum charge; few men ever wrote so good a comedy as the "School for Scandal." It is melancholy to reflect that the possessor of such talents should, as it were, in mere wantonness, have thrown away the influence which he was so well qualified to exercise over the destiny of his country. — Ed.

Juan." In the evening read Colman's little comedy of "Ways and Means" to Bessy and Mary D. Some comical things in it: "Curse Cupid, he has not a halfpenny to buy him breeches:" "Always threatening to break my neck; one would think we servants had a neck to spare, like the Swan in Lad Lane." Read some of S.'s speeches.

10th. Worked at Sheridan in the evening. Before I went to bed read some of Francis's \* "Indian Minutes," which are very ably done; quite able enough to back him as the author of "Junius."

12th. Received from Miss Smith, a daughter of the baron's, who is at Cheltenham, a Greek air, which her brother sent her from Cephalonia; one of those wild and meagre things, which have no other charm than that of being foreign. Looked over Mr. T. Grenville's letters. By the by, when I told Lady Holland that he said that he *would not* give me the letters of Sheridan he has in his possession, she answered, "Well, I hope you mean to punish him with a sentence or two;" and I am strongly tempted to do so.

13th. Received a letter from Mr. T. Grenville, very wordy, and labouring hard at an excuse for not giving me the letters: says they "*only* refer to the lady whom he first married." Only! The very thing I want. Have replied to him, and tried by little gentle hints to *shame* him into letting me have them; but it is, I fear, hopeless.

15th. Visit from Miss Hughes and the Misses Crowe: showed them engravings of Lord Byron: they remarked that his not wearing whiskers gave him a singular look. From thence the transition to *my* unwhiskered *face* very obvious; and, *per saltum*, from me up to Bonaparte, who is also without whiskers. In the evening read Hastings' speech to the Lords in 1791: very plausible certainly, except with respect to the indorsed bonds for the present, which is rather a lame part of his vindication.

18th. As the morning was fine, set out to Bowood to see Rogers; caught him in the

garden, on the way to Bowles's; walked with him; talked much about Sheridan. Sheridan once told Rogers of a scene that occurred in a French theatre in 1772, where two French officers stared a good deal at his wife, and S., not knowing a word of French, could do nothing but put his arms a-kimbo and look bluff and defying at them, which they, not knowing a word of English, could only reply to by the very same attitude and look. He once mentioned to Rogers that he was aware he ought to have made a love scene between Charles and Maria in the "School for Scandal;" and *would* have done it, but that the actors who played the parts were not able to do such a scene justice. Talked of Hastings and the impeachment. Asked Rogers whether it was not now looked upon, even by the Opposition themselves, as a sort of dramatic piece of display, got up by the Whigs of that day from private pique, vanity, &c. &c.; Francis, first urging them on from his hostility to Hastings; Burke running headlong into it from impetuosity of temper; and Sheridan seizing with avidity the first great opportunity that offered of showing off his talent. He said it *was* so considered now; and in addition to all this, Mr. Pitt gave in to the prosecution with much satisfaction, because it turned away the embattled talent of the time from himself and his measures, and concentrated it all against this one individual, whom he was most happy to sacrifice, so he could thereby keep them employed. Burke's admiration of S.'s second speech on the Begums; said, "That is the true style; something neither prose nor poetry, but better than either." It was the opinion of Mr. Fox that Burke's style altered after he heard this speech; that it spoiled him, and that to the taste he acquired from it we owe the extreme floridness of his writings afterwards—the passage about the Queen of France, &c. &c. Lord Holland had told me this before; but there seems to me but little in it. It was natural for the Whigs to think Burke's style much altered for the worse, when he wrote on the other side. Remarked to R. the forced and extravagant combinations by which S. so often laboured to produce effect

\* Sir Philip.

both in his serious and his comic. The description of Bonaparte an instance: "Kings his sentinels, kingdoms his martello-towers, crowns and sceptres his pallisadoes," &c. Talked of the letter from Dr. Chalmers to Lord Byron in the "Scots' Magazine:" in mentioning the great publicity Byron has given to his private sorrows, he says, "you have *wailed on the housetop*." This is excellent. Showed me Crowe's verses written for the installation of the Duke of Portland; never saw them before; noble poetry! Found Bowles at home; wants to have a statue of Melancthon executed from the fine woodcut, to put up in his projected library; anxious to consult me about some prose he is writing. Left Bowles's at half-past two. In passing through Bowood for home I was caught by Lady Lansdowne, Lord Auckland, &c. &c. She begged me to stay for dinner; said Lady Bath (who was going next day) wished very much to know me. Party at dinner—Lady Bath, her unmarried daughter, Lady Louisa, and the married one, Lady Elizabeth Campbell, and her husband; Lord Auckland and his two sisters; Mrs. Frankland Lewis. Miss Eden's name Dulcibella. Talked of strange names: I mentioned a little child, born in Italy of English parents, christened Allegra. (*N.B.* a natural child of Lord Byron's, mentioned in his last letter to me.) Some traveller in America mentions having met a man called Romulus Riggs: whether true or not, very like their mixture of the classical and the low. Talked of the alterations at the late Dublin city dinners; about the toast of the "Glorious Memory;" mentioned that about the middle of the last century the usual adjunct to this toast was, "and a fig for the Bishop of Cork;" the Bishop, who was a strong Tory, having written a book against drinking Memories, pronouncing it to be idolatrous, &c. &c. Burke's bad manner of speaking, and the effect it had in quite nullifying the effect of his speeches. F. Lewis said he had heard Lord Grenville mention that once, after a speech of Burke's, himself and Pitt consulted with each other whether it was worth answering, and decided in the negative; *since*,

however, it is one of the speeches that Lord Grenville said he has always read with most admiration and delight. I think it was upon the Nabob of Arcot's debts.\* Rogers asked me whether the "Parody on Horace," lately in the "Chronicle," was mine; said how Luttrell was delighted with it at Ampthill, and pronounced it to be mine; reading it out to Lords Jersey and Duncannon, who were also much pleased with it. Told me also that he heard the verses to Sir Hudson Lowe praised at Brookes's. It is pleasant to find that these trifles do not die unnoticed. Lord Lansdowne asked me afterwards, whether it was I who wrote a description of a dinner at the French Minister's (I think) about two months ago, which was, he said, most admirable. Told him *not*, nor had I ever seen it. He said he *knew* the "Parody on Horace" to be mine. Told him I had asked the Hollands whether what Trotter says of Mr. Fox's refusal to see Sheridan in his last illness was true or not, and they answered it was true. Lord L. said he believed it to be so; and that his own opinion of Sheridan, which was very low indeed, had been formed principally from what he had heard Mr. Fox say of him. Meant to walk home, but Lady L. insisted upon my having the coachman to drive me over in her little gig. Cannot sleep out while dear Bessy is so near her difficulties, and without a single male or female friend near her but myself. The Lansdownes very kind to me. I did *him* injustice in thinking that he had forgot my Bermuda calamity, for it was he who, in a letter to Ampthill, while I was last in town, mentioned that he feared it wore a darker aspect than it did before. Got home rather late.

19th. Had promised Rogers, who was coming to me this morning, to meet him half way. Mrs. Phipps, upon whom I called as I went, came out with me in order to get a glimpse of "*Memory Rogers*." He and I walked to my cottage; much delighted with the scenery around; said he preferred the

\* Sir James Mackintosh told me the same thing, and read aloud the passages about the ravage of the Carnatic and the prolific sow as justifying both the admiration and the contempt. — Ed.

valley and village before us to the laid-out grounds of Bowood. Showed him some of my Sheridan papers. He mentioned "Memoirs of Jackson" of Exeter, written by himself, which he saw in MS. some years ago, and in which he remembered there was a most glowing description of his pupil, Miss Linley, standing singing by his side, and so beautiful that "you might think you were looking into the face of an angel." I wish I had these "Memoirs." Walked with him to the village, and then as far as Phipps's, where I was to dine, in order to go to the Devizes ball in the evening. The ball dull enough; got home between two and three, and found Bess just rising from her bed to blow the fire for some hot drink for me.

21st. Determined on giving up T. Grenville's letters, and wrote a few sentences to replace the extracts I had made from them. Walked to meet Rogers, who said he would call upon me. Talked chiefly of Sheridan. Told me several anecdotes, some of which I have written down in my notebook as fit to use; the rest practical jokes, not easily tellable:—His strewing the hall or passage with plates and dishes, and knives and forks stuck between them, and then tempting Tickell (with whom he was always at some frolic or other) to pursue him into the thick of them: Tickell fell among them and was almost cut to pieces, and next day, in vowing vengeance to Lord John Townshend against S. for this trick, he added (with the true spirit of an amateur in practical jokes), "but it was amazingly well done." Another time, when the women (Mrs. Crewe, Mrs. Tickell, &c.) had received the gentlemen after dinner in disguises, which puzzled them to make out *which was which*, the gentlemen one day sent to the ladies to come downstairs to *them* in the dining-room. The ladies, upon entering, saw them all dressed as Turks, holding bumpers in their hands, and after looking amongst them and saying, "This is Mr. Crewe;" "No, this is he," &c. &c., they heard a laugh at the door, and there they saw all the gentlemen *in propriis personis*; for 'twas the maids they had dressed up in Turkish habits. S. was always at these tricks in country

houses. He has been known to send a man and horse eight miles for a piece of crape, and people were always kept in expectation of some forthcoming frolic. His dialogue once with General Tarleton: "Well Tarleton, are you on your high horse still?" "Oh! higher than ever: if I was on a horse before, I am on an elephant now." "No, no, my dear fellow, you were on an ass before, and you are on a mule now." Thought this exquisite; but I own I cannot see the very great wit of it.\* Talked of Beckford's two *mock* novels "Agemia" and the "Elegant Enthusiast," which he wrote to ridicule the novels written by his sister, Mrs. Harvey (I think), who read these parodies on herself quite innocently, and only now and then suspecting that they were meant to laugh at her, saying, "Why, I vow and protest, here is my grotto," &c. &c. In the "Elegant Enthusiast" the heroine writes a song which she sings at a masquerade, and which produces such an effect, that my Lord Mahogany, in the character of a Milestone, bursts into tears. It is in "Agemia" that all the heroes and heroines are killed at the conclusion by a supper of stewed lampreys. †

22nd. Walked at twelve o'clock towards Bowood to meet Rogers. Told him my delicacy on the subject of the Coalition; unwilling as I should be to offend Lord Holland, yet still feeling it my duty to speak sincerely what I thought of Fox's conduct in that instance. He said there was much to be advanced in palliation, if not in vindication, of that and other coalitions: bid me talk on the subject to Lord Holland and Allen, who

\* The joke seems here unexplained. Sheridan always maintained that the Duke of Wellington would succeed in Portugal; General Tarleton the reverse. It was a matter of constant dispute between them. Tarleton, who had been wrong, grew obstinate, so, on the news of the retreat of the French, Sheridan, by way of taunt, said, "Well, Tarleton," &c. I remember that having been at the Lines of Torres Vedras, Sheridan was much pleased with my sanguine account of the Duke's position. — ED.

† Notwithstanding her brother's raillery, Mrs. Harvey was a very accomplished, as well as a very amiable woman. — ED.



had staggered him by their arguments. Lord H.'s idea of three distinct periods in his uncle's life: the first, when he was opposed to Lord North, and when his eloquence was bold, careless, vehement, vituperative; in the second, when Pitt was his antagonist, and when he found it necessary to be more cool, cautious, and logical: during both these periods, ambition of power and distinction was his ruling passion; but in the third and concluding portion of his life all this had passed away, and his sole, steady, *chastened-down* desire was that of doing good. Mentioned Parr's list of pure writers of English. R. added Soame Jenyns, Blackstone, &c. Rogers, Lord St. John (I think), and Lord Lauderdale were in Mr. Fox's room in Stable Yard a short time before his death\*, when Sheridan called. "I *must* see him, I suppose," said Fox, and when S. came in, put out his hand to him. S. has since told Rogers that, when Fox called him over and shook him by the hand, he said in a low voice, "My dear Sheridan, I love you; you are indeed my friend; as for those others, I merely," &c. &c. This was an excellent invention of Sheridan, who knew no one would contradict him. Talked of the Scotch novels. When Wilkie the painter was taking his portraits of Scott's family, the eldest daughter said to him, "We don't know what to think of those novels. We have access to all papa's papers. He has no particular study; writes everything in the midst of us all; and yet we never have seen a single scrap of the MS. of any of these novels; but still we have *one* reason for thinking them his, and that is, that they are the only works published in Scotland of which copies are not presented to papa." The reason *against* is stronger than the reason *for*: Scott gave his honour to the Prince Regent they were not his; and Rogers *heard* him do the same to Sheridan, who asked him, with some degree of *brusquerie*, whether he was the author of them. All this rather confirms me in my first idea that they are *not* Scott's. Another ar-

gument between us, on the justifiableness of a man asserting so solemnly that a book was *not his*, when it really *was*: I maintained that no man had a right to put himself into a situation which required lies to support him in it. R. quoted Paley about the expediency of occasionally lying, and mentioned extreme cases of murder, &c., which had nothing whatever to do with the point in question; and which certainly did not convince me that Scott could be at all justified in such a solemn falsehood. At last R. acknowledged that saying "on his honour" was going too far; as if the simple solemn assertion was not equally sacred. We walked through the Devizes fields to meet Crowe. Three, half-past three, quarter to four, no sign of him; returned to the cottage disappointed, and found he had been there waiting two hours for us. Hitherto all was well; but unluckily — returning from Marlborough, came for his wife, and Bessy asked him to stay dinner with us. Here was Rogers's *poetical* dinner knocked up at once. What was to be done? Put as good a face on it as possible, and after standing a sidelong volley or two from Sam, — such as, "asking *one* is sure to bring more;" "where a wife comes, the husband *will* make his way;" "the woman alone wouldn't have been so bad;" "but *had expected* to meet nobody but Crowe," &c. &c. After this we got on very smoothly; — a very quiet and gentleman-like *listener*, and his wife a very rosy and good-humoured *looker-on*; Crowe a fine old man, but has lost everything of verse except the longs and shorts. Talked of Milton: his greater laxity of metre in the "Paradise Regained" than in the "Paradise Lost." R. thought this was from system, but Crowe and I thought it from *laziness*. Crowe had reckoned the instances of lines with supernumerary syllables, and found more in the first two books of "Paradise Regained" than in all "Paradise Lost." The beauty of monosyllable verses, "He jests at scars," &c.; the couplet, "Sigh on my lip": \* \* \*, &c.; and many others, the most vigorous and musical perhaps of any. Personifications; Thomson's "See where the power of cultivation," &c. But

\* This must have happened before Mr. Fox removed to Chiswick. — Ed.

the most ridiculous of all is Darwin's "And Indignations half unsheathe their swords." A little corps of indignations! Darwin mounts Kirwan the philosopher on a chameleon, guiding it with a silk string. To read of a man that one knows and meets every day being mounted on a chameleon. The tax-gatherers might hear of it, and inquire whether the gentleman had duly given in his chameleon. Talked of Combe\* ; said to be the writer of Macleod's "Loo-Choo," as he certainly was of Lord Lyttleton's "Letters," and many other books of other people's. "Doctor Syntax" is his. Crowe knew Mickle†, who was a compositor for the press: thinks a poem of Mickle's, called "Sir Martin," equal to Beattie's "Minstrel." Bowles's personification of "the spirit of Discovery by Sea" as bad as any. The Spirit of Discovery by Land is, I suppose, the police of Bow Street.

23rd. Crowe to breakfast. Walked over with Crowe to call at Bowood! met Rogers, who returned with us there. Saw Lord Lansdowne — *kind and amiable as usual*. I find he gains upon one's heart in the true way, *piano e sano*. Talked to Crowe about Lewesdon Hill, which, for the first time, I learned is near Bridport. Spoke of Bishop Shipley; and about the dialogue which gave rise to the trial; and which, I think Parr told me, was written originally by Shipley; but I must be wrong; it was only published by Shipley. Talked of Sir W. Jones, who died at forty-seven; and so did Addison. Addison, according to the tradition of Holland House, used, when composing, to walk up and down the long gallery there, with a bottle of wine at each end of it, which he finished during the operation. There is a little white house, too, near the turnpike, to which he used to retire when the Countess was particularly troublesome. Walked through the grounds of Bowood. Crowe repeated some political things he had written, and which he is half inclined to publish,

under the title, "Sweepings of my Uncle's Study;" one of them was on the birth of the King, and rather poetically imagined: he supposes the good and evil Genii all assembled on the occasion, and the latter spoiling every gift which the former conferred on the infant. Two lines I remember for their rhyme: he describes the evil Genii with faces livid as those one sees

"After a battle, such as Cribb's\* is,  
And spiteful as Sir Vicary Gibbs† is."

Returned home to dinner at four; went to bed early, and was called up by Bessy at half-past eleven o'clock: sent for the midwife, who arrived between one and two, and at a quarter before four my darling Bessy was safely delivered of a son (and heir *in partibus*), to my unspeakable delight, for never had I felt half such anxiety about her. I walked about the parlour by myself, like one distracted; sometimes stopping to pray, sometimes opening the door to listen; and never was gratitude more fervent than that with which I knelt down to thank God for the dear girl's safety, when all was over — (the maid, by the by, very near catching me on my knees). Went to bed at six o'clock.

25th. (Sunday). Resumed my Sheridan task, from which I have been diverted and disturbed all the last week. At Bessy's request read prayers by her bedside, and joined heartily with her in thanksgiving for her safe delivery.

27th. Dined at Bowood. Had some conversation with Lord Lansdowne before dinner. Talked of the impeachment of Hastings; asked him his impression on the subject. He said he looked upon Hastings as an irregular man, using violent means for purposes, for which, perhaps, nothing but irregular and violent means would answer, as his command and situation in India were of such a particularly difficult and embarrassing nature. Agreed with me, that the impeachment was

\* Dr. Charles Combe, a distinguished physician, who died in 1817.

† The translator of the "Lusiad."

\* Tom Cribb, the famous pugilist.

† Lord Chief Justice Gibbs, remarkable for his bitterness against the cause of reform in all shapes and under what name soever.

a sort of dramatic trial of skill, got up from the various motives I mentioned: to which he added, what had not struck me before, Dundas's\* fear of Hastings' ascendancy in Indian affairs, both from his knowledge and talent, and his favour with the King, to whom the arbitrariness of Hastings' government was rather a recommendation of him: Dundas used India as a sort of colony for Scotland. Talked of the great question about the abatement of an impeachment by dissolution of Parliament, upon which the lawyers and statesmen divided, and the latter had the best of it in every respect: Erskine too much of a lawyer not to join his craft on this occasion. When Burke was told of Erskine's opinion, "What!" said he, "a nisi-prius lawyer give an opinion on an impeachment! as well might a rabbit, that breeds fifty times in the year, pretend to understand the gestation of an elephant." How admirable this is! Tried Lord Lansdowne on the subject of coalitions, and said that nothing could be more absurd than to condemn that sort of coalition, of which all *parties* must consist, made up as they are of individuals differing in shades of opinion, but compromising these differences for the sake of one general object; but that it was quite another thing when the opposition in sentiments was not only total and radical, but recently and violently expressed. Here we were interrupted. At dinner sat next to Lord Auckland. Talked of Bowles and extempore preachers: the broken metaphors to which they are subject. Mentioned that I remembered, when a boy, hearing Kirwan talk of the "Glorious *lamp* of day on its *march*;" and Conolly, a great Roman Catholic preacher, say, "On the wings of Charity the torch of Faith was borne, and the Gospel preached from pole to pole." Lord A. mentioned a figure of speech of Sir R. Wilson at Southwark, "As well might you hurl back the thunderbolt to its electric cradle." When I told Curran of the superabundant floridness of a certain speech, he said, "My dear Tom, it will never do for a man to turn

painter, merely upon the strength of having a pot of colours by him, unless he knows how to lay them on." Lord L. told a good story of his French servant, when Mansell, the Master of Trinity, came to call upon him announcing him as "Maitre des Cérémonies de la Trinité." Talked of the "Pursuits of Literature," and the sensation it produced when published. Matthias's Italian poetry: Mr. Onkden said he had heard Florentines own he came nearer their poetry than any other foreigner had done, but that still he was *but* a foreigner at it. I mentioned a translation, by W. Spencer, of a song of mine ("The Wreath you wove") into Italian, which passed with me and others for legitimate, till one day I repeated it to Buonaiuti\*, and when I came to "Un foglio inaridito" (one faded leaf), he said, "Wrong: foglio is the leaf of a book; the leaf of a tree is foglia." This annihilated it at once, for *una foglia* would not suit the metre. Lord L. said that blackguard was a word of which he could not make out the origin. It had been said it was from a guard of soldiers in black, who attended at the execution of Charles the First; but the word was, he believed, older than that period; and, besides, it did not appear that any such circumstance took place.

29th. Have got Sheridan fairly married at last, and now enter into a new region of his life, for which my *viaticæ* are not half so abundant as in the early part of the journey. Mrs. Bowles called with a Mr. D—— a quiet, precise-mannered man, who invited me to Oxford: he said that a sort of Pompeii has been discovered at Bath; a great part of a Roman street or streets, and some remains of the houses; about 3000 coins, too, discovered. Dined with Hughes: asked him what was the feeling of the natives in India about Hastings when he was there: he said they quite worshipped his name; he saw an old Brahmin nearly go down on his knees in mentioning him.

30th. Worked a little at "Sheridan;" badly off for materials; almost reduced to Watkins.

Received the *Edinburgh Magazine* (Blackwood's) for November. A malicious and canting article in it against myself, in which the fellow has both misrepresented and misquoted my song of "The Legacy," which he says I have put into the mouth of a "dying poet." What a blockhead! with these two lines that begin one of the verses, staring him in the face—

"Keep this *cup*, which is *now* o'erflowing,  
To grace your revel when I'm at rest."

I find I am no gainer by the change of Ministry in this magazine: used to be praised in it before Murray came into power: how's this? Dined with —, very dull; but he gave us claret; *et c'est toujours quelque chose*; dulness and port together are the devil. Raffles\* has done a spirited thing at his new government (Bencoolen): he has dismissed his bodyguard, and says he has full confidence in the Malays, whom he knows and trusts: this is the way to win a people. It is still more spirited if what—says is true, that the last resident there was murdered.

31st. Walked into Devizes. Made, while I walked, the following stanza of a song supposed to be sung by Murray at a grand literary dinner which he gives:

"Beware, ye bards of each degree,  
From Wordsworth down to Packwood,  
Two rods I've got to tickle ye—  
The 'Quarterly' and 'Blackwood.'  
Not Cribb himself more handsomely  
Your hollow noddles crack would;  
I'll *fib* you in the 'Quarterly,'  
And *ruffian* you in 'Blackwood!'

"So tremble, bards of each degree," &c. &c.

Wrote a letter to the "*Chronicle*" signed "J. P., Croydon," about the misrepresentation and misquotation in Blackwood's article. Wrote also to Murray, hoping he would soon put into practice the intention Wilkie told me he had of coming down here, and sending him the above stanza for his amusement.

November 1st. Worked a little at "Sheridan." In the evening read "Joseph Andrews" to Bessy. How well Fielding knew human nature when he made the poor frail

Bettysuch a ready and good-natured creature! Received a long letter from my friend Dr. Parkinson, inclosing as usual a little sum for his goddaughter Anastasia;—an excellent man, and of a most gentle nature, ill-calculated to bear such a rebuff as he once had from Paley. Parkinson was saying that Bakewell, the great breeder of cattle, had the power of fattening his sheep in whatever part of the body he chose, and could direct it to shoulder, leg, &c. just as he thought proper; "and this," says Parkinson, "is the great problem of his art." "It's a lie, sir," says Paley, "and that's the solution of it."

2nd. Received a letter from Mr. Croker\* (the Irish gentleman whom I have mentioned in the advertisement to the seventh number of my "*Melodies*," as having made us many valuable communications) dated yesterday evening, Castle Inn, Devizes, telling me he had stopped on his way to London for the purpose of seeing me. Walked into Devizes; found him a much younger man than I expected, not quite one-and-twenty; an enthusiast in the music and antiquities of Ireland. Ordered a chaise and brought him home to dinner with me. Mentioned tolerably fair punning *jeu-d'esprit*, written by one of his friends, upon an attempt made by a Mr. Aikin to speak a prologue at a private play they had, in which he failed totally, and laid his failure upon the bad prompting of a Mr. Hardy, to whom he gave the manuscript for that purpose. I remember the following:

"Aikin says Hardy prompts not loud enough;  
Hardy has too much taste to read such stuff;  
Aikin was *hardy* to attempt to speak,  
Hardy was aikin (*aching*) for the speaker's sake."

4th. Received two most civil and anxious letters from that great "*Bibliopola Tryphon*," Murray, expressing his regret at the article against me in "*Blackwood*," and his resolution to give up all concern in it if it contained

\* Thomas Crofton Croker, a celebrated antiquary, but chiefly distinguished in general literature by his work on "*The Fairy Legends and Traditions of the South of Ireland*." He was long a clerk in the Admiralty, and died in 1854.

\* Sir Stamford.

any more such personalities. Read, with a shock I have hardly ever felt before, the account of that great and amiable man Romilly's death, in the papers. He has left a void behind in public life that no one can fill up. But what a splendid martyrdom to conjugal love! She was too, if I mistake not, a simple, gay, *unlearned* woman; no *Blue*; no, if she *had* been, such a man as Romilly could not have loved her so much.

5th. Miserably wet day. Bessy ill, and myself in the blue devils: such days are hardly *existence*. Wrote to Dr. Parr, to remind him that he had promised to be *godfather*, if my *forthcoming* babe should *prove to be a son*. Think of Richard Power for the other sponsor: should like Lord Lansdowne, but hate asking; and Bessy, who is independence to her heart's core, hates it still more.

6th. A dinner at Phipps's hanging over me all the morning: resolved however, about three, to send an apology and dine at home, which was a relief from my *day-mare*. While I was at dinner Lord Lansdowne called; was denied to him; but he asked to write a note, and the maid was showing him upstairs, so in my alarm lest he should surprise Bess, I made my appearance, and brought him into the parlour, where the little things and I were in the very thick of boiled beef and carrots. He sat some time; talked of poor Romilly; said he had hardly slept since he heard of the circumstance; wondered they had not applied leeches. I asked whether R.'s affection for his wife was so very strong as to account for this effect; he said it was; but Romilly was a stern, reserved sort of man, and she was the only person in the world to whom he wholly unbent and unbosomed himself; when he lost her, therefore, the very vent of his heart was stopped up. Said he came to ask me to meet Dugald Stewart at dinner either next day or the day after. The Stewarts have been at Bowood now three or four days, and leave him on Monday. Fixed Sunday to dine there. Felt my long-thought-of request for him to be godfather rising to my tongue, and thought I might as well let it out; *did* so; and he

consented with much kindness, saying he was proud "to be elected" to the office. Read "Joseph Andrews" to Bessy in the evening.

8th. Received the promised packet from Linley, containing his sister's poems, &c. There is *one* of Sheridan's in it; little else that I can use. Walked to Bowood a little after five. Company at dinner: Dugald Stewart, his wife and daughters, the Miss Edgeworths and Bowleses. Very pleasant day. Sat between Lady L. and Miss Edgeworth at dinner; both in their different ways very delightful. Talked with Miss E. of the Dublin Mrs. Lefanu, whom she seemed to have a higher notion of altogether than I had. I asked her whether the play Mrs. L. had written was not pretty good. "Oh no, pretty bad," she answered. She had, however, derived her opinion of Mrs. L.'s talents from a common friend of theirs, who loved her very much. This friend told her that Mrs. Lefanu had seen a letter to Sheridan from one of the persons high in the American Government, towards the latter end of the war, expressing great admiration of his talents and political opinions, and telling him that 20,000*l.* were deposited with a certain banker, ready for him to draw, as a mark of their value for his services in the cause of liberty. She had also seen S.'s answer, in which, with many gratified acknowledgments of their high opinion, he begged leave to decline a gift communicated under such circumstances. Hope this is true. Said she would get the particulars. Reminded me of the night she saw me as Mungo, at a masquerade at Lady Besborough's. Told her this was the last folly I had been guilty of in the masquerading way. Brought to my mind a pun I had made in her hearing that night. Lady Clare said, "I am always found out at a masquerade." "That shows," answered I, "you are not the clair-obscure." Did very well from Mungo. Stewart talked much of Charles Sheridan, whom he knew and thought highly of. Mentioned a letter published by him without his name, addressed to Blackstone, upon some assertion of his respecting parliaments. Stewart heard

S.'s Begum speech in Westminster Hall; thought some parts particularly fine; but said the transitions from the prepared declamation to the laxity of his business statements were sudden and ill-managed. Burke, from preparing these parts also, always managed the transition finely and imperceptibly. Talked of George Selwyn. Lord L. told a good thing of him. When George Grenville one night, in the house, was taken ill and fainted away, Selwyn cried out, "Why don't you give him the Journals to smell to?" Bowles objected to the lines of Burns,

"And yet the light that led astray  
Was light from Heaven!"

as profane; and Lord L. rather agreed with him, considering them critically. I endeavoured to defend them. The best gifts may be abused so as to lead astray, and yet they all come from Heaven; or something to this purpose. Stewart said my defence was ingenious. Lord L. also took to pieces Campbell's passage in "Lochiel," "'Tis the sunset of life," as physically false. I sang in the evening. Stewart I was happy to see much delighted. When I met him some years ago at Lord Moira's, I watched him while I sang, and saw him, when I had finished, give a sort of decisive blow to the sofa, which he was reclining against. This gesticulation puzzled me, and I could not tell whether it was approbation or condemnation; but I am satisfied now. I never saw any *man* that seemed to feel my singing more deeply; the tears frequently stood in his eyes. Miss Edgeworth, too, was much affected. This is a delightful triumph to touch these higher spirits!

9th. Bowles called: is in a great fidget about his answer to Brougham; brought me a copy of it: showed me a note he had just had in praise of it, from his friend the Bishop of London, beginning "my dear Bowles." Had a letter from Lees, of the county of Wicklow, begging me to decide the question which was producing "a sort of civil war" in the neighbourhood, whether I wrote my song of "The Meeting of the Waters" under Castle Howard, at the meet-

ing of the Avon and Avoca, or at the meeting of the rivers, four miles lower down, under Ballyarthur House. William Parnell wrote to me on the same subject two or three years since. The fact is I *wrote* the song at neither place, though I believe the scene under Castle Howard was the one that suggested it to me. But all this interest shows how wise Scott was in connecting his poetry with beautiful scenery: as long as the latter blooms, so will the former.

10th. Some tolerable conundrums mentioned by the ladies:—"Why is the Prince of Homburg like a successful gamester?—Because he has gained a great Bet." "Why doesn't U go out to dinner with the rest of the alphabet?—Because it always comes after T." "What are the only two letters of the alphabet that have eyes?—A and B, because A B C (see) D." I mentioned one or two of Beresford's (author of the "Miseries of Human Life"), most ludicrously far-fetched. "Why is a man who bets on the letter O that it will beat P in a race to the end of the alphabet, like a man asking for one sort of tobacco and getting some other?—Because it is wrong to back O (tobacco)." "Why must a man who commits murder in Leicester Square necessarily be acquitted?—Because he can prove an alley by (alibi)."

14th. Received American editions of different works of mine; "Lalla Rookh" is the third. Had a letter from Wilkie, explaining that the meeting of the creditors was called by Charles Sheridan, who has hopes of so far satisfying them as to be enabled to give Wilkie and Murray a legal title to the papers we have had from them. Wrote to Tighe, advising him not to publish Mrs. Tighe's novel, as I could not in conscience encourage the Longmans to give such a price for it as would be worth *his* while to accept.

15th (Sunday). This day my own excellent Bessy has completed her twenty-fifth year\*: she is much better this morning. Heaven send her many happy returns of this anniversary! Began another slang epistle.

\* Mrs. Moore was born in 1793.

Finished "Joseph Andrews" to Bessy in the evening.

16th. Went on with another slang epistle. Shall return to "Sheridan" with more pleasure after this change of key. Read the "Vicar of Wakefield" to Bessy in the evening. What a gem it is! we both enjoyed it so much more than "Joseph Andrews." A man had come in the morning, a young Irishman, and said his wife had been delivered of twins on the road, and was lying without any comforts for them at a house in Sandy Lane: never could he have found Bessy in a tenderer mood for such a story. She had a large jug of caudle made instantly, which she gave him, with two little caps and two shifts out of the stock she keeps for the poor, a pound of sugar, some tea, and two shillings; one of which was *my* gift, because he was an Irishman.

17th. Our Irish friend did not bring back the pitcher as he promised. Suspicions began to arise; walked to Phipps's; called at the cottage where the fellow said his wife and twins were lying; found 'twas all a cheat. Sad hardeners of the heart these tricks are. Taken by Phipps in his gig to Laycock Abbey (the Grosset's); passed through Spye Park, and by Mrs. Dickinson's; a beautiful country. Read the "Vicar of Wakefield" to Bessy in the evening.

18th. Walked my dear Bessy for the first time into the garden; the day delightful. She went round to all her flower beds to examine their state, for she has every little leaf in the garden by heart. Took a ramble afterwards by myself through the Valley of Chitoway, and the fields. Exactly such a day as that described so beautifully by the sacred poet Herbert:

"Sweet day, so cool, so calm, so bright,  
The bridal of the earth and sky;  
Sweet dews shall weep thy fall to-night,  
For thou must die."

In the evening, finished the "Vicar of Wakefield" to Bessy; we both cried over it. Returned thanks to God most heartily for the recovery of my darling girl, and slept soundly.

19th. From between eleven and twelve

till half-past three, in the garden and in the fields. Found in Grose what Lord L. alluded to the other day, the favourite toast of the Tories and Catholics in Ireland, "To the little Gentleman in Velvet;" meaning the mole, whose hillock tripped up King William's horse, Crop.

21st. Walked to Bowood, to call on Lord Lansdowne. Always kind and agreeable. Told him I was going to town. He said he could have taken me in the middle of the week; but, unluckily, I have engaged myself to go with Macdonald, who has taken our places in the coach. Lord L. asked me what was the poem of Prior's I had once mentioned to him as very pretty; he had been often trying to recollect it. It was "Dear Chloe, how blubbered," &c. &c. We took it down and read it. Nothing can be more gracefully light and gallant than this little poem. I mentioned Lowth's objections to the last two lines as ungrammatical, correctness requiring "than she" and "than I;"\* but it is far prettier as it is. Talked of Dugald Stewart, and mentioned a good remark in the "Edinburgh Review," on the power he had of giving a new shade of meaning to a word without any injury to its peculiar analogy, and preparing the reader's mind previously to welcome in this new sense without hesitation. This is a power of great skill and delicacy.

23rd. Left home at eleven; in coach about twelve. A jolly old farmer joined us part of the way; talked of the late elections; said he had given a plumper to Methuen† because he had "flung the bill (for the additional income of the Princes) out of the house;" at the same time showing by his gesture that he understood that Methuen had actually thrown the bill out of doors. Upon finding Macdonald was in the navy, told him he had also when young thought of going aboard a merchant ship; but his

\* "For thou art a girl as much prettier than her,  
As he is a poet sublimer than me."  
Prior's *Poems*.

† Paul Methuen, Esq., of Corsham, who represented Wiltshire in several parliaments, and was raised to the peerage in 1838. He died in 1849.

father said, "Don't go with *they*, boy; go with a man-of-war; thou bee'st scollard enough for that." Fare to Reading 1*l.* 12*s.*; slept there; share of the bill, 1*l.* 3*s.*; fare to town 14*s.*

24th. Went to Longmans'; told them of my intention immediately to break up my deposit, leaving only 515*l.* in their hands for Anastasia; their promptitude and clearness in business most satisfactory. Met Taylor, editor of the "Sun," who told me an anecdote of Sheridan. When some severe charges against him (relating, Taylor said, to his affair with Mathews) appeared in the "Bath Chronicle," he called upon Woodfall, printer of the "Chronicle," and requested him to insert them, in order that they might gain universal circulation, and that his answer, which he meant soon to prepare, might be understood as universally. Woodfall complied with his request, but the refutation never was written; so that the venom was by this means spread, and his indolence prevented him from ever supplying the antidote. It is amusing enough to contrast the politics of Taylor's paper with his conversation and sentiments in private. How the public is humbugged! Called upon Lady Donegal, who had just returned from a range of royal visits at Kew, Carlton House, &c.: very indignant at the way the Queen's character is vilified in the newspapers. Don't wonder she defends the Queen, who was always very kind to her; and once, I recollect, did her the honour of working a handkerchief for her, like one of her own, which Lady D. admired. Happy to find dear Lady D. so much better. She and her sisters admirable creatures.

26th. Went to Holland House; had some conversation with Lord H. before dinner. Mentioned to me a curious scene which he had with Sheridan and the Prince while they were in power. S. having told him (while they waited in an ante-chamber) about some public letter which he had corrected or re-written for the Prince, the latter, on their admission to him, told quite a different story, referring to S., who all the while courteously bowed assent; and, said Lord H., "I could not, for

the soul of me, make out which was the liar." Some talk with Lord John Russell before dinner; asked him about his "Life of Lord Russell," which I had heard he was about to publish. He told me he had shown it to Allen, who had made some criticisms on the style, and had particularly objected to the word "develope" as not English. This is nonsense; the word is not only naturalised, but we have no other that will do in its place. "Unfold" or "lay open" do not mean half so much. The party at dinner: Lord John, Tierney, Sharpe, Wishaw, Roger Wilbraham, Rogers, and Mrs. Sydney Smith. Lord Holland's stories and mimicry of Parr highly diverting. Parr had lately written to him, desiring that he would read "Imbonatus de Moribus Tragicorum." Somebody remarked very justly that Parr knows the crossways of learning better than the highways;—fond of surprising his readers with what seems English Latin (such as *faciunt terras*, for "make the land," and *capit*, in the sense of "succeeds," or "takes,"), and then producing his authority for it. In the evening much talk about Sheridan. The trial between him and Delpini\* about a joke which he put into "Robinson Crusoe," stolen from a pantomime of Delpini's, of which he had "had the reading." The joke consisted in pulling off a man's boot, and pulling the leg off *with* it." I must inquire about this. It seems too comical to be true. Was it as "literary property" this joke was claimed? Sheridan told Tierney that he had written the greater part of Tickell's† "Anticipation." Lord H., too, told us that when the "Stranger" was first performed, he dined with Sheridan and Canning for the purpose of going to see it; and when S., pulling a bottle of wine from beside him, said, "I have a secret bottle here" (meaning to parody his own song in the "Stranger," "I have a silent sorrow here"), Canning remarked, "You know, S., those verses are Tickell's," and referred to the place they were taken from; on which

\* The best clown of his day, and the author of various dramatic works. He died in 1828.

† Richard Tickell. He died in 1793.



S. answered, "But don't you know that I wrote most of those verses for Tickell?" This seems to agree with the assertion in Mrs. Crouch's "Memoirs," that the songs in the "Carnival of Venice" were by Sheridan, though they certainly are not at all like his style. But where is the song to be found from which is taken "I have a silent sorrow here"? Sheridan's answer to Lord Lauderdale excellent. On the latter saying he would repeat some good thing S. had mentioned to him, "*Pray don't, my dear Lauderdale; a joke in your mouth is no laughing matter.*" We spoke of what he said to Turlington about the ass and the mule: it was with respect to the result of the war in Spain. They all pronounced it excellent, and I suppose it is so. "Ask'st thou how long my love will stay?" (a song of Sheridan's), which I have traced to Montreuil and Menage, is more immediately (as Lord Holland pointed out to me) taken from Hume's essay called the "Epicurean." Lady Thanet was the person who had first remarked this to him. Sheridan's ignorance of French. Lord H. mentioned how amusing it was, on the discussion of Lord Auckland's "Memorial to the States-General," to hear Sheridan and Dundas, neither of whom understood a syllable of French, disputing upon the meaning of the word "*malheureux*," while Mr. Fox, &c. sat by silent. "I have always thought (said Dundas) that *maleroo* means 'unfortunate gentleman.'" Lord H. imitated Lord Thurlow. His phrase in a speech (resembling that of Johnson's "shallows are always clear"), "perspicuous, but, my lords, not less shallow for being perspicuous." Thurlow, all seemed to agree, a great humbug. Mr. Fox's saying, "I suppose no one ever was so wise as Thurlow *looks*,—that is impossible." The Prince's imitation of Thurlow excellent. I mentioned I had heard him give it at his own table at Carlton House; and Tom Sheridan told me the story with which he introduced it was made extempore. If Tom S. said true, it showed great quickness of invention. Lord H. told me of the Prince's mimicking Basilio, Mr. Fox's servant, saying to him (the Prince), "I have had

de honneur, sure, of being at Windsor. I have see your fader; he looks as well as ever;"—the latter words spoken in a side whisper and a rueful face, as if sympathising with what he thought the Prince must feel at the intelligence. Had some talk with Allen about coalitions: he referred me for his opinions upon that between Fox and Lord Grenville, to the "History of Europe" in the "Annual Register" for 1806, which he himself had written. With respect to the coalition of Fox and Lord North, he considered it to have been rendered quite necessary by the overwhelming power of the Court, which could not otherwise have been opposed than by a union of the two included parties. I asked Lord H. whose were the two famous jokes about the Bourbons and the peace which S., with his usual coolness in these matters, appropriated to himself? He said the former one was Sir A. Pigott's and the latter Francis's. Francis was very angry at the robbery. Sheridan's witticisms (those which were his own) all made *à loisir*, and kept by him with a patience quite miraculous, till the exact moment when they might be brought forward with best effect. This accounts for his general silence in company, and the admirable things that came when he *did* speak.

27th. Slept at Holland House. Walked before breakfast with Tierney, Rogers, &c., in the garden, and read Luttrell's very pretty verses, written under Lord Holland's, in the seat called "Rogers's seat." The breakfast very agreeable: Lord Holland full of sunshine as usual. "He always comes down to breakfast (says Rogers very truly) like a man upon whom some sudden good fortune had just fallen." We talked of the oddity of the Scotch law terms; and Lord H. reminded Tierney (who had been engaged in some Scotch lawsuit) of the doleful face with which he once told him that they had *multo-propounded* him." He also mentioned the ludicrous effect Lord Lauderdale produced upon a company by telling them, "By the Lord, they have *praconised* Garthland," *i. e.* precognised. Walked into town with Tierney. He thinks I shall have a good scape of it if my "Life of Sheridan" is

given up. Told me of the sequel of Sheridan's magnanimous refusal of the magistracy of Malta for Tom; which was his asking of Tierney to get the place for him for somebody else. When Sheridan, upon the awkward business with Lord Yarmouth and the household, called upon Tierney, in the House, to attest his independent conduct in refusing the place for Tom, Tierney, after having stated what he knew of this part of the story, asked (for says he, "I was in a devil of a passion,") whether he should proceed to the rest of the transaction? "No, thank you," says Sheridan very coolly, "that will do." Tierney said Sheridan was generally wrong about financial matters. It was certainly a fine holiday time for Mr. Pitt when he had no abler critic of his financial schemes than Sheridan. Pitt, however, had a very high idea of him, and thought him, Tierney said, "a far greater man than Mr. Fox." I remarked how soon great men are forgot in England: he thought at present Lord Chatham was better remembered than Mr. Pitt, —perhaps because his career was a popular one—"with the mob, the whole of his course." Burke had done more mischief than any one. I remarked that even the good he had done by his early writings he had completely neutralised by his later ones; for nothing in favour of liberty could be cited from the one, to which a totally contradictory and counteracting sentiment might not be brought forward from the other. "Sheridan," Tierney said, "worked very hard when he had to prepare himself for any great occasion. His habit was, on these emergencies, to rise at four in the morning (*can this be true?*), to light up a prodigious quantity of candles around him, and eat toasted muffins while he worked." Parted with Tierney at Lord Boyle's, and called upon Hobhouse, who is quite sure of being elected for Westminster, and furious against the Whigs; who, in return, are sulky towards him. Was to have walked out again with Tierney, but missed him, and went by the stage. Party at dinner: Rogers, Tierney, Sharpe, and Mrs. Smith. Lord John dined with the Fox Club. Talked in the evening

of the late George Ellis\*, of whom I knew but little. Remarkd how unintelligible and confused he was in his conversation (particularly upon business), though so clear in his style of writing. The conversation at dinner chiefly about Swift's wretched views of human life, and the pleasure he had in depreciating and degrading his species. His "Yahoos" detestable. Swift laboured to render every one disgusted with the world; Voltaire only tries to make us laugh at everything in it. The one would make the most trifling things grievances; the other would make the most important things ridiculous. Asked Lord H. whether he thought the Prince's letters during the first Regency were really written by Burke, as I had some little suspicion that they might have been done by Sheridan; though the style was perhaps too unambitious and chastised for him; as indeed it was for Burke. He said he knew nothing about those letters, but Lord Minto, he believed, wrote much for the Prince at that time. S.'s conduct (Lord H. said) during that first Regency question, when he had perfect possession of the Prince, was highly fair and honourable. Had the pleasure of putting into Rogers's hand a draft for my long-owed debt of five hundred pounds.

28th. Another very agreeable breakfast, though a very late one—not till nearly twelve o'clock. Tierney mentioned two bonmots of Mr. Pitt: one was his adding to Sir W. Curtis's toast ("A speedy peace and soon"), "soon, if possible;" and the other, his answer to some militia or yeomanry commander, who reminded him that they had stipulated never to quit the country,— "Never," said Pitt, "*except in case of actual invasion.*" Talked of the Whig feeling that prevailed among the officers of the navy; their idea that the navy is the parliamentary force, while the army belongs to the king. The navy offended by having the crown put over the anchor some years ago. This, I

\* Author of "Specimens of Early English Poets," and "Specimens of Early English Romances." He died in 1815.

think, not true. The Prince, at one time thought of giving red waistcoats and breeches to the navy; at another time he is reported to have said, upon some consultation for a change of their costume, "D—n them; dress them how you will, you cannot make them look like gentlemen." Rogers mentioned to me a letter which Sharpe received from Sir J. Mackintosh the very day poor Romilly died, expressing an apprehension that *he* would be the next great man lost; and speaking very touchingly of him and other superior spirits, to whom they had been accustomed to look up in their "age of admiration." Rogers wished me to go and dine this day with his brother and sister at Highbury. I assented, if he would take upon himself to stand the brunt of Lady Holland's displeasure on the occasion. In for a very amusing scene between them on the subject, she insisting upon keeping me, and he most miraculously courageous and persevering in taking me away. "Why," says she to me, "do you allow him to dispose of you thus, like a little bit of literary property?" Returned home to Duke Street.

29th. Called upon Perry. Seemed to think that the coming in of the Duke of Wellington would lead ultimately to the break-up of the present administration. Dined to-day with Scrope Davies to meet Jackson the boxer at my own request, as I want to pick up as much of the flash, *from authority, as possible*. Some talk with Davies before dinner, about Lord Byron and me having been so near blowing each other's brains out: told him that Lord B. had said since he never meant to fire at me. Davies was with him at the time this hostile correspondence took place, and offered to bet upon friendship against fighting as the most likely result. The event found him right. Lord B.'s conduct on this occasion was full of manliness and candour. Got very little out of Jackson; he makes, Davies tells me, more than a thousand a year by teaching sparring. Caleb Baldwin is the teacher in the city.

December 1st. Called upon Gifford, editor of the "Quarterly;" have known him long,

but forbore from calling upon him ever since I meditated "Lalla Rookh," lest it might look like trying to propitiate his criticism; the mildest man in the world till he takes a pen in his hand, but then all gull and spitefulness. Spoke of Holland House. He knew it, he said, by report; wished there was a Holland House on the other side of the question, but there was not; said it was in politics and literature what Sir J. Bankes's house was in science; and neither could be replaced. Asked me whether I was not disgusted by the vile imitation of the "Fudges" just come out. This took me by surprise a little. Went to Holland House in the stage. Had some conversation before dinner with Rogers about his poem, which he is daily adding couplets to. Mackintosh's expression, the "age of admiration," is the one now in the crucible. Party at dinner, Lord Alvanley, Berkeley Craven, Lady Affleck, Sharpe, and Rogers. The conversation to-day of rather a commoner turn than usual, on account of these slang bucks, but still very agreeable. Alvanley just hits that difficult line between the gentleman and the jolly fellow, and mixes their shades together very pleasantly; but Craven goes further. Though clever in his way, he is too decidedly *flash* in his tones, words, manner, everything. When one meets him in such company, "one wonders how the devil he got there." Lord Holland told an excellent story which he had heard from Lattin\*, of a trick practised to attract people to a coffee-house in Paris, by announcing that they should see there an animal between a rabbit and a carp; and when you went in, the man told you, with a grave face, that "M. Lacépède, the great naturalist, had just sent for this curious animal, in order to make some experiment; "mais voici," added he, "ses respectable parens" (showing a rabbit and a carp), "que vous trouverez très intéressans," &c. &c. "Sheridan," Lord H. said, was "an annual parliament and universal suffrage man," but it seemed rather as a wagery that he adopted it. "There is

\* A very agreeable Irish gentleman who lived much at Paris.

nothing like it," he would say; "the most convenient thing in the world. When people come to you with plans of reform, your answer is ready: don't talk to me of your minor details; I am for annual parliaments and universal suffrage; nothing short of that."

2nd. Conversation at breakfast about late hours. The porter of the late Lord Jersey came to some one and complained he could not stay with the Jerseys, "because my lady was the very latest woman in London." "Well, but what then? All women of fashion are late, you can sleep afterwards." "Ah no, sir, that's not all, for my lord is the earliest gentleman in London; and, between the two, I get no sleep at all." I mentioned the circumstance of a man from the country visiting his friend in town, and both sleeping in the same bed, without ever meeting for a fortnight.

3rd. Had gone in the morning to a pawnbroker in Wardour Street, of whom Pearce, the M. P. for Devizes, told me. The only piece of plate with an inscription on it he had of Sheridan's was one from the corporation of Stafford, and this Charles Sheridan bought; but the books he had of Sheridan's (all in elegant bindings, presented to him by his friends, with their names in them), he had first sold in lots to different people. This pawnbroker seems to have behaved with great delicacy and disinterestedness. He might have made what he pleased by these books, by signifying his possession of them to the world; but he preferred, as he said, getting little more than the money he paid for them, to doing anything which might expose the memory and character of Sheridan. His name is Harrison. I now recollect many years ago hearing Sheridan say, at Donington Park, that he was about to form a library, and not being rich enough to buy books, he had signified to his friends that nothing would be more welcome to him than a gift of a set of books from each. Lord Moira at the time gave him a very handsome set. It now appears into what vortex all these gifts were swallowed. The pawnbroker says there were some books among them

with my name; but I do not recollect having given him any.

4th. Breakfasted with Davies at seven. Walked to Jackson's house in Grosvenor Street; a very neat establishment for a boxer. Were off in our chaise at eight. The immense crowds of carriages, pedestrians, &c., all along the road—the respect paid to Jackson everywhere, highly comical. He sung some flash songs on the way, and I contrived to muster up one or two myself, much to Scrope Davies's surprise and diversion. The scene of action beyond Crawley, thirty-two miles from town; the combatants Randall and Turner, the former an Irishman, which was lucky, as it gave me some sort of interest in the contest. The thing altogether not so horrid as I expected. Turner's face was a good deal de-humanised, but Randall (the conqueror) had hardly a scratch. The battle lasted two hours and twenty-two minutes: a beautiful sunshine broke out at this part of the day; and had there been a proportionate mixture of women in the immense ring formed around, it would have been a very brilliant spectacle. The pigeons let off at different periods of the fight, with despatches, very picturesque; at the close, as many as half a dozen took wing. It seems they are always sure messengers, unless they happen to meet with a hawk.

5th. Breakfasted with Power, in order to walk to Hornsey and pay my usual visit for Bessy at the grave of our dear Barbara. Woolrich\*, whom I had seen but the day before, came and walked with us. The Sunday papers all placarded with "true," and "genuine," and "best" accounts of the battle. On passing through Tottenham-court Road, we saw an immense congregation of blackguards at the entrance of a passage called Cock Court. Asked what was the matter? "Randall lives here, Sir." It was the conqueror's levée. I ought to pay these visits to my dear child alone, for the melancholy which came over me when I *did* go alone was, I think, useful to me; such melancholy purifies the heart. Found the grave neat and

\* See p. 164.

undisturbed. Dined at Power's, to meet Bishop\* the composer, who is one of the very few men of musical genius England can boast of at present. Talked much of the art. He has long been preparing a "Treatise on the Effect of Instruments." Mentioned Charron's "Dictionary of Musicians," which I must see. The omission of the 7th and 4th, he says, is the characteristic of natural music; has often found, when he has been wandering wildly through the mountains of Wales, and has sung away without thinking *what* he sung, that he has invariably detected himself omitting the 7th and 4th.

6th. Breakfasted at Rogers's. Told me of Crabbe's negotiation with Murray for his new volume of "Tales," consisting of near 12,000 lines. Murray offered him for this and the copyright of the past volumes 3000*l.* Crabbe was at breakfast with us, and seemed to think this was a good bargain; and so, I confess, did I; but Rogers thought this sum should be given for the new volume alone, and that the Longmans ought to be tried. Went to Longmans; settled some more of business; from thence to Wilkie, who produced me two large bags of Sheridan's papers to examine. Worked at them for two hours. By the by, much talk in town about "Brummel's Memoirs." Murray told me a day or two ago, that the report was he had offered 5000*l.* for the "Memoirs," but that the Regent had sent Brummel 6000*l.* to suppress them! Upon Murray's saying he really had some idea of going to Calais to treat with Brummel, I asked him (Scrope Davies was by) what he would give me for a volume in the style of the "Fudges," on his correspondence and interviews with Brummel? "A thousand guineas," he said, "this instant." But I rather think I should be tempted to quiz Master Murray, in such a work, a little more than he would like.

7th. Breakfasted at Lady Donegal's. Kind, excellent woman! what would I not do to give her the health and happiness she so well deserves. Went to Rees at nine o'clock. Told me the particulars of the con-

ference at Rogers's; said he had professed the offer he had made, by telling them they must not expect anything like what would be given for a work of mine—(wonder how Lord Holland liked this, as Crabbe is his great favourite); and for the new work and the old had only offered 1000*l.* A great falling off this from Murray's offer. So I told him; but he said, that from an inquiry into the past sale of Crabbe's works, it was the most they thought it prudent to give.

8th. Breakfasted with Power, and revised the letter-press of some of the numbers of the "Melodies," as he is about to stereotype the whole work. From thence to Longman's, where I received a bond to "Miss Anastasia Mary Moore" for 515*l.* The dear mother will be so glad to get this. Paddled back through the swimming streets to Rogers, who had fixed two for me to call. Found him in consternation about Crabbe, who had written to Murray immediately after the interview with Rees, to say he would accept his offer, but had not heard from him since. Rogers proposed we should go together to Murray as he wanted to speak to him about his own poem, which he thinks of publishing with him in shares. Went to Murray; and, after Rogers had talked to him about his own poem, and told Murray that he was printing it himself, to see how it looked, he said carelessly, "I am glad to find, Mr. Murray, that you have settled with Mr. Crabbe for his new work." This clinched the business. Murray answered very cheerfully that he *had*; so off we set to poor Crabbe (who was moping dismally at home, and had nearly given up all hope of his thousands), to tell him the news, which of course set his mind perfectly at ease.

9th. Arrived at Calne a little after seven, and at home before nine.

12th. Lord Lansdowne arrived about half-past one, and we all went to church; he and I walked; and Bessy, the nurse, and little one went in a chaise.

19th. Walked over to Bowood. Talked of "King's Anecdotes." King had evidently got rid of much of his Jacobitism when he wrote this book. Lord L.'s father had heard

\* Afterwards Sir Henry Bishop.

King deliver some of his Ratcliffe orations, and whenever the word *redeat* (which came more than once) occurred, King would pause, and, though the passage had no reference to anything connected with politics, this word, and King's significant pause upon it, were a signal for the Jacobite part of his audience to applaud. One of the passages was *redeat Astræa virgo*. Was reading Fearon's book upon America; recommended it as the most acute work upon the subject he had seen.

22nd. Bessy thinks of giving a little dance next week, and as the idea seems to amuse her, she shall do it: the dear girl so seldom leaves her home, that she deserves every enlivenment of which that sphere is capable.

23rd. Read the "Heart of Mid-Lothian" to Bessy in the evening. Have got a wet-nurse for little Tommy, a woman in the neighbourhood, to come three times a day, which is better than nothing. Poor little thing! with a mother that can give him no milk, and a father that can give him no money, what business has he in this world? Bowles had called in the morning; and was most amusing about his purchase of a great coat once in Monmouth Street, which while in the shop he took for blue, but which on his appearance in the sunshine he found to be a glaring glossy green. His being met in this coat by a great church dignitary, &c. &c.

30th. Routed out of my study by the preparations for the dance to-morrow night, and not able to get into my *other* study, the garden, on account of the damp, foggy weather. Copied out some music. At a quarter to six, Macdonald called upon me to go to dinner at Bowood; obliged to feel our way, not very safely, through the fog. Company at dinner: Lemon and Lady Charlotte (Lady L.'s sister), Dickinson, an M. P.; Aberrombie, Macdonald's brother, Sir James Mackintosh, and Charles Fox. Sat between Mackintosh and Lord L. Talked of Fearon, and Birkbeck.\* The singularity of two such

men being produced out of the middling class of society at the same time; proof of the intelligence now spread through that rank of Englishmen. It must make those in the higher regions look about them and be on the alert; every man now feels that kind of warning from the man immediately beneath him, and the stimulus is propagated. What it will come to God knows. What Curran said when asked what there was doing in the House of Lords? "Only Lord Moira, *airing* his *vocabulary*:" better than anything P. has told of him. Grattan delightful; "so much (Mackintosh said) to admire, so much to love in him, so much to laugh at, so wise, so odd, so good." Sir J. Mackintosh told of "*Barry Close*," the well known East Indian officer, that not having learned anything previous to his going to India, he got everything he knew through the medium of *Persian* literature; studied logic in a translation (from Arabic into Persian) of Aristotle; and was a most learned and troublesome *practician*, as well as theorist, in dialectics. Some one brought him a volume of Lord Bacon (of whom he had never heard) and said, "Here is a man who has attacked your friend, Aristotle, tooth and nail." "Who can the impudent fellow be?" said Close. "Lord Bacon." "Who the devil is he? What trash people do publish in these times!" After reading him, however, he confessed that Lord Bacon had said some devilish sensible things. Music in the evening; all but Mackintosh and the elder Macdonald attentive. They talked the whole time: I did not mind Macdonald; but I was sorry for Mackintosh. I said, when I got up from singing, "I see those two gentlemen like to talk to accompaniment," which brought the rest of the company upon them, and they were put to the blush. Mackintosh soon atoned by the agreeableness of his conversation, and I was too selfish to follow the example of his *not listening*. Mackintosh quoted two lines from Dryden's "Cymon and Iphigenia" as *perfection*:

Love first taught Shame; and Shame, with Love  
at strife,  
Taught all the sweet civilities of life."

\* Dr. Birkbeck, the joint-founder with Lord Brougham of Mechanics' Institutes.

Lord L. and I agreed that it required rather too much thought to perceive its beauty, but that when once we arrive at all the refinement of the idea, it is exquisite indeed. He also quoted the first six lines of the "Introduction to the Tales" as particularly happy and eloquent. He then introduced a criticism (which I had heard him show off before) on Dryden's translation of the opening lines of "Æneid" as being particularly faulty. "Haughty Juno's unrelenting hate," not in the original, and weakening the effect of the fatality which was supposed to impel him. To "expelled and exil'd," a similar objection, the important point "Italiam" left out. The force of *fato profugus* not at all done justice to. Lord L. mentioned a passage in Florus, where the word *profugus* was very strangely used. I forget it; but it describes one of the Roman generals as *profugus* for the sake of seeking out an enemy to Rome. Dr. Paley at Cambridge (Q. E. E.) called the word *profugus* (the consequence of his northern education), and the following line was written on the occasion,—*"Errat Virgilius, forte profugus erat."* I mentioned Dryden's "Juvenal," and repeated his and Gifford's translation of the line, "*Quanto præstantius esset,*" in the third satire, to show how much more sweetly Dryden has done them. Gifford's is (if I recollect right) thus—

"Nymph of the spring! more graced thy haunts  
had been,  
More honour'd, if an edge of living green  
Thy bubbling fount had circumscribed alone,  
And marble ne'er profaned the native stone."

Dryden has done it thus—

"How much more beauteous had the fountain been,  
Embellish'd with ~~her~~ first created green,  
Where crystal streams through living turf had  
run,  
Contented with an urn of native stone."

Gifford's last line substituted here for Dryden's would make this perfect. I mentioned Lord Holland's imitation of poor Murat, the King of Naples, talking of Virgil, "Ah Virgile, qu'il est beau! C'est mon idole; que c'est sublime ça,—*Tityre tu patula recubans,*" &c. &c. Lord L. mentioned a translation of Goldsmith's "Deserted Village" by a

foreigner, whom I remember in London, called the Commandeur de Tilly, and the line, "As ocean sweeps the labour'd mole away," was done "Comme la mer détruit les travaux de la taupe." I told an anecdote mentioned to me by Lord Moira, of a foreign teacher of either music or drawing at Lady Perth's in Scotland. As he was walking round the terrace with Lord M., the latter said, "Voilà le Château de Macbeth." "Macabée, milor," said the artist. "Je crois que c'est Macbeth," modestly answered Lord M. "Pardon, milor, nous le prononçons Maccabée sur le Continent; Judas Maccabéus, Empereur Romain!" Talked of the egotism of foreign writers. The Abbé de Pradt begins one of his books, "Un seul homme a sauvé l'Europe; c'est moi." The best of it is, he read this in a company where the Duke of Wellington was; and, on the Abbé making a pause at the word "l'Europe," all eyes were turned to the Duke; but then came out, to their no small astonishment "C'est moi!" Lady Lansdowne very kind and amiable; could not help being charmed with her; and my neighbour, M., so delighted—one third with the woman, and two thirds (being a Scotchman) with the Marchioness, that he asked my advice whether he should not make her a present of his beautiful table of Amboyna wood. Told him, if he was not afraid of the awkward probability of her refusing to accept it, I thought he had better. Came home safe through the fog.

31st. All bustle and preparation for our dance in the evening; the supper laid in my study. Poor Bessy on her legs all day, to get everything as nice as possible; my chief occupation, besides drawing the wine, to keep little Tom quiet. All went off most gaily. We did our best to make them happy; and, to do our guests justice, they seemed all to come with a determination to be pleased. Supped at half-past twelve. I had lobsters, oysters, and champagne, express from London for the occasion, and the supper looked not only gay but elegant. Twenty-two persons supped in my little study. I sung for them after supper, and then to dancing again till near four in the morning.

Poor Bessy's eyes, which have been sore for some days, dreadfully inflamed and red through the whole evening. A gay beginning to the new year. Heaven send it may so go on, and that thus

"Our days and nights, with all their hours,  
May dance away with down upon their feet!"

January 1st, 1819. Weary, and resting after last night's gaieties. Visitors in the morning. Read to Bessy the Scotch novel in the evening. Have got through half of Gillford's "Memoirs of Ben Jonson." What a "canker'd curle" it is! Strange that a man should be able to lash himself up into such a spiteful fury, not only against the living but the dead, with whom he engages in a sort of *sciomachy* in every page. Poor dull and dead Malone is the shadow at which he thrusts in his "Jonson," as he did at poor Monck Mason, still duller and deader in his "Massinger."

4th. Finished the "Heart of Mid-Lothian" to Bessy, in the evening; a most extravagant and incredible story, but full of striking situations and picturesque sketches; the winding-up disagreeable and unsatisfactory.

6th. Lay in bed till late, and wrote some of "Tom Cribb's Memorial." Walked out for two hours; the most divine day (the season considered) that ever I felt or saw.

8th. Jay called upon me at half-past three in his gig, to take me to dinner at his father's, Hartham Park. Company at dinner: the Hawkins; Lady Frances W. was to have come with them, but, to my *somewhat* disappointment, she had been called away to London the day before; the Dickensons, Mr. Johnson, who travelled with the Prince of Orange, and Mr. Longlands, an usher of Westminster. We spoke of Sir Robert Walpole; that himself and George I. had governed England by bad Latin; for as Sir R. could not speak French nor George English, they were obliged to confer in Latin. A good thing of Madame De Staël's about the Duke of Wellington, that "there never was so great a man made out of such small materials." Reminded of a good thing said,

I believe, by Kelly, the Irish barrister (my godfather, by the bye), on some man, whose children bore not the most respectable characters, asking him one day, "Have you heard of my son's robbery?" "No," said Kelly; "who did he rob?" On my mentioning the story of Sheridan stealing a joke from Delpini, Mr. L. said it was certainly an infringement upon the "Opera in usum Delpini." Slept at Joy's.

9th. Hazlitt's "Lecture on Sheridan" (quoted in the "Chronicle" of this morning, and containing a warm eulogium on me) led us to talk of humour, Rabelais, &c. A good thing of Horne Tooke, when a certain *raffish* gentleman said to him sneeringly at the hustings, "Well, Mr. Tooke, you have all the blackguards with you this morning;" "I am delighted to hear it, sir,—and from such *excellent* authority too."

10th. Had written a day or two ago to the Longmans, to say I felt rather faint-hearted about the Flash volume, and that, as it might be thought too *low* a thing for such great booksellers and poets as we are, they had better perhaps employ some understrapper in the Row to publish it for them, as Carpenter did at first with the "Twopenny Post Bag." Received an answer from them to-day, saying, that as they were sure there would be nothing in it that would put them in Newgate, they would themselves be the publishers, and announce it by the title I should send this next week.

11th. Received from Power the 2nd number of the "Quarterly Musical Review," in which there are two articles, most warmly laudatory, on my "National Melodies" and seventh number of the "Irish." They pronounce the latter better than any of the former ones. Hunt, in last Sunday's "Examiner," said it was not so good. A remark in one of the articles struck me with a sort of chilling consciousness,—“We can perceive the coming on of age in the calmer fires of the modern Anacreon.” Alas! it is but too true; my eighth lustrum is within little more than a year of being completed.\*

\* It must be recollected that Mr. Moore always supposed he was born in the year 1780.



12th. Had a letter from my father, in answer to one in which I begged them not to stint themselves of any comforts this Christmas season, as, even if there were some little exceedings over the 100*l.* a year I give them, I would cheerfully endeavour to pay it for them. He says in his answer, that they manage to keep within their income (which, with his half-pay, is about 200*l.* a year), but that some debts remain still undischarged since his dismissal from the Barracks. These I must relieve him of as soon as possible.

13th. "Cribb's Memorial" nearly finished. Walked four hours; the day exquisite. Felt bursts of devotion while I walked and looked at the glorious world about me; which did me more good than whole volumes of theology.

17th. Collected my notes for the preface of "Cribb," which is advertised in the paper to-day. Read the story of Ceyx and Halcyone in Ovid; charmingly told. He has in general more pathos and fancy than any of the ancients, though deficient certainly in simplicity and sublimity.

20th. A day as mild, fresh, and sunny as if it was the beginning of summer. Went with the Macdonalds to dine with their brother, the parson of Bishop's Cannings. The company, besides ourselves, Bowles, Mr. Mayo and Mr. Williams. Story about Dr. Parr, cutting the throat of his first wife's picture one day when she irritated him very much by destroying his favourite cat. Came home at twelve o'clock; dear Bessy sitting up for me. Bankes's "Civil History of Rome," which I have looked over, but a dullish book. Contrived to leave out the point of Sylla's famous saying to the young man who insulted him after his abdication. His account of the constitution of the senate very unsatisfactory. Jekyll said the other day to a man who professed to like Bankes's book, "I suppose you would rather have his Rome (room) than his company."

23rd. Read some of Wycherlye's "Plain Dealer." Did Burns ever read the following passage? "I weigh the man, not his title; 'tis not the king's stamp can make the metal

better or heavier;" In his fine song, "For a' that," there is something very like it:

"The rank is but the guinea's stamp,  
The man's the gowd for a' that."

26th. Received a letter from my proctor, Toller, to say that the King's proctor had been instructed to make a motion against me (*i. e.* to attach me) on Friday next, and that I must come up to town immediately to make the necessary affidavits: very inconvenient this every way.

27th. Arrived in town about half-past nine; drove to the New Hummums, and had a warm bath. Went to Toller, who told me he thought in *one* of the cases (the "Lydia") we had rather "sickened" our adversaries, as they had withdrawn their motion against me, and were now suing for a monition against the captor's agent. This is *something*: not to make my affidavits till to-morrow.

28th. Went to breakfast with Rogers, who is in the very agonies of parturition: showed me the work ready printed and in boards, but he is still making alterations: told me that Lord Byron's "Don Juan" is pronounced by Iobhouse and others as unfit for publication. Crabbe's delight at having three thousand pounds in his pocket. R. offered to take care of the bills for him, but no, he must take them down to show them to his son John. "Would not copies do?" "No, must show son John the actual notes." Went to Lady Donegal's: she has been again ill, but now somewhat recovered: never see these two admirable sisters, but to like them better and better. Went from them to Lord Lansdowne—kind, excellent man: spoke with much feeling of the loss they had had in Lady Ilchester, who seems to have gone off something like the Princess Charlotte. Lady L. has been very ill in consequence of the shock. Talked of Sir R. Wilson's failure in his parliamentary *début*; and said the representative of the *commercial* talent of the country (meaning Waithman) had been just as promising in his commencement as he of the *military* had been unfortunate. Wilson has no judgment. Lord L. goes to

the Covent Garden Fund Dinner to-morrow : believe I shall go : asked me to dine to-day to meet Wishaw and the two young Romillys, but I had promised to dine *tête-à-tête* with Rogers. Called upon Shee the painter, who told me that Lord Holland was so much pleased with his picture of me (a copy from that which Richard Power bought, and not at all so good), that he said he must have it : "Must have my friend Moore's picture." "This shows (said Shee) how you stand in that house," and it is certainly flattering. Went to Murray. Rogers had told me that Murray said he would himself, whether Wilkie came into it or not, run all risks in publishing my "Life of Sheridan," and give me a thousand pounds for it. I now found this was the case. Talked of "Don Juan : " but too true that it is not fit for publication : he seems, by living so long out of London, to have forgotten that standard of decorum in society to which every one must refer his *words* at least, who hopes to be either listened to or read by the world. It is all about himself and Lady B. and raking up the whole transaction in a way the world would never bear. Went to Toller : the affidavits are in Dr. Lushington's hands to be considered. Met Lushington afterwards ; a good fellow, I believe, as well as a clever one, and was once a gay fellow. Curious enough to see my old friend *Caliban* (he went in that character with me once to a masquerade) turned into the grave and serious Doctor of Civil Law. Dined with Rogers : he had cancelled his note about Lord Ossory at Lord Holland's suggestion : it alluded to Lord Ossory's habit of transacting his magisterial business out of doors, which procured for him the name of Lord Chief Justice in *Eyre* (Air). Lord II. did not wish this joke to remain.

20th. Breakfasted with the Donegals ; called afterwards upon Rogers, and from thence to Lord Holland's in St. James's Square ; found Lord and Lady H. and Allen at home, just down to breakfast, though near two o'clock ; made many kind inquiries about my Bermuda business ; spoke of the article in the new number of the

"Edinburgh Review" on Universal Suffrage, which is by Mackintosh. Lady H. spoke of poor Perry's bad state of health, and of the loss he would be to the political world. Went to Toller, and signed the affidavits ; called at Longmans, and then home to dress for the Covent Garden dinner. The Duke of Sussex came out of the circle upon seeing me, and most cordially giving me both his hands, walked me into a corner to converse with me. I told him of my Bermuda misfortune, which he expressed much interest about. I said, "This promises to be a pleasant dinner, sir." "Ah but," he answered, "what a glorious dinner we shall have on Wednesday next !" alluding to the great Opposition dinner, with Tierney in the chair. He asked, "Arn't you working for us now ?" I said, "No." "Ay, but I am sure you are." He alluded, I rather think, to the announcement of "Cribb," which some suspect to be mine, though neither Rogers nor the Donegals have said a word about it. Lady Holland asked me directly whether it was by me, and I answered, "No." A paragraph in our papers lately, giving an account of some strangers being hustled at the Stock Exchange, and a row taking place in consequence, was translated into the French papers thus—"Mons. Stock Exchange étoit echauffé," &c. I was told that they are getting up a translation of "Lalla Rookh" at Paris : it is done by one of the Arnauds, who knows but little English, and superintended by Mortainville, who knows none ; so it will be a fine thing between them. The dinner long and tiresome. Lord Holland had asked me to go home with him after it, but having been crammed up in a corner with dirty dishes, I did not feel clean enough for decent society afterwards. Lord and Lady H. and Allen quite prodigal in their praises this morning of my article in the "Edinburgh Review" upon "Boyd's Translations of the Fathers," which I pointed out to them when I was last in town. Allen said it was full of wit, and endeavoured to recollect some book he met with the other day which would do admirably for

me to review in the same manner. He is very anxious that I should do something for Jeffrey, who is hard pressed for assistance. Two of the articles in the last number are by Sydney Smith, viz. "Madame D'Épinay" and "American Travellers."

30th. Met Hobhouse, and walked some time with him; has no doubt of succeeding, but fears that Hunt will worry him prodigiously: says he cannot sleep at nights from anxiety, and he certainly seems wasting away under his patriotic operations. Asked him, had I any chance of a glimpse at Don Juan? and then found that Byron had desired it might be referred to my decision, the three persons whom he had bid Hobhouse consult as to the propriety of publishing it being Hookham Frere, Stewart Rose, and myself. Frere, as the only one of the three in town, had read it, and pronounced decidedly against the publication. Met Murray, who said he had settled all with Wilkie, and I was to have 1000 guineas for the "Life." Went to Lord Holland's; asked me whether I did not mean to dine there; said, "Yes." In his peculiarly hearty manner he exclaimed, "Do you know that, to console me during your long absence from us, I have bought your picture?" I told him I had heard so, and was, of course, much flattered by it. Hallam came in; talked of Reform. Lord H. had just received a letter from a man, proposing a plan of reform, by which three millions a year would be raised to the revenue, each man paying so much for his vote; as it were taking out a licence to vote. This was pretty much, Lord H. said, Horne Tooke's plan. In France now they pay 12*l.* a year for the right to vote. America no fair test of universal suffrage, as so great a part of the population are slaves. Dr. Holland\*, the Albanian traveller, came in; Mr. Grenville, &c. Went to Lady Donegal's: on the way met my excellent old friend Admiral Douglas. Frere came in while I was at Lady D.'s: was proceeding to talk to him about our joint umpireship on Byron's poem, when he stopped me by a look, and we retired into the next

room to speak over the subject. He said he did not wish the opinion he had pronounced to be known to any one except B. himself, lest B. should suppose he was taking merit to himself among the *righteous* for having been the means for preventing the publication of the poem. Spoke of the disgust it would excite, if published; the attacks in it upon Lady B.; and said it is strange, too, he should think there was any connection between patriotism and profligacy. If we had a very Puritan court indeed, one can understand then profligacy being adopted as a badge of opposition to it, but the reverse being the case, there is not even that excuse for connecting dissoluteness with patriotism, which, on the contrary, ought always to be attended by the sternest virtues. Talked of "Gulliver;" Lilliput and Brobdignag the best of it; perhaps because the satire is more *concealed* in the *narrative*, and not so obtrusively the object of the author as it is in the latter parts. Sharpe mentioned the "Iter subterraneum," or "Klimius," of Baron de Holberg, in imitation of "Gulliver:" in one of the places he visits there is an ecclesiastic, whose appointment to some great place depends on his thinking the sun triangular in its shape. He looks and looks through his telescope, but in vain; he cannot think it otherwise than round; another of more accommodating vision gets the place, and on being questioned by the unsuccessful gentleman, who asks him how it was possible it could appear to him triangular; as for himself, he confessed, let him look at it how or when he might, it always seemed to him round. The other answers, "Certainly, it must be confessed that, for a triangular body, it is very round." This is the only good thing, Sharpe said, in the work. Spoke of the sect of Humanitarians: Parr's horror at this barbarous word; much more shocked as a grammarian at the word, than as a divine at the sect: but why is it more barbarous than Unitarian and Trinitarian? Talked of Ariens: I mentioned Locke and Newton as Ariens: they all said *not* Newton; but I find since that Whiston pronounced him an Arian; must inquire into this. Talked of

\* Afterwards Sir Henry Holland, Bart.

"Aristophanes." I mentioned the admirable article upon "Aristophanes" in the "Quarterly," two or three years ago. Sharpe remembered it also, and thought it altogether perfect.

31st. Went to breakfast with Hobhouse, in order to read Lord Byron's poem: a strange production, full of talent and singularity, as everything he writes must be: some highly beautiful passages, and some highly humorous ones; but, as a whole, not publishable. Don Juan's mother is Lady Byron, and not only her learning, but various other points about her, ridiculed. He talks of her favourite dress being dimity (which is the case), dimity rhyming very comically with sublimity; and the conclusion of one stanza is, "I hate a dumpy woman," meaning Lady B. again. This would disgust the public beyond endurance. There is also a systematised profligacy running through it, which would not be borne. Hobhouse has undertaken the delicate task of letting him know our joint opinions. The two following lines are well rhymed,—

"But, oh ye lords of ladies intellectual,  
Come, tell us truly, have they not hen-peck'd  
you all?"

Hobhouse busy all the time in drawing up a petition about the hustings. Sir R. Wilson and Douglas Kinnaird came in while I was there. Went to Rogers's; found Luttrell there. Read his lines on Ampthill: smooth and elegant verses, and his praise of Lord Holland just what it ought to be. Lord H. is one of the few noblemen a man can praise with a clear conscience. Talked of poetry; of the beauty of some parts of "Rimini," and the wretchedness of others. L. said, "Between what one *wouldn't* write and what one *couldn't*, 'twas a hard game to play at." I said, "A man must risk the former to attain the latter, and it was the same daring that produced the things we *wouldn't* write and those we thought we *couldn't*." We all walked into the Park, and then Luttrell and I proceeded towards the city. I called in at Perry's, and wrote some lines I had long promised in his splendid copy of "Lalla Rookh:" the binding of this cost him, I

think, twelve pounds. The lines are mere prose, but I wished to state plainly the fact, that it was owing to his interference with the booksellers I got such a magnificent sum for the work.

February 1st. In the coach at half-past six: a young Irishman one of the passengers, whose family reside entirely at Bath. He abused the lower orders of Irish, and said it was impossible for a gentleman to *live* among them without being *kilt*. Take for granted, from what he said, that his father must be some gripping landlord or Orange magistrate. Arrived at home at eight in the evening, and found the dear wife and her little ones well, and all smiles to see me.

2nd to 9th. Being pressed for time, must *lump* these days. Resumed my "*Cribb*," which has now been announced this fortnight past: promised to have some of the copy ready by middle of next week.

13th, 14th. *Niente-niente*.

19th. Called upon Mrs. Phipps; low spirited and unwell in the evening.

21st. Breakfasted in bed for the purpose of hastening the remainder of my "*Cribb*" work. It is singular the difference that bed makes, not only in the facility but the *fancy* of what I write. Whether it be the horizontal position (which Richerand, the French physiologist, says is most favourable to thought), or more probably the removal of all those external objects that divert the attention, it is certain that the effect is always the same; and if I did not find that it relaxed me exceedingly, I should pass half my days in bed for the purpose of composition. There is a Latin poem of M. de Valois, in which he has adduced high authorities for this practice:

"Quis nescit quondam, Ausonios Graiosque poetas,  
&c.

In lectis cum scriniolo studuisse sedentes."

Where did he learn that Herodotus and Plato studied in bed?

"Lucifer Herodotum vidit Vesperque cubantem,  
Desedit totos hæc Plato sæpe dies."

24th. Received a letter from Wilkie in wondrous hurry, for the "*Life of Sheridan*,"

and begging me to send up some of the MS. to go to press immediately. Poor little man! if he gets it within the year he may be very well satisfied. Mr. Money the clergyman called upon me. Got on the subject of the Trinity; showed off my knowledge of the passage in Timothy, and its different readings of  $\acute{\alpha}\varsigma$  and  $\Theta\acute{\alpha}\varsigma$ ; mentioned the curious examination of the Alexandrian manuscript by Dr. Berriman and somebody else; then spoke of the verse in John; all to the astonishment, I doubt not, of the good parson.

25th. The Macdonalds and Hugheses dined with us. Macdonald brought two or three of the famous Chinese birds' nests to show us. I eat of the soup one day at Sir S. Raffles's: the soup was like other soup, but the nest that floated in it was the devil. Macdonald says, however, it ought to have been all dissolved. Received a letter from my father to-day, saying, that my letting him draw upon me for the 40*l.* to pay his little debts gave him a happiness of mind he had not known for a long time.

March 1st. Idled a good deal. Began to read the correct report which I have of Sheridan's great Westminster Hall speech. Find it has been sadly misrepresented in all the published accounts.

8th. Began another Sacred Song to a chant of Lord Mornington's. In the evening looked over some of Sheridan's papers. Various copies, both rough and correct, of the "School for Scandal." Strange that "The Rivals" should be the only one of his pieces of which there appears to be no trace among his papers. Resolved to resume my Sheridan task, and be industrious about it.

11th. Trying to write words to a Benedictus of Mozart's, but, from the difficulty of the measure, fear I shall not be able to accomplish it. Have some idea of writing a playful thing against quadrilles in favour of country-dances. Thought of making it mock-heroic, but it is so difficult to *buckram* one's lines enough for that style. Read Bristed's "Resources of the United States." This is the person who has accused me of "swinging into the opposite extreme" about America. His book is full of information. Found two

letters of the Prince's among Sheridan's papers; one dated in 1803, informing S. that he had just received "a most *impertinent* letter from Addington," and desiring him to come to him, as it must be answered immediately.

12th. Wrote a verse in a sort of scrambling metre to the "Benedictus." Read some of a Minerva press novel to Besey in the evening. Wrote a few sentences of the "Life," and read "Bristed." The population of America but ten millions. Great faults in their judiciary: in most of the States the judges are only appointed for a few years, which must be fatal to their independence; in Connecticut and Rhode Island they are appointed annually. The diversity of the laws through the States another serious grievance: a crime punishable in New York not punishable in New Jersey. The extent of the Western country is more than fifteen times as large as all the British Isles.

13th. Have heard nothing from the Longmans about "Cribb." Fear very much it is a *coup manqué*; or too vulgar a subject perhaps for the refined readers, and too refinedly executed for the vulgar ones.

14th. Had a letter from the Longmans to say that they had already nearly sold the first edition of "Cribb," (2000 copies), and had worked off 2000 more as a second and third edition. This is far beyond what I expected. They sent me also a review of it in the "Literary Gazette;" very friendly, indeed, considering it is a Tory publication. All this makes my mind easier on the subject. Copied out some of the "Sacred Songs" I had written.

17th. Finished "Bristed;" a very *wordy* book, but sometimes eloquent, and full of information about America. In the evening looked through the first volume of "Mill's India;" a rich display of learning; combats all the flattering theories and notices that have been held with respect to the Hindoos; exposes many instances of weakness in Sir W. Jones on this subject. Was he not a little weak? What somebody has said of Longinus might, I think, be well applied to him: φιλολογον μιν, φιλοσοφον δε ουδαμως.

18th. Set out between twelve and one to walk to Bowles's. Took the way through Bowwood, and had a most delicious walk of it. Arrived at Bowles's between three and four. Talked of Calvinism (his favourite subject) after dinner. He said that almost all the atrocious crimes of the day were owing to this doctrine. Mentioned several instances. I mentioned a quotation I had seen from a work by Bishop Hall on "Moderation;" at the end of which he says, "Master Calvin did the Church good service in seizing and burning Servetus." He was surprised at this being in Hall. Said he had read but one of Hall's writings, *i. e.* his "Hard Measure," and that Hall certainly deserved the "hard measure" he himself had met with in 1643, and which he describes in this work, for uttering such a sentiment. I had found B., when I came to dinner, reading Campbell's new work on the Poets, and very nervous at the attack which C. has made on his remarks upon Pope. Told him I had seen it extracted in the "Chronicle" as "an answer to Bowles." B. is resolved to reply to it through the same channel.

19th. After breakfast we set out for Bath: stopped at Corsham on our way. Magnificent house: the hall very striking; had only time to look at the two very fine Claudes. Arrived in Bath at three. Walked about. Met unexpectedly Lady C. Fitzgerald and her husband. After supper, to my no small horror, "The Minstrel Boy" was sung again, for the purpose of introducing a speech about me from Captain Crofton, proposing my health in a most panegyric style. It was received with great acclamations; but, from having no previous suspicion of such an honour, I had hardly a decent word to say in returning thanks for it. I know I concluded thus: "But perhaps silence is the best sort of eloquence, particularly for an Irishman: I shall, therefore," &c. &c. I meant to have said, "It is, at least, a very Irish sort." During the ball, was stared at on all sides without mercy. In such a place as Bath, *any little lion* makes a stir. Got to bed between two and three.

20th. Called upon Lady C. Fitzgerald at half-past eleven. She mentioned that young

D'Arbly (Miss Burney's son) had all "Lalla Rookh" by heart: praised him highly. Returned in an hour to Bowles, who wished me to read what he had done in answer to Campbell. Found him in the bar of the White Hart, dictating to a waiter (who acted as amanuensis for him) his ideas of the true sublime in poetry: never was there such a Parson Adams since the real one.

21st. Arrived at home at five.

22nd to 24th. Read "Mill's India," and made notes for my Remarks on Hastings' Trial. Wrote to Murray, to say I would draw upon him at three months for 150*l.* of my Sheridan money. In his answer he says, "I wish you would write a 'Tom Brown' on the literature, manners, and characters of the day, and we would sell a billion. 'Cribb' is not happy." This latter sentence annoyed me exceedingly, as corroborating what I long feared about this luckless production.

25th. Walked into Devizes. Found the banker would not discount a bill at three months, so drew for a hundred at two months. Had a letter from the Donegals scolding me about "Cribb," which added not a little to my vexation. Resolved never to have anything more to do with satire: it is a path in which one not only strews but gathers thorns; and nothing but the most flourishing success can enable one to brave and laugh at all the enmity which it produces. The instant there is anything like a failure, all the stung persons are ready with their stings in return. Determined, as I walked home, to write "A Farewell to Satire, by Thomas Brown," &c. &c.

27th. A ludicrous riddle by one of the Smiths,—"Use me well, I'm *everybody*; scratch my back, I'm *nobody*;" "A looking-glass." After breakfast Mrs. M. led me through the picture rooms. A fine "Head of Salvator Mundi" by Carlo Dolce; "Rubens and his Mistress hunting," a fine picture; "Rubens and his three Wives." Always makes himself so handsome, though he was by no means so, and was very carrotty headed(?). In the course of conversation with Mrs. M., remarking what odd things women's hearts were (in reference to

matters of love and gallantry), she answered, "not odder than men's." But I asked her, didn't she think the restraints with which women had to struggle produce more inconsistencies in their conduct, and more fantastical fancies in their minds, than were usually observable in men. The course of the latter is like a free, unresisted current; whereas the continued pressure under which the feelings of woman lie, and the narrow channels of duty through which they are forced, produce all those multiform shoots and unexpected gushes which arise from similar causes in artificial waterworks.

28th. Bowles called according to appointment, having given me the proofs of a pamphlet he is about to publish (on the increase of crimes, poor laws, &c.) to look over. I had marked with a pencil the things I had particularly objected to; but the truth is, the whole is weak and confused. His head, however, is now full of his answer to Campbell, which his present intention is to publish in the shape of a letter to me. Finished the first volume of Evelyn; a good man, but, with all his goodness and piety, a timeserver. Read "Mill's India;" a hard-headed fellow (and his style as hard as his head), who hates lawyers to a most exemplary degree, in which I most heartily agree with him. I am reading "Belsham's George the Third" for the second time: find, by comparing him with Mill, that his sketch of Indian affairs is done with much accuracy, which tells well for his fidelity on other points.

29th and 30th. Murray writes to me that Hobhouse has received another letter from Lord Byron, peremptorily insisting on the publication of "Don Juan." But they have again remonstrated: the murder, however, *will out*, some time or other. A letter from my dear father, saying that my mother has "just told him (with a sharp scolding) that he never writes to me but when he wants money," "which" (adds the dear old man) "is too much the case." Bless them both!

31st. How my old acquaintance, —, has disgraced himself in this business of — in the House! Many men go through life with good characters who are thorough

rascals all the while; their success in the world keeping them out of the way of those temptations which would draw forth the full display of their dispositions; and the little symptoms of it that do escape being charitably interpreted, as proofs of keenness and knowledge of the world; an eye to the main chance, &c. &c.

April 1st. Made Bessy turn her cap awry in honour of the day. Wrote some of the "Life" this morning.

3rd. Wrote and read. Dined at Money's. The company, the Bowleses, two Mr. Methuens, and Mr. and Mrs. Merrywether. Talked of prisons, penitentiaries, &c. The penitentiary at Devizes was at first so famous for its good soups, that the prisoners used to be anxious to get back again to enjoy them; but the soups have been abolished. Mrs. Bowles mentioned a curious circumstance that lately happened at Knowell (I think), her native place, where a woman having dreamt that her husband was killed by lightning, could not dismiss the thought from her mind, and during a thunder-storm that occurred soon after, when there came a dreadful flash of lightning, she exclaimed, "That flash has killed my husband:" and it was the case. He was then working in a field about two miles off, and a messenger shortly arrived to say that that very flash had struck him dead. Talked after dinner of sermons. I mentioned that Mr. Fox always spoke of Barrow with enthusiasm, and that, upon the strength of this opinion, I bought his sermons, but found him insufferably dry; at least as far as I read, which was not very far. It is certain however, I believe, that besides containing the amplest stores of theological learning, he has also bursts of eloquence, which though not so poetical as Jeremy Taylor's, are, from their variety and force, far more striking. I mentioned a coin that has just been discovered in Ireland, with a Hebrew inscription on one side, and a head of Christ on the other. The inscription has been translated by three or four Hebraists, and the discrepancy in their translations is rather unaccountable, except upon the supposition, that these scholars know as much of He-

brew as Zadig did of metaphysics, i. e. a little or nothing of the matter. One of the company mentioned that the first symptoms of poor R. L.'s madness was his ringing the alarm bell in the middle of the night at Belvoir Castle, and when the servants all came running up to know what was the matter, he said, "You forgot to leave me my toast and water." How many people there are in this life who, like poor R., ring the alarm bell about toast and water! Story of a cart-wheel going over a dandy's neck, and his being saved by the thickness of his neckcloth. Found Mrs. Phipps with Bessy on my return to supper. Read some of Plutarch's "Life of Alcibiades," before I went to bed. Alcibiades, after all, a sad *roué*, and would hardly be fit company for gentlemen now-a-days.

4th and 5th. Wrote some of "Sheridan." Read Lord Erskine's letter upon Fox's style of eloquence and politics, prefixed to Wright's collection of the latter's speeches. Read some of Stewart Rose's "Italy." These accounts of Italy make me so agog for travelling that I cannot sit easy upon my chair.

6th and 7th. Wrote to Bessy's sister, between whom and young Murray an attachment has for some time existed, saying that, if her heart is really set upon marrying him, and he is worthy of her, I will do my utmost to facilitate any arrangements that may be made for the support of her mother, &c. &c.

9th. Good Friday: went to church. A most inhuman sermon: the sufferings described with all the monotony and coolness of an auctioneer. How different do I remember the Passion sermons in Dublin chapels, when, at the moment that the feelings of the congregation were excited to the utmost pitch by the most eloquent and impassioned description of what the Saviour had suffered, the orator suddenly produced the crucifix before them, and the whole assembly, with groans and tears, prostrated themselves on the earth.

10th. Dined at Salmon's: company, the Phippses, Mr. Pearce (member for Devizes),

Wyatt, whom I knew in Ireland when he had the care of Lord Ormond's estates, &c. &c. Wyatt, an intelligent man, &c. &c. among other things, of the Bank question and the Poor-laws (Pearce a bank director). These Tories all seemed to feel how critically the fate of the country hangs upon both questions. Remarked how tenderly all parties seemed to handle the subject of the Bank the other night in the House, as if from a general consciousness of the extreme delicacy, and perhaps danger, of the question. Pearce says it is understood in town that the Duke of Wellington is very anxious to become Prime Minister, and that, in order to get the character of *un homme d'affaires*, he had himself named on the Bank Committee, and attended it most punctually every day. This will not do. If the Bank was to be taken by a *coup de main*, his Grace might be the person, but God preserve us from his statesmanship!\*

11th. The sunset this evening glorious: the thoughts that came over me while I looked at it, of how little I have done in this world, and how much my soul feels *capable of*, would have made me cry like a child, if I had given way to them; but surely there is some better sphere for those who have but *begun* their race in this.

14th. Walked to Bowood to see the Lansdownes, who are come down for the Easter; found them at home; very delightful conversation, as one always has with him. Told me that Murray has offered Stewart Rose 2000*l.* for a translation of "Ariosto." I mentioned an almost literal translation of him which I had seen, stanza for stanza, the English on one side and the Italian on the other, and which I have long been looking to purchase. We all acknowledged the convenience of such a thing, let one know the language ever so well; particularly in looking hastily for any passage, you find it so much more quickly in the English, from the much greater familiarity the eye naturally has with it.

\* No man studied the Bank question to more purpose than the Duke of Wellington. — Ed.

\* See p. 149.



I could sympathise with the world in some of its admirations, but thought it better to be silent in these cases, than risk an impeachment of my own taste in questioning that of others. Chaucer, for instance, in what terms some speak of him! while I confess I find him unreadable. Lord L. said he was glad to hear me say so, as he had always in silence felt the same. This led us to speak of the deference with which some of the works of the ancients are regarded, far beyond what they really deserve. I mentioned my disappointment on first reading the Prometheus of Æschylus, after coming fresh from a description of its merits by one of those enthusiasts for antiquity, who spoke of the sublime conversation which Prometheus holds with the embodied elements of nature, &c. &c.; but I own the speeches of old Ocean mounted upon his winged charger, did not at all come up to the imagination which this description had excited in me. The untameable courage of Prometheus is admirable, and some touches of pathos in the chorus, recalling the difference of other times, when they had sung hymns around his bath and his bed, on the day of his marriage with the young Hesione, are beautiful; but the allegory, in general, is most clumsily managed. Lord L. mentioned the ludicrousness which the continual outcry of Philoctetes throws over that fine tragedy: exclamations from mental pain are all very well, but when one recollects that this continual *ai ai ai* is on account of a sore foot, it is impossible to feel any of the higher order of sympathy with it. I mentioned the "Alcestis" of Euripides, and the sort of sarcastic squabble there is between Death and Apollo in the first act, quite inconsistent with the serious heroic. We agreed what havoc Voltaire would have made among these chefs-d'œuvre of antiquity, if, with his contempt of common prejudices, he had chosen to expose their absurdities; but it was well he did not. Our admiration, in these cases, is become a sort of religion, and is connected with many noble associations, of which it would be a pity the world should be disenchanting. I said that probably the reason

Voltaire did not attack the ancients with his ridicule, was that Terrason and others had tried it against Homer, and having done it clumsily, brought the task into disrepute.

Lord L. came to walk part of the way home with me. Fears the Catholic Question will rather lose than gain ground this session: talked of Burke, Fox, &c. coalitions. Lord L. thinks the principle of coalitions not only just, but necessary in a free country, otherwise the Court might bear down everything before it. The same principle, he thinks, applies to party and to coalitions; a compromise and surrender of individual differences of opinion for the attainment of one common object. Owned he might be biassed in speaking of the two great coalitions; Mr. Fox with Lord North, and Mr. Fox again with Lord Grenville, as the former was opposed to his father, and in the latter he himself was concerned: but to him it appeared that there were grounds of justification for the latter which did not exist in the former, as Mr. Fox, in the former case, coalesced with Lord North to *defeat* what was the result of all his own former efforts and measures, viz. peace; whereas, in joining with Lord Grenville, he but pursued, in most instances, the same objects which he had contended for when in opposition. There is a great deal of truth in this: told him that one of Allen's arguments in defence of the first coalition was, that his father (Lord Shelburne) had become so rooted in the favour of the King, that nothing less could shake him. Lord L. said this was not at all true; that, in the first place, it was evident the King would not like the maker of the peace; and, in the next place, he had proofs that the King actually intrigued *against* his father at that time, and, after professing to Lord Shelburne to approve the terms of the peace, wrote a letter to Lord Camden abusing them in the strongest manner, which letter Lord Camden took instantly and showed to Lord Shelburne, with a fairness of honourable feeling which of course his Majesty did not give him credit for. Talked of Burke; agreed in enthusiastic admiration of his talents. Lord L. inclined to defend his latter doctrines, and

to look upon them as not so inconsistent with his former ones as they are generally represented; particularly as there was nothing impeachable in his character throughout life, that could lead one to suspect him of interested motives in changing, though certainly his receiving the pension at the time was rather a suspicious coincidence. On my reminding him, however, of some circumstances in Burke's life, the money he received from Lord Rockingham, &c. &c., he seemed rather to surrender this favourable view of the matter.

16th and 17th. Reading the "Parliamentary Debates" and writing "Sheridan." Found some odd things in Maurice's \* book. Have a great mind to write a poem, the scene of which shall be laid in ancient Egypt: its monuments, its scenery, its religious symbols, all poetical: some humour too might be blended with their ludicrous objects of worship; for instance, the two cities whose dissensions rose to such a height concerning the comparative merits of the divinities they worshipped; one of them adoring a dog, and the other a pike; much good satire might be made out of this. Read Bramston's "Art of Politics" in Doddsley: some smart lines in this:—

"What does not yield to Time's destroying hand?  
Where's Troy? and where's the Maypole in the Strand?

As if Paul's cupola were brought to bed,  
After hard labour, of a small pin's head."

18th. Took my little bible to church with me, in order to search in it for a subject that would suit a fine triumphant air of Novello's I have to put words to. Found an admirable one in Jeremiah, and wrote four lines during service—War against Babylon: much better employed than I should have been in listening to the drawling parson and snuffing clerk. Let nobody see me though, having the pew to myself and the two little girls. Flew to the pianoforte when I came home, and finished the first verse before dinner: my delight when I hit off the line, "Breaks like a thunder-cloud;"

\* The "Ruins of Babylon."

it goes so happily to the music. "This will, I think, beat the "Loud timbral!"

21st. Went to Bath; Bessy, myself, the little fellow, and the maid, in a hack-chaise, and the Phippses in their own carriage. Dined at the York House, and went in the evening to the theatre. Young in "Cassius:" got a wretched little private box, where we were almost suffocated, but moved to Lady Burdett's for the farce. Miss Tree \* sang my song of "Young Love lived once" very prettily, and was encored with great enthusiasm. Supped very merrily at the York House, and slept there.

22nd. Walked about all day shopping: gave directions about the binding of my books at Urham's. Met the Bishop of Meath, and walked with him up and down Milsom Street, talking of Sheridan. Told me the story about the sermon: it was at a country-house of Sheridan's (forget the name of the place; must inquire) †: the company there at the time, Tickell, Burgoyne, Mrs. Crewe. The subject given to Sheridan at dinner on the Saturday by O'Beirne, viz. "The abuse of riches." Sheridan absent at coffee and for the rest of the evening; and O'Beirne found the MS. by his bedside next morning neatly tied together with ribbon. An admirable discourse, he said, though with several strange references to Scripture; such as, "It is easier, as *Moses says*, for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle," &c. &c. The person against whom the force of this sermon was directed was Child. ‡ O'Beirne afterwards, to his astonishment,

\* Nothing can be happier as a compliment than Mr. Luttrell's verses:—

"On this Tree if a nightingale settles and sings,  
This Tree will return her as good as she brings."

I do not know whether these verses are anywhere published. The "Advice to Julia" is the longest, but to my mind the worst, of Mr. Luttrell's poems. The verses on Amphyll Park, and on Rogers's seat at Holland House, are full of ingenious thought and lively and happy expression. He was a most agreeable companion; full of wit, sense, and fancy.

† Near Osterley.

‡ The banker.

called to account by some friends of his, for having given such offence to the Childs. Burgoyne then told him the trick Sheridan had put upon him. I mentioned to the Bishop that I often had doubts whether I should insert this anecdote, as it required much delicacy (towards *him* particularly) in the manner of relating it: he agreed it did so, but said it might still be managed. Found, on my arrival at home, a letter from Toller, my proctor, inclosing copies of affidavits, &c. of the adverse party, and asking for instructions how to proceed, as they seemed determined to press matters against me. The catastrophe, therefore, is at hand. This saddened me a little, for I had almost forgotten the whole concern, and now it returns upon me darker than ever. Well, all is perhaps for the best.

24th. A wet, gloomy day: my spirits of the same hue. Often do I wish I had a *good cause to die in*.

27th. Phipps sent in the morning to say he would drive me over to Bath, if I liked it; the very thing I wanted. Went with him; delicious weather: met the Bishop of Meath in Pulteney Street. Unluckily he was engaged for the rest of the day, and was to leave Bath for Bristol next morning: had about an hour's conversation, however, with him. He seemed to have changed his mind with respect to the insertion of the anecdote about the sermon, on account of some conversation he had had with old Colonel Barry, who thought it would tell against the Bishop. What first brought Sheridan, he said, prominently forward in the concerns of the party, was the Regency, which he chiefly managed, Fox being then abroad. It was positively, he said, Sir Gilbert Elliot that wrote the Prince's letters on that occasion. Asked him with respect to the difference between the Duke of Portland and Sheridan. Said the Duke had, upon his (O'Beirne's) mentioning the matter to him, authorised him to declare that he could not have said that he would not sit in the Cabinet with Sheridan, because there was never any wish or intention expressed of bringing Sheridan into it. S., on the second change of adminis-

tration (Fox and North), had some expectation of being made Chancellor of the Exchequer, and accordingly shut himself up for three weeks to study figures, which he made himself thorough master of, though perfectly ignorant of the subject before. This accounts for his taking the *financial line* afterwards in his opposition to Pitt. Sheridan's great ambition was to be thought at the bottom of everything. The Bishop had found in a life of Dr. Clarke (I think) the following words,—“She did command, because I *would* obey,” and showed it to Sheridan as being the passage he had borrowed one of the lines at the end of the “School for Scandal” from. Sheridan was angry at the imputation. They used to annoy him about his plagiarisms from Wycherley, till he at last swore he had never read a line of Wycherley. What gave rise to the “Rolliad” was a sort of “smoking and spitting party,” made in the House of Commons to interrupt and annoy Burke, of which party Rolle was the chief promoter. Tickell (I think, he said) began the poem. Mrs. Sheridan was something quite divine: the Bishop's phrase about her had always been, that she formed the connecting link between angel and woman. Sheridan hated Burke. Burke had fixed upon the Begum Charge for himself, but on S. expressing a wish for it, gave it up to him. Left the Bishop and went to Urpham's: found there Colonel Barry, and talked with him on the same subject. He said I had a most ticklish and perilous task to perform: it was all bristling over with difficulties, like a hedgehog. Somebody showed him the passage in Beaumont and Fletcher, from which S. borrowed his description of Pizarro on the wreck, but he does not remember where it is. Dined with the Fitzgeralds. Lady C. wrote a note to ask Miss Ogle (Sukey, sister of Sheridan's last wife) to come in the evening. Had some conversation with F. after dinner about Lord Moira. He mentioned the easiness with which his mind got over any annoyances. Often when Lady Charlotte has seen him return in the evening from Carlton House, evidently unhappy and

mortified at something that has occurred there, she used to lay a novel carelessly open on his table, which he was sure to take up, and in a few minutes Carlton House and all that had happened was forgotten in the girlish delight and interest which he took in the story. Lady C. mentioned at dinner a pretty thought of a little girl about the Trinity. "Oh yes," said she, "I understand it very well; there may be three candles in the room, and yet but one light." Miss Ogle came: we had much talk about her brother-in-law. Like all those of his friends or relatives I have met, full of enthusiasm about his memory, his fame, &c., and trusting that I shall do him ample justice (*i. e.* praise him through thick and thin). I mentioned with respect to the settlement he had made upon her sister, that I rather believed it was by getting the Linleys out of Drury Lane and taking possession of the private boxes he raised that money. She said she had always understood that he had injured some persons, in order to make that settlement good, but whether it was the Linleys, or what were the particulars of the transaction, she did not know. He was fond, she said, of domestic parties, delighted in children, and was altogether, where his vanity or his passions did not interfere, amiable and attracting.

28th. Breakfasted with the Fitzgeralds. Took me to call on Mrs. Piozzi; a wonderful old lady; faces of other times seemed to crowd over her as she sat,—the Johnsons, Reynoldses, &c. &c.: though turned eighty, she has all the quickness and intelligence of a gay young woman.

May 3rd. Set off from Calne in the York House coach for town. Smattered a little theology with a clergyman, whom I at first took for a clothier, but who turned out to be a very deep-read ecclesiastic; a great advocate for Calvin: tells me that the "The-saurus" of Suicer (of which I have lost a volume) is now very scarce, and sells at a very high price. Another of my companions turned out to be Sheddon, whose brother married a sister of Monk Lewis.

4th. Saw Corry, R. Power, and Beecher.

Called upon poor Perry, who is evidently dying. In talking of the reports of the debates, he said he could not make them *long* enough for those who spoke them, or *short* enough for those who read them. Went to my proctor, who thinks he can make out some plea to fight off the calamity for me a little while. Called upon the Longmans, who asked Corry and me to dinner, but he dines at Lord Farnham's. Met and talked with Lord Lansdowne, Lord Forbes, Methuen, &c. A good deal annoyed by different people about "Cribb." Carpenter said, very triumphantly, that Richard Power had ordered him to leave it out in the splendid copy of all my works he was preparing for him.

5th. Called upon Ridgway the publisher to ask him about Sheridan: told me that when he expostulated pretty strongly with S. on his keeping him so long dancing after him for the copy of the "School," S. said, "The fact is, Mr. R., I have been nineteen years endeavouring to satisfy my own taste in this play, and have not yet succeeded." "After this," said R. to me, "I teased him for it no longer." Dined at Joy's chambers in the Temple. Company: Bowles, Corry, Locke, and a General Brackenbury. Joy's dandy dinner of mutton chops, brought in one by one, "like angel visits, few and far between," highly amusing, except that we were all in a state of starvation. "Joy," says Bowles, in a sort of reverie, "I want—I want—" "What do you want, my dear Bowles?" "I want something to eat."

6th. Breakfasted with Rogers, and went with him to see the exhibition of the Queen's things at Christie's. Paid visits at Lords Darnley, Jersey, Grey, Harrington, Tavistock, &c. Walked with George Pensonby, and begged him, if he had an opportunity, to say to Lord Grey how much I should like to have a little conversation with him about Sheridan. Met Walsh (the musical Walsh), and asked him about the occasional little piece of Sheridan's in which he acted, and of which I found a sort of programme among the papers. It was called "The Glorious First of June;" acted in '94:

very much liked, and ran thirty nights. Sheridan gave the dialogue on scraps or paper out of the boxes during rehearsal. The Duke of Clarence came to see that the little ships for the battle were correct. George Ponsonby came to me at five, to say that Lord Grey would be very glad to see me, with merely himself and Ponsonby, on Sunday next: must get off Lord Lansdowne's to go there. Found a very kind note at home from Lady Holland, asking me to go to Holland House for some days, and saying it would be a visit of charity, as Lord H. was confined by the gout.

7th. In going to call upon Lord King, saw Adair\* coming out of his house, and determined to introduce myself to him. His gloomy, rigid look while I explained myself to him (for he did not know me personally) turned at once into the kindest smiles when I mentioned my name: he insisted on my going back with him to his house, and in the course of a few minutes we were seated side by side in as confidential a conversation as if we had known each other for years. The first circumstance that induced Mr. Fox to suspect Sheridan of want of principle, was his going down to Newmarket as the Prince's advocate in the Jockey Club business. Sheridan never gamed. Another occasion on which Sheridan took a part displeasing to Fox, was when Lord Rolle agitated the question of the Prince's marriage with Mrs. Fitzherbert. Fox begged of the Prince to enable him to speak the truth on the subject; and the Prince assured him there had been no marriage between them, which Fox stated to the House; but on Mrs. F. (who never spoke to Fox afterwards) expostulating with the Prince upon this exposure of her character, his Royal Highness denied that he had ever authorised Fox to make such a declaration, and S. was employed to remove the impression on the public mind, by an equivocal sort of speech which he made afterwards in the House. Mr. Fox did not

belong to the Friends of the People, and was always against making Parliamentary Reform the main object or *sine quâ non* of the party. Sheridan, too, kept clear of this society; and other Foxites (among whom was Courtenay) took their names off when they found Fox did not approve of it. The course which Lord Grey took with respect to the Prince's debts was an obnoxious circumstance; and in general his high, incorrupt character in money matters made the Prince fear him as a Minister. Adair did not write the Dedication to Kenyon, nor any other part of the "Rolliad." Richardson told him that Tickell was the author of those four lines in the monody, "Oh, proud distinction of the sacred lyre." Sheridan was not a ready man; and angry with the party for not bringing him into the Cabinet. Burke jealous of Fox's preference of S. to himself; but it was natural that Fox and Fitzpatrick should prefer the gaiety and laxity of such a companion as S. to the austere character of Burke's life and conversation. Adair thinks that S. did not really mean to cheat people in money matters, and that he always imagined he should be able to pay the debts he incurred; but new embarrassments banished all thoughts of providing for the former ones out of his head. After leaving Adair, I met Hammersley, with whom I had some conversation about S.'s financial concerns with his house. He promised to talk with me more fully on the subject some time, but said partly what Adair did, that he did not believe S. really meant to cheat people out of their money.

Called upon that beautiful creature Lady Charlemont, and sat some time with her. Met Horace Twiss\*, who had called upon me twice to-day to ask me to assist in disposing of his tragedy: promised to attend the rehearsal for him to-morrow. Dined at Rogers's to meet Grattan: company only he, I, Rogers, and his brother and sister. Grat-

\* Mr. Horace Twiss enjoyed great distinction in social, literary, and political circles. His own literary fame rests on his "Life of Lord Eldon." He died in 1849.

\* Sir Robert Adair, the distinguished diplomatist. He died in 1854, at the age of 92.

tan still very delightful. Spoke of old Sheridan; he used to take the good speeches of other characters for his own. Thus, in "Romeo and Juliet," he used to speak Mercutio's speech, and read it, "Oh, then, I see Queen Mab has been with me." Agreed with me in preferring Burke to all orators. Rogers remarked that Burke had an advantage over others in having reported his own speeches. Another remark of his, when we spoke of Burke's wonderful display of knowledge, that a man who has not much taste often seems to know more than a man whose fastidiousness of taste restrains him from such an exhibition. Charles Sheridan's letter to Blackstone was in defence of Ireland against the claims of English supremacy; and yet, when this very question was agitated in the House, C. Sheridan (who was brought in by Lord Muskerry) was one of eighteen who stood up for England against the independence of Ireland. Grattan and I walked home together; and still, when I saw him to his own door, he would insist upon seeing me to mine, so that we saw each other home four or five times. Has a high opinion of Burke's integrity, and thinks the pension was in consequence of his change, not the change in consequence of the pension. Regrets that he and Fox differed, as they might have been a check upon each other, and prevented the opposite extremes into which both fell; both of a nature to embrace whatever cause they took up totally and ardently: *Quicquid vult, valde vult.*

9th. Breakfasted with Rogers, Maltby, and Crabbe. Sauntered about. Called upon Lord Crewe, Sotheby, Croker, &c. Took the Phippses to see my picture at Shee's; they thought it very bad. Called at Lord Melbourne's; William Lamb just coming out of the door: walked with him for some time: he told me he had written a sketch of the earlier part of the political life of Sheridan, which he would give me to make what use I pleased of. Vanity the reigning passion of Sheridan; no corruptness as to pecuniary motives about him. Dined at Lord Grey's: the company, Lord Hutchinson, Sir Robert Wilson, the Ponsobys,

and the family. Conversation about the state of the Ministry, the Bank question, the Catholics, &c. &c. It was not till we were near parting, that Sheridan came into play. Lord Grey said he was the chief cause of the Prince's separating from them at the last Regency; and told me the scene that Lord Holland described about the Prince's showing to Sheridan the answer he (Lord G.) and Lord Grenville had drawn up to be sent to the Address of the Houses,—Sheridan altering it entirely, and their protesting strongly against this sort of secret advising. The odd sort of manufacture that took place in S.'s speeches—Mrs. S., Stewart, Read, Richardson, &c. all making extracts, pasting on papers, &c. S. told Lady Asgill that it was he who invented her beauty. Lord G. heard from Richardson that it was Heyne, not Haydn, who was elected by the Institute. This slight upon S. a chief cause of his tirades against Bonaparte and the French.\* Sir Robert Wilson and Lord Hutchinson wrote the letters for the Prince about the command in 1803; Sir R. W. the first. Lord G. said, to talk of making speeches quite extempore was all nonsense. Every young orator ought to prepare and write out his speeches; not *verbatim*, but so as to know perfectly what he is about. S.'s great servility to the Prince. Lord H. said, no part of the Prince's conduct astonished him so much as his desertion of S., for he seemed to be really attached to him.

10th. Dined alone at the George, and took the Phippses afterwards to the British Gallery, for which Lord Grey and Rogers gave me tickets. Went afterwards to Lady Jersey's; every one there: a very civil bow from the Duke of Wellington. Lord Grey told me the verses I had mentioned of Sheridan's were a parody on some lines of Lord Rochester. Lady Cowper promised me a ticket for the next Almack's. William Lamb sent me his MS.

12th. Dined at the Wiltshire dinner,—Lord Lansdowne in the chair, and made a

\* For an explanation of this passage, see "Life of Sheridan," 8vo. ed. vol. ii. p. 303.

very tasteful speech in giving the health of the three Wiltshire poets.—Crabbe, Bowles, and myself, all present. I was called on to return thanks, and succeeded marvellously. Among other things, I said that, “as far as a union by acts of friendship,—which, after all, was a more binding thing than a union by acts of parliament,—could convert an Irishman into a Wiltshireman, I was in as fair a train of transformation as they could desire.” Of Crabbe I said, that “the *musa severior* which he worships has had no influence whatever on the kindly dispositions of his heart; but that while, with the eye of a sage and a poet, he looks into the darker region of human nature, he stands in its most genial sunshine himself.”

13th. Bessy and the little ones arrived: gave them up my lodgings, and took a bed at Rogers's. Went to Miller's Wharf, to secure berths for them in the packet for Sunday. The price of a state cabin seven guineas; but did not feel comfortable at the idea of their being all cribbed up in such a narrow space, and indulged in the extravagance of giving fourteen guineas for two cabins. Returned home at four: took a hackney-coach, and went with Bessy to Hornsey to visit the grave of our dearest Barbara. Her feelings seem to grow more quiet and reconciled on this subject. At eight o'clock she and I sauntered up and down the Burlington Arcade: then went and bought some prawns, and supped most snugly together.

16th. (Sunday). Rose, after about an hour's sleep, at four o'clock, and by half-past four were in the hackney-coach (which a porter of Longmans' brought), on our way to Miller's Wharf. At a little after six, my dear girl, with her two little ones, and Harriet our maid, sailed from the wharf, and I stopped till I saw the last glimpse of them. Breakfasted, on my return, at the London Coffeehouse; then took a warm bath in Pall Mall; the young lady of the house playing and singing my songs all the time, and her mother meeting me as I came out of the room, with an “Anacreon” in her hand, saying, “Oh sir, are you *the* Mr. Moore whom

I have been admiring these thousand years? When will you come to bathe again, sir?” &c. &c.

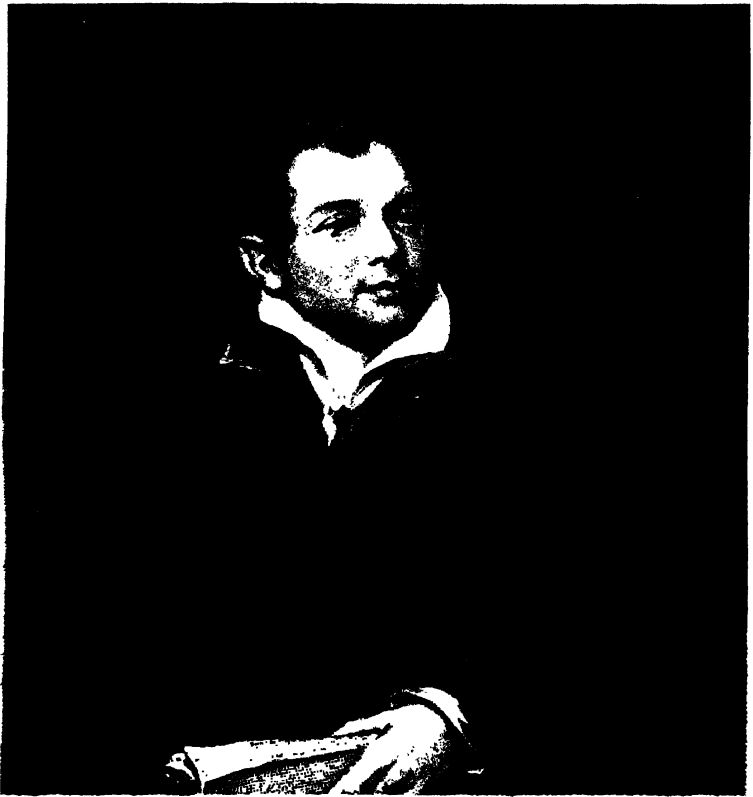
18th. Breakfasted with Rogers, and walked about with him paying visits of the day. Went with Douglas Kinnaird to Burgess (S.'s solicitor), who says he will apply for an injunction against the “Life” unless there is some arrangement made with the family. Dined with Lord Hutchinson. Company: Lord Donoughmore, Lord Brandon, some young Hutchinsons, and Parson Este, who told a few things of Sheridan, but of no importance,—except indeed one, which was, that Burke, at the meeting upon Garrick's funeral, suggested the thought of those lines in the monody which end “And points the place,” by saying, that whenever the burial of Garrick was commemorated, the position of Shakspeare's statue should not be forgotten. Lord Hutchinson is of opinion that it must be owing to some neglectfulness of S. that he was latterly deserted by the Regent.

19th. Dined at Holland House. Company: Lord Grey, Lord A. Hamilton, Mrs. Fox, Miss Fox, Sir J. Mackintosh, Tierney, &c. Their mixture of the doleful and the humorous in their discourse upon last night's defeat in the House of Commons very amusing. The censor flung round the room by Lady H.'s page after dinner seemed to astonish Murray the advocate, who had not, I suppose, seen the ceremony before; and I was myself a little astonished on hearing, as I came away, a very good male voice singing to the guitar, and finding that it was the *butler* who was accompanying himself in an Italian air. By the by, the incense burned after dinner here comes from a convent in Spain, which gets it from another establishment connected with it in the north of Persia.

21st. Called by appointment upon Lord John Townshend, and had about an hour's talk concerning Sheridan. Said S. wrote at least two of “The Englishman;” that on Lord George Germaine and the first. Fox wrote one; was not satisfied with its style, and S. corrected it for him. Lord John read S.'s paper upon Lord G. Germaine to Gibbon at Devonshire House, and he was much











pleased with it. S.'s jealousy: Lord John and Fitzpatrick used to say, that he was jealous even of a pretty woman. Burke's admiration of the Begun Speech; that, Mr. Fox said, first proved to him his want of a puré taste. Lord John mentioned the following verse as S.'s in the lines, "Glenbervic, Glenbervic," which indeed, he said, were almost all written off-hand by him:—

"Johnny Wilkes, Johnny Wilkes,  
Thou greatest of bilks,  
How changed are the notes you now sing;  
Your fam'd Forty-five  
Is Prerogative,  
And your blasphemy, God save the king."

Dined at Longman's; a literary dinner; Mackintosh, Bowles, Colonel Wilkes, Sir James Smith (President of the Linnæan Society), Dr. Holland, &c. &c. A very agreeable day. Upon hearing that Logier taught thorough-bass in three lessons, he said it contradicted the old saying, "Nemo repente fuit *turpissimus*." What Lord Ellenborough said to——the barrister, upon his asking, in the midst of a most boring harangue, "Is it the pleasure of the Court that I should proceed with my statement?" "Pleasure, Mr.——, has been out of the question for a long time, but you may proceed," &c. &c. Sir James remarked very truly that shrewdness and wit were Sheridan's forte, not the higher kind of eloquence. We had some discussion as to how far Shakspeare borrowed that passage about the "cloud-capt towers" from Lord Sterling. The latter was produced, and the plagiarism is so remote, that Shakspeare need not even have seen it.

23rd. Dined with Mackenzie, who was agent for exchange of prisoners in France, and is now commissioner for settling British claims. Company: a Russian Prince (whose name I forget), Lord William Bentinck, Captain Leigh (who had the adventure in the Pyramids), Sir Thomas Tyrwhit Jones Barker (Consul at Aleppo), Stratford Canning\*, Mr. Morier†, &c. Sat between the

two latter. Canning, an intelligent man: gave a ludicrous account of Lord Byron's insisting upon taking precedence of the *corps diplomatique* in a procession at Constantinople (when Canning was secretary), and upon Adair's refusing it, limping, with as much swagger as he could muster, up the hall, cocking a foreign military hat on his head. He found, however, he was wrong, and wrote a very frank letter acknowledging it, and offering to take his station anywhere.

28th. Dined with Hume at his cottage at Hanwell, the dinner being in celebration of my birthday. Taken out by the Brigstocks, Mrs. B. being an exceedingly pretty Biondina. Cannon (one of the Regent's chaplains) told some good stories of his master during dinner. "Alarming times; I receive some dreadful anonymous letters; don't I, Bloomfield? You remember that one which I didn't like to send to the Secretary of State, beginning, 'You damned old fellow, I'll pull you out of the coach.'" Mentioned also the *gracious* answer sent by Bloomfield to an application of Mrs. Murray's, to be allowed to remain in her chambers: "Madam, His R. II. was most feelingly gracious in the expression of his decision, which was——unfavourable to your request," &c. &c. Hume had prepared a large laurel crown, which was *imposed* upon me after dinner.

29th. I drove down to Bishopsgate Street for the purpose of taking a stage to Sir J. Mackintosh's (within two miles of Ware). Mackintosh had written me a note on Thursday with instructions as to the route and conveyance. The stages all full; walked to Enfield (a very pretty path between Edmon-ton and Enfield through the fields); took a chaise there and arrived at Mackintosh's a little before seven; found a large party just going to sit down to dinner,—Allen (Lady M.'s brother, married to a daughter of Lord R. Seymour) and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Malthus, Mr. Le Bas, Miss Stewart (a pretty Irish girl), Miss Allen, &c. Sung a little in the evening.

30th. A good deal of conversation with Mackintosh, chiefly about Sheridan and the politics of his time. Wyndham said of S.,

\* Afterwards Sir Stratford Canning, now Lord Stratford de Redcliffe.

† The well-known oriental traveller and novelist. He died in 1848.

it was not from want of fertility or quickness that he *prepared* so much, but an over-desire of polish and correctness. Sheridan was ignorant of almost every subject he had to handle, and manfully acknowledged it. He showed the great difference there was between prudence and good sense; no one could advise others better. Fox said of the florid parts of S.'s speech, "I don't like these things, except in Burke,—they are natural to him." Mackintosh defends coalitions warmly, and is certainly right as to the *general* principle, though some of the particular instances have been unlucky. The eighteenth century full of coalitions; the Revolution brought about by a coalition; Lord Chatham's coalition with the Duke of Newcastle, which turned out so prosperously. I mentioned, as one of the discreditable and unfortunate coalitions, that of Mr. Pulteney, in 1741, though this was between Whigs and Whigs. M. said that, unless coalitions were allowed, we must submit for ever to a standing Court Ministry; and the Opposition must become merely a sort of Tribunitian Band, who, being unchecked by those hopes of succeeding to power, which at present moderate the temper of their opposition, and prevent them from committing themselves to rash opinions or impracticable measures, would run into all sorts of violence, and produce such shocks as would at last ruin the constitution. Mr. Pitt, he said, had himself been in negotiation for a coalition with Lord North, though he afterwards condemned Fox so much for forming it. Fox, too, was in treaty with Lord Shelburne before he coalesced with Lord North; but though he had more points of contact in politics with the former, he disliked the man; whereas, though differing so much with Lord North in public, he had a strong regard and sympathy for his private character; so that, while he incurred the charge of inconsistency in joining with Lord North, he would have sacrificed every private feeling in coalescing with Lord Shelburne. It is said Sheridan was against the India Bill. Mr. Burke's speech upon conciliation with the colonies one of his best; was well listened to during

the American war. This contradicts what Lord Erskine says in the preface to "Fox's Speeches." Mr. Fox used to ask of a speech, "Does it read well?" "Yes." "Then it was not a good speech." The King's duplicity throughout his whole reign. The Grenvilles have an hereditary dislike to him. A few Whig families are our only security for the constitution. The Duke of Devonshire might better burn Chatsworth to the ground than forfeit one of his hereditary pledges to the Whigs. The political economists quite a new school. Has heard Fox say, talking of finance, "You know, Grey, you and I don't mind these things." The leaders of this school at present, Lords Grenville, King, Lansdowne, &c. Burke's pension was not coincident with his apostasy, but three or four years afterwards: nothing wrong about Burke's paymastership. Sayings of Madame de Staël:—Of the scene at Richmond she said, it was "*Calme et animée, ce qu'il faut être, et ce que je ne suis pas.*" Praised Barrow's first sermon. We read over together Dryden's "Epistle on Painting;" the famous passage in Hooker, about law.

31st. Mackintosh, who seemed yesterday to think that I must hold a veil up before Sheridan's criminalities, told me this morning he had been thinking of the subject the greater part of the night, and had come to the decision, that I ought to do no such thing: it would be unjust to my own character and to the world; and that I ought (as, he owned, I seemed well inclined to do) to tell the truth, and nothing but the truth. He and Allen walked with me to Ware. The former mentioned a whimsical joke of Stewart Rose's—"that he had learned from Lord Byron's poetry that two bulls make a nightingale" (bulbul). We had a good deal of laughing at an Irishman who was of our party, on account of a bull he had made at breakfast, and which we called "half a nightingale,"—a sort of "spatch-cock nightingale." Arrived in town just in time to dress for dinner, at Parse's the Bank director and M.P. for Devises, who made a speech the other night against the Report. Odd enough, I was asked also

to dine to-day with Lord King; so I had the two extremes of the Bank Question on my list. Company at Pearse's, Duke of Dorset, Lord Clinton, Mr. and Mrs. Long Wellesley, &c. &c.

June 1st. Called on Lady Malcolm (the wife of the Indian hero), to whose house I went the other day with Mrs. Thomas Sheridan, but she was not at home. By the bye, during that walk I took with Mrs. Sheridan, she told me there was another place, besides the magistrature of Malta, which S. had made Tom refuse. She spoke kindly of S. and of his good-nature, when no object of his own interfered: owned also that, under the alarm of any pressure or inconvenience from the want of money, he would not hesitate at any means of procuring it. Found Lady Malcolm at home to-day, and introduced myself. She played for me the Persian air which Mrs. S. told me of, and some others, rather pretty. Went from her to the Duchess of Sussex (Lady A. Murray), whom, with her beautiful daughter, I met on the 24th at Miss White's assembly (where, by the by, a little girl acted in a French *proverbe* who was found amidst the conflagration of Moscow, quite an infant, and not known whether French or Russian; now seven years old, and acted very archly). This daughter of the Duke of Sussex, a very fine creature. They call her the Princess Emma among themselves, but her general designation is Mademoiselle d'Este.\* Sat for near two hours with her, and sung a good deal; never saw a more enthusiastic person about music. They asked me to dine next Tuesday. Dinner at Lord Crewe's: company, Luttrell, Rogers, the Cunliffes, &c. Lord Crewe said he had a letter from Sheridan to Mrs. Greville, prefixed as a sort of dedication to some MS. book of poems, which he would let me see. Luttrell very comical about the cocked hats in the orchestra at Vauxhall, which looked, he said, as if

they were the last of their race, the *ultima cœlestium* . . . *Astræa*, leaving the earth and half coming to heaven.

2nd. Called at Longmans, and consulted them as to what I should do with respect to Murray; who, in a late conversation I had with him, said it was to me the creditors would legally look, as it was to me those papers that formed the property on which their claims were founded, had been given by Charles Sheridan. This, though it did not occur to me before, appears to be the real state of the case. I told the Longmans that what I wished was to propose to Murray one of the two following measures: either he must guarantee me against these claims of the creditors, in which case I would proceed with the "Life" on our present terms; or if not, I would refund the money I had already drawn for on account (460*l.*), and give up the whole concern. The Longmans approved of this plan, and professed themselves ready to honour my draft for the 460*l.* Met there Campbell the poet, and walked with him to a little bed-room he has taken in St. Paul's Churchyard, in order to consult medical advice about a complaint he has. He accompanied me afterwards to call upon Richard Power, who was waiting for me to go to Miss Stephens (the singer), and we all three proceeded together to her house. On the way I met Lord Dunmore, and introduced Campbell to him. Miss Stephens, who lives in a pretty, light, flowery-looking house, quite worthy of her, sung "Donald" for us; and I sung two or three songs in return. It was the first time Campbell had heard me, and he seemed much pleased. He asked me with much warmth for a song (which I recollect his praising before in very warm terms), "Oh, had we some bright little isle of our own," in the "Irish Melodies;" but the air is not fit for the words, and I never sing it. In walking home Campbell said to me, he thought still more highly of my style of song-writing since he heard me sing. We talked of Lord Byron. He said he was a "fallen angel;" then added, with a smile, "and broke his foot in falling," alluding to Lord B.'s lameness. Dined at Horace Twiss's,

\* She married, in 1845, Sir Thomas Wilde, who had been Attorney-General, and in 1850 became Lord Chancellor, and was raised to the peerage as Lord Truro.

in Chancery Lane: an odd dinner, in a borrowed room, with champagne, pewter spoons, and old Lady Cork. The company, besides her Ladyship, William Spencer, Lord Peter-sham, Colonel Berkeley, Nugent, Kean the actor, and one or two more. Sat next Nugent. He told me of a woman in Paris saying, when he asked why she called the Napoleons (coins) Louis, "*Mais Monsieur, c'est une douce habitude, que nous sommes bien aises de reprendre.*" One of Louis's courtiers said, at the time when Napoleon was advancing in that magnificent manner from Elba, "*Ce qu'il y a d'affreux dans tout cela c'est que ça est superbe.*" Went up to coffee, and found Mrs. Siddons, who was cold and queen-like to me. From thence, about twelve, to an assembly at Mrs. Phillips's, where I saw Mrs. Siddons again. Discovered the reason of her coldness: I had not gone to a party she had invited me to; and, by a mistake, she did not hear of a visit I had paid her a day or two after. All right again! By the bye, Campbell had told me in the morning, as a very characteristic trait of Sheridan, that after his death there was found an immense heap of letters, which he had taken charge of to frank, from poor husbands to wives, fathers to children, &c.

3rd. Attended a meeting of the stewards of Burns's dinner (the object of which is to aid the subscription for a monument to him), and found all Scotchmen there. In settling the airs to be played after the toasts, I proposed after the city of Edinburgh to have "I'll gang nae mair to yon town," which allusion to the unwillingness of the Scotch to return northward did not seem to be much relished. I found I had been more active than any of the stewards, except the originator of the business, Mr. Forbes Mitchell.

5th. To-day our Burns's dinner. Had great difficulty in arranging my party, as I had only seven seats allowed me at the Duke's table, and my friends were Power, Beecher, Corry, Sir F. Burdett, Tegart, Phillips the painter, Brownlow, Murray the bookseller, Crabbe the poet, and Joy. Put down some of them to a lower table. Murray, one of them, not at all pleased; came to me, and said that his object in coming was

merely the pleasure of enjoying my company, and as it was rather inconvenient to him to stay, he would leave me a draft for his donation, (ten guineas) and be off. This would not do, so I promoted him to the top table. Phillips, too, very cross; but what could I do? Seated Crabbe next myself. The Duke of Sussex's speech was good, and full of golden sentences (for a Prince) about liberty. Sir J. Mackintosh very eloquent, but rather too much of it, and heavy and round-about. My reception most flattering; my name was never mentioned (and it was often by the speakers) without bringing applause; and when I rose to speak, the people crowded from their seats towards my table. At every sentence I was interrupted by plaudits: my own countrymen never received me with more enthusiasm. I was glad too to have two or three of them by, to witness and enjoy it, as they did most thoroughly. Burns's son was brought forward, and spoke sensibly: very like the father to judge by the engravings, and worthy of him in the manly sentiments he expressed about politics; too manly and free, poor fellow, for his advancement as a placeman. Power, Corry, Brownlow, and I adjourned to the Piazza and supped: poor Corry so bewildered with drinking bumpers to me and "the honour of old Ireland," that he could not walk home. By the bye, there were about 350 Scotchmen at the dinner; and the donations of my party made more than a fourth of the subscriptions at table.

6th. Breakfasted with Meerza Jiafer Ja-beeb: showed me some curious Persian MSS. A Mr. Shakspeare\* there, a good oriental scholar. Went from thence to Rogers's. Crabbe had been with him, maintaining (in talking of the dinner of yesterday) that Murray deserved a higher place than Phillips the artist and royal academician, because—he kept his carriage! This is inconceivable. I had bid Mackintosh tell Lady Holland I

\* This gentleman, who was afterwards Professor of Hindostani at Addiscombe, died in 1858, leaving a large fortune, part of which is devoted to repairing and preserving the house of his illustrious namesake at Stratford on Avon.

should go out to dine to-day if she would let me; so I went. The company, only Lord John Russell, Mackintosh, Allen, young Charles Fox, and myself. Allen mentioned that one of the things which brought Burns into disgrace with his excise masters was a toast which he gave, "Here's the last verse of the last chapter of the last book of Kings." He was also accused of having called for *Ça Ira* at the Dumfries theatre. In the middle of dinner Lady H. said to me: "I hope you mean to sleep here to-night; you are never agreeable when you are on the wing for your Lady Corks, &c.; you hav'n't the *esprit présent*." I said "Yes," of course; and a man and horse were dispatched for my things, her Ladyship promising that I should have the prettiest bedroom in the house. I pointed out to Lord Holland and the rest a passage from Busbequius that struck me as romantic; where he describes the soldiers singing a song, supposed to be uttered by a dying warrior on the river's bank, addressing the river as it flows by, and bidding it hasten to tell his mistress how gallantly he had died. They did not seem to think anything of it; but if I had mentioned (what was really the case) that it was Lord Byron who first pointed it out to me, they would have been sure to have found out all possible beauty in it,—such is the *prestige* of a name! In talking as to whether Lady Byron really loved Lord Byron, Lady H. seemed to think she must. "He was such a loveable person. I remember him (said she) sitting there, with that light upon him, looking so beautiful!" My bedroom was, as she had promised, the prettiest thing that could be imagined, one of those lately fitted up; and I heard the nightingales singing the greater part of the night.

7th. The good lady at my lodgings had sent me no proper toilette for the morning; so I ordered a hackney coach from Kensington and made my way into town, leaving a valedictory note for Lady H.

8th. Dined at Rogers's by my own invitation: the company, a Mr. Hibbert and his daughters, Luttrell, Sharpe, and Miss Rogers. The dinner most excellent. Lut-

trell told us about Hare, describing Tarleton on some occasion when there was a mob collected round Devonshire House, saying to them, "My good fellows, if you grow riotous, I shall really be obliged to *talk to you*." "Upon which (said Hare) they dispersed immediately."

9th. Met Bishop by appointment at Power's, in order for him to look over the National Melodies I have done, and take my ideas as to their arrangement. This being our first time of working together, I felt rather nervous; but he appears everything I could wish; intelligent, accommodating, and quick at understanding my wishes upon the subject. One thing flattered me a good deal: among the airs I produced to him, I had stolen in one of my own, under the disguise of a Swedish air. It was the last I brought forward, and he had scarcely played two bars of it when he exclaimed "Delicious!" and when he finished it said, "This is the sweetest air you have selected yet." I could not help telling him the truth about it; and, indeed, I doubt very much whether I shall go on with the imposture by introducing it into the collection. If I do, I shall call it a *Moorish* air.

10th. Went with the Dunmores and Lady Ann Hamilton to St. Paul's: a most interesting spectacle; near 12,000 children assembled in that grand church. Nothing could be more striking than their all, at the same moment, rising and veiling their faces with their aprons at the first sound of the organ and at the Benediction. We were in the Lord Mayor's seat, as were also Lord and Lady Darnley, &c.; but afterwards we went to the organ-loft, from which the coup d'œil was most beautiful. Lady Dunmore was in tears during the Coronation Anthem. Dined at Lady Cork's. Company: Lord and Lady Bessborough, William and Lady Caroline Lamb, Jekyll, Mr. and Mrs. Villiers, and Miss White. In the evening the Duchess of Sussex and her daughter came, the latter at Lady Cork's request, in the dress she wore at Lady Darnley's. A good deal of singing by Mrs. Frere, myself, and Mrs. Cunliffe. From thence I went to Lady Grey's ball,



which is always of the best kind, and stayed till between two and three. Lord Grey himself was there, after having made a splendid speech of two hours on the Transubstantiation question. Had some talk with Lord Lansdowne, Lady Jersey, &c.

11th. Sat for two hours to Phillips, who proposed to paint a copy of this picture for Mrs. Moore, on condition I would give him a set of my works. Most gladly agreed to the bargain. Went to my proctor, who gave me somewhat a better account of the state of my Bermuda affairs. Dined at —: a large party of God knows who; but all the women seemed selected as foils to his pretty wife. Smith of the "Rejected Addresses" one of the party, and was rather amusing at dinner. Mentioned a good idea some one gave of poor Skeffington with his antiquity, his rouge, &c. &c., that "he was an admirable specimen of the florid Gothic." Denied being the author of the riddle about the looking-glass.\* Had never heard it before, but mentioned one of his own: "How would you spell the Archipelago with three letters? — Ægean Sea, i. e. e, g, and c." A large party in the evening. Much against my will, I sung. Smith gave some of his comic songs, which are excellent.

12th. Set out at six for Calne in the White Lion coach: full. One of the passengers a pretty girl going alone to Bath. Found her to be a Miss Maxwell, cousin to Sir Murray. She had been travelling in Italy and France for two years: a very pleasing girl. Told her who I was before we parted, and she asked me to call upon her. Had just read "Lalla Rookh" through, and looked her praises of it. Have seldom got over twelve hours of travelling more agreeably. Walked from Calne home. My cottage looking very sunny, but very solitary.

13th. Brought up the arrears of this journal. Have forgot to mention a visit I paid to Holland House one morning. Lord H. had just finished "Lalla Rookh." My lady said she had two objections to reading it: in the first place, it was Eastern; in the

second place, it was in quarto. I told her the latter objection had been removed for near two years past. Poets, inclined to a plethora of vanity, would find a dose of Lady Holland now and then very good for their complaint. Rogers told me Lord H. was very much pleased with "Lalla;" liked the prose too, and Fadladeen. Lord H. mentioned this day, as a proof of the improvement of property in France since the revolution, that the Duke of Richmond's estate of D'Aubigny, which before that event was 1200*l.* a year (800*l.* of which being from seigniorial rights was, of course, swept away by their abolition), now brought him in 1500*l.* Lady Holland took Rogers and me into town in her carriage. Another thing I forgot is my having read the proof sheets of the second canto of "Don Juan" at Murray's. This poem will make a great sensation. Young Haidee is the very concentrated essence of voluptuousness, and will set all the women wild. There are also some unmanly allusions to Lady Byron through the poem, which her sex will, I think, arm against.

21st. Have been turning in my mind an "opus magnum," in the poetical way; the story placed first in Egypt, and then in Greece, in the first or second century of Christianity; my hero, a young Epicurean philosopher; my heroine, an enthusiastic girl who becomes a Christian, and at last, a martyr. It is very much the same outline as my "Philosophy of Pleasure;" but how much better could I fill it up now, while my fancy is as much alive as ever, and my taste and judgment improved!

28th. Set off in the York House coach for town. A lady in the coach, who, I suspect, was a teacher of music. On my mentioning, in the course of conversation, that I had heard Miss O'Neil sing one morning lately, she asked, "Was it one of Moore's 'Irish Melodies' she sang?" I said "Yes." "Which of them?" "One that, I believe, is called 'Love's Young Dream!'" Did not avow myself, though we were alone the greater part of the way. Dined at the George at eight o'clock.

\* See p. 195.

29th. Called at Power's, at Shee's, the painter, and at Douglas's: the latter asked me to dine. Called also at Murray's. Has given Lord Byron 2000*l.* for "Mazeppa," "Don Juan" to be the make-weight. What a trick he has played upon the public about "Mazeppa," leading them to suppose it was the long expected "Don Juan." Was not yet decided upon giving me the guarantee against the claims of Sheridan's creditors on the papers Charles S. has given me. Told him I had begun a new poetical work. He asked me, "Is it disposed of?" and I replied that I was sure he himself would not have a good opinion of me if I were to give up the Longmans. To this he assented with a very good grace; and said he only regretted, and never ceased to do so, that he had lost "Lalla Rookh," when he might have had it. He showed me the amount of his first edition of "Crabbe's Tales," just published, by which it appears that, when the whole (3000) are sold off, he will still be 1900*l.* minus. Met Lord Grey in the street, and had some conversation with him about his late Transubstantiation motion: he means to try it again.

30th. Called at Longman's. Found that my expected visit to Scotland was mentioned very flatteringly in the "Scotsman." Dined at Lord Dunmore's: company, Lord A. Hamilton, Nicholson and his sister, Sir H. Englefield, Hallam, &c. We talked of literary impostures; that of Ireland, of Muretus upon Scaliger, &c. Sir Harry very indignant against all such tricks; particularly against George Stevens's deceit upon the Society of Antiquaries (of which Sir H. is a distinguished member, though he says he was not among those taken in). Said Stevens "deserved to be whipped at the cart's tail for it." The rest of us seemed to think it was very good fun, and very venial. It was a stone which Stevens had prepared by leaving it some time in a corner to give it the appearance of age, and then corroding a Saxon inscription into it by means of aquafortis, to the following effect, "Here the king Hardicanute, having drunk off the cup, stared about him and died." As Hardicanute is

said to have died in this manner at Lambeth, he had this stone exhibited in the windows of a curiosity seller in that neighbourhood, where it was, of course, soon found out by the antiquaries, and received as genuine by that learned body, till one of them discovered that the inscription was corroded and not engraved, which detected the trick.

July 1st. Went out to breakfast at Holland House. Lord Holland sent for me into his dressing room; talked of what happened last night in the House of Lords, on the reversal of Lord E. Fitzgerald's attainder; seemed to fear he had said a little too much in the way of praise and gratitude. Lord Lansdowne having remarked to him that he ought to have said something about the injustice of the attainder. Talked, at breakfast, of Sheridan's speech upon Addington's accession to the premiership; the joke from Aristophanes about Theseus, borrowed from a letter of G. Wakefield's to Mr. Fox, which S. had pronounced "curst pedantry," when it was read to him, but afterwards turned it to his own account. Francis said to Lord H. upon Sheridan's stealing his joke about the Peace, "this is the way they live upon me." Talked with Lord John Russell about his intention of voting against Burdett's motion for reform. Said I did not see how he could with any consistency oppose it; and spoke as strongly as I could of the loss of ground the Whigs would suffer with the public, if they took part against so moderate and fair a proposal as I understood Burdett's was to be. Called upon the Duke of Sussex on the way into town, and sat with Mini for half an hour. Asked me with much kindness about my Bermuda affair. Dined with Rogers. Was to have gone to Lady Ennismore's ball, but heard she was in alarm at the idea of the Regent (who was expected there) meeting me, and did not go.

2nd. Called at Murray's, and found Croker there. Long conversation with him about the Catholic Question (which, he said, we should see carried with a high hand before very long), and about Peel's defeat by Brougham. Gave me a copy of his speech on the Catholic Question, and wrote in it

"To T. M. esq., from his old friend the author." Went from thence to sit for Phillips. Lords Grey and Jersey came while I was sitting. Dined at Holland House. Warm dispute between Mackintosh and Lord H. after dinner about Buonaparte's detention of the English travellers in France; Lord H. being of opinion that our seizure of the ships justified him in it, and Mackintosh alleging the usage and law of nations, which allowed plunder by sea, but forbade it by land. Slept there.

3rd. Received a note announcing my dear Bessy's arrival the night before from Edinburgh, which she left on Tuesday (29th); a very short passage. Breakfasted with her in Duke Street, and then went to my proctor's, who told me that the first of my three Bermuda cases was to come before the Lords of Appeal on Tuesday next; and he had great hopes it would be dismissed, from the evident signs of collusion in the adverse party. Dined at home with Bess, and took her to the Surrey Theatre in the evening.

4th. Called with Bessy upon Lady Cork. Asked us both to an assembly, to which she said she had invited the Regent, but complained that he never would come near her since I had described him at her routs in the "Two-penny Post Bag." Told me a great deal about Sheridan. First met him and Mrs. S., soon after their marriage, at a Mr. Cootes's. Mrs. S. sung with the Miss Cooteses, the little children that are painted with her in her portrait (by Sir J. Reynolds) as St. Cecilia. Sheridan then an ugly, awkward-looking man. The Duchess of Devonshire anxious to have Mrs. S. to sing at her house, but not liking to have him, — a "player," as she called him. Reminded of this some time after by Lady Cork on her keeping a house two months unoccupied, which she had taken at great expense at Bath, and alleging for her reason that she and her party were detained from day to day at Chatsworth by the agreeableness of S.'s conversation. S. always said the "Rivals" was one of the worst plays in the language, and he would give anything he had not written it. It was by her brother Monckton's interest, S. first

got in for Stafford. He would often keep his chaise and four waiting all day at Monckton's while he played cricket with the children. Dined (Bessy and I) with Shee. Lady Kennedy came in the evening, and sung; so did I.

5th. Bessy shopping in the morning. We dined at Douglas's at five, and she and they went to the play to see Miss O'Neil in "Juliet," while I went to dine again at Lord Lansdowne's. Company: Mackintosh, Brougham, Hallam, Wishaw, Sir Alexander Johnston, &c. Got into a sad scrape during dinner, by repeating Byron's unpardonable verses upon poor Romilly; for I found afterwards, that Romilly's son was sitting opposite to me. Left Lord L.'s at nine, and joined the party at Covent Garden. Saw "Mother Goose." In talking of Crabbe with Hallam at dinner, he quoted what Miss — had said of him as a companion, that "the cake was no doubt very good, but there was too much sugar to cut through in getting at it."

7th. Walked out with Bess, and made some visits. She bought a seal as a present for Mrs. Phipps, and ordered "Sophia" and a "Forget-me-not" to be engraved upon it, which the man said he would have ready by half-past four. Dined early, and saw her little ones off. Was mortified sadly at finding that I had by mistake taken their places in the six-inside coach, and that they were crammed in with a legion of disagreeable people, and a pile at the top quite terrifying. Wanted Bessy to forfeit what I had paid and give up going; but she would not. Worried myself about it all the evening.

9th. Went to breakfast with Rogers, and found Luttrell and him going upon the water to follow the Fishmongers' barge, and enjoy the music. Went with them, upon Rogers's insuring my return at six to Douglas's christening dinner. Luttrell, as usual, very agreeable. We were talking of the beauty of the bridges, and how some persons had opposed the building of the Waterloo Bridge, saying it would spoil the river: "Gad, sir," says Luttrell, "if a few very sensible persons had been attended to, we should still have been champing acorns." Nobody puts a sound philosophical thought

in a more pithy, sarcastic form than he does. In talking of devices, I mentioned the man who, on receiving from a mistress he was tired of the old device, a leaf with "*Je ne change qu'en mourant,*" sent back a seal with a shirt on it and the following motto, "*J'en change tous les jours.*" Luttrell mentioned the open scissors with "We only part to meet again."

10th. Took for granted, from not having heard since Tuesday from Toller, that all was safe; but the truth came upon me like a thunder-clap this morning; the cause was heard and decided against me, and in two months from last Wednesday an attachment is to be put in force against my person. Toller had written to tell me, but from his misdirecting his note to Duke Street, *Westminster*, I have been left in the bliss of ignorance for these three days past. Went and consulted with the Longmans, who are all anxiety and kindness. Wrote to tell Bessy the sad news, which comes the worse from my having been lately led to expect that the case would be dismissed. Beecher offered me an asylum in his place near Cork, if I thought I could conceal myself there; and this I should like better than a flight to France, if I thought I could be safe there. Dined with R. Power at the George, and went to "Don Juan" in the evening.

11th. Breakfasted with Rogers, and afterwards went out to Holland House. Found they knew of my misfortune on Tuesday last, Brougham having been at the Cock-pit when it was decided, and having written a despatch from thence to Lady Holland. R. Power and I dined at Lord Blessington's. Lord B. mentioned a good story of an Irishman he knew, saying to a dandy who took up his glass to spy a shoulder of mutton, and declared he had never seen such a thing before, "Then, I suppose, sir, you have been chiefly in the *chop line.*"

13th. Had an interview with Dr. Lushington, who advises my keeping out of the way, and has no doubt that by so doing I may make a good compromise with these American merchants. He, as well as Rogers and others, seem to think that any place of

concealment in Ireland would not have security enough, and that I had better go to France. By the bye, Burdett, on Sunday last, was strenuously advising an application to the Crown to relinquish *its* claim (the least of the three), and was proceeding at last to enforce it so seriously, that I was obliged to declare warmly that I would rather bear twice the calamity than suffer the least motion to be made towards asking the slightest favour from the Crown. It was singular enough that I should be pitted against Sir Francis on such a subject. Called at the Longmans, who have come forward in the handsomest manner, and offered to advance me any sum, in the way of business, to which by compromise I may be able to reduce the sum of the claims upon me (which at present seems to be near 6000*l.*), saying that they have the most perfect confidence in me every way. This is very gratifying, and this is the plan I mean to adopt as the most independent and most comfortable to my feelings. Called upon Perry, who put in a paragraph yesterday stating the circumstance. This paragraph has made a great sensation. He had had a letter from "Examiner" Hunt the night before, urging the instant opening of a subscription, without consulting me at all, and saying, with a warmth which I am very grateful for, "that he would sooner sell, and would actually sell, the pianoforte which had so often resounded with my music, than not contribute his mite to keep such a man from going to prison." I begged of Perry, however, to put a stop to his intentions of proposing a subscription. Perry most friendly offered every assistance in his power, and suggested whether a private subscription, in the way of a loan, might not be got up among my own immediate friends, without inciting any objection in my mind. He had already cited Charles Fox as a precedent for a subscription; but this was a blemish in Fox's life to be deplored rather than imitated; and I never shall forget Sir Charles Hastings complaining to me once of Fox's *hauteur* in scarcely returning his bow, "Though, by G—— (says Sir Charles), I was one of those

who gave 300*l.* towards his maintenance." Who would have this said of him that could, by a crust and water, avoid it? Called upon Rogers, who objects to my "making myself a slave to the booksellers," and thinks I ought to accept of the offers of friends. "There is my 500*l.* (he said) ready for you. Your friend Richard Power will, of course, *advance another.*" I answered, "No, my dear Rogers, your 500*l.* has done its duty most amply; and I am resolved never more, if I can help it, to owe any money to friends." Dined with Admiral Douglas, and went to Mrs. Drummond Burrell's in the evening; the Duchess of York, and all the world (at least all the summer world) there. Came away early.

14th. Dined with Power (Strand) to meet Bishop, who brought two more of the airs he has arranged. He mentioned a good story to prove how a musician's ear requires the extreme seventh to be resolved. Sebastian Bach, one morning, getting out of bed for some purpose, ran his fingers over the keys of the pianoforte as he passed, but when he returned to bed found he could not sleep. It was in vain he tossed and turned about. At length he recollected that the last chord that he struck was that of the seventh; he got up again, resolved it, and then went to bed and slept as comfortably as he could desire. Went at ten to meet Richard Power at the York, where we supped; thence home to pack, as I was to be off in the morning.

15th. Set off for home in the York coach at seven o'clock; Pigou's brother one of my fellow-passengers; lives near Reading, and wished me to stop and pass a day or two with him. Found the Phipps's gig at Calne, waiting to take me home. Bessy and the little ones quite well; but the dear girl much annoyed at the idea of my going to France without her. My intention, however, is, if the negotiation should threaten to be tedious (which I rather fear it will), to have her and the little ones over, and settle either at Calais or Boulogne till it is terminated.

16th. Walked to Devizes to the nomination of a member for the county, in

the place of Methuen, who has resigned. Dined at Salmon's with the Phippses, and walked home in the evening. Received a letter from Lord Lansdowne, saying he had written to me to town on reading in the newspapers of my misfortune, and as he supposed the letter had missed, he would repeat what was in it, namely, that he would be most happy to assist me in this exigency, either by becoming my security, or in any other way I could point out. This is real friendship, and should make me pause a little in my conclusions with respect to the hollowness of the great. It is the more valuable from Lord L.'s being a man that measures well every step he takes, and therefore means all he professes.

17th. Walked to Bowood. Sat with Lord Lansdowne some time, and thanked him, as well as I could, for his great kindness to me. I had sent him Byron's "Don Juan," and he was most delighted with some parts of it. Walked to show me a pretty path through the wood on my return. Dined at home. The Phippses and Macdonald dined with me on some salmon I had brought with me from town. Mrs. Macdonald and her visitors the Debretts in the evening. Sung to them.

18th. Dined at Bowood. Company: the Hollands and Morpeths, Lord J. Russell, &c. I mentioned before dinner, to Lord Holland, two passages that had struck me in looking over a new publication of Montgomery's that morning. The first was:

"The dead are like the stars by day,  
Withdrawn from mortal eye,  
But not extinct, — they hold their way  
In glory through the sky."

Lord H. did not much like them. In the first place he said, "they begged the question;" but surely poets are privileged to be even bold beggars in this way. In the next place he said, the stars reappeared continually, which the dead did not: but the poet only compares the dead to stars "by day;" and it is too hard upon similes to travel out of the record thus in search of things in which the objects compared are *not* like. The

other passage describes a setting of the sun behind a hill :

“ and in his own blue element expires :  
Thus Aaron laid his gorgeous robes aside  
On Horeb's consecrated mount, and died ! ”

This he was more tolerant about. Lord John Russell talked to me, with much kindness, about my Bermuda business. We all walked in the evening through the pleasure-grounds. I joined Bessy and Mrs. P. at supper. Wrote an election squib while at supper, copied it out like print, and left it to be sent to the “Salisbury Journal” by Mrs. P. in the morning.

21st. Received a letter from Lord J Russell, inclosing one which he had just got from his brother, Lord Tavistock, and which, after requesting Lord John to make inquiries about me as to whether anything was doing to save me from imprisonment, adds, “I am very poor, but I have always had such a strong admiration for Moore's independence of mind, that I would willingly sacrifice something to be of use to him.” Lord John in his letter says, that had I not expressed to him on Monday (19th) my resolution not to accept of any assistance, it was his intention to offer me the future editions of his “Life of Lord Russell,” just published, which, if worth anything, were much at my service, though he would not have ventured to mention it now only for Lord Tavistock's letter. This is all most creditable both to them and me; and it is really worth while being in the scrape to have such testimonies of friendship exhibited on all sides.

22nd. Received a letter from my unknown friend Mrs. A., offering me her house as a place of concealment, if I found it necessary, but saying it was unknown to her husband she made this offer, and begging me to answer her letter so as not to discover her having done so. Dined at Bowood: nearly the same party. Had a good deal of conversation with Lord Holland about Sheridan, which I have made notes of among my memoranda. Sung in the evening, and was rather glad I had an opportunity of making the Hollands feel a little what I could do in this way, for

they never heard me properly before. Lady H. evidently much pleased: told me afterwards my articulation was the most beautiful she had ever heard. Lord H., Lord Lansdowne, and I talked of poetry. Lord H. inclined to place Virgil and Racine in the very highest rank; but have they enough of the imagination, of the sublime, for this distinction? Dryden too close a reasoner to be much a poet of imagination; yet Milton's imagination did not hurt his powers in this way; at least in what may be called his *political* reasoning, exhibited so powerfully in the speeches of the Devil; the theological argumentation in his poetry being wretched enough. Lord Holland said a man's enjoyment of “The Medal” was the true test whether he was a real admirer of Dryden or not. Lord H. has no ear for the *music* of verse. Gave the last lines of Denham's “Cooper's Hill” as a specimen of perfect harmony in versification; yet in these lines both the pauses and the cadences are unvaried. Milton, as Lord Lansdowne justly said, is the truly musical poet, and Milton was a musician, which neither Pope nor any of his monotonous imitators are. The genuine music of poetry is to be found in the olden time, and we, in these days, would revive its note, if the lovers of the Popish sing-song would let us. Slept at Bowood.

23rd. Breakfasted at Bowood; Lord Holland mentioned a Mr. P—— who lived at Bath, rather a nervous man; and who finding that his estates in Ireland were not going on as they ought, went over in order to examine his agent's accounts; but on his arrival there for that purpose, the agent said to him, “Sir, I think it right to inform you that if you look over my books I shall consider it as personal:” upon which poor Mr. P—— returned frightened to Bath again.

24th. Received a letter from Miss F—— (the lady who wrote, “Come, Stella, arouse thee”): full of sorrow at my misfortune, and offering me the copyright of a volume of poems, which she has ready for publication.

25th. Dined at Bowood; company as before. Had employed the morning in look-

ing out Mr. Fox's letters from among Sheridan's papers, to take to Lord Holland. Took with me also some letters of the Prince's, in order to put some queries to him about them. After coffee, went with Lord H. to his dressing-room, and read over these letters together. Told me some curious particulars, which I have noted down elsewhere. Returned to the drawing-room and sung. Lord H. particularly pleased with "War against Babylon." Lady H. expressed a wish to me afterwards that I would write something in that style of "philosophical pathos," which she said I possessed, about the captive on the rock of St. Helena. Told me she sent him out presents every three months through Lord Bathurst, and had received two or three messages from him, acknowledging her and Lord H.'s kindness. Had got other persons too to send him something. Lord Glenbervie had sent his book; so had Lord John Russell. Talked with Lord H. of Barrow and Taylor. He said few people had read them, and laughed at the coxcombry of Jeffrey for referring always so pompously to them, though most likely as little read in them as others. I mentioned I had heard that Mr. Fox was very fond of Barrow. He said he was not aware of this; but that Lord Chatham was, and of reading "Bailey's Dictionary." I said that it was a practice of Curran's too, to read through the Dictionary. Lord H. and Lord L. said they neither of them had ever read any English grammar till Cobbett's lately. I mentioned our study of the English grammar in Ireland, and Lord Lansdowne said he could easily suppose that I had made English grammar a particular study, as he had never known any Irishman but myself who did not sometimes make mistakes about "will" and "shall." The best remarks on the use of these words he had ever seen, were in Mitford's "Harmony of Languages." A pun of Lord H.'s upon some one who praised "Trapp's Virgil," "though he knows nothing of Virgil, yet he is up to Trap." Mentioned that George Dyer\*, in despair of get-

ting any one to listen to him reading his own poetry, at last, when Dr. Graham came into the neighbourhood with his plan of burying people up to the neck in the earth, and leaving them there some hours (as a mode of cure for some disease), took advantage of the situation of these patients, and went and read to them all the while they were thus stuck in the earth. Lady Lansdowne and Lady Georgiana Morpeth fixed Tuesday to come and call upon Bessy. Slept at Bowood.

August 2nd. Bowles called in the morning. Much delighted with an article in "Blackwood's Magazine" concerning his controversy with Campbell. Told me of his having advised the poor psalm-writer (that comes to him for charity) to turn Dissenting preacher; of his rigging him out with an old black coat and breeches of his own, and saying, "There, now you are fit to preach before any one." Excellent this in a minister of the establishment. In the evening a *fête champêtre* at Salmons' near Devizes; a beautiful place, and everything gay and *riant*; a boat on the little lake, musicians playing on the island in the middle of it, tents pitched for it, &c. &c. Bessy did not go, which I was very sorry for. Walked about with Mrs. P., and danced afterwards till three o'clock. It was said that the mob of Devizes had threatened to burn the wood, this being the high fever of the election; but all was quiet.

4th. Walked to Bowood, and called at P.'s in the way. Saw Lady Lansdowne, and left with her a memorandum book of Sheridan's in which I had found Lord L.'s name down among a list of persons for some subscription. Wished to know for what purpose it was. She spoke of Lady Holland; she would not set out on a journey of a Friday for any consideration; dreadfully afraid of thunder, &c. &c. I had received, by the bye, a kind letter from her, two or three days since, inclosing one from Brougham, in which he said that Creevy, who lived a great deal with Sheridan, will be

Classics, in which he was a laborious coadjutor. He died in 1841.

\* A multifarious writer, now chiefly remembered for his connection with Valpy's editions of the

very happy to write down for me whatever anecdotes he remembers.

7th. Went with Macdonald to dine at Bowood. Company, besides ourselves, Mr. Joy and Bowles. Talked of the Princess of Wales's meditated return to England, and the probable consequences of it: whether it may not be the ambition of Lady Hertford that is stirring up the process of a divorce. Percival's book. When he sent one of the privately printed copies to Canning, the latter very prudently sent it back without breaking the seal, and said, as he was sure it would some day or other find its way to the public eye, he would not run the risk of being at all suspected of having any share in its promulgation, by keeping the copy in his possession. Lord L. told me he perfectly remembered the occasion on which he had subscribed 100*l.* for Sheridan; it was to defray the expenses of his standing for Westminster. Talked of the memorandums for speeches among S.'s papers. How different from those left among Burke's. The latter were merely memorandums of the *reasoning*, for Burke could trust the wealth of his imagination. Sheridan, on the contrary, whose imagination was slow, took notes chiefly of the *shining* parts, the figures, jokes, &c. &c. We talked of Vanini the atheist, whom, strange enough, Bowles said he had never heard of. Lord L. mentioned an anecdote (not very credible), that when this poor wretch was in the flames, he was heard to cry out "Mon Dieu! mon Dieu!" and on some one saying, "Listen to him now; he owns there is a God," Vanini answered, "Façon de parler." I mentioned his writing a letter to the Pope to say, that if he did not give him a benefice he would, in six months, overturn the whole Christian religion; and I believe he actually set about appointing twelve apostles for that purpose. I have read one book of his, and it is very dull.

10th. Lord Lansdowne called, and brought me a letter from Allen, on the subject of my going to reside at Holyrood House, about which Lady Holland wrote to me some days since. They think in Edinburgh it would protect me; and certainly, if so, it would be far preferable to the transportation of my

family to the Continent. Allen has written to Thomson of Edinburgh to inquire. Lord L. evidently wishes that I should, at all events, go in the first instance to Paris, as he is going there himself.

15th. Wrote a verse of a song to the "Garçon volage," and copied out some of my "Life of Sheridan." Dined at Bowood. Company: Lemon and Lady Charlotte, Richard Wellesley, and Sir Charles Ball. Stories of Lady Cork. I mentioned her assailing me one morning with a pitch-plaster at a rehearsal we had of a reading of "Comus," when I had alleged cold as my excuse for not taking a share in it; her proceeding to unbutton my waistcoat for the purpose of putting on the plaster; and my flying from her and taking refuge among the Bacchanals, she following with the plaster in her hand. Lord L. told of his calling upon her one morning, and finding her whole establishment assembled and in a state of bustle and important discussion. "Come in," said she, "Lord Lansdowne, come in; I am so glad you arrived at this moment; only think! the grey parrot has just laid an egg."

17th. Transcribed a little. Had a tea-drinking party, and a dance to the pianoforte in the evening; our party about sixteen. Did not separate till near three in the morning. On their drinking my health at supper, made them a short speech, alluding to the probability of my soon being obliged to leave them, which drew tears from most of the women.

18th. Dined at the Book Club at Chippenham; my first time of appearing among them since they elected me by acclamation. Made a speech after dinner, on my health being drunk, in which I eulogised book societies. Said if I wished to give a foreigner an idea of the taste and turn of thinking of the middle classes of England, I should be content to refer him to the annual list of books selected for these societies; no trash, &c. &c.; but works solid, useful, and enlightening; the labours of the historian &c. &c.; or, if sometimes they turned to reading lighter works, it was but to drink of such rich streams of fiction as that which had lately issued so



abundantly from the North,—whose source was almost as hidden as that of the Nile, but which seemed as if, like the Nile, it would flow for ever. If controversy, such controversy as that which Bowles (who was present) had lately maintained with Campbell, “where two of the first poetical champions of the day equip themselves from the shining armoury of taste, and enter the lists in a strife as gentle as it is animated,—while the pure flame of poetical feeling is seen, like that on the helmet of Diomed, issuing from the brow of each combatant during the conflict.”

19th. Called upon Lord Lansdowne, to show him the letter Allen had received from his friend Thomson, expressing no doubt whatever as to the safety of Holyrood House. Rogers, however, had told Allen that I was threatened with an Exchequer process, which he feared Holyrood would not protect me from; but I have nothing of the sort to fear. Lord L. gave me another letter he had just received from Allen for me, inclosing one from Mackintosh on the same subject. Borrowed a collection of French airs from Lady L., and began words to one in walking home,—“Love is a hunter boy.” Dined quietly at home, and transcribed in the evening. Received a letter from Lord John Russell, saying the Duke wished me to go to Woburn for a few days before our departure for Paris.

22nd. A very kind letter from Mackintosh, in which he says, “You will find in Edinburgh as many friends and admirers as even *you* could find anywhere.”

23rd. Employed in preparation for my departure. My darling Bessy bears all so sweetly, though she would give her eyes to go with me; but, please Heaven! we shall not be long asunder. Dined at home at half-past two, and dined at Bowood afterwards. Called upon Mrs. P. on my way. Mrs. Bennet arrived while I was with her. Lord L. quoted a line to the poetical Emperor of China, something like, “*Et tous les vers sont bons dans ton empire.*” Told of Lord Morley’s having engaged a governess, and afterwards found out, by his misdirecting a letter of hers which he was franking, that

she was the female orator at the British Forum. The letter was sent to Mrs. Villiers, and in it the orator gave her opinion pretty freely of the family, and mentioned the use she intended to make of the knowledge she acquired among them in her future speeches. Walked with Lord L. on the terrace in the evening. Mentioned to him my transactions with Lord Moira; his promise to me during the reign of the Whigs, that I should be one of the auditors of public accounts; my final interview and conversation with him, &c. &c. Had much talk about Lord M.’s efforts to form an administration after the failure of his negotiations with Grey and Grenville. He had gone so far as to fix with three or four to go to Carlton House to kiss hands; but Canning, who was one of them, went there in an every-day coat, as he knew he could not kiss hands without a dress one, and was resolved merely to go and see what was doing.

24th. Left Calne for town in the White Lion coach; Windham, Lady Ennismore’s brother, joined at Marlborough. Went with him, on arriving in town, to the Piazza, and had turtle and cold punch. Slept at my lodgings in Duke Street.

25th. Transcribed my “Sheridan” for Murray till one o’clock. Called at Tegar’s. Met the Duke of Leinster, and got three francs. Miss Tegar knows Cobbett’s family, and says the women are as feminine and engaging persons as can be; Miss Cobbett a particularly nice girl. Went to Power’s; and thence to Longmans’ by water. They advise my taking this opportunity to make my three months’ tour, and think the plan I have of a few Poetical Epistles from the most remarkable places would pay my expenses. Called at Drury Lane upon Ward, who promises to give me very important documents with respect to Sheridan’s theatrical concerns. Told me the skeleton of the “Forty Thieves” was Sheridan’s; then he (Ward) filled it up, and afterwards George Colman got 100*l.* for an infusion of jokes, &c. into it. Sheridan used to lie in bed all day; not for the purpose of indulging his indolence (as he wished it to be sup-

posed, and as it was supposed), but for study and preparation. Told me that once when Sheridan was routed from one house to another, and his things, I believe, sold, a collection of *gages d'amour*, locks of hair, &c., which vanity induced him to keep, were sent for safe custody to a trusty person, and left there, till, this person dying, they came into the hands of a fellow who resolved to extort money from S. and the women concerned, on the strength of them. S. consulted Ward; and the plan they adopted was to employ a Bow Street officer, make a forcible and sudden entry with pistols into the man's house, and after having gained the treasure, defy him to bring his action. Dined at the George; while at dinner received a note written by a gentleman in the room, a Mr.—, saying that finding out who I was, he could not, as a friend of Walter Scott and an admirer of poetry in general, resist the opportunity of introducing himself, and begging I would take some wine with him. Joined him after I had done dinner, and drank a bottle of claret with him. A parson and a poet himself, but not very orthodox, I suspect, in either capacity. Went to the Lyceum, and saw "Belles without Beaux," and "Amateurs and Actors." Wilkinson excellent.

26th. Received a letter from Allen, inclosing one from Thomson, which appears to me to be quite decisive as to the safety of Holyrood House. A letter too from Mackintosh inferring a *different* result of his inquiries; but he owns it is upon the authority of English lawyers, who judge more by analogy than experience. Transcribed till one o'clock. By the bye, I forget whether I have recorded what I heard from Dublin the other day, that the Bishop of Kildare (whom I know not at all), when a subscription was talked of for me, said his 50*l.* was ready; and *c'est beaucoup dire* from a bishop.

30th. Walked in, after looking over "Peter's Letters to his Kinsfolk." He says of Jeffrey's dress at some assembly, "In short he was more of a *dandy* than any great author I ever saw, always excepting Tom

Moore." Called at Heath's the engraver, to see the design Stothard has done for the second number of the "National Melodies." Love and Hope is beautiful, but Common Sense does not tell the story at all. A note from Elliston, wishing me to call upon him at Drury Lane. Went, as I had an appointment with Ward also, in order to get some papers relating to Sheridan from him. Elliston's business was to entreat me to write something for the theatre. When I mentioned the precariousness of writing for the stage, he said, "As to *success*, one cannot answer; but as to money, there shall be no precariousness; for I have such dependence upon your talents, that I will buy the piece at once from you. Name your own price, and rate yourself as you ought, among the highest." This is very flattering, but I fear the new manager is altogether too dashing. Dined with Power, and looked over music in the evening.

*An account of my travels in Italy with Lord John Russell, Chanterry the sculptor, Jackson the painter, &c.*

September 1st. Received a letter from Bessy to say that she had made up her mind to come up for a day and see me once again before my departure: delighted at this. Heard from Rogers that Lord John Russell means to go on to Greece, and would probably take me on with him from Paris. Rogers does not go. Dined at Power's at four, and went to the coach to meet Bessy at half-past six. After she had tea, took her to Astley's and saw the "high-mettled racer." Supped at home. A great effort in my dear girl to leave her little ones even for so short a time.

2nd. Received a letter from Lord John to say he will be in town this evening, and that he hopes I shall "not prefer Holyrood House with a view of Arthur's Seat, to Paris with the range of all Europe." Have at last made up my mind, and shall go with him to Paris. Bessy, too, thinks this best. In the evening walked about, and took her

place in the coach for to-morrow morning. Wrote to Lord John to say I shall accompany him.

3rd. Up at six and saw my darling girl off in the coach. God send I may meet her again in health and in happiness. A nobler hearted creature never breathed! Called upon Lord John, and settled to be off to-morrow morning at seven. Arranged my money supplies with the Longmans, who are guarantees for me to Hammersley for a letter of credit to the amount of 400*l*. Lord John gave me a message from the Duke that he will be happy to take me across in his packet on Sunday morning.

Saturday 4th. Set off with Lord John in his carriage at seven; breakfasted, and arrived at Dover to dinner at seven o'clock; the journey very agreeable. Lord John mild and sensible; took off Talma very well. Mentioned Buonaparte having instructed Talma in the part of Nero; correcting him for being in such a bustle in giving his orders, and telling him that they ought to be given calmly, as coming from a person used to sovereignty. Told me an epigram of Lord Holland's, on one of the two candidates for Bedfordshire saying in his address, that the memory of his struggle would exist to the end of time:

"When this earth to the work of destruction shall bend,

And the seasons be ceasing to roll,  
How surprised will old Time be to see, at his end,  
The state of the Bedfordshire poll!"

I quoted the following on Cæsar Colclough's taking boat at Luggelaw to follow the hounds:

"*Cæsarem vehis et fortunam.*"

"When meaner souls the tempest struck with awe,  
Undaunted Colclough cross'd at Luggelaw;  
And said to boatmen, shivering in their rage,  
'You carry Cæsar and his — saddle-bags!'"

Talked a good deal of politics. Lord John much more moderate in his opposition than the Duke and Lord Tavistock. The Duke and Duchess arrived about an hour or two after us; drank tea with them.

5th. Breakfasted with the Duke and

Duchess, and sailed at ten: rough but quick passage. Got to Calais at one. Woolriche, who goes as the Duke's physician, made one of the party. All dined together at Quillac's, and in the evening Woolriche and I went to the *spectacle*.

6th. Breakfasted with the Duke and Duchess and took leave of them: they are going for the Rhine. A good deal of conversation on the way. By the bye, the Duke mentioned at breakfast a good story Sheridan used to tell of one of his constituents (I believe) saying to him "Oh sir! things cannot go on in this way; there *must* be a reform; we, poor electors, are not paid properly at all." Lord John mentioned Mr. Fox's speech on the Scrutiny as full of legal knowledge and argument. A good *mot* (of Madame de Coigny's, I believe) about some woman who had red hair and all its attendant ill consequences, and of whom some one said that she was very virtuous: "*Oui, elle est comme Samson, elle a toutes ses forces dans ses cheveux.*" Madame de Coigny has a very bad voice; she said once, "*Je n'ai qu'une voix contre moi—c'est la mienne.*" Got on to Abbeville, where we slept.

7th. Breakfasted at a wretched house at Picquigny: arrived at Chantilly before eight in the evening, where we dined. Lord John talks of staying a fortnight at Paris, having to consult Barillon's papers for a second edition of his "*Life of Lord Russell.*" Haute-rive, who has the care of these papers, was very uncivil to him on a former occasion when he applied for a sight of them. The same person refused to let Mackintosh see some papers for his history, and afterwards boasted to the Duke of Wellington of his having done so. Upon the Duke replying that he thought Mackintosh *might* have been allowed to see them, this fellow said, "*Mais, milord, il va écrire une histoire Whig, et moi je suis Monarchique, et vous aussi.*" Lord John will, after a fortnight's stay, take me over the Alps; but he goes by Mont Cenis, on his way to Genoa, so that I shall lose the sight of the Simplon, which will be impassable on my return. Slept at Chantilly.

8th. Arrived at Paris between two and

three o'clock: went to the Hotel Breteuil, and took the same rooms Rogers and I were in two years ago, with the addition of another bedroom, for which, between us, we pay eight napoleons a week.

10th. Went to the Théâtre Français to see Mdlle. Mars in the "Misanthrope" and "Les Étourdis," but got squeezed down nearly under the stage, and saw only a scene or two, but those were admirable. The scandal scene, where they all sit to cut up characters, which certainly, one would think, had given the hint to Sheridan, and Cellinene's retort upon Arsinoé (I think), the Mrs. Candour of the piece. Not able to stand the pressure: went off to the Opera, to a box which Lord Auckland had, and sat by a pretty little girl, Miss Herbert: the pieces, my old friend "Anacreon chez Polycrète" and "Flore et Zephyre." Lord Lansdowne mentioned at dinner the practice which they have in Ava of annually squirting water at each other,—king, court, and all. Lord John to-day mentioned that Sydney Smith told him he had had an intention once of writing a book of maxims, but never got further than the following: "That generally towards the age of forty, women get tired of being virtuous, and men of being honest."

11th. Went to see the Exposition of the year at the Louvre. The pictures strike me as not very good, but I yield to the opinion of others. William Locke (who, though an ultra-Fuseli in his taste, knows a good deal of the art) says the French artists are making great progress; and Comerford, the painter, whom I met to-day at the Louvre, praises their historical pictures most warmly. Called afterwards at Galignani's: had already purchased, for forty francs, his complete edition of my works, in six volumes. Cruel kindness this, to rake up all the rubbish I have ever written in my life—good, bad, and indifferent; it makes me ill to look at it. Went to Lafitte's for money, and found a long-wished-for letter from my darling Bessy. Dined with the Rancliffes, Lady Adelaide Forbes, Lord John, and Mrs Villiers. The fashion now, it seems, among Frenchwomen is politics: they talk of passing the greater

part of the morning at the Chambre des Députés, instead of at a milliner's, &c. &c.

12th. Went, at a little after eleven, to the cemetery of Père la Chaise, and have seldom been more affected than I was at this very interesting place, which throws a sort of charm over death, and is highly creditable to the domestic feelings of the French. The inscriptions, some of them, most simple and touching. Molière and La Fontaine's tombs are near each other, but not decorated or *soignés*. I did not see Ney's nor Labédoyère's: the name of the former, I hear, is effaced, and it is only to be found out with the assistance of the *concierge*. The tomb of the Isabeys is remarkable. Afterwards went to the great fête at St. Cloud: a large party of us; the Lansdownes, Macdonalds, Lord Auckland, Fielding (Lady Elizabeth's husband), and Mrs. and Miss Herbert. Nothing could be gayer than this fête, and one of the *jets d'eau* was quite sublime.

14th. Lord John mentioned that Lord Holland once kept a journal for a week of the conversations at Holland House, and that he reads it himself with much effect, being such an excellent mimic. Grattan was a principal person in the conversations. Buonaparte said to one of his servile flatterers, who was proposing to him a plan for remodelling the Institute, "*Laissons, au moins, la République des lettres.*"

16th. Voltaire listening to an author, who was reading to him his comedy and said, "*Ici le Chevalier rit,*" exclaimed, "*Il est bien heureux!*"

18th. Left Paris at eleven, and arrived at Fontainebleau to dinner. Went to see the château. The table on which Buonaparte signed his abdication still shown, with the marks of his penknife which he dug into it. The old fellow who showed us the gardens (which were laid out in their present style by Nap.) told us the name of the place was taken from a dog of the name of "Bleau," who found out the spring of the stream that runs through it: showed us the court where Nap. took leave of his guards, which the old fellow described with much animation. Saw the theatre. and thought of Rousseau, &c.

Had read the "Le Lépreux de la Cité d'Aoste" \* in coming along ; very interesting and melancholy.

19th. Breakfasted at Villeneuve [-le-Guiard]; dined at Joigny; slept at Tonnerre. Began to-day "Luther's Life," by Bower. Had great difficulty in lighting our fire at night at Tonnerre. I said the wood was like the houses at Paris, *assuré contre l'incendie*.

20th. Breakfasted before we set out; lunched at Villeneuve, and slept at Dijon; passed through Montbard, where Buffon's house is. Finished "Luther's Life."

21st. Dined at Poligny, and slept at Champagnole: this last a wretched inn. Anecdotes on the way. It was said of Lord Eldon and Leach, that one was *Oyer sans terminer*, and the other *Terminer sans oyer*. Of a translator from the German and the book he translated Benjamin Constant said, "*Il l'a fait sortir de l'Allemand, sans le faire entrer dans le Français.*"

22nd. Ascended the Jura: delighted with the fine winding road up these prodigious steeps, and the wild and singular scenery around. Anxious to arrive early enough for the grand view of the Lake of Geneva, between La Vattay and Gex; were detained at Les Rousses, on account of the horses having been bespoke for a Russian prince. When we arrived at La Vattay, Lord John and I walked on, as the sun was getting very low. It was just on the point of sinking when I ran on by myself, and at the turn of the road caught a sight of the stupendous Mont Blanc. It is impossible to describe what I felt. I ran like lightning down the steep road that led towards it, with my glass to my eye, and uttering exclamations of wonder at every step. Ten minutes later and I should have lost all the glory of the prospect. Lord John joined me, and we walked on to Gex, where the carriage overtook us. Thence to Geneva, to a very excellent inn out of the town, called the Sècheron. Lord J. mentioned that the last night we were at Paris he sat near a man

at the Théâtre Français, who was very much discontented at the way in which the play ("Cinna") was acted, and on the following line being spoken, "*Ou laissez-moi périr, ou laissez-moi regner,*" he exclaimed, "*Ou laissez-moi siffler, ou laissez-moi sortir.*"

23rd. Took a char-à-banc, and went to call on Dumont (the translator of Jeremy Bentham), in La Rue Chaudronnière: found he was at the country seat of M. Duval. This being on our way to Ferney, proceeded thither. Beautiful spot: the country here all so rich and so comfortably laid out; in short, so like England, with the addition of the romantic to the comfortable—a rare mixture. Went from Dumont on our pilgrimage to Ferney: the engravings of eminent men in the bed-chamber: the portrait of the Marquise de Chatelet, not at all handsome: the place in the chapel where Voltaire used to sit; his inscription, *Deo erexit Voltaire*, effaced at the Revolution. Went through the garden, the walk which he planted. The *ferme* at a little distance, occupied by M. Mallet, *un homme de lettres*, who has raised a sort of cenotaph to Voltaire, with the inscription, *Au chanteur du Père des Bourbons, et au fondateur de Ferney*. There are also various little inscriptions and papers drawn up by this gentleman, which the gardener shows: in one of them it is mentioned, as a proof of Voltaire's humanity, that he always wore mourning on the anniversary of the Massacre of St. Bartholomew, and actually always *had a fever* on that day: the paper, however, contains numerous proofs of V.'s benevolence. Saw afterwards Voltaire's study cap, embroidered for him by Madame Denis, and the book in which he had pasted the seals of his different correspondents, with their names, in his own handwriting, and terms of reproach annexed to some, as *fou de Lyon*. By the bye, in his bedroom was a profile of the Empress of Russia worked for him with her own hands. M. Budé is the present possessor of the place; it belonged to his family before Voltaire had it. On our return saw Mont Blanc, with its attendant mountains in the fullest glory, the rosy light shed on them

\* By M. Xavier de Maistra, lately deceased.

by the setting sun, and their peaks rising so brightly behind the dark rocks in front, as if they belonged to some better world, or as if Astræa was just then leaving the glory of her last footsteps on their summits; nothing was ever so grand and beautiful.

24th. Dumont called on us at eleven to take us to the library: on the way he told us the standing army of Geneva was 350 men, and that he had proved in the Assembly that it was, in proportion, the largest army in Europe, except that of Russia: this is excellent. The library small, and richest in the theological part; many original portraits; those of Descartes, Erasmus, Calvin, Charles I. very striking; also one of M. Bonnet. Some of the manuscripts curious; one particularly, upon black wax—an "Account of the Expenses of Philippe le Bel," which some Monsieur Cramer deciphered with wonderful patience, copied out, and filled up its *lacunæ*. The same M. Cramer made a calculation of the space that the animals and the food requisite for them took up in Noah's ark, and found out that there was more room than they wanted. The head of M. Bonnet has much active and intense thought thrown into it. We saw Voltaire's first residence in Geneva, Les Délices; see his epistle from thence. M. Mallet, who lives at the *ferme*, is a judge, certainly not of poetry, if one may judge from his own. Walked alone into the town; bought a book about Ranz des Vaches, and saw at the shop where I bought it, a letter of Buonaparte's, written in '86, requesting a bookseller to send him the Memoirs of Madame de Warens and Claude Anet, and some works about Corsica. Met General and Mrs. Cumming: he told me of a sentinel running with fixed bayonet at the driver of his char-à-banc for daring to *trot* past the town-hall; said this was the most arbitrary government in Europe. Another wise Englishman standing by said, "If you knocked a man down here you would be imprisoned for three days," and seemed to think it a very hard case. Lord John dined with his uncle, Lord William, who has a house near the town, called Mont Brillant. I dined

alone at the inn, and joined him there at coffee. Went alone to the play, and was a good deal amused. A box appropriated, with chairs and an additional cushion, to the Syndics; strange old quizzes.

25th. Walked with Lord J. about Geneva; dined with Lord William, and set off in the evening for Thonon, where we slept.

26th. Travelled by the side of the lake: the view all along delicious: saw Diodati, the house which Lord Byron had, Meillerie, Chillon, &c. Slept at Sion.

27th. Arrived at Brieg, at the foot of the Simplon; an oriental looking little place, with its spires and towers. Ascended the Simplon, which baffles all description. A road, carried up into the very clouds, over torrents and precipices; nothing was ever like it. At the last stage, before we reached the barrier on the summit, walked on by myself, and saw such a scene by sunset as I shall never forget. That mighty panorama of the Alps, whose summits there, indistinctly seen, looked like the tops of gigantic waves, following close upon each other; the soft lights falling on those green spots which cultivation has conjured up in the midst of this wild scene; the pointed top of the Jungfrau, whose snows were then pink with the setting sun; all was magnificent to a degree that quite overpowered me, and I alternately shuddered and shed tears as I looked upon it. Just, too, as we arrived near the snows on the very summit, the moon rose beautifully over them, and gave a new sort of glory to the scene. Slept at the Hôtel of the Simplon.

28th. Descended the Simplon; new wonders; the torrent here the finest feature; the bridges thrown over it, and the galleries cut through the solid rock. All grand beyond description. The weather too most exquisite, and the soft balmy sun of Italy coming upon us so sweetly as we approached Domo d'Ossola; the rocks clothed with different trees from those we had left; chestnut and beech, and little streams glistening like silver down their sides. Reached Baveno between three and four; took a boat, and went on the

Lago Maggiore to visit the Isola Madre and Isola Bella: the garden on the former (where only the gardener resides) very pretty. The palace of Count Borromeo on Isola Bella curious, and some of the rooms, particularly the Salone di Ballo, tasteful and splendid, but the gardens in wretched taste. Returned to the inn to dinner. In the evening walked out by moonlight, and heard on one side the sound of oars upon the lake, and on the other a wild sort of Ranz des Vaches played interruptedly by a horn among the mountains. Galignani says the rhododendron grows in the highest part of the Alps, and is thence called the Rose of the Alps. Must inquire about the pink snow at Spitzbergen, the colour of which, Lord John says, is caused by some herb or flower that grows in it. Slept at Baveno.

29th. Took a char-à-banc and drove to the Lake of Orta, about eight miles from Baveno. Went in a boat on the lake, which is smaller, more rural and secluded than the Lago Maggiore. Our boatman yesterday well described the latter as *più mercantante*; an appearance which the Isola dei Pescatori particularly gives it. Landed at Orta, which stands at the foot of the Sacro Monte, on which there is a church, monastery, &c. There happened to be a fair or *mercato* at Orta, which made the scene very gay; boats full of peasants, &c.; the women with picturesque straw hats; the priests walking among them, &c. &c. The Isola di San Giulio opposite Orta. Many miracles still performed at both those places, according to the authority of our boatmen. Returned to Baveno to dinner, meaning to cross over to Laveno, for the purpose of going by that way to Como, but the only boat large enough to take the carriage was already gone to Laveno. Ordered horses therefore, and went on to Arona through Belgirate, all by the side of the lake, which in the bright moonlight looked most beautiful. We were quite in time for the vintage, as the grapes are still in abundance upon the branches, and all the picturesque work of gathering is going on; the baskets, the ladders against the trees, &c. The only pretty Italian girl I have yet seen

was one this evening, bending under a large basket of grapes. Slept at Arona; got but a glimpse of the colossal statue of San Carlo Borromeo in coming into the town.

30th. Left Arona early, crossed the ferry at Sesto, and arrived at Como between two and three; had luncheon and some of the vin-du-pays, which was very good, and then went in a boat upon the lake. Saw the Princess of Wales's house, which she has now sold to the banker whom Forsyth mentions, Torlonia, that has been made a duke. Como thickly inhabited all around, and with much air of business, but nothing to compare in beauty (as far as we saw it) with either of the other lakes. The boatmen told us it was fifty-two miles long, and to see it properly, one ought to go as far as Cadenabbia; but we merely went as far as Pliniana, and saw the spring that Pliny has described as rising three times a-day; then stopped at Villa Tansi, where Lord Sandwich and several other English have lived (at present in the possession of a Mr. Locke), and saw the garden, which is very pretty, and a grotto, like all other grottos (as Dr. Johnson says) "fit for a toad."

October 1st. Left Como at nine, and arrived at Milan between two and three. Passed on the way the splendid villa, called Monte Bello, where (Galignani says) the treaty of Campo Formio was signed. Went to the banker's and the post-office; but no letter from home. Dined with Lord Kinnaid: company, Silvertop, and a Colonel Browne, attached to our embassy at Vienna. Two Englishmen were robbed the other evening coming into Milan: nothing but robberies in the environs, and the police will give no assistance to apprehend the robbers. The fact is, Kinnaid says, the police is managed by contract, and they go to as little expense of course as they can. Colonel Browne mentioned the great wealth of Esterhazy, I think 400,000*l.* sterling a-year. The condition of its tenure is, that every Esterhazy shall add 80,000*l.* worth of jewels to the family stock; accordingly the accumulation is immense. Colonel Browne saw Esterhazy and his wife at a ball, when they

each had jewels about them to the amount of 500,000*l*.

October 2nd. Went to the Biblioteca Ambrosiana; the "Study for the School of Athens," by Raphael, original: most of the pictures copies. Saw the MS. Virgil of Petrarch, with his notes, and a professed autograph in the blank leaf respecting Laura; some think this fabricated: must see his life, &c. This Virgil bound by Buonaparte with several Ns on the back. Saw also the MSS. of the second and third century from which Mai\*, the present librarian, has taken fac-similes in his editions of Cicero, the Codex pictus of Homer, &c. &c. Many eminent men have been librarians here,—Tiraboschi, Muratori, Branchi, &c. Six thousand manuscripts in it. Went to the Brera: some fine pictures; particularly one by Guercino, of Abraham and Agar; by far the most striking picture I ever saw. Never did any woman cry more beautifully than Agar, and the hope that lingers still amidst her sorrow is deeply affecting; in short it attains the *si vis me flere* effectually, and brought the tears into my eyes as I looked at it. A picture here by Raphael in his early manner, and one in the same room by Perugino; a very sweet picture by Albano, near that of Guercino's.

5th. Left Milan in my crazy little calèche, which Lord J.'s servant (now that he has advised me to buy it) begins to croak about. Very sorry to part with Lord J., and am glad to see he regrets it too. Started at half-past-eight, and got to Brescia (by way of Bergamo), before seven. Went to the inn at the post; bad and roguish; a wretched dinner. Afterwards to the theatre, which is, like all I have yet seen, large and handsome; medallions of celebrated men, all up the boxes on the stage; could distinguish the names of Metastasio and Casti. Knew neither the subject of the comedy, nor the actors. One of the latter, a fat man, very energetic, and, as far as I could judge, clever. The fun of one of the characters was repeat-

\* This distinguished man, who discovered the Palimpsest of Cicero's Treatise "De Republica," died Sept. 8, 1854.

ing periodically over and over the three following answers to the questions asked him, "*Capisco*," "*Giu*," and "*Sì, Signora*." Dreadful thunder, lightning, and rain, when I returned to go to bed.

6th. Called at five, but thought it was raining a deluge and went to sleep again; found afterwards it was only a fountain in the yard; beautiful morning. Started at half-past ten. Two most precious rogues the waiters here: yesterday, being my first day of managing for myself, I find I overpaid the post-boys; but one must pay to learn. Went along the fine lake Di Garda, and saw the Sermione of Catullus at the opposite side, where is shown what they call his grotto. Arrived at Verona before two; went and saw the Anfiteatro; saw the arch of Gallienus, and the peristyle to the theatre of Palladio, with Maffei's very curious collection of antiques. Dined at a very good inn, the Two Towers, and set off again at a quarter before three. Delicious evening; truly Italian; all the colours of the prism in the sky at sunset. Arrived at Vicenza at the Capello Rosso, at half-past seven; walked about the town by moonlight.

7th. Did not leave Vicenza till seven; arrived at Padua about ten; took a *servitore di piazza*, and went to see the churches, &c. Left Padua at twelve, and arrived at Lord Byron's country house, La Mira, near Fusina, at two. He was but just up and in his bath; soon came down to me; first time we have met these five years; grown fat, which spoils the picturesqueness of his head. The Countess Guiccioli, whom he followed to Ravenna, came from thence with him to Venice by the consent, it appears, of her husband. Found him in high spirits and full of his usual frolicsome gaiety. He insisted upon my making use of his house at Venice while I stay, but could not himself leave the Guiccioli. He drest, and we set off together in my carriage for Venice; a glorious sunset when we embarked at Fusina in a gondola, and the view of Venice and the distant Alps (some of which had snow on them, reddening with the last light) was magnificent; but my companion's conversation, which,



though highly ludicrous and amusing, was anything but romantic, threw my mind and imagination into a mood not at all agreeing with the scene. Arrived at his palazzo on the Grand Canal, (he having first made the gondolier row round in order to give me a sight of the Piazzetta,) where he gave orders with the utmost anxiety and good nature for my accommodation, and dispatched persons in search of a *laquais de place*, and his friend Mr. Scott, to give me in charge to. No Opera this evening. He ordered dinner from a *traiteur's*, and stopped to dine with me. Had much curious conversation with him about his wife before Scott arrived. He has written his memoirs, and is continuing them; thinks of going and purchasing lands under the Patriotic Government in South America. Much talk about Don Juan; he is writing a third canto; the Duke of Wellington; his taking so much money; gives instances of disinterested men, Epaminondas, &c. &c. down to Pitt himself, who,

"As minister of state, is  
Renown'd for ruining Great Britain gratis."

At nine o'clock he set off to return to La Mira, and I went with Mr. Scott to two theatres; at the first a comedy, "*Il prigionero de Newgate*," translated from the French; at the second, a tragedy of Alfieri, "*Ottavia*;" actors all disagreeable. Forgot to mention that Byron introduced me to his Countess before we left La Mira: she is a blonde and young; married only about a year, but not very pretty.

8th. Sallied out with Mr. Scott and the *laquais* to see sights. Went to the churches Della Salute and Del Redentore, and of S. Giorgio Maggiore, &c. &c. The pictures, I take for granted, very fine, but the subjects so eternally the same and so uninteresting, that I, who have no eye for the niceties of the execution, neither can enjoy them, nor affect to enjoy them. The only things that very much delighted me were four children at the corners of a ceiling in the Ducal Palace, by Paul Veronese, and some of the monuments of the Lombardi, in which there are some very graceful classical figures. There is also a Grecian orator in the court, one of

four, brought (I think) from Constantinople, which strikes me as fine. Saw the library of St. Mark, which is a magnificent room, and the mixture of the marbles and the books gives it a most imposing and Grecian look. The Leda and Jupiter a beautiful thing. Among the portraits of the Doges, in the library, there is a blank left for that of Falliero, who, after his eightieth year, conspired against his country, on account of an insult he received. Instead of his portrait are the words, *Locus Marini Falleri decapitati pro criminibus*. Must examine his history. Lord B. meant to write a tragedy on this subject; he went to one of the churches to look for his tomb, and thought he trod upon it on entering, which affected his mind very much; but it was a tomb of one of the Valeri. B. very superstitious; won't begin anything on a Friday. The Piazzetta of St. Mark, with its extraordinary Ducal Palace, and the fantastical church, and the gaudy clock opposite, altogether makes a most barbaric appearance. The mint opposite the palace; the architecture certainly chaste and elegant. The disenchantment one meets with at Venice,—the Rialto so mean—the canals so stinking! Lord B. came up to town at six o'clock, and he and I dined with Scott at the Pellegrino: showed us a letter which his Countess had just received from her husband, in which, without a word of allusion to the way in which she is living with B., he makes some proposal with respect to money of B.'s being invested in his hands, as a thing advantageous to both; a fine specimen of an Italian husband.

9th. Went with Scott and my *laquais* to the Giovanni Palace. The things that struck me were the Marcus Agrippa in the court, the Greek statue of an orator in one of the rooms, and a Cupid of Guido's. Dined with Lord B. at the Pellegrino. What the husband wants is for Lord B. to lend him 1000*l.* at five per cent.; that is, give it to him; though he talks of giving security, and says in any other way it would be an *avvilimento* to him! Scott joined us in the evening, and brought me a copy of the Italian translation of "*Lalla*

Rookh." Lord B., Scott says, getting fond of money: he keeps a box into which he occasionally puts sequins; he has now collected about 300, and his great delight, Scott tells me, is to open the box, and contemplate his store. Went with Scott to the Opera; "I Baccanali di Roma." Malanotte played a man's part. Scott showed me a woman, whom Buonaparte pronounced to be the finest woman in Venice, and the Venetians, not agreeing with him, call *La Bella per Decreto*, adding (as all the decrees begin with *Considerando*) *ma senza il Considerando*.

10th. Went to St. Mark's to mass, but it was over; thence to the Island, where the monastery of Armenian monks is; very neat, and the situation beautiful; they have a good press, and print Armenian books here. Returned and walked in the Piazza, where there was a monstrous show of women, but hardly one pretty. Went to the Academia; a cast of Canova's Hebe delicious; the original is not to be seen, being packed up. Went at half-past five to the Pietá, an institution for foundlings, and heard sacred music, instrumental and otherwise, by a band of girls, playing violins, violoncellos, horns, &c. &c. Lord B., Scott, and I dined at the Pellegrino; before we went Lord B. read me what he has done of the third canto of "Don Juan." In the evening all went to the Opera together, and from thence at twelve o'clock to a sort of public-house, to drink hot punch; forming a strange contrast to a dirty cobbler, whom we saw in a nice room delicately eating ice. Lord B. took me home in his gondola at two o'clock; a beautiful moonlight, and the reflection of the palaces in the water, and the stillness and grandeur of the whole scene (deprived as it was of its deformities by the dimness of the light) gave a nobler idea of Venice than I had yet had.

11th. Went to the Manfrini Palace; a noble collection of pictures; the Three Heads by Giorgione, and his Woman playing a Guitar, very beautiful, particularly the female head in the former picture. The Sibilla of Gennaro still more beautiful. Two heads

by Carlo Dolce very fine, and Guido's contest between Apollo and Pam exquisite; the enthusiasm of Apollo's head, as he plays, quite divine. The Lucretia of Guido beautiful. Left Venice at one o'clock, and got to Lord Byron's at three; a handsome dinner ready for me. Saw the Countess again, who looked prettier than she did the first time. Guiccioli is her name, *nata Gamba*. Lord B. came on with me to Stra, where we parted. He has given me his Memoirs to make what use I please of them. Arrived at Padua at seven.

12th. Left Padua at six, and arrived at Ferrara (contrary to what I was told, that it would take me ten hours) at a quarter before three. Took a laquais and went first to a church where there were some pictures by Benvenuto, thence to the University; the library very fine; the illuminated MSS. most precious and curious. Saw the chairs and inkstand of Ariosto, his handwriting, and the Orlando: MS. copy of Tasso's "Jerusalem;" also Guarini's own copy of the "Pastor Fido:" one room of the library allotted to the Editiones Principes. The tomb of Ariosto is at the University. Went to St. Anne's. Tasso's prison is a good deal altered; the grated window is the same, but there is but little of the real door left. Saw Ariosto's house; some things there in very good preservation, and they have cased the door of his room in order to preserve it. Saw the chateau of the Villa family, the Strozzi, &c. all looking ruinous and deserted. Returned to the inn, and passed a very very gloomy evening (the rain preventing me from going to the theatre), wishing myself at home at my own dear cottage, with that dear wife and children who alone make me truly happy. Read a good deal of Lord B.'s Memoirs.

13th. Got up after a famous night's sleep in better spirits, which were however not improved by a charge which a cursed *fabbro* made for mending my carriage. He came into the room, after I had breakfasted, with a piece of rotten wood in his hand, which at first I almost fancied a bit of the door of Tasso's prison, but which proved to be a fragment

taken out of one of my wheels. Four Napoleons was what he asked, and after spending all my Italian in squabbling with him, I was obliged to give three and a-half. Started at nine, and after allowing the postilion to take the water in the last post (instead of passing by the boat), which was not very prudent, and which he risked to gain the passage-money, I arrived at Bologna at two o'clock; the Pellegrino; got a laquais, saw the cathedral, and thence to the Academy, where there are to be sure some divine pictures, particularly the "Slaughter of the Innocents," by Guido, in which the faces and attitudes of the mothers are beyond anything beautiful and expressive. Two pictures of Domenichino too, the "Persecution of the Christians under the Albigenses" (I think)\* and the "Martyrdom of St. Agnes" are admirable; particularly the former, in which the figures of a youth and girl (with a family resemblance to each other) clinging together amid the massacre are full of beauty. There is also a picture by Raphael of St. Cecilia, in which the female figures are particularly graceful. Went to the churches of St. Peter and Paul, of St. Paul, of the Dominicans (where Guido is buried), and where there is a statue of an angel on one of the altars, said to be by Michael Angelo, of the Corpus Domini, where I saw the body of St. Catherine as it has remained, skin and all, perfect (though it is, I believe, 300 years and more since she died), and dressed and seated up in a most ridiculously frightful manner. The skin of the face and head are quite black. Saw the Neptune of Bronze in a fountain in the Gran Piazza. Jackson says this is a figure built up of muscle; the figures around him are females with syren tails; they have been, however, long out of order and dried up. Got a good dinner at my *locanda*, which is a very excellent one, and went in the evening to the Opera: "La Gazza Ladra," by Rossini: the Prima Donna who acted the *Maid* was Amati; a pretty, fat,

good humoured-looking woman, but no great singer. Asked my way to the Gran Torre (which was my landmark), as I came home, of a gentleman, who very civilly accompanied me: had some conversation with him. He said Rossini was *sempre quello*, and imitates himself in everything: mentioned some English he had known, among others Lady Sophia Marescotti, who is here now, but lives much in the country. Told me some people had been assassinated lately by *ladri* on the Roman road; a bad hearing this for me. A little astonished this evening at hearing an ostler sing in the yard, "Di tanti palpiti."

14th. Went out at nine; first to the Casa Rossi, where there is a delicious picture by Correggio, of the "Marriage of St. Catherine;" the beauty and bridal modesty of the young saint, and the eagerness of the child, very striking; a number of Carlo Cignani's here. Then went to the Marescalchi Gallery, a large collection; two or three Michael Angelos and a fine Correggio, but not so fine as that of the Rossi. Then to the University, the wax anatomy, natural history, magnificent library, &c. A good many persons at the same time seeing it, among whom was a Greek woman (dressed in all the richest costume of her country), with her daughter, rather an attractive sort of person, attended by a courier (the courier of the King of Naples), sent by a great Neapolitan banker, to conduct to him this girl, whom he is about to marry. She has been six years at a collegio at Vienna, where he met her: all this I learned from my *domestico*. I walked out to the cemetery, which was made in the time of the French here; rather a trumpery place. Saw the monuments that were brought here when the different churches were destroyed; among them Picus Mirandola. In one place the skulls of the Capuchins, that were found ranged in apple-pie order, with the name of the proprietor of each skull labelled on the forehead (Gall). Saw the Chartreux church here; every one of the priesthood a chapel and altar to himself. The number of ridiculous, grotesque images of Christs, Madonnas, &c. in these

\* This must be the Martyrdom of St. Peter, the Dominican. See Murray's Handbook.

chapels is quite overwhelming; some black Madonnas, very ancient the guide said. Banti the singer is buried in the cemetery. There is a *portico* like that to the Madonna of San Luca, building by contribution of all classes in Bologna, to lead to the cemetery. Went to the gate, which is erected halfway on the portico, that goes to San Luca; a fine thing this portico, three miles in length. The view from it (as I returned towards the town) of the villas on the sides of the hills, and the church of the Madonna towering above them all at the top, was very beautiful. After dinner went to the Commedia; a wretched set; the play the same I saw at Brescia; and after it a ball; such a ball!

15th. Set off from Bologna at nine and arrived at Covigliaio between five and six; sorry that I did not set off at four or five and do it all through to Florence in the day. Two great English cavalcades on the road (Sir W. Drummond's and Howard's), owing to which I came in for a wretched garret at Covigliaio. Read on my way some of "Goldoni's Memoirs," which I took away from Lord Byron's library, leaving him an "Ariosto" I bought at Milan in their stead; and, by the bye, have left the first volume behind me at Ferrara. His little notices of Venice interest me now that I have been there, particularly his coming out into the Place of St. Mark to look for some mask that would suggest a plan of a comedy to him, and his meeting with an Armenian. I must buy his comedies at Florence. This puts me in mind of Lord Byron saying to me the other day, "What do you think of Snakespeare, Moore? I think him a damned humbug." Not the first time I have heard him speak slightly of Shakspeare. Among my epistles from Italy must be one on the exaggeration of travellers, and the false colouring given both by them and by drawings to the places they describe and represent. Another upon painting; the cant of connoisseurs; the contempt artists have for them. To a real lover of nature the sight of a pretty woman, or a fine prospect, beyond the best painted pictures of them in the world. Give, however, the due admiration to the *chefs-d'œuvre* of art,

of Guido, Titian, Guercino, &c. Mention the tiresome sameness of the subjects on which the great masters employed themselves; how refreshing a bit of paganism is after their eternal Madonnas, St. Francis, &c.; Magdalen my favourite saint. Introduce in a note the discussions about the three Marys. Another epistle must touch upon the difference between the Italian women and the German in love; more of *physique* in the feelings of the former: the Italian would kill herself for a living lover, whom she would forget if he died; the German would pine away for a dead one. The senses of the latter are reached through her imagination (as is the case very much with the English-woman), but the imagination of the Italian woman is kindled through her senses, &c. &c.

16th. Left Covigliaio at near half after six, and arrived at Florence about half past eleven. The view of the sun rising over those hills was very splendid; the top of the one on which he rested seemed all gold; there could not be a finer morning for a first view of Florence. Read my Guides and Forsyth as I came along. Forsyth always clever, but one does not like the *man* much; for a little while he is very agreeable, but at last he produces the same effect as a fastidious and dictatorial talker in society, who aims at the *striking* in all he says. The slip-slop in Galignani very amusing. One of the curiosities in Florence, he tells us, is "a picture, painted by himself, of Jesus Christ" — "himself" really meaning Michael Angelo. He says also, "the face of this bust (Magliabecchi's), like *that of its original*, is by no means *flattering*." Went to Schneider's hotel; got a very nice bedroom and a *laquais de place*. As soon as I was dressed, went to the gallery, and in a few minutes was in the presence of the wonder of the world, the Medicean Venus. The form was so familiar to my eye, that I cannot say I was much struck by it. I mean I was not critic enough to discover the difference between the original and the copies, so as to give any new elevation to my mind at the sight of it, though it is an object I could look at for ever; and there is, after

all, something in seeing the original emanation of the artist's mind, which, upon reflection, enhances considerably the enjoyment of its beauties. But for the first impulse, those of the statues, with which I was less acquainted, gave me more pleasure, or, rather, interest; for instance, the Young Apollo, the Venus Genetrix. Titian's Venuses, perhaps for the same reason, did not much inspire me; they had become hackneyed to me by copies; I knew every bit of them by heart. These, however, are things I must not say to the connoisseur. Then went to the Cascine, a public drive and walk by the Arno. Returned to town by the footpath along the river, which is a delightful walk. The sun was setting; before me lay Florence, looking as it did when Charles V. said it was fit only to be seen upon holidays; on my left was Fiesole, with that sort of rosy light of sunset upon it, which I have never seen so rosy as in Italy; and when I turned my head, there were the mountains of Lucca behind me. Dined at the inn alone; a dinner splendid enough to make up for ten times worse than I had yesterday. Walked a little in the evening, and to bed early. I forgot to mention that the Massacre of the Innocents, by Daniel de Volterra, affected me as much as the subject always does.

17th. Went with Camac to see Sir Charles and Lady Morgan; her success everywhere astonishing. Camac was last night at the Countess of Albany's (the Pretender's wife and Alfieri's), and saw Lady Morgan there in the seat of honour, quite the queen of the room. Capponi too, one of the great men of Florence, sent an order from Genoa, to have apartments at the house of his *homme d'affaires* ready for her on her arrival here. From thence to the church of the Annunziata: heard mass sung, which was very fine. Whether it be my popish blood or my poetical feelings, nothing gives me more delight than the "pomp and circumstance" of a mass in so grand a church, accompanied by fine music and surrounded by such statuary and such paintings; it is a most elevating spectacle. After mass looked at the rich chapel of the Virgin in this church, where

everything is silver; the most costly lamps, &c., and over the altar is the miraculous picture of the Annunciation of the Virgin, of which it is told that when Fra Bartolomeo was painting it, having finished the angel and all but the face of the Virgin, which he despaired of doing well enough, he fell asleep, and on waking found the *Volto divino* ready done to his hand. Anxious to have a look at this divine picture, I asked my laquais could it be seen; but he said very gravely that it would not do to expose the *Volto divino* always, and that it is only uncovered upon particular exigencies, as when rain is wanted, or sovereigns command it, as was the case lately. On one of the altars I saw to-day, which was surmounted by a fine bronze figure by John of Bologna, there were immediately under two china Cupids of *terra invetriata*, with gold wings and gold hair. This mixture of good and bad taste in all they do is for ever striking one.

18th. Company at Silvertop's (in the same hotel with me), Lord Dillon, Mons. Fontenay, the French Secretary of Legation, Sir Robert Lawley, and Adair. Ferdinand of Spain, it seems, is very popular with the lower orders of the peasantry: it is against the nobles and the cities that his tyranny and exactions are directed; and this alliance between the throne and the mob is perhaps, of all others, the most fatal to liberty. Dillon spoke of the Florentine republic, and quoted Algernon Sidney, saying that it was, for a short time, the most perfect republic that ever existed. In the morning they used to attend to their counting-houses in the humble garb and manner of citizens; in the evening they used to attend in their places as legislators with their *Gonfaloniere*, who was elected every three months at their head; and at night, when necessary, eighty thousand men, at the sight of the war-fires on the hills, assembled in the vale of Arno to march against the foe. Such was Dillon's account of them.\* They talked of Sgricci,

\* It is very different from that of Machiavel, who says the Florentine republic vibrated, not between liberty and servitude, but between licence and servitude. — J. R.

a famous Florentine improvvisatore, who recites off a whole tragedy on every given subject.

19th. Wrote letters, and read some of Byron's memoirs. Lord D. called upon me and sat three hours, part of the time giving me an account of a book he is writing. Tells me that the Liberals in Italy dread the grant of emancipation to the Catholics, as it would give such a triumph to the papacy, the great object of their detestation: their triumph at its late defeat, and the disappointment of Gonsalvi, Litta, and the rest of the papal party. This is very intelligible, and shows what new and different colours a general question may receive from local interests. Lord Castlereagh's support of the Catholics is, with the Liberals, a new reason for hating him: says that Benjamin Constant and the Opposition party in France have the same feelings on the subject. Praises the Italians for their intelligence, but says they have a total want of heart; no cordiality, no hospitality; a grave and reserved people; their dislike of *suggezione* or restraint, which shows itself even in their consideration for others, and in their phrase *Si leva l'incommodo*, when they are taking their leave of any one. Men of great learning in Florence. Niccolini, who has written some tragedies, a violent, extravagant man; said to Dillon that the massacre of Manchester was a lucky event for English liberty, and exclaimed, "Would to God that the Archduke would this night order four hundred Tuscans to be sabred!" The Italians have been so long civilised, that the soil is exhausted, and none of the warmer virtues can now grow there. Sent an excuse to Lord Burghersh, and Camac and I dined together. Morgan and Lady Morgan joined us in the evening; read them some fine things out of Forsyth. By the bye, D. told me that materialism has been long exploded by the infidels here, and that pure Theism, or rather a sort of Unitarianism, is all the vogue.

20th. Dined with the Morgans; Lady M. remembered and quoted part of our conversation last night, which was as follows:

"Moore,—Well, I don't care how you philosophise, so you leave me my immortal soul. He that steals my purse, steals trash; but he that filches from me my immortal soul," &c. . . . Niccolini has written a tragedy on the life of Buonaparte, which he has been obliged to send to England to have published.

21st. Dillon, in talking of Pitt to-day, said he had a thoroughly republican and revolutionary mind, and considered himself but as the dictator of a republic during his Reign of Terror.

22nd. Dined at Captain McNeil's, and had the Morgans and some others: had been invited by my old acquaintance Wilbraham to dine with him and meet Lord Fortescue, who, by the bye, told me to-day there are eight figures to be subducted from the Niobe group, as having nothing to do with it; two of the theatrical attitudinarians (sons) are among the number. Went to the Opera, to Lord Burghersh's box; no one but himself there.

23rd. Went to the sculptor Bartolini, who is doing Lady Morgan's head; very anxious to have mine. He spoke rapturously of the Elgin Marbles: said he would give all there is in Italy for them, and that if he had a son to educate for a sculptor, it is to England he would send him. Dined with Lord Burghersh: company, the Mansfields, Mr. and Mrs. Ellison (friends of the Lansdownes), General Ramsay, &c. &c. In the evening, music; I sung; Lady Burghersh played some of Lord B.'s music. My song of Bendameer's Stream, which he has set to music, has been translated into Italian. Saw the casts of the group of Niobe, which Lord B. has had arranged according to Cockerell's idea that they belonged to a pediment. The figures being unfinished behind, and that which is kneeling being left entirely *without* one leg, are strong arguments for this conjecture. Lady Burghersh expressing much anxiety that we should not go to-morrow, I myself well inclined to stay and give up Rome entirely, which, with the little time I have to hurry over it, will be rather an operation. Camac, too, seemed not unwill-

ing. Returned home before Camac, and was told by his servant that the horses were ordered for half-past six in the morning; packed up accordingly.

24th. Got up at six, and bustled as much as I could to be ready in time, but was told by my laquais that we were not to go this morning, and Colonel Camac had countermanded the horses. Went to Camac's room and found him fast asleep: waked him, and learned that Lady B. after I came away told him, that I had promised to dine there to-day, and would certainly *not* set out for Rome. After some discussion I proposed to toss up a *paul* to decide whether I should go to Rome or not; heads for Rome; it turned up heads; and we ordered the horses. At half-past eight left Schneider's: arrived at Sienna about five: after dinner went to the Opera; one of Rossini's, who appears to me full of trickery in his music; the singers detestable. Heavy rain at night.

25th. Left Sienna at a quarter after seven: rain came on very heavy: found on our arrival at Radicofani, that the river between this and Pontécentino was impassable; three or four carriages more stopped here on this account. Read Goldoni on the journey here. Bought a cameo made at the Bagni de San Filippo (see Forsyth).

26th. Started from Radicofani a little before seven, and passed the river easily; the road, much of it, very bad. Acquapendente a picturesque place. This and the lake of Bolsena well described by Forsyth; only the beauties of the former rather exaggerated. The lake full of white waves from the wind and rain of the night; the woods on its banks thick and luxuriant. Arrived at Viterbo between three and four: went to the cathedral, which contains some tolerable pictures (one of Albert Durer's), and the Palazzo Commune.

27th. At the second post (from L'Imposta to Ronciglione) it was proposed to us by the guard stationed there for the purpose, to take an escort of two dragoons. I was against it, but consented to toss up for it, as I did for coming to Rome: the *scudo* decided for my opinion. The colonel however said, as the

escort would not cost more than fifteen *paoli*, we might as well take it. *À la bonne heure*; so we set off with our two dragoons. At Ronciglione they wanted us to take escort again, but we would not. The wretched country we passed through, the heavy sulphurous smells, and the hot weight of the air made me exceedingly languid and feverish, and I half feared I was about to have some serious illness. The first sight of the dome of St. Peter's very fine, and the Piazza we entered through the Porta del Popolo, beautiful. It was the hour of the Corso when we arrived (a little after five), and numbers of carriages, gaily filled, were driving to it. The Egyptian obelisk in the Piazza del Popolo and the two churches form a very beautiful welcome into Rome. In driving to the Dogana, passed Trajan's pillar. Went to the Albergo di Parigi (by mistake, for we meant to go to the Albergo di Londra), after dinner I felt somewhat better: find it is the sirocco now. Went to the theatre in the evening: an opera of Rossini's, "La Cappricciosa" (something) and "Il Turco in Italia," and a piece of Goldoni's afterwards; the comic singing not bad. Called afterwards at the Hôtel de Londres, and find that Sir H. and Lady Davy, and Chantrey the sculptor, are here.

28th. Received a note from Lady Davy offering me the use of her carriage, and herself as a cicerone from twelve till five; gladly accepted her offer. Went to Torlonia's and got letters from my sweet Bossy, more precious to me than all the wonders I can see. Got one also from Lord John, telling me he will be obliged to leave Genoa immediately, and hasten home to the Parliament, which is summoned in November: this will make a material alteration in my plans. Called upon the Duchess of Devonshire: told me Canning is here; found a messenger waiting for him from England, and he has but twenty days given him to return. The Duchess and Lady Davy, I find, are the rival *cicerones* of Rome; the former has undertaken Canning. Went with Lady Davy first to the Pantheon; took a coup d'œil of it; thence to the Monte Cavallo, where the

colossal figures and the beautiful *tazza* or fountain struck me very much: then to the Coliseum, where indeed the very "genius of ancient Rome" meets one—grand, melancholy, sublime, touching; no one epithet can give any idea of the complicated sensations it excites. The day most lucky for it, fine, but not too sunny, and the lights and shadows most admirably flung about. Then to the Gallery, which is a glorious place; the arrangement worthy of the precious things contained in it. Took glimpses of the Laocoon, the Apollo (the truly divine Apollo), the Antinous, Canova's Perseus and Pugilists. Virgil describes Laocoon bellowing, but the expression of his suffering here is too deep for outcry. Perseus rather delicate for a warrior. Went to St. Peter's: well might the inscription *Ædificabo meam ecclesiam* be written here, for it is a church worthy of a divinity. Took but a passing view of it: the barbaric pomp of the Baldacchino, and the ever-burning lamps round the tomb of St. Peter, with the picturesque figures of the monks kneeling at it, all very striking. Canova's monument of Pope Rezzonico, the genius of Rome, a beautiful figure; and the lions, particularly the sleeping one, very fine: but Religion, with the spikes out of her head, is a disagreeable personage. His other monument to the Stuart family, done at the expense of the Prince Regent, with the two angels, in nearly the same attitudes, at each side of the door of death, is, though on too small a scale for such a church as St. Peter's, finely executed; and the fleshiness of the two figures (Canova's great forte) admirable. The copies in mosaic of Raphael's Transfiguration and other pictures wonderful. Dined with Scroope, whom I met at St. Peter's. In the evening went to the Princess Borghese's—a fine creature in her way: delighted to find I knew her friends Ladies Jersey, Holland, and Lansdowne. Showed her beautiful little hands, which I had the honour of kissing twice, and let me feel her foot, which is matchless. Led us through the rooms of her newly-finished villa, which is done with much taste; her bedroom and

bath very elegant, and even comfortable. Asked me for Sunday evening next. A fine moonlight: proposed going to the Coliseum: Chantrey and I and Lady Davy went: the effect sublime; the stars through the ruins, &c.

29th. Went early with Chantrey and Bagshaw (son of Sir William) to the Capitol, and ascended the Campanile. Fine view from thence: ancient Rome on one side, and modern Rome at the other; close beneath you the Forum, with ruins of the various temples that seem to have clustered with such profusion on the spot; the Temple of Concord, Jupiter Tonans, Jupiter Stator, and the Arch of Severus, still very perfect; the arches of Titus and Constantine at little distance; the Temple of Peace to the left, with Diocletian's baths beyond; on the right, the Temple of Janus Quadrifrons, and the Pyramid of Caius Sestus, and the Tomb of Cæcilia Metella, far off, &c. all in sight. I write from memory, without consulting plan or guide. The insulated pillar to Phocas just under. The three fluted columns of the Jupiter Tonans very fine. Took circuit of these, and then went to the Bagni di Tito, of which the house of Mæcenas is said to have formed a part: the paintings on the ceilings of the corridors very beautiful; perspective in some of them: the sala where the Laocoon was found. Lady Davy told me Sir Humphry observed that this chamber was coloured with vermilion, which, being the colour of honour, he supposed was used there as a tribute to the excellence of the work. This I should think fanciful, for many more parts seem to have been coloured in the same way. Forsyth seems to think these Baths of Titus are confounded with his palace. They show the arch of the Coliseum, to which a sort of bridge conducted from the Bagni, and by which the emperor entered. This arch has no number to it like the rest. It is supposed Raphael saw the ceilings in these baths (though covered in since his time), as his paintings on the ceiling of the Vatican are so much in the same style. Went to St. John of Lateran; the false taste of the *facciata* pointed out by



Chantry. The Porta Santa, which is walled up, and only broken down to admit the Pope once in every twenty-five years, at which time those who enter with him have their sins completely remitted them. The Santa Scala here, which people ascend upon their knees, and only thus. Saw some women going through this operation. Saw the Baptistery near S. Giovanni Laterano, where there are some fine ancient columns. Went to the church of Maria Maggiore; the inside very beautiful, quite a temple: the fine Ionic columns supposed to be taken from the Temple of Juno. Called upon Lady Davy: went with her to the Rospigliosi, or Pallavicini Palace, to see the celebrated Aurora of Guido,—full of poetry and fancy, but pleases me less than works in which there is sentiment or passion. The only head here into which there is this sort of feeling thrown is perhaps rather a defect, as one does not know what can be the cause of its expression. It is a head with the eyes upturned in the way so frequent in Guido, and, unless it be meant as admiration of the glory around (which is, however, not at all the sort of expression it conveys to me), it is difficult to say what feeling it can have in common with the gay, light group that encircles it: the stars in the sky finely done. In another room there is the Andromeda of Guido, where the expression is rather that of contemplative sorrow than the sudden terror caused by the approach of a monster. Forget the story, and the head is exquisite. There is a lovely Cupid here, by Nicolas Poussin, lying on its breast, with the finger in the mouth, perfectly infantine; the colouring of the wreath on the head admirable. From thence to the Farnese Palace: the architecture of the court, designed by Michael Angelo, very chaste and elegant, though of three orders, one above the other. Here was the Farnesian Hercules and the Flora, now at Naples. The gallery painted *a fresco* with heathen subjects by Annibal Caracci and his brother Agostino. From thence to the Spada Palace, where there is the statue of Pompey, at whose base Cæsar was killed. The French, when they acted Cæsar here, had this statue

carried to the theatre: how like them! There is also here a statue, supposed to be Aristotle, the attitude of which, except with respect to the hand upon which the cheek rests, is easy and natural. The Judith of Guido is here, which pleases me more than any on the same subject: the upturned and inspired eyes seem to say that the murder has been done under a special impulse from above; and there is much dignity in the way in which she rests upon the sword she has just used. There are two laughing children here, supposed to be by Correggio, delightful: their laugh is as catching (and almost as unmeaning) as yawning: they are meant for cherubim, but are far better as mere mortal brats. Thence to the Farnesina: the fable of Cupid and Psyche *a fresco*, designed and touched *ultimamente* by Raphael, but executed chiefly by his scholars; some of the parts very beautiful, particularly Venus telling her story to Jupiter, with such feminine earnestness; the Cupid bearing the shield on his head, and Psyche carried by Mercury to heaven: the Cupid with the shield is said to be entirely Raphael's. In this casino is also the Galatea of Raphael, which is not quite so delightful as fame would lead one to expect; in short it gave me no great pleasure. There is over one of the doors a colossal head, drawn by Michael Angelo with chalk, to amuse himself while he waited for one of his scholars, and, *per riprendere* (says the Guide) *Raffaello della piccolezza delle sue figure*. Drove to the Villa Panfilii,—a splendid specimen of the Italian villa; fountains, trimmed walks, statues, &c. &c. Went to see the fine view of Rome from the Pietro in Montorio (a church raised in memory of Peter, who suffered martyrdom here): the little temple (annexed to this church) by Bramante, surrounded by Doric pillars, is a beautiful piece of architecture; it is said to be erected in the very spot where St. Peter suffered. The day very bright and clear, and the view of Rome, the Alban Mount, Soracte, Frascati, the Tiber, from hence exquisite. Stopped at the Fontana di Trevi (*l'acqua vergine*) in returning; a grand and striking thing, whatever may be its faults as to taste. Dined at the inn; the

*ornieto* here very like cider. Went in the evening to the Duchess of Devonshire's assembly: dull enough; but that beautiful creature, Mrs. Dodwell, was there: asked the Abbé Taylor to introduce me to her, but he would not; said it would not be proper, and forced me instead into an introduction to her husband. Much talk with Adair about politics. I was mentioning to Chantrey my having been particularly struck by Michael Angelo's sitting warrior (Lorenzo de Medici) over the monument in San Lorenzo at Florence, and he said, "You are quite right; that is the finest thing of Michael Angelo's I have seen."

30th. Chantrey called upon me, with Jackson the painter. Went with Chantrey to St. Peter's; the high garret windows of the Vatican, on one side of it, rising almost to the same altitude, quite kill the effect of its size. Ought not the colonnades to sweep round to the church instead of terminating each side thus  $\left\{ \right\}$ ? The perspective of the Scala Regia curious; borrowed by Bernini from what I saw at the Palazzo Spada yesterday by Borromini. The statue of Constantine by Bernini full of flutter and effort; the vestibule, at one end of which it stands, magnificent. The Pietà of Michael Angelo on the right as you enter the church is by no means pleasing: a most absurd monument of Bernini's in the right nave to Alexander VII.; a gilt figure of death is seen lifting a heavy mass of marble drapery. Chantrey remarked very truly that groups of statues, wanting that connecting medium and those gradations of colouring which painters give to an assemblage of figures, never have a good effect; they are always best detached. Before we went to St. Peter's we had been at Canova's workshop, and saw the cast for his colossal bronze equestrian statue of the last king of Naples. Canova is to do a statue of the last Pope, to be placed over the sepulchre of St. Peter, that gorgeous spot round which the lamps are ever burning. As Chantrey said, what a place to work for! what an exciting thing for an artist to know that his creation will

stand in the midst of such splendours, and under that glorious cupola! Went to the Sistine Chapel to see the Universal Judgment of Michael Angelo; but could not understand it, or feel its beauties. Some of the dead *aspirants* are pulled up by rosaries, others are putting on their flesh for the trip. An extraordinary person that Michael Angelo; seems to have been judged more upon the credit of what he *could* have done than what he has done; his imagination too warm and rapid for such a slow and stubborn material as marble. A better architect, in Chantrey's opinion, than sculptor: a great affinity between him and Dante. The ceiling in this chapel full of fine things of his, Sibyls, &c.; some with as much grace as grandeur. Went to the Gallery; Chantrey so right about the beauty of repose in works of art. The tomb of the Scipios, a sarcophagus of *peperino* (so called from its appearance), or *pietra Albana*. The torso not to be compared, in Chantrey's opinion, with those of the Ilissus or of Theseus: showed me how far it was untrue to nature, in the flesh not yielding to the pressure of the seat. The Greek marble is like coarse salt, that of Pentelicus streaky; so is the Cipolino, but in a different way. Chantrey said, if, by any trick, the Creugas of Canova could be buried, and dug up again in fragments as an ancient statue, it would produce a great sensation. The Mercury, or Antinous, a beautiful head, but the right leg is bowed awkwardly. The boys in the Laocoon, it has been justly remarked, are rather *little men* than boys. The Apollo glorious! no detail of muscle given, as would be fit in a human form, but merely the general beauty of shape and action. In the gallery of statues an exquisite group of a Nymph and Satyr; full of meaning, most spiritedly conveyed. In the same gallery is a fine sitting figure of Menander, with all the *bel riposo* of good sense and taste. The mutilated statue, called the Genius of the Vatican, is very beautiful. It is evident, from the holes in the shoulders, that there have been wings to it. In the Sala delle Muse, I remarked Thalia as particularly feminine

and graceful. A fine colossal head of Adrian in the Sala Rotonda, and not far from it, one of Giulia Pia: these busts must be portraits, they have so much truth and reality about them; it is easy to distinguish ideal heads. Saw the Loggie of Raphael, which are much injured by the air, except on the ceilings: Murat had windows put here to preserve them. It is only one arm of the second piano that is painted from the cartoons of Raphael (*sui cartoni*) by his scholars; the image of the Eternal Father "flying all abroad" is said to be entirely his. The paintings *a fresco* of the Camera de Raffaello wonderful. In the Angel releasing St. Peter from Prison, the lights are miraculous, and the courage of the artist in drawing those dark iron bars across the exquisite group he had finished, strikes me with astonishment. The pictures of the School of Athens and the Burning of Borgo are two perfect specimens; the one of calm, contemplative repose, and the other of agitated expression and action; the figures of the mothers in this last are beautiful. In the Appartamento Borgia is the celebrated Transfiguration: Chantrey's remark of the frequent duplicates there are of attitudes and actions in all Raphael's pictures, very true; the two men here with outstretched hands on the left is a remarkable instance: the woman who forms the leading point in the background is the Fornarina. The Crowning of the Virgin, in two different pictures, by Raphael, very fine; so is his Madonna di Foligno. One of the interesting things here is the Aldobrandine Marriage, found at the foot of the Esquiline, full of grace and beauty, and not at all deficient in perspective. Dined at the inn with Camac. Guercino's pictures very spotty, and the figures interrupted by abrupt lights and shadows: much better in detached heads, for the same reason nearly as that given above for the defect in statuary,—he does not seem to have had any blending medium for his groups.

31st. Went with Chantrey to Canova's; saw the grand colossal group he has nearly finished, of Theseus and the Centaur; an answer to those who say he only excels in

the smooth and graceful. Saw among other things a cast of his Magdalen that is at Paris; a most touching thing; beauty emaciated, and an attitude full of humility and sorrow: the best of all the Magdalens I have seen. Was introduced to Canova, who was sitting for his picture to Jackson for Chantrey; an interesting man, simple and kind in his manners. His Endymion was in the room; promised that I should see another Magdalen he has done, and a Nymph, of which Chantrey speaks highly. Drove with the Scroopes to S. Paolo fuori delle Mure, remarkable for its magnificent columns, 138 in number; the church supposed to be erected by Constantine. In returning, stopped at the Pyramid of Caius Sestus, the burying-ground of the English and other strangers. Went thence to the church of San Pietro in Vincoli, to see the Moses of Michael Angelo; none but he could have dared such an extravagant prodigality of beard. The head appears too small and tapering up to the horns, and is, let them say what they will, very like that of a satyr; but still the expression of the face is full of menace and dignity, and the whole thing has a very grand and imposing effect. From thence to Sir Thomas Lawrence's to see his pictures: the daughter of Metternich (a girl about fifteen) as Hebe delicious; the brilliant youthfulness of the face, the delicacy with which the pearls lie on the neck, all charming. Did not much care about his Pope, his Emperor of Austria, nor his Blucher, though they are all finely executed. A clever head of Gentz and a most animated full length of Gonsalvi. Went to the Chiesa di S. Maria della Vittoria, a rich and beautiful little church, fit to be the chapel to a royal palace. The Teresa here in the ecstasies of divine love very celebrated, but it is not easy to see it well, both from its high situation and the redundant flutter of Bernini's drapery, but the face of the saint seemed well imagined. The smile of the angel, however, is vulgar and inappropriate. Forsyth calls the ecstasy of the saint "equivocal;" but I could not see the face well enough to be sure of what he means. Thence to S. Martino di Monti, remarkable for the gilding

of the capitals of the columns, begun but not finished; this is one of the uses of gilding which may be pronounced decidedly tasteless. There is a church under this, and another still deeper, connected by passages with the Baths of Titus. Thence to the Chiesa di Santa Maria degli Angeli, or the Carthusian church, a magnificent temple formed by Michael Angelo out of the principal *sala* of Diocletian's baths. The round vestibule which forms the entrance, and the unencumbered spaciousness of the *Pinacoteca* which forms the *navata transversale* of the church, all is magnificent. Here is the San Sebastian of Domenichino, a *fresco*, which has all the fulness and richness of oil; the lower part of the picture, the mother with the arm round the child, the expression of the head nearly under the prancing horse, and the character of the saint's countenance, all exquisite. This church altogether one of the grandest I have seen. Went from this to the Capuchin church to see the St. Michael of Guido; a most glorious picture; the calm consciousness of power in this young and lovely archangel, who, without effort or anger, subdues and chains his adversary, is imagined with all the power of genius, and executed with all the power of art. Dined at Sir H. Davy's; company, Sir T. Lawrence, Chantrey, and Jackson. Went to the Princess Borghese's; Adair there, and M. and Madame Bourke. The Borghese very charming; said she should have something for me to take to Lady Jersey, &c. when I was returning: again showed her hand. I spoke of Denon's model of it in marble; said he had also done her foot, but the cast broke. Came away early. Scroope to-day said he could trace all the seeds of the Gothic architecture in Rome; the circular arch, the fluted columns, which, by turning the concave into convex, became the bundle of small pillars of the Gothic; the zig-zag ornament which is continually found in the Mosaics, &c. &c. Have heard from Lord John Russell that he is hurried away sooner than he expected by the meeting of Parliament, and that I must join him immediately at Genoa. This, being impos-

sible, alters my plans, and I believe I shall go on to Naples.

Nov. 1st. This being All Saints' Day, went with Sir T. Lawrence and Chantrey to the Pope's private chapel; the scene very new to me and very striking. The assemblage of cardinals, the singularity of the ceremonies, the venerable weak old age of the Pope (who looked like a dying man in a rich dressing gown), and some parts of the music, affected my mind considerably. Among the most remarkable of the cardinals were Gonsalvi (a very fine looking fellow), Quarantotti (now 87 or 88), Fesch, and little Doria, whose grotesque faces, while praying, amused me the whole time. Litta was at his diocese. After this went to the Palace of the Cæsars; a stupendous ruin; wandered about upon it among laurustinus, phillyrea, &c. Went from thence to the church (just nigh) of S. Gregorio; saw the two fine frescoes of Domenichino and Guido, on the flagellation and martyrdom of St. Andrea; the Domenichino by far the finer of the two; the frightened child beautiful, and the countenance of the saint full of admirable resignation. From thence went to the Capitol, and with some difficulty got in (this being a *fiesta*), on Chantrey showing his order from Canova. The Sala del Gladiatore, the only one that contains any very fine things. The Gladiator itself much more interesting than the Fighting one. The Antinous exquisite, and restored better than any statue I have seen, the additions being all worthy of the rest. The Venus of the Capitol, in this room, particularly pleasing from the perfect state it is in, and the rich, creamy colour of the marble; the same attitude as the Medici's. A Flora, justly admired for its drapery, having, what Townley used to call, the "reasoning of folds" throughout. Went from thence to the Church of Jesus: a most magnificent church; fine singing going on. Looked at the Temple of Peace, three immense arches. Went afterwards with Chantrey to the prison, where St. Paul and Peter were confined; the miraculous well there, &c. &c. Thence to St. John Lateran to see the people ascending the Santa Scala.

and from that to a place near where there was a sort of theatre, with a wax-work exhibition of people going to hell. In the same court a dead woman stretched out, and half-pence scattered upon a plate that lay upon her. Another brought in on a bier while we were there, and a dead child with it. The horrible howl, by way of a hymn, that the fellows set up around, all frightful.

2nd. Went with Chantrey to the book-seller's, Romani, in the Corso, C. having said that he could send any books for me, duty free, with his purchases of marbles, casts, &c. to England. Bought a Tiraboschi, thirteen volumes. Went off to the church of S. Bibiana to see the statue of the saint by Bernini, which Forsyth says comes nearer "to the serene pathos of the antique" than any of his works; and which an Italian duchess (a friend of Lady Davy's) declared inspired her with more devotion than any statue she had ever seen. Much disappointed by it. The concealment of the foot on which the figure stands is unsatisfactory, as taking away the idea of its being sufficiently supported. One does not see either why the other foot should be lifted up; and there is something very awkward in the disproportionate projection of the knee belonging to it. Called on Lady Davy, and went with her and Chantrey to the Palazzo Borghese. "La Caccia di Diana," by Domenichino, a most magical picture. The beauty of the figure half in shadow, drawing one leg up over the other; the ivory back, &c.; the arch, lively look of the girl near the one who has just let fly the arrow; the helpless, innocent expression of the young thing on her back in the water, and evidently very near sinking under it; all is delightful. The picture called the "Graces" (by Titian), but rather like a Venus and two Graces, very fine, but a good deal injured; the story most poetically told. One tying the bandage over Cupid's eyes, while the second holds his bow, and the third his arrows; it is quite the *fitting out* of Cupid. His wings like a rainbow; another Cupid hovers over the shoulder of her who is tying the bandage, as

if to watch what is going on. A picture by Paul Veronese, of "St. John in the Desert," which Chantrey admired very much. There is a Sibyl, by Domenichino, very beautiful, only the mouth rather unmeaningly open. Went to the Villa Albani, a perfectly splendid Italian villa; its rooms crowded with statues, columns, bas reliefs, &c. The thing that struck me most was the "Cupid bending his Bow" (said to be a copy from Praxiteles), which gave Guido (I think) the idea of his famous picture on the same subject. The *taxxa* of alabaster, in the *Sala del Bigliardo*, very beautiful. Dined with Chantrey; saw his drawings of the places he has passed through; excellent.

3rd. Went to see the church of Cecilia in Trastevere. Rather a striking statue, by Maderno, of the saint lying dead on her side, and the severed head placed on just as she was found. There is some good feeling in this statue, but a failure in truth; for the feet hold by the ground, and do not fall away like those of a dead person; besides, the mutilation and attitude of the head prevents it from being very agreeable. From thence to the Palazzo Corsini. The villa on the other side of the garden here, upon the Monte Gennicolo, is supposed to be the site of the villa of Julius Martial, of which Martial writes, *Hinc septem, &c. &c.* A most splendid palace it is altogether. Thence to the Palazzo Doria, where the things that struck me most (it is not a very fine collection, though large) were the two Claudes; one of them in particular, where a dark tree stands up against the sky in the middle, and there is on the right a magnificent temple. Caravaggio's pictures all disagreeable; sharp and extravagant. It is here the famous portrait by Velasquez is (of Pope Pamfili) which Sir J. Reynolds pronounced the finest picture in Rome. This and the St. Michael of Guido were, they say, the only ones he condescended to copy. Went afterwards to the tomb of the Cæcilia Metella. All this ground is interesting; thickly clustered with fragments of ancient Rome, and awaking recollections at every spot. The Circus of Caracalla, the tomb of M. Servilius,

the Colombarii, or places for the ashes, the temples of Honour and Virtue (into the former of which, according to Plutarch, there was no passage but through the latter), the Appian Way, upon which all these remains are, &c.

4th. Camac determined to be off, and started at eleven. Went with Chantrey to the studio of Massimiliano; explained to me the progress of a statue; the taking of the points, the working down to them, &c. It is here done by a wooden square, with plummet lines from it, and different sized compasses; managed otherwise in England, as he promises to show me. Went from thence to Camuccini, the first painter in Rome. His first *cartoons* beautiful, but his finished things bad, from his wretched ideas of colouring: "Jupiter presenting the Cup of Immortality to Psyche," and "Cornelia showing her Children," both beautiful in his first sketch of them. From thence to Thorwaldsen, the rival of Canova, and there are certainly very fine things in his studio: particularly the Mercury, a Peasant Boy, Gany-mede and the eagle, the frieze of the Triumph of Alexander, and a Venus with the Apple. He ought not to have attempted the Graces after Canova. By the bye, Chantrey said the other day in the Capitol that he had as studies always before him the casts of the Apollo, the Antinous, and Germanicus. The first as ideal or divine nature, the second as human nature refined, and the last as real every-day nature. Called upon Lady Davy, and went with her to the Grotto of Egeria, as it is called, but supposed by many to have been a mere nymphæum. Saw the Temple of Bacchus too, and from thence went to S. Onofrio, to the tomb of Tasso. A portrait of him on the wall, said to be taken after his death. Dined with Chantrey, and went to Mrs. Graham (author of the "Letters on India") in the evening.

5th. Breakfasted with Chantrey, and sat afterwards to Jackson, who begged to have my portrait. Went and purchased Vasari's "Lives of the Painters," a damaged copy of the Milan edition, for nine *scudi*. Bought also Vasi's "Views of Rome" for ten *scudi*;

besides some rows of Roman peaches for my darling Bessy. Went to Raphael's villa, where there is one room painted ~~a~~ himself, with the Fornarina's portrait in various shapes and dresses all around. From thence to a *trattoria*, where we eat bread and parmesan, and drank Gensano wine. Then to the Borghese Villa, which exhibits within a melancholy wreck,—niches untreasured of their busts, and rooms depopulated of their statues; nothing left behind but some tasteless and fussy works of Bernini,—the David flinging the Stone, and biting his under lip with the exertion; and Apollo and Daphne, with the toes of the latter most frightfully elongated into leaves and roots. Dined with Sir H. Davy: the Scoopes, Sir T. Lawrence, and myself; a pleasant day. Went in the evening to the Duchess of Devonshire's, where I heard Mad. Renaudin sing; the most celebrated musical person they have; and her singing is certainly sweet and tasteful, but the things she selected were not pretty: compositions, I rather think, of her master, Crescembini. Mrs. Dodwell looking beautiful; her husband used to be a great favourite with the Pope, who always called him "Caro Doodle." His first addresses were paid to Vittoria Odescalchi, but he jilted her; and she had six masses said to enable her soul to get over its love for him.

6th. Sat to Jackson; then went with him and Chantrey to Canova, who is sitting to Jackson for Chantrey. The great sculptor a most interesting person, full of all the life of youth, and with the simplicity ever attendant upon genius. Took me to see his last Magdalen, which is divine: she is lying recumbent in all the abandonment of grief; and the expression of her face, and the beauty of her figure (which is not at all so wasted as that of the kneeling Magdalen) are perfection. Talked with him for some time while he sat. His views of Europe, and of the impossibility of checking the spirit that is abroad by decrees against the liberty of the press, &c. &c., the same as my own. Sismondi's book (he said), which proves what "bricconi" the sovereigns of Europe

are, is prohibited here. They read but little in Rome. The "Lugano Gazette" prohibited. Showed me an extract from it in MS., containing a list of a new ministry said to be forming in England. Talked to him about the collection of poems that has been published upon the various subjects of his chisel; what an admirable field for poetry it afforded. Went then with Chantrey through his studio, and was enchanted. What creations his women are! the Hebe, the Dansatrice, the Dirce (the model of which is not yet finished); the Female leading the Old Man, for the monument of the Archduchess Cristine of Austria; the delightful group of Graces, for the Duke of Bedford; and the Love and Psyche, she holding his hand so delicately while she places a butterfly upon it. This is exquisite; their attitude seems one in which they might stand for hours without wishing to change it. His Washington does not please me; the manner in which he holds the pen is mincing and affected. Chantrey is employed by the Americans on the same subject. Went from thence to the Borghese Palace. The Titian (which I had not looked at half enough before) is beautiful; the colours of the flesh quite magical. Why is it called Profane and Divine Love?

7th. Sat to Jackson. Called upon Miss Curran, Princess Chigi, the Wilbrahams, &c. &c. Went with Lady Davy, Mrs. Graham, and Mr. Eastlake\* (an artist, studying in Rome,) to the Palatine Mount, to the grove where the Arcadians used to hold their meetings. Numerous fragments of capitals, &c. &c. strewed about here. They sent to Sicily for the acanthus to plant around them, the flower of the Corinthian capital. The baths of Livia (so called) are here, but we could not get the key to enter them. The whole thing is very picturesque, and some delightful views of Rome from it. Went from thence to St. Peter's to hear the music. Passed a church, the altar of which was most splendidly illuminated, the doors wide open, and people kneeling in the street.

\* Now Sir Charles Eastlake.

If there had been but a burst of music from it, the glory of the spectacle would have been perfect. Music issuing out of light is as good an idea as we can have of heaven. Dined with Chantrey.

8th. Went to Schadow's\*, a Prussian sculptor here. Some of his works seemed to me pretty good: Achilles defending the dead Body of the Queen of the Amazons, &c. Went to Romani's the bookseller. Thence to the Capitol with Wilbraham and Lady Anne. Went from this to see Cardinal Fesch's pictures; a large collection, Italian, French, and Flemish. Saw only the Italian part to-day. A fine Assumption by Guido; very like the picture in London which Watson Taylor has bought; where the Virgin is seen standing on the moon, with two of the loveliest angels that ever embellished heaven at each side of her. Like Watson Taylor's picture the best; though the little cherub on the left side of the Virgin here, with his face half illumined by the glory that is behind her, and half in shadow, is exquisite. The three Marys seeing the Angel at the Sepulchre, by Albano, is beautiful; the colouring of the angel perfect. Three large pictures, forming one subject, the Visitation (or Salutation?) of St. Elizabeth, designed by Michael Angelo, and painted by Sebastian del Piombo, particularly grand and poetical. A sort of creature fit for the heath in "Macbeth;" gigantic, gloomy, indistinct, and sublime. An admirable landscape by Gaspar Poussin, with a ray of lightning darting across it, and setting a tree on fire. [Carr says it is not original.] A Magdalen by Guercino, too pallid, but very interesting. After this went with Chantrey and Jackson to the Villa Madama, just under the Monte Mario. This villa now going to waste, and inhabited by common people, has porticoes and saloons designed by Raphael and painted by Julio Romano. The view from before the house, in the sunset, is beautiful. The Tiber running beneath on your left; Rome full before you (St. Peter's, how-

\* The son of the still more distinguished Prussian sculptor, who died at Berlin in 1850.

ever, unseen), with the white houses of Albano, on the hill beyond you, lighted up; a fine range of mountains on the left, assuming every variety of colour as the sun went down. Jackson and Chantrey sketched the scene. Dined at Scroope's. Went in the evening to Lady Davy's, and saw a famous Italian beauty, Peticari, whose husband is a distinguished *littérateur*.

9th. Went to settle about my books: found a copy of "Celepino's Dictionary" of seven languages, and bought it for twenty-two pails: bought also the "Parnaso Italiano," fifty-six vols., for forty crowns: have now got more than 100 books: a great convenience Chantrey's sending them duty free for me. At two o'clock went, a large party of us, to the Sciarra Palace. Not a very fine collection of pictures, except in the single instance of Titian's Mistress, which is one of his most beautiful pictures. The look of sorrowful reproach in those shadowy eyes, as if she had been unjustly suspected of something wrong, is exquisite. I could imagine her speaking those words, "If to gaze on thee waking, &c. &c.; if that is betraying, thou hast been betrayed." There is a clever picture, the Gamblers, by Caravaggio; a good little Teniers; and the Vanity and Modesty of Leonardo da Vinci, which, notwithstanding the awkward composition of the four hands, and that eternal triangular face which he gives all his women, is rather a striking picture. Desperate rain. All went to Lady Davy's, and I sang for them. At half-past five Chantrey and I went by appointment to Canova, to be taken by him to see his beautiful Venere Vincitrice (the Princess Borghese) at the Borghese Palace: a great favour to be permitted to see it: Madame Peticari was of the party. Interesting conversation with Canova: told me several conversations he had had with Napoleon: his strong representation to him of the ruinous state of Rome, and Bonaparte bursting out with "I'll make it the capital of all Italy," &c. &c. I saw the statue by candle-light, Canova himself holding the light, and pausing with a sort of fond lingering on all the exquisite beauties of this most

perfect figure. What a precious thing to possess! Canova had told Lady Davy with great delight, that I said I would write something about his Magdalen. Madame Peticari too mentioned it now, and said, "*La Poesia è per la Maddalena?*" I answered that the Venere too should come in for her share. Dined with Chantrey at seven. He began a drawing of me with the camera lucida, and Jackson began another. Went to Lady Davy with Chantrey for half an hour, and home.

10th. Sat to Jackson. Bought a few cameos for my dear girl, and wished that the moment for giving them to her was come. Read of the dismissal of Lord Fitzwilliam from the lieutenancy of his county, and augured from this and other symptoms of the times, sad doings in England. Dined at Sir H. Davy's: M. and Madame de Bourke, Adair, &c.; and the Duchess of Devonshire, Lawrence, Canova, &c. in the evening. I sang a little. Lawrence promised to show me the sketch he made of Napoleon's son, describing him as a most interesting boy, and full of all the character of his father,—contemplative, decisive, and animated: everything in his character military.

11th. Wrote letters to Lord Byron, Power, &c. Went with the Wilbrahams and Lady Davy to finish our view of Cardinal Fesch's pictures,—the Flemish and French schools. What struck me most was a fine head of Christ by Rembrandt, and a Magdalen by Vandyck. The sorrow of this countenance is only surpassed by that of Guercino's Hagar. The latter, however, is far beyond anything in its expression that I have yet seen. The figure of this Magdalen is too robust and abundant, but the upturned eyes almost dissolved in tears are exquisite. There is a much admired picture by Nicolo Poussin, the subject of which is poetical enough; the Hours dancing to the sound of a harp played by Old Time, while a little Love is turning the hour-glass at his feet. There is a most barbarous profanation by Teniers, of Christ crowned with Thorns—finely executed, but vulgarised down to the lowest level of his boors. A bust of Napoleon crowned with a



gilt laurel; rather bold of the cardinal. There is a picture too, in the last of these rooms, fit for neither ladies nor cardinals. Went afterwards to the Vatican, and had another view of the inimitable Apollo. The Genius of the Vatican, a beautiful fragment. Heard dreadful stories to-day of the danger of going to Tivoli, whither the greater part of the Naples banditti are gone; their cutting off people's ears, and sending them to their friends, &c. &c.

12th. Up at half-past four, and started for Tivoli a little after six. Mr Spencer (Lord Spencer's son) joined our party. The road to Tivoli dreary and stinking,—the latter particularly, where the canal from Lake Solfatara crosses the road. This lake is the region of the *Domus Alburnæ resonantis*. Why does Eustace confusedly apply these words to the cascade at Tivoli? The grotto of Neptune tremendously fine. Nature never disappoints; the humbug is always found in the arts, literature, ruins, &c. &c. The little streamlets that issue from the rock by quiet ways of their own, and join the tumult afterwards, a fine illustration of—something—I don't know what. Went to the Villa d'Este, and had a view of the country from the terrace; of Mæcenas' villa, of Adrian's among the cypresses, of the three Monticelli crowned with towers or churches. Returned home to dinner about five: was to have gone to the Princess Borghese's music, and the Duchess of Devonshire's in the evening, but was too tired. Who can enjoy such a party of pleasure as we had to-day, armed as we were with pistols, daggers, sword-canes, &c. &c.?

13th. Called upon Sir T. Lawrence at the Consulta. Saw his fine picture of Canova, which has all the *beau idéal* of the countenance, yet still possessing a strong likeness. Tremble for Jackson's portrait beside it. Showed me his drawing of young Napoleon, which is highly interesting: a beautiful child, full of thoughtfulness and simplicity; a fine subject for verses; the past, the present, and the future, all contained in it. Went with Chantrey to see the Moses of Michael Angelo; his first time. Michael

Angelo has been called "an inspired savage," and with some justice. Chantrey thought the statue, though vulgar and extravagant in many respects, upon the whole imposing and grand. He took a sketch of the female statue to the left. Went from thence to the Maria degli Angeli, for another look at the beautiful St. Sebastian of Domenichino. How its fresh and glowing colours kill the picture of Carlo Maratti opposite! This church one of the sublimest things in Rome. Called at Canova's, and again looked over his treasures. It is strange enough (if the world did not abound with such anomalies) that Canova values himself more on some wretched daubs he has perpetrated in painting, than on his best sculpture. Such is poor human nature in its *finest* specimens. He introduced me to the poet who has written upon his marbles, and promised to present me with a copy of the work. Dined with the Wilbrahams: Lord Fortescue, Lady Mary, &c.; in the evening Lady De Clifford. Have settled to be off with Chantrey and his party on Wednesday next.

14th. Went to see the collection of Camuccini, the brother of the painter. Some very pleasing things, particularly the Venus and Adonis, a small cabinet picture by Titian,—and a picture, of which the figures are by Giambellini, and the landscape (beautiful) by his pupil Titian; a charming Guido too, of Christ on the Cross; a good Sassoferrato, Virgin and Child; and a curious subject by a pupil of (I think) Correggio, viz. a Child or Cupid crowning a Skull with a Wreath. He has also some fine marbles and *bassi rilievi* that belonged to the Aldobrandini family. There is a picture of Guercino's here, Esther, in which one of the heads is rather like the matchless head of Agar at Milan. Went with Chantrey to the church of S. Carlo a Catinari, and saw the four cardinal Virtues by Domenichino, in the corner of the cupola; most lovely things; a perfect youthful Hebe; another with a lofty, yet feminine, look of inspiration; and all beautiful. Went from thence to the church of St. Andrea della Valle, where there are also some glorious things over the choir, by

Domenichino. We were a good deal interested here by the various examinations of boys and girls (and some, girls of a more advanced time of life) in their catechism. Went to the Pantheon, and looked over the heads of great men placed there, chiefly by the gift of Canova; all the chief painters; Tasso, Ariosto, Alfieri, &c. &c.; Paesello, Sacchini, &c. &c. Then went to St. Peter's, to hear the music, which was admirable. Called at Chantrey's, and found that Canova had sent me the promised poems, with the words *Al celeberrimo Poeta Thomas Moore, Antonio Canova*, in it, and likewise engravings from the statues of the Nymphs, Venere Vincitrice, &c. &c. Saw the palace of the Cenci family, now belonging to some one else.

15th. Called upon Lady Mary Fortescue, and sung with her for some time. Found one or two pretty airs in her MS. book, which she promised to copy out for me. Went afterwards with Chantrey to the church of St. Agnese, built by Borromini; singular architecture outside; not a straight line in the whole building. The fountain opposite it (Piazza Navona) by Bernini nearly as *outré* in its taste. The inside of the church, which is small and circular, looked very fine by the sort of light with which it is illuminated,—brilliant on the principal altar, and dim on the rest, showing off the *bassi* (or *alti*) *rilievi* over them with very fine effect. Bought Parini's works and a little mosaic of the Coliseum for Bessy, this being the dear girl's birthday. Heaven send her many happy returns of it; and may she always make me love and value her as intensely as I do at this moment. Went at half-past five with Canova, Sir T. Lawrence, Chantrey, Jackson, and Turner (four Royal Academicians), to the Venetian Academy of Painting (where Canova first studied when he came to Rome), and saw the naked model,—a very noble figure of a man, who threw himself into the attitudes of the various ancient statues with striking effect. From thence we all went to the Academy of St. Luke's, where there were near a hundred students, drawing and modelling from another naked figure, not quite so good as the former. All

dined together except Canova, who has not dined from home these twelve years. Went in the evening to Lady Davy's, and had some music.

16th. Went out early for the purpose of seeing the Ægina Marbles, but was disappointed. Then went with Lady Davy to see the pictures at the Capitol; but very few of them good; the Sibyl of Domenichino the flower of it all. What spirit in the looks! what freshness in the complexion! what grandeur in the drapery! Guercino's Sibyl here fades into nothing before it: I hardly remember anything else that pleased me so much. Went from thence to see the Colonna garden, and, contrary to my expectation, was admitted to see the palace. Very grand; the great gallery magnificent. There is a fine Claude, but rubbed till it has become quite dry, hard, and blue. The beautiful little Cupids painted on the looking-glasses, by Carlo Maratti, pleased me very much, particularly one little fellow with his back turned, at the top of a glass on the left side of the room, and another holding a crab to the thigh of one that is sleeping, and looking maliciously with his finger to his nose. In one of the rooms is the Cenci of Guido, with a strong expression of sorrow in the countenance. The ridiculous modesty affected in the pictures and statues here: one of the wings of the Swan has been altered, and extended so as to cover the beauties of Leda in the water; and a statue of Venus has been plastered over in the most clumsy manner.

17th. Left Rome for Florence at nine o'clock; the party in the carriage, Chantrey, Jackson, Reid, and Bramsen,—the latter a sort of guide and interpreter that Chantrey brought up with him. The only remarkable object of the day's journey was Soracte, which assumed a variety of shapes as we approached it. Arrived at Otricoli before seven, and slept there; a wretched inn.

18th. Started at six, and arrived at Terni about half-past ten. Breakfasted, and went to the Falls, which is five Italian miles off. Never was anything so magnificently picturesque as this spot. It is not merely the waterfall, though perfect in its way, but

every step and every view is full of enchantment. The view from the top whence the water is seen tumbling down into some cavity and then springing out again, as if rejected; the rainbow moving with the wind, and sometimes quite blown away, but recovering its hues, and forming again immediately; all beautiful. The views too from below are quite as exquisite. The outline of the dark, bold rocks between you and the fall (of which the different landing-places are seen, when the mist of the spray blows off, and at the very top two lesser streams appear branching out in a sort of forked form); the labyrinth of trees, towards the end of the valley, the root of each tree forming a little island, round which the rapids rush, everything but the water, still. The rainbow over the fall like the Providence of God watching over a stormy world, sometimes lost sight of for awhile, but soon shining out again, &c. &c. The little orange grove through which you pass in leaving the valley; the rhododendrons on the rocks; the jasmines along the road afterwards. The rest of our day's journey highly interesting; an unvarying feature of this country is the high pointed, rocky mountains, with castles on their summits. Slept at Spoleto; a very clean and comfortable place, and an elysium to us after the filthy wretchedness of Otricoli.

19th. Left Spoleto pretty early, and got to Perugia about two, having been delayed by the want of horses,—Lucien Bonaparte's suite, among others, being on the road. Went to the University, and saw some old pictures by Cimabue, Pietro Perugino and Perugino's master. Hot with walking so far. Went thence to the chapel, all painted by Pietro Perugino, the most pleasing and least *dry* productions of his I have yet seen. One traces here all the seeds of Raphael's grace; and the embellishments of the corners of the ceiling are evidently the prototype of Raphael's ornamental painting on the Lodges at the Vatican. Dined here, and continued our route all night. It was dark before we got to Lake Trasimene.

20th. Arrived at Florence about two.

Schneider's full, but we went to his *piccola locanda* at the other side. After dinner called for Chantrey at Lord Elgin's, and both went to Lord Burghersh's. Chantrey's opinion of the Duomo here very just. The great object of architecture is to produce, by its different forms and projections, different pleasing effects of light and shadows; but an almost flat surface like that of the Duomo, which substitutes variety of colour for variety of light and shadow, is so far from being in good taste, that, at the best, it can be only considered a large and beautiful toy.

21st. Called with Jackson upon Lord Dillon. Read to us the passage in Hobbes, where he compares the Catholic priesthood to the world of fairies; over-strained, but some of it ingenious. I went to the Mansfields, and, after sitting sometime, Lady Mansfield took me to Bartolini, to whom her daughter is sitting for her bust. Bartolini again entreated me to sit for my bust to him, and says he can take the likeness in six hours. Appointed to-morrow. Chantrey, who means to make a bust of me, wishes I should sit to Bartolini, that "we may see the difference." Went from thence to the *Annunziata* to hear the music, but it was not good. Called upon Lady Charlemont, and sat with her some time. Lady Mansfield told me that the effect she produces here with her beauty is wonderful; last night, at the Comtesse d'Albany's, the Italians were ready to fall down and worship her. Lord Charlemont called upon me. Dined at Lord Burghersh's. Went to the Opera. Came home at twelve o'clock, and looked at Jackson's sketch of the Mothers in Guido's Slaughter of the Innocents. Chantrey objects to this picture; which fails, he says, in truth and nature; for it is impossible that so many mothers should express their horror at the same time, in the same manner, viz. by opening their mouths into an exact oval.

22nd. Gave Bartolini a first sitting for my bust. Went afterwards to the Gallery for a short time; took a glimpse of the Venus and the Claude. Then to the Pitti Palace, but could not get in. After that went with

Jackson to the church of Santa Croce to see the picture of Bronzino, the Limbo dei Santi Padri, one of the most beautiful pictures in Italy. The female figure that stands shrinkingly in an attitude something like that of the Venus, most exquisitely painted. The Sibyls of Volterrano did not so much strike me now that I had seen Domenichino's figures of the same kind. Saw and talked with Lord Charlemont for some time. Dined at Lord Dillon's. Went to Lady Burghersh's music in the evening. Duchess Lanti sang; fine voice and execution, like a prima donna. Manielli sang with her, and a little Irish girl, Miss Gibbons; all Lord B.'s music. Had much talk with Lady Burghersh about Maria Louisa, whom she knows very well, and often passes some time with at her principality. Loved Napoleon at first, but his *rebutant* manner to her disgusted her at last. Treated her like a child. Her Regency a mere sham; did not know what the papers were she had to sign. Never had either message or line from Napoleon after his first abdication, nor until his return from Elba, when he wrote a short note, and without beginning "Madame" or "Chère," or anything, he said he expected her and the child at Paris immediately. Never hears from him from St. Helena. Keeps his picture secretly, and seems to be proud of the child's likeness to him. She is very romantic.

23rd. Sat to Bartolini. Went to Fiesole: a delicious day for it: the view most beautiful; and, after a shower, the sort of light that was over everything made it ten times more beautiful. The Apennines, some of them covered with snow, which shine out in a sunshine like that of summer. Dined with Sir Robert Lawley: company, Lord and Lady Dillon, Charlemont and Templeton, Lord Francis Conyngham, &c. Dillon's quotation from Bacon to account for women's readiness in arriving at a result without the intermediate reasoning that men require, that the "temperament of women is more cold and moist!" The laugh this excited. Sir Robert Lawley's account of the translation of the Memoirs of the Medici to which

he has prefixed a preface. The anecdote of the Cardinal, who being invited to a good dinner on Christmas Day said he was sorry he could not attend, but there was such a mass at such an hour, such an office at another hour; concluding that, in short, *non si può far niente in questo giorno di diavolo.* Went from thence to Mrs. Arthur's ball. Was introduced, at his own request, to the famous Lucchesini, who told me I was *uno dei pilastri delle arte.*

24th. Sat to Bartolini. Desperate snowy-day. Gave another sitting of an hour to Bartolini; Lady Mansfield and her daughter sat with me the greater part of the time. Dined at Lord Burghersh's: company, Lord and Lady Rendlesham, Lord Lovaine, &c. &c.

25th. Went to the Gallery. The Madonna of Carlo Dolce is to me very beautiful; but I at the same time feel that smooth mannerism of his which artists condemn. Went to the Pitti Palace. The Conspiracy of Catiline, by Salvator Rosa, very fine; the Venus of Tintoret an exquisite picture. Dined with the Morgans. In the evening to the christening of Lady Burghersh's child. Lord Mansfield represented the Prince Regent as sponsor. All those at the christening in full dress; but Lady B. said I should be a privileged person, and go in every-day habit. I did not however. A ball after the christening. Some of the chief Florentine beauties there; among whom the handsomest was Madame Mozzi, with a pair of those "terrible" eyes that Arthur Young mentions among the women in Italy. Must not forget Chantrey's remarks upon the two busts of Seneca in the Gallery, showing the inferior style of one in its minute definition of all the parts, and the merit of the other in generalising, and consulting the effect alone.

26th. Got up early to give a final sitting to Bartolini before my departure. Set off with Chantrey, &c. at twelve o'clock. Arrived at Covigliaio between seven and eight. A dreadful day, a snowy mist closing around us as we went.

27th. Left Covigliaio at eight. Arrived at Bologna at half-past five. Weather

cleared up, but the snow very deep on the Apennines. The scene very fine in its way. A waggon overturned across the road, which stopped us some time.

28th. Went to the Gallery. The children quarrelling for the beads in Domenichino's fine picture of the Persecution, the roses scattered on the ground from heaven, and the two lovely girls embracing each other just under the feet of the horses, while another so affectionately extends her hands to protect her aged father; all is admirably imagined. The attitude of Samson, in Guido's picture here, very like that of his Michael. The dead children in his Slaughter of the Innocents, one of them smiling in death, the mother flying away with her child, exquisite; but Chantrey's remark (which, I find, Sir Joshua made before), with respect to the open mouths of the women, very true. There are six or seven figures with the mouths open. The Dead Christ and the Saints of Guido (forming two distinct pictures), a fine picture; the children at the bottom lovely. The Magdalen in Raphael's St. Cecilia here a finely-formed creature. In the picture by Pietro Perugino, next to Guido's Dead Christ, the head of St. John the Evangelist is supposed to be by Raphael, being so much more *sciolto* than the rest. Went to the Marescalchi Palace; a lovely head of St. Cecilia by Domenichino. Canaletti's view of Sta. Maria della Salute here, with a stormy sky, has more painting in it than any one of his I have seen. Left Bologna about two. Arrived at Modena too late to see the gallery of the Ducal Palace, though we attempted it. Could only see that there were some fine Guercinos, and a good Holy Family by Andrea del Sarto. The Palace a splendid building, but the façade only half finished, like everything here. The cathedral a sort of Gothic, and has a spire,—one of the very few one sees here. Slept at Modena.

29th. Left Modena before five in the morning, and arrived at Parma to breakfast. Went to the Gallery. The admirable St. Jerome of Correggio. "How very like Sir Joshua!" I exclaimed the moment I

looked at it; and Jackson and Chantrey fully confirmed my idea. The faces of the angel and the boy on the right full of a sort of grotesque sweetness, and perfectly original. The infant Christ must have suggested to Sir Joshua his Puck. There is also the Madonna della Sedilla here of Correggio. In the picture by Raffaele in this gallery he has painted the Fornarina as St. Catherine; a very lovely figure, the prettiest of his Fornarinas I have seen. Jackson thinks the Fornarina in the tribune at Florence is not Raphael's. The library at Parma splendid; contains 80,000 volumes. Went to Bodoni's printing-house, and bought a copy of Gray's Poems (printed here) for Bessy. Went to the monastery of the Benedictine nuns, where Correggio has painted the children round the ceiling very fancifully and beautifully. These are engraved, I believe, by Rosaspina. The cupola of St. Giovanni and the cathedral are also painted by Correggio, but are much injured and hardly discoverable. Rosaspina, however, has had them engraved. Went from thence to see the toilet of Maria Louisa given her by Napoleon; the cradle, with the eagle at the bottom of it, and the letter N. in various places; all is silver gilt. At dinner to-day, in calling for a bottle of champagne, which I had lost as a wager, I told the waiter, "*C'è un commesso ch' io ho perduto.*" "*Perduto!*" he exclaimed, "*ah, per Bacco!*" This beats Bob Acres's oaths for appropriateness. Slept at Parma. Had gone to the Opera, and seen there Maria Louisa.

30th. Left Parma at five, and arrived at Milan to dinner, having stopped to see the Bridge of Lodi on the way. Wrote a note before dinner to Lord Kinnaid, who came in person to answer it. When I mentioned the waiter's *per Bacco!* to him, he told me that the Austrian government had lately refused permission to the ballet-master at Milan to produce a ballet on the subject of Cymbeline, on account of the immorality of betting upon a woman's virtue. He offered us his box for the night, and Chantrey and I went. The same ballet of which I had seen the Prova. The last scene, where the Titans

are destroyed by a thunderbolt, and all the nymphs and children are seen in a sort of "visionary distance" behind, is beautiful.

December 1st. Went to the Brera. Jackson took a sketch of the delightful Agar for me. Both he and C. pronounced it a feeble picture as to execution, but agreed as to the admirable expression of Agar. The Albano here (which was also brought from Bologna with Guido's Peter and Paul, and the Guercino), a beautiful picture; the subject, the Ratto di Proserpina: Venus reclining in the clouds, and turning round to kiss Cupid, who seems to have just flown up to her after his achievement; the little Love in the dance, whose face is seen from behind; the wing of one on the right; the temple in the background; all most poetical. In the large picture of Domenichino here the head of his Sibyl is repeated; as, indeed, it is often in his pictures. Chantrey does not admire the Duomo of Milan; thinks it too flat, and without any of the grandeur or richness of our Gothic at home. As we came along yesterday, I asked C. and J. which of the painters they would wish to be if they had their choice among all. C. said Tintoret; and J., Raphael: the former on account of the prodigious works of Tintoret at Venice, which I regret I did not see more perfectly. I also did not dwell half so much as I ought on the fine Assumption of Titian at the Academy, from which J. has taken a sketch of the child that holds up the drapery of the Virgin,—a delicious thing. Tintoret's Miracle of the Hammer is in the same room. Kinnaird came to us while we were at dinner. Started between four and five from Milan, and slept at Novara.

2nd. Left Novara very early, and arrived at Turin about six. Very ill all this day.

3rd. Colonel Fitzclarence, who arrived a day or two before, sent to tell Chantrey he had an opportunity of seeing a private collection of pictures,—the Marquis Cambiaso's. Went with him and Upton. A Madonna and Child by Raphael; the two heads (of angels, I believe) in the background, beautiful. A fine Rubens, the Dance of Infant

Satyrs; one of the most pleasing of his I have ever seen. A picture by Titian, where one of the female figures holds a thin glass bell, in which a little Love is inclosed; showing, as the Marquis explained it, *la fragilità dell' amore*. Went thence to the Ducal Palace: a most splendid thing, all gold. None of the pictures pleased me much, except Vandyck's picture of Charles II. and two of the other Stuarts, as children: beautiful in its way. The character of the little child with the apple admirably caught. There is also a fine portrait, by the same, of Prince Thomas (I think) on horseback. Dined; and left Turin at night.

4th. Breakfasted at Susa, and commenced the ascent of Mont Cenis in a thick, dense fog, out of which we rose gradually into all the sunshine of a clear, glorious morning; according to the promise of our postillion, who said, as we came along, "*Il n'y aura pas de brouillard sur la montagne.*" The golden appearance of the mist, before the sun quite rose above it, appearing almost like his golden curls showing themselves, and then turning to silver after he had risen. The valley below us full of a sea of mist, reminding one of the deluge, and as if we were escaping out of it to the high places: so very dense too, and some parts of it, as it began to evaporate, rising slowly with a sort of feathery swell, and as white as snow. Two men on each side of our carriage all the way, to keep it from upsetting. Arrived at St. Jean de Maurienne; a most wretched inn, where we slept.

5th. Arrived at Chambéry at half-past five; took a *char-à-banc*, and went with Jackson to see the chateau where Rousseau passed the happiest time of his life with Madame de Warens. The way to it very rural and wild. Though it was almost dark when we arrived at it, Jackson contrived to make a little sketch of the house for me. Returned to dinner, and slept at Chambéry; a most comfortable house. Heard here at night the only characteristic national singing I have met with on the Continent.

6th. Left Chambéry between six and seven. Saw Buonaparte's road at the Echel-

les; a grand thing, and the view of the valley at the end of the long gallery through the rocks beautiful. Emanuel's old road, though wonderful enough, and the portal to it through the high rocks magnificent, is nothing to Napoleon's. There is a monument, with an inscription, at this opening of Emanuel's road. The passage hence through the mountains very grand. Arrived at Lyons between nine and ten.

7th. Walked about Lyons. The situation of the town very fine, and the view from the inn windows (Hôtel de l'Europe) of the height on the other side of the river, with the old castle upon it, very striking. Left Lyons at seven in the evening to travel all night. Were stopped at Tarrare for want of horses, and sat at the postmaster's fire, drinking brandy and water, for two hours.

8th. Breakfasted at Roanne. A new bridge building here, begun by Bonaparte. The current of the Loire about to be turned here. The house where we breakfasted was formerly the post, but was dispossessed of this (as the landlady told us) on account of Napoleon having slept there on his way from Elba, and thus being suspected of knowing his intended return. Reached La Palisse between four and five; dined and slept there; a very comfortable house.

9th. Stopped to lunch at Moulins, where we had a gay scene with the *marchandes* that came in to sell knives and scissors, and a little girl who brought the Moulins hats to sell, to whom Chantrey gave, at my suggestion, a five-franc piece, which made her very happy. At Ville-neuve-sur-Allier Chantrey bought two of these country hats for his wife and mine. Supped at Pouilly; the white wine of this place famous, and very good. Travelled all night.

10th. Breakfasted at Fontenoy, and arrived at Fontainebleau at two. Went with the rest to see the palace. Saw what I had not been shown before, a statue of Telemachus in the gardens, by Canova, which Buonaparte had sent from Italy, and which was the first thing (the gardener said) he inquired about on his coming into the gar-

den on his way from Elba. Slept at Fontainebleau.

11th. Arrived at Paris before one o'clock. Went as soon as I could, with a beating heart, to inquire for letters from home. Found only one from my darling Bessy, dated as far back as her birthday, the 15th of November. All, however, was then well; and I trust in Heaven the delay of further intelligence is only owing to her waiting the time of my return to Paris. Received a letter also from the Longmans, telling me that nothing has been done in my Bermuda business as yet; and that it is the opinion of Sir J. Mackintosh (as well as their own most decidedly), that I ought not to go to England at present. This is a sad disappointment; my dear cottage and my books! I must, however, lose no time in determining upon bringing Bessy and her little ones over; and wherever they are will be home, and a happy one, to me.

12th. A visitor announced to me, a stranger; said I had done him the honour to leave a card with him last night. Found I had mistaken another doctor for Yonge. He professed himself rejoiced at an accident which had brought him acquainted with one whom he had long, &c. &c. Proved to be a Dr. Williams, an Irishman, a very gentleman-like sort of person, who offered his services to take lodgings, or do anything useful for me. Wrote a letter this morning, for Chantrey and Jackson, to the Count Forbin, to ask permission for them to see the Louvre, which is at present shut.

13th. Wrote to my dear Bessy and the Longmans. Met at the post-office an old acquaintance, O'Hagarty, who was an emigrant in Dublin, and taught the harp. I remember Stevenson saying (when O'Hagarty declared he had no other resource but this or else staying in France to be guillotined) "Egad, it was *head* or *harp* with you," a phrase used in tossing up a halfpenny in Dublin. Went in the evening to see Talma in Coriolanus. His "Adieu Rome," had something fine in it; but there is a great deal of ruffianism in his acting. Stood with Chantrey a long time looking at the extra-

ordinary statue of Voltaire at this theatre. Though quite contrary to Chantrey's theory of what is beautiful in art, from its entering into all the common details of nature, yet he confessed that it has something very admirable in it, and that he never tires of looking at it. Houdon was the sculptor. It would be frightful to have the image of any person one loved with such a true and ghastly resemblance to life.

14th. The permission for Chantrey and Jackson arrived, with a very civil note to Chantrey from Count Forbin. Got in with them as their interpreter. Chantrey explained to me the nature of glazing and scumbling. The former is laying a substratum of white, and then painting with a transparent colour (blue, red, &c.) over it; the latter is chiefly used for the purpose of producing aerial perspective, and consists in brushing thinly over, with an opaque colour, any distant objects that have been first clearly and accurately painted, so as to give them the haze of distance. He showed me a picture of Rubens, in which a cloud had been painted over again by David: remarked what dead, untransparent colouring it was beside the rest. Jackson, for pleasure, would have a collection of *Titians*, that is, for the *sensual* pleasure; but for the intellectual a set of *Raphaels*, the latter being so grand and severe. Titian painted upon very rough canvas, without preparing it so much as is generally done. Raphael's Michael and Satan very inferior to Guido's. Teniers sometimes imitated Guido; could imitate any master. The fine picture by Titian, of the Cavalier and his Mistress: Chantrey made me understand, by comparing this with the picture beyond it, the difference between the minute details of the inferior art and that fine, general view of nature which a great artist gives. Pointed out to me the finest statues. He admired very much the Zingarella, and took a sketch of it; the Boy with the Goose; the Head of Vitellius, &c. By the bye of Bernini, C.'s criticism is that he did not know the boundaries of his art, nor of what it was capable; but attempted effects that only belong to

painting, such as motion, flying draperies, &c. &c. Dined with Lord Granard, and he and I went to the Italian Opera: the "*Barbieri*" of Rossini.

15th. Went out in pursuit of lodgings; found a little *fairy* suite of apartments; an *entresol* in the Rue Chantersine, and took them at 250 francs a month.

17th. Went early to the Opera: that most trumpery thing, "*Le Rossignol*;" but the ballet of "*Nina*" made up for it. Bigottini very touching in this character, and some of the music full of pathos.

18th. No letter from home; know not what to think of it. Everything here seems dreary. Read some of "*Corinne*" at breakfast. The introduction of the heroine is absurd enough,—the car, the senators, the speeches, &c.; but the style and remarks are always very striking. Went to seek for Viotti in order to get permission to attend the rehearsal of Spontini's new opera, "*Olympie*," this evening. Met him; and he promised to admit Lord G., myself, and Fitzgerald. Sent an apology to Mr. Giffard, with whom I was to dine; and Lord G., Fitzgerald, and myself had an early dinner at Beauvilliers'. The rehearsal very singular; the stage lighted up, and all the scenery in form, and the artists in their every day clothes: the music, too, full of notes and overloaded harmonies; and the way it was squalled and mewled out by Madames Branchia and Albert detestable.

19th. A letter, at last, from Bessy: our dear Tom has been very ill, but she says he is now better. God send him health! Had not yet got my letter from this. Called upon Fielding, and went to my lodgings: saw my landlady; a good deal of a Tartar. Am happy to find, however, she lives a good way off. Made calls with Fielding at the Ambassador's (saw Lady Elizabeth Stuart), at the Dalrymple's, Hamilton's, Lady Westmoreland's, Lady Raneliffe's, Gallois, &c. Dined with Fielding; none but himself and Lady Elizabeth. Went with him to the Français, and saw Madlle. Mars in the "*Suite d'un Bal Masqué*." The *équivoque* of this little piece well managed, and her acting charming. Went from thence to Madame



Flahault's: a pretty Frenchwoman there, Madame Laborde. I saw my old acquaintance the Duchess de Broglie (Madame de Stael's daughter), who received me very kindly. Reminded her of the night she danced "Mrs. M'Leod" with me in London.

20th. Left the hotel for my new lodgings. Walked about with Fielding to order wood, tea, sugar, &c. A disagreeable operation for me to turn housekeeper by myself. Went with Lord Granard and Fielding to dine at the Cadran Bleu, for the purpose of seeing the "Petites Danaïdes" at the Porte St. Martin. With some difficulty got places; amusing enough. Little Jenny Vertpré very pretty. Fielding and I drank *punch à la Romaine* at Tortoni's afterwards.

21st. Had a letter from Lord John Russell. His speech on the reform of corrupt boroughs admirable. Nothing gives me more pleasure, both for his own and the country's sake, than his success on this occasion. Walked about with Fielding, after reading the papers. Wanted me to dine with him, but I refused, and dined alone at the Rotonde. Went to the Gaieté afterwards, and finished with iced punch at Tortoni's. The weather as hot as summer.

22nd. Paid my landlady a month in advance, and signed and sealed according to the same form as had been submitted to by the ambassador of Constantinople (Adair), who, I find, was my predecessor in these lodgings. Called on Denon, and saw his lithographical publications. One of the engravings he showed me was from a drawing by Procaccini, whom I guessed, from his style, to be an *élève* of Correggio; and I happened to be right. Dined with Fielding, and went in the evening to Lady Westmoreland's, to take leave of her on her departure for Italy. From thence went to the Duchesse de Broglie's. Was introduced to her husband, who is a sensible, quiet sort of person.\*

23rd. Wrote to my dear Bessy, my mother, Rogers, and Lord John. Dined at Comte de Flahault's. De Souza's story of

\* The Duc de Broglie's unpretending manner conceals his remarkable abilities, but only for a day.  
— Ed.

the violent patriot declaiming against tyranny, and saying that the people ought to rise with one voice and cry out *Vive la Liberté!* at the same time whispering the last word himself, as if he feared the very walls would hear him. Music in the evening. Paer and his daughter sung; he in the *buffo* style, and very well; seems a fine, hearty fellow. One of the things sung by him and her and Flahault was an air that they sing to the bagpipes at Rome in Christmas time. It is harmonised by Paer, and is very pretty. I must have it for my National Melodies. Went afterwards to Lady Elizabeth Stuart's assembly, where I saw Pozzo di Borgo, Suchet, &c. Was introduced to Prince Galitzin, a Russian, who has all my poems by heart, and came sidling up to me with a line or two every now and then during the night.

24th. Madame Flahault called to take me to the Opera, the "Olympie." Nothing can be more poetically imagined than the scenery and ballet of this opera. It is a curious idea of Madame Flahault, that Lord Byron chose Venice for a residence, because, as nobody walks there, his not having the power is not so remarkable. Wet to the skin coming home. Stopped at the Rotonde on my way to buy a bottle of brandy, and drank some with hot water before I went to bed. Saw a tour through Switzerland at a stall to-day, dedicated to the Thunder, "*C'est à toi, Tonnerre, que je dédie mon livre.*"

25th. Christmas Day! Alas! I thought to pass it with my dear family. Have been asked to dine by Fielding; but would rather, *faute de mieux*, pass the day with the Granards, who are the oldest acquaintances I have here, and old recollections have always something domestic about them. Resolved to invite myself to dinner there, and called; but Lord G. anticipated me by asking me himself. Told him, however, my intentions. Lady Charlotte and Fitzgerald at dinner, and Lady Rancliffe.

28th. Got my passports, and set off at half-past four, in the mail, for Calais. My companions two Frenchwomen, one of whom gave me a very interesting account of her sufferings at St. Domingo, and the kindness

of the people of Baltimore to her on her arrival there. In talking of the backwardness of the American literature, I said, what would always prevent them from exerting themselves much in that way, was their having already the work done to their hands in the literature of the mother country; and that, in fact, to be *langue épuisée*. "Comment," she answered, "*une langue épuisée*, when there are such poets as Byron and Scott alive?" This silence about me I bore very philosophically: found afterwards she had heard much of my name, but never read me. Travelled all night.

29th. Cold, dreary travelling all day. Found, from the conversation of my companions, that there is much fear of disension throughout France, and that commerce is already checked by the appearance of clouds in the horizon. This agrees with what Madame Flahault told me; and these prognostics of a storm have all appeared within a few weeks.

30th. Arrived, after two nights' travelling, at Calais, about seven o'clock this morning. Went to bed at eight, rose again a little after ten, and heard there were two packets in the distance. Breakfasted, and went down to the pier, where I remained till the packet entered the harbour. Numbers on deck, but no Bessy. At last the dear girl and her little ones made their appearance. Our meeting most happy. The little ones quite well and blooming, and my Bessy herself (notwithstanding a fall she had from a pony during my absence, which broke her nose almost to pieces) looking extremely well. She never told me of this accident, but it was a severe one, and confined her to the house for weeks. What an escape! Her beautiful nose, too, that might have vied with Alcina's own, to have been so battered. It is still swelled, and the delicacy of it a little spoiled; but it will soon, I trust, come right again. Despatched a man from the pier to take the mail for us to-morrow night; but he misunderstood me (from my speaking English with him), and took the places for to-night; an unlucky mistake, as we all want rest. However, there being no help

for us, dined and set off together at six; myself, Bessy, the two young ones, and our excellent servant Hannah, all together. A cold, cold night, with the ground as slippery as glass from the frost.

31st. Crept along all day, in much anxiety for my precious charge, for the hills were as dangerous going up as down; but our conversation about all that has happened during our separation beguiled the way.

January 1, 1820. Arrived safe, thanks to that God whose goodness I would not feel for the world! Four nights in the mail rather fagging. Got dinner from a *traiteur*: my dear tidy girl, notwithstanding her fatigue, set about settling and managing everything immediately.

2nd. Employed in unpacking and arranging. Took Bessy to walk on the Boulevards in the evening; the shops glittering with *étrennes* of all sorts.

3rd. Down to the Rue St. Antoine for silk for a pelisse, and bought a bonnet. Took Bessy to dinner at Véry's at the Palais Royal; her reluctance to enter the room. Went afterwards to see the Marionettes; where, notwithstanding her bonnet, somebody cried out, "*Voilà une dame Anglaise!*" Finished at the Mille Colonnes.

4th. We called upon Lady Elizabeth Fielding, and went afterwards to the Couturière. Rather hard upon me to be the interpreter on these occasions; indeed house-keeping, millinery, everything, falls upon me just now, and I fear there is but little chance of leisure for writing; besides, there is this infernal young lady learning the pianoforte over my head. Dined at home, and read in the evening; the first time I have attempted anything like study for some months.

5th to 8th. Days hardly worth the noting; spent in efforts to settle ourselves, with but little success. Wrote to tell the Longmans that I meant to call my projected little work, "The Fudge Family in Italy." Had an answer to say they were much pleased with the idea. Began some of the picture sketches. Am only able to manage a few lines a day, by staying in bed to breakfast. Read through Fresnoy's "Art of Painting,"

with Sir Joshua's commentary on it. Read also "Richardson on Painting." Bessy visited by Madame de Flahault, Lady C. Fitzgerald, Mrs. Herbert, &c. &c. Lady E. Fielding said to me, comically enough on my return from Calais, "Every one speaks of your conjugal attention, and I assure you all Paris is disgusted with it."

9th to 14th. An idle habit thus lumping the days; but they may well say, *nos numerus sumus*, for they have here little more in them. Thought, before my month was out, of looking out for other lodgings, and walked over to the quartier of the Luxembourg with Fielding and Bessy for that purpose.

nothing that would do. Have made a resolution (in which Bessy joins me with pleasure) not to go into society here, excepting a few quiet friends to dinner sometimes. This relieves my fears both about time and purse; and I shall, I trust, get on more indistinctly from henceforward.

15th. Bessy very unwell. A note from Mrs. Herbert to offer to take us to the Italian Opera this evening; but neither can go. A note too from my poetical friend, Mr. Lake, describing himself in great distress, and begging the loan of six Napoleons: can hardly refuse him, but have only three myself till Monday.

16th. Called upon Madame de Souza, by appointment, to talk about the romance she is writing. Wants to publish it in London, but Murray refuses to buy, through fear of piracy in Paris. This, she says, may be obviated by letting Didot (whom she can rely on for not going further) print a few copies here, in order to secure the copyright. I promised to write about it. Read me some of her romance, which was very delicately done, "Adèle de Sénanges," &c. &c. Went upstairs afterwards to the Flahaults. Some conversation about Maria Louisa. Flahault was the person sent by Napoleon, during the Cent Jours, to prevail upon her to join him; but, he says, he saw at once she was determined not to come. I heard read an original letter of Napoleon's to the Empress Josephine, after the surrender of Mack, written in a great hurry, but full of most pithy mat-

ter. Begins carelessly about the state of his health, and then suddenly comes to this sentence: "*J'ai détruit l'armée Autrichienne.*" The postscript is "*Mille choses aimables à Hortense.*" It is directed "*L'Empereur à l'Impératrice.*" Went afterwards to call upon Gallois and see his library; an excellent one; very rich in English literature. G. full of kindness in his offers of the use of it. Asked me all about my Bermuda business, and said the Duke of Bedford had talked a good deal to him about it. Went from thence to call upon Mr. Lake with the three Napoleons; not at home. After dinner Bessy suggested that I ought to have left the money, as the poor man might be distressed for it this evening, so I set off again to his lodgings, and left the money sealed for him, promising to give the rest to-morrow.

17th. Got forty pounds at the banker's, and gave Mr. Lake his remaining three Napa. Walked with Bessy to call upon Lady Augusta Leith, Lady Granard, and the Herberts. Lady G. very cordial to my dear girl and the little ones. In my apology to the Duchesse de Broglie for dinner on Wednesday, I mentioned Thursday by mistake, in consequence of which she has written a most urgent note, talking of the many *tentatives infructueuses* she has made to have me, and hoping that I am not engaged for Wednesday; so must go. Dined at home. In the evening Madame de Flahault called to take me to the Opera (theatres being an exception to my vow against going out). The opera "Tarare;" the dancing scene in it quite beautiful.

19th. Stayed at home all the morning. Dined at the Duke de Broglie's; company, thirteen in number besides myself, who was the only English person present. Some men there of reputation for talent, whose names I do not well remember. They discussed English literature as fluently as if they knew anything of the matter. One of them fell into a mistake rather flattering to me. In mentioning those of Lord Byron's works he liked the best, he said the "Corsair" and "Lalla Rookh." Sat next to Madame de Broglie, whom I took out to dinner. Talked with

her brother Auguste about Sheridan. He said Sheridan was not all *un homme instruit*; he knew nothing whatever of French. So like a Frenchman! Told me that he heard, when he met Sheridan at Outlands, that he (S.) had been, a little before, found reading the Memoirs of Grammont, for the first time, in a translation. In talking of the very unripened state of political knowledge in France at present, I said, *leurs commencemens sont interessans*. "Oui," he replied; "*les commencemens des jeunes gens sont interessans; mais les commencemens des vieillards . . . hélas!*" A son of General Custine's one of the party. Came away early.

23rd. Called upon Madame de Souza, and heard some more of her romance, which begins to be rather a task. Have written to the Longmans for her. Went out to walk with Dr. Williams to see a cottage in the Champs Elysées, where he once lived. Quite the thing I want; as rural and secluded a workshop as I ever have had.

24th. Walked out early with Bessy and Williams to the cottage; and decided upon taking it. Should have lost it if I had been a day later. Fixed with the proprietress, to meet and sign and seal on Thursday next. Dined at Lattin's: the company, Boissonade, who, they tell me, is the French Porson; Gail, professor of Greek, whose edition of Anacreon I remember my mother buying for me when I was about nineteen, and busy with my own translation. How happy the gift made me! Gail is a convivial and rather weak old man. There was also M. George, professor of theological eloquence; the Abbé Dillon; Spurzheim, the craniologist; a M. Dorien, who has written two epic poems that nobody has read, a very gentleman-like and well-informed person. The day was altogether very amusing. Story of a person asking another whether he would advise him to lend a certain friend of theirs money, "What, lend him money! *Vous lui donneriez des émétiques; il ne les rendrait pas.*" Truffles another subject; whether the ancients knew them. The only reason for thinking so is that Pliny mentions a *champignon souterrain*; but he

does not mention its being used in cookery. After dinner Spurzheim questioned me as to my music; whether I paid much attention to the calculation of the *time*. I told him I did not; and he said he could perceive that in the form of my head above the temples. A friend and pupil of his was in the meantime feeling the back of my head, and discovering there *friendship, love of children, &c. &c.* This is carrying the joke rather to far. Boissonade, I find, is contributing materials to Valpy's new edition of the "Thesaurus."

25th. Bessy and I dined with Dr. Williams; no one else but a Mr. Vanderhausen, Williams says a French lady told him gravely the other day, that she considers these *Figueurs* (the monsters in Paris that stab women) to be the natural consequence of the study of Lord Byron's works, and the principles inculcated by him. Went in the evening to the Porte St. Martin to see the "Petites Danaïdes."

26th. Dined with Bessy and Dalton at Beauvilliers'; treated the party, which cost me two Napoleons. Went to the Opera in the evening; "Aristippe" and "Zephyr et Flore." Bessy not so much delighted as I expected.

27th. Drew fifty pounds from the banker's, and went out to meet my new landlady; Fielding and Williams with me. F. much pleased with the little *ginguette*. The papers not being ready, I returned home for Bessy. Called on Mrs. Locke and at the Granards, in our way. Lady Adelaide and Lady Caroline took us in the carriage to the cottage. Settled everything with my landlady and paid three months in advance. Asked Lord Granard to dine with us tomorrow, for the purpose of going to some spectacle. Lady Caroline offered to join the party, and eat an Irish stew in an *entresol*, by way of novelty. Dined with the Fieldings: sung in the evening to him, her, Montgomery, and the governess,—all four weeping. This is the true tribute to my singing.

28th. Ordered some dishes at the Rotonde, in order that the Irish stew might be

in good company. Walked to take a box at the Ambigu Comique. Lord Granard came to dinner, Lady C. not being able to come on account of the desperate state of Lady Augusta's son, who is not expected to live. Went in the evening to the Ambigu Comique. Calas was the piece, and it was not a little interesting to see a whole audience of Catholics in tears for the sufferings of a Protestant family.

31st. Left the Rue Chantereine, after six weeks of the most uncomfortable residence I have ever endured, and transported my household goods to the Champs Elysées. A delicious day to begin with. Fleeced most dreadfully by the old harridan landlady in the Rue Chantereine. The delight of my whole establishment at getting into a cottage and garden not to be expressed. Heaven send them health and happiness in it.

February 1st. Everything promises for comfort and quietness in our new abode. Doctor Yonge called on me to tell me of the king's death, supposing my debt was to the government, and that this event would be a means of gaining my reprieve. Worked a little, and read "Reynolds's Discourses" in the evening. What excellent sense there is in them.

2nd to 5th. Days passed quietly and busily, writing at the rate of between twenty and thirty lines a day.

7th to 11th. Writing away. The Longmans have announced for some time "The Fudge Family in Italy," to be published in the month of February; but I shall not be ready till the end of April.

12th. Mr. Rawlins returned from London; brought me the two boxes of books and papers for my Sheridan task, which I left behind. A letter from Branigan, from Jamaica, in which he tells me that there was a subscription about to be set on foot for me there, till, on the receipt of my letter, expressing my intention to decline any such aid, he put a stop to it.

13th to 19th. So busy writing that I have not time to take note of my days; but they are all alike; near thirty lines a day. The Duke de Berri's assassination an im-

portant as well as shocking event. Imputed by the Royalists to the politics of Mons. de Cases\*, the present minister. A lady said, who went to see the body laid out at the Louvre, "*Voilà la seconde exposition au Louvre de l'industrie de M. de Cases*," alluding to the exhibition of works of French industry this year. My poor mother has been very ill, and I have written to Corry to advance them any additional money they may want, either for her comfort, or the expense they have been at in changing lodgings.

20th. Called upon M. Gallois, and looked over his library for some work relative to the adventures of Rienzi: found the history by Abbé de Cerceau. G. highly interested by my account of my cottage life, my hours of study, meals, &c. &c. "*Ah, c'est une douce vie que vous menez là.*"

21st and 22nd. Nothing remarkable; thirty lines each day. In the three weeks I have been here I have done 600 lines.

26th and 27th. Negotiating for a new servant in place of the portress who has hitherto been our cook. Are about to take the cook of Lady Lanesborough, who lives near us. Madame Flahault called one of these days and saw Bessy. Camac dined with us on the 26th: full of his Italian princesses. Told us of his taking Turner's (the artist's) umbrella on the Campanal of the Capitol; to screen the Princess of Denmark from the wind, knowing neither the Princess nor Turner; of the wind blowing the umbrella back and injuring it very much, to the annoyance of Turner; how the Princess paid him with smiles, &c. &c.

March 1st. Our new cook arrived, and I expect our *ménage* will be much more comfortable.

3rd. Dr. Yonge called, and offered to take Bessy to make any calls she might wish, in his carriage. Went with him; called at Lady Rancliffe's, and saw her. Then to Lady Herbert's, whom we saw, and sat with also. Dined afterwards at Yonge's lodgings, Douglas (my old college friend) to meet us;

\* The Duc Decazes.

and went in the evening to the Feydeau to see the "Chaperon Rouge."

4th. Dalton has been so long anxious to give me a dinner at Beauvilliers', that we dropped in and dined with him there; and from thence, afterwards, to the Vaudeville, where we saw "La Visite à Bedlam" and "La Volière de Frère Philippe."

5th. Called upon Madame de Souza, and saw her husband's Camoens. This book has cost him near 4000*l.*, and he has never sold a copy.

6th. Bessy and I walked in early to the Marché des Jacobins, to provide for our dinner-party to-day. Yonge, Dalton, and Douglas dined with us; a most excellent dinner, admirably cooked by our new *artiste*. The evening a very hearty one. I have now finished a thousand lines.

7th to 10th. Worked away, but begin to despair of being able to keep my promise to the public of "Fudge Family in Italy." Am too pressed for time now to do justice to the humorous part; must therefore only publish it as a journal. Dined with the Fieldings one of these days; Lord Robert Fitzgerald the only other person. Lady E. mentioned Lord Cowper's epigram upon a tax-gatherer, which is comical enough. It is as follows:

"Next comes Mr. Winter, collector of taxes;  
And the people all give him whatever he *axes*;  
In enforcing his dues, he uses no flummery,  
And though *Winter's* his name, his proceedings  
are *summary*."\*

Went that evening (the 10th) to Madame de Flahault's,—the only breach in my anti-company system I have yet made. A small party; Mrs. Fitzherbert and Miss Seymour, Lady E. Stuart, Mrs. Ellis, Lady Hunloke, &c. Flahault sung, and so did I; very nervous about it. If I had given way, should have burst out a-crying; as I remember doing many years ago at a large party at Lady Rothes's. No one believes how much I am sometimes affected in singing, partly from being touched myself, and partly from an anxiety to touch others. De Roos (Lord H. Fitzgerald's son) lent me his carriage home.

11th to 14th. My dear Bessy severely ill.

\* I have always heard these verses attributed to Mr. Theodore Hook, and I believe rightly.—Ed.

Dr. Yonge attended her twice a day. Between my anxiety about her, and my desire to get on with my little work, much harassed and downcast. This decides me to give up the humorous part of my plan: shall now call it "The Journal of a Member of the Poccourante Society."

15th and 16th. Bessy much recovered. The other day, Lake, while waiting for me below stairs, wrote with a pencil the following lines, addressed to little Anastasia:

"Sweet child, when in thy beauteous face,  
The blush of innocence I view,  
Thy gentle mother's features trace,  
Thy father's look of genius too,  
If *envy* wake a moment's sigh,  
Thy face is my apology."

Made an effort to organise a quiet dinner of some Irish friends for to-morrow (St. Patrick's Day).

17th. Dined, ten or eleven of us, at the Two Swans: Lord Massey, Gen. Fitzgerald, Sir J. Burke, Douglas, Williams, &c. &c. A very jolly day. Williams and I sang some of the "Irish Melodies," and our voices went admirably together.

18th to 23rd. Here are several days which I have let pass too far to recollect precisely what I have done upon each. Wrote to the Longmans, to mention my change of plan with respect to the little work, and proposing to have it printed here, for the greater expedition of sending over proofs. Worked regularly every day, but begin to fall off in my daily number of lines. Read parts of Daru's "History of Venice" (which M. de Souza lent me), and wrote a poem on the subject, which is one of the best I have done. Read also Cerceau's account of Rienzi's conspiracy; on which I have also written a poem. A parallel might be drawn between Rienzi and Napoleon.

24th. Had Lady Charlotte Fitzgerald and her husband, Fielding, and Dalton, to dinner. F. told me that G. Dawson is gone off to England to try and make interest with the Duke of York, to get the king's consent to his marrying Miss Seymour. Our dinner went off very agreeably.

25th. Dined at the Salon for the first

time, and looked at their playing in the evening. Am not surprised at young men being tempted to ruin themselves. Fielding and I afterwards called upon Douglas, who had been thrown out of his gig two or three days since. Found him sitting up with his two physicians, à l'Irlandaise, very nearly the end of half a-dozen of claret.

27th. Was to have dined with Story, but put off on account of the illness of his house-

Received an answer from the Longwell, to say my present title would do very well, and that they had no objection to my getting the work set up in Paris.

29th and 30th. Worked and walked. Begin to grow a good deal dispirited about my Poccourante. A set of detached poems can hardly do much in the present day.

31st. These three days past our Champs Elysées very gay with that truly French exhibition of Longchamps. Received, to my great surprise, a letter from Stendahl\*, dated (as well as I could judge from a fracture in the paper), "Palerme," telling me he had just read "Lalla Rookh" for the fifth time, and saying that, as I must have friends who love the arts, *pour avoir quelque chose de commun avec eux*, he sends me an order for three copies of his work which he begs me to read. The order on the bookseller is signed Aubertin, but the note to me is signed Stendahl. This is all odd enough.

April 3rd. Took dear Anastasia to school for the first time. It is a school quite near, where we can see her every day, and she is to come home every Saturday till Monday. Fielding called upon me, and went to Stendahl's bookseller with our order, as I intend one of the copies for Fielding. The bookseller evidently knows nothing about him, and says he believes he is travelling. The orders on him always signed Aubertin. Have come nearly to the resolution of not publishing my Poccourante; at least till I have done something of more importance.

4th. Walked to the Marais to look for Smith, an English printer, whom I think of employing to set up my little work, if I de-

\* Whose "Histoire de la Peinture en Italie," Mr. Moore was then reading.

termine to go on with it. Had some difficulty in finding him. He said he would send me an estimate of the expense.

7th. Went to see the Marquis Somariva's collection; the Magdalen of Canova its chief ornament; an exquisite thing, and excelling in what is generally out of the sphere of sculpture, — expression.

8th. Writing on; rather inclined to persevere in my publication; but it is somewhat discouraging now to write, when the attention of all the reading world is absorbed by two writers, — Scott and Byron; and when one finds such sentences as the following in the last Edinburgh Review, "These novels (Scott's) have thrown evidently into the shade all contemporary prose, and even all recent poetry, except, perhaps, those inspired by the genius, or demon, of Byron."

15th. Dined at Flahault's. A lady (Mrs. Skinner) had called upon us in the morning, who said she had translated, while in India, the prose story of "Lalla Rookh," for the amusement of her moonshee, and he was astonished at the accuracy of its costume. No one at Flahault's but themselves and the De Souza's. Went with Madame de Flahault to the Italian Opera. When we were leaving the theatre, the Duchesse de Raguse came over to whisper to her, and asked (as Madame de Flahault told me afterwards) whether it was Mons. Walter Scott she had by the arm. Upon Madame de F.'s saying, "No, it was Mr. Moore," the Duchesse replied, "*Ah! c'est la même chose, c'est Lalla Rookh que j'adore.*" This Duchesse de Raguse has, it seems, cut her husband\*, on account of his treachery to Napoleon. I had mentioned to Madame de Flahault, the other day, how strange I thought it that Lady E. Stuart had never returned Bessy's visit. She spoke of it to Lady E., who assured her she *did* visit us in the Rue Chantreine, but would do it again, as that had been a mistake. Though Bessy does not care a pin about such things, I like that these high people should be made to *mind their manners*.

16th to 19th. Lost two of these days at

Marshal Marmont.

very stupid dinners; one with a Leicester-shire squire, Jack Story, and the other with Wedderburn Webster, at the Trois Frères Provençaux; Douglas of the latter party. Meant to go to the "Barbieri di Seviglia," but was too late, so adjourned to the Café de la Paix; drank punch, listened to nonsense from —, and was heartily sick of both. He told me that, one day, travelling from Newstead to town with Lord Byron in his vis-à-vis, the latter kept his pistols beside him, and continued silent for hours, with the most ferocious expression possible on his countenance. "For God's sake, my dear B. (said W—— at last), what are you thinking of? Are you about to commit murder; or what other dreadful thing are you meditating?" To which B. answered, that he always had a sort of presentiment that his own life would be attacked some time or other; and that this was the reason of his always going armed, as it was also the subject of his thoughts at that moment.

22nd. Bessy and I took dear Anastasia in the evening to the theatre of M. Comte, where we saw an extraordinary old man eat whole walnuts, and a crawfish, a bird, and an eel, all alive. A *gens-d'armes*, who seemed to know all about him, said that he suffered no inconvenience from any of these things, except the walnuts, which he could not digest. He swallowed also a pack of cards, his comrade accompanying it with the joke of "Vous mangez à la carte."

23rd. Fielding and Lady E. dined with us. In the evening we all walked in the Jardin Marbouf; and, afterwards, Fielding and I went to a concert given by Livius, where I heard Mdle. Münck sing very pleasingly. Viotti, too, was there, whom I always like to meet. Lord Trimlestown told me this evening that he is occupied in translating my "Paradise and the Peri" into French. He wrote, some years ago, rather pretty French verses to me on my poem to the "Invisible Girl," which also, at the same time, produced some very lively lines from Croker. I lost the copies of both by lending them. Croker imagined a woman of fashion to address me on the prospect of

my becoming a lawyer, deprecating the idea that I should ever be

"Wrapt in a gown a world too big,  
And shaded in a waste of wig!"

25th. Dined with the Villamils, and went with them in the evening to see "Marie Stuart," the new French tragedy. Very successful; but, as I thought, very dull. Elizabeth goes on a hunting party from London to Fotheringay; and Marie, pointing to the horizon, says, "*C'est là qu'est mon pays; là l'Ecosse commence;*" she continues,

"Ces nuages errants, qui traversent le ciel,  
Peut-être hier ont vu mon palais paternel."

There are, however, one or two pathetic passages, and one or two well-turned lines. After the play, Miss Wilson, one of our party, having on a hat, certainly rather remarkable, attracted the attention of the *parterre*, and almost every man in it looked up at our box, laughed aloud, and almost hooted; and if the entertainment had not commenced, there is no knowing how far they would have carried their insults.

28th. Received a letter, at last, from Lord Byron, through Murray, telling me he had informed Lady B. of his having given me his memoirs for the purpose of their being published after his death, and offering her the perusal of them in case she might wish to confute any of his statements. Her note in answer to this offer (the original of which he inclosed me) is as follows:—

"Kirkby, Mallory,  
March 10, 1820.

"I received your letter of January 1, offering to my perusal a memoir of part of your life. I decline to inspect it. I consider the publication or circulation of such a composition at any time as prejudicial to Ada's future happiness. For my own sake, I have no reason to shrink from publication; but, notwithstanding the injuries which I have suffered, I should lament some of the *consequences*.

"A. BYRON."

"To Lord Byron."

His reply to this, which he has also inclosed, and requested me (after reading it and taking a copy) to forward to Lady B., is as follows:—



"Ravenna, April 3, 1820.

"I received yesterday your answer dated March 10. My offer was an honest one, and surely could only be construed as such even by the most malignant casuistry. I could answer you, but it is too late, and it is not worth while. To the mysterious menace of the last sentence, whatever its import may be—and I cannot pretend to unriddle it—I could hardly be very sensible, even if I understood it, as, before it could take place, I shall be where 'nothing can touch him further.' . . . I advise you, however, to anticipate the period of your intention; for be assured no power of figures can avail beyond the present; and if it could, I would answer with the Florentine,

'Et io, che posto son con loro in croce  
e certo  
 La fiera moglie, più ch' altro, mi nuoce.'

"To Lady Byron."

"BYRON."

May 2nd. Called upon Madame de Flahault: fixed Friday to dine to meet Kinaird. Told Madame de Souza of the answer I had received from Murray, who does not appear to wish to have anything to do with her romance. Told me of Napoleon, that, when he was embarking from Elba, his four hundred veterans wished to be aboard the same ship with him; but the captain of the vessel remonstrated and said, that if there came the slightest breath of wind, they would be upset with so many on board; and that he must take at most but the half of the guard; upon which Buonaparte answered, "*Il fera beau;*" and ordered that all should accompany him.

4th. Williams dined with us; went in the evening and bought a copy of the French translation of "*Lalla Rookh*," just published by the translator of Lord Byron. It is amusing enough that they have given a biographical sketch of me before it, entitled, "*Notice sur Sir Thomas Moore.*"

9th. Gave the first copy of my work to the printer a week since, and he promised me a proof on Friday last; but none has yet come, and the season is far advanced. Have begun a poem on Lord Byron, which is a ticklish subject, whether with reference to himself or the public.

10th to 13th. Douglas has received a letter from Lord Strangford, in which he com-

plaints of my not having answered the letter he wrote from Sweden, and says, "As there is no one almost I love half so well as Moore, his silence grieves me."

16th and 17th. Dined one of these days with the Fieldings. Told me that a person meeting a friend running through the rain with an umbrella over him said, "Where are you running to in such a hurry, like a mad mushroom?"

19th. Dined with the Fieldings, who, I grieve to say, are about to leave Paris to live at Boulogne. Went with them in the evening to Madame de Flahault's to meet Lady Morgan. The Davys there; who, by the bye, called upon me some evenings since; just arrived. There were at Flahault's also great numbers of the French *libéraux*: Constant, General Foy, Sebastiani, &c. &c. Came away early.

23rd. Still writing, and giving copy, as I write, to the printer. Went to dine with Douglas and Yonge at the Cadran Bleu, and visited two of the little theatres afterwards. Talking of the importance of individuals to themselves, D. mentioned a letter from a servant-maid, in which she says, "I hear it is all over London that I am about to leave my place."

24th. Had been invited for to-day to dine with the Davys and a *Roman* party at the Rocher de Cancal, but had already promised, at the request of Douglas, to dine with Henry and Lady Emily at the other side of Paris. The Miss Byrnes (the eldest of whom is heirress to 8000*l.* a year) took us. Poor Lady Emily sadly broken, and looking all but dead. The day altogether an interesting one. We had music in the evening, and the Miss Byrnes played and sang. It is so long since I myself have sung, that my breath almost failed me with nervousness. Lord H. Fitzgerald, whom we found (with Lady de Roos) paying a morning visit on our arrival, mentioned a circumstance of an English lady taking lodgings in the Champs Elysées; and after she had agreed for them, the proprietor said, "*Et je vous assure, Madame, que vous ne verrez rien de dégoûtant ou effrayant.*" It was a *maison de santé*, where mad people were taken.

25th. Went to take a box at the Feydeau for our party to-night, and called upon Lady Davy. Saw Sir Humphry, who dines with the Duc de Richelieu, and she comes to dine with us. Have asked Fielding to meet her. On my return found that Lord Kinnaird had been to bring back Lord B.'s "Memoirs," and Bessy had asked him to dinner. He came, and made the party very agreeable. Told us of a Scotchman who, upon being asked by a stranger the way to some place, answered, as usual, with the question of "Where do you come from?" "That's nothing whatever to you," answered the other. "Very true," replied the Scotchman, "nor is it muckle concern of mine, where ye are ganging, either." Saw the "Voitures Versées" and the "Maison à Vendre," at the Feydeau.

28th May; June. Here follows an interval of near a month, during which I have taken "no note of time," on account of the various distractions that have occupied every minute; among which, the chief was the finishing my work for the Longmans. Just as I was sending them the last sheet, and the title, I received a letter from Longman himself, inclosing one from Sir J. Mackintosh, to whom they had shown the first two sheets of the work, for the purpose of asking his opinion as to the prudence of publishing the attacks it contains upon Castlereagh, Van., and Sid., at this moment, when it is possible my friends, in bringing this Bermuda business to a settlement, may have to apply for the remission of the government part of the claims. Mackintosh is of opinion that I certainly should not publish them, as it might interfere with the success of such an application; which he thinks could not fail to be acceded to, and without "imposing much restraint on my liberty." The Longmans agree perfectly with him, and suggest that I should "work this volume up without the politics, or entice my muse into some other region." I answered it was with the most perfect willingness I agreed to give up the publication, as nothing but a wish to reimburse them the sums they had advanced for me could have induced me to send such

a frail bark afloat among the public just now; and that if they were good enough to wait, the giving up the work was much more a relief than a disappointment to me. That if the satire was good enough to justify, in any degree, the imprudence such a step would appear in many people's eyes, I should say, *jacta esto alea*, and give it to the world; as, though I agreed with them in suppressing it, it was not at all on the grounds that they and Sir J. Mackintosh had so considerably suggested, but solely from my wish to let the next thing I publish be of some magnitude and importance; and that I did not think it at all likely that I should ever consent to receive anything in the way of favour from any member of the present government.

It is impossible for me to recollect the dates of the occurrences during this month, but I shall set them down at random, as they present themselves to my memory.

Our Wiltshire friends, the Lockes, arrived for two or three days in Paris. Dined with them at their hotel, on the very day the disturbances on the subject of the election law assumed the first alarming appearance. This was, I recollect, Saturday, the 3rd of June. On the Monday following, Bessy and I walked in after dinner to call on them, and found great agitation everywhere. Saw the crowd of students on their way to the Faubourg St. Antoine, to try and excite the people of that quarter; shops all shutting up in the Rue de la Paix. After leaving Bessy at home, returned to the Place Louis XV., from which I found the cavalry had cleared away all the people. These disturbances lasted thus the whole of this week, and I certainly thought it probable some serious explosion would follow; but the concession made by the government tranquillised, at length, the mind of the public, and the week following everything was as quiet as before. The appearance of the Champs Elysées during this time, filled with troops, and the cavalry dismounted and resting under the trees, was highly picturesque. One of the evenings (Monday 5th), after the cavalry had been making vain efforts to dis-

perse the *atroupements*, there came on a desperate shower, which effectually did the business; and a man running into a shop where I had taken shelter, exclaimed, "*Cela vaut bien tous les gens-d'armes.*" It is said that the royal family had actually begun to pack up for Compiègne.

Received a letter from Lord Byron about the 7th or 8th, commissioning me to find out an Irishwoman of the name of M——, who had written to him to request he would let her have the proof sheets of one of his new works that she might translate it into French, and so make a little money by being first in the field with a translation, she being an orphan, &c. He begged me, if I found she was deserving of assistance, to draw upon him for a few hundred francs for her; but to tell her, "not to translate him, as that would be the height of ingratitude." She had said in her letter to him, "Moore is here, and is writing; I might ask *him*, but it is a Life of Johnson; and the French don't care about Johnson." I called upon the lady, and found her so respectably dressed and lodged, that I felt delicate, at first, about mentioning the gift Lord Byron intended for her; and when, on my second visit, I presented the fifteen Napoleons, the poor girl refused them, saying it was not in that way she wished to be served; having contrived hitherto, though an orphan, to support herself without pecuniary assistance from any one. She began to talk about "Moore;" upon which I thought it right to declare who I was; and her broad Irish stare at the communication was not a little diverting. On returning the first night from seeking her in the Rue de Bondy, with Williams and Mr. Sullivan, I got completely *cerné*, in a small street, between two lines of troops, who let everybody in but no one out. We thought we were likely to be kept there for some hours, if there should be any rush of the mob towards the spot; but, after some expostulation, one of the *gens-d'armes* let us slip privately between his horse and the wall. This was on Saturday the 10th.

Received during this month two more

letters from Byron, informing me that law proceedings are about to be commenced by the Guiccioli's husband for a separation, and exulting in the *éclat* it will make.

Gave a good many dinners this month, till Bessy (whose three pounds a week was beginning to run very short) cried out for a *relâche*. Had Lady Davy, Silvertop, and Lord Granard together; the Storys another day; Sullivan, Dr. Yonge, Heath (my old friend the engraver), and his travelling companion Mr. Green, &c. The day that Heath dined with us was one of the few hot ones that we have had this summer; and we had dinner out of doors under the shade of the trees, which with champagne and *vin de Graves*, well *frappé*, was very luxurious. Frequent parties too to plays and gardens. Saw a man go up in a balloon from Tivoli, which brought tears into my eyes, being the first I have seen since I was a little child. Saw Madlle. Garnerin afterwards ascend from the Parc de Sablons, which did not affect me at all. There was a balloon in the form of an elephant went up from the Beaujon, and a Frenchman exclaimed, as its ungainly legs were dangling in the air, "*Fils de St. Louis, montez au ciel.*" Wickedly comical.

Dined one day with the Mansfields, who had just returned from Italy. Went with them to the ballet of "Clari," and left my opera glass with young Lady Caroline, who has taken it away with her to England. Lady Frederica about to be married to Stanhope. Lord Mansfield had received most gloomy letters from his Tory friends in England, prognosticating revolution and all sorts of devilment from the queen's arrival, and the popular *furor* in her favour. The king's worst enemies must be satisfied at the pickle he has got into now.

Dined with the Flahaults, and met there a pretty woman, Mad. Lavalette, who (singularly enough) volunteered to perform the same office for Labédoyère that her namesake afterwards succeeded in so fortunately.

Lady Elizabeth Stuart sent a kind message to Bessy through Lady Davy, expressing her regret at not knowing her, and hoping she

should have an opportunity of making her acquaintance. Said the same to me afterwards.

Bremhill, July 1st, 1820.

My dear Moore.

"Squire" Locke, faithfully delivered to me the relic from "mighty Rome" with which he was charged, and it now adorns my book room under the historian of the "Eternal City." Sic transit. I did not know what was the composition, till I had the pleasure of seeing two Duncans here the other day, *both travelled, both learned* men, who told me my new penholder was a veritable Rosso Antico. I now write to thank you for the care you have taken of it, and for your kind note.

*Somehow or other* I think I ought to have written to you before, or you ought to have written to me, which would be better, to tell how you were, and how you were situated since you left England, and that delightful corner of it called Sloperton. Somehow or other, I do not write myself, for somehow or other it always appears to me that when a letter is to go so far it ought to be *better* than *common*, written with a better pen, contain better sentences, and in short look so smart and finished as to be worth sending from an English parish to Paris. I never had a good pen, and though I am, *heu fugax!* on the shady side of half a century, I never could make or mend one in my life. So you and Mrs. Moore, and Bessy the *lesser* and Tom the "*smaller*," must take every kind wish, written with my usual coarse materials, but made legible with all my might. I do not know what I can send better than a poetical "*rotum et suspirium*." On stopping at Sloperton Gate the other day, my *pony* almost insisted on my going in, till I told him it was of *no use!* So between your gate and Bowood, on a most *poetical* summer evening, I put the following thoughts into dactyls:—

"In domum desertam,  
Apud Sloperton, Wilts,  
Suspirium et votum.

"Yes, this is the Cottage! before I pass by,  
Let me stop for a minute and gaze with a sigh,  
For silent and sad is the social retreat,  
Where the wild harp of Erin once echoed so sweet.

I thought of the bard, in a far distant land,  
Who waked all the chords with his magical  
hand;

I thought of the child, that with innocent glee,  
So often had welcomed my pony and me!

I thought of the mother, who many a day  
As it clos'd had remember'd 'poor Tom' far  
away,

Then look'd at her babe, on an evening like  
this,

And blessing it, mingled a tear with the kiss!

Now all are departed!—yet *roses still bloom*  
O'er the porch and the casement of that silent  
room,

Where late the rich cadence of harmony rung,  
As the minstrel the sad \* harp of Solyma  
strung.

Oh! soon may we meet, and soon listen again,  
Forgot every cross, to the eloquent strain!—

But enough: for the eve, by yon star, waxes  
late,—

So I spurred on my bonny brown pad from the  
gate!"

I have been to the music meeting at Oxford, where I heard for the first time "Palestine." Sublimar strains were never heard since Handel, and what is more, though I thought such music was indeed "caviare to the general," the whole assembly seemed to feel and appreciate its beauty and excellence. You *must* hear Miss Stephens sing the "Voices of the Dead," and songs of other years.

I wrote some lines about her when I was coming home, but cannot remember them, and if I had not written this letter to you, should have forgotten that most "poetical morceau" at Sloperton Gate. What an Arcadian word is that said Sloperton!

By the way, have you seen Barry Cornwall's volume? I think the Sicilian *story* is exquisite! He is a most amiable and diffident young man, and I hope will not be spoiled.

Give my best regards to Bessy, and believe me ever yours,

W. L. BOWLES.

P.S. I am making quite a priory here; Gothic arches, turrets, pinnacles, &c. salute your arrival at Bremhill Parsonage. I think we must *cut* the folks at Sloperton! I say nothing about public affairs, as you doubtless

\* "Fallen are thy walls." See Sacred Melody.

hear so much. I hope the "Radicals" won't hang me up upon my own arch. Brougham has won my heart, by speaking so frankly, so nobly, of the country clergy, no more than, generally speaking, they deserve, but they will all go "à la lanterne" if Cobbett, and his desperado crew prevail. I forgot to say I met your interesting, sensible, and amiable fellow-traveller, Lord John Russell the other day, at Holland House. Lord Lansdowne is, of course, still in town. I went to hear his speech, and never was so much impressed by the powers of eloquence.

Ipse quid audes in the poetical way? above all, is there a hope of your returning? I saw "Rhymes on the Road" advertised.

I wish they were "Rhymes on the Road Home!"

Colburn has written to request my "Face" for his magazine.

I must keep this letter till I see Locke to direct it, for I don't suppose, if it were directed as I hear Lord Byron directs, it would find you "yet." Mrs. B. says I must leave out "yet," and add will EVER find you.

8th. Received a note from Miss Edgeworth, begging me to call upon her.

9th. Another note from Miss Edgeworth, to say she wishes me to join a party to the Marquis d'Osmond's, at Chatenay, on Wednesday next. Kenny\*, the dramatic author, who lives at Bellevue, near this (and to whom Heath introduced me), called at the cottage. This poor man married Holcroft's widow, with six or seven children, and not a sixpence of money. He has five by her himself; and they live here in a waste house, almost in a state of starvation. His later efforts too, in the theatrical way, have been unsuccessful. Talked of the "School for Scandal;" thinks Joseph a very unskilful character, and that no one could be imposed upon by such ill-contrived villany. Douglas dined with us; Villamil, with his

\* His most successful farces were, "Raising the Wind," "Sweethearts and Wives," "Love, Law, and Physic," and "False Alarms." He was highly agreeable as a man, besides being humorous as an author. He died in 1849.

usual hospitality, having invited him the other day when he came to call upon us.

12th. Cadeau, a painter, came down for the purpose of taking a sketch of the cottage I am in here, which Villamil offered to have painted for me, when I said I had drawings of my former cottages, and meant to have one of that in the Allée des Veuves. Walked with him to choose a good point of view. Met Kenny with Miss Holcroft, one of his *examen domus*, a fine girl. By the bye, he told me yesterday evening (having joined us in our walk), that Shaw, having lent Sheridan near 500*l.*, used to dun him very considerably for it; and one day, when he had been rating S. about the debt, and insisting that he must be paid, the latter, having played off some of his plausible wheedling upon him, ended by saying that he was very much in want of 25*l.* to pay the expenses of a journey he was about to take, and he knew Shaw would be good-natured enough to lend it to him. "Pon my word," says Shaw, "this is too bad; after keeping me out of my money in so shameful a manner, you now have the face to ask me for more; but it won't do; I must be paid my money, and it is most disgraceful," &c. &c. "My dear fellow," says Sheridan, "hear reason; the sum you ask me for is a very considerable one; whereas I only ask you for five and twenty pounds."

13th. Purchased some books on Egypt, having again taken up the idea of making that country the scene of a poem. Have purchased within these few days Maillet's "Description of Egypt," Abdallatif's "Relation d'Egypte," Quatremère's "Mémoire," and "Fables Egyptiennes." Have also been reading De Pauw on the same subject. Mrs. King told us that her husband, wishing to ask for pump-water, looked in the dictionary for "pump," and finding *escarpin* (which means a *light shoe*), asked for *escarpin eau*.

14th. Sat under the trees in the beautiful glade we have here, and read, with but little interruption, from breakfast till dinner. Finished the first volume of Maillet on Egypt. Have at length, I think, got the outline of my Egyptian story. Mr. Sullivan

called after; walked with us; told me that that unfortunate man Trotter (so unaccountably taken up by Mr. Fox) died in a wretched garret in Cork, as an out-patient of the hospital there.

15th. Read Mailllet, and the part of Antenor's travels relating to Egypt. Walked about the park of St. Cloud, which was all quiet and coolness. Have offered to be godfather to the Villamil, and have been accepted of gladly.

16th. Studied, and wrote letters. In the evening, all went (with the children of both families, making about eight or nine little ones) to the fête at Meudon. Bought fairings, saw the dancing, and made the young things as happy as possible. I took little Tom on my lap in a merry-go-round, and he crowed the whole time with joy.

To Samuel Rogers, Esq.

La Butte, July 17, 1820.

My dear Rogers,

As I have just been answering a letter of Sir J. Mackintosh, and thereby got my hand back into some notion of letter-writing, I shall slip in a hasty line or two to you. As you have *never* written to me, and I have only written *once* to you, the difference of virtue between us is so small that I shall not crow over you upon the strength of it; besides, the solitary letter I *did* write was of so dreary and croaking a nature (at a time, too, when you might have expected me to return with all the sunbeams of Italy fresh about me), that I do not wonder at your having waited for some pleasanter tones to send an echo to. I afterwards got into a much happier mood, having exchanged my wretched *entresol* in Paris for a very pretty cottage in the Allée des Veuves, where I contrived to get on very comfortably indeed. Often and often did I think of communicating my bright side to you, as I had done the dark one; but I had no time for letters; scribbling of another kind came so hard upon me. The necessity of doing some jobs for Power, and my anxiety to finish the work I had promised to the Longmans altogether absorbed every instant of my time; and, having got into

arrears of letter-writing with every friend I have in the world, I had not the courage to begin discharging the amount, but thought a declaration of insolvency at once to all was the only decent and honest mode to pursue. You have heard, I dare say, that the Longmans have suppressed my book, at which I am not at all sorry, for I can make a much better thing out of its materials at another time, and I have availed myself of their readiness to withhold the publication, though with very different views from those upon which they recommended it. Nothing can be more liberal, considerate, and kind than the conduct of those men to me. It is really friendship, assuming the form of business, and making itself actively useful, upon a fair debtor and creditor account of obligations.

We are now passing the summer months at a place which *you* would delight in. It is the house (forming part of Belle-Vue) which hangs over Sèvres, and faces you as you cross the bridge. The view from it of woods and palaces is superb, and the grounds (about fifty or sixty acres in pleasure-ground) include every variety one could wish. It was bought by a friend of ours, a Spaniard, with whose wife we were very intimate in England; and he has given us a beautiful little *pavillon* near his house, where I pass my mornings quietly and independently, and then join the rest at a dinner as good as one of the best artists from the Rocher de Cancale can make it. The walks about us, through the Woods of Meudon and St. Cloud, are of the true kind for study; and, in short, I enjoy myself so thoroughly here, that if the sun would but go on shining this way all the year, and the flowers blooming and the nightingales singing, I should begin to care very little about the Treasury or Doctors' Commons, and sigh for nothing in England but the never-to-be-forgotten friends I left behind me there. But, then, winter *will* come, and then Paris is the devil.

Pray write soon, my dearest Rogers, and add to my sunshine by showing that I am remembered by you as kindly as ever, in spite of my *one* letter in eight months, and your—*none*.

Bessy sends her kindest regards. Anastasia is quite well, and is pronounced here to have a *Grecque* face, and little Tom, in spite of his teeth, flourishes.

Remember me most kindly to Miss Rogers.

Yours ever,  
T. MOORE.

20th. Went into town with Villamil; breakfasted at Véry's. Took him to Madame de Souza, with whom he was much pleased. \* \* \* Madame de Souza gave me Chenier's book, in order that I might make use of what he says about her novels in the article which I have promised her for the "Edinburgh Review." Bought "Sethos," an Egyptian romance; and have found a work by Châteaubriand, called "Les Martyrs," which is very much in the same *beat* with my new story.

24th. Madame de Souza and Gallois came out to call upon us and thè Villamils. G. and I talked of the wonderful learning of La Mothe-le-Vayer, and some of those old writers. He said that the *esprit de société* prevented men from reading as deeply as they used to do. At the time when the streets of cities were neither paved nor lighted, people were obliged to stay at home in the evening; and, in fact, the invention of *réverbères* had produced a complete revolution in the state of the human mind. Madame de Souza told me what a servant (who had come the day before to ask her to get him a situation, and who had been in the employ of Murat) said to her, "*J'ai servi le Roi de Naples, et je n'aurais pas quitté Naples, si Murat n'avait pas été culbuté.*" This mixture of the ceremonious title of king with the familiar phrases that followed, contained in it, she remarked, the whole history of the Revolution. Gallois has promised to lend me Gibbon, Regnier's Egypt, and D'Anville.

25th. Began my Egyptian poem, and wrote about thirteen or fourteen lines of it; am delighted with my subject. Think I shall call it the "Epicurean."

26th. Wrote some more. Walked in the evening. Kenny was of the party.

Told me rather a good story of Macklin. When Reynolds and Holman were both in the first dawn of their reputation, the latter wrote to Reynolds from some of the provinces, to say that he had heard Macklin had seen him one night in "Werter" (a play of Reynolds's), and had expressed himself highly delighted with the performance. "If you should meet him," continued Holman, "pray tell him how much flattered I feel, &c. &c., and how proud I shall be to continue to merit," &c. &c. Reynolds accordingly took the first opportunity to address Macklin when he met him; but he had not gone far with "his friend Holman's" rapturous acknowledgments, when Macklin, interrupting him, said, "Stop, stop, sir! before you go any further, have the goodness to tell me *who are you*, and who is the fellow you're talking of."

August 3rd. Went in the evening, with Bessy, to town. Received a letter from Perry, which had been delayed some time at the ambassador's, informing me that he had arranged a letter of credit for me, on Lafitte, for 500*l.* He is always kind and ready.

5th. Set off with Villamil, on a long-projected trip, to Ermenonville, Chantilly, Compiègne, &c.; arrived by St. Denis and Louvres, at Mortefontaine, which was (and V. supposes, still is), the property of Joseph Buonaparte. Beautiful masses of water here, a great part of which was made by Joseph, who, on the signing of the treaty with America (which took place here in 1800, I think), gave a sort of marine fête upon those waters. He used to have 400 workmen constantly employed here. Those Buonapartes were the fellows to keep all around them in a bustle. He is called *Prince* Joseph here by every one. Dined at Mortefontaine, and meant to have slept there; but I suggested going on to Ermenonville, which we did, and put up at the sign of Jean Jacques Rousseau. Walked instantly to the château, and considered ourselves very lucky, as the sun was just setting; and we could not possibly have had a more happy moment for seeing the beauties of this most interesting place. Visited, first, the view *before* the house,

which was flat, rural, and glowing, and put me in mind of one of Cuypp's pictures: took a peep at the wild lake and barren scenery which is separated from the rest of the grounds by a road; and then went to the view *behind* the house, which, in the pale light of that hour, with its little temple on the hill, and the solitary tomb on the Isle of Poplars, had an effect most solemn and touching. Left it between eight and nine, with the intention of returning for a more extensive tour round the place in the morning. Found that Compiègne would make us take more time than I, at least, would wish to give, and determined to return home next day.

6th. Rose at six; and, after breakfast, went to the château. Were escorted, as on the night before, by an old English steward, who had lived with the family of the Girardins between thirty and forty years. Rousseau inhabited the lodge in which he now lives at the gate. Had the rooms upstairs, and died there after a visit to the Hermitage on the wild lake. The account of his desiring to be taken to the window when he was dying, is, according to our old friend, all a romance. Feel now how lucky we were in our views of the evening before, as the place looked far less interesting in the equal glare of sunshine than it did in the soft light by which we first viewed it. M. Girardin, during the Revolution, though suffering various insults from the people around him, to whom he had been a benefactor, yet still continued here as long as they left him the bones of Rousseau; but as soon as these were carried away to the Pantheon, he quitted his favourite lakes and woods with disgust, and never more returned during the remaining thirteen years of his life. He seems to have been a man (in spite of his bad inscriptions) worthy of such a residence. The old fellow told us of the style of his living before the Revolution; his thirty covers every day, his band of music in the establishment, his buck-hunts by night in those woods with torches and horns, &c. &c. The little temple near the Isle of Poplars is fancifully imagined. It is dedicated to the advance-

ment of Science, and, *like* science, left imperfect. On the finished columns which form the front are the names of Newton, Montesquieu, Descartes, Voltaire, William Penn, with the respective inscriptions, *Lucem, Justitiam, Nihil est in rebus inane, Ridiculum, and Humilitatem*. At the back of the temple there is nothing but the bases of future columns, and *Quis hoc perficiat?* inscribed on the first. The materials for finishing them are strewed about picturesquely on the bank. This is all rather well imagined, though the names he has written on the standing columns might have been better selected. The whole temple is, by an inscription within, dedicated to Montaigne. Some parts of the *agreste* lake on the other side of the road reminded me of scenes in the river St. Lawrence. The tomb of the Inconnu adds another interesting association to the lake where the temple is. The place altogether, I think, contains 3000 acres, or rather *arpents*. Left Ermenonville between twelve and one, and arrived at home to dinner. In the evening I sauntered out and called upon Kenny. Miss Holcroft, a very nice girl, sang me a song or two to the harp. Kenny told me that Charles Lamb, sitting down once to play whist with Elliston, whose hands were very dirty, said, after looking at them for some time, "Well, Elliston, if *dirty* was trumps, what a hand you would have!" Received to-day a letter from Rogers.

8th and 9th. Read, wrote, and walked,—always the most useful account I give of myself.

11th. Wrote sixteen lines, and then went in to join Villamil and the ladies, for the purpose of giving them a long-owed dinner at a restaurateur's. Received a letter from Egan, the harp-maker, in Dublin, very well and flatteringly indited, telling me of the perfection to which he had, at last, brought the Irish harp, and begging me to allow him to present me one of his best, as a mark of admiration, &c. &c. Dined at Riche's; dinner very good, and not dear; fifty francs for five of us. Dumoulin has proposed to copy out Lord B.'s "Memoirs" for me, and



he will be more industrious at it than Williams. Lord B. in his last letter, alluding to what I told him of my intention, approves of a copy being made, and deposited in honourable hands in case of accident.

12th. Received a parcel from Power, containing, among other things, Luttrell's new work, "Advice to Julia," full of well-bred facetiousness and sparkle of the very first water. It is just what I advised him to do, and what few could have done half so well. Worked and walked.

13th. Received a letter from Elliston, urging me to do something for Drury, and expressing his anxiety about Lord Byron's tragedy. Went in the evening to see the dancing at St. Cloud.

14th. Looked over D'Anville's map. D'Anville never out of Paris, and yet, when the Comte de Choiseul (ambassador at Constantinople) took his plan of the Troad on the spot, D'Anville found and corrected a number of errors in it.

15th. Finished my first letter, consisting altogether of 280 lines. Some Spaniards to dinner.

16th. Went into Paris for the remainder of my custom-house operations. Received a letter from Power, in which, to my horror, he encloses an advertisement which he is about to publish, announcing the eighth number of the "Irish Melodies," as "ready for the press;" not a word of it yet written! Bought De Pauw's "Recherches." Met Phillips the painter, Naldi, &c. &c. Received a letter from Lord Strangford, marked "confidential," telling me he is anxious to remove a misapprehension I am under about the Prince's 200l. gift to Sheridan; can furnish me with facts, he says, that will completely disprove that story. Shall be glad to hear them. I can only say that I have the authority, direct, of Vaughan\* (Him of the Hat), for his being commissioned by the Prince to offer the money; and the authority, at second hand, of Sir Gilbert Blaine and Mrs. Sheridan, for the time at which it was

offered (viz. when Sheridan had become unable to take any sustenance), as well as for its being by them respectfully refused.

17th. Began a National Melody to a Sicilian air, and searched in Bunting for Irish airs.

18th. Went in, in the evening, to town, with the packet of lace which Bessy has bought for Heath; a Mr. White takes charge of it for me. Received on my return a letter from the unfortunate daughter of my friend —, who is passing through Paris, entreating to see me. Bessy instantly set her heart on the generous project of offering, if she would quit B——, according to the desire of her father and mother, to take her to live, with us till she could safely deposit her under their roof. My noble-hearted Bess! Few women would have the courage or heart to do this; and, what makes it more generous is, that she never liked — from the first. It will, however, be utterly impossible.

19th. Went into town to see this poor creature. Found her with B——, and was a little shocked at first at the composure and confidence with which she met me. When he went away, however, had some serious conversation with her, and mentioned Bessy's proposal. As I expected, she said it was quite impossible; they had lost everything in the world for each other, and must remain together. Her first burst of tears was on telling me that she was about to sell some of her trinkets to enable them to leave Paris.

20th. Was told the other day that the insurance on the houses at Paris, M. A. C. L. (Maison Assurée contre l'Incendie), are interpreted by the wags into *Mes amis, chassez Louis*.

28th. Went in by appointment to call on Madame de Souza, for the purpose of being taken by her to the Institute. Was received there with much kindness by M. Fourrier, one of the Egyptian savans, and author of the "Mémoire" prefixed to the great work on Egypt. He promised to lend me a copy of this memoir; said that he merely held the pen, for that every word in it was *disputé* among the whole number of those on the Expedition, and that it was the result of

\* Commonly called "Hat Vaughan," from his wearing a broad-brimmed hat.

their collected knowledge on the subject. Talked of the different writers on Egypt; recommended Jablonski. Had my name inscribed among those permitted to read in the library of the Institute, which is open every day from eleven till four. When I mentioned to Madame de Souza what he said about the concoction of the memoir, she told me it was all done too in the presence of the Emperor! Villamil and the ladies came into town; met them at Riche's to dinner, and went all to the French Opera afterwards: the ballet of "Clari" more touching than all the stately, humbug tragedies they possess.

31st. Wrote to Lord Strangford, and sent him a fragment of Byron's writing, which he requested to illustrate an edition of Sir Fulke Greville's "Life of Sir Philip Sydney."

September 1st. Went into town early for my appointment with Denon. Showed me his original drawings made on the spot in Egypt; various views of the island of Philoë, all beautiful; the isle of Elephantine also highly picturesque. I wish I could take my poetical people to these islands, but I fear they are too far off. The entrance of the temple of Tintyra (Dendyras) full of taste and elegance; and that of Latopolis still more so. Said he had never seen, among all the ruins of Italy or Sicily, anything to compare with these for grandeur, except, perhaps, the Coliseum. The strange figures with beasts' heads, he thinks, were all allusions to the disguises and ceremonies used in initiation. The broken-up statue of Memnon, whose fragments cover an immense space of ground, measures fifty feet across the breast, from shoulder to shoulder. Stayed near four hours with him, looking over these drawings, and hearing his explanation of them. Arrived at home at five. Scotch friends of Villamil's at dinner, and Kenny in the evening. All violent against the Queen; rank Tories of course. Among the drawings of Donon was one of the Sauterelle, which is very large, and, he says, harmonious. He took them for bees at first; their colours are rose mixed with black. In talking of Savary's never having been further than Cairo, he

said S. had that kind of imagination which is chilled by the real scene, and can best describe what it has not seen, merely taking it from the descriptions of others. This is very much the case with myself.

2nd. Villamil is going into Switzerland for some weeks with his Scotch friends, which rather compels me to prolong our visit a little further, as Mrs. V. wishes very much that we should not leave her in his absence. We are accordingly to be called to the upper house. Copied out extracts from "Tableau de l'Egypte," &c. and went into Paris at four to join the ladies, &c. who were to meet at a restaurateur's with V.'s Scotch friends. Ordered them a *diner fin*, which pleased them exceedingly. In the evening sauntered about the Palais Royal, and went to see Marionettes and Ombres Chinoises. Got thoroughly wet coming home in the tilbury.

4th. Wrote letters, and went into town.

6th. Villamil went off on his Swiss expedition, and we left our little pavilion for the great house, not without some regrets on my part. Poor Williams, like many other people in this world, has got into difficulties by borrowing money from Jews, and must fly from Paris. Have written some weeks since to Lord Strangford, with the very faint hope of getting him taken out on the embassy, in any situation, medical or otherwise. No answer. Mean also to speak to Lord Miltown, who *might*, perhaps, have been glad of him as a secretary and companion to Italy, had he not sent for the same sort of conveniency from Ireland. Too late, I fear, everywhere; shall try, however.

8th. Went into town in order to take the Lady Forbeses to see Sommariva's Magdalen. Called at Madame de Souza's, and found that Fourier had sent the book there. Mercer was of our party to Count Sommariva, who, on finding out who I was, showed particular kindness and civility to me. Said that Canova considers the Terpsichore in his (the count's) possession to be his masterpiece. Much mistaken, I think. Saw the Galatée, which he has

painted as a "*homage* to Canova, not as a present;" though the public thought proper, he said, to report it otherwise.

9th. Kenny told me that John Lamb (the brother of Charles), once knocked down Hazlitt who was impertinent to him, and on those who were present interfering, and begging of Hazlitt to shake hands and forgive him, H. said, "Well I don't care if I do. I am a metaphysician, and do not mind a blow; nothing but an *idea* hurts me."

11th. Went in to Paris at twelve, in order to take Bessy to the Père la Chaise before the flowers are all gone from the tombs. The dear girl was, as I knew she would be, very much affected; but our dull guide insisted upon taking us to the worst part of it, which a good deal spoiled the effect. Saw the tombs of Labédoyère and Ney, which I had missed last year. Gave them a dinner at the Cadran Bleu (Bessy, Dumoulin, Miss Wilson, Anastasia, and Dr. Yonge's little girl), and took them afterwards to the Porte St. Martin. Iced punch on our way home. The whole cost me about three Napoleons, just what I ought to have reserved for the "*Voyages de Pythagore*." Bessy, however, told me when we came home, that she had saved by little pilferings from me, at different times, four Napoleons, and that I should have them now to buy those books.

12th. Read Fourier's book, which is only the preface to the great work, and contains nothing that I care a pin about, referring merely to the events of the Expedition. Went in to dine with Madame de Souza. Bought the "*Voyages de Pythagore*" with my dear girl's stolen money. Company at dinner, M. Fourier, Gallois, Comtesse Rumford, and the De Souzas. F. talked a good deal about Egypt before dinner, but I already knew most of what he told me. He said the Egyptians, though they did not draw gracefully, had a perfect idea of the *haute style* in art; and that an accurate description, in lively language, of some of their *tableaux sculptés*, would be as sublime and striking as a copy of it in drawing must be dry and uninteresting. He in-

stanced Mr. Hamilton's descriptions of some Egyptian sculpture, which I must take care and see. The Egyptians had no idea of *nuances*, or perspective, in their painting. F. said that perspective is not founded in truth, as lines do not really seem to approach each other in nature as they are represented in painting. He praised De Pauw's book as one of authority, notwithstanding its occasional *bizarrie*. Spoke of "*Sethos*" as a classic book in France. Gallois mentioned a little work by the same author (the Abbé Terrasson) upon the *Applicabilité de la Philosophie aux productions de l'Esprit*, and said it was full of ingenuity and talent. In talking of the witnesses against the Queen, who stopped at Beauvais and went home again, Fourier said that the next batch should come through certain towns in France celebrated for false witnesses. De —, I think, is one of them; and De Souza quoted a passage from the "*Plaideurs*" (allusive to this character of that place), which I must see. Fourier mentioned a good instance of parody in this play; a famous line (of Corneille's, I think), which Racine applies to a huissier, leaving it quite in its original form —

"Des rides sur son front ont gravé ses exploits."

The pun is in the double meaning of the last word. The "*Plaideurs*," it appears, does not act very well. They praised Fleury's work, "*Des Mœurs des Israélites*."

14th. Called on Gallois. Told me his surprise at hearing from Malthus that all his works had not brought him more than a thousand pounds. It seemed to him that the English character must have a good deal changed, to prize works of imagination so much more than those of depth and utility. \* \* \* Saw Rees at three. He said that Lord Strangford mentioned, the day he called in Paternoster Row, that he had had much conversation with Lord Castlereagh about me; and that Lord C., in speaking of what I had written against him, said that "the humorous and laughing things he did not at all mind, but the verses of the Tutor, in the 'Fudge Family,' were quite another

sort of thing, and were in very bad taste indeed." This I can easily believe.

16th. Went to La Chapelle's to order wine for Mrs. V. Find he keeps a little shop, like the fellow who serves me, and in the same street: he was in his tradesman's jacket, packing up some wine. This is the man Villamil had the other day to meet the Duke of San Carlos at dinner! Such a thing could not happen in aristocratic England.

19th. The dinner at Smith's very pleasant, thanks to Humboldt. He promised to lend me a translation of Strabo, in the notes of which there is much about Egypt. Spoke contemptuously of the great government work, as a confused heap of common-places; Fourier's a pompous preface, with nothing in it. Said the Egyptians were blackish, with good aquiline noses; the Sphynx a negro face (which it certainly appears in Denon's drawing of it). Asked him if he thought Cleopatra was "blackish?" Yes, certainly. He remarked that we know less of the individual character of the Egyptians than that of any other nation of antiquity. I said that their institutions were such as to make the state and theocracy everything, the individual nothing. He instanced other countries, where the people in the same way acted by masses,—the Chinese, the Etrurians,—and where nothing secured the result of individual exertion. Said that Dr. Young (the writer in the "Quarterly") had come nearer the discovery of some clue to the hieroglyphics than any one. Mentioned Chateaubriand's "Martyrs," and said he had studied most extensively for that work, and had actually travelled to the regions there described for the purpose of accuracy. Got home at ten. Rees has some books here in Paris, out of which he has allowed me to select some for use while I remain; and I have chosen the "Encyclopædia" and "Pinkerton's Travels."

27th. Martial's well-known epigram, I am not surprised to find, has been applied to the quarrel between their majesties. I remember translating it thus, when I was a boy,

"So like in their manners, so like in their life,  
An infamous husband and infamous wife;  
It is something most strange and surprising to  
me,  
That a couple so like should never agree!"

28th. This morning the young son of the Duchess de Berri was born. As I came in in the cuckoo, one of my fellow-travellers, supposing this to be Saturday, said it was well the child was not born a few hours sooner, as Monsieur had all the old womanish superstitions about the ill luck of Friday, "*Ils sont fanatisés*," he said; "*toute cette maison est fanatisée*." Walked about a little after dinner to see the illuminations, and returned home by the nine o'clock coach.

29th. Walked through the park of St. Cloud to Ville d'Avray, and enjoyed the deliciousness of the day and of the scenery, with an enthusiasm even more youthful than when I was really young; for *then* my ardour was expended upon living objects, and it is only within these few years I have begun to delight in the charms of inanimate nature,—the safest, as well as the purest, passion.

October 4th. I dreamt last night that Rees told me in confidence, that my friends in England were purchasing an annuity for me. They are certainly doing something of which the secret is withheld from me. In the first place, Perry sometime ago wrote me a letter in which he said, "I am happy to see, by a transaction which I witnessed yesterday in an Assurance office, of which I am a director, that your Bermuda business is in a fair way of being settled." What this can mean I know not. In the next place, Rees told me when he was here, that he had taken the liberty of opening the letter which Mackintosh sent through his hands to me, in order to see whether something was mentioned in it, which (as I understood him) he did not wish me to know. And in the third place he said to Kenny (who mentioned it afterwards to me), "Moore has a great many good friends, and *some that he is not at all aware of*." All this is very mysterious, and it is no wonder it should set me dreaming. But no matter; as long as they don't do

anything to compromise my honour or independence, God speed their labours! Dined at Beauvilliers' and went afterwards to the Opera,—“Panurge” and “Flore et Zéphyre:” exquisite as usual.

5th. Poor Dumoulin, who has been some days confined to his bed, very ill and delirious this morning; and Williams, who pronounced him in danger the day before yesterday, has never been to him since. This is bad. Went into town, distressed and angry, in order to send out whoever I could to this poor, lonely man. The people of the inn, too, have moved him down to a noisy front room, without curtains, where the rattle of the coaches, and the glare of the windows must make it seem like a little hell to him. Remonstrated with them, and requested that he should be changed carefully into another room. Had an appointment with Madame de Souza at twelve, to accompany her to the Bibliothèque du Roi; but called to put it off, that I might go in search of Williams or some other physician. She told me she had a still better plan for my reading the great work on Egypt, which was at the École de Médecine, where M. Moreau would give me a little cabinet to myself with a fire in it, &c. &c. Found that Williams had gone out this morning to Dumoulin. When I told Madame de Souza of his neglect, and said I hoped he could produce some tolerable reason for it, she said, in her expressive broken English, “That man must be dead himself for an excuse.” Dined with her: company, Lord Kinnaird, Gallois, M. Moreau, Mr. Labouchere, and myself. Lord K. full of intelligence about the state of England, where he perceives a rapidly growing coalition between the middling and lower classes against the higher. In talking of the equal distribution of property among children in France, under the present law, we were led to joke upon the consequences of a similar *partage* of a father's talents among his family; what a gavelkind of genius the Duke of Northumberland (for instance) could afford, &c. &c.

10th. We took our leave of La Butte after three months and a half's residence;

and, as far as tranquillity, fine scenery, and sweet sunshine go, I could not wish to pass a more delightful summer. Our *déménagement* was, as usual, managed so well and expeditiously by Bessy, that I felt none of the inconvenience of it, and we are now reinstated comfortably in our home in the Allées Veuves. We dined alone with our little ones, for the first time, since the first of July, which was a very great treat to both of us; and Bessy said, in going to bed, “This is the first rational day we have had for a long time.”\* I sat up to read the account of Goethe's “Faust” in the “Edinburgh Magazine;” and, before I went to bed, experienced one of those bursts of devotion which, perhaps, are worth all the church-going forms in the world. Tears came fast from me as I knelt down to adore the one only God whom I acknowledge, and poured forth the aspirations of a soul deeply grateful for all his goodness.

17th. Met — walking with a gentleman and two ladies. After I had passed, I observed the party stop; and the gentleman make signs to — as if to call me back, which — accordingly did, saying, “Moore, here's Mr. Canning wishes very much to be introduced to you.” It was no other than the right honourable orator himself, who put out his hand to shake mine in the most cordial manner. A singular circumstance this, and as creditable to him as it is certainly flattering to me. His daughter a very pretty girl. I remember, when I saw and walked in company with this girl at Rome, I made a resolution (on observing not only her beauty, but feeling all those associations of an elegant and happy home which her manner called up,) that I would never write another line against her father. His cordial reception of me has now *clinched* this determination. Dined at home snugly, and read the great work on Egypt in the evening, five

\* Mrs. Moore was quite right: in reading over the diary of dinners, balls, and visits to the theatre, I feel some regret in reflecting that I had some hand in persuading Moore to prefer France to Holyrood. His universal popularity was his chief enemy. — Ed.

or six volumes of which I brought away from Denon's.

23rd. Dined with Lord Raneliffe. Company: Lord and Lady Frederick Bentinck (she was Lady Mary Lowther), Lady Adelaide Forbes, and Mercer. Lady Mary told me that Wordsworth, who has returned within the last fortnight from Switzerland and Milan, was making inquiries after me, and wishes to see me.

24th. Went with Bessy to market, and afterwards called upon Wordsworth. A young Frenchman called in, and it was amusing to hear him and Wordsworth at cross purposes upon the subject of "Athalie;" Wordsworth saying that he did not wish to see it acted, as it would never come up to the high imagination he had formed in reading it, of the prophetic inspiration of the priests, &c. &c.; and the Frenchman insisting that in acting alone could it be properly enjoyed,—that is to say, in the manner it was acted *now*: for he acknowledged that till the Corps de Ballet came to its aid, it was very dull, even on the stage,—*une action morte*. Saw Wordsworth's wife; she seems a comfortable sort of person enough. A note came from Lady Mary while I was there, to offer us both seats in her box at the Français, for the evening; and the struggle of Wordsworth (who had already arranged to go with his wife and sister there) between nobility and domesticity was very amusing. After long hesitation, however, and having written one note to say he must attend his wife, *my Lady* carried it, and he wrote another accepting the seat. I should have liked well enough to have gone myself, but this was our dear little Tom's birthday, and I had promised to pass the evening at home. Walked with Wordsworth, who was going to call upon Canning, and finding that Canning expected him, by his having left his name and Peel's with the porter, did not go up. While I was at dinner, a note arrived from Canning to ask me to dinner to-morrow. This is excellent! Can he ever have read the verses in the later editions of the "Fudge Family?" I fear not. Wrote to say I should have the honour of waiting on him.

25th. Dined with Canning. Company: Lord and Lady Frederick Bentinck, Wordsworth, and the secretary, young Chinnery. The day very agreeable. I felt myself excited in an unusual way, and talked (I sometimes feared) rather too much; but they seemed to like it, and to be amused. There was one circumstance which showed a very pleasant sort of intelligence between the father and daughter. I told a story to Miss Canning, which the father was the only one who overheard, and it evidently struck them both as very comical. Canning said some very pleasant things, and in a very quiet, unobtrusive manner. Talking of Grattan, he said that, for the last two years, his public exhibitions were a complete failure, and that you saw all the mechanism of his oratory without its life. It was like lifting the flap of a barrel-organ and seeing the wheels. That this was unlucky, as it proved what an artificial style he had used. You saw the skeleton of his sentences without the flesh on them; and were induced to think that what you had considered flashes, were merely primings, kept ready for the occasion. Wordsworth rather dull. I see he is a man to *hold forth*; one who does not understand the *give and take* of conversation.

27th. Wordsworth came at half-past eight, and stopped to breakfast. Talked a good deal. Spoke of Byron's plagiarisms from him; the whole third canto of "Childe Harold" founded on his style and sentiments. The feeling of natural objects which is there expressed, not caught by B. from nature herself, but from him (Wordsworth), and spoiled in the transmission. "Tintern Abbey" the source of it all; from which same poem too the celebrated passage about Solitude, in the first canto of "Childe Harold," is (he said) taken, with this difference, that what is naturally expressed by him, has been worked by Byron into a laboured and antithetical sort of declamation. Spoke of the Scottish novels. Is sure they are Scott's. The only doubt he ever had on the question did not arise from thinking them too good to be Scott's, but, on the contrary, from the infinite number of clumsy things in them;

common-place contrivances, worthy only of the *Minerva* press, and such bad vulgar English as no gentleman of education ought to have written. When I mentioned the abundance of them, as being rather too great for one man to produce, he said, that great fertility was the characteristic of all novelists and story-tellers. Richardson could have gone on for ever; his "Sir Charles Grandison" was, originally, in thirty volumes. Instanced Charlotte Smith, Madame Cottin, &c. &c. Scott, since he was a child, accustomed to legends, and to the exercise of the story-telling faculty; sees nothing to stop him as long as he can hold a pen. Spoke of the very little real knowledge of poetry that existed now; so few men had time to study. For instance, Mr. Canning; one could hardly select a cleverer man; and yet, what did Mr. Canning know of poetry? What time had he, in the busy political life he had led, to study Dante, Homer, &c. as they ought to be studied, in order to arrive at the true principles of taste in works of genius. Mr. Fox, indeed, towards the latter part of his life, made leisure for himself, and took to improving his mind; and, accordingly, all his later public displays bore a greater stamp of wisdom and good taste than his early ones. Mr. Burke alone was an exception to this description of public men: by far the greatest man of his age; not only abounding in knowledge himself, but feeding, in various directions, his most able contemporaries; assisting Adam Smith in his "Political Economy," and Reynolds in his "Lectures on Painting." Fox, too, who acknowledged that all he had ever learned from books was nothing to what he had derived from Burke.\* I walked with Wordsworth to the Tuileries: he goes off to-morrow. Bessy and I called upon Lady Davy at half-past two, and drove about with her till it was time to go to dinner at Grignon's. Told me that Sir Humphry has mentioned in a letter she has just received from him, that he has at present some

important discovery in his head; bids her not breathe a word of it to any Frenchman; and says, "the game I aim at is of the highest sort." Another discovery, such as that of the lamp, is too much to expect from one man. We talked of Wordsworth's exceedingly high opinion of himself; and she mentioned that one day, in a large party, Wordsworth, without anything having been previously said that could lead to the subject, called out suddenly from the top of the table to the bottom, in his most epic tone, "Davy!" and, on Davy's putting forth his head in awful expectation of what was coming, said, "Do you know the reason why I published the 'White Doe' in quarto?" "No, what was it?" "To show the world my own opinion of it." I received a letter giving me the melancholy, though long-expected, intelligence of the death of one of my dearest friends, Dalton. How fast they go!—but *his* death was a relief both to himself and all who loved him.

31st. Went into Paris with Bessy for visits and purchases. Called upon Mad. de Souza, who read us an extract from some Memoirs, giving an account of the enormous quantity Louis XIV. used to eat. "I have seen him," says the writer of the Memoirs, "not once, but often, eat four plates of different soups, an entire pheasant, a partridge, a dish full of salad, a piece of ham, a slice of mutton with gravy, and large quantities of all kinds of *confitures*." Mr. Crawford came to us in the evening: he mentioned a curious instance of Canning's sensitiveness to attacks from the press; that, many years ago, when he was about to be married, he called upon Perry, and expressed a hope that there would be no quizzing remarks upon the circumstance.

Nov. 1st. Had a note from poor Dumoulin, to say that he is "indebted to God knows who for a remittance of ten pounds just sent him by his family." This is in consequence of the letter I wrote to his father during his illness. He adds, however, that as this will hardly pay his expenses, he may perhaps have to trouble me in a day or two for five Napoleons. Kenny and Crawford

\* There is much justice in these remarks of Mr. Wordsworth. — Ed.

dined with us; the first little dinner we have ventured since our being reduced to one servant.

2nd. Went into Paris with Crawford, and took him to Denon's. Dined with the Granards. Mercer mentioned that, on the death of the Danish ambassador here, some commissaire of police having come to the house for the purpose of making a *procès-verbal* of his death, it was resisted by the suite as an infringement of the ambassador's privilege, to which the answer of the police was, that "*Un ambassadeur, dès qu'il est mort, rentre dans la vie privée.*" Lord Bristol and his daughters came in the evening; the Rancliffes too. Mr. Rich said at dinner that a curé (I forget in what part of France) asked him once whether it was true that the English women wore rings in their noses? to which Mr. R. answered, that, "in the north of England, near China, it was possible they might, but certainly not about London."

6th. I dined with Sir H. Mildmay; a dinner of dandies, but rather agreeable. It seems that, in consequence of Denman's bold parallel between his Majesty and Nero, Carlton Palace is now called "Nero's Hotel." It was mentioned that Luttrell said lately, with respect to the disaffection imputed to the army in England, "Gad, sir, when the extinguisher takes fire, it's an awkward business." By the bye, Mr. Stretch, whom I walked with yesterday, said he had been told by the nephew of the Persian ambassador, that "Lalla Rookh" had been translated into their language, and that the songs (particularly that about "Bendameer's Stream") are sung about everywhere; nor can they believe there but that the whole work has been taken originally from some Persian manuscript.

10th. Dumoulin thinks of being moved to a *maison de santé* in Paris; but they ask eight or ten Napoleons a month, and his money is but barely sufficient to pay for where he is. Have offered to advance five Naps, if Mr. V. will give the remainder. Saw this morning at the bottom of a pill-box, sent me from the apothecary's, these words "May Hebe's choicest gift be thy lot,

thou pride of Erin's Isle!" Glory on a pill-box!

11th. Read till two, and then went into Paris. The decision of the House of Lords against the Queen occupying every one's mind and tongue. What a barefaced defiance of all law and justice, and what precious scoundrels there are in the high places of the world! My excellent friend Lord Lansdowne has, however, done *his* duty on this occasion; and while there are yet left such men as he and Lord Grey, the salvation of England is not wholly to be despaired of.

13th. Wrote to Lord Lansdowne to express my delight at his conduct. Have heard that my darling mother has been very ill, but is now better. God preserve her dear life! Often too sad bodings come over my mind about her and my beloved father. Went to market with Bessy, and then to the reading-room. The news of the bill's defeat arrived to my great joy.

17th. Went in with Bessy to Mulock's lecture. Absurd and false from beginning to end. Dryden was no poet; Butler had no originality; and Locke was "of the school of the devil," both in his philosophy, politics, and Christianity.

18th. Had a letter from the Longmans, to say that the hope they had of finding out from my deputy that the money had never been paid into his hands, had been disappointed, and they must now proceed to negotiate as soon as possible. Kenny called in, and speaking of such a calamity coming upon one so perfectly innocent of all delinquency as I am, said, "It is well you are a poet; a philosopher never could have borne it." There is a great deal of truth as well as humour in this. Kenny wrote his "Raising the Wind" in seven days.

19th. Dinner at Madame de Souza's, very agreeable; nothing but French spoken, which, when there are no English by, I can manage very well. Fourrier, in speaking of the mummies, said that one is often able to trace the *family features* in a number of them deposited together.

20th. Had a letter from Lord Byron; very amusing; several epigrams in it; one of



them for the approaching anniversary of his marriage (2nd of next January), most marvellously comical :—

“TO PENELOPE.

“This day of all our days has done  
The worst for me and you ;  
’Tis now six years since we were one,  
And five since we were two.”

21st. Answered Byron. It is said that the Duchesse de Berri wrote to her father (as a rap over the knuckles for his late sanction of the Revolution), “*Je suis accouchée d’un fils et pas d’une constitution.*” Villamil, before dinner, on my praising his Geneva watch (which I have had the loan of while he was away), entreated me to accept of it as a *gage d’amitié*, but I declined it *friendly*.

22nd. Went in to dine at Mercer’s to meet Sir W. Gell, expecting to hear much about the Queen. Company, the Forbeses, Lord Valletort, Warrender, &c. &c. Gell full of jokes, but few of them good. His best hit was upon Cornwall’s using the word “blasted.” “That’s not language for good society, sir ; it is too much of the *Æolic* dialect.” The day altogether tolerably pleasant.

24th. Soon after breakfast, to my great surprise, Lord John Russell was announced to me. Arrived last night ; truly happy to see him. Talked much of the political proceedings in England : thinks that the Queen’s business has done a great deal of good in renewing the old and natural alliance between the Whigs and the people, and weakening the influence of the Radicals with the latter. Told me, to my great pride and delight, that he (Lord John) has just dedicated the second edition of his Essays to me ; spoke of my poem on him, which appeared to have given him great pleasure. Lord Granard called to ask me to dine with him to-day, and Lord John bid me say I was engaged to him ; agreed to meet at four in town.

25th. Called at Lord Granard’s. Begged me to fix a day for Lord John to meet me there : mentioned Tuesday. Found Lord John at home : walked out together in the Tuileries. Says the great difficulty the Whigs would find in coming in would be

the want of some one to lead in the House of Commons. Does not think there will be any change. The King, before the Queen’s trial, opened a sort of indirect negotiation with Lord Holland, for the purpose of sounding, but it came to nothing. He proposed I should dine with him alone at his hôtel, and I sent home to tell Bessy, lest she should wait dinner ; a very agreeable *tête-à-tête*. *Chez moi* before ten, and found a copy of Lord John’s book, just arrived by the ambassador’s courier, from the Longmans. He calls himself in the dedication my “attached friend.” This tribute from a Russell gives me real pleasure.

27th. Went to call upon Lord John, but he was out. Called at Lord Charlemont’s. While there, the Duke of Hamilton came in. Much talk about Italy, and the chance the Neapolitans have of defending themselves against the Austrians. Returned home at four, and found that Lord John had been to ask me to join him at dinner and the Français. Walked in again ; dined at Véry’s ; and went to see “*Athalie*,” which I confess I found rather an operation, except only the scene where Joad is under the influence of inspiration, and where the effect of the chorus breaking in affected my imagination most powerfully.

28th. Dined at Madame de Souza’s : company, Lord John, Lady Gwydir, Gallois, Delessert. The task of speaking nothing but French throughout the whole dinner rather oppressive ; it is so impossible to bring out one’s mind as one wishes ; *on dit ce qu’on veut, et pas ce qu’on veut*.\* And then for English people to address each other in bad French appears to me so ridiculous, that I can hardly keep my countenance while I am engaged in it. Came home early and read Lord John’s book, which is delightful.

29th. Wrote a note to Lord John, to express what I felt on reading him : said it

\* This was, I believe, the observation (and a very just one) of Mr. Hare, Mr. Fox’s friend. He is one of those men who glittered with wit and humour in their day, but whose fame *caret vate sacro*. — Ed.

"was a rare thing to be at once so sensible and so lively; and to be furnished, like a pyramid, both with point and base."

30th. Dined at Lord Granard's: company, beside Lord John, Mercer, Lord Valletort, the Rancliffes, &c. It was mentioned at dinner, as a specimen of French punning, that the following was among the Potierana lately published, "*Il a l'esprit seize,*" i.e. *treize et trois* (très étroit). Mercer told me of a punster who had so much the character of never opening his mouth without a pun, that one day upon his merely asking some one at dinner for a little spinach, the person stared, looked puzzled, and said, "*Je vous demande pardon, Monsieur, mais, pour cette fois, je ne comprends pas.*" The quickness of the French at punning arises, I think, very much from their being such bad spellers. Not having the fear of orthography before their eyes, they have at least one restraint less upon their fancy in this sort of exercise. Sung in the evening, and so did Mercer.

5th. Went in at four to Lord John: dined together at Véry's. In Voltaire's "*Adelaide du Guesclin,*" when (on the first night, I believe) the actor said, "*Es-tu content, Coucy?*" a voice from the *parterre* answered, "*Cosi, cosi.*" We went to the *Maudeville*, and saw the "*Jugement de Midas*" and the "*Renlezevous Bourgeois.*"

9th. Dined at Lord Charlemont's: company, Lord John, Lady Rancliffe, Burgess, and Lady Montgomery, &c. A very agreeable day. In talking of Lady Holland's management of the conversation at her table, Lord John mentioned her great dislike to the subject of bullion, and her saying once to Lord Lauderdale after an illness he had, upon his introducing this topic at Holland House, "My dear Lauderdale, as long as you were ill, I suffered you to talk bullion, but now I really cannot bear it any longer." A light subject for an invalid, put upon a regimen of *bouillon* and bullion. Came away with Lord John at half-past ten, and went to Tortoni's to eat ice. Talked of Mackintosh's want of observation in common life, and his helplessness in the House of

Commons from that circumstance. Tierney, who is, on the contrary, more minute than comprehensive, has rather a slighting opinion of his consequence; and says he is a "very good historical man, and may be relied upon for a sound opinion about Cardinal Wolsey or so; but for anything of the present day," &c.

10th. Read and walked a little. Lord John, Lord Charlemont, and Mercer, to dinner with us. The day went off very well. The noble lords seemed excited by the novelty of their situation in such a little democratic cabin, and were more than usually agreeable. Lord John mentioned of the late Lord Lansdowne (who was remarkable for the sententious and speech-like pomposity of his conversation) that, in giving his opinion one day of Lord — he said, "I have a high opinion of his lordship's character; so remarkable do I think him for the pure and unbending integrity of his principles, that I look upon it as impossible he should ever be guilty of the slightest deviation from the line of rectitude, unless it were most damnably well worth his while."

12th. Poor Dumoulin died yesterday morning. Williams opened him to-day, and found that his death was occasioned by the quantity of bark which another physician had given him, and which produced inflammation in the stomach and brain. What a world it is! Here are two men whom I saw drinking wine together a few months ago, and now one of them is cutting open the other.

13th. Dined at Lord Granard's: company, Lord John, Lord Alvanley, Lord Valletort, Kangaroo Cooke, the Rancliffes. The dinner too large for conversation, and there was but little fun from Alvanley. Cooke told of Admiral Cotton once (at Lisbon, I think) saying during dinner, "Make signal for the Kangaroo to get under weigh;" and Cooke, who had just been expressing his anxiety to leave Lisbon, thought the speech alluded to his nickname, and considered it an extraordinary liberty for one who knew so little of him as Admiral Cotton to take. Lord Granard mentioned of the thin-legged Ba-

varian ambassador here, that the other day at court, his sword having got between his legs, a short-sighted person behind him remarked to a friend, "What an odd dress that gentleman's is; he has a white stocking on one leg, and a black one on the other."

16th. Dined (Bessy and I) at Lord Charlemont's; the dear girl looking all neatness and beauty; not so pretty as Lady Charlemont certainly, but having the advantage of more youth on her side. The day very agreeable. Lord John told us a good trick of Sheridan's upon Richardson. Sheridan had been driving out three or four hours in a hackney coach, when, seeing Richardson pass, he hailed him and made him get in. He instantly contrived to introduce a topic upon which Richardson (who was the very soul of disputatiousness) always differed with him; and at last, affecting to be mortified at R.'s arguments, said, "You really are too bad; I cannot bear to listen to such things; I will not stay in the same coach with you;" and accordingly got down and left him, Richardson hallooing out triumphantly after him, "Ah, you're beat, you're beat;" nor was it till the heat of his victory had a little cooled that he found out he was left in the lurch to pay for Sheridan's three hours' coaching.

18th. Wrote my letters, and went in to call upon Lord John, for the purpose of being introduced to his friends, the Grahams. Find he has nearly finished a little novelette, a story, since he has been in Paris. Sent off to Perry by to-day's post, the parody he wrote on William Spencer's poem the other day. Spencer's is entitled "The Year 1806;" and begins, "It is gone with its thorns and its roses." Lord John's parody begins, very happily, "It is gone where the late Mr. Rose is." Mrs. Graham a nice little Frenchwoman. Told us that her friend Mdlle. Montjoye (one of the ladies of the Duchesse d'Orleans) mentioned the Duke's having spoken of me as being very well known to him, and that he seemed surprised at my not having been to wait upon him. Must go, I suppose.

19th. Received a note from Lord John (to whom I had once mentioned the circumstances of poor Dumoulin's death), telling me that he had just been paid five hundred francs, which he had lent some time ago to a French officer; and that, as he was determined not to touch the sum, he inclosed it to me that I might make use of it for the discharge of my poor countryman's debts, &c. &c. I wrote in answer that I had every reason to think the father would be forthcoming in all that was necessary, but that I would keep a couple of hundred francs to meet any demand that might be urgent. Dined at home, and read in the evening.

20th. Bessy and I went in to dine with Lord John at Véry's; had a *cabinet particulier*. Mercer was of the party; a very agreeable dinner. Lord John mentioned an old physician (I believe) of the old Marquis of Lansdowne, called Ingenhouz, who when he was told that old Frederick of Prussia was dead, asked anxiously, "Are you very sure dat he is dead?" "Quite sure." "On what authority?" "Saw it in the papers." "You are very, very sure?" "Perfectly so." "Vell, now he is really dead, I *will* say he vas de greatest tyrant dat ever existed."

21st. Went with Lord John, Mr. M'Kay (who has a pass for all the prisons and hospitals), and Bessy, to see the Hôtel Dieu and the Salpêtrière; the former, a general hospital, and admirably conducted; the latter, for superannuated women and mad women, also a very interesting institution. To the Hôtel Dieu the government allows a franc a-day for each sick person: there are now near 1000 in it. Dined with M'Kay at the *table d'hôte* at Meurice's, for the purpose of being made known to Mr. Washington Irving, the author of the work which has lately had success, the "Sketch-Book;" a good-looking and intelligent-mannered man.

22nd. Took a walk alone, for about two hours and a quarter, to Neuilly, by the Barrière du Roule, and back by the Champs Elysées. Found, when I returned home,

the packets from Lord Byron containing the continuation of his "Memoirs;" the postage altogether forty-six francs and a half. He advises me, in the letter which accompanies them, to try and dispose of the reversion of the MS. now. This is worth consideration.

23rd. \* Breakfasted with Lord John, and went afterwards with him, M'Kay, Williams, and Mr. Irving, to the Saint Lazare prison, for female offenders; well regulated. Some of the women go out with considerable earnings from their work. The *chef* mentioned one who had made 1500 francs when she left it. He says the morals of the prison are much improved. Went home with Lord John afterwards, and read a little story he has written since he came to Paris, called the "Nun of Arrouca." Dined at Montrond's; the party, two or three Sicilians, Perigord, Latour Maimbourg, a Madame Hamelin, &c. &c. Lord Alvanley, the only Englishman besides myself in company; the day very agreeable. A translation of "Lalla Rookh" in French verse, by a M. Arnaud, is, it seems, now in the press; he does not understand a word of English. This produced a discussion as to the possibility of a translation, under such circumstances, doing the original justice. M. Airoidi, a very agreeable Sicilian, whom I sat next to, mentioned, as a case in point, that the best Italian translation of Homer is done by Monti, who does not know anything of Greek. M. Arnaud is the author of "Germanicus" and some other tragedies. They talked of a celebrated Sicilian poet, the Abate Mele, whom I never heard of before, in the *genre Anacréontique* and pastoral. M. Airoidi told me that, under Murat, one of his spies once came to tell him, that, in a certain house, a sonnet had been discovered, by a person of the name of Filicaja, beginning, *Italia, Italia*, &c. They then showed him a copy of the sonnet, which is by no means inapplicable to the state of Italy of that time. Murat agreed it was very seditious, and ordered them to arrest this Filicaja immediately. On coming to the house, however, where they found the sonnet, and mentioning the object of their

search to the master of it, he said that there was but one small objection to their arresting Filicaja, namely, that he died about 200 years ago.\*

25th. Went with Bessy and Williams to see the house at Auteuil. She liked it all but the kitchen, which is away from the house, and a wretched paved place, such as we could not bear to see our excellent Hannah inhabit. The French do not care where they put their servants.

28th. Have perceived, within these two days, a little tumour in my groin, produced by the same cause as that which I had about ten years ago. Lord John and Mr. Irving† came to dinner; the evening very agreeable. Mr. Irving complains grievously of the last thing Lord Byron has sent, as unworthy of himself, and likely to injure Murray's property in the former works. Lord John went to Lady Raneliffe's ball, but I begged him to make an excuse for me. In talking of people who had a sort of *non sequitur* head, there were two or three ridiculous instances mentioned. A man going into a book-shop to ask if they had the "Whole Duty of Man," and receiving for answer, "No, sir, but we have Mrs. Glasse's Cookery," &c. &c.

29th. Montrond called; said, in bad English, upon my remarking that Lady Byron was not a fit wife for Lord B. "'Tis indeed a very hard thing to find a good person in that capacity." Asked Dupuytren to-day, whether he had been paid for his visit to poor Dumoulin; and, when he said not, paid him.

30th. Read, and endeavoured to write, but visitors interrupted me,—Forster, Lord Granard, and Lord John, who says, as I cannot dine at Lady Raneliffe's with him on Monday, he will set off on that day. He looked over some of the sheets of Lord Byron's continuation of his "Memoirs."

31st. A good many visitors. Lord John came between two and three, and read over the remainder of B.'s continuation. Stayed

\* This story has been told of others, especially of Eugène Beauharnois, Viceroy of Italy. Probably not true, but *ben trovato*.—Ed.

† Washington Irving.

with me till near six. Goes off to-morrow. I wrote a few lines of my poem to-day.

January 1st, 1821. Read some of Jablon-ski, and wrote a few lines.

2nd. Gallois came, and sat for some time: lamented that Lord John showed to so little advantage in society, from his extreme taciturnity, and still more from his apparent coldness and indifference to what is said by others: said that several here to whom he was introduced had been much disappointed in consequence of this manner. I can easily imagine that to Frenchmen such reserve and silence must appear something quite out of the course of nature. Looked this morning over the "Curiosities of Literature." Quotes from Bacon's will the following striking words: "For my name and memory, I leave it to men's charitable speeches, and to foreign nations, and the next ages." A pretty quotation for small editions, *Quam brevis immensum cepit membrana Maronem!* (Martial). He says, "Though the fire offices will insure books, they will not allow authors to value their own manuscripts." A fine instance of Fairfax's admirable translation. Tasso of Olindo, *Brama assai, poco spera, nulla chiede*; which Fairfax has done.

"He, full of bashfulness and truth,  
Lov'd much, hop'd little, and desired nought."

3rd. Read, and tried to write a little. Nicolle of the Port-Royal Society said of a *show-off* man in society, "He conquers me in the drawing-room, but he surrenders to me at discretion on the staircase." Noah (according to the Rabbins), when in the ark, had no other light than jewels and pearls. Among the titles of the king of Ava is, "absolute master of the ebb and flow of the sea, brother to the sun, and king of the four-and-twenty umbrellas." Good *invalid* reading this kind of book is. I wish men oftener would give us what they *read* than what they *think*.

5th. Saw Mrs. Story, who is just returned from England, and has brought the shawl I commissioned her to buy for Bessy; come just in time for the dear girl's new year's gift. Douglas called; said he had heard me

highly praised yesterday by Mr. Irving. Williams in the evening; read me a passage from a letter of his wife's, in which she calls down all the blessings of heaven upon me for my friendship and services to him. Poor fellow! I have done nothing for him; I wish I could. I see that Byron in his continuation says, that I advised him to go into the details of his loves more fully; but, if I recollect right, it was only his adventures in the East I alluded to, as in recounting these there could be but little harm done to any one. He showed me once, I recollect, a letter of Lord Sligo's, relating the adventure by which the Giaour was suggested, and with which he seemed to intimate that he himself was connected.

12th. A letter from Lord John to-day, the second I have received from him since he went. A letter from Lord Byron yesterday; in which he tells me of his intention to visit England in the spring, and proposes (as a means of paying my debts) that he and I should set up a newspaper together on his arrival there.

15th. Had seen, Saturday (13th.), Lord B.'s verses to me ("My Boat is on the Shore"), very incorrectly given in the "Times;" sent off a correct copy of them to-day to Perry, and added some nonsense of my own about Sir Richard Steele, the high sheriff, who has just dispersed a meeting in Dublin by the military, beginning,

"Though sprung from the *clever* Sir Richard this man be,  
He's as different a *sort* of Sir Richard as can be,"  
&c.

18th. Called upon Douglas, and asked him to meet Charles Sheridan at dinner with me to-day; Lord Granard the other guest: had asked Washington Irving too, but he was engaged. C. Sheridan clever, but not a very negociable sort of cleverness; he will never turn it to much account in the world. Mentioned a good story of a robber who plundered the mail by means of four or five straw figures with muskets planted behind a hedge: told an anecdote of his father having induced a sentimental old maid to put a favourite cock to death, and then placing

himself privately behind her bed at night and crowing faintly (as the ghost of a cock might be supposed to cry), in order to frighten her, which he did effectually.

22nd. Vicomte Chabot (an old acquaintance of mine, who dined at Lord Miltoyn's on Saturday, and who is in the service of the Duke of Orleans) called, and left a note for me to dine with the Duke to-morrow. I had had some conversation with Chabot on Saturday, in which I said how flattered I had been to find, from the intimation I received through Madame de Montjoye, that the Duke had not forgotten me, and that, only for the necessity of the dress coat, with which I was not provided, I should have gone to his levée. Chabot (as he tells me in his note) mentioned all this to his highness, who has thus answered my confession of having no coat by asking me to dinner. Walked with Charles Sheridan, for the purpose of leaving my answer at the Palais Royal: am engaged to Lord Raneliffe to-morrow, but, of course, cannot disobey the royal command. Sheridan told me that his father, being a good deal plagued by an old maiden relation of his always going out to walk with him, said one day that the weather was bad and rainy; to which the old lady answered, that, on the contrary, it had cleared up. "Yes," says Sheridan, "it has cleared up enough for *one*, but not for *two*." He mentioned, too, that Tom Stepney supposed algebra to be a learned language, and referred to his father to know whether it was not so, who said certainly, "Latin, Greek, and Algebra:" "By what people was it spoken?" "By the Algebrians, to be sure," said Sheridan. Dined at Lord Gwydir's: company, the De Souza's, Raneliffe, Montrond\*, Alvanley, Kinnaird, &c. &c.: the conversation chiefly in French. Madame de Souza said very truly, that admiration is a feeling *qui ne désire que finir*; I forgot quite the

phrase, but it meant that admiration is always impatient to put an end to itself, and is glad to seize the first opportunity of doing so.

23rd. Chabot called again to say that the Duke was obliged to go to the Tuileries this evening, and as he wanted to have a little more of my company, and "to talk over old times," he wished, if possible, I would dine with him on Friday next instead. Chabot offered to call at the Raneliffes on his way back, and tell them I was free now for my engagement to them: did so: the company at Raneliffe's, Kinnaird, Cook, Alvanley, Montrond, &c.; six or seven English speaking broken French to each other, because there was one Frenchman (who could speak as good broken English) in company: this is too absurd, and the conversation was, accordingly, as dull as it was ungrammatical; even Alvanley is stupid in French.

24th. Wrote a little. Bessy and I dined with the Douglasses: company, Washington Irving and his brother, Williams, and Lord Miltoyn; in the evening, Baroness Roebuck, a young bride of seventeen, with the most perfect Hebe eyes and cheeks I have seen for a long time. Sung a good deal; supped, and had a very pleasant evening. Called this morning before dinner on Mr. Canning, and was most cordially received. Miss Canning and I to practise Blanzini together.

26th. Called upon Chabot (whose rooms are over the Duke of Orleans's) at a quarter before six, in order to go under his escort to dinner. The Duke met me on my entering the room with, "I wish you a very good night, Mr. Moore:" he however speaks English perfectly well. There was only their own family party; and though the thing was at first rather royal and formidable, I soon found myself perfectly at my ease among as unaffected and domestic a circle as ever I witnessed in my station. The Duke drank wine with me at dinner *à l'Anglaise*, and I was placed next the Duchess, who did all the civilities of the partridges, patés, &c. before her in a very quiet and kind manner. After the dinner, which was over unusually soon, the Duchess sat down to work, and four or

\* The Comte de Montrond was on intimate terms with the *beau monde* of Paris and London. He died in 1843. The "Journal of Thomas Raikes," published by Messrs. Longman in 1856, contains many notices of his life and humour.

five fine children were admitted, with whom the Duke played most delightedly, making *polichinelle* caps for them, &c. Mademoiselle showed me a lithographic work lately published, "The Antiquities of Normandy," and the Duke and she at each side of me looked through the whole of the engravings. They then asked me to sing, and I have seldom had a more pleased audience; indeed, the reiteration of "charmant," "déli-cieux," &c. became at last almost oppressive. The Duke reminded me of the songs he had taught me at Donington Park, "Cadet Roussel" and "Polichinelle est partout bien reçu," and I played them over, which amused him very much. He said he did not see the least alteration in my looks since we last met, which must now be near eighteen years ago. In talking of the fitness of the English language for music, and the skill with which (they were pleased to say) I softened down its asperity, a Frenchman who was there said, in the true spirit of his nation, "*Mais la langue Anglaise n'est pas plus dure que l'Allemande*," never seeming to have the least suspicion that his own is the most detestable language for music of any. The "Evening Bells" seemed particularly to be the favourite, and the whole family understood English well enough to comprehend the meaning of the words. As I was engaged in the evening to the Forsters, I begged of Chabot to ask whether I might take an early leave, which was granted, with a thousand expressions of thanks for the pleasure I had given them, &c., and I came away at a little after nine, very much pleased and flattered by the day.

Feb. 2nd. Dined at Canning's: company, Sheridan, Lord C. Churchill, Gen. Buchan, and one or two more. Not much from Canning. In talking of letters being charged by weight, he said that the post-office once refused to carry a letter of Sir J. Cox Hip-pesley's, "it was so dull." I sung for them in the evening, and Miss C. sung some duets of Blanzini with me. Refused an invitation this morning for the Duke of Orleans's music on Sunday.

4th. I dined at Douglas's. Went away

between eight and nine to the Duke of Orleans's; the rooms looked very splendid; the music good; Cinti, Bordogni, Pellegrini, &c. Lord Miltohn took me back to Douglas's where I sang and supped. This morning took Irving to introduce him to Mr. Canning.

5th. A letter from Lord Byron to-day, in which there is the following epigram upon the braziers going up "in amour," with an address to the Queen:—

"The braziers, it seems, are preparing to pass  
An address, and present it themselves all in brass;  
A superfluous pageant, for, by the Lord Harry,  
They'll find where they're going much more than  
they carry."

The Longmans tell me that, in consequence of my article on Madame de Souza's novel, they have had it translated.

6th. Dined with the Storys at Véry's (Bessy of the party); and went to the Fey-deau to see the opera of "Joseph" by Mehul. Some operas do not *do* at this theatre; the French are as unfit for the heroic in music as in poetry; the light, common style is their element in both.

7th. Dined at Mad. de Souza's; only Gallois and a Frenchwoman, whose name I could not make out, an idolatress of Lord Byron, as almost all Frenchwomen are. Spoke of M. Mercier's prohibited play, "*La Démonce de Charles IX.*;" his style *bizarre* and affected. Talking of authors reading their plays in society, they asked if it was the practice in London. I said no; that the English would not stand it; it would make them laugh. The Frenchwoman said, "*Nous dissimulons mieux l'ennui*." The fact is the English have too quick a sense of the ridiculous to go decorously through such an operation. I remember when a party, many years ago, consisting of Monk Lewis, Miss Lydia White, Lady Charleville, &c. got up a reading of "Comus" at Lady Cork's, I saw Lord Grey (who sat in the front of the audience) put his hat before his face, as soon as Lewis stood up to begin, "The star that bids the shepherd fold," and he was evidently concealing a laugh. I had foreseen that this would be the case, and having at

first undertaken to read "Comus," contrived afterwards to smuggle myself out of it, and was merely concerned with the musical part of the business.

8th. Wrote between to-day and yesterday twelve or thirteen lines. To-day a grand treat for the little ones: the Villamils, the Storys, and ourselves had taken four boxes at Franconi's for our whole establishments, and mustered there, what with nurses, children, and one or two adult friends, thirty in number. Some of the very young ones fell asleep half way in the evening, but all enjoyed themselves heartily, and the whole flock was got home again without any sort of embarrassment or accident.

9th. Went to the Gymnase, and saw two very amusing pieces, "Le Colonel," and the "Cuisinier and Secrétaire;" the examination of the pretended cook by the pretended secretary, in the latter, excellent. "*Comment entendez vous les ortolans à la Provençale? quel est votre système la dessus?*" In one of his songs he calls himself Le César de la Bechamel, and L'Alexandre du Rost Bef.

12th. Madame de Souza, it appears, is much mortified at the article I have written, particularly at the extract I have made from her "Adèle de Senanges." This is unlucky. I confess I hesitated about the passage myself, but it was coupled with a fling at the proceedings against the Queen, and I could not bring myself to leave it out. Why did I break through the resolution I had formed, never to review the work of a friend? Dined at Lowl Charlemont's: Sir Sidney Smith, &c. This last-named person said, that, when he was at Jerusalem, there was no Bible to be had for love or money.

13th. Wrote to Lord Byron. Called upon Kinnaird, who goes off to-day. Dined at the Forsters', a family party, and took a lesson in quadrilles from the girls in the evening. Have determined to send Anastasia to Mrs. Forster's, whose usual price for girls is 100 guineas a year, but who has expressed a readiness to take her upon more moderate terms. Found a note on my return home from Miss Drew, to offer me a ticket and convoy to the funeral ceremony

for the Duc de Berri at St. Denis, to-morrow.

22nd. Have received by Flahault (who is arrived for a short time) a very kind letter from Lord Lansdowne. It is amusing to find that even he is becoming a reformer; and the same impulse of the times that makes him a reformer, will make others revolutionists. Dined at home: Kenny came in the evening, and supped with us. Kenny told a story of an outside passenger of a stage-coach, whom his fellow-travellers called "the gentleman in black." ("Won't the gentleman in black have some breakfast?" &c.) When the coach was overturned, and the coachman was collecting his passengers, he saw one of them sitting in a rut, powdered over with dust, and said, "And pray who are you, sir?" "I am the gentleman in black," was the answer.

23rd. Went out early to breakfast with Flahault: showed me a letter from Italy, giving an account of the state of the country, of the Carbonari, and the opposite party, the Calderai: the former, though not regularly organised, are bound by an oath; and their first principle is to forget all distinctions, and co-operate as Italians for the great cause. They have contrived to get the lower clergy into their interest by connecting religion with the objects of the sect.

24th. Dined with Canning; company, Burgess, and Lady Montgomery, Ranccliffe, Lord Bristol and daughters, and Chenevix\*, whom I did not know at first, not having seen him for near twenty years. A good deal of conversation with him and Canning after dinner. Chenevix's ultraism (which was the motive of his writing those strong articles against France in the "Edinburgh") breaks out at every word. Talking of the sort of *engagé* that Ducis had made of Hamlet, he said that Talma, in acting it, was like Casimir Perier in the Tribune: remarked that, for many years after the Revolution, the French artists never painted a picture without introducing *blood* into it. He spoke of the exceeding comicality of my translation



of Lamartine's verses in the last "Edinburgh;" but find he regretted the slight I had thrown upon this young author, as it had been his intention to introduce him to the notice of English readers as the only, in short the *earliest*, French poet.

25th. Went to the Chapel Royal with the Douglasses. A little girl and her mother in tears before me during the service: upon inquiring, I found that it was at the sight of the Duchesse d'Angoulême, who had had the little girl educated, and whom she had never seen so close before, that caused *her* emotion, and of course affected the mother also.

27th. Dined at the Palais Royal, in consequence of an invitation through Chabot yesterday, who mentioned in his note, that Mademoiselle had made arrangements for the music she promised me in the evening, and that I should hear her play. All very kind. The Duchess told me, soon after I came in, rather a flattering piece of news; namely, that at a *grande fête*, at the court of Berlin, the other day, the royal family had represented, in character, the story of "Lalla Rookh," and our own Duke of Cumberland, Aurungzebe. Madame Dolomieu, one of the dames d'honneur, promised to translate for me the programme of the fête, which is in German. The Duchess said that Chateaubriand had written home an account of it, and described it as the most splendid and tasteful thing he had ever seen. Mademoiselle gave me her arm in going to dinner, and I sat between her and the Duchess. After dinner had some conversation on politics with the Duke: seems to think there must be war, ere long, between England and Russia: spoke of the bad part France is acting with respect to Naples. I sang a little, and they seemed to like it very much. At nine o'clock Paer arrived with his daughter and a flute-player; the girl sang, and Mademoiselle played a sonata, accompanied by Paer and the flute, very charmingly. At half-past ten I came away with Chabot, who took me to Lady Rancliffe's ball. A very pretty assemblage of women, both French and English; among the former were two of

the beauties of the day, Madame Barante and Madame Baufremont. Returned home early.

March 2nd. Rancliffe mentioned that Whitbread used to be called the "Chevalier de *Malt*," and that Lord Melville was said to be his "entire butt."\*

5th. Willoughby mentioned that Talleyrand once, upon somebody who squinted asking him, "*Comment vont vos affaires*," answered "*Comme vous voyez*."

9th. Mrs. S. drove me to the Cadran Bleu, in order to negotiate for our St. Patrick's dinner. Meurice asks the enormous sum of 65 francs a head, but I rather think the Cadran Bleu will do it for 40. There is a strong party still for my being chairman. Lord Miltown says he will put in his own claim against Lord Charlemont, as being prior to him in rank, and will then yield in favour of me; but I trust nothing will be done to offend Charlemont, who is a particularly manly and friendly person. Our dinner at home consisted of Irving, Fielding, Villamil, and Colonel Corbet, an old college acquaintance of mine, who was obliged to leave Ireland in the "time of the troubles," and has been fighting in the French service ever since. He was one of the four given up by Hamburg to the English government.

11th. Went to the Cadran Bleu, and got their calculation of the wines that would be necessary. Amusing to see how little they know of our mode of drinking. The great weight of the wine was, of course, thrown in the second service, and, *after* dinner, the allowance for fifty Irishmen was "two bottles of Malaga, two of Lunel," &c. &c. I, however, explained the matter to them.

15th. Met Lord Charlemont, Col. Burton, &c. at Cope's, to make some arrangements about the dinner. Dined with the Fieldings: Lady Payne, a Mr. Clay, and Montgomery, the party. Young Galigiani (who has, ever since his father's death, been

\* A joke of the Duchess of Gordon. She said to Mr. Whitbread in 1805, "Do you know what I call Lord Melville now, Mr. Whitbread? I call him your entire butt?"—J. R.

anxious for me to give him such a cession of the right of publishing my works in France as may enable him to suppress the cheap editions now preparing here), called upon me this morning with the copy of a document, in which, instead of the nominal sum of 4000 francs, which was at first mentioned as the consideration for which I sold him the works, he has inserted, with the intention of making it *real*, the sum of 2000 francs, of which he begged my acceptance: signed the paper and took the money.

16th. This being our dear Anastasia's birthday, Bessy has invited all the little Storys, Villamils, Forsters, and Yonges (amounting to near twenty) to a dinner. On my returning home found that Bessy had been obliged to go to bed from sickness of stomach and head, but that at eleven o'clock, hearing from Villamil (who came to fetch his little ones) that my little god-daughter Mary had had two or three attacks of fits in the course of the day, she got up and set off to assist Mrs. V. in nursing and watching her. Waited up for her till half-past one, but she did not return.

17th. Bessy came home at ten this morning, having sat up all night with the child. Went out with Galignani to confirm the document I gave him on Thursday, by signature before a notary. Have all along felt scruples at putting a false date to this paper, but felt these scruples still more strongly after confirming it thus formally by a second signature. Begged of Galignani to suspend further proceedings in the business. Went and consulted Le Roy (Villamil's notary), who thinks some other mode might be adopted *plus conforme à la vérité*. I begged of Galignani to let it be done in this way, and that I would most willingly refund the money rather than sign anything colourable or false even in form. Went to the Cadran Bleu to see how the dinner was laid out, to look after the wine, and see the names written on the plates, &c. &c. Douglas there to assist me. About sixty sat down to dinner. The day very lively and interesting: never saw anything like the enthusiasm with which my health was drunk, and the speech, with which I followed

it, received. The manner in which I applied the circumstance of St. Patrick's name, meaning originally the Devil, had a particularly good effect. I spoke twice after, and, in proposing the memory of the old Earl of Charlemont, pronounced an eulogium on Grattan, which was cheered most rapturously. The glees we had got up told wonderfully: altogether, I have never seen a better public meeting. At twelve o'clock, Lord C. left the chair, and we all separated. On my return found that Bessy was again gone for the night to nurse the little Villamil.

19th. Went out at ten o'clock to Galignani's, and attended him to his notary's, where a paper was drawn up, dated at the time when I actually did agree to transfer the right of publishing, which I, of course, very willingly signed. Too happy to dine at home to-day. Bessy in low spirits at parting with our dear Anastasia, who goes to-day to Mrs. Forster's. Irving called near dinner time; asked him to stay and share our roast chicken with us, which he did. He has been hard at work writing lately: in the course of ten days has written about 130 pages of the size of those in the "Sketch Book;" this is amazing rapidity. Has followed up an idea which I suggested, and taken the characters in his "Christmas Essay," Master Simon, &c. &c., for the purpose of making a slight thread of a story on which to string his remarks and sketches of human manners and feelings: left us at nine. Heard this morning, to my great regret, that about six or seven drunken fools remained after the party broke up on Saturday, and disgraced it by a quarrel among themselves, which made it necessary to call in the *gens d'armes*.

20th. Went to Lady Montgomery's ball: full of pretty women; Miss Canning the most lovable.

21st. Not very well; this company-going hurts and wearies me.

25th. This day ten years we were married, and, though Time has made his usual changes in us both, we are still more like lovers than any married couples of the same standing I am acquainted with. Asked to dine at Rancliffe's, but dined at home alone

with Bessy. This being Sunday, our dance, in celebration of the day, deferred till to-morrow. Received a letter yesterday from my dear father, which, notwithstanding the increased tremor of his hand, is written with a clearness of head and warmth of heart that seemed to promise many years of enjoyment still before him. God grant it!

26th. Bessy busy in preparations for the dance this evening. I went and wrote to my dear mother, and told her, in proof of the unabated anxiety and affection I feel towards her, that a day or two ago, on my asking Bessy, "whether she would be satisfied if little Tom loved her through life as well as I love my mother," she answered, "Yes, if he loves me but a quarter as much." Went into town too late to return to dinner, and dined at Véry's alone. Found on my return our little rooms laid out with great management, and decorated with quantities of flowers, which Mrs. Story had sent. Our company, Mrs. S. and her cousins, Mrs. Forster, her two daughters, and Miss Bridgeman, the Villamils, Irving, Capt. Johnson, Wilder, &c., and the Douglasses. Began with music; Mrs. V., Miss Drew, and Emma Forster sung. Our dance afterwards to the pianoforte very gay, and not the less so for the floor giving way in sundry places: a circle of chalk was drawn round one hole, Dr. Yonge was placed sentry over another, and whenever there was a new crash, the general laugh at the heavy foot that produced it caused more merriment than the solidest floor in Paris could have given birth to. Sandwiches, negus, and champagne crowned the night, and we did not separate till near four in the morning. Irving's humour began to break out as the floor broke in, and he was much more himself than ever. I have seen him. Read this morning, before I went out, "Therèse Aubert," and cried over it like a girl.

27th. Heard of the surrender of the Neapolitans, without a blow, to the Austrians. Can this be true? Then there is no virtue in Maccaroni.

28th. The news but too true, curse on the cowards! A very kind note from Madame

de Souza to-day. Galignani told me the other day, that every person setting up as a bookseller in Paris is obliged to get four persons to testify solemnly for him that he understands Latin, Greek, &c. &c.

29th. Dined at the Granards': was also asked to Lord Bristol's to meet Madame de Genlis, but could not get off the Granards. By the bye met Madame de Genlis last Sunday at Denon's, with Lady Charlemont; a lively little old woman, but by no means so fantastic a person as Lady Morgan makes her.

30th. Wrote a few lines about the rascally Neapolitans.\*

31st. Went out (Storys and Irving) to Sèvres, to show them the manufactory, and to make some arrangements in our cottage for the summer, but old Colonel King would not give the key. The wheel of Mrs. S.'s carriage came off as we returned; our *chute*, however, very easy and innocent. Dined with Chenevix. Some agreeable conversation after dinner: talked of the rage for constitutions now; the singularity that it is no longer the English constitution which is proposed as a model, but the Spanish or French; said that I supposed it was because they knew the English constitution took time to form it, and those they wanted must be like *cotelettes à la minute*. The notion of being able to have a perfect constitution at once, *per saltum* as it were, reminded me of a circumstance mentioned by Sir Gore Ouseley, that, once on his telling the King of Persia, to his great astonishment, that the revenue of the post office alone in England amounted to more than that of his whole dominions, the king, after a few moments' thought, exclaimed, "Then I'll have a post office," forgetting the few preliminaries of commerce, &c. &c., and, indeed, the first necessary *sine-quâ-non* of his people being able to write letters. They mentioned Ali Pacha, having some time ago, sent a messenger to Corfu to look for a constitution for

\* See published Works, vol. vii. p. 392. "Aye, down to the dust with them, slaves as they are." — Ed.

him, and his once wearing his three tails the three revolutionary colours. A Frenchman there spoke of the Languedocian language: said it was the old Roman language, and still exists; that the common people of the country all speak it, and that they say of any one who does not, "*Il se donne des airs; il parle Français.*" He quoted a passage from one of their ancient songs, in which the lover says, "You ask me for your heart again; I would willingly return it if I could, but, having placed it beside my own, I no longer know one from the other." The idea, it seems, inculcated and believed among the French is, that the Duke of Orleans and English gold produced the Revolution.

April 1st. Finished my lines about the Neapolitans. Took a solitary walk (for the first time these many weeks) along the Boulevard de Roule. Dined at Lord Ranccliffe's: company, the Duc de Guiche, Warrender, Lord Alvanley, and Lady Adelaide. The talk at dinner all about horses and birds, but in the evening we had something better. Alvanley mentioned a book, called "*L'Histoire du Système,*" giving an account of Law's money plan, and full, he said, of curious anecdotes about that whole transaction. There was a hump-backed man, who made a good deal of money by lending his hump as a writing-desk in the street, the houses and shops being all occupied by people making their calculations. The story about the Irish chairman whispering to Sheridan on the night of the fire at Drury Lane, "Don't make yourself uneasy, Mr. S.; in about ten minutes the devil a drop more water there will be to be had!" Sir A. C.—once telling long rhodomontade stories about America at Lord Barrymore's table, B. (winking at the rest of the company) asked him, "Did you ever meet any of the Chick-chows, Sir Arthur?" "Oh, several; a very cruel race." "The Cherry-chows?" "Oh, very much among them: they were particularly kind to our men." "And pray, did you know anything of the Totteroddy how-wows?" This was too much for poor Sir A., who then, for the first, perceived that Barrymore had been quizzing

him. Came home early. Lady——said that Louis XVIII. called Talleyrand *une vieille lampe qui pue en s'éteignant.*

3rd. Called at Galignani's: a strange gentleman in the shop accosted me, and said, "Mr. Moore, I have not the honour of being acquainted with you, but I was requested by the Princess of Prussia to tell you, if ever I met you, how beautifully the fête at Berlin, taken from your '*Lalla Rookh,*' went off." He then told me several particulars. The Grand Duchess of Russia (daughter of the King of Prussia), who acted "*Lalla Rookh,*" is, he said, very handsome; and the sister of Prince Radzivil, who played the "*Peri,*" a most beautiful little girl. He expects some drawings that were made of the principal personages in their costumes, and will show them to me. Took courage, and called upon Madame de Stouza for the first time since the article: was very kindly received, and walked about her garden with her. Dined (Bessy and I) at Story's: company, the Villamils and Irving. Sung a little in the evening. At ten, Lady E. Fielding called to take me to the Duchesse de Broglie's. Repeated my Neapolitan verses to her and Fielding. She said they were like sparks of fire running through her in all directions. Saw there Madame de Barante, looking very pretty; the Duchesse de Raguse, and the Marquise de Dolomieu, who called me *un monstre*, for not having been to call upon her. Home at twelve. Have been reading a little miscellany these two or three days, from which the following things are worth preserving as illustrations. Talking of coral reefs and islands, "There is every reason to believe that the islands which are occasionally raised by the tremendous agency of subterraneous volcanoes, do not bear any proportion to those which are raised perpetually, by the silent but persevering exertions of the seaworms, by which coral is produced." "The transformation of insects is only the throwing off external and temporary coverings, and not an alteration of the original form. Reaumur discovered that the chrysalis, or rather the butterfly itself, was inclosed in the body of the caterpillar. The proboscis, the antennæ,

the limbs, and the wings of the fly, are so nicely folded up," &c. In the diamond mines "when a negro is so fortunate as to find a diamond of the weight of seventeen carats and a half, he is crowned with a wreath of flowers, and carried in procession to the administrator, who gives him his freedom by paying his owner for it:" a pretty story might be made out of this.

4th. A desperately wet day. Dined at Mad. de Souza's: company, the Gwydirs, some unpronounceable Russians (Prince and Princess Sabatscoff, I believe), Count Funchal, and Gabriel Delessert. The Russians a very unaffected, amiable-mannered pair. Funchal just the same merry, hideous little fellow, I remember him, sixteen or seventeen years ago at Tunbridge Wells, when he used to wear his hat in a particular way (as Wm. Spencer said), "to look like the Duchess of St. Albans." Delessert mentioned rather a comical trick of some English, who took an Ottoman flag with them to the ball of St. Peter's, and planted it over the Angel. The astonishment of the cardinals next morning at seeing the crescent floating over St. Peter's. A good deal of conversation with Lady E. Stuart, who told me that "Lalla Rookh" had been translated into German. It has now appeared in the French, Italian, German, and Persian languages. Lady Saltoun told me that a gentleman had just said to her, "If Mr. Moore wishes to be made much of,—if Mr. Moore wishes to have his head turned, let him go to Berlin; there is nothing else talked of there but 'Lalla Rookh.'"

8th. Jane Power arrived from England on her long meditated visit to us. Brought the copy of the "National Melodies," which I had ordered for Mademoiselle d'Orleans; most splendidly and tastefully bound. Dined at Fielding's: company, Lattin, Fazakerley (who has been the bearer of a copy of Rogers's last edition of "Human Life" to Bessy, "from an old friend"), and Montgomery. Lattin very amusing. Mentioned some Frenchman who said he had not read the "History of France," but had *guessed* it. Talked of Forsyth's book on Italy; its wonderful learning and ability. I mentioned

some strange errors he had fallen into; and Lattin noticed his assertion that Acton was the son of a barber.

9th. Wrote to Lord Lansdowne: mentioned to him the report of a revolution at Constantinople, and said, "Nothing now is wanting to bring the 'Rights of Man' into proper disgrace, but their being taken up by the Turks. The Spanish constitution translated into good Turkish would complete the farce." Dined at Douglas's to meet Harry Bushe and his wife, just arrived. Bushe à propos of Lord Eldon's *larmoyant* propensity, quoted some verses about Provost Hutchinson from the "Baratariana:"

"Who feels all his crimes, yet his feeling defies,  
And each day stabs his country with tears in his eyes."

Douglas mentioned Hutchinson's having gone once to Lord Townshend to ask for some situation for his daughter Prudentia; and, on Lord T.'s saying that he really had nothing just then left at his disposal but a captaincy of dragoons, the ready place-hunter replied that he would be most happy to accept of it; and Miss Prudentia was accordingly made a captain of dragoons. Mrs. Bushe played in the evening, and I sung. Bushe said that Grattan died possessed of an income of 9000*l.* a year, owing fifty thousand, having borrowed to purchase. When I returned home found that Bessy had gone to sit up with Villamil's child.

10th. Dined at home; had Irving, Dr. Williams, and Power's man of business, to dine with me. Poor Bess still at Villamil's. Never was there a creature that devoted herself to others with so little reserve or selfishness. In the evening went with the Kingstons and Jane Power to the Vaudeville. Called at V.'s in my way home to try and persuade Bessy to return with me, but she would not; she promised, however, to take off her clothes to go to bed there.

13th. Dined with Lord Trimlestown: company, Lord Granard, Lattin, Harry Bushe, &c. Lattin and I told Irish stories by the dozen. Some of his very amusing. A posting dialogue: "Why, this chaise is very damp." "And a very good right it has to

be so, sir; wasn't it all night in the canal? Found, on my return home at night, Lord Byron's letter about Bowles and Pope, which Fielding had sent me to look over. The whole thing unworthy of him; a leviathan among small fry.

15th. Dined at Fielding's: George Dawson and Montgomery. Dawson told a good story about the Irish landlord counting out the change of a guinea. "Twelve, 13, 14 (a shot heard); 'Bob, go and see who's that that's killed;' 15, 16, 17 (enter Bob), 'It's Kelly, sir.'—Poor Captain Kelly, a very good customer of mine; 18, 19, 20, there's your change, sir."

16th. Had to dine with us, Harry Bushe, Douglas, and Irving. Bushe told of an Irish country squire, who used, with hardly any means, to give entertainments to the militia, &c. in his neighbourhood; and when a friend expostulated with him on the extravagance of giving claret to these fellows when whisky punch would do just as well, he answered, "You are very right, my dear friend; but I have the claret on tick, and where the devil would I get credit for the *lemons*?" Douglas mentioned the son of some rich grazier in Ireland, whose son went on a tour to Italy, with express injunctions from the father to write to him whatever was worthy of notice. Accordingly, on his arrival in Italy, he wrote a letter beginning as follows: "Dear Father, the Alps is a very high mountain, and bullocks bear no price." Lady Susan and her daughters, and the Kingstons, came in in the evening, and all supped. A French writer mentions, as a proof of Shakspeare's attention to particulars, his allusion to the climate of Scotland in the words, "Hail, hail, all hail!"—*Grêle, grêle, toute grêle.*

23rd. Have begun words to a quadrille air. A young Frenchman called upon me with part of a translation of "Lalla Rookh" in verse; a professor of the classics in Belgium: left his MS. with me. Dined at Harry Bushe's: company, Col. Cope, Lord Charlemont, Douglas, Lattin, &c.; a noisy dinner. Bushe told of the Bishop of (I forget what), saying after his fourth bottle

(striking his head in a fit of maudlin piety) "I have been a great sinner; but I love my Redeemer." This bishop is one of the opposers of the Catholic claims; so is F— Godly ecclesiastics! pity *their* church should be in danger!

May 1st. The commencement of the fêtes on the Duc de Bordeaux's christening. Saw the procession in the morning; at least, had a glimpse of it from the Quai de Voltaire. Dined at Story's, and in the evening walked out to see the illuminations and fireworks: was foolish enough to take Anastasia with us, and got into an immense crowd with her to my great alarm. The misty darkness of the night very favourable to the effect of the illuminations, which, in the Tuileries Gardens, were most magnificent: the star by itself in the middle of the dark sky, over the Légion d'Honneur, particularly striking, and the long arcade of light at the end of the gardens beautiful. Saw the fireworks (but badly) from a Mr. Penleaze's windows on the Quai Voltaire.

3rd. Received this morning Lord Byron's tragedy. Looked again over his letter\* on Bowles. It is amusing to see through his design in thus depreciating all the present school of poetry. Being quite sure of his own hold upon fame, he contrives to loosen that of all his contemporaries, in order that they may fall away entirely from his side, and leave him unencumbered, even by his floundering. It is like that Methodist preacher who, after sending all his auditory to the devil, thus concluded,—"You may perhaps, on the day of judgment, think to escape by laying hold of my skirts as I go to heaven; but it won't do; I'll trick you all; for I'll wear a spencer, I'll wear a spencer." So Lord B. willingly surrenders the skirts of his poetical glory, rather than let any of us poor devils stick in them, even for ever so short a time. The best of it is, too, that the wise public all the while turns up its eyes, and exclaims, "How modest!"

\* This letter is printed in the collected edition of Lord Byron's Poems, published by Mr. Murray.

5th. Went through the disagreeable acquisition of our furniture, &c. by our landlady, and took leave of her and the Allée des Veuves for good and all. Bessy and the servants set off for Sèvres about one; and I (after going to the Père la Chaise with Mrs. Story and the Kingstons) got there at seven, and dined with the Villamils. Kept awake at night by the nightingales. Finished today Lord B.'s tragedy; full of fine things, but wants that necessary ingredient, interest. Not one of the characters excites our sympathy, and the perpetual recurrence of our memory to Otway's fine management of the same sort of story is unfavourable even to Lord B.'s great powers.

6th. The Storys (children and all) came out, and all, except Bessy, who was too tired with our *déménagement*, went to Versailles to see the Great Waters. Dined at Madame Raimbault's (or rather her successors), with great difficulty, being obliged almost to battle for our dinners; and having called at La Butte on our way back, proceeded to town with the expectation of a fête at Beaujon; but there was none. Slept at Story's.

7th. Went to the Beaujon; descended in the cars three times with each of the Kingstons, and four times with Mrs. S. From thence for money to the banker's. Met there old Montague\*, Burgess, and Lord Sandon. Had previously called upon Lord Essex, who told me of the King's late civility to the Opposition at Brighton, and his having had Lord and Lady Lansdowne, Lord and Lady Cowper, &c. to dine with him. Mentioned this to Lord Sandon, who said he was himself at the dinner; that Lord Cowper was very sulky; would hardly answer the King, and stayed outside in the passages as much as he could. Lord Lans-

\* Mr. Matthew Montague, afterwards Lord Rokeby. On one occasion he was confounded (by some one in the House of Commons) with Mr. Montague Matthew, formerly M.P. for Tipperary; an eccentric character, but not without some native humour. Whereupon Mr. Matthew very indignantly retorted, that there was as much difference between Matthew Montague and Montague Matthew, as between a horse chestnut and a chestnut horse.

downe, on the contrary, all courtesy. Burgess, who is setting off for Scotland, repeated his invitation to me to visit him there on my return. He quoted, *à propos* of something, Lord Thurlow's two lines upon the Dutch,

"Amphibious wretches, speedy be your fall,  
May man undam you, and God damn you all!"

Montague spoke to me about my verses on his "dear friend" Perceval's death. Dined by myself at Bombarde's, and came out in the *céléritère* at six. Received a note from Chabot, announcing a present of a clock from Mademoiselle d'Orleans.

8th. The first quiet morning I have had for a long long time: arranged my books, &c. Walked out: sketched two or three verses of a song. Dined well and comfortably. Walked to shop with Bessy in the village. Received an invitation to dine with the Duke of Orleans at Neuilly tomorrow.

9th. Wrote to Chabot to make the best excuse in his power for me to the Duke. Walked, read, and copied out my song. Dined with the Villamils, to meet the Princesse Talleyrand, and a comtesse and marquise, whose names I could not make out. It is said of Madame Talleyrand that one day, her husband having told her that Denon was coming to dinner, bid her read a little of his book upon Egypt, just published, in order that she might be enabled to say something civil to him upon it, adding that he would leave the volume for her on his study table. He forgot this, however, and Madame upon going into the study, found a volume of "Robinson Crusoe" on the table instead, which having read very attentively, she was not long on opening upon Denon at dinner, about the desert island, his manner of living, &c. &c., to the great astonishment of poor Denon, who could not make head or tail of what she meant: at last, upon her saying, "*Eh puis, ce cher Vendredi!*" he perceived she took him for no less a person than Robinson Crusoe. Upon being asked once what part of the world she came from, she said, "*Je suis d'Inde*" (Dinde), meaning *des*

*Indes.* Sat next her at dinner. She talked much of "Lalla Rookh," which she had read in French prose. Mentioned her having passed three months with the King of Spain and his brother and uncle at Valençay: said it was all a story about Ferdinand's embroidering the petticoat, and that it was the uncle who did it. Seemed to remember nothing curious about them, except her having eaten, one day, a dish of little fish caught expressly for her by the uncle; and that Ferdinand, who had been always accustomed to wear uniform, said to her, upon his putting on a new suit of velvet, "I think I look like a *bourgeois* to-day!" She seemed to think this very interesting. Praised Bessy's beauty to me.

13th. Called to return Greffulhe's visit; the first time I have seen his splendid house; twenty-five acres of beautifully arranged pleasure-ground in the middle of Paris! Talked of Sheridan. He said that Sir A. Absolute was evidently taken from Old Mirabel in the "Inconstant." Went from thence, according to appointment, to meet Lord Essex at Marshal Soult's, to see his pictures: a large assembly of English there, the Bessboroughs, the Ponsonbys, the Bristols, Canning, &c. &c. The collection remarkably fine; almost all Murillo's; the most interesting among which appeared to me, the Prodigal Son, Christ with the Man at the Pool, and a Saint looking up at a Burning Heart. There is also a little sketch from a large picture, very beautiful. I should like to see those pictures of Murillo's placed beside some of the best of the Italian school. As it is, I have never seen a collection that appeared to me more curious and valuable.

14th. Dined at Lord Essex's: company, Lord Thanet, Fazakerley, Vaughan, Denon, and Cornwall, Lord E.'s daughter, and her governess. Lord Thanet spoke to me a good deal of Sheridan. Sheridan very unfeeling about Richardson's death. When Lord T. spoke to him about it a fortnight after, as a melancholy thing, he said, "Yes, very provoking indeed; and all owing to that curst brandy and water, which he *would* drink."

When I mentioned S.'s want of scruple about stealing other people's wit, Lord T. said he might have made use of Molière's apology for the same practice, "*C'est mon bien, et je le prends partout où je le trouve.*" He said that Sheridan, at no part of his life, liked any allusion to his being a dramatic writer; and that if he could have spoken out when they were burying him, he would have protested loudly against the place where they laid him, as Poets' Corner was his aversion: would have liked to be placed near Fox, &c. Said that Lord John Townshend and (I think) Hare went to Bath for the purpose of getting acquainted with Mathews, and making inquiries about his affair with Sheridan. Mathews described the duel as a mere hoax—in fact, as no duel at all; that Sheridan came drunk, and that he (Mathews) could have killed him with the greatest ease if he had chosen. A precious fellow this Mathews was! Lord T. said he thought that Sheridan never was the same man after Richardson's death. R.'s argumentative turn was of great use to him in stirring up his mind, and making him sift thoroughly any new subject he took up. This is not improbable. Cornwall mentioned rather a good story of Sheridan's taking Downton's gig to come to town, while Downton, with all the patience and sturdiness of a dun, was waiting in the parlour to see him. Denon remarked of Murillo's Prodigal Son, that the traces of gold are seen on the rags he wears, and that the remains of his shirt are of the finest texture. Vaughan said that there are seventy-two Titians in the Escorial. Arrived at La Butte at a quarter past ten.

16th. Went to drink tea at Kenny's in the evening: took Irving, who called, with us. Kenny told a story of one Jim Welsh, who said, "Rot me, if I don't take a trip to France; and rot me, if I don't begin immediately to learn the language." He got a grammar, dictionary, and master; and after three months' study thought himself qualified to undertake the journey. Just before he set out Duruset came up to him one day, and said, "*Eh bien, Mons. Welsh, comment vous*



*portez-vous?*" Jim stared, looked bothered, turned his eyes to the right and left, and at last exclaimed, "Now rot me, if I ha'n't forgot what that is."

21st. This is the day I fixed with Madame de Broglie to meet M. de Lafayette at dinner; went in at two. Received two letters from Lord Byron. In one of them he says that the lines on the Neapolitans, which I sent him, "are sublime as well as beautiful, and in my very best mood and manner." Company at the Duc de Broglie's, Lord and Lady Bessborough, Duc and Duchesse Dalberg, Wm. Schlegel, Count Forbin, M. de Lafayette, Auguste de Stael, the Swedish Ambassador; and, to my surprise, Madame Durazzo, of whom I have been hearing so much in all directions. A fine woman; must have been beautiful; not at all like an Italian. Sat next Miss Randall, and had much talk about Lord Byron. She said Lord B. was much wronged by the world; that he took up wickedness as a *subject*, just as Chateaubriand did religion, without either of them having much of the reality of either feeling in their hearts. Had much talk with Schlegel in the evening, who appears to me full of literary coxcombry: spoke of Hazlitt, who, he said, *l'avoit dépassé* in his critical opinions, and was an ultra-Shakspearian. Is evidently not well inclined towards Lord Byron; thinks he will outlive himself, and get out of date long before he dies. Asked me if I thought a regular critique of all Lord B.'s works, and the system on which they are written, would succeed in England, and seems inclined to undertake it. Found fault with the "Edinburgh" and "Quarterly" for not being sufficiently European (in other words, for not taking notice enough of M. Schlegel and his works). Auguste de Stael, in praising these works, said that if there came a being fresh from another planet, to whom he wished to give a clear and noble idea of the arts, literature, philosophy, &c. of this earth, he would present to him the "Edinburgh Review." M. Schlegel seemed to think that this planetary visitant had much better come to *him* for information.

28th. My birthday. They come too quick. Went in and breakfasted with Mrs. S. Got some money, and came out with Fielding, young Talbot, and Montgomery, who dined with me; Villamil and Kenny of the party. A very nice dinner (as all seemed to think), and the whole day agreeable. Fielding told us, that when Gouvion de St. Cyr, in the beginning of the Revolution, happened to go to some bureau (for a passport I believe), and gave his name, *Monsieur de Saint Cyr*, the clerk answered, *Il n'y a pas de De. Eh bien! M. Saint Cyr.—Il n'y a pas de Saint. Diable, M. Cyr, donc.—Il n'y a pas de Sire; nous avons décapité le tyran.*

30th. No company at Fielding's. Talked of strange etymologies; poltroon, from *pollice trunci*, soldiers who cut off their thumbs to avoid going to the wars; topsy-turvey, from topside t'other way; hocus pocus, from *hoc est corpus*, &c.; pantaloons, from *pianta leone*. A good punning one—*méchant* (wicked), from *mèche* (a wick), &c.

June 4th. Kenny said that Antony Pasquin (who was a very dirty fellow) "died of a cold caught by washing his face."

5th. A large party asked to dine at Villamil's to-day. Begged of him to let the dinner take place at our cottage instead, as the alarming state of the child would make it uncomfortable for him to have company at his home; but he preferred letting it remain as it was. Company there: the Storys, the Sapios, Dr. Williams, Wilder, Irving, Mr. Hinchliffe, and Kenny after dinner. Neither Bessy nor Mrs. Villamil came down. Bessy resolved to sit up with little Mary to-night, who was evidently dying.

6th. At about a quarter after ten this morning the poor little thing died. Bessy and Dr. Williams sat up with it the whole night, and Bessy had it for six hours on her lap, where at last it died. Williams said he never saw anything like the strength of mind, and, indeed, of body, which Bessy showed throughout the whole time. This day altogether very gloomy. We dined with Villamil, and he, and I, and Williams walked in the evening.

7th. This day still more miserable than yesterday; the weather wretched, and the house comfortless and deserted, from Bessy being away all day with Mrs. Villamil. Wrote a few lines.

8th. Had fixed to-day to dine with Lord Bristol, to meet Madame de Genlis: felt very ill-inclined to it, from my spirits and the barometer both being low. However, went in without having quite made up my mind. At near six o'clock sent an apology to Lord Bristol, dated from La Butte, but the stupid servant said I was in Paris, which brought a note back again from his lordship entreating me, if possible, to come. I however persisted in my caprice, and dined at Story's. Not quite right; for he is a most amiable man, and deserved the effort; but the necessity of returning home at night, and having to walk in thin shoes up the wet road from the *célérière* to my cottage, is too great an operation to expect from any one.

13th. Went in for the purpose of dining with the Hollands. Called on Lady Bessborough; told me that, when she was a child, she was *en pension* at Versailles; used to be a good deal taken notice of by Marie Antoinette; spoke of the very striking air of dignity her countenance could assume. On one occasion, when she (Lady B.) had been playing with her in the morning, there was to be a reception of ambassadors, whom it was the custom for the Queen to receive sitting at the bottom of the bed. The child, anxious to see the ceremony, hid herself in the bed-curtains, and was so astonished and even terrified by the change which took place in the Queen's countenance, on the entrance of the ambassadors, that the feeling has never been forgotten by her to this hour. Met Luttrell on the Boulevards and walked with him. In remarking rather a pretty woman who passed he said, "The French women are often in the suburbs of beauty, but never enter the town." Company at Lord Holland's, Allen, Henry Fox, the *black* Fox (attached to the embassy), Denon, and, to my great delight, Lord John Russell, who arrived this morning. Lord Holland

told before dinner (*à propos* of something), of a man who professed to have studied "Euclid" all through, and upon some one saying to him, "Well, solve me that problem," answered, "Oh, I never looked at the cuts." The dinner rather *triste* and *géné*, both from Lord Holland's absence (being laid up with the gout) and Denon's presence, one foreigner always playing the deuce with a dinner-party.

14th. Went to breakfast with Lord John. Has brought me a copy of his last book, "On the English Government and Constitution," which is already going into a second edition. Was bearer of a letter from the Longmans, which makes me even more downhearted than I have been for some days, as it shows how dilatory and indifferent all parties have been in the Bermuda negotiation, and how little probability there is of a speedy, or indeed *any*, end to my exile. Mentioned Scott having shown a letter acknowledging a copy "from the author" of "Kenilworth." I expressed my doubts as to the possibility of one man finding time for the research (to say nothing of the writing) necessary for accuracy in the costume, &c. &c. of such works; but he says they are only superficially or apparently correct; that, if looked closely into by one conversant in antiquities and the history of the respective periods, they abound in errors; that Charles Wynne detected some gross ones in "Ivanhoe," besides others very trivial, which the orthodox Charles was as much horrified at as the more serious ones. For instance, "only think what an unpardonable mistake Scott has fallen into about the Earl of Leicester" (this must have been in "Kenilworth"); "he has made him a Knight of St. Andrew, when he was in reality a Knight of St. Michael!" or, *vice versa*, for I forget which way it was.

18th. Called on Lord John Russell, who was about dressing to dine with Lord Stafford. Told him all I thought of the wisdom, moderation, and usefulness of his last work. Kenny and his wife supped with us. He told some very amusing stories about Lanza the composer and Reynolds, who was about

to write an opera for him. "Have you done some oder littel tings, Mr. Reynolds?"—"Oh, yes, several." "Vat is one, *par exemple?*"—"Oh, it was I who wrote 'Out of Place,' last winter." "God d——, I hope dis will be better dan dat." The scene, too, at the rehearsal of the music, where, to Lanza's despair, they were cutting it by pages-full in the orchestra, and when little Simons, imitating Lanza's voice out of a corner, said, "You may cut dere,"—"Who dedevil say dat? no, no,—cut! cut! noting but cut! You will cut my troat at last."

21st. Irving, who was to dine with me, came about two, and brought the MS. of the work he is writing to read to me, which he did sitting on the grass in the walk up to the Rocher. It is amusing, but will, I fear, much disappoint the expectation his Sketches have raised. Between three and four, Lord John and Luttrell arrived, and all walked together to Meudon. We were speaking of the pedantic phrases of physicians,—the word "exhibit" for instance; and Luttrell said that "exhibit" was chiefly used for mercury. "You *exhibit* mercury, *throw in* the bark, and *premise* a venæsectio." Villamil, Mrs. S., and Jane Power were our other diners. The dinner (the *physique* of it) was not so good as usual, but I made up in the wines,—Chambertin, Champagne, Madeira, White Hermitage, Claret, and Muscat. In speaking of my abuse of the Americans, Irving said it was unlucky that some of my best verses were upon that subject: "put them in his *strongest* pickle," said Luttrell.

25th. A large *diner champêtre* given by the Villamils, in the park of Bellevue: by the Storys, Kennys, Williams, Irving, Poole (author of "Hamlet Travesti"), &c. &c.; pleasant enough. After Williams and I had sung one of the "Irish Melodies," somebody said, "Everything that's national is delightful." "Except the National Debt, ma'am," says Poole. In talking of the organs in Gall's craniological system, Poole said he supposed a drunkard had a *barrel* organ.

27th. Lady Davy called; asked her to stay to dinner, which she did. Our company Lords Granard and Ranccliffe, Kenny, Irving,

Mrs. Story, and Jane Power. Kenny said of Luttrell's "Advice to Julia," "that it was too *long* and not *broad* enough." Ranccliffe said that the chancellor is of opinion the Queen must be admitted to the coronation dinner if she claims it, and that they are inventing all sorts of large tureens, &c. &c. to hide her from the king.

28th. Called on the Hollands: both very gracious: wanted me to stay to dinner, but I had promised the Storys to go to the fête at Beaujon in the evening. Lord H. praised "Lalla Rookh" very warmly; and my Lady declared that, in spite of her objection to Eastern things, she must, *some time or other*, read it herself. Said she also hated Northern subjects, which Lord H. remarked was unlucky, as the only long poem he had ever written was in that region. Spoke of Canning. Lord H. said he was not ill-tempered, but wrong-headed, and had *la main malheureuse*, always contriving to turn the worst view of the public towards the public; that this arose very much from over-refinement, and from aiming at high delicacy of sentiment, &c. On my saying that authors now did not keep their poems nine years, Lord H. said, "No, no; who is to pay the *interest* all the while?"

July 2nd. Took Irving, to present him to the Hollands: my lady very gracious to him: Lord John there. I told him that Villamil meant to translate his last work into Spanish for the enlightenment of his countrymen, and find he is much pleased at the intention. Lord Holland said there might be some useful notes added to the translation, containing hints to the Spaniards on the improvement of their present institutions, &c. &c. Mentioned, as an instance of the foppery of the French about their language, that an author, some time since, writing a play on the subject of Philippe le Bel, where the word *monnaie* must of necessity be introduced, found, after consulting the chief literary men of his acquaintance, that it was impossible to introduce that word in the full dress of poetry, and accordingly was compelled to give up the plan altogether. *Quære*, whether *cash* is not subject to the same difficulty?

Lord H. doubted whether *cash* was a legitimate English word, though, as Irving remarked, it is as old as Ben Jonson, there being a character called Cash in one of his comedies. Lord H. said Mr. Fox was of opinion that the word *mob*\* was not genuine English. Appointed to dine with Lord John at Riche's. Went to Lady Mildmay for the MS. of Lord Byron I had lent her to read; sat some time with her. Mentioned how much she felt afraid of Lord Byron, when she used to meet him in society in London; and that once, when he spoke to her in a doorway, her heart beat so violently that she could hardly answer him. She said it was not only her awe of his great talents, but the peculiarity of a sort of *under* look he used to give, that produced this effect upon her. Separated from Lord John about eight, and returned in the *Parisienne* with Mrs. S. and Jane at nine. Lord John means to come to take a bed with us at the *pavillon* we had last summer.

3rd. Company at the Hollands', Lambton, Lady Louisa and her sister, Lord Alvanley, Lord John, Lattin, Lord Thanet, Lord Gower, &c. Talking of Delille, Lord H. said that, notwithstanding his pretty description of Kensington Gardens, he walked with him once there, and he did not know them when he was in them. Mad. de Stael never looked at anything; passed by scenery of every kind without a glance at it; which did not, however, prevent her describing it. I said that Lord Byron could not describe anything which he had not had actually under his eyes, and that he did it either on the spot or immediately after. This, Lord Holland remarked, was the sign of a true poet, to write only from *impressions*; but where then do all the imaginary scenes of Dante, Milton, &c. go, if it is necessary to *see* what we describe in order to be a true poet? Lattin mentioned that Gail, the old Greek professor

here, who was a great friend of Delille's, embalmed him after his death, and varnished him, and after making a horrible figure of the poor poet, put a wreath of laurel round his head. Lord Holland mentioned having once been betrayed into a most exaggerated compliment, in saying that Virgil was lucky in meeting a poet as great as himself to translate him: to which Delille answered, "*Savez vous, milord, que ce que vous dites là est joli, mais très joli.*" Before dinner, on my remarking to Luttrell a fine effect of sunshine in the garden, which very soon passed away, he said, "How often in life we should like to arrest our *beaux momens*: should be so obliged to the *five minutes* if they would only stay ten." Allen, on our talking of persons who described what they had not seen, said that Adam Smith never attended to anything that was said in conversation; and *yet* (or rather, perhaps, *because* he did not attend) used to give the most delightful and amusing accounts of all that had been said, filling up the few outlines his ear had caught from his own imagination. Talked of the numerous editions of Voltaire now printed. (By the bye, Gallois mentioned the other day, as an instance of the great increase of printing and publishing, that in Marmontel's lifetime they did not venture to publish a complete edition of his works, but printed the popular things separate from the rest, in order to facilitate the sale; and that it took a long lapse of time, even so, to sell off the whole; whereas, within some years past, a collection of all his works has gone off not only successfully, but rapidly. He granted, however, that reading has not increased in proportion, but that books are become more an article of furniture and luxury than of study.

Lord Holland said that Lord Exeter burned his copy of Voltaire at the beginning of the French Revolution, and that he had been told Lord Granville had actually turned a copy out of his library at the same time. Went with Fazakerley and Morier to M. Langles': a dinky set of *savans* there. M. Langles very civil to me: talked of "Lalla Rookh;" offered the use of his library, &c. &c. Introduced to M. Jullien,

\* This word was first used in England in 1679. "In that year," says Lord Macaulay, "our tongue was enriched with two words, *Mob* and *Sham*, remarkable memorials of a season of tumult and imposture." — *History of England*, vol. i. p. 256.

editor of the "Revue Encyclopédique," who said he was about to write a detailed article upon my works, their character, &c. &c. Was afterwards introduced to M. B——, who addressed me in poetical prose; said he had *soupiré* after me for a long time; that he last summer wandered through the country which I had immortalised by my "Melodies;" "*Je n'y pensois qu'à vous; je vous demandois aux rochers,*" &c. &c. Was rather bored by the whole thing, and heartily glad to escape.

5th. Went in early with Villamil for the purpose of introducing him to Lord Holland. Much talk about Spanish politics, on which subject Lord H. and Allen are very much interested. Walked about the garden with them. Dined at Morier's: company, M. Langles, Denon, Pozzo di Borgo, Hamilton. Pozzo di Borgo very complimentary to me on my introduction to him. Much talk about Egypt. A curious matter of speculation to trace the source from which she derived her knowledge and civilisation. Could not have been from the East by the Red Sea, because it is evident it proceeded immediately from *Upper Egypt*, a course it could not have got into upon this supposition. It must have been from Abyssinia and the interior of Africa, which bewilders the mind but to think of. The interior of Africa! how little we really know of this world! In talking of Soult's pictures, on my mentioning that I heard he wished to sell them, Pozzo di Borgo said that, if so, he should be happy to treat with him for them for his master the Emperor; that he had made some very good purchases in Paris; among others the Gallery of Malmaison, which he had bought, I think, for seventy thousand pounds. In this collection was the Cupid and Psyche of Canova. In the evening a Frenchman came in who had dined with the Minister of Foreign Affairs, and brought the intelligence that Buonaparte had died on the 5th of May. Pozzo di Borgo, in talking to me of the news, said it was a *triste catastrophe*, and that, in spite of everything, he could not help feeling a *sentiment de tristesse* at it. He asked if I was

at work upon any subject, and trusted I would not remain idle.

6th. Busy preparing the *pavillon* for Lord John. Our company to dinner: Lord Granard, Lady Adelaide, Lady Caroline, Lord John, Luttrell, Fazakerley, and Villamil. The day very agreeable. Luttrell in good spirits, and highly amusing: told of an Irishman, who, having jumped into the water to save a man from drowning, upon receiving sixpence from the person as a reward for the service, looked first at the sixpence, then at him, and at last exclaimed, "By Jasus, I'm *over-paid* for the job." Lord John told us that Bobus Smith one day, in conversation with Talleyrand, having brought in somehow the beauty of his mother, T. said, "*C'étoit donc votre père qui n'étoit pas bien.*" By the bye, I yesterday gave Lady Holland Lord Byron's "Memoirs" to read; and on my telling her that I rather feared he had mentioned her name in an unfair manner somewhere, she said, "Such things give me no uneasiness: I know perfectly well my station in the world; and I know all that can be said of me. As long as the few friends that I *really* am sure of speak kindly of me (and I would not believe the contrary if I saw it in black and white), all that the rest of the world can say is a matter of complete indifference to me." There are some fine points about Lady Holland; she is a warm and active friend, and I should think her capable of *high-mindedness* upon occasions.

8th. A proof that Lord John feels himself comfortable is, that he has begun another book this morning; the subject the "French Revolution;" or rather a sketch of the long series of misrule and profligacy in the upper orders that led to it, and made it necessary. It will, I have no doubt, be amusing, because he means to find it upon anecdotes drawn from the French Memoirs; and it will be useful, as reminding those people who now talk of nothing but the "horrors of the French Revolution," that there were other horrors antecedent to it, which must in fairness be taken into account.

9th. Irving came to breakfast, for the purpose of taking leave (being about to set

off for England), and of reading to me some more of his new work; some of it much livelier than the first he read. He has given the description of the booksellers' dinner so exactly like what I told him of one of the Longmans' (the carving partner, the partner to laugh at the popular author's jokes, the twelve-edition writers treated with claret, &c.), that I very much fear my friends in Paternoster Row will know themselves in the picture.

10th. Went in to dine at Lord Holland's, Villamil being unable to go from the gout. Company, Lord John, Fazakerley, Irving, and Allen. Left them at nine, and came out in Villamil's carriage alone at eleven. Kenny and Irving set off together for England to-morrow. Lord John mentioned to me some verses written upon "Lalla Rookh;" he did not say (nor, I believe, know) by whom, but not amiss:—

"Lalla Rookh  
Is a book  
By Thomas Moore,  
Who has written far,  
Each warmer  
Than the former;  
So the most recent  
Is the least decent."

11th. Breakfasted at Villamil's to meet the Marquis Santa Cruz and his family; very amiable persons. Am much inclined to think with Lord Holland, that the Spaniards altogether are among the best people of Europe. A good deal of talk with the Marquis. He says that Spain, whatever she may suffer or do, will not retrograde in liberty. Told me of the reception which the Comte d'Artois, the other day, gave to Torreno, the Spanish minister to Berlin; he hardly looked at him when introduced by Santa Cruz, but turning abruptly round to the Prussian minister said, "*J'espère que vous serez content du ministre que nous venons d'envoyer chez vous* (meaning Chateaubriand); *au moins, il ne révolutionnera pas votre pays.*" this is worse than foolish.

14th. Went into town at four to dine at Lord Holland's: company, Lord Gower, Duc de Broglie, Dumont of Geneva, Lord John, &c. Lord Holland said that the

Cheltenham waters are manufactured every morning for the drinkers, and are *not* natural. Some pleasant conversation with Lord H. in the evening. He said that Apreece (the Cadwallader of Foote) had a trick of sucking his wrist now and then with a sort of *supping* noise, in which Foote exactly imitated him. Upon this farce coming out, Apreece went to Garrick for the purpose of consulting him as to the propriety of challenging Foote for the insult; but all Garrick said was, "My dear sir, don't think of doing any such thing; why, he would shoot you through the guts before you had supped two oysters off your wrist." Spoke of Foote's farces; "Witty, but wrong," in Smirke, which Foote used to say so well.

18th. Called upon Gallois, who told me that he had just seen a pamphlet in prose, professing to be "*traduit de l'Anglais de Sir Thomas Moore, on the Death of Buonaparte,*" with an ode on the same subject annexed, as written by Lord Byron: an audacious catchpenny; but it's something that one's name can *furnish* a catchpenny. Came out to Sèvres at three: at dinner early at Villamil's: Lord John, Fazakerley, Luttrell, Lady Davy, Gallois, and Ora (a Spaniard). The day very agreeable. Luttrell mentioned too, at dinner, a good sort of sham problem, "Given, the tonnage of a ship, and the course she is upon; required, the name of the captain."

24th. Saw Bessy comfortably off at nine o'clock, with Jane Power, Hannah, and dear little Tom. Heaven guard her! Dined at Lord Holland's: company, Ellis (Lord Clifden's son), Mr. Sneyd (who, I find, is the author of those lines on "Lalla Rookh"), Sir Charles Stuart, Lord John, &c. Ellis rather clever. Had some very delightful conversation with Lord Holland after dinner. Told me some highly amusing anecdotes about Dr. —, a matter-of-fact Irish atheist, resident in France during the Revolution; who, Lord H. thinks, was mainly instrumental in heating Burke's imagination about that event, by writing letters to him, in which he claimed for himself and brother atheists the whole credit of bringing it

about. Burke believed him, and saw nothing thenceforth but atheism and all sorts of horrors at the bottom of it. Lord H.'s mimicry of this man's manner; of his boasts of proselytism among his patients, "at those moments when the solemnity of their situation made their minds more open to the truth;" of his rising in a French coffee-house, when some one had expressed doubts whether ever any man was really an atheist, and saying gravely, "*Monsieur, j'ai l'honneur de l'être; non seulement je ne crois pas qu'il y ait un Dieu, mais je le sais et je le prouve,*" &c. &c.: all was irresistibly comical, and made us laugh as heartily as ever Liston did. Sir C. Stuart\* afterwards joined us. Talked of foreign ministers: their difficulty sometimes in making out materials for despatches. The Prussian government requires of its ministers to turn at least the first page.

25th. Called upon Lattin, who showed me the room which he destines for me in his house; a little dark, dirty, bathing-room. I'll none of it.

26th. Dined at Lattin's; company, Lords Holland, John Russell, Thanet, and Trimblestown; Messrs. Maine de Biron and Denon, Luttrell, and Concannon. Abundance of noise and Irish stories from Lattin; some of them very good. A man asked another to come and dine off boiled beef and potatoes with him. "That I will," says the other; "and it's rather odd it should be exactly the same dinner I had at home for myself, *barring the beef.*" Some one using the old expression about some light wine he was giving, "There's not a headache in a hogshead of it," was answered, "No, but there's a bellyache in every glass of it." In talking of the feeling of the Irish for Buonaparte, Lattin said, that when he was last in Ireland, he has been taken to a secret part of the cabin by one of his poor tenants, who whispered "I'll know *you'll* not betray me, sir; but just look there, and tell me whether that's the *real thing,*" pointing to a soi-disant portrait of Buonaparte, which was neither more nor less than a print of Marshal Saxe,

or some such ancient. Denon told an anecdote of a man, who having been asked repeatedly to dinner by a person whom he knew to be but a shabby Amphitryon, went at last, and found the dinner so meagre and bad, that he did not get a bit to eat. When the dishes were removing, the host said, "Well, now the ice is broken, I suppose you will ask me to dine with you some day."—"Most willingly."—"Name your day, then."—"Aujourd'hui, par exemple," answered the dinnerless guest. Lord Holland told of a man remarkable for absence, who, dining once at the same sort of shabby repast, fancied himself in his own house, and began to apologise for the wretchedness of the dinner. Luttrell told of a good phrase of an attorney's, in speaking of a reconciliation that had taken place between two persons whom he wished to set by the ears, "I am sorry to tell you, sir, that a compromise has *broken out* between the parties."

27th. Breakfasted at Lord Granard's. Called afterwards on the Miss Berrys. Miss Berry employed about some work which will make it necessary for her to come and live in France. Having a private opportunity to write to Lord Byron, sent him his (supposed) "Ode on Napoleon's Death," and a ridiculous engraving of him upon a *rocher*, in order "that he might see what justice they do to his mind and body here." Got a letter in the evening from my darling Bessy, who had arrived safely at Calais, and gives the following laconic description of her fellow-travellers:—"Little Tom on the way was delightful, Jane very quiet, poor Hannah very sick, the gentleman very gentlemanly, and the lady (*I think*) a lady's maid." Received also a letter from Murray, consenting to give me two thousand guineas for Lord Byron's "Memoirs," on condition that, in case of survivorship, I should consent to be the editor.

30th. Another letter from my darling Bessy, who has arrived safe at Dover. Went into town; saw my dearest Anastasia in my way. Called at the Hollands': asked me to dine; and though I went in with the determination of being free for the

\* Afterwards Lord Stuart de Rothesay.

evening, I consented. Frere's brother just arrived from Constantinople. Told us something about the Turks; but very muddily, as if he had been himself dosed among them with opium. Drove about a little with Mrs. S. Somebody told at dinner of a little French boy from College saying, when his father remonstrated with him upon some insubordination or waywardness he had been guilty of, "*Mais, papa, il faut marcher avec son siècle.*" Lady H. showed me some verses Lord Holland had written to her in English and Latin upon the subject of Napoleon's gift: some lines of Lord John's too. She said I must do something of the same kind, and wished she could have a few lines from Lord Byron too, to add to her triumph. Lord Holland's verses chiefly turn upon the circumstance of the box having been originally given to Napoleon by the Pope, for his clemency in sparing Rome. Frere objected to the last line of the Latin.

31st. Made two sets of verses to Lady H. about the box before I got out of bed, but did not write them down. Called upon her with the intention of breakfasting, but she looked so out of temper, that though I sat down to the table, yet as no one asked me to partake of what was going on, did not venture to say that I had not breakfasted.

August 1st. Found Rogers was arrived. Drove about a little with Mrs. S., and called upon Rogers at four; his sister and niece with him. Received me most cordially, and I truly happy to see him again. Stayed with him till it was time to dress for dinner at the Hollands': company there, Lord Thanet, Lord John, Gallois, the two young Foxes, &c. Somebody mentioned that Canning had said, upon Ward's late tirade in the House against Austria, "Then I suppose lodgings are very bad and dear at Vienna." Lady H. read me a letter from Lord William Russell at Spa, in which he mentions that the Grand Duchess of Russia is there, and that she always carries about with her two copies of "Lalla Rookh" most splendidly bound and studded with precious stones, one of which he had seen. In the evening came Benjamin Constant,

Casimir Périer (a very good-looking man), Lord Alvanley, &c.

3rd. Rogers having proposed to come out to the *pavillon* to-day with his sister, I bustled away early with a pigeon-pie and some other provisions for the dinner. Took up a pretty Dutch girl in my cuckoo, who deals in shawls, and gave me her history. With the assistance of Mallard the *traiteur* and Mrs. Villamil, made out a very respectable bill of fare. The Rogerses arrived before two o'clock, and went with me to Meudon and the Sèvres manufactory: our dinner very lively and agreeable; Villamil and Lord John of the party. Lord John slept in the little *pavillon*. Rogers quite distressed at hearing from me that Lord Byron had just finished a tragedy on the story of Ioscari.

6th. Went into town with Villamil. Called on the M'Leods, in order to fix a day for them to take me to Coulon's dancing school, to see the new Spanish dancer of whom so much is said. Dined at the Cadran Bleu with Rogers, his sister, and niece, and Lord John. A letter to-day from Bessy, who is safe in Wiltshire.

7th. Breakfasted at Story's. Had my little Anastasia in from Mrs. Forster's, to show her to the Rogerses. Walked her about a little afterwards, and met several of my acquaintances, who seemed to admire the dear girl a good deal: bought her a little French book. Mrs. Story took me in her carriage to pay a visit to Bowditch (the Ashantee man), who has sent me a whole heap of his new publications. Dined with Rogers and his sister at Beauvilliers'; they went to the Français afterwards, and I to "Otello:" fine effects of harmony in this opera, and a few touches of feeling, such as Otello's "*Si, dopo lei morirò,*" and the scene where Desdemona hears the gondolier singing, "*Nessun maggior dolore:*" this whole scene very romantically imagined.

8th. Have been lucky enough to get my cook back. Went to Chevet's to buy a pie towards my dinner at home to-day; *perdreaux aux truffes*: gave thirteen francs for it. Mrs. Villamil, however, just come to



town; says they expect Lord John and me to dine with them, which will be more convenient. Called on the Hollands. Wrote out for Lady H. one of the sets of verses which I made upon Napoleon's gift to her, and which she seemed to like very well. Lord John drove me out to Sèvres in his cabriolet; dined with Villamil. By the bye, there have been lately some attacks upon me in the "Courier," and a defence in the "Chronicle;" the former, however, far more flattering than the latter, as bestowing warm praise in the midst of its censure.

10th. Breakfasted with Rogers. R. spoke depreciatingly of Chantrey and Canova. Said Gerard's Henri IV. was "like a tin-shop," which is true; a hard glitter about it. Explained to me what is called breadth of light. by Correggio's picture of the Nymph and Satyr. Went to Denon's; his meeting with Rogers very comical—kissing him, &c. &c.

12th. Breakfasted at Tortoni's, and went afterwards to see the new opera house, a rehearsal going on. Went at one o'clock, a large party of us, to see Soult's pictures; Lady Holland, Madame Durazzo and her husband, Lord Clare, Ellis (Lord Clifden's son), the Rogerses, &c. &c. Was anxious to see whether this collection could conquer the prejudices R. has against Murillo. He confessed he never before had such a high idea of this master, but still saw all the faults of his manner, the want of strength and decision, the florid colouring, the undignified and ordinary nature of his figures and faces, &c. &c. In talking to Rogers about my living in Paris, I said, "One would not enjoy even Paradise, if one was obliged to live in it." "No," says he: "I daresay when Adam and Eve were turned out, they were very happy."

13th. A dinner given by Lord John, at Roberts', to the Rogerses, Luttrell, and me; gayer day than Saturday. Rogers's story of his having called a lady *une femme galante et généreuse* at Père la Chaise to-day; her anger and the laughter of her companion, who seemed as if she said, "It's all out; even strangers know it."

14th. Dined at Lord Holland's: company,

Lord and Lady Sefton, Rogers, Humboldt, &c. Humboldt mentioned at dinner a theory of Volney's (I think), with respect to the influence of climate upon language; that, in a cold, foggy atmosphere, people are afraid to open their mouths, and hence the indistinctness and want of richness and fullness in the sounds of their language; whereas, in a soft balsamic air, which the mouth willingly opens to inhale, the contrary effect takes place.

15th. Breakfasted with R.: read me his story of Foscarini, which is told very strikingly. Dined at M'Leod's: party, Villamil, Mr. Gisdin, and myself. A little M'Leod (two years and a half old) repeated to me, quite correctly, the lines from "Lalla Rookh," "Tell me not of joys above," taught by his young aunt, who seems to have everything I ever wrote by heart. Rogers, speaking of the sort of conception of persons of all kinds that is put in force for the dinner of the Hollands, said, "there are two parties before whom everybody must appear—them and the police."

19th. Lord John drove me in his cabriolet. Both dined at the Hollands': company, Villamil, Arnauld the poet, Mrs. Rawdon, a Mr. Ponsonby, &c. It turns out to be quite an invention what Madame Hanelin told me at Montrond's, of Arnauld having translated "Lalla Rookh." What led to the mistake was his having mentioned to her that he was trying to put some of my Melodies into French verse: a good deal of talk with him before dinner. Said to be one of the authors of the "Miroir;" the government persecute him incessantly. Lord H. told me that, among the thirty excepted from the amnesty on the Restoration, Flahault's name was at first inserted, but through Talleyrand's interest was afterwards removed, and (as they thought it necessary to make up the exact number of thirty) poor Arnauld's name, being the first that occurred, put in his place.

23rd. Dined at Rancliffe's: company, Villamil, Lord John, Long Wellesley, Daly, &c. Wellesley mentioned an anecdote to show the insincerity of George III., that in

giving the ribbon to Lord Wellesley (after having done all he could, as Lord W. well knew, to avoid giving it to him), he said, "I recollect, my Lord, having thought, when I saw you as a boy at Eton, that I should one day have to bestow this distinction upon you." Lord R. told a good thing about Sir E. Nagle's coming to our present king when the news of Buonaparte's death had just arrived, and saying, "I have the pleasure to tell your Majesty that your bitterest enemy is dead." "No! is she, by Gad?" said the king. Put this into verse afterwards.

25th. A letter yesterday from my dearest Bessy, full of the most natural and touching phrases; just like herself in every word of it. Dined at the Hollands'; company: Lord Darlington, Madame Durazzo, Lord John, &c. Sat near Lord H., who was, as usual, most hearty and agreeable. Talked of his early habits of mimicry; how difficult he had often found it to avoid mimicking people in re-stating what they had said; particularly Lord Loughborough. Heard his uncle mimic Pitt in the house.

31st. Got up early and went to the Messageries Royales, for the chance of seeing some one I knew going off in the Calais coach, who might bear a message to Bessy for me. Gave a card to the conducteur, on which I wrote with a pencil that I would wait her arrival at Paris. Breakfasted with Lord John: drove me afterwards to the Hollands'. Much talk with him about his intended political steps the next session: means to bring forward a plan of reform; evidently displeas'd with the shilly-shally conduct of his party. Found Lord Holland in high spirits, and reciting verses in all languages, while he tore up his bills and letters; among other things the following of Cowper's:—

"Doctor Jortin  
Had the good *fortin*,  
To write these verses  
On tombs and hearses;  
Which I, being jinglish,  
Have done into English."

This led us to talk of Jortin's *Que te sub*

*tenerd*, and Gruter's including it among his collection of ancient inscriptions, which, Lord H. said, surprised him, there being some evident clues to its detection as modern. The word *oro*, as it is here used, and the situation in the line of the word *crudelia*; the one (I think, he said) being of modern use, and the latter only used in the early Latin authors. Lord H. repeated, with much emphasis, those fine verses of Dryden's about transubstantiation ("Can I believe . . . that the great Maker of the world could die"), which I have heard Matthew Montague say he has known Mr. Fox write out to amuse himself during an election committee. Lord H. showed me some verses he had written the day before; one, upon a clock, with the design of *L'Amour fait passer le Temps* on it, beginning something this way,

"Love, says the poet, makes Time pass,  
But I'm inclined to doubt him;  
Dismiss the roving boy; alas!  
Time pushes on without him."

The other, a string of similes on his son Charles, of which I remember the following (*N. B.* Charles is a great person for recollecting dates):

"That he's like a palm-tree, it well may be said,  
Having always a cluster of dates in his head."

September 3rd. A letter from Bessy to my great delight: her too hospitable spirit has induced her to invite two girls (the Miss Belchers) to pay us a visit here, and they are actually coming with her.

4th. Came out to Sèvres to order everything to be ready for Bessy's reception. Dined with the Storys, and drove in the evening to the Messageries Royales. At about eight the diligence arrived, and in it the dear girl and her little one, whom I was right happy to see; the Miss Belchers, too, with her. Mrs. S.'s carriage brought us all out to Sèvres.

5th. Passed the morning in talking over what has happened since we parted. After dinner went in to fetch Anastasia.

8th. Took in Bessy and her young friends for the purpose of passing two or three days

at the Storys', and showing them some of the lions. I dined at Mad. de Souza's: company, Count Funchal, Gallois, Lord John, and Binda. Talked of the clever men of Italy—Nicollini, Fabbroni, &c. Fontana was a strong materialist. Gallois alluded to some French epigram which Lord Holland had showed him, but which was radically faulty from a confusion in the meaning of the word on which the point turned. This must often happen in such school-boy attempts at foreign verse-making. Funchal mentioned Matthias as an instance of success in this way; but Binda (I was glad to find) pronounced his verses to be very indifferent. Spoke of a Society or Academy at Rome (I forget the name), of which the Duchess of Hamilton was made a member, under the title of Polymnia Caledonia.

9th. Breakfasted with Lord John, and afterwards went to look for Lord Lansdowne, who arrived last night. Found him *au troisième* in the Hôtel du Mont Blanc; starts again for the Pyrenees to-morrow. A good deal of talk about the Royal visit in Ireland; the good sense with which the King has acted, and the bad servile style in which poor Paddy has received him; Mr. O'Connell pre-eminent in blarney and inconsistency. Many good results, however, likely to arise from the whole affair, if the King but continues in the same state of temperature towards Ireland in which he is at present.

10th. Find that Lord Powerscourt, with whom the King dined the day he embarked from Ireland, was courageous enough to have a song of mine, "The Prince's Day," sung before him, immediately after "God save the King," and that his Majesty was much delighted with it. This song is laudatory, for I thought at the time he deserved such; but upon reading it rather anxiously over, I find nothing in it to be ashamed of. What will those cowardly Scholars of Dublin College say, who took such pains, at their dinner the other day, to avoid mentioning my name; and who after a speech of some Sir Noodle boasting of the

poetical talent of Ireland, drank as the utmost they could venture, "*Maturin* and the *rising* Poets of Erin," what will these white-livered slaves say to the exhibition at Lord Powerscourt's? The only excuse I can find for the worse than Eastern prostration into which my countrymen have grovelled during these few last weeks is, that they have so long been slaves, they know no better, and that it is not their own fault if they know no medium between brawling rebellion and foot-licking idolatry. As for the King, he has done his part well and sensibly, and his visit altogether may be productive of benefits which the unmanly flatterers who have bedaubed him hardly deserve.

12th. Received a note from Lord John to say that he is for England and will take me. How lucky! the 4th of this month, two years since, we started together from London. Dined with him at Beauvilliers'; he afterwards to the Gymnase, and I to Sévres.

13th. Made some arrangements for my journey, which is rather a perilous one; but I have made up my mind to it ever since I found the Longmans had been so dilatory in their negotiation; besides, my poor father and mother are growing old, and it is time I should see them again.

14th. Lord John came out to take leave of Bessy. Told him that, as I knew he liked to change his mind, he must not be particular with me, as to his promise of going with me; he seemed, however, decided upon it.

15th. Went in for the purpose of dining with M'Leod. Had a note from Lord John to say he has changed his mind about going. This uncertainty rather a fault. My chief regret at it is the not having his assistance in my negotiation with the American agent, to whom I meant, through *him*, to offer a thousand pounds immediately on my settling with Murray for the "Memoirs." Went to Lafitte's, and drew upon Murray, at three months, for a hundred pounds. Called upon Lord John, who seemed, after a little conversation, to be half inclined to change again; bid me, at parting, not give him up.

16th. Bought a pair of mustachios, by advice of the women, as a mode of disguising myself in England. Came out at twelve: a party to dinner, the Storys, Dr. Lamb, and Irving's friend: dined at four; and went to the fête of St. Cloud in the evening; saw several shows, &c.

17th. Wrote to Murray, to say I should start on Wednesday: inclosed also to Rogers's housekeeper the note he gave me for her, directing that I should have a bed at his house during my stay in London. Went in with my letters: saw Lord John, who says he is now determined to go, if I will stay for him till Saturday.

22nd. Left Paris with Lord John at a little after seven. Slept that night at Airaines.

23rd. Started at six; delayed for horses on account of the King of England, who was expected at Boulogne: slept within two stages of Calais; the evening most lovely.

24th. Sailed from Calais at twenty minutes past eleven; a most sickening passage of seven hours. The only persons aboard who knew me were Tyler and Forster, the Duchess of Devonshire's son. Lord John recommended my assuming some name, which I did, calling myself, in the packet and at the inn, "Mr. Dyke." Lord John and I searched at the custom house; they took from me a little lockèt with the hair of Anastasia and Tom, which I was carrying to my sister, and a mother-of-pearl pocket-book I had for my mother. Lord John, however (towards whom the change in the comptroller's manner on finding who he was amused us exceedingly), got them back again. Told me an anecdote of Hare's books being stopped at a Dogana, and on his explaining that one of them was *Platone filosofo antico*, the doganiere sagaciously answered, "*Si, sì, filosofo antico; ma può contenere qualche cosa contra il governo.*"

25th. Delayed by the custom house. Tierney, whose family are at Dover, called, and sat some time with us; thinks the tide is setting now towards royalty. When I said, "The wind is fair for the King to-day," he answered, "Damn it, everything's for

him." Thinks that the majority of the country are tired of the present ministry, but don't know where else to supply their places: a mournful avowal for the Whig leader. Started in a hack-chaise at half-past twelve. Lunched at Rochester: the King had gone through the day before, and done the distance from Rochester to Sittingbourne (eleven miles) in forty-two minutes. Set down Lord John at his father's in St. James's Square, and arrived at Rogers's about a quarter-past eleven.

26th. Wrote notes to summon Murray and Power; the latter came immediately. Lord John wants me to go to Woburn.

27th. Power called, then Lord John, and at last Murray. There was a mistake in the delivery of my note to him yesterday, which caused the delay. Agreed to all my arrangements about the payment of the sum for the "Memoirs;" took away the MS. Says that Lord B.'s two last tragedies ("Sardanapalus" and "Foscari") are worth nothing; that nobody will read them. Offered Lord B. 1000*l.* for the continuation of "Don Juan," and the same for the two tragedies; which he refused. Advised Murray not to speak so freely of his transactions with Lord B., nor of the decrease which, he says, has taken place in the attraction of his works. "Don Juan" to be discontinued, at the request (as, according to him, Byron says) of the Countess Guiccioli. A passage this morning in "Marmontel's Memoirs" struck me. Talking of the choice of a profession, his mother says, "*Pour le barreau, si vous y entrez, je vous exige la parole la plus inviolable, que vous n'y affirmerez jamais que ce que vous croirez vrai, que vous n'y défenderez jamais que ce que vous croirez juste.*" On these terms he never could have been a lawyer; but she was quite right. Lord John repeated some verses, by Home, author of "Douglas,"

"Proud and erect the Caledonian stood,  
Old was his mutton, and his claret good;  
'Let him drink port,' the English statesman  
cried:

He drank the potion, and his spirit died."

The joke of the King giving a drawing-room

(attributed to Rogers), that he was in himself a *sequence*—King, Queen, and Knave. Dined with Power; looked over some of my songs in the evening.

28th. Longman called upon me. Told him my intention of settling the Bermuda business with the money arising from the sale of the "Memoirs:" seemed rather disappointed; said that I had better let matters go on as they were, and appeared labouring with some mystery. Remarked that though I had with much delicacy declined the contribution of friends, yet that I could not surely feel the same objection to letting *one* friend settle the business for me. At length, after much hesitation, acknowledged that a thousand pounds had been for some time placed at his disposal, for the purpose of arranging matters when the debt could be reduced to that sum; and that he had been under the strictest injunctions of secrecy with regard to this deposit, which nothing but the intention I had expressed, of settling the business in another way, could have induced him to infringe; and that, finally, the person who had given this proof of warm and true friendship was (as I guessed in an instant) Lord Lansdowne. How one such action brightens the whole human race in our eyes! Entreated of me still to leave the settlement of the business in Lord L.'s hands; but, of course, will not.

29th. Walked out in the evening, the only time when I venture abroad except in a hackney coach. The gas-lights very inconvenient for gentlemen *incog*. Called at Lady Donegal's, and saw Philippa Godfrey. Found in Marmontel that pretty thing said by Lord Albemarle to his mistress (Madlle. Guncher) who was looking earnestly up at a star, "*Ne la régardez pas tant; je ne puis pas vous la donner.*" Saw Bessy's mother this morning, and gave her five pounds.

30th. Went to Newton's; dined at Tegarts. A note from Lord John from Cashio-bury (directed to Thomas Dyke, Esq.) inclosing one from the Duke, in which he says, laconically, "bring T. M." Read the proofs of Lord B.'s "Sardanapalus," with which I was delighted. Much originality

in the character of Sardanapalus, but not a dramatic personage; his sly, insinuating sarcasms too delicate for the broad sign-painting of the stage.

October 1st. Dined at Lady Donegal's; she herself not able to sit at dinner, but saw her in the evening. Excellent warm-hearted women in spite of their Toryism, which is, to be sure, most strong.

3rd. A quarter before seven started from Holborn; arrived at the Duke's between two and three. Lord Tavistock there; invited me over to Oakley, but shall not be able to go. The Duchess full of farming and all its technicalities; disappointment in sale of pigs, price paid for driving bullocks, &c. &c. Had music in the evening: the Duchess said she wished I could "transfer my genius to her for six weeks;" and I answered, "most willingly, if Woburn was placed at my disposal for the same time." Introduced to Mr. Wiffen, a Quaker poet, in the library this morning. The statue gallery of the Duke very interesting; Canova's Graces exquisite; a cast of Sommariva's Magdalen there.

5th. Walked with Lord John to see Mrs. Seymour (sister of the Duke's first wife and of Lady Bath) after breakfast: knew her very well in Ireland during the Duke's lord lieutenantancy, when she was very intimate with my friend Mrs. H. Tighe. A person to be liked very much; they live in a pretty cottage of the Duke's adjoining the park. The Duchess afterwards put me under the guidance of her niece, Miss Russell, to see the grounds, &c. &c. A pretty place, called the Thornery, where they sometimes drink tea in summer: the dairy, another pretty show place; two milk-pails of Sèvres china there, made for Marie Antoinette, and given by Lord Alvanley to the Duchess. Went afterwards through the apartments of the house with Lord John. A whole room full of Canalettos, a good many Vandykes; Lord Russell's long gold-headed cane in one of the rooms, beside his picture. The Duchess told at dinner of Sir W. Farquhar's going into an assembly and being bowed to by several girls, whom he

did not know; upon which Lady Aldborough said, "Go home and put on your night caps, girls, if you wish him to know you." Talked of the Duke of York, who has lately been here: mentioned his having said (half jest, half earnest), in speaking of the arrangements of the coronation, "By G—, I'll have everything exactly the same at mine."

6th. The Seymours came to dinner. Lord J. told of a Mr. Hare, upon being asked his quality in passing some barrier in Germany (having been long bored with such questions), saying that he was secret cabinet trumpeter to the Prince of Thurn and Taxis, and being taken out of his bed next morning by gens-d'armes for the joke. Singing in the evening. Miss Russell promised to write out some pretty national airs for me.

7th. The Duke and Duchess made me promise to take Woburn in my way back, and she said, "If you are in ever such a hurry you must sleep somewhere, so make this your inn." Some conversation with Lord J. in the library before I started. His new plan of a book of Sketches, prefacing the story he showed me at Sèvres to them, and giving the Sketches as the remains of his hero. Much talk about the projected newspaper, or periodical work, between Lord Byron, him, and me. Received letters from dear Bess. Started at twelve, in the Duke's gig, for Brickhill: missed the coach: posted on twenty-nine miles to Daventry: slept there.

8th. Up at three: off in a coach at four: arrived in Birmingham at ten. Somewhat tempted by Miss Wilson's name in the bills for to-night, never having heard her, but took the mail, four guineas to Holyhead, and started at eleven. A cook, tobacconist, and a young man from Canterbury, going as preventive officer to Ireland: let into some secrets about the smuggling trade by them: some good *bulls* from the tobacconist, such as, "if the *absentees* would *stay* at home," &c. &c.

9th. At Holyhead at seven; sailed in the steam packet at eight: arrived at Howth at

half-past one: called by my fellow-travellers Mr. Dyke: found that the searching-officer at the custom house was my old friend, Willy Leech; dined and slept at his house, instead of the hotel, where I intended to pass the night, and get rid of my fatigued looks before I saw my father and mother. A good story of the fellow in the Marshalsea having heard his companion brushing his teeth the last thing at night, and then, upon waking, at the same work in the morning: "Ogh, a weary night you must have had of it, Mr. Fitzgerald."

10th. Arrived at my father's lodgings, in Abbey Street, at half-past twelve: felt very nervous in approaching the door, but, thank God! found them all as well as I could possibly expect. My mother still ailing, but strong; and my father looking aged, but in excellent health. Dear Ellen, too, the meekest and kindest spirit that ever existed: if at all altered, rather for the better. Dined at home: John Scully of the party: walked out with him at night on his way to the Dunleary coach.

11th. Corry called; right glad to see him; young Rawlins too. Set off (father, mother, Ellen, and I) for my sister Kate's cottage at Monkstown: a very happy day. The first time I have seen Kate for six years; looking much better than when we last met. Her little girl very intelligent: when asked by Corry whether she could not play some tunes on the pianoforte, she said, "Yes, I stagger over two or three." Returned in Kate's jaunting car: walked through the town home. Heard a fellow say to another, "Well, I never *seed* the match of you, since the old king died."

12th. Drove out in a hackney coach. Called upon Mrs. Smith: told me that the poem of "The Universe" is not Maturin's, but a Mr. Wills's, who induced Maturin to lend his name to it by giving him the profits of the sale.\* All dined at Corry's; Counsellor Casey, the only person besides our-

\* This, as I am informed by Mr. Wills, is an error: Mr. Maturin asked Mr. Wills to allow him to publish "The Universe," as a favour to Mr. Maturin. — ED.

selves: was in the Irish Parliament: his account of the fracas between Grattan and Isaac Corry, which ended in a duel. Grattan's words were, "To this charge (imputation of treason), what is to be said? My only answer to it *here* is that it is false; anywhere else—a blow, a blow!" at the same time extending his arm violently towards where Corry sat. In another part of his speech he began his defence thus—"There were but two camps in the country, the minister and the insurgent," &c. &c. Corry (our host) gave an account of Grattan's conduct on the day when he was wounded by the mob during his chairing. While under the hands of the surgeon he said, "The papers will, of course, give an account of it; they will say he was un-animously elected; he was seated in the chair amidst acclamations, &c. &c., and on his return home was obliged to send for a surgeon to cure him of a black eye he had got on the way." He said also to some one who came in, "You see me here like Actæon, devoured by my own hounds." Told a story of Grattan's taking some fine formal English visitors about his grounds, and falling himself into a ditch by taking them a wrong way. Casey mentioned his extreme courtesy to Corry after he had wounded him. Corry wished him to go back to the house. "No, no," said G., "let the curs fight it out. I'll be with you, not only now, but till you are able to attend." Grattan always annexed great importance to personal courage (readiness to go out). Isaac Corry, in speaking of him to Casey, expressed himself in the most enthusiastic manner; and when Casey told him he had kept a minute of that memorable debate, seemed to regret it exceedingly, as ashamed of his own intemperance on the occasion: on finding afterwards that the writing of this minute was effaced by lying in a damp place, rejoiced proportionably.

13th. Drove about in a hackney coach with Corry. Have had the precaution to secure the silence of the newspapers on my arrival. Called on Mrs. P. Crampton: went to Mossop's, the modeller, who did the fine

head of Grattan from which Denon is having a model taken for me: is doing a series, in this way, of eminent Irishmen; begged me to sit to him. Went thence to Kirk's, a sculptor of some talent; a bust there of my dear friend Dalton, painfully like. Dined at home. Some friends of my father's (Mr. Abbott, his wife, and her sister) formed the party, together with young Curran. Two or three more came in the evening and supped: sung to them. Story of a man asking a servant, "Is your master at home?"—"No, sir, he's out." "Your mistress?"—"No, sir, she's out." "Well, I'll just go in and take an air of the fire till they come."—"Faith, sir, that's out too." When Lord Castlereagh was at Belfast, a common fellow was asking him for money, and when some one remonstrated with him upon it, said, "Why, bless your soul, for a tenpenny I'd engage to entertain all his friends in Belfast." Have forgot to mention, that on my way to Holyhead I wrote some lines for the little pocket-book I brought my mother, with which she was, of course, very much delighted.

14th. Ventured to walk about the streets, it being my intention to start on Wednesday next (17th). Shall be able, I trust, to get through London before the echo of any noise I may make here reaches it. All went out to dinner to Kate's: took Curran with us. The Abbotts again. Called on P. Crampton this morning. Showed me some lines of his to his daughter.

15th. Sat to Mossop and to Kirk. Space between the eyes indicates memory of forms, and Kirk has always observed that conformation in persons who were ready in knowing likenesses. The protuberance I have in the forehead remarked in heroes,—Napoleon, Duke of Wellington, and the rest of us. Large ears a sign of eloquence: praised mine; so did Bartolini, by the bye. Kirk said he had thought the ears in the busts of Demosthenes out of nature, till he saw the ears of Burton (an eminent Irish barrister). Sat to Mossop again. All dined at Rawlins's, an old friend of my father and mother: music in the evening.

16th. Sat to Mossop and Kirk. Philip Crampton came while I was sitting to the latter. Forced me to let a mask be taken from my face: disagreeable operation. Dined (I only) at Mrs. Smith's: company, Sir C. and Lady Morgan, Shiel, Maturin, Wills, &c. A large party in the evening; father, mother, and Nell among them. Had music, then quadrilles: danced with Lady Clarke's little daughter and a Miss Browne. After supper Lady Clarke sang a song she had written on the occasion of my return: very lively done.

17th. Gave my last sitting to Kirk and Mossop. Went with Mrs. Corry to choose a tabinet for Bessy. Egan the harp maker, most anxious that I should judge of the power of his improved Irish harps, sent his son with one. The chaise at the door at half-past three, and some beautiful Irish airs played to me during my last moments. Had wine in, and all filled bumpers to the Irish harp and our next happy meeting; the effect saddening. Corry came part of the way with me. Dined at Howth with Leech, and slept there.

18th. Sailed at half-past eight in the filthy Talbot steam-packet; Lady Belmore and her sister and Lord Dunsany aboard. The latter offered to take me on in his carriage, which I accepted. Dined at Holyhead and slept at Gwynedd.

19th. From Gwynedd at ten; had bread and cheese at Bangor, and dined and slept at Keniog.

21st. Dined at Birmingham. Took in a drummer there that amused me a good deal. One of my companions mentioned that an old woman said, upon the regiment of the Enniskilleners lately entering that town, "Well, boys, you look mighty well, considering it is now a hundred and nine years since you were here before."

22nd. Arrived in London at seven: breakfasted at the Swan with Two Necks: got to Rogers's before ten. Wrote to Shee to say I would come and dine with him, if he had no company, I being *incog*. Was preparing, as usual, to sneak out in a hackney coach, when Rees arrived with the im-

portant and joyful intelligence that the agent has accepted the 1000*l.*, and that I am now a free man again. Walked boldly out into the sunshine and showed myself up St. James's Street and Bond Street. Shee all wrong about the late servile pageant in Ireland: thinks that Paddy behaved exactly as he ought to do. Letter from Bess, in which, alluding to what I had communicated to her of Lord Lansdowne's friendship, and the probability of my being soon liberated from exile, she says, "God bless you, my own free, fortunate, happy *bird* (what she generally calls me); but remember that your cage is in Paris, and that your mate longs for you."

23rd. Called with Longman upon Sheddon to see whether he really meant to advance anything towards the sum I am to pay: his conduct all along shabby and shuffling, and now, when brought to the point, his agony at the prospect of being made to bleed, quite ludicrous. Upon my rising from my seat and saying, with a sort of contemptuous air, "Since Mr. Sheddon does not seem inclined to give anything but advice, Mr. Longman, I think we may take our leave," he, with much stammering, proposed to give 200*l.*; and, upon Longman saying that really this was not worth while talking about, he was, at last, with much pain and groaning, delivered of 300*l.*, having had a very difficult time of it indeed. Resolved to let the remainder of the debt (740*l.*) be discharged with Lord Lansdowne's money (in order that his generous purpose should not be wholly frustrated), and then to pay him immediately afterwards by a draft upon Murray. Called on Chantrey, who seemed heartily glad to see me; his *atelier* full of mind; never saw such a set of *thinking* heads as his busts. Walter Scott's very remarkable from the height of the head. The eyes, Chantrey says, are usually taken as a centre, and the lower portion (or half) always much the greater; but in Scott's head the upper part is even longer than the lower. Explained to me in what cases the eyes ought to be marked or picked out, and in what not.



24th. Called upon Murray: Belzoni there: mentioned a Dutchman, who has just arrived from the Mountains of the Moon in Africa, and came through Timbuctoo: says Mungo Park was executed there. Received a letter from Lord John this morning, pressing me, with a kind and almost jealous anxiety, to take the 200*l.* he had left in Longman's hands (the produce of his "Life of Lord Russell") towards the settlement of the debt: says he had set it apart for sacred purposes, and did not mean to convert any part of it to the expenses of daily life, so hoped to hear no more of it.

28th. Williams called upon me: has got in with Foscolo, and translates his articles for the "Quarterly:" says he writes a farago of Italian, French, and English. Tells me he can live cheaper here than in Paris: dines for a shilling, a pint of porter included, and lives altogether for a guinea a week, which Foscolo allows him. Hopes to make something by adapting French pieces to the English stage, which is the great manufacture of the present day. Met Luttrell and walked about with him. Dined with Luttrell. Told a story of a young fellow at a Chelsea ball, who, upon the steward's asking him, "What are you?" (meaning what o'clock it was by him), was so consciously alive to the intrusion which he had been guilty of, that he stammered out, "Why, sir, I confess I am a barber; but, if you will have the goodness to say no more about it, I will instantly leave the room." Went to Covent Garden, behind the scenes. Those two nice girls, Miss Foote and Miss Beaumont (with a third, not bad, Miss Love), making a racket behind the stage-door, being supposed to be locked up in a closet: helped them in their noise.

27th. Took Williams to introduce him to Murray. Settled my business with the latter. Amusing jealousy on the subject between the rival biblioplists of Albemarle Street and Paternoster Row, Murray claiming the merit of my liberation for himself and Lord Byron, and the others for *themselves* and Lord Lansdowne.

28th. Sat to Newton, who arrived yes-

terday, and has laid an embargo upon me for my picture: Campbell (Thomas) came while I sat, knowing from Williams that I was there; made the operation pleasanter; talked much about his magazine, &c. &c. Walked in Hyde Park; joined by Lord Blessington and Frederick Byng. Dined at Holland House: company, Colonel Anson, Tierney, Duke of Bedford, &c. &c. Told them about Lord Byron's "Cain," parallel with Milton: wrong for lovers of liberty to identify the principle of resistance to power with such an odious person as the devil. Abdiel's case often drawn in as a precedent for ratting. Allen said that Milton ought to have let him escape without a knock in the battle. Sir J. Reynolds told Lord Holland that he had applied those verses about Abdiel ("faithful found among the faithless," &c. &c.) to Burke as a compliment. Long talk with Lord H. about poetry, Crabbe, &c. &c.: repeated me some *vers libres* of Porson's: he apologised for sending my verses on the snuff-box to the "Chronicle," but said it was done as a set-off against some savage lines Lord Carlisle had written on the same subject, and which were published in "John Bull." Lord H. had produced the following epigram on those verses of Lord Carlisle's:

"For this her snuff-box to resign!  
A pleasant thought enough.  
Alas! my lord, for verse like thine,  
Who'd give a pinch of snuff?"

Told Lady H. of Lord Lansdowne's kindness, and how deeply I felt it; on which she said, "From those who know you and have the means, it is but what is due to you." The Duke of Bedford brought me home in his carriage. Made an arrangement this morning with a Mr. Stibbert to join him in the journey to Paris, he having a carriage at Boulogne.

29th. Called upon Douglas Kinnaird, who showed me a good deal of Lord B.'s correspondence with him upon his pecuniary negotiations with Murray: got 1000*l.* for "Marino Faliero" and "Prophecy of Dante;" 2000*l.* offered by Murray for the

three other plays and remaining cantos of "Don Juan," which Lord B. refuses. Sat to Newton. Kinnaird took me to dinner at Chantrey's: company, Mr. Hatchett (once a philosopher, now I know not what) and Jackson. Chantrey's objections to subjects (in sculpture) displaying muscular exertion; *mind* the great material; difficulty of doing the mouth; said, laughing, that he "would do busts at half price, if he had not to put in the mouth." Lord Blessington called to take me to supper with him. Received a joint letter to-day from Hobhouse and Sir F. Burdett, congratulating me on the settlement of my business, and full of the warmest expressions of friendship.

30th. Started at seven o'clock for Wiltshire; slept at Calne: wrote to the Phippses to announce my arrival.

31st. Walked with Hughes to Sloperton and Bromham; the poor cottage in a sad state of desolation: touched my pianoforte (which is at Hughes's house), and found it sweeter than almost any I have met since I left it. Set off in a chaise for Bennett's, changed horses at Warminster, passed by Fonthill Abbey, and arrived at four. A magnificent sunset; these two last days lovely. Dined, sung, and slept.

November 2nd. Arrived in St. James's Place at eight; called upon Newton and Murray. Lord H. came to the latter's, and took me away in his carriage. Anxious to ask me about my parody on the Regent's Letter. Told him that none had seen it before it was circulated but himself, Rogers, Perry, and Luttrell. He quoted something which he had been told Rogers had said about his (Lord H.'s) having urged me to write this, and the likelihood of my being left in the lurch after having suffered for doing so. Lord H. confessed it was all very imprudent, and that the whole conduct of the party (Whig) at that time was anything but wise, as they must know the King would never forgive the personalities they then beset him with.

3rd. Dreadfully wet day. Received Lord B.'s tremendous verses against the King and the Irish, for their late exhibition in

Dublin; richly deserved by my servile countrymen, but not, on this occasion, by the King, who, as far as he was concerned, acted well and wisely. Sat to Newton: Murray came, during my sitting, with the "Anglo-Saxon" attorney, Turner\*, to sign definitely the deed making over to him the "Memoirs of Lord Byron."

4th. Sat to Newton. The Blessingtons drove me to Holland House and waited for me. Read Byron's verses to Lord and Lady H. and Allen; much struck by them, but advised me not to have any hand in printing them. Lord H. expressed some scruples about my sale of Lord B.'s "Memoirs;" said he wished I could have got the 2000 guineas in any other way; seemed to think it was in cold blood depositing a sort of quiver of poisoned arrows (this more the purport than the words of what he said) for a future warfare upon private character. Dined at Lord Blessington's; Sir T. Lawrence in the evening. Lawrence's idea that murderers have thin lips; has always found it so. Resolved to put off my departure from London. Thrown into considerable anxiety and doubt by what Lord H. said this morning. Determined, if on consideration it appears to me that I could be fairly charged with anything wrong or unworthy in thus disposing of the "Memoirs," to throw myself on the mercy of Murray, and prevail on him to rescind the deed, having it in my power, between the 500*l.* I have left in his hands, Lord L.'s 740*l.* and Lord John's 200*l.*, to pay him back near three-fourths of his 2000*l.* Lay awake thinking of it.

5th. Decided upon leaving the whole transaction as it is at present. Wrote a long letter to Lord Holland, expressing all I had felt and thought since I saw him; the decision I had come to, and the reasons which induced me to it: found myself easier after this. By the bye, I received the other day a manuscript from the Longmans, requesting me (as they often do) to look over it and give my opinion, whether it would be worth publishing anonymously. Upon opening it,

\* The late Mr. Sharon Turner.

found to my surprise that it was Rogers's "Italy," which he has sent home thus privately to be published. Went to Covent Garden to the B.'s box, and afterwards supped with them. Received this morning a letter from an unknown poetess, entreating me to call upon her any day, between three and nine in the evening; "that I must not expect to find her a blue-stocking, for that she is only a curly-head little mortal," &c. &c.; and inclosing me the following (not bad) specimen of her talents.

### IMPROMPTU

#### ON THEIR REPEALING THE ACT AGAINST WITCH-CRAFT IN IRELAND.

"S6 you think that the days, then, of witchcraft  
are past,  
That in Ireland you're safe from the magical  
art;

Those who hold this belief may repent it at last,  
When the force of a spell is found deep in their  
heart.

That the maidens of Erin in witchery deal,  
By those who have seen them can ne'er be  
denied;

While the spell of their bards o'er the senses  
will steal,  
As by some hath been felt, and by *Moore* hath  
been tried.

Then think not to 'scape on such dangerous  
ground,

Nor fancy that magic and witchcraft are o'er,  
For in Ireland these powers will ever abound,  
While their witches are fair, and their wizard  
is *Moore*."

6th. Called upon the poetess. Wrote a letter to leave for Lord Lansdowne (whom I have been every day expecting from Paris), expressing, as well as I could, my warm gratitude, and enclosing him a draft for 740*l.*, referring him also to the two letters I had written to Lord Holland on the subject of the "Memoirs." In one of these, by the bye, were words to the following purport: after saying that it should be perfectly in Brougham's power to read, not only what was said about himself in these papers (which, however, I believe to be very trifling), but, what was of much more con-

sequence, all that related to Lady Byron, in order that he might have an opportunity of correcting anything that was misrepresented or mistated, and so put the refutation on record with the charge, I added, "Whatever may be thought of the propriety of publishing private memoirs *at all*, it certainly appears much more fair thus to proclaim and lay them open to the eyes of the world, while all the persons interested or implicated are alive and capable of defending themselves, than (as is usually done) to keep them as a fire in reserve till those whom they attack have passed away, and possess no longer the power of either retorting or justifying." Arranged with Stibbert for our departure to-morrow; dined at the George; called upon Power afterwards; packed, &c., and got early to bed.

7th. Off at seven in the Dover coach; two Frenchmen our companions: talked of the niceties of the French language, *Parle par ma voir* in Racine wrong. Boileau full of faults in grammar, as I had already known from Saint Marc's notes. *Je ne m'en rappelle pas*, wrong. Arrived at Dover at seven: King's Head, wretched inn.

8th. Sailed in the Rob Roy at half-past seven; wind and sea against us; five hours' passage. Arrived at half-past two; obliged to stay till to-morrow on account of the custom house. Met Brummell (the exile of Calais), and had some conversation with him.

9th. Set off in a hired chaise at half-past eleven for Boulogne, dined there, and arrived in Stibbert's carriage at Montreuil at half-past ten at night.

11th. Arrived in Paris at four, Bessy out, but saw my darling little Tom quite well. Dined at home, Bessy returned soon after. Thank God, all my dear ones are safe and well for me on my return!

13th. Forgot, by the bye, to take notice of some verses of Luttrell's, which he gave me in town, and which he wrote as if from Rogers, upon hearing, about the same time, that parts of "Lalla Rookh" were translated and sung in Persian, and that Lord Lauderdale had all "Human Life" by heart.

## A SET-OFF.

"I'm told, dear Moore, your lays are sung  
 (Can it be true, you lucky man?)  
 By moonlight, in the Persian tongue,  
 Along the streets of Ispahan.  
 'Tis hard; but one reflection cures,  
 At once, a jealous poet's smart:  
 The Persians have translated yours,  
 But Lauderdale has mine by heart."

14th to 22nd. For this week I have not been able to journalise very accurately. Besides writing an additional verse to one of the "National Melodies" of the third number, I began revising what is written of my Egyptian work, and added a number of new lines. Our lodgings (which are Rue d'Anjou, 17) seemed at first formidable to me from their noisy situation, but I find that, by lying in bed some hours in the morning, I may contrive to get on a little with my work during the winter. Received a letter full of kindness from Lord Lansdowne, in which, however, he seems to agree with Lord Holland as to the sale of the "Memoirs," at least so far as to think that it *may* be a subject worthy my future consideration, whether I should not redeem them out of the hands of Murray, and saying that the 740*l.* is at my disposal towards that purpose if ever I should decide upon it. This is enough; I am now determined to redeem them. Received a letter from Croker, to whom I had written, in consequence of a paragraph in the "Courier" charging the "Morning Chronicle" with "importing epigrams from Paris," begging him to set them right as to any suspicion they may have of me, as I have not published anything political, except the verses about the Neapolitans, for some years; and with respect to the King, if I occupied myself about him at all, it would be to praise him with all my heart for his wise and liberal conduct in Ireland, whatever I might think of the hollow and heartless sycophants who were the objects of it. Croker says in his answer, that, slight as this favourable mention of the King is, he read it with pleasure, and should hail a *rap-prochement* between us on that point with

real gratification, &c. &c. It is flattering enough to think that I have now, within the last month, received letters full of the most cordial attachment from three persons so widely sundered in the political hemisphere as are Sir F. Buxton, Lord Lansdowne, and Croker.

30th. Dined at Lord Bristol's to meet Madame de Genlis: a large party, Charlemonts, Templetons, Granards, &c. Sat next Madame de Genlis: much conversation with her; some things she told of the "olden time" rather interesting. Upon my mentioning Mickle's detection of Voltaire's criticisms on the "Lusiad," she told a similar thing of some criticisms of Marmontel upon the same poem, which she traced in the same manner to an old French translation. Spoke of his "Tales" as in such *mauvais ton* of society; that he certainly met men of fashion at Mademoiselle Clairon's, but only knew them by the manners they put on there (which were, of course, different from what they would be in correct society), and painted from them accordingly. Mentioned some man of rank whom she had heard praising the manner in which Marmontel had sketched some characters, saying that it was to the very life; and on her expressing her astonishment at this opinion, he added, "Yes, life such as it is *chez Mademoiselle Clairon*." The same person, too, in praising any touch of nature in Marmontel, always subjoined, "*la nature, comme elle est chez Mademoiselle Clairon*." Told me that she once entrusted to Stone between thirty and forty volumes of extracts which she had made during a most voluminous course of English reading, and which she never afterwards could recover. Sang in the evening. Translated "Keep your Tears for me" into French, for Madame de Genlis before I sang it.

December 10th. A letter from Corry to say that Richard Power cannot live many weeks. What a dreary thing to see such noble hearts dying around one!

13th. Were told that Madame Benjamin Constant (our neighbour *au premier*) had sent word that she would come down and

take coffee with us: waited upon her, and found it was Benjamin himself had sent this message; accordingly he came down and stayed till eleven o'clock. Had music and sandwiches, and afterwards danced; left us between one and two.

14th. Walked to the Bois de Boulogne. Met Auguste de Staël, and had much talk with him about the change of ministry. De Staël to-day mentioned a joke about the new ministry; that its being Monsieur's choosing, he had *escompté son règne*.

16th. Wrote and walked a little. Received an invitation to the Duke of Orleans' this evening. Went between eight and nine to the Palais Royal; the Duchesse de Berri there, and the Princess of Denmark. Mademoiselle\* came and spoke to me and Gerard: asked him if he had heard me sing, &c. &c.

30th. Walked on the road beyond the Barrière; a glorious day, a bright sun on one side, and a misty shower and double rainbow on the other. Dined at Brummell's, having nearly fainted beforehand with the pain of a blow I got on my knee while dressing.

January 8th. Dined, by Kenny's desire and instrumentality, at Pictet's, a Swiss banker. Villamil of the party, the Newtes, &c. Found that I was to be shown off in the evening to his customers, and took flight.

10th. Was to have dined with Stibbert, but preferred Lambton's: company, only his brother, Lady Louisa, Lady Elizabeth, and Mrs. Ellis. All went to the Français afterwards to see the new tragedy of M. Jouy, "Sylla;" full of allusions to Napoleon, which were loudly applauded. Talma very fine in the last scene. Home early. Lambton quoted to-day a Persian proverb, "The words of kings never fall to the ground."

16th. Dined at Lambton's: Cottu, the author of the work on "English Jurisprudence," and Sir Robert Wilson. Wilson's slap-dash politics and slap-dash French in

his disputes with Cottu very amusing. His pronunciation of La Pologne as if it was L'Apollon, and Cottu taking it for granted he meant the latter, and saying, "*Non, non, on ne ferait pas la guerre pour l'Apollon.*"

20th. Called upon Darby to know if his dinner stands good for Tuesday, as Lambton has asked me to meet the Portalises on that day. Saw with him a M. le Garde, who asked me if I could speak French, and on my replying "a little," said, "*Ah! oui; on ne pourrait pas avoir écrit de si beaux vers sans savoir le Français;*" this is excellent.

22nd. Up early to see the Belchers off to the coach. When we arrived there, found they had forgot their passports, and had to drive back furiously for them; just came as the coach was driving off. Told me that they had not money enough, and that I must send them some to Calais. Went off to Lafitte's and dispatched to them an order upon a banker at Calais for eight Napoleons, having already advanced them 25*l*. This with the 500 francs I gave to Yonge's subscription, and 400 I lent the other day to Dalton, leaves a melancholy vacuum in my already shallow purse. Dined at Darby's: company, Etienne (the famous journalist and deputy, who made on Saturday last the best speech that has been spoken on the law for restraining the press); Thiard, another deputy; Dupin the advocate, Prince Paul of Wurtemberg, Sir H. Mildmay, King, Mackenzie, &c. &c. A good deal of savage cleverness about Dupin. The day altogether curious and amusing. Went afterwards to Lambton's: found there the Portalises (both brothers and their wives), Lady Jersey, Mad. de Broglie and the Duke, and Sir R. Wilson. The Duc de Broglie said that fanaticism no longer existed in France, and that religion is only used as a political instrument.

28th. Denon told me that the medal of Grattan was nearly finished, which I am not very glad to hear, as nobody has yet paid me, and I shall have to give the 1000 francs it costs out of my own pocket.

February 9th. Went for a short time to Mad. de Broglie's. The priests of the Greek Church read out a long list of crimes (such as

\* H. R. H. the Princess Adelaide, sister of the Duke of Orleans, afterwards, King Louis Philippe.

only Greeks would think of) to the penitent, who nods his head at every item of which he has been guilty, and the priest puts a mark of his thumb-nail against it accordingly. At the conclusion the whole is summed up, and a receipt in full given for the total by absolution. In some places people manage to *abonner* themselves for some one favourite vice for six or eight months to come.

11th. Dined at the Café Français. Received a letter from the Longmans to-day, to say that another Bermuda claim has been brought forward; an after-clap of that thunderstorm! The amount 1200*l.*, but think it may be reduced to three; and offering, if a letter which they advise my writing to old Sheddon should fail, to advance me the money: shall not take it.

12th. Received Lord Byron's MS. of "Werner" this morning; paid five Napoleons for the postage.

19th. Dined with Villamil: a Frenchman of the party, who, when Villamil introduced him to me as a distant relation of Buonaparte's, said, "*Ce n'est pas le plus beau de mon histoire.*"

23rd. Stewart Rose has brought me a letter of introduction from Lord Lansdowne. Talking of Scott (with whom he is intimate), says he has no doubt of his being the author of all the novels. Scott's life in Edinburgh favourable to working; dines always at home, and writes in the evening. Writing quite necessary to him; so much so, that when he was very ill some time ago, he used to dictate for three or four hours at a time. From combining circumstances, Rose thinks it was the "Bride of Lammermoor" he dictated in this way.

28th. Dorion told me that to print 1000 copies of such an octavo volume as his, in Didot's best manner, cost but about seventy pounds English.

March 3rd. Dined at Cadogan's: company, the Charlemonts, Lady Warrender, Sir Sidney Smith, the Robinsons, &c. &c. Sat next to Sir Sidney. Told me some curious things; the distillation of salt water, a most useful discovery for the navy; the water *fade* and insipid, but quite pure and

fresh. Some navigator, he mentioned, is going to take out casks of *coal* with those of water; if it succeeds, there will be so much stowage saved, as the calculation is that one cask of coal will make three of water. Sea scurvy arises from the want of fresh food; the knowledge of this has led to the almost total extirpation of it. Mrs. Cadogan told me that Sir Sidney *amused* her for a whole evening by explaining how she might see a ball coming out of a cannon's mouth in time to avoid it.

4th. Received a letter from Lord Byron, who signs himself now *Noel Byron*. He has called out Southey\*, as I expected he would, and he has done right; no man should suffer such a letter as Southey's, signed with his name, to pass without this sort of notice. Lord B. ought not to have brought it upon himself, but, having done so, there was but this left for him. Neither will any harm result from it, as Southey, I am sure, will not meet him.

14th. Had received tickets for the Duke of Orleans's box at the Italian: sent the Villamils and Bessy; joined them there afterwards; Count Pahlen took me. Some conversation with him about Rossini. Rossini at Venice being employed to write an opera for the Carnival, passed off an old one upon them, but was, I believe, imprisoned three days for the deceit. In comparing him to Cimarosa, critics say, Cimarosa never repeated himself, but then there is but one of his pieces that keeps the stage, the "Matrimonio."

22nd. Went with Bessy, Mrs. Story, and Miss Drew, to see Soult's pictures. Denon took us. Denon said to me, "If ever you describe Jesus Christ, take that for your model (the figure of him in the Healing of the Sick); it is the only true idea ever given of him; *c'est la morale de Jésus Christ.*" Soult very civil to me: spoke about Lady Holland, &c. &c.

\* In consequence of a letter which appeared in the London "Courier," Jan. 5, 1822, in reply to some strictures made by Lord Byron on Mr. Southey's Preface to his "Vision of Judgment."

24th. Story, last night, won 2600*l.* at *écarté*; began with thirty-three Napoleons. Offered to-day to lend me as much of it as I chose, but declined with many thanks; a kind-hearted fellow as can be.

26th. Dined at Sir H. Mildmay's; Henry Leeson, Fox, King, and Latouche; agreeable enough. Two of Fox's stories good: the Prince de Poix stopped by a sentry, announced his name. "*Prince de Poix!* (answered the sentry) *quand vous seriez le Roi des Haricots, vous ne passerez pas par ici.*" The wife of a colonel at a review in Dublin stopped by a sentry in the same manner, and telling him she was "the Colonel's lady," — "No matter for that, ma'am; if you were even his wife you couldn't pass." Came home early (being anxious about Tom) instead of going either to Madame Talleyrand's or Madame Sassenay's.

30th. Went at twelve with young Thayer to the college in the Rue St. Jacques (Collège de France) to hear a lecture by Monsieur Guizot, who has given a course on the History of the Representative Government in England. This lecture embraced the period of the fourteenth, fifteenth, and sixteenth centuries. The parallel with which he concluded, between those times and the present, very striking; our superiority to them in intellectual acquirement, and our inferiority in moral energy; happiness and rights were then so rare and so difficult of attainment, that it was necessary to exert the whole force of men's nature, to gain ever so small a portion of them out of the struggle; now comforts are so diffused and *la vie est si facile*, that men grow indifferent, and are contented with *knowing* the rights they are entitled to, without taking any extraordinary pains to possess themselves of them: hence their theories are bold, but their practice timorous and compromising; it is in short the age of what he well described, *les esprits exigeans et les caractères complaisans*.

April 5th. Dined at Greffulhe's: company, Sir Sidney and his ladies, and some Frenchmen: sang in the evening. Had a letter from the Longmans to-day, to say that the

new claim is 1400*l.*, and that instead of 300*l.*, which it was expected they would take, they actually demand 600*l.*, so that I must not think of leaving France. Shall take a run over, however, for Power's sake.

11th. Went and took my place in the diligence for Saturday, and got my passport. Dined with Rancliffe: Lords Thanet and Herbert, King, Fitzgerald, Flahault, &c. A story of Alvanley writing to a friend, "I have no credit with either butcher or poulterer, but if you can put up with turtle and turbot, I shall be happy to see you."

12th. Have been transcribing these two days some of the trifles I have written lately, and marking on the proofs of "Rhymes on the Road" the poems which I wish to have omitted, in case any accident might prevent me from superintending their publication myself. Met Mr. Smith this morning, who invited me to join him in his carriage to-morrow morning, instead of going by the diligence: accepted his offer, and am to be off at six o'clock.

13th. Started between six and seven, and slept at Amiens; our party, Smith, Abercromby, and young Smith.

14th. Smith told some anecdotes of the revolutionary time in France: two brothers, one of whom was so shaken in his nerves by the scenes around him, that the other was in perpetual anxiety lest he should be surprised into some act of cowardice, and disgrace himself. They lived concealed; ventured out together to see the execution of Charlotte Corday; the horror of the nervous man, &c. &c. Bribed a soldier to aid in their escape from Paris, who told his wife, and she, in her fears for her husband, gave information; both executed. Another of a man, who, in making his escape in disguise, in coming to one of the frontier towns, asked a party whom he did not know, but with whom he had been singing revolutionary songs through the street, to dine with him; drank republican toasts, &c. The same party saw him out of town in the evening, singing as in the morning; his escape from them, and breathless run when he got beyond the frontier: heard afterwards

that the whole of the party had been seized as his accomplices, and most of them (a young girl among the number) executed. Met Lord Lansdowne on the road to-day; got out and shook hands with him. Arrived at Boulogne at eight in the evening, and decided for going in the steam-packet from thence.

15th. The scene of our departure (at about half-past four) very amusing; all the fashionables of Boulogne, in gigs, carriages, curricles, &c. on the pier. Resurrection of many Irish friends whom I had thought no longer *above the world*: Tom Grady, who told me that there was some other region (unknown) to which those, who exploded at Boulogne, were blown. Told me of some half-pay English officers, who having exhausted all other means of raising the wind, at last levied subscriptions for a private theatre, and having announced the "Forty Thieves" for the first representation, absconded on the morning of the day with the money. Our passage only four hours, but very disagreeable.

16th. Separated from the rest of the party, and started in the coach at half-past ten. Cunningham and Col. Meyrick my companions. Meyrick mentioned several puns against Napoleon at the Variétés (it must have been during the Cent Jours), one of which was something of this kind, "*La garde mérite la croix de la Légion d'Honneur, L'Empereur l'accorde (la corde).*"

17th. Took lodgings at Blackie's, the baker, in Bury Street, from whom I learned that my good old friend and landlady, Mrs. Pineand, died near a year since at Edinburgh. Went to the Longmans; dined there, and Reos and I went to Covent Garden afterwards, to see "Cherry and Fair Star."

18th. Found my lodgings so uncomfortable that I paid part of the week, and took others at 24, Bury Street. Dined at the George and went to Drury Lane. Elliston (whom I had called upon in the morning, but who was ill in bed), had a private box prepared for me. Saw Madame Vestris in "Don Juan," and was delighted with her.

19th. Dined with Lord Essex: company,

Brougham, Lord A. Hamilton, and Bob Smith. Brougham mentioned having heard some one describe the execution of a *Cyren* as particularly horrible; the creature's unconsciousness of what was to be done, his pride at being the object of so much crowd and bustle, &c. Went in the evening to Lord Blessington's; found a party there, among whom was Galt the writer.

20th. Dined with Lady Donegal, and went to the Opera in the evening: part of the evening in the Blessingtons' box, where I met the Speaker, who very civilly volunteered his permission for my entrance under the gallery, the night of Canning's Catholic motion.

21st. Went out to dine at Holland House: company, Lord and Lady Cowper, Lord and Lady Morpeth, Lord J. Russell, Lord Gower, Lord Clanwilliam, &c. &c. Some conversation with Lord Holland at dinner. I said if Burke and Bacon were not poets (measured lines not being necessary to constitute one), I did not know what poetry meant. Lord H. said that Mackintosh did not consider Burke poetical. Talked of the Duke of Orleans (*Égalité*): was *not* such as he will be represented in history, that is, weak and wicked, but very clever and only shabby. Lord H. mentioned a curious fancy of Lord Wycombe (late Lord Lansdowne), attaching himself to a Colonel Neale, of the 9th regiment of foot, merely on account of his extraordinary ignorance; "a phenomenon of a man having lived so long without learning anything;" used to delight in persuading him that he was clever, &c. &c. Slept there in a beautiful little bed-room.

22nd. Irving, with whom I arranged the matter yesterday, came out at eleven o'clock to pay his homage. Lady H. said, "What an uncouth hour to come at!" which alarmed me a little; but she was very civil to him. Showed me her Napoleon treasure, and the extracts from the will. Wanted me, right or wrong, to stay to-day to meet Lord Grey and Jeffrey; but could not, being engaged to Lord Blessington. By the bye, met Jeffrey on Saturday: did not know me, I being, as



he said, so full of bloom and youth; whereas the last time he saw me I looked pale and careworn. Walked in with Irving; called at Kingston House (Lord Listowel's) in our way. Wants me to dine there on Thursday, but Lord John's motion for Reform will prevent me. Met the Sergeant-at-arms to-day, who told me that the Speaker had mentioned me to him as to be let in under the gallery on Canning's motion. Called upon Lady Grey, and sat with her some time. Dined at Lord Blessington's: company, Lord Erskine, Dr. Parr, Captain Morris, Lord Auckland, Galt, &c. None of the veterans very bright, though the old American sung some of his songs. What a venerable triumvirate, — learning, law, and liting! Ought to have mentioned that, soon after my arrival, I spoke to Murray upon the subject of Lord B.'s "Memoirs;" of my wish to redeem them, and cancel the deed of sale; which Murray acceded to with the best grace imaginable. Accordingly, there is now an agreement making out, by which I become his debtor for two thousand guineas, leaving the MS. in his hands, as security, till I am able to pay it. This is, I feel, an over-delicate deference to the opinions of others; but it is better than allowing a shadow of suspicion to approach within a mile of one in any transaction; and I know I shall feel the happier when rid of the bargain.

23rd. Dined with Shee: showed me a poem he had written upon Scott, Lord Byron, and me, — "Three poets in three different regions born." Left him early for the Opera. The house splendid; most of the women in their drawing-room dresses, and the general rising to "God save the King" most striking.

24th. Dined with Chantrey: went with him, in the evening, to Sir Humphry Davy's scientific *soirée*, where I met Sotheby, &c.; and from thence to Almack's. A very pretty show of women, though not quite what it used to be. N.B. Chantrey's remark about sculpture having taken the lead of painting in ancient times, and *vice versâ*, among the moderns. The consequences of this.

25th. Sat to Newton. Took an early dinner at the George, and went off to the

House of Commons, to hear Lord John's speech on Reform. Got a very good place under the gallery; Lord John sat with me till the time for his motion came on. His speech excellent, full of good sense and talent, and, though occupying nearly three hours in the delivery, listened to throughout with the profoundest attention. Towards the end of the debate Canning spoke, and far surpassed everything I had expected from him. It was all that can be imagined *agreeable* in oratory; nothing, certainly, profound or generalising, or grand or electric; but for good taste, for beauty of language, for grace, playfulness, and all that regards manner and display, it was perfect. Ate cold meat at Bellamy's (introduced by Lambton); and did not leave the house till near two.

26th. Called upon Lord John, and sat with him some time. Also, upon Canning, whom I congratulated upon his speech of last night, "What (he said), were you there? I was little aware I had such a critical auditor."

28th. Sat to Newton. Went and worked at the "National Melodies," with Bishop, for about two or three hours. Dined at Abercromby's. Met Lady Morgan this morning, who begged me to join her, Lady C. Lamb, and General Pepe (a glorious "triumvirate," as she herself calls a man and his cow, and something else in the Wild Irish Girl), to a *soirée* at Lydia White's to-morrow night.

29th. Called upon Luttrell after breakfast. Found there Beresford, author of the "Miseries;" a grotesque-minded person, very amusing. Dined at Kinnaird's: company, the Duke of Sussex, Sir F. Burdett, Jeffrey, Hobhouse, &c. &c. Sat next to Jeffrey. Talking of the trouble of the "Edinburgh Review," he said, "Come down, to Edinburgh, and I'll give you half of it." I told him I thought the public "would find, in that case, one half of the disc obscured." Duke of Sussex asked me to dine with him to-morrow, but excused myself on account of Canning's motion. A long conversation with Hobhouse about Lord B.'s "Memoirs," which confirmed me more and more in my satisfaction in having rescinded the bargain.









Hobhouse an upright and honest man. In speaking of Lord B. he said, "I know more of B. than any one else, and much more than I should wish anybody else to know." Gave up Lady Grey's again, and walked down to the House of Commons with Jeffrey. Talk about Lord Byron; expressed his fear that Lord B. had but few of the social sympathies in his heart. Went in for a short time, and heard Brougham on Finance.

30th. Breakfasted with Luttrell, and walked out with him. Alluding to my restlessness, he said I was "like a little bright ever-moving ball of quicksilver; 'it still eludes you, and it glitters still.'"\* We did nothing but repeat our respective verses to each other; some of his admirable. Called upon Irving with him. Met Hat Vaughan, who said, in answer to my inquiries about the 200*l.* sent by the Prince to Sheridan, that it was understood to be merely for the moment, and that more was to come when wanted. This alters the complexion of the thing materially. L. mentioned a poetical midshipman who described the weather in the log-book thus, "Light airs, languishing into calms." Laid in some cold meat and went to the House of Commons; avenues all blocked up with unsuccessful candidates for admission. After several repulses, and at last giving it up in despair, was taken in by Jerningham as one of the Catholics on his list, Mr. Blunt. Sat next Lord Limerick and Randolph, the famous American orator; a singular-looking man, with a young-old face, and a short small body, mounted upon a pair of high crane legs and thighs, so that, when he stood up, you did not know when he was to end, and a squeaking voice like a boy's just before breaking into manhood. His manner, too, strange and pedantic, but his powers of eloquence (Irving tells me) wonderful. Canning's speech very able and statesman-like, but far less beautiful as a display than that of the other night; that was indeed the *bouquet* of his *feux d'artifice*. Supped at Stevens's: the last time I supped there was with Lord Byron at three in the morning.

\* Young's Satires.

May 1st. Took Irving to dine at Lady Donegal's: Lord Clifton and Charles Moore of the party. Irving and I went afterwards to the Ancient Music, where "I'd mourn the Hopes that leave me" was performed (the first time that anything of mine has presumed to breathe in this venerable atmosphere), and encored. From thence I went to Catalani's concert, where, also (proud triumphs for Irish Music !!), the thing that produced most sensation was "The Last Rose of Summer," on Nicholson's flute; and finished the night at Almack's, having been obliged to go home and dress again, and being nearly excluded for my lateness. Some conversation here with Canning and Lord Grey.

2nd. Went with Irving to breakfast at Holland House. The Duke of Bedford came in after breakfast, fresh from his duel with the Duke of Buckingham. Introduced Irving to the Longmans, and dined with him there, in order to go to see Mathews in the evening: Rees went with us. Very clever and amusing, but too much of it. Too tired to go to Devonshire House (which I have now missed three Thursdays), and went with Irving to sup at the Burton ale house.

3rd. Called, and sat with Lady Lansdowne, who was full of kindness. Went to the private view of the Exhibition with Mrs. Chantrey and Lady Dacre. Two fine things of Westmacott's among the sculpture, a Psyche and a Beggar-woman; the latter full of sentiment, carrying the art, too, into a new region. Lawrence's *Adonized* George IV., disgraceful both to the King and the painter; a lie upon canvas. Was to have dined to-day with the Artists' Benevolent Society, but preferred a dinner alone at Richardson's coffee-house, and went to Covent Garden in the evening. Miss Stephens delightful.

4th. Breakfasted with Lord Lansdowne: told him of my last arrangement with Murray. He said that *his* chief objection to the disposal of the "Memoirs" was removed by Lord Byron's having given me full powers (as to correction and alteration) over the whole of the MS. signed by bond, &c. &c. to Murray.

5th. Sat to Phillips the painter, for the finishing of the picture he began two or three years ago. Irving walked about with me: called together at Lady Blessington's, who is growing very absurd. "I have felt very melancholy and ill all this day," she said. "Why is that?" I asked. "Don't you know?" "No." "It is the anniversary of my poor Napoleon's death."

7th. Occupied in calls and packing; desperate rain. Irving went with me to the inn in St. Clement's, from which the Dover mail starts; where we dined; and at half-past seven I was off.

8th. A stiff breeze: had some thoughts of not venturing across, but at last decided for it. A most stormy and sickening passage: found Macdonald (Mrs. Armstrong's brother) among the passengers, and joined him, on landing at Calais, to the Hôtel de Bourbon, where we were very comfortable.

9th. Started in the diligence (Armstrong and I), at half-past nine.

10th. Arrived in Paris at six. Found Bessy not at all well, and looking wretchedly: dined at home. Villamil called in the evening; and, soon after, Denon. Told me the medal of Grattan was nearly finished. By the bye, when Lord Holland was in Paris, I mentioned to him the plan I had for ten persons subscribing five pounds each to have a medal executed; and he bid me put down his name for two subscriptions. Informed by Denon that Rogers is arrived in Paris from Italy.

12th. Rogers agreed to dine with me at Lord G.'s. Went out to La Butte to Mrs. Smith, who is about to give up the place, thinking that it does not agree with her, and thereby upsets all my plans for the summer. Never were quiet and study more necessary to me, and never did I seem farther from them.

14th. R. told me a good deal about Lord Byron, whom he saw both going and coming back. Expressed to R. the same contempt for Shakspeare which he has often expressed to me; treats his companion Shelley very cavalierly. By the bye, I find (by a letter received within these few days, by Horace

Smith), that Lord B. showed Shelley the letters I wrote on the subject of his "Cain," warning him against the influence Shelley's admiration might have over his mind, and deprecating that wretched display of atheism which Shelley had given into, and in which Lord B. himself seemed but too much inclined to follow him. Shelley, too, has written anxiously to Smith to say how sorry he should be to stand ill in my opinion, and making some explanation of his opinions which Smith is to show me. Rogers starts for England to-morrow morning.

19th. Went over the état of our Rue d'Anjou lodgings, with the old porter, &c. Came off to Passy. Have now some prospect of quiet.

24th. Began writing for my little work ("The Letters from Abroad"), finishing the poem on Country Dance and Quadrille. Walked at half-past three to meet Villamil at the Tir le Page in the Champs Élysées; tried my hand at firing, and, after some trials, hit a *poupée*.

26th. Finished the poem, having written more than 100 lines of it since I came. Miss Drew to dinner. All walked for Anastasia in the evening. With some people, the heart is the spoiled child of the imagination.

27th. Wrote my letters, and began a poem called the "Three Angels,"—a subject on which I long ago wrote a prose story, and have ever since meditated a verse one. Lord B. has now anticipated me in his "Deluge;" but *n'importe*, I'll try my hand.

28th. More of the poem. Horace Smith, Kenny, and Villamil to dinner. Smith mentioned a conundrum upon Falstaff: "My first is a dropper, my second a propper, and my whole a whapper."

31st. Bessy and I started at ten o'clock in order to go with the Villamils to see Raincy, which now belongs to the D. of Orleans. Day scorching hot: had luncheon there under the trees, and then walked about. The Rivière Anglaise (upon which, we were told, the old D. of Orleans had *dépensé une somme énorme* to make *sur la crête de la montagne*) a poor little gutter, about as wide

as the river down the Prince Regent's table at his memorable fête. In going went by Pantin, the great reservoir and laboratory of the Poudrette, and therefore insufferable for stench; but, thanks to the quarter of the wind, not very offensive to-day. Returned by Montreuil (Les Pêches); the sight of the country here, covered with walls and espaliers, very curious, but a dreary place; no shade in summer, nothing but bare walls in winter. Arrived at Véry's between six and seven, and dined. The whole very agreeable.

June 3rd. Set off at two in the Parisienne to dine with Smith at Versailles: the weather insufferably hot: company, Greathead, Berguer, Kenny, and Grattan. Some amusing stories told. Harry Erskine saying to a man who found him digging potatoes in his garden, "This is what you call *otium cum diggin a taty*." It appears that Dante Cary is the author of those pretty translations from the old French poets in the London Magazine.

4th. A letter most kind and affectionate from Lord Strangford. Says that the game is up with the poor Greeks, and that they will be now in a worse situation than they have been in since the taking of Constantinople. Dined at home and worked. Walked with Bessy and Tom to the Bois de Boulogne after dinner; on our return found the Forsters, who drank tea.

10th. Went into Paris to attend a meeting for the purpose of relieving those unfortunate Irish, who are always in some scrape or other, either rebelling, or blarneying, or starving, which is, perhaps, the worst of all. Sir C. Stuart took the chair; found myself named on the committee. Sir S. Smith made a speech, and contrived to bring some of his whims and theories to bear even upon the subject of Irish starvation. Proposed sending them wine from Bordeaux, and portable soup from Paris.

12th. Had put down my name at Lafitte's for 100 francs to the Irish subscription, but have removed it till I see what are the arrangements under this new plan.

15th. Went into Paris to attend the

committee. Am appointed one of the collectors at the door for the charity sermon to-morrow; subscribed 200 francs.

16th. In at half-past two to attend the sermon; very little on my plate, but near 200*l.* altogether collected.

21st. A long letter from Lord Byron to-day: he has lost his little natural daughter, Allegra, and seems to feel it a good deal. When I was at Venice, he said, in showing me this child, "I suppose you have some notion of what they call the parental feeling, but I confess I have not; this little thing amuses me, but that's all." This, however, was evidently all affected; he feels much more naturally than he will allow.

22nd. By the bye, a brother of Mrs. Gould, who is in the Navy, called upon me some evenings since: said with what delight he and his brother officers had read my Bermuda poems on the spot; how they had looked for the little bay, &c. Told me that my pretty little friend, Mrs. W. Tucker, was dead, and that they showed her grave at St. George's as being that of "Nea."

29th. Went with Bessy into town, to see her off to Montmorenci with the Villamils. She and I dined at Riche's, they being engaged to the Duc de San Lorenzo's. Saw her off at seven. Went to Bryan's. A saying at Paris, "*Il faut être riche pour dîner chez Hardy, et Hardi pour dîner chez Riche.*"

30th. Went into town to dine with Bryan: took him to the Café de la Paix in the evening. Came home by the gondole. An amazing reciter of verses among the passengers: set him right about some lines of Malesherbe's.

July 1st. Denon told me of a picture at the Louvre this year, the subject of which is a set of pigs, with underneath the inscription (seen on several), *Société des Amis des Arts*.

4th. Met Kirk at Forster's at three, that he might see our dear Anastasia, and give an account of her to my mother. She was in high beauty, and he seemed much struck with her countenance.

12th. Mentioned some one saying that



second marriages were "the triumph of hope over experience." Had another message yesterday from the Prince Royal of Prussia about "Lalla Rookh:" he told the writer of the letter that he always sleeps with a copy of the poem under his pillow.

14th. A troublesome gentleman, who has called several times, insisted upon seeing me: said his business was of a *romantic* nature, and the romance was his asking me to lend him money enough to keep him for a month: told me he was the author of the "Hermit in London," but begged me to keep his secret. Told him I had no money myself, but would try what a friend I was going to dine with would do for him: this merely to get rid of "the Hermit."

17th. Received to-day a letter from Brougham, inclosing one from Barnes (the editor of *The Times*), proposing that, as he is ill, I shall take his place for some time in writing the leading articles of that paper; the pay to be 100*l.* a month. This is flattering. To be thought capable of wielding so powerful a political machine as *The Times* newspaper is a tribute the more flattering (as is usually the case) from my feeling conscious that I do not deserve it.

To Samuel Rogers, Esq.

19, Rue Basse, à Passy, près de Paris,  
July 18, 1822.\*

My dear Rogers,

I find that, though you do not write to me, you are still thoughtful as usual about everything that may tend to either my profit or reputation, and I think it must be with a view to gratifying me on the latter score that you recommended the application from "*The Times*" that Brougham has just forwarded to me. It does indeed flatter me very much to have it thought that I could wield such a powerful political engine as "*The Times*" with either that strength or promptitude which such a task requires, and it flatters me the more from my being conscious that I do not deserve it. Putting my

\* This letter is dated by Mr. Moore 1842, but obviously by mistake for 1822.

ability, however, out of the question, it is impossible that I should now undertake such an office; for, in the first place, I cannot come to England, and, in the next, if I could, there are so many tasks before me (from the long spell of idleness I have indulged in), that every minute of my time will hardly be sufficient to accomplish them. So, pray take some means of letting Mr. Barnes know that, with every acknowledgment of the honour which he has done me by the application, I feel myself obliged to decline his proposal for the present. I write in haste and by the common post, because I have understood that an immediate answer was necessary, and I would not have troubled you, my dear Rogers, with this letter, had not Brougham desired me to make you the medium of my reply.

I am afraid there is no chance of our meeting here very soon, for you must have had a sufficient dose of the Continent for some time; but, about the beginning of winter, if the Fates and the Yankees are propitious, we may stand a chance of shaking hands with each other in St. James's Place.

Ever yours,

THOMAS MOORE.

18th. Wrote to decline the proposal of *The Times*.

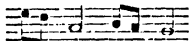
August 4th. Called upon by the Douglasses at three to go and dine at Mr. Thayer's [an American, to whom their hotel (de Morency) and the Passage du Panorama belongs] at his country house at Sceaux. A large and strange party there: among others the famous M. Say\*, whom I found agreeable. In speaking of Lamartine he said, that his school, which was that of Chateaubriand, met with strong opposition from the critics. M. Chenier particularly had attacked it. Praised Chenier: said his epistles were, some of them, equal to Voltaire's. No truth whatever in the story of his having been accessory to his brother's death in the Revolution. Said that the school of Chateaubriand consisted in producing effects more

\* The political economist.

by words than ideas; that it added to the stock of phrases without increasing that of thought. For instance, he said, Chateaubriand, in calling God *Le grand Célibataire du Monde* (what wretched affectation!) conveyed no more than if he had called him *Le Père Éternel*, or any other common name. Among the company, too, was Garat, brother to the old singer of that name, who sings himself with much spirit, and gave an Anacreontic after dinner with great effect.

5th. Called on Bryan: thence to Lafitte's, where, in talking of the disgraceful outrage on the English actors last week, somebody said, that in Buonaparte's time, when there was a violent opposition to a play called "Christophe Colomb" (merely because it was written in violation of rules of the critics), Napoleon sent down to the theatre, not only some troops of gens-d'armes, but a piece of artillery, and carried the tragedy off smoothly. What a powerful support at an author's back.

6th. Have finished to-day 1100, making at the rate of twenty lines a day since last Thursday. Took Bessy in at four to dine with the Bryans, who had a box at the Opera for the night. The "Barbrière." Remark on the pathos of the accompaniment to a bass duet



15th. Dined at Forster's to meet Bishop. Some talk about music. B. said that Handel was the first who studied general effect, and brought his voices and instruments into masses, as a painter would call it: Mozart carried this to perfection: Haydn had not so much of it; too fond of finishing up bits to the injury of the whole. Does not think that Rossini's music will live. Had some singing in the evening. Tried over *Mi manca la voce*, which he owns to be perfectly beautiful. Had a hackney coach home for Bessy, who came after dinner.

25th. Received a very kind letter last night from Lord Lansdowne, chiefly relative to the cottage at Sloperton, which, by the death of old Hall, there is now another

chance of my having if I choose. One paragraph of his letter is as follows: "I can only say, that if an address from all the neighbours of Sloperton could recall you, you would speedily receive one as cordial and affectionate, and perhaps rather more sincere, than those which His Majesty is now collecting from the loyalty of his Scottish subjects, and in which the inhabitants of Bowood would certainly not be behindhand."

This book now contains three years of my life; "*quam nihil in medio invenies.*"

September 12th. Went to Abbot's to breakfast. Abbot mentioned two or three legal anecdotes. Judge Fletcher once interrupted Tom Gold in an argument he was entering into about the jury's deciding on the fact, &c., when Gold, vexed at being stopped in his career, said, "My Lord, Lord Mansfield was remarkable for the patience with which he heard the Counsel that addressed him." "He never heard you, Mr. Gold," was Fletcher's reply, given with a weight of brogue, which added to the effect of the sarcasm. The same judge, who, it seems, is a very surly person, once said to an advocate, "Sir, I'll not sit here to be baited like a bear tied to the stake." "No, not tied to the stake, my Lord," interrupted the Counsel. He mentioned the excellent joke of Curran's upon a case, where the Theatre Royal in Dublin brought an action against Astley for acting the "Lock and Key." "My Lords, the whole question turns upon this, whether the said 'Lock and Key' is to be a *patent* one, or of the *spring and tumbler* kind." Talking of jokes, there is a good story of Lattin's, which I doubt if I have recorded. During the time of the emigrants in England, an old French lady came to him in some country town, begging, for God's sake, he would interfere, as the mob was about to tar and feather a French nobleman. On Lattin's proceeding with much surprise to inquire into the matter, he found they were only going to *pitch a marquee*. Called at Catalani's on our arrival in Paris; found her; asked us to dine at five, which we did. Her *naïveté* and cheerfulness very delightful. Spoke of Pasta with enthusiasm, as the singer

that had most touched her heart, next to her own master, Marchesa. I mentioned the defects of Pasta's voice: "Yes, but she can do beautiful things with it."

14th. At dinner had Duruset and Poole, besides Bishop's lady, who is rather a fine woman. Poole told of a man, who said, "I can only offer you for dinner what the French call a *lever* (lièvre) and a *pulley* (poulet)." I said to Bishop that "this sort of dinner would do for our men of business, the mechanic Powers."

16th. Was at Bryan's, in the Rue d'Artois, before half-past six, though stopped at the barrier to have my trunk opened and examined. We started in his carriage at a little after seven. A most heavenly day. The first sight of Rouen, on descending the hill, very beautiful; the long, richly planted island in the river, the faubourg and villages over the plain opposite to the city, and the black, lofty towers of the cathedral, one of which (as our post-boy first told us in descending the hill) had been struck by a thunder storm the day before and very much injured, produced altogether a most striking effect in the bright, but indistinct, sort of light which sunset threw over them. Did the journey in eleven hours, six minutes.

17th. All walked out for the purpose of seeing the cathedral, but, on account of the workmen being employed in repairing the late damages, were not admitted. Went from thence to the Museum in the Hôtel de Ville; a wretched set of pictures. The catalogue has the audacity to give a bad copy of Raphael's glorious Dresden Madonna as an original. Dined wretchedly at our inn, where the only comfort was a very good pianoforte in our sitting-room, with some music books, oddly enough consisting for the most part of Stevenson's songs and mine.

18th. Went to the library; vacation time, and no permission to read, which is rather a disappointment, as I had some references to make, on the subject of angels, which I had hoped to have employed myself in here. The town allows 3000 francs a year for additions to the library, whose *fond* seems chiefly theological. Bryan mentioned a

ridicule he once saw on "Otello," where the harlequin says to his lamp, "*Si j'éteins ta flamme, j'ai mon briquet, mais on n'allume pas une femme comme une guinguette.*" To-day before dinner walked by myself to a height above the road, by which we first came in sight of Rouen, and had a magnificent view, not only of the city, but of the river to the left, studded with islands to a great extent.

20th. Up before six, and off a little after seven. Arrived in town at seven, and found Bessy and Mrs. B. waiting dinner for us. Called in our way home for Anastasia, whose cough is now decidedly a hooping one. A letter from Rees to say that we may safely return to England as soon as we like.

22nd. The artist employed by Denon to engrave Grattan's medal for me, called with the die. Abbot called and sat some time. Spoke with much warmth about my mother; her warm-heartedness, her animation, the continual freshness and energy of her thoughts and affections. All very true, and, of course, delightful to hear.

23rd. Called on Abbot, and thence to Denon's. Upon my proffering a thousand francs to the medallist (which according to my impression was the *prix convenu*), he exclaimed, "*Ce n'est pas ça, diable, ce n'est pas ça; c'est cinquante louis,*" making the difference of ten napoleons, which I was obliged to pay. Denon seemed a little ashamed of the price, and suggested that I should *porter ces deux cent francs sur le tirage*, the *striking* being three francs cheaper for each medal than I had expected; but this, though very French, was not my mode of doing things. Denon, to console me, read us a *notice* on the life of Puget, the sculptor, which he has written for some forthcoming work. Very neatly done. Puget, it seems, upon remarking the resemblance a mountain at Marseilles bears to a sitting figure, proposed to make out the form, and so realise the Mount Athos project, but met with no encouragement for his sublime undertaking.

The statue of Milon at Versailles is by Puget, and one of his finest works. In

talking of Claude Lorraine, Denon having said that his talent broke out at a late period of life, without any instruction whatever, I remarked that this rather lessened one's respect for the art, as in other subjects a certain degree of intellectual preparation and instruction was necessary; he answered very livelily, "*Ah, oui, il faut de l'instruction pour faire de mauvaises copies de ce qu'il a fait, mais*—for original genius it requires no such thing; it is like your Shakspeare, &c. &c."

October 8th. Wrote to Lord Strangford by a courier going off to the Duke of Wellington at Vienna. All went in to dine at Bryan's. The Douglasses, Lord Trimlestown, and little Byrne of the party. Byrne's story of the priest, saying to a fellow who always shirked his dues at Easter and Christmas, and who gave as an excuse for his last failure, that he had been very ill, and so near dying that Father Brennan had anointed him: "Anointed you, did he? faith, it showed he did not know you as well as I do, or he would have known you were slippery enough without it." The Irishman's defence of the palavering reception given to the King in Ireland: "Well, faith, after all, you know the only way to deal with a humbugger is to humbug him." The King of France\*, who asked one of his courtiers, why he had gone to England? and on his answering, "*Pour apprendre à penser*," said quickly, "*Les chevaux?*" (*panser*). Curran's old story of the piper cutting off the legs of the hanged man for the sake of the stockings, then leaving the legs behind him in a cow-house where he was allowed to sleep, and the woman supposing, on finding them there (he having gone off early), that the cow had eaten him up all but the legs; the driving the cow to the fair, bidding a piper stand out of the way, because this was a cow that eat pipers, &c. &c.

23rd. Up at six, and at nine my darlings started. Heaven bless them! If ever creatures deserved that God should particularly watch over them, it is they. The day

beautiful. Dined at Bryan's. The night stormy, and kept me thinking with much anxiety of the dear travellers. Home to Passy a little after eleven; the house looking very dreary.

November 1st to 5th. Passed my evenings chiefly at Douglas's, and was in the morning occupied with the revision of my poem, one half of which I sent off on Monday 4th, and the remainder on Thursday 7th. Not able, from want of time, to correct or fill up the blanks for epithets in the latter half; must do it in the press. Idea of a farewell dinner to me resumed; promises very well. Hopes of Lord Granard, Vaughan (secretary to the Embassy), and some other Tories coming: Douglas most active and good-natured about it, and Lucy most anxious. Dined with Bryan twice. Stories of Lattin's. Lord Muskerry saying on his death-bed "that he had nothing to reproach himself with, having never through life denied himself anything." Heard from Bessy of her arrival at the cottage, and her being welcomed by peals from the village bells.

11th. The dinner took place at Robert's; about fifty sat down: Lord Trimlestown in the chair: among the company were Lord Granard, Sir G. Webster, Robert Adair, &c. Collinet's band attended; the dinner one of Robert's best; and all went off remarkably well. In returning thanks for my health, I gave "Prosperity to England," with an eulogium on the moral worth of that country, which was felt more, both by myself and the company, from its being delivered in France, and produced much effect. Douglas, in proposing Bessy's health, after praising her numerous virtues, &c. &c., concluded thus:—"We need not, therefore, gentlemen, be surprised that Mr. Moore is about to communicate to the world 'The Loves of the Angels,' having been so long familiar with one at home." In returning thanks for this, I mentioned the circumstance of the village bells welcoming her arrival, as being *her* triumph in England, while I had mine this day in France, and concluded thus:—"These, gentlemen, are rewards and atonements for everything. No matter how poor

\* Louis the XVth.

I may steal through life—no matter how many calamities (even heavier than that from which I have now been relieved) may fall upon me—as long as such friends as you hold out the hand of fellowship to me at parting, and the sound of honest English bells shall welcome me and mine at meeting, I shall consider myself a Croesus in that best wealth, happiness, and shall lay down my head, grateful for the gifts God has given.” In introducing the subject of the village bells, I said, “This is a day of vanity for me; and you, who set the fountain running, ought not to complain of its overflowing.” Lattin proposed the health of my father and mother, and mentioned the delight he had felt in witnessing my father’s triumph at the dinner in Dublin. In returning thanks for this, I alluded to Southey’s making his Kehama enter triumphantly in through seven gates at the same moment, and said: “This miraculous multiplication of one gentleman into seven has been, to a great degree, effected by the toasts into which your kindness has subdivided me this day;” concluding thus:—“I have often, gentlemen, heard of sympathetic ink, but here is a liquid which has much better claims to that epithet; and if there is a glass of such at this moment before my good old father, it must, I think, sparkle in sympathetic reply to those which you have done him the honour of filling to him.” A song was sung by Grattan during the night, which he had written for the occasion. Left them between one and two, and went to Douglas’s, where I supped.

13th. Villamil said, very prettily, that Bessy was quite a female Bayard, *sans peur et sans reproche*.

18th. Started in the diligence at nine. Leicester Stanhope\*, one of my companions inside, and Lord Mountcashel in the *galeria* behind. Travelled all night. Took up some Frenchmen half-way, who went as far as Boulogne.

21st. Sailed about seven. Arrived at Dover in about four hours. Had to get out in boats.

\* Afterwards Earl of Harrington.

22nd. Started at near eleven for town, having waited an hour for a little French milliner, who was going through the operation of the custom-house; went without her after all. Reached town about nine. Went to the George Coffee House, where I had begged the Longmans to get me a bed. Despatched a porter off to Mrs. Power for letters, which I expected to find from Bessy. Sent me word there were some, but I could not have them till the morning. Too tantalising this, as I had not heard from my dear things at home for more than a week.

23rd. The letters from Bessy did not come till past ten, but all, thank God, well. Called at Rogers’s; found he was at Holland House. Left a note for him to say I would go out and dine there to-morrow, if they would have me. Went to dine at Longmans’. Found them in high spirits about the poem.

25th. Dined with Rogers, and went to Lady Holland’s box in the evening to see Miss Kelly in Juliet. Very bad; but (as it seems) good enough for the public, who are delighted with her. Lord John Russell (who is just arrived from Hastings) came into the box. Received his tragedy (“Don Carlos”) yesterday, and mean to keep the reading of it for Sloperton. Went behind the scenes. Told Miss Foote how much I had heard of her Desdemona; her answer very modest and sensible. Fixed to meet Lord J. next day at two. By the bye, the Longmans have made use of the 200*l.* he has left so long in their hands (the receipts of his “Life of Lord Russell”) towards paying this last Bermuda claim. I expected they would have advanced the money themselves; but it cannot be helped. Besides, he seems to have set his heart on my appropriating it in this way, and it is but owing to him instead of to them.

26th. Went to the Foreign Office to get my two packets of medals. Gave Lord John ten for himself and the Duke, and, in spite of my resolutions to the contrary, allowed Rogers, too, to have five.

27th. The Longmans have received an anonymous letter about my poem, beginning, “I conjure the respectable house of L. R.

H. O. and Brown to pause ere they, &c. &c.;" and ending, "Beware of the fate of Murray and of Cain!"

28th. Set off at seven in the coach for Calne. Arrived at home between seven and eight, and found all well, except poor Bess, who looks wretchedly. The dear girl has worked hard to get the cottage into order, and it is most neat and comfortable. The change made in my study, by throwing the two rooms into one, a wonderful improvement. Most happy to be at home again. *O quid saluti est, &c. &c.*

December 1st. This was the day announced originally for the publication; and some people asked the Longmans (who of course were not aware that the first fell on a Sunday), whether the poem was so very sacred, that nothing less than a Sunday would do for its publication.

5th. Had a letter from Lord L., expressing his surprise at not having been called upon for the sum he held at my disposal; and saying that if I had been able to arrange everything "through the help of the Muse alone," he would rejoice at it, as he knew it was the mode most satisfactory to my own feelings; but that if I had applied to any other person than him, he could not help feeling a little jealous, &c. Can anything be more thoroughly and sterlingly kind? Wrote him a short note to say I should inform him of all the particulars on Saturday.

7th. Dined at Bowood: company, Lord Malmesbury, the Barings, and Bowles. Lord L. mentioned Pitt's dislike to Erskine, and his frequent attacks upon him. On one occasion, when E. followed Mr. Fox in a long speech, Pitt said, "The learned gentleman has followed his Right Hon. Leader, arguing along the line of his argument, and, as usual, attenuating it as he went." \* Baring, a sensible, good kind of man.

12th. Set off in the Regulator for town,

\* I have heard this metaphor from Lord Holland somewhat differently, as, "The Hon. and Learned Gentleman who followed the Right Hon. Gentleman, attenuating the thread of his discourse." — Ed.

where I arrived between nine and ten. Had written to bespeak a lodging at Mrs. Soanes', where I found myself very comfortably received.

16th. Went after breakfast to call on Rogers. Thence to the Hollands; asked me to dine. Walked out with Lord Holland to the Park. A wretched cold day, and even the sunshine of his conversation did not atone for the total want of it in the heavens; besides, he walked so slow, and I had no great coat. He mentioned what his uncle one night said in a reply to Mr. Pitt: "The Right Honourable Gentleman seems to have a very high notion of his own abilities, and I must say it is the only one of his opinions in which I most perfectly coincide with him." Dined at the Holland's. In the evening went with Lord H. and Henry to the play.

17th. Dined with Murray, to meet Wm. Spencer. The rest of the company, Harry Drury, the D'Israeli, a Mr. Coleridge, &c. &c. A long time since Spencer and I met before, and he is but little altered, either in looks, spirits, or good nature. Told some good anecdotes about French translations from the English. In some work where it was said "the air was so clear, that we could distinctly see a *bell-wether* on the opposite hill," the translator made *bell-wether, le beau temps*. Price, on the Picturesque, says, that a bald head is the only smooth thing possessing that quality, but that if we were to cover it over with flour, it would lose its picturesqueness immediately; in translating which, some Frenchman makes it, *une belle tête chauve couronnée de fleurs*. Scrope Davies called some person, who had a habit of puffing out his cheeks when he spoke, and was not remarkable for veracity, "The Æolian Lyre." Left them at eleven, almost suffocated with a severe cold, and more wine than was good for it. Found proofs waiting for me at home, and sat up till two o'clock correcting them.

19th. Took my place for Sunday in the York House coach. Made an agreement for a hackney coach, and went out to Hornsey to visit the grave of our poor child Barbara,

Bessy having heard it was much neglected. Found this not to be the case. Sought out the sexton, and bid him have it new soddled, giving him at the same time five shillings, and promising him more when I should come again.

20th. Went to Chantrey's, but did not find him at home. Croker called upon me in his carriage at half-past five, to take me out to his apartments at Kensington Palace to dinner. The company, Sir George Cockburn, Mr. and Mrs. Barrow, and Admiral Moorsom. Cockburn's *noli me tangere* manner with me the few times I have met him since his advancement to office, highly amusing; somewhat less to-day however. Ridiculously enough, in looking round Croker's room before dinner, I saw a bust, which I took to be the King's; on looking nearer, however, I found it to be myself, a cast from the bust in Dublin by Kirk. Mrs. Croker said several persons took it to be the King.

22nd. Up before six, and off at seven. Arrived at home a little after seven, and found my darling girl pretty well, and her little ones bravely.

26th. Rather fidgety about the fate of my book. Bessy had a note yesterday from Lady L. with a present of some toys for the children, but not a word about the "Angels." Rather ominous this. Wrote to Lady Donegal yesterday about some silver tissue for Mrs. Phipps's dress for the fancy ball, and said, "Don't say a word about the 'Angels' in your answer; stick to the silver tissue."

27th. An answer from Lady Donegal, with the following sentence in it, which, from the state of nervousness I had got into about my book, came upon me like a thunderbolt. "You bid me not say anything about the 'Angels,' but I must so far disobey you as to say that I am both vexed and disappointed, and I think that you will feel I am right in not allowing Barbara to read it." I never remember anything that gave me much more pain than this. It seemed at once to ring the death-knell of my poem. This at once accounted for the dead silence of the Longmans since the publication, for the non-appearance of the second edition,

which I was taught to expect would be announced the third day, for Lord Lansdowne's reserve on the subject, for everything. My book, then, was considered (why or wherefore it was in vain to inquire) improper, and what I thought the best, as well as the most moral thing I had ever written, was to be doomed to rank with the rubbish of Carlile \* and Co. for ever. Bowles, who was with me at the time, endeavoured most good-humouredly to soothe me, and, though he had not read the poem, gallantly made himself responsible that I could not have written anything to bring upon me such a censure. It was all in vain. I wrote off to the Longmans to beg they would tell me the worst at once, and to my mother, to prepare her for the failure which I now considered as certain. In this mood Bowles left me, and in about an hour after, luckily for my peace of mind, Lord Lansdowne and Byng arrived. Their coming was like an avatar to me. Lord L. declared, in the warmest manner, that he thought the poem not only beautiful, but perfectly unexceptionable and pure, and that he had no hesitation in preferring it to anything I had ever written. Byng too (who two or three weeks since had expressed himself with some degree of alarm about the title), told me that, on reading the poem, he had instantly written off to some friends who felt the same apprehensions as himself, that "it might be safely trusted in the nursery." It is inconceivable the relief all this was to me, and not less so to my darling Bessy, who had seen the wretched state I was thrown into by Lady D.'s letter, and had in vain employed her good sense and sweetness to counteract its effect. Walked part of the way back with Lord L. and B.

28th. Dined at Bowood; company, Jekyll (just arrived with his two sons), Mr. and Mrs. Abercromby, Byng, Macdonald (the member), Miss Fox, and Miss Vernon. Lady L. spoke in raptures about the poem; said they were all enchanted with it, and could

\* Richard Carlile, the publisher of works of an infidel character.

not conceive how any imagination could contrive to extract an idea of impropriety from it. Lady L.'s favourite, the first story; Miss Fox, and others, preferred the second. Jekyll more silent than he used to be, but still very agreeable. In talking of cheap living, he mentioned a man who told him his eating cost him almost nothing, for "on Sunday," said he, "I always dine with my old friend —, and then eat so much that it lasts until Wednesday, when I buy some tripe, which I hate like the very devil, and which accordingly makes me so sick that I cannot eat any more till Sunday again." Said that when the great waterworks were established at Chelsea, there was a proposal for having there also a great organ, from which families might be supplied with sacred music, according as they wished, by turning the cock on or off; but one objection he said was, that upon a thaw occurring after a long frost, you might have "Judas Maccabeus" bursting out at Charing Cross, and there would be no getting him under. He said that it was an undoubted fact that Lord —, the proprietor of Lansdowne House before the old Lord Lansdowne, had a project of placing seven and twenty fiddlers, hermetically sealed, in an apartment underground, from which music might be communicated by tubes to any apartment where it was wanted. Lord L. bore witness to the truth of this (with the exception of its being an organ instead of Jekyll's hermetically sealed fiddlers), and said that the pipes which had been already laid for this plan were found during some repairs that took place at Lansdowne House. Walked home.

20th. Received the "Literary Gazette," "Literary Chronicle," and "Museum," all containing reviews of my work, and all favourable enough. The last the least so, but (from its being connected with clergymen) the most useful, as giving me credit for a moral design in the poem. Wrote a letter to Lady Donegal, telling her the opinions of Lord Lansdowne, &c. &c., and of this journal, as a set-off against her own.

January 5th, 1823. Have received several newspapers with reviews of the poem; all

very favourable. Dined at Bowood; taken by the Phippses. Company, besides them and the Bennetts, Mrs. Abercromby, Misses Fox and Vernon, the Jekylls, Stanley (Lord Derby's son), Lord Auckland, and Macdonald, a young Irishman. Got nothing out of Jekyll, who was talking all the while to Phipps, except that when I offered my arm to him to help him down to dinner, he said, "This is making a mistress in Chancery of me."

6th. A good deal of talk about Sheridan. Said that Mrs. S. had sung once after her marriage, at the installation of Lord North at Oxford; and as there were degrees then conferring *honoris causâ*, Lord N. said to Sheridan that he ought to have one *æoris causâ*. Spoke of Tickell's discontent with Sheridan; his idea that S. might have brought him forward, but would not. Described Tickell's anxiety on the first night of Parliament's meeting after the publication of his pamphlet "Anticipation." The laughable effect on the House of Col. Barré's speech; he being the only one (having just arrived from the country) ignorant of the pamphlet, and falling exactly into the same peculiarities which the pamphlet quizzed, particularly that of quoting French words and then translating them. At every new instance of this kind in his speech there was a roar of laughter from the House, which Barré, of course, could not understand. A friend went off to Tickell (who in his fidget had gone to bed in a coffee-house in Covent Garden) to tell him the successful effect of the pamphlet. His next pamphlet, "The Cassette Verte, &c." (?) was a failure. Said, from his own observation, Sheridan was a most painstaking writer. Knew it in the instance of his prologue to the "Miniature Picture" (a piece written by Lady Craven, and first acted at Benham, but not successful on the public stage), which Sheridan corrected and altered over and over again. Jekyll wrote the Epilogue; and it was said, "that the *frame* was much better than the *picture*." Mentioned some lines which he (Jekyll) had written upon the Emperor of China's hint to Lord Macartney, that he had



better hasten his departure, as the rainy season was coming on : —

"The sage Chian-ki-ti  
Has look'd in the sky,  
And he says we shall soon have wet weather ;  
So I think, my good fellows,  
As you've no umbrellas,  
You'd better get home, dry, together !"

Canning and some one else translated these lines into Latin verse, and the word they chose to express the want of umbrellas was very happy — *vos inumbrelles video*. They sent across the House to Jekyll one night to beg for the rest of the verses, and his answer was, "Tell them, if they want papers they must move for them. We find it very hard to get them even so." Lord L. mentioned the conclusion of a letter from a Dutch commercial house, as follows : — "Sugars are falling more and more every day ; not so the respect and esteem with which we are &c. &c." Slept at Bowood.

7th. At breakfast Jekyll told of some one remarking on the inaccuracy of the inscription on Lord Kenyon's tomb, *Mors jamna vita* ; upon which Lord Ellenborough said, "Don't you know that *that* was by Kenyon's express desire, as he left it in his will, that they should not go to the expense of a diphthong ?" He mentioned Rogers's story of an old gentleman, when sleeping at the fire, being awakened by the clatter of the fire-irons all tumbling down, and saying, "What ! going to bed without one kiss," taking it for the children. Talked of Gen. Smith, a celebrated Nabob, who said, as an excuse for his bad shooting, that he had "spoilt his hand by shooting peacocks with the Great Mogul." Lord L. told of the same having written to put off some friends whom he had invited to his country seat, saying, "I find my damned fellow of a steward has in the meantime sold the estate." This Gen. Smith was the original of Foote's "Sir Matthew Mite" (his father having been a cheesemonger) ; and Jekyll told of some one having taken Foote to Smith's country-house on their way to town ; his sleeping there, and being treated with every civility by Smith ; and saying, before they

were a hundred yards from his house, "I think I can't possibly miss him now, having had such a good sitting."

8th. Have had a letter from Lord John, in which he says, "I am delighted with your poem. Fairly speaking, I think the second story the best, and the *third a falling off*. The verses are beautiful and full of imagination." He adds afterwards, "I am happy to find that all here agree with me in opinion. Lady Jersey, Luttrell, Agar Ellis, all like the 'Angels' exceedingly." It is curious to see the difference of tastes. Lord J. here says, "The third story is a falling off," and just before I received his letter, I had been reading a Review, in which the wise critic says, "The third story, which is unquestionably the best of the three." Lord John, of course, is right ; it is a falling off after the second.

14th. Dinner very agreeable. Miss N. mentioned a French lady, of whom she inquired, by way of compliment, "in what manner she had contrived to speak English so well ?" and the answer was, "I begun by *trading*." Lord L. in the evening, quoted a ridiculous passage from the preface to Mrs. Piozzi's "Retrospections," in which, anticipating the ultimate perfection of the human race, she says she does not despair of the time arriving "when Vice will take refuge in the arms of Impossibility." Mentioned also an Ode of hers to Posterity, beginning, "Posterity, gregarious Dame ;" the only meaning of which must be, a Lady *chez qui* numbers assemble, — a Lady *at home*. I repeated what Jekyll told the other day of Bearcroft, saying to Mrs. Piozzi, when Thrale, after she had called him frequently Mr. Beercraft, "Beercraft is not my name, Madam ; it may be *your* trade, but it is not *my* name."

15th. A very bleak, snowy day. The whole party played shuttlecock in the conservatory. I played with the Miss Bennetts. Lord L. and Stanley kept it up 2050 times. Walked a little with Lord L. before dinner. Mentioned the old Lord Liverpool (when Mr. Jenkinson) saying, in answer to some one who had called him, "That evil genius, who lurks behind the Throne," "Mr.

Speaker, I am *not* an evil genius; I am not lurking behind the Throne. I again repeat, I am not an evil genius, but the member for Rye in every respect *whatsoever*" (this last a familiar phrase of his). Stanley mentioned, at dinner, that on Lord Harrowby's going down to Brighton last year, the King (who was out of temper with his Minister) received him with a coldness almost rude, saying, "You are come down, my Lord, to see your son, I suppose." "Yes, your Majesty," answered Lord H., "and for that solely." In talking of Geneva, and the sort of miniature scale everything is upon there, Lord L. said, that one time when he was passing there, they had contrived to get up a little Catholic Question, a cession having been made to them from Savoy, of a village (Colonge, I believe), which made it necessary to discuss the privileges of these new Catholic subjects, &c. &c. Talleyrand's quizzing the Genevese, by saying that geographers had quite forgot in enumerating the parts of the world, Europe, Asia, &c. &c., to add a fifth part, Geneva.

17th. In talking of Ricardo, at breakfast, some one mentioned that he had been buried, — which is the ceremony among the Jews towards any one who quits their faith. The friends of the convert, too, go into mourning for him.

23rd. Received "Beausobre" from Lord L. and some gingerbread nuts for Bessy from Lady L. By the bye, I have forgot to mention that in the course of last week, having written to Murray to hear what was preparing *for* (or *against*) me in the "Quarterly," and saying that, from something which dropped from Croker, I had half a hope *he* might undertake me, I received a letter from Croker reminding me that we had both agreed no friend should ever review the work of a friend; but that still, if he had time (which he had not), nothing would give him more pleasure than attempting to do justice to my poem, &c. &c.

February 12th, to March 15th. Have now been more than a month *sine lineâ*, and during that time have not stirred beyond the gates of my cottage. My chief occupation has been writing the new notes for the

"Angels," and my "Fables for the Holy Alliance," which have been frequently advertised and puffed since the commencement of this month. Wrote to Lord John, with Bessy's request that he would stand godfather for *her* forthcoming production: answered in the affirmative. Sent me some verses of his about the French armament against Spain, in which he says,

"And the part of the Eagle's performed by the Goose."

Two letters from Lord Byron, not at all as lively as formerly: indeed Douglas Kinnaird told me when I was in town that the vivacity of his correspondence is very much dimmed. Bessy went one day to Bath, attended by Hughes (as I was not able to go myself), and settled upon a school for our dearest Anastasia; a Miss Furness's, where there are but five girls at present, and twelve the limited number. Bessy much pleased with the lady herself, and the general air of the establishment. A sad thing that the sweet child cannot be educated at home; but there are no masters to be got: and though I would willingly myself give up all the accomplishments in the world for the great object of keeping her heart and manners as they are now — pure, kind, and simple, — yet Bessy is naturally anxious about the cultivation of her mind; and having done all she can for her herself, wishes to give her the advantages that every other child possesses: so we must send her. On the 16th we kept my dear Stasia's birthday, and on the 18th Bessy took her to school.

London, April 1st. Saw Sir A. Cooper, who apologised for "giving *such a man* the trouble" of coming to him. Said there was no cause for uneasiness in the symptoms I felt. Recommended me, among other things, the use of the shower-bath. Begged me to let him see me again, "as a friend, if I would do him that honour." Altogether very courteous. Walked afterwards (for the first time since I came to town) to Rogers's. Very agreeable. Asked me to dine with him, which I did; company, Wordsworth and his wife and sister-in-law, Cary (the

translator of Dante), Hallam, and Sharpe. Some discussion about Racine and Voltaire, in which I startled, and rather shocked them, by saying that, though there could be no doubt of the superior taste and workmanship of Racine, yet that Voltaire's tragedies interested me the most of the two. Another electrifying assertion of mine was, that I would much rather see "Othello" and "Romeo and Juliet" as Italian operas, and played by *Pasta*, than the original of Shakespeare, as acted on the London stage. Wordsworth told of some acquaintance of his, who being told, among other things, to go and see the "Chapeau de Paille" at Antwerp, said, on his return, "I saw all the other things you mentioned, but as for the straw-hat manufactory I could not make it out."

2nd. Called upon Lord Lansdowne; admired a pretty picture of a child by Sir J. Reynolds, of which he told me that, at the sale where he bought it, the day had been so dark and misty that people could hardly see the pictures, till just at one moment a sunbeam burst suddenly in and fell upon this, lighting it up so beautifully that the whole company broke, by one common consent, into a loud peal of clapping. This sunbeam, he added, cost him at least fifty pounds in the purchase of the picture.

3rd. Dined at Longman's; Power of the party. They mentioned, as a proof of Walter Scott's industry, that when he was editor of the "Edinburgh Annual Register," being allowed books, as is the custom, to cut up for extracts, &c., he would often, in order to save a book worth 15s. for his library, pass the greater part of the day transcribing the necessary passages.

4th. Dined at Mr. Monkhouse's (a gentleman I had never seen before), on Wordsworth's invitation, who lives there whenever he comes to town. A singular party: Coleridge, Rogers, Wordsworth and wife, Charles Lamb (the hero, at present, of the "London Magazine") and his sister (the poor woman who went mad with him in the diligence on the way to Paris), and a Mr. Robinson, one of the *minora sidera* of this constellation of the Lakes, the host himself, a Mæcenas of

the school, contributing nothing but good dinners and silence. Charles Lamb a clever fellow certainly; but full of villanous and abortive puns, which he miscarries of every minute. Some excellent things, however, have come from him; and his friend Robinson mentioned to me not a bad one. On Robinson's receiving his first brief, he called upon Lamb to tell him of it. "I suppose," said Lamb, "you addressed that line of Pope's to it, 'Thou great *first cause*, least understood.'" Coleridge told some tolerable things. One of a poor author, who, on receiving from his publisher an account of the proceeds (as he expected it to be) of a work he had published, saw among the items, "Cellarage, 3*l.* 10*s.* 6*d.*," and thought it was a charge for the trouble of *selling* the 700 copies, which he did not consider unreasonable; but on inquiry he found it was for the *cellar*-room occupied by his work, not a copy of which had stirred from thence. He told, too, of the servant-maid where he himself had lodged at Ramsgate, coming in to say that he was wanted, there being a person at the door inquiring for a poet; and on his going out, he found it was a pot-boy from the public-house, whose cry, of "any *pots* for the Angel," the girl had mistaken for a demand for a *poet*. Improbable enough. In talking of Klopstock, he mentioned his description of the Deity's "head spreading through space," which, he said, gave one the idea of a hydrocephalous affection. Lamb quoted an epitaph by Clio Rickman, in which, after several lines, in the usual jog-trot style of epitaph, he continued thus:—

"He well performed the husband's, father's part,  
And knew immortal Hudibras by heart."

A good deal of talk with Lamb about De Foe's works, which he praised warmly, particularly "Colonel Jack," of which he mentioned some striking passages. In collecting the works of the Dunciad heroes. Coleridge said that Spenser is the poet most remarkable for contrivances of versification: his spelling words differently, to suit the music of the line, putting sometimes "spake," sometimes "spoke," as it fell best on the ear, &c. &c.

To show the difference in the facility of reciting verses, according as they were skilfully or unskilfully constructed, he said he had made the experiment upon Beppo and Whistlecraft (Frere's poem), and found that he could read three stanzas of the latter in the same time as two of the former. This is absurd. Talked much of Jeremy Taylor; his work upon "Propheying," &c. C. Lamb told me he had got 170*l.* for his two years' contributions to the "London Magazine" (Letters of Elia). Should have thought it more.

6th. Went out to Holland House, having had a kind note from Lady Holland, asking me to pass some days; but answered that I would only stay over to-night. Company at dinner, Vernon and Lady Elizabeth, Lord Grey, Lord Howard de Walden, and Sydney Smith. Smith told some stories of Judge Park; his addressing the young woman in the court, "Young woman, don't stand so close to Mr. Donellan; it isn't to the credit of any young woman to be so close to Mr. Donellan:" Mr. Donellan's demand for an explanation, &c. &c. In the evening, Lord Holland assisted me to consult some books of Heraldry, in the library, for the exact number of the pearls on the different coronets, which I wanted to ascertain for my "Epitaph on a Tuft-hunter." My Lady catechised me very kindly about my health; wondered I could go to such a savage fellow as Astley Cooper; cautioned me against the shower-bath; said that Willis had declared he owed to it more patients than to any other cause. Sydney Smith very comical about the remedy that Lady H. is going to use for the book-worm, which is making great ravages in the library. She is about to have the books washed with some mercurial preparation; and Smith says it is Davy's opinion that the air will become charged with the mercury, and that the whole family will be salivated. "I shall see Allen," says Smith, "some day, with his tongue hanging out, speechless, and shall take the opportunity to stick a few principles into him." Slept there.

9th. Dined at Power's, to meet Bishop.

Jackson, the boxer, had called upon me in the morning, to know where that well-known line, "Men are but children of a larger growth," is to be found; said there was a bet depending on it, and he thought I would be most likely to tell. Not, he said, in "Young's Night Thoughts." Promised to make out, if I could.

10th. Dined at Rogers's. A distinguished party: S. Smith, Ward\*, Luttrell, Payne Knight, Lord Aberdeen, Abercromby, Lord Clifden, &c. Smith particularly amusing. Have rather held out against him hitherto: but this day he conquered me; and I now am his victim, in the laughing way, for life. His imagination of a duel between two doctors, with oil of croton on the tips of their fingers, trying to touch each other's lips, highly ludicrous. What Rogers says of Smith, very true, that whenever the conversation is getting dull, he throws in some touch which makes it rebound, and rise again as light as ever. Ward's artificial efforts, which to me are always painful, made still more so by their contrast to Smith's natural and overflowing exuberance. Luttrell, too, considerably extinguished to-day; but there is this difference between Luttrell and Smith—that after the former, you remember what good things he said, and after the latter, you merely remember how much you laughed.

14th. Received an impatient letter from Bess, which rather disturbed me, both on her account and my own. Perceive she is getting quite uncomfortable without me, and yet have quantities of things to do in town. Must manage as well as I can. Woolriche called while I was dressing, having just arrived; thinks a shower-bath will do me service, though, as I told him, Lady Holland last night rather alarmed me about this remedy, by mentioning that Willis said it has sent him more patients than any other cause. W. told me that Lord John is just arrived. Went to dinner at Lansdowne House at half-past seven, Lord L. having asked me to dine quietly with themselves in his room before their assembly.

\* Robert Plumer Ward, Esq., the well known author of "Tremaine."

He did not come from the House of Lords till about eight. Dined without dressing. A good deal of talk about Ireland and the Irish parliament. I said that, notwithstanding the corruption of that parliament, its existence was serviceable in keeping alive (by the principles continually and eloquently broached in it) an active political feeling, a circulation of public spirit, which is the only antiseptic that can keep a country from decay and degradation, and which is now, in Ireland, totally gone; that this is evident from the fact of there not being, in the convulsions which agitate her, one political motive to give the slightest degree of dignity to her tumultuousness; that if there had not existed that parliament (bad as it had always been), there never would have been enough of public spirit generated to produce the grand spectacle which Ireland exhibited in '82. Lord L., who seemed to question all this, and to consider the getting rid of so profligate a parliament, at all events, a benefit, remarked that if the events of '82 were to be attributed to the influence of a parliament, there was no reason why that influence should not be progressive; whereas, on the contrary, public spirit had so retrograded from that period, that the profligacy developed by the measure of the Union was such as never had before disgraced any assembly or nation. To this I answered, That the interval between (occupied as it was by the agitation produced everywhere by the French Revolution, and which in Ireland ended in a bloody rebellion) was not a fair trial of the influence of such principles as triumphed in '82; that England herself was "frighted from her propriety," and put in a position unnatural to her during that interval; and that therefore we cannot possibly judge how far the dawn of independence which rose upon Ireland in '82 might have brightened if it had not been overcast by this general convulsion of the whole civilised world.

16th. Dined with W. Spencer. Spencer not in very high feather. What Madame de Staël said of Paris, "*C'est la ville du monde où on peut le mieux se passer du bonheur.*" Her reply to a man who, upon finding himself

placed between her and a very pretty woman, said how lucky he was *de se trouver placé entre le Génie et la Beauté.* "*C'est la première fois* (said Madame de Staël) *qu'on m'ait loué pour ma beauté.*"

17th. Received, on my return home, a note from the Longmans, full of panic at an opinion they have just had from their legal adviser, Turner, that the "Fables" are indictable, as "tending to bring monarchy into contempt." Dined at Lord King's: company, Mr. Thos. Grenville, Payne Knight, Sharpe, Sir G. Robinson (who came from the House at the end of dinner, and brought us an account of Canning's foolish interruption of Brougham, "That is false," &c.), and a scientific gentleman whose name I could not make out. Conversation chiefly about grammar: Prior's "than her" and "than me" pronounced, with Lowth, to be wrong. Milton's "than whom" discussed. Knight said that the test of soundness or propriety in phrases was translating them into Latin, that language being, beyond all others, the language of good sense. I quoted those lines of Lord Byron in the "Giaour" as defying all grammar, and yet impossible (for dramatic effect) of being altered for the better—

"Faithless to him, he shrunk the blow,  
But true to me, I laid him low."

Robinson quoted, as another instance, the celebrated

"*Je t'aimais inconstant, qu'aurais-je fait fidèle?*"

18th. Went to the Longmans, and had a discussion with Turner on the subject of his opinion about the "Fables." The Longmans expected I should make alterations, but told them that was impossible. Asked Turner whether he thought the Constitutional Association (which is what he dreads) would be content with having the author delivered up to them. Said it was most probable they would. "This then," said I, "might settle perhaps all alarms, as I was perfectly ready to meet the consequences myself in every way; though of there being any such consequences from the publication I had not the slightest apprehension." Left them to consider the matter.

19th Dined at Phillips's. Drove first, by mistake, to his son's in Hill Street, where the servant who opened the door said, "Perhaps, sir, it is to Mr. Phillips's of Mount Street you meant to go, for *we* are going to dine there too." Company, Sydney Smith, the George Phillipse, the Ordes, the Macdonalds, &c. Sydney Smith had that day gone through the ceremony at Lambeth, which it appears all persons must do upon receiving a second living; they are shut up by themselves, with pen and ink, and the choice of four subjects given them, on one of which they must write a Latin prose Thesis. This is really a greater tax upon pluralists than I had supposed to exist; for nine out of ten reverends must be sadly posed by the task. Not that their examiner is likely to be very strict. He says doubtless of these pluralists, *Ubi plura nitent non ego paucis offendar maculis*.

20th. Called upon Rogers, and consulted with him about this hitch that has taken place in the publication of the "Fables." Advised me to require a decisive answer. Called at Lansdowne House; saw Lady L., who was all amiability. Has offered me, by the bye, the use of her shower-bath from the Park, till they go down themselves. It is delightful to see how that cold uncertainty which at first hung upon her manner towards me is clearing away, and giving place to a friendly, frank familiarity, which is both more becoming to her and far more comfortable to me. Home at two to receive Lord John, who has called two or three times without finding me. Walked out with him. Called afterwards on Shee, the painter; glad to find that he has been pleased with the "Angels." Says he thought it the most beautiful thing I had ever written, or that ever had been written in that style; but that I had given the world so much in the same strain they naturally must relax in their eagerness about it; and that it was necessary for me now to change my hand. He is right.

21st. Went down to Paternoster Row to learn the final resolve of the Co. Told me they had, to satisfy themselves, submitted the sheets to Denman, and would let me

know his opinion as soon as they received it. Found a note from the Row, inclosing one from Denman to the attorney; very clearly written, and saying (just as I expected) that, though he could not guarantee against the folly of people in prosecuting, he would venture to guarantee the result of such a prosecution, which had been anticipated by Horace and Pope—

"The plaintiff will be hiss'd,  
My lords the Judges laugh, and you're dismiss'd."

22d. Breakfasted with Lord John; showed me a letter he received, a day or two ago, from the Duke, on the politics of the day, very clearly written, and full of quite a youthful ardour on the subject.

24th. Started at seven in the White Lion coach; companions, an elderly military gentleman, and a poor sickly girl, brought up in France. Arrived at home at seven, and found my dear Bessy looking wonderfully well, but little Tom ill with a feverish cold.

May 17th. An account in the papers of the public meeting for the Greeks on Thursday. Sir James Mackintosh concluded a splendid speech by quoting (with most flattering mention of me) three stanzas from the "Torch of Liberty," in the "Fables." My name received with "loud cheering." This is gratifying. How I lament not having been able to attend this meeting! Such an opportunity for me to speak in public may hardly ever again occur; the subject, the audience,—all would have been what I am most ambitious of.

23d. Received a very kind note from Lady L., in which she says she had been charged by Lords Lansdowne, Holland, and Lord John (as well as various others), to tell me how much my "Fables" were admired; that it was impossible to say in a note half of what she was charged with, but that the admiration of them was so cordial, it could not but give me pleasure; and that when she was at Holland House, the two copies they had there were fought for. This is all very gratifying. I only wish the public would catch a little more of the same enthusiasm, and buy me up more rapidly.

Sent to Lady L. a letter for Rogers, in which I begged of him to put down my name to the Greek subscription for 5*l*.

24th. My darling girl's symptoms became decisive after breakfast; a message was dispatched for the midwife; and, in little more than half an hour after she arrived, a little boy was born. Added a few lines announcing the event to several letters of Bessy's, which she had left open for the purpose, and wrote two or three myself.

25th. Bessy doing marvellously well, and the little fright (as all such young things are) prospering also. Wrote several letters.

28th. Being my birthday, dined in my dear Bessy's bed-room, who still keeps wonderfully well.

30th. Set off in Phipps's gig for Melksham; found there that I had left all my money at home; borrowed a pound of P.'s coachman, and sent a note by him to Bessy, to forward me the money by the evening coach to Bath. Arrived, by the Devizes coach, at Bath at eleven o'clock. Called immediately on my darling Anastasia, at Miss Furness's; took her out to walk. Showed me a pretty way through the fields. Sweet child! I could not help stopping every instant to look at her and kiss her. Weather very hot. Left her at home, and walked about Bath; saw my name placarded on the walls everywhere.

June 1st. Went from Lady D.'s to Lord Essex's; found Lady Jersey, and Brougham, and (what I did not expect) Lord John Russell; also a Miss Thellusson, with whom I sang two or three Italian duets. Walked away with Lord John—he to Lady Jersey's, who was at home, and I to Warrender's, where I found Miss Stephens, her niece, Mrs. Blackshaw, Captain Ratcliffe, &c. Supper and singing; Miss Stephens seemed to like my singing exceedingly. Amused her by mentioning an "Essay on Music," which I had seen in some periodical publication, in which the writer, after discussing the various styles of music, declares himself at the end for "Nature, Tom Moore, and Kitty Stephens;" she expressed great delight at the alliance. Warrender again importunate on

the subject of my domesticating myself *chez lui*; promised I would answer for certainty in a day or two. Did not reach home till three; and, on entering my garret (though small, and not very odorous), resolved to stick to it in preference to the baronet's fine chambers; such charms has independence!

2nd. Went first to Lady Farquhar's. A beautiful little girl, Miss Mathison, with that foreign cast of countenance which is such an improvement on continental beauty, having good English flesh and blood for its substratum; as the cookery of France in England is always better than in its native element, having the superior English materials to show off its art and piquancy upon. Caradori and Curioni sung, but not very agreeably. Went from thence to Lady Jersey's, and heard (for the first time in my life) an Italian *improvisatore*, of the name of Pistrucci. He had already done three or four subjects, of which one, "Don Quixote and the Windmills," must have been a puzzler to him. The subject on which I heard him was "Hero and Leander," which must have been part of his stock in hand; but still the facility surprised me. He sang it through, and was accompanied by Mad. Renaudin on the pianoforte.

3rd. Breakfasted with Rogers; Constable, of Edinburgh, the great publisher, and Bowles, of the party. In talking of the craft of bookselling, Constable said, "Mr. Moore, if you will let me have a poem from your pen, I will engage to sell thrice as many copies as the Longmans ever did, even of 'Lalla Rookh.'" Very encouraging this, and comes seasonably to put me in better conceit with myself. In conversing with me afterwards, he intimated his strong wish that I should connect myself with the "Edinburgh Review." In talking of Walter Scott, and the author of "Waverley," he continually forgot himself, and made them the same person. Has had the original MS. of the novels presented to him by the author, in forty-nine volumes, written with his own hand; very few corrections. Says the author to his knowledge has already received more than a hundred thousand pound

for his novels alone. Walter Scott apparently very idle: the only time he is known to begin to study is about three hours in the morning before breakfast; the rest of the day he is at the disposal of everybody, and rarely retires at night till others do. Went with Constable and Bowles to Sir George Beaumont's.

4th. Breakfasted with Luttrell; Sandford came in; asked him (being of the Treasury) to get Bessy's china out of the custom-house of Dover for me; said he would if I wrote an application to him in *verse*, not otherwise; hardly worth this. Luttrell read me part of a journal (a large volume) which he kept on his tour to Italy; seemed very clever.\*

5th. With Lord John before eleven. Met Brougham and the Duke of Leinster on my way to him; Brougham going to Court, with his hair and beard fresh cut, "all shaven and shorn." Much talk with Lord John about my Sheridan work; how far I should venture in passing judgment on the political events of the time; better merely to draw my conclusions from the general and obvious features of every transaction, such as they appear on the surface of history, than, by attempting to trace negotiations or develop secret motives, run the risk of being falsified hereafter, when memoirs written by the actors themselves may appear, and prove that I was completely on the wrong scent in my conjectures. An instance of this in Mr. Fox's "History," where he attributes to Argyle at one period during his invasion of Scotland, what the publication of Sir P. Hume's "Memoirs" proves to have been completely unfounded. It is with respect to the attempt to release their friends who were prisoners, which Fox represents Argyle as anxious to undertake. It is supposed that Adam has actually written memoirs of those political events in which Sheridan and himself were engaged, and that they will appear after his death. Lord John is about a work on the "Political History of Europe;" showed me some verses he had written about "Love and the Marriage Act;" very good; suggested some alterations.

6th. Breakfasted at the George. Called

\* What has become of this journal?

upon Mrs. Story; upon Murray, to beg him to make out my account and arrange with him about discounting my bills on Power. Went to see the picture of the Queen's Trial, and happened to seat myself next Mr. Sheddon (my Bermuda friend), who looked a little awkward on finding me at his elbow; affected, however, to be very civil, and said that he had received from Bermuda *some* of the money he had advanced towards my release of the claims, adding, that he was trying to get more from the same quarter for me: *credat Judæus*. Called upon Dr. Williams; glad to see signs of more prosperity about him. Dined at Lord Lansdowne's: company, Lord and Lady Cawdor, Sir J. Mackintosh, &c. &c. Hume, lately, at some meeting, in referring to allegations made by some one who preceded him, called him the "honourable allegator." A notable receipt for *raising* Newtons in France, suggested by Bayle (the author of "Histoire de la Peinture en Italie," &c. &c.); "*Pour avoir des Newtons, il faut sémer des Benjamin Constantis.*" Conversation about French words expressing meanings which we cannot supply from our own language, *verve* given as an instance. Whether the vagueness may not (instead of their definiteness) be the great convenience we find in them; just as Northcote, in looking at a picture, said "Yes, very good, very clever; but it wants, it wants (at last, snapping his fingers), damme, it wants *that*." May not our use of *verve*, and such other words, be from the same despair of finding anything to express exactly what we mean? Suggested this, which amused them; but they stood up for *verve*, as more significant than the snap of the fingers. Mackintosh's test of what is most excellent in art, "That which pleases the greatest number of people," produced some discussion; differed with him; may be true, to a certain degree, of such a sensual art as music, but not of those for the enjoyment of which knowledge is necessary — painting, for instance, and poetry. In the latter, he adduced as examples, Homer and Shakespeare, which certainly for *universality* of pleasing are the best, and perhaps the



only ones he could mention. Mackintosh quoted with praise what Canning said some nights before, in referring to Windham, "whose *illustrations* often survived the subjects to which they were applied." If he had said *stories* instead of *illustrations*, it would be more correct, though not so imposing: *illustrations* can no more survive their subjects than a shadow can the substance or a reflection the image; and as Windham's chief merit was *applying* old stories well, to remember the story without reference to its application, might be a tribute to Joe Miller, but certainly not to Windham. Instanced Sheridan's application of the story of the drummer to the subject of Ireland, when remarks were made upon the tendency of the Irish to complain. The drummer said to an unfortunate man, upon whom he was inflicting the cat-o'-nine-tails (and who exclaimed occasionally, "a little higher," "a little lower"), "Why, do what I will, there is no such thing as pleasing you." Would any one think that he paid a compliment either to Sheridan's wit or his own, by saying that the mere caricatures of this old story had survived in his memory the admirable application of them? Thus it is that the world is humbugged by phrases. Mackintosh said that Pitt's speeches are miserably reported. He was himself present at the speech on the Slave Trade in '92 (which Mr. Fox declared was the finest he had ever heard), and the report, he says, gives no idea whatever of its merits. Burke's and Windham's the only speeches well reported: being given by themselves. Went from thence to Devonshire House, where there was very bad music; two new women, Castelli and Maranoni, execrable. The Duke, in coming to the door to meet the Duke of Wellington, near whom I stood, turned aside first to shake hands with me (though the great Captain's hand was waiting, ready stretched out), and said, "I am glad to see you here at last." A good deal of talk with Lady Normanton and Lady Cowper. The Duchess of Sussex, bantering me upon the two fine ladies she saw so anxious to get hold of me the other night at

Almack's (Ladies Jersey and Tankerville), said that some one near her remarked, "See them now, it is all on account of his reputation, for they do not care one pin about him." While she spoke, Lord Jersey stood close beside her, and she was (or at least affected to be) much annoyed at finding that he had heard her.

7th. To the opera: Lady Lansdowne's box. In talking of a children's ball, lately given by Lady Jersey, she said, "How little Tom would have shown off there!" Must communicate this to Bess. To Mrs. Baring's box, where I found Prince Leopold, and was introduced to him: very gracious.

8th. Breakfasted with Lord John. Well said by Bobus Smith, to those who were inclined to take part against Plunkett, in his late contest with the Orangemen, "Would you pull down the house to destroy a single rat?" Lord John said that he had heard of Sheridan's having walked about for several hours with Fox, trying to dissuade him from the coalition with Lord North, and that the conversation ended with Fox's saying, "It is as fixed as the Hanover succession."\* Went to call on the Cannings at Gloucester Lodge; Canning himself engaged, but saw the ladies: Lord Kensington there. Told of his being with the King of Naples shooting larks; said he was in expectation that Lord Spencer (who was of the party, and is famous for bringing down either keepers or dogs, or some part of the company, whenever he shoots) would have *bagged the king*.†

11th. Breakfasted with Rogers; Kenny and Luttrell of the party. Witticisms of Foote. His saying to a canting sort of lady that asked him, "Pray, Mr. Foote, do you ever go to church?" "No, madam; not that I see any harm in it."

12th. Had a note from Hobhouse, saying it was the wish of the committee for the Spanish meeting to-morrow, that I should

\* This story, which I had heard, does not appear to be true. — Ed.

† Lord Spencer was a very good shot, and not likely to have "bagged the king." — Ed.

move or second one of the resolutions to be proposed. Went to Burdett's, where I found Hobhouse, and talked the matter over. The time too short now to prepare myself as I ought. It is not so much what one is to say, as what one is *not* to say, that requires consideration. Told them I would let them know in the morning. After dining, dressed and went to Mrs. Ogle's. Thence, very late, to Lady Lansdowne's assembly. The gallery opened, and the effect of it very fine. Some talk with Lord John about to-morrow. Mentioned to him my doubts whether it was quite in good taste for a person like me, neither a parliamentary man, nor a monied man, nor even a city man, to take any leading part in such a meeting. Did not quite agree with me, and I rather think the scruple is over fastidious.

13th. Went, at a quarter before one, to Mrs. T. Hope's ball. Insufferably hot, and every one panting for Vauxhall. Lord John told me the success of to-day's meeting. Regret now that I lost the opportunity. The resolutions were moved by Lord J., Mackintosh, Brougham, and Lynedoch, &c. &c. Away at two.

15th. Breakfasted at home. Made some calls. Found Burdett limping about his garden. Expressed his regret at my not going to the meeting, and lamented the backwardness of the great Whigs, Lords Grey, Lansdowne, &c. on this occasion. Spoke highly of the honesty and straightforwardness of Lord John and the rest of the Russells. Called upon Edward Moore, whom I had asked to drive me out to Hornsey to-day. Drove to the Hornsey churchyard, and saw my dear Barbara's grave. Nothing amiss but the looseness of the headstone, from the dryness of the earth. Spoke to the gravedigger to look to it, and said I would send him something by Edward Moore in a few weeks. Dined at Sir Humphry Davy's: company, Mackintosh, Lord Archibald Hamilton, the Barings, &c. Mackintosh's ideas of the separation there exists (or should exist) between poetry and eloquence. Granted to me what I said (in talking of Bacon) that poetry is naturally

connected with 'philosophy, but adding, "and eloquence with logic."

16th. Breakfasted at Lord Bective's. Affected a good deal by little Edward's singing to me (before Lord and Lady B. made their appearance) a little tune which he had himself composed, to words written for him by his poor father, part of which were as follows:—

"When I rise in the morning, I fervently pray  
To that God who protects me by night and by  
day,  
To bless my papa, *who's in heaven above,*  
And my dearest mamma, whom I equally love."

Something particularly melancholy in this line, written as it was by poor Dalton\*, in anticipation of his approaching death—and such a death!

17th. Called at Charles Kemble's; found only Mrs. K.: fell down stairs in coming away, and strained my wrist. Dined at Lambton's, though scarcely able to dress, from the pain of my wrist, and totally without the power of cutting my meat at dinner. A strong political dinner: Lord Grey, Brougham, Hobhouse, Denman, J. Williams, Creevey, D. Kinnaird, &c.: some talk upon the Queen's business, which would have been interesting from such authorities (her three defenders), but something turned it into another channel. Brougham seemed to think that she was not quite right in her head, and that the chief pivot her insanity turned upon was children. By this he accounted for the circumstance which Lady Douglas deposed to; and most of which he believed. She was on the *point* of committing a folly upon this very same subject when she died, which would have exposed her to much obloquy. From a violent fancy she took to a child of young Wood's (the son of the Alderman), she was going to dismiss her valuable and most attached friends, Lord and Lady Hood, and put Wood and his wife in their places.

\* Mr. Dalton's death was caused by a tumour, which grew larger and larger, year after year, and at length burst and suffocated him. His widow, who was the daughter of Sir John Stevenson, was married to Lord Bective.

18th. Dined at Lord Jersey's: company, Prince Esterhazy, the Morpeths, Granvilles, William Russells, and Morleys. Sat next Lady Wm. Russell. When I mentioned the story of the new opera (the "Freischütz"), which is making such a sensation in Germany, her look of enthusiasm, on remembering having read the story when she was young, became her prodigiously. Am sorry, however, to perceive that the continent has weaned her a good deal from England: her indifference about the House of Commons, and ignorance of what is going on there, drew from Lady Jersey a very well applied story of Luttrell's, about a man from India, who, on hearing the House of Commons mentioned, said, "Oh, is that going on still?"

19th. Breakfasted with Rogers: only Kenny; Creevey did not come. Went with Kenny to hear him read his new piece to the actors at the Haymarket; rehearsal of "Figaro" going on: very amusing altogether. Two lines in one of Kenny's songs for Liston rather amused me: talking of his hard-hearted mistress:—

"And when I kneel to sue for mercy,  
I meet with none — but vice-versa."

Dreamt last night that I saw Bessy falling out of a gig; and find, from her letter, that she and Mrs. Phipps were to drive in our new pony carriage to-day to Buckhill: wrote to her (as indeed I had done before) to beg she would not drive out any more till my return. Dined at William Ponsonby's: company, the Bouveries, Lord Besborough, Payne Knight, Sir T. Lawrence, Dibdin (the bibliographer), Heber, Wm. Spencer, &c. &c. Wm. Spencer, as usual, amusing. Knight mentioned what old Lady Townshend used to say about her son's anxiety to trace the antiquity of his family; that he ought to be prouder to have sprung from the loins of old Roger Townshend than from Chilperic, King of the Franks. Had received a note from Lady Dacre two or three days ago, asking me this evening; and at the same time begging me to fix a day to dine with them; adding, with very skillful

flattery, "You must excuse my worrying you in this way; I do not so much run after the poet for my own self as the patriot for Lord Dacre."

20th. Breakfasted with Lord John, who seems to have nearly made up his mind to go to Ireland with me. The party promise: most agreeably: we are to join the Lansdownes at Killarney; Lord Kenmare has invited us to make his house our quarters: and the Cunliffes, who are also going, expect us to pay them a visit in our way through Wales. Went to Power's; to Longmans'. Dined at Alex. Baring's: company, Brougham, Lord Dudley, Adair, Lord John Russell, &c. Struck with the difference between Brougham and Lord D.; the former so natural, the latter so painfully artificial: the one, a vast Niagara of intellect, overflowing for ever, in spite of itself, from a thousand reservoirs; the other, like the cascades in his own neighbourhood at Hagley, got up ostentatiously for the occasion, artificial in his liveliest flow, and making up by preparation and dexterity for the shallowness and penury of his supply. These latter terms, I, of course, use as comparing his powers with those of Brougham; for that Lord D. is no ordinary man, with all my distaste to him, I must allow. A good deal of talk about law; its contradictions and unintelligibility; how far it would be practicable to get rid of these absurdities; the danger that would arise to property from any change in its forms; various suggestions for this purpose. Remarks upon the system of registering the conveyance of property, which exists in Scotland, and in Yorkshire, and Middlesex; preference people have for estates in register counties. Yet Blackstone is against the extension of this plan, as he thinks more disputes arise from the inattention of parties, &c. &c., than are produced by the want of registers. Went from thence to Lady Cowper's, where were the Lansdownes, Jerseys, Morpeths, &c.; some talk with Lord Cowper. A letter from Bessy to-day, to say, that in spite of my dream, she had got very safely and pleasantly over her drive.

21st. Called, by appointment, on Con-

stable; long conversation with him; most anxious that I should come to Edinburgh; and promises that I shall prosper there. The "Review" (he told me in confidence) is sinking; Jeffrey has not time enough to devote to it; would be most happy to have me in his place; but the resignation must come from himself, as the proprietors could not propose it to him. Jeffrey has 700*l.* a year for being editor, and the power of drawing 2800*l.* for contributors. Told him that I could not think of undertaking the editorship under 1000*l.* a year, as I should, if I undertook it, devote myself almost entirely to it, and less than 1000*l.* would not pay me for this. He seemed to think that if Jeffrey was once out of the way, there would be no difficulty about terms; read me a letter he had just received from his partner on the subject, in which he says, "Moore is out of all sight the best man we could have; his name would revive the reputation of the 'Review;' he would continue to us our connection with the old contributors, and the work would become more literary and more regular; but we must get him gradually into it; and the first step is to persuade him to come to Edinburgh." All this (evidently not intended to be seen by me) is very flattering.

22nd. Called upon Edward Moore to ask him for the use of his tilbury in dispatching two or three calls. Before driving out, had gone with Moore to Warwick Chapel, where we heard the latter part of the service, and most solemn and touching it was. It seemed to come with more effect over me, after the restless and feverish life I have been leading; and brought tears instantly from the very depths of my heart. Music is the true interpreter of the religious feelings; nothing written or spoken is equal to it. Had a note yesterday from Lady Holland (they having just returned from Paris) to ask me to sleep there to-night and stay over to-morrow. Sent out my clothes, with a note to say I would sleep, and would breakfast there in the morning, but could not stay to-morrow. Made an arrangement with a hackney coach to take me out to Gloucester Lodge, and

from thence to Holland House at night. Took Chinnery with me. Arrived first, and found Mrs. and Miss Canning, with whom (and Canning himself, who joined us soon) I had some agreeable conversation. In talking with Miss Canning about girls reputed clever, mentioned the Miss Copley I met the other day; "You will see her at dinner," she said. Company, Lord Melville, Sir Joseph Copley and his two daughters, Lord Hervey, Lord Kensington, Lady Caroline Wortley, and Stuart Wortley himself, who took the seat next Miss Canning, which was intended by her for me. Sat next Lord Melville, who did not condescend to say a word to me, until he heard my name mentioned, then became very civil and communicative. Dinner altogether rather flat; though I now and then caught a sly thing said by Canning, who was at a distance from me. When we went up to coffee, took an opportunity of asking C. whether what Dennis O'Brien had told me of his sending 100*l.* to Sheridan (in consequence of an application from the latter, a short time before his death) was true. Said it was; that soon after his return to England, S. sent him (I believe to the House of Commons) a draft upon him for 100*l.* to be accepted, which, upon learning the state Sheridan was in, he did. Sat down together on the sofa, and had a good deal of talk about S.; said he had always thought that S. was the author of the Prince's famous letter about the Regency; and even remembers, though a boy at the time, hearing some passages of it from Sheridan before it appeared; though this might have happened without its being actually written by him. Was sure that he might have come in advantageously with Lord Sidmouth, and believes that an offer was made him to that effect. What makes his resistance to this more meritorious was, that he totally differed with the Whigs on the subject of Lord S., and thought that they ought to have joined him, as the only means of keeping out Pitt. Altogether found Canning very communicative and amiable. Showed, as a specimen of the progress of the arts in Sierra Leone, an attempt at a female figure, a sort of parody on the Venus de

Medici, with a long neck like a corkscrew, and everything else most grotesque and comical. Said that Wilberforce gazed on it with delight. On my taking leave, he begged I would ascertain whether he was at home whenever I came to London.

23rd. Conversation at breakfast upon the peculiarity of Frere's humour. Lord W. Russell directed my attention to an order from the Horse Guards in to-day's newspaper, beginning thus: "His Majesty has been graciously pleased to approve of the discontinuance of breeches," &c. Came away between twelve and one; called at Lord Listowel's in my way; anxious that I should dine there to-day to meet the Bectives, but could not. Forgot to mention that two or three days ago Dr. Williams called upon me, and insisted on repaying the ten Napoleons I lent him in Paris, which tells well for the state both of his morals and his purse.

24th. Off in the coach at six; a very pretty person of the party. Arrived at Calne a little after five, and expected to find our new carriage (as Bessy promised) in waiting for me. Set off to walk home; met our man William on the way, who told me that the carriage could not come on account of something that was the matter with the harness. Sent him on to Calne, and walked home, which I found rather fatiguing after my sleepless night. Met by Bessy at the door, looking very ill, and her face and nose much disfigured; upon inquiry the secret came out, that on Sunday evening (the evening before last), she and Mrs. Phipps and Tom drove out in the little carriage (which Bessy herself had driven two or three times before), and in going down by Sandridge Lodge the pony, from being bitten, they think, by a forest-fly, set off galloping and kicking, without any possibility of being reined in, threw them all into a ditch, ran off with the carriage to Bromham, and knocked both it and himself almost to pieces. Much shocked and mortified, though grateful to God that it had not been worse. Bessy, in protecting little Tom in her arms, came with her unlucky nose to the ground, which is much swollen, though (as Dr. Headly says, who has

seen it) not broken. The rest of the party escaped with some bruises. What a strange coincidence with my dream! It was a great effort for me to compass the expense of this little luxury; and such is the end of it.

July 6th and 7th. Received a letter from Lord John to say that he must give up his intention of going with me to Ireland, on account of Lord Tavistock's precarious state of health; but begging me not to mention this as his reason. A sad disappointment, and changes the aspect of my journey considerably.

8th. Bowles called; made him stay dinner. Quoted this odd passage from an article of Sydney Smith's in the "Edinburgh Review:" "The same passion which peoples the parsonage with chubby children animates the Arminian and burns in the breast of the Baptist." Much talk about the Establishment, after dinner, and the attacks now made upon it. Said that the Calvinism of one of the Articles is considerably neutralised by another that followed it (the 16th I believe); accounts for the introduction of the Athanasian Creed by the necessity under which the Reformers found themselves of answering the objection made to them by the Catholics, that they were about to get rid of Christ and the Trinity altogether; the same motive influenced Calvin in burning Servetus; denied that the Church had shown itself hostile to liberty, and instanced the spirited conduct of Magdalen College and Dr. Hough in their contest with James II., which Mr. Fox, he said, had not done justice to. A thorough Churchman. Bowles, and his efforts at liberality both on politics and religion, quite diverting from their abortiveness.

14th. Awdrey breakfasted with us; and Bowles arrived soon after. The little fellow baptized "John Russell."

21st. Writing letters and making preparations for my departure to-morrow. Bessy much saddened and out of sorts at my leaving her for so long a time; but still most thoughtfully and sweetly preparing every thing comfortable for me.

22nd. Dined at two; and at half-past three set off in a chaise for Bath, taking my dear

Anastasia with me, to leave her again at her school: arrived between six and seven; and having deposited her at Miss Furniss's, went to the White Hart.

23rd. Off at a quarter-past seven, in the coach for Birmingham: an old gentleman my only companion for the greater part of the way.

24th. Set off in the coach at eleven; lucky enough to find in it Casey, the Irish barrister, whom I found very agreeable the whole way. Arrived at Shrewsbury at five; thought it better to go on in a chaise to Oswestry, and let the coach take us up there in the morning. Dined at Oswestry at nine, and finished a bottle of strong port between us.

25th. On the arrival of the coach, found that, from some mistake with respect both to Casey's place and mine, we were to be forwarded together in a chaise. A *third* person was attempted to be put in with us; but upon Casey's making serious lawyer-like speeches on the subject, they were forced to give in, and we set off comfortably together in the chaise: a good deal of conversation all the way. Curran, in speaking of Baron Smith's temper, and the restraint he always found himself under in his company, said, "I always feel myself, when with Smith, in the situation of poor Friday when he went on his knees to Robinson Crusoe's gun, and prayed it not to go off suddenly and shoot him." Story of an Irish fellow refusing to prosecute a man who had beaten him almost to death on St. Patrick's night, and saying that he let him off "in honour of the night." Of his overhearing two fellows talking about Lord Cornwallis when he was going in state to the theatre of Dublin; and accounting for his not going early by the fear of being pelted. "True enough," says one of them, "a two-year old paving-stone would come very nately to *compose* his other eye" (Lord C. having a defect in one of his eyes). Assistant barrister keeping an old woman in jail, and having her up now and then (always sending her back again upon some excuse or other), in order to prolong the commission, and continue his pay. Examination of a witness:—"What's your

name?" &c. &c. "Did you vote at the election?" "I did, sir."—"Are you a freeholder?" "I am not, sir."—"Did you take the freeholder's oath?" "I did, sir."—"Who did you vote for?" "Mr. Bowes Daly, sir."—"Were you bribed?" "I was, sir."—"How much did you get?" "Five guineas, sir."—"What did you do with it?" "I spint it, sir."—"You may go down." "I will, sir." Bowes Daly, upon being told this, said it was all true except the fellow's having got the money. Of an aide-de-camp, during an expedition of the lawyers' corps into the county Wicklow, riding up to ask the reason of a halt; they made answer by some one, "It is the law's delay;" and upon the corps being ordered to take ground to the right, one of them saying, "Here now, after having aired my mud, I am obliged to go into damp wet." Story of Keller answering some one who came into court to look for Gould having searched him everywhere without being able to find him, *Aurum irreperitum et sic melius positum.*

26th. Sailed in the Ivanhoe; took to my berth and peppermint lozenges, but felt deadly sick all the way. Came in a chaise (Casey and I), from Howth, and broke down when near Dublin; got into a jaunting-car, and arrived at Casey's, where I dined. Never shall forget the welcomeness of his good mutton broth, to which was added some very old port, and an excellent bottle of claret. Went afterwards in a hackney-coach to Abbey Street. Found my dearest father and mother watching for me at the window; my mother not looking so well as when I last saw her, but my father (though, of course, enfeebled by his great age) in excellent health and spirits. Sweet little Nell, too, quite well. Called at Bilton's Hotel, to inquire after the Lansdownes; and found that Lady L. had been very ill and in her bed for two or three days past.

28th. My mother expressing a strong wish to see Lord Lansdowne, without the fuss of a visit from him, I engaged to manage it for her. Told him that he must let me show him to two people who considered *me* as the greatest man in the world, and him

as the next, for being my friend. Very good-naturedly allowed me to walk him past the windows, and wished to call upon them; but I thought it better thus. Dr. Percival having declared Lady L. fit to travel, they intend to start on Wednesday, and will give me a seat in the carriage with them. Went and bought a travelling cloak, as Jupiter Pluvius still continues his operations. Called upon Lady Morgan, who is about to publish a *Life of Salvator Rosa*; has heard that Lord L. has some Salvators, and wishes to know the particulars of them. Walked about with Corry. Corry came home and supped with us. Saw this morning a poor fruit-woman on the steps of a door, eating her own currants; while another who was passing by and observed her said, "That's *one way* of carrying on trade."

29th. Paid visits to Mrs. Smith, &c. &c. Saw Henry Webster, who told me Lord Wellesley would like to see something of me before I left Ireland, and bade me leave my name at the Castle; with I did. Dined at Lord Lansdowne's: company, Corry, Charles Fox, Henry Webster, and Franks. Lord L. mentioned an epigram, comparing some woman, who was in the habit of stealing plants, with Darwin; the two last lines were —

"Decide the case, Judge Botany, I pray;  
And his the laurel be, and hers the *Bay*."

30th. Off at half-past seven; we in the open carriage, with four horses, and the valet and Lady L.'s maid in the chariot with a pair after us. The pretty cottages in the neighbourhood of Lord Mayor's Place near Johnstown, very creditable to him. Fine Gothic window at Castle Dermott-Geraldine. The river Barrow, from Carlow, rather pretty; remembered the Irish poet's lines to it:—  
"Wheel, Barrow, wheel thy winding course."  
Dined and slept at Kilkenny, at our old club-house, now turned into an inn. Went with Lord and Lady L. to see the Castle, whose thick walls, and deep windows, and tapestry, delighted her exceedingly. The man, in showing us the country from the top of the tower, said, "That house belongs to rich

Maguire, who is very poor and distressed." Walked with Lord L. about the town, and recollected the days of my courtship, when I used to walk with Bessy on the banks of the river; looked into Cavanagh's, where she and her mother and sister lived, and where we used to have so many snug dinners from the club-house. Happy times! but not more happy than those which I owe to the same dear girl still. Fine round tower annexed to the Cathedral.

31st. Arrived at Lismore Castle to dinner; received by the duke's agent, Col. Currie, who, with his family lives in the Castle. My old acquaintances, Dean and Mrs. Scott, came to dinner. The Lansdownes being strangers to all these people, the evening passed rather tamely. Mrs. S. told some Irish stories. One, of a conversation she overheard between two fellows about Donelly, the Irish champion: how a Miss Kelly, a young lady of fine behaviour, had followed him to the Curragh, to his great battle, and laid her gold watch and her coach and six that he would win; and that when Donelly, at one time, was getting the worst of it, she exclaimed, "Oh, Donelly, would you leave me to go back on foot, and not know the hour?" on which he rallied, and won. How the Duke of Wellington said to Donelly, "I am told you are called the hero of Ireland;" "Not the hero, my Lord, but only the champion." Walked with Col. Currie before dinner to the school, and heard the boys examined. He has succeeded in removing the objections of the Catholic priest to the introduction of the Bible, which is one of the great obstacles to schools in other places.

August 2nd. Walked about with Hickson, the brother of Lord Lansdowne's agent. On my mentioning to him what has been dinned into my ears all along about Lord L.'s being a bad landlord, he said, "If there be the least ground for that assertion, believe me, it must be the agent's fault alone; as never was there a representation made by my brother, with respect to the propriety of reductions or allowances, that Lord Lansdowne did not promptly assent to them." Was rejoiced to hear this, as it has all along vexed

and puzzled me to hear such imputations cast upon one whom I know to be so just and humane. Took leave of Lord and Lady L., who start for Kenmare in the morning, where, if I can, I shall join them about the end of the week.

3rd. The Lansdownes set off before I was up. Received a petition, in prose and verse, from a drunken scribbler of Cork, who signs himself "Roderick O'Conner, the last of all the Bards," and in one sense of the phrase truly so. The following are some of his lines:—

"Which has more renown,  
Moore or Lansdowne,  
One a coronet — t'other a laurel crown?  
Needy and poor, I come to Moore;  
Romantic author of 'Lalla Rookh,'  
On thy bard with pity look."

Sent the "last of all the bards" five shillings. Set off in the steamboat for Cove (to see my sister Kate Scully) between ten and eleven. Kate and her husband received me with much delight; she quite well and grown fat; John not so well. About two, we all embarked aboard the steamboat to take a cruise up the Carrigaline river, whose windings are very pretty; went up as far as Mr. Newnham's fishing cottages. Walked with John and Kate in the evening; all the *fashionables* abroad; had to stand such broadsides of staring, as disconcerted even me, used as I am. 'Twas the same yesterday in Cork; and amusing enough to see, when I walked with Lord Lansdowne, how distracted the good people's attention was between the peer and the poet; the former, however, as usual, had the best of it. Slept at a very comfortable little inn kept by a widow woman.

4th. After breakfasting with Kate and John, set off in the steamboat for Cork; the day tolerably fine, and the view magnificent. A great pity there is not some fine architecture to meet the eye at the bottom of this approach; if they had turned the new custom-house, with a handsome façade, towards the water, it would have enriched the scene incalculably. Forgot to mention that, before I started this morning, a deputation of

eight or ten gentlemen of Cove waited upon me to request I would name a day, either now or before I left the south, to dine with the inhabitants; answered that I hoped to return this way, and would, in that case, have great pleasure in accepting their invitation. John told me there were two or three Orangemen in this deputation, which I was glad to hear. Beecher's gig met me about a mile from Mallow; and I arrived to Ballygiblin to a late dinner; found Lyne, an old college acquaintance, just arrived too. He mentioned old Rose having once asked Sheridan what he thought of the name he had just given his little son, "George Pitt Rose," and Sheridan replying, "Why, I think a Rose by any other name would smell as sweet." Mrs. Beecher's sister sung in the evening and so did I a little.

7th. Arrived at Lord Kenmare's at four. Lord L. out on the lake with Mr. Sullivan (Lady Harriet's son), who has been here two or three days, and goes to-morrow. The dinner very good, and Lady Kenmare very pleasing.

8th. The weather rather favourable. Drove down to Ross Island, and embarked on the Lake at eleven. Lady Kenmare's first time of being on her own lakes, having been but ten days here, and reserving her *début* (as she says) for my coming. Landed on Innisfallen, and enjoyed thoroughly its loveliness. Never was anything more beautiful. Went afterwards to Sullivan's Cascade, which was in high beauty. Curious effect of a child on high, crossing the glen; seemed as if it was flitting across the waterfall. The peasants that live on the opposite bank come over with fruit when strangers appear, and their appearance, with their infants, stepping from rock to rock, across the cascade, highly picturesque. Mr. Galway (Lord Kenmare's agent) and his wife at dinner. Instance of the hospitality of the poor cotters, that it is the practice with many of their families to lay by, each individual, every day, one potatoe and a sup of milk for the stranger that may come. Intended riots at fairs (from the spirit of sept-ship) have been frequently put a stop



to by orders from Captain Rock. Sung a little in the evening.

10th. Read Smith's "Kerry." Was waited upon by a deputation of the gentlemen of Killarney, to request I would name a day to dine with them; but my stay is too short to do so.

11th. A letter from Lord Lansdowne, to say that he cannot stay longer than Tuesday. Much inclined to give him up for the stag-hunt. To-day too stormy for the lakes. Took a walk through the town of Killarney, joined by Galway, with whom I had some conversation about the state of the country. Thinks the great object of the people is to get rid of the profit that is made upon them by sub-letting. The *gentlemen* are the most troublesome tenants, and the worst pay. —, who holds considerable property from Lord K., cannot be made pay by love or law. Says it is most ungentlemanlike of Lord Kenmare to expect it. This reminds me of an epigram I heard the other day made upon him and O'Connell, when the one hesitated about fighting on account of his sick daughter, and the other boggled at the same operation through the interference of his wife.

"These heroes of Erin, abhorrent of slaughter,  
Improve on the Jewish command;

One honours his wife, and the other his daughter,  
That their days may be long in the land."

12th. A beautiful day at last. Went with Lord Kenmare to see the Upper Lake. The whole scene exquisite. *Loveliness* is the word that suits it best. The grand is less grand than what may be found among the Alps, but the softness, the luxuriance, the variety of colouring, the little gardens that every small rock exhibits, the romantic disposition of the islands, and graceful sweep of the shores;—all this is unequalled anywhere else. The water-lilies in the river, both white and yellow, such worthy inhabitants of such a region! Pulled some heath on Ronan's Island to send to my dear Bessy. Lunched at Hyde's cottage, and met there the party I joined in the coach, and who were going on to Dunloe Gap. Sorry not to go with them, as I shall lose

that feature of the Lakes. The echoes much clearer, and more like enchantment, than the last day, and (as Lady Donegal expressed it in her letter of instructions to me) "quite take one out of this world." Just home in time to receive the Lansdownes, who give a most delightful account of the prosperity of the town of Kenmare.

13th. A fine day for the hunt, but preferred the Lansdownes. Started after breakfast. Beyond Listowel got out to walk through the wood by the river to the Knight of Kerry's house, where we were to dine and sleep. The name of his place Ballinruddery. The walk most beautiful, being high over the river (Feale) and wooded. Hickson (Lord L.'s agent) and his brother came along with us from Killarney, and it is another brother, a clergyman, who lives in Fitzgerald's house during the absence of the family, and who, with his wife, received us at dinner. The house a mere cottage, but gentlemanlike and comfortable, and the place altogether beautiful, worthy of its excellent and high-spirited owner, from whom, by the bye, I received a letter enclosed to Lord L. to-day, expressing his regret that he is not in Ireland to assist his constituents in doing due honours to me on my arrival among them. Excellent salmon at dinner.

14th. Off between nine and ten. The bridge of Listowel, which had been broken down, was within a few days propped up for the Judges. Thought, as it had been *sub judice*, we might venture. Arrived at Limerick (coming this last stage very quick) at seven: Swinburne's hotel. Lord L.'s account of his Kerry tenantry. His chief difficulty is to keep them from underletting. Some, who pay him but 8*l.* or 10*l.*, will let their small portion out in corners to poor wretches, who marry upon the strength of this *pid-à-terre*, and swarm the little spot they occupy with children. These are they who put the key in the thatch in summer, and go begging about the country, and, under the name of "Lord Lansdowne's tenants," bring disgrace upon *him* and his property.

15th. Walked with Lord L., to see the





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spot where the bridge is to be, connecting Limerick with the county Clare, and with his property, which will be, of course, a great advantage to him. Arrived at Roscrea about eight, where I dined and slept, having secured a place in the coach to take me on to-morrow morning.

16th. A small round tower at Roscrea, and a very fine ancient portal, which serves as a gate to the church; the ruins of a castle in the town. Started about ten o'clock. The curious rock, with ruins on it, in the neighbourhood of Maryborough, called Dumanase. Sorry not to be able to stop and see it.

17th. Walked about a good deal. Called on P. Crampton, and found him laid up on the sofa. Dined at home, and had Abbot to dinner.

18th. Made a number of calls. Stared and run after at every step. Dined at home: the Abbots to dinner. Went (all of us) to the theatre in the evening to hear Catalani. Went to her dressing-room, and met there Stevenson, who most unfortunately goes out of town to-morrow, not to return for some time. Had brought over some sacred songs for him to arrange, which this will, I fear, put out of the question. Abbot brought Mrs. A. and my sister Ellen to introduce to Catalani. Her kindness to Nell, calling her *la sœur d'Anacréon*. A good trait in Catalani, the veneration she always felt for Grattan, and when told of his death she burst into tears. On Abbot making her a present the other day of one of the medals of him, she kissed him. Grattan was always an ardent admirer of hers, and Catalani showed Abbot a letter of his in French to her, which she keeps treasured in a splendid box, and had either the policy or good taste to say she preferred it to all the tributes she has from kings and emperors. The letter expresses a hope that, after having enchanted the world with her song, she may be called late to add to the melody of heaven. The Abbots supped with us; and my dearest father and mother seemed perfectly happy.

19th. Catalani took a violent fancy for

my dear mother; overheard her saying to Vallebraque, *cette chère Madame Moore*.

24th. Dined at home; packed up after dinner, took my farewell supper with the Lansdownes and off for Morrison's.

25th. Coach called for me at a-quarter after seven. Skinner, in whose packet we sail, the only passenger in it. Told me of the havoc these English commissioners are making in the Post Office. So much the better; it is the great seat of Orangeism; and Lord Wellesley says he *knows* that all the libels against him, during the late row, were circulated *gratuitously* through the medium of the Post Office. Found Lord and Lady L. aboard. Took immediately to my berth, and was in Holyhead in about seven hours, where we dined, and set off immediately afterwards for the first stage, Mona House.

26th. Stopped at Bangor Ferry, Lord L. having a letter to Mr. Wilson, the director of the works of the bridge, to show and explain the operations to us. Enormous undertaking, and never, I think, to be completed, though there seems, as yet, no doubt entertained of its success! It is a little extraordinary, however, that, according to Mr. Wilson's account, they have not yet made up their minds as to the mode of carrying the chains across, the great, and, in my mind, insurmountable difficulty. Went down into the rock, where the pins or bars, by which the chains hold, are fixed. Arrived to dinner at Llangollen, in the beautiful inn overhanging the water; my bedroom commanded the same view. Much amused with the folly of those who have scribbled in the book kept here. Among the late transits was one which called up rather melancholy thoughts; "Earl and Countess of Bective,\* Lord Taylor (the infant), and Master G. Dalton," in her handwriting.

27th. Off early, and arrived in the evening to dinner at Worcester. Sauntered by myself through the town a little afterwards. Lord L. mentioned an amusing blunder of Madame de Staël's, when in England, in

\* Lady Bective was the widow of Mr. Moore's friend Mr. Edward Dalton.

mistaking Charles Long for Sergeant Lens (who had just refused some situation from the Government), and complimenting Long (who is the most determined placeman in England) on his disinterestedness.

28th. Walked with Lady Lansdowne after breakfast to a china-shop, where Lord L. afterwards joined us. On Lady L.'s buying a pretty pastile-burner for herself (price, a guinea), Lord L. bought the fellow of it for Bessy, and bid me give it to her from him. Went out of our way a little for the purpose of seeing the beautiful view from Froster, which is of the finest kind of English prospects, extensive, rich, cultivated, animated, with a noble river wafting numerous sails through its hedge-rows and cornfields. By some mistake at Gloucester we were sent wrong, and lost about ten miles of our road. Met at Malmesbury by Lord L.'s horses, and near Chippenham by Lord Kerry, riding. At Chippenham I parted with them, and took a chaise for Sloperton, where I arrived between seven and eight, and found Bessy and her little ones, thank Heaven, quite well. Thus ended one of the pleasantest journeys altogether I have ever taken. It is in travelling with people that one comes to know them most thoroughly, and I must say, that for every good quality both of temper and mind, for the power of enjoying what was enjoyable, and smoothing all that was disagreeable (though this latter quality, it is true, was rarely put to the trial), for ready attention to whatever was said or proposed, and for those *piacevoli e bei ragionamenti*, which make (as Ariosto says) the roughest way seem short, I have never met any two persons more remarkably distinguished than those I have just travelled with.

September 9th. Lord L. called just as we were preparing to set off to Devizes to dine with the Hughesses. Said he had read my translation from Catullus of the "Pæninsularum Sirmio" (which I had mentioned to him as, in my own opinion, pretty well done), and expressed himself highly pleased with it. Company at Hughesses, Col. Hull, and Mr. Mayo, the chaplain of the jail. Col. H. said that the missionaries were laughed at in the

East Indies, and the few wretched creatures of whom they made converts nicknamed "Company's Christians." Came overland from India. In crossing the Desert he and his two friends brought a good supply of Sneyd's claret, and used to finish a magnum or two every evening. Sneyd's claret in the Desert! times are altered.

12th. Dined at the Lansdownes. The Phippses took, as company, besides them and ourselves, the Bowleses, the Joys, and the Duncans. Mr. Duncan mentioned, that Blackstone has preserved the name of the judge to whom Shakspeare alludes in the gravedigger's argument, "If the water comes to the man, &c.;" must see this.

October 3rd. Walked over with Bessy and Mrs. Phipps to call upon our new neighbours, the Starkeys.

4th. Left home at three to walk to Buckhill, before my dinner at Bowood. An Irishman, who called upon me some days ago to beg I would get some "gintee situation" for him, has just written to me from Bristol to say that he came from Ireland expressly with the sole hope of my assisting him, and that he now has not money enough to pay his passage back again. Begged of Hughes to let his agent at Bristol pay the man's passage, and see him on board. Felt rather a restraint at dinner from the little *hitch* there has been between me and Mr. Grenville about Sheridan's letters. In talking of ghost stories, Lord L. told of a party who were occupied in the same sort of conversation; and there was one tall, pale-looking woman of the party, who listened and said nothing; but upon one of the company turning to her and asking whether *she* did not believe there was such a thing as a ghost, she answered, "*Si j'y crois? oui, et même je le suis;*" and instantly vanished. Bowles very amusing; his manner of pronouncing Catalani's speech about Sheridan at Oxford, that he had *beaucoup de talent, et très peu de beauté*, convulsed us all with laughter. Mr. Grenville mentioned that the last Mrs. Sheridan used to say, "As to my husband's talents, I will not say anything about them, but I *will* say that he is the handsomest and

honestest man in all England." Bowles told the ghost story from Giraldus Cambrensis. An archdeacon of extraordinary learning and talents, and who was a neighbour of Giraldus, and with whom he lived a good deal, when they were one day talking about the disappearance of the demons on the birth of Christ, said, "It is very true, and I remember on that occasion I *hid myself* in a well."

5th. Meant to have walked home to see Bess, but the morning too wet. After breakfast, being alone with Mr. Grenville, broached the delicate subject of Sheridan, by saying that I had some letters of his (Mr. G.'s) which I should long since have sent to him but for the hurry in which I was obliged to leave England. This brought on a conversation about S., in which I found him very kind and communicative. S. after his marriage lived at a cottage at Burnham (East or West, I don't know which); and at a later period of his life, when he and Mrs. S. were not on the most peaceable terms, Mr. Grenville has heard him saying half to himself, "Sad, that former feelings should have so completely gone by. Would anything bring them back? Yes, perhaps the gardens at Bath and the cottage at Burnham might." Was very agreeable when a young man, full of spirits and good-humoured; always disguising his necessities and boasting of the prosperity of his views. His jealousy of Mrs. S. more from vanity than affection. Fox took a strong fancy to her, which he did not at all disguise; and Mr. G. said it was amusing to see the struggle between Sheridan's great admiration of, and deference to, Fox, and the sensitive alarm he felt at his attentions to her. At the time that Mr. G. and his brother left Bath to go to Dublin, old Sheridan was acting there; and Lord Townsend (the Lord Lieutenant), wishing that they should see him in "King John," ordered that play; but on the morning of the representation, wrote them a note to say he had just had a letter from Mr. Sheridan, informing him that he had been thrown out of his carriage the day before, and had strained his shoulder so violently,

that it was *impossible* for him to act King John, — but rather than the young gentlemen should be disappointed, he would appear in a comedy, and play, as well as he could, "Sir Charles Easy." This a joke of Lord Townsend's. Great Queen Street was where S. lived when he became connected with the theatre. Story of the elector asking S. for a frank, and another doing the same immediately, saying, "I don't see why I'm not to have a frank as well as John Thompson." "What direction shall I put upon it?" said Sheridan. "The same as John Thompson's, to be sure." Thinks S. used, when a young fellow, to pick up a guinea or two by writing for newspapers, which is confirmed by the fragments of letters of this kind among his papers. Lived at a coffee-house in Maiden Lane. Is this "the Bedford" to which I find Grenville's and other letters directed? Mr. Grenville heard Erskine ask Fox, the day before his (E.'s) first speech in the House of Commons, what kind of coat he thought he had best wear on the occasion, and whether a black one would be best. Fox answered him with perfect gravity, and said, "As he was oftenest seen in black, that would be perhaps the best colour," but laughed heartily when he went away. I showed him and Lord L. an item in the Index to Wakefield's "Ireland," where it is quietly said, "Catholics will in a few years exterminate the Protestants." At dinner it was mentioned that Lord Alvanley said Sir William Scott was like a conceited Muscovy duck, which is excellent; better than Canning's comparison, who said he was like a turkey in a martingale. Mr. G. described Lord North's method of looking through his notes when he had lost the thread of his discourse, talking in his oratorical voice all the while, "It is not on this side of the paper, Mr. Speaker, neither is it on the other side." In talking of Mirabeau, Lord L. said he had been told by Maury, that one time when Mirabeau was answering a speech of his, he put himself in a reasoning attitude, and said, "*Je vais renfermer M. Maury dans un cercle vicieux.*" upon which Maury started up and exclaimed, "*Comment! veux-tu m'em-*



*brasser?*" which had the effect of utterly disconcerting Mirabeau. In the evening wrote out some verses in Lady L.'s album, and sung with Lady Cawdor. Slept there.

10th. Have determined to change the plan of my Irish work, and make it a "History of Captain Rock and his Ancestors," which may be more lively and certainly more easily done. But all I have already written, by this change, goes for nothing.

12th. While dressing to walk to Bowood, Lord John came. Sent away his horses and we walked there by Chitoway; delighted with the country round me, the day being most favourable for it. Much talk about Ireland; told him my plans for a work on the subject. Company at dinner, Lord Aberdeen and Rogers (who came together from Lord Bathurst's), Abercromby and his son, Lady Harriet Frampton (sister to Lady L.) and her daughter, Mr. Strangways, brother to Lady L., and Lord John. Dinner rather noisy; very little conversation. The evening somewhat better. Lord John mentioned that, when in Spain, an ecclesiastic he met told him of a poor Irishman who had lately been travelling there, to whom he had an opportunity of showing some kindness; but from the Irishman not knowing Spanish they were obliged to converse in Latin. On taking his leave, the grateful Hibernian knelt down and said to the Churchman, *Da mihi beneficium tuum*\*. "No, no," replied the other, "I have done as much as I could for you, but *that* is rather too much."

13th. A good deal of conversation after breakfast arising from Southey's remark in his "History of the War in Spain and Portugal," that Pitt and Fox were both overrated men. I said Lord Chatham's was a fame much more independent of party and circumstance than theirs; that there were several men in their time nearly equal to them in debate, and superior to them in general talents; but, that Lord Chatham stood out from the canvass of his age alone. Nor was he indebted, as each of them was, to the

adoption of his name by a party for that kind of corporate celebrity which such an association always gives. Lord Aberdeen rather contested all these points with me. Rogers produced some English verses of Lord Grenville's, to the surprise of all the party, who seemed to agree that he was one of the least poetical men they could point out. The verses were a paraphrastic translation of the lines at the beginning of the "*Inferno*," *O degli altri poeti onore e lume*, and very spiritedly done.

31st. The havoc of last night visible everywhere. Trees blown down in all directions. Bath coaches endeavouring to come this way, instead of their customary road, but obliged to return. Saw a tree which had fallen over the path I came last night. An Horatian escape this!

November 3rd. Took 'Stasia to call upon Lady Lansdowne, who showed me a good epigram Lord L. had sent her from London; the two last lines of which are, —

"D'Angoulême se donne à Dieu,  
Et Donnadiéu se donne au Diable."

15th. Dined at Phipps's; though Bessy at first refused, this being her birthday, and it having long been a fancy of hers that she was to die at the age of thirty, which she completed to-day. Company, the Bowleses, Lockes, Dr. Starkey, Mr. Fisher, Edmonston, &c.

16th. My dear girl, who acknowledged that the fancy about her dying at thirty had haunted her a good deal, gave me a letter which she had written to me in contemplation of this event; full of such things as, in spite of my efforts to laugh at her for her nonsense, made me cry.

23rd. Read and wrote. Have received a portrait of my dear mother to match that of my father; and though it does not do her justice, there is, in particular lights, enough of resemblance to make it very precious to me.

December 10th. Walked over to Bowood to call upon Lord Lansdowne. Says the reputation of England on the Continent has sunk considerably, with one party, for having

\* Meaning "benedictionem tuam."

shown an inclination to oppose them without being (as they think) able to venture; and with the other, for having given them hopes of assistance, and then left them in the lurch. The famous Gentz\* spoke to Whishaw in an affected tone of concern for the embarrassments that England is surrounded by, particularly in respect to the state of Ireland; and said it was rather strange that a country which took such mighty interest in the way *other* powers governed their dominions, should not have learned better how to manage her own.

14th. Received a note from Croker, proposing that I should belong to a new club† for literary and scientific persons, to be formed on the model of the United Service, &c. Wishes me to propose it to Lord Lansdowne also, and says, "We should not feel that we did our duty to the proposed institution if we did not express to Lord Lansdowne and to you the wish of all the present members of the Committee that his Lordship and you should belong to us."

15th. Wrote a letter to Lord Byron, on his long silence to me; saying that I could not account for it unless it arose from "one of those sudden whims against the absent which I have often dreaded from him; one of those meteor-stones which generate themselves so unaccountably in the high atmosphere of his fancy, and come down upon one, some fine day, when one least expects to be so lapidated; begging, however, if I am to be in the list of the *cut dead*, he will tell me so, that I may make my funeral arrangements accordingly."

19th. Drove over to Bowood to dinner: company, Lords Malmesbury and Arundel, Bailey, a Scotch lawyer whose name I forget, Miss Fox, and Miss Vernon. In the evening Lord M. produced an original letter of Locke's to a Mrs. Springer; very prosy indeed. A curious statement also of the husband of this lady (a solicitor) having fallen down ill in the street, and a rough copy of the Exclusion Act found upon him,

\* This distinguished German statesman died in 1822.

† The "Athenæum."

which, with the rest of his papers, was laid before the council. Sir Robert Sawyer, who had assisted in drawing up this Act, (having a glimpse of his own hand-writing (having interlined this very copy), and accordingly, huddling up the papers, proposed that each of the Law Officers should carry a certain portion of them home with him, in order to examine their contents more carefully, taking care that this unlucky copy should be among his own share. Talked of the correspondence between Newton and Locke, given by Stewart in his Preliminary Dissertation to the Encyclopedia. Lord L. read them out. The *abandon* of Newton's contrition, for having once said, upon hearing that Locke was ill, "it were better he were dead," very interesting even in its weakness. He signs himself "Your unfortunate friend." Locke's answer thought by some of our party cold and stiff, but it has, perhaps, quite sufficient kindness, with certainly a considerable portion of dignity. Verboseness is its great fault, as it is of most of Locke's writings, except (as Lord L. remarked) in a sort of a report of a debate at which he was present, inserted in his works, where he has given one of the concisest and clearest specimens of reporting that perhaps exist. The feeling of Newton against Locke was in consequence of the injury he thought Locke's theory of innate ideas inflicted on the cause of morality. Lord L. will belong to this new club, but bid me impress upon Croker strongly the necessity of keeping it select, as we shall otherwise be overrun with all the pretenders to literature and the arts, than whom there is not anywhere a more odious race.

27th. Abercromby (M.P. for Calne) and young Macdonnel called upon me from Bowood. Walked part of the way back with them. A good deal of conversation about Ireland. Told them my plan of Captain Rock's Memoirs, which Abercromby said was a very "clever thought;" urged upon me the importance of setting the Rebellion of '98 in its true points of view, as an event purposely brought about by the Government.

28th. Forgot to mention that I received a letter from Charles Sheridan a day or two since, which seems to throw a new difficulty in the way of my "Life of Sheridan." He still considers himself as having a claim on Murray for a share of the profits (to be given to the family), in consideration of having allowed the use of the papers, a claim which Murray is not disposed to admit.

January 17th, 1824. Lady Lansdowne called to see little Russell. Asked us to dine at Bowood this day week, and insisted on sending the carriage to take us there and back.

20th. Bess had a chaise to take our dear Anastasia to Bath. In walking met Lord L. riding; he sent back his horses, and we had a long walk together. Mentioned an article in the "New Monthly," which he thought might be Luttrell's, about Voltaire and Rousseau, following up my opinion of the latter in my "Rhymes on the Road," and speaking of me with praise. This led to conversation about Voltaire; his *bonhomie*, his benevolence, and the interest he took to the last in every improvement of the condition of mankind. In talking of his religious opinions, I said that line might be applied to him, *à force d'esprit tout lui parut matière*; for he was himself the best argument against materialism that could be furnished, from the unimpaired vivacity which his mind continued to possess when his body had become merely a shadow.

24th. Diuner at Bowood: company, the Phippses, Bowleses, young Talbot, and ourselves. Day agreeable. Praised Whitelock's book. Lord L. said his father had told him that one day in calling on Lord Chatham he found he had been setting his son, Pitt, to make an abstract of Whitelock's memorial as a task. How much more sensible than to set a boy to make dull Greek or Latin verses, as Lord Grenville or Lord Wellesley would probably have done! \* Lord L. mentioned Whitelock's "Embassy to Sweden" †

\* Lord Grenville and Lord Wellesley hardly deserve such a remark. — Ed.

† A new edition of this work has lately been published, with notes, by Mr. H. Reeve.

as interesting, though little read. He gives a minute account of the proposal of the embassy to him, of his conversation with Mrs. Whitelock abed about it, &c. &c.

February 27th. Set off from Calne in the York House coach. Arrived a little before seven; and after depositing my things at my lodgings in Duke Street, went to Edward Moore's, who had dinner prepared for me. He has fitted his house up very elegantly, and had it lighted from top to bottom to display it to advantage.

28th. Dined at Longmans: company, Shee, Abbot (the actor), &c. Rather amusing. Shee told us he had got five hundred guineas for the copyright of his rejected play. Abbot, in coming away with me in a hackney coach, remarked how lucky Shee was, as the sort of success that his play was calculated to obtain would not have been half so profitable as the grievance had turned out. "The fact is," said he, "all that about liberty is gone by. It won't do any longer." This, though spoken *professionally*, is but too true also politically. It is gone by; thanks to the Spaniards, the poltroon Neapolitans, &c. &c. Went to the opera (Lord L. having given me a ticket in the morning), but was refused admittance, having gaiters on. They were French gaiters, and I flattered myself were, like French curl-papers, invisible, but it was not the case. Went home.

29th. At home all day till dinner, when I had a hackney coach and went to Power's. Corrected and looked over some songs in the evening. Then to Rogers's; found Luttrell, Lord John, Mrs. Graham, Miss Rogers, and Lady Davy. Talked of Lord Byron marching with the Greeks. By the bye, I forgot to mention that, before I left home, I had a letter from Lord B., written just as he was starting for Missolonghi, in which he says that he means to take the field with the Greeks, and adds, "If famine, pestilence, or a bullet, should carry off a fellow-warbler, mind that you remember him in your smiles and wine." It is said that the Greek Committee have written to him requesting him *not* to fight!

March 1st. Lord John called, and sat

with me some time. Remarked that it would be a very apt quotation for the Orangemen, in case of the accession of the Duke of York to the throne, "Now is the winter of our discontent made glorious summer by the sun of York." Talked of the high character Lord Lansdowne bears, even among people one would least expect it from: for instance, — and —, both so much more violent, and yet both expressing to Lord John their strong confidence in Lord L. and their warm admiration of his conduct. Dined at Lady D.'s, and home early. Jekyll says that people who inflict long speeches upon the country gentlemen in the House might be prosecuted under Martin's bill for "tormenting dumb animals."

7th. Breakfasted at Power's, in order to look over and correct proofs, &c. &c. Thence to call on Luttrell, to go to the Countess San Antonio's, where we arrived (according to appointment) at one. Lady Caroline Wortley and her son came soon afterwards. I sang a little to them. Rossini did not come till near three. Brought with him Placci, Curioni, and Cocchi; Mercer came afterwards; and we joined in the choruses of the "Semiramide." Rossini, a fat, natural, jolly-looking person, with a sort of vague archness in his eye, but nothing further. His mastery over the pianoforte miraculous. A good scene ensued upon the entrance (without leave) of Count Vandramin (?), bringing in, of all people, Sir Thomas Farquhar. The Countess's burst of anger and bad Italian at the Count, and her perseverance till she got both the intruders fairly out again, was all very diverting, and seemed to amuse Rossini a good deal. Her volley of Italian admirable. Said "Sir Thomas Farquhar, indeed!" who was only *eccellente par contare i denari*. Rossini remarked, after they were gone, on the unfitness of persons who were not connoisseurs as audience at *prova* or rehearsal, because they "did not know enough to make allowance for the blunders and slovenliness that always necessarily occurred on such occasions." Dined at Holland House, taken by Abercromby and Wishaw. Tierney, at dinner, breaking

out about "Lalla Rookh." "Upon my soul, I must say (though Moore is present) that's the prettiest thing I ever read in my life." Lord Holland amused at Tierney's manner of saying it, "as if he was afraid Moore wouldn't agree with him."

8th. Dined at Lord Lansdowne's: company, Lord Essex, the Cawdors, Luttrells, &c. &c. Talked of the Duke of Montrose being called the "Goose," when Lord Graham (in the *Rolliad*). Lord North, one night, when, as usual, asleep, was waked to be told that Lord Graham was going to speak. "No, no," says Lord North, "he'll not speak till Michaelmas!"

9th. Dined at Lord Auckland's: no one but his sisters, Luttrell, and Mr. Baring Wall. In talking about Stephen Kemble, whose sole qualification for acting Falstaff was his being able to do it without stuffing, Luttrell said, "The most difficult character I know to act without stuffing is a fillet of veal! I have seen it attempted, but it failed."

10th. Walked about for two hours; met Hallam. Dined at Mrs. Tigh's: company, Jekyll, Lord and Lady Belhaven, Lord James Stuart, William Spencer, &c. &c. Talked of the manner of concluding letters. William Spencer quoted a French letter, in which the writer, complaining of a hurt he had received in his *jambe*, goes *avec laquelle j'ai l'honneur, &c. &c.* Jekyll told of a letter from the Duke of —, when abroad, complaining how much the whole party had been bitten by bugs: "Lady Mary is also much bitten. The only person that has escaped is he who has the honour," &c. &c.

14th. Dined at Sir H. Davy's: company, the Lansdownes, Lord and Lady Colchester, Sir John Nicholl, and Stratford Canning. Story of Lord Coleraine taking off the hat of the person walking with him, instead of his own, when bowing to some one in a shower of rain. Had a long discussion about divining rods. Mentioned a magnetiser in Paris who professes to correspond by means of the magnetic fluid (which he sends in a parabola over the tops of the houses) with a

young lady in the Rue de Richelieu, himself living in the Place Louis Quinze. Sometimes the fluid is intercepted by other people in its way. The same professor of magnetism also produces a sympathetic feeling in his patients, by means of a lurid atmosphere, which surrounds him and them. Performed this experiment with a man's wife in the dark, the husband himself being of the party, but not able to perceive the atmosphere, which was only visible to the wife and the magnetiser.

17th. Charles Sheridan came according to appointment; expressed himself anxious that, at all events (whether he could secure better terms for his brother's family or not), the work should be taken out of the hands of Murray. Advised him, however, to sound Murray as to what he would be willing to give before he finally decided. Left me to do so; and returned in an hour with the intelligence that Murray would offer nothing; that he considered the thousand pounds to me cleared everything; and that, accordingly, Charles Sheridan had signified to him that the papers would be transferred into other hands. Agreed to try the Longmans, and to let Sheridan know the result on Saturday, S. saying many flattering things about his luck in being in such honourable hands as mine, &c. &c. Luttrell said, in the course of conversation, "What a prodigality of invention there is in mankind; only think, to invent such a language as Greek, and then let it die!"

20th. Sheridan and Rees met, and had their consultation; and Rees's proposal was, that besides making up my thousand pounds to me, they would agree, after the sale of 1000 copies quarto and 1500 octavo, to give Mrs. T. Sheridan's family half the profits of all further editions that might be printed. C. Sheridan asked a little time to consider, and said he would let us know his determination in a day or two. Dined at Holland House; taken out by Lord John Russell in his cabriolet. Company, Lord Jersey, Luttrell, Byng, young Wortley, &c. Brought back by Byng; went to the opera. Adair told to-day of Sheridan's saying, "By the

silence that prevails, I conclude Lauderdale has been cutting a joke."

23rd. Lord John called upon me; walked out. Dinner at Rogers's to meet Barnes, the editor of "The Times;" company, Lords Lansdowne and Holland, Luttrell, Tierney, and myself. Barnes very quiet and unproductive; neither in his look nor manner giving any idea of the strong powers which he unquestionably possesses. Dinner very agreeable; Lord Holland, though suffering with the gout, all gaiety and anecdote. A number of stories told of Lord North. Of the night he anticipated the motion for his removal, by announcing the resignation of the Ministry; his having his carriage, when none of the rest had, and saying, laughingly, "You see what it is to be in the *secret*;" invincible good humour. Fox's speech on the Scrutiny, one of his best, and reported so well, that Lord Holland said, "In reading it I think I hear my uncle's voice." Lord H., too, told of a gentleman missing his watch in the pit one night, and charging Barrington, who was near him, with having stolen it. Barrington, in a fright, gave up a watch to him instantly; and the gentleman, on returning home, found his own watch on his table, not having taken it out with him; so that, in fact, *he* had robbed Barrington of some other person's watch.

24th. Dined with Watson Taylor: company, C. Ellis, Planta, Wilmot (the Under Secretary), Jekyll, Lord Ancrum, Lady Sandwich, the Davys, &c. &c. Got near Jekyll and Wilmot, and found it agreeable enough. Story of Lord Ellenborough's saying to a witness, "Why you are an industrious fellow; you must have taken pains with yourself; no man was ever *naturally* so stupid." Conversation about the negroes; Davy's opinion that they are decidedly an inferior race, and that it would take many generations of high culture to bring them to a level with whites. It required, he said, forty generations to make a wild duck a tame one; and to bring the negroes to the perfection of civilised whites, would take nearly the same lapse of time. Sir Humphry

talks wildly sometimes, and *de omni sci-bili*.

27th. Was to have dined at Holland House to-day to meet General Mina; but found myself so hard run with my printing and transcribing that I could not spare the time. C. Sheridan (who wrote to me a day or two since, communicating his assent to the proposal of the Longmans, and enclosing a copy of an agreement for them to sign) called this morning, and received from me the paper signed by them; so that I have now only to give Murray a draft upon the Longmans for the money I have had of him (about 350*l.*), and transfer the MS. at present in his hands (containing the early part of the "Life") from him to them.

28th. Dined with Barnes in Great Surrey Street, beyond Blackfriars Bridge, having written the day before yesterday to explain to Miss White, and promised to come to her in the evening. Company at Barnes's, a Secretary of the French Embassy, Haydon the painter, and a Scotch gentleman whose name I could not make out, but who is also a chief writer for "The Times." Barnes more forthcoming a good deal than he was at Rogers's. Spoke of that day, and said how much he was delighted with Lord Lansdowne, whose unaffected modesty struck him as particularly remarkable in a person of such high talent and rank; was also very much charmed with Lord Holland, as far as regarded the liveliness and variety of his conversation; but considered his manners so evidently aristocratic and high, as to alarm the pride of persons in his (Barnes's) situation, and keep them on the alert lest this tone should be carried too far with them. Told him that this latter apprehension was altogether groundless, as Lord Holland's goodnature and good breeding would be always a sufficient guarantee against any such encroachment; but, at the same time, could not help agreeing with him (though rather surprised at his perceiving it so soon through all the cheerfulness and hilarity of Lord Holland's manner) that there is actually a strong sense of rump and station about him; while, notwithstanding the

greater reserve and discretion of Lord Lansdowne's conversation and address, there is not anything like the same aristocratic feeling in him as in Lord Holland; indeed, few noblemen, I think, have less of this feeling than Lord Lansdowne. A good many stories about Lord Ellenborough. Went to Miss White's; found Rogers, Tierney, Wordsworth, Jekyll, &c., who had dined there; told Rogers what Barnes had said about Lord Holland; made me repeat it to Tierney, who seemed to think it very extraordinary, and to have quite a different opinion himself; looking upon Lord Lansdowne, as, if anything, the more aristocratic man of the two.

April 1st. Have been finishing the preface to "Captain Rock" these two mornings in bed, and hurried over some of it clumsily enough; took down the last copy to the Longmans myself. Forgot to mention that yesterday I received Murray's account, and that, between the money he advanced me and the books he has supplied me with, it amounts to 350*l.* Has written me also a note, begging that I would apply to Douglas Kinnaird for the assignment of Lord Byron's "Memoirs," which he continues, he says, to withhold from him, leaving him no security for his property in them. In consequence of this, called upon Kinnaird; read over the assignment with him and Hobhouse; and they being of opinion that there was no objection to letting Murray have this instrument in his possession, till such time as I should be able (according to my intention) to redeem the "Memoirs" altogether, I brought it away with me.

3rd. Breakfasted with Newton, in order to meet Russell the actor, who had promised me a dress to take down with me to Bath, Bessy having expressed a wish to go to a masquerade there on Monday, and I having agreed to meet her in Bath for the purpose. Excellent this; having an appointment with my wife at a masquerade! Promised me a Figaro's dress.

5th. Bessy and Tom arrived between eleven and twelve. The dear girl has not been at all well for some weeks, but as brisk

and alive as usual, notwithstanding. Went to see dear Anastasia, and took her and Julia Starkey to see the panorama of the Coronation; ordered our dominoes for the night, my Figaro dress being given up. Dined at Mr. T. Phipps's; home and dressed. The masquerade, as a spectacle, beautiful, and when we were allowed to cast off our masks very agreeable; the room, with the booths for refreshments on each side, better imagined and managed than anything of the kind I ever saw, and no expense spared to make all perfect. Bessy delighted; and danced towards the end of the night with Tom Bayly. Not home till between six and seven in the morning.

9th. Received copies of "Captain Rock," which is published to-day. Rees tells me in his letter that Lord Liverpool sent for a copy yesterday morning; this was on account of Lord Darnley's motion on the state of Ireland last night.

13th. Started at three o'clock for Farley Abbey (Colonel Houlton's place), in consequence of a promise made at the masquerade that Bessy and I would pay them a visit of a few days this week; Bessy, however, not well enough to go. Went in my little gig as far as Trowbridge, and took a chaise from thence; did the four miles in less than twenty minutes. Company at dinner (besides their three fine girls and John Houlton), Colonel Davy, Mr. Elwyn of Bath, and a Mr. Langford. Mr. Elwyn mentioned (what I have heard Lord Lansdowne tell) of a French *exposition*, in which some *coiffeur* exhibited an image of a bald head, with a Cupid hovering over it, and about to let a new-invented wig fall on it; the motto underneath, *Le génie répare les torts du tems*.

14th. Walked about the grounds with Mrs. Houlton and the girls; and was much delighted. Saw the ruins of the old castle and chapel, and the mummies of the Hungerfords. The first Speaker of the House of Commons is lying there, perfect still. A fine monument of the time of Charles I. in high preservation in the chapel. The Phippees arrived to dinner; the day very agreeable, and could hardly be otherwise.

15th. Set off with the Phippees, to return home, at a little after two. Stopped at Trowbridge to call on Crabbe, but he was not at home. On my return found letters from Lords Holland, Lansdowne, John Russell, and Dillon, about my book. Lord Holland says, "It has far surpassed my expectations; and my expectations were very high. It is so full of wit and argument, learning, and feeling." He then proceeds to some details with respect to First Fruits, which I wish I had known before I published. Lord Lansdowne says, "Every one that I have seen is delighted with your book;" and Lord John begins his letter, "Success! success! The 'Captain' is bought by everybody; extravagantly praised by Lady Holland; deeply studied by my Lord," &c. &c. Dillon says it is the finest thing since Swift, &c. &c. All this very encouraging.

23rd. A letter from Rees, inclosing one from Milliken, the Dublin bookseller, in which he speaks of the great sensation produced by the "Captain" in Ireland. "The people," he says, "through the country are subscribing their sixpences and shillings to buy a copy; and he should not wonder if the work was pirated."

May 3rd. A letter from Lord Byron at Missolonghi; has had an attack of epilepsy or apoplexy; "the physicians," he says, "do not know which; but the alternative is agreeable."

11th. Breakfasted at Newton's with Lockhart; found him agreeable. Told of Sir W. Scott once finding Crabbe and some Scotch chieftain (in his full costume) trying to converse together in French, Crabbe having taken the tartan hero for a foreigner, and the other, on being addressed in French by Crabbe, supposing him to be an Italian abbé. Called upon at Newton's by Murray\*, with whom I walked for some time, talking of our respective wives, and praising them *à l'envie*. Dined at the Wiltshire Anniversary. Sir F. Burdett was to have been in the chair, but detained at the House. Gor-

\* Who married Mrs. Moore's sister. — ED.

don, M.P. for Cricklade, took it. My health given and drunk with great cordiality. Made them a speech; said that the possession of a thatched cottage and half an acre of garden was the only claim I had to being accounted a Wiltshire gentleman. Irishmen, however, could take many disguises. An Irish colonel, once, upon meeting a man whom he thought he recognised, in the uniform of the 42nd Regiment, said, "How's this? you are an Irishman, arn't you?" "Faith I am, your honour." "And in the uniform of a Scotch regiment?" "Yes, your Honour, I am what they call a lamb in wolf's clothing." I should have said that Gordon, in proposing my health, alluded to "Captain Rock," saying that I had lately appeared in a new character, that of a writer of statistics.

12th. Breakfasted at Rogers's. Told me it had been remarked invidiously, that the only persons I had praised in "Captain Rock" were Peel and Canning, and that some had defended me (most probably himself) by saying, "It is a hard case that Moore, who has been abusing people all his life, should not be allowed to praise a little now." Carpenter (who has been costive enough in his praises since I ceased to publish with him) said to me, speaking of "Rock," "Sir, there is but one opinion as to its cleverness among men of all parties; it has placed you high too upon a ground which many were not inclined to think you could ever occupy." Went to the Literary Fund Dinner, of which I was a steward. Surprised on finding so large a portion of its directors and visitors to be persons whose names I had never heard before; in short, the only downright literati among them were myself and old George Dyer, the poet, who used to take advantage of the people being earthed up to the chin by Dr. Graham, to go and read his verses to them. Lord Lansdowne in the chair, and Lord John Russell next him; I sat opposite to them. Lord L. gave my health in a most flattering manner, and nothing could be more warm than the reception it met with from the company; made them a long speech, which was interrupted at almost every sentence by applauses. It had been proposed

to me before dinner to take the chair after Lord Lansdowne, who was obliged to go away early, but I declined it. Left with him and Lord John, who went to the French play, while I went home to refresh and dress myself again for Almack's. Everybody there, and all overflowing to me with praise of "Rock." A good deal of conversation with Lord Downshire, who said he thought it would do considerable good; that Englishmen, in general, knew nothing of the history of Ireland; that he, himself, brought up as a boy in England, was for a long time ignorant of everything relating to Ireland, except that it was the place where his estates lay; that this book will turn the attention of Englishmen to the subject. Stanley came to me, and, with much earnestness, said that Lord Lansdowne had mentioned to him my idea of his having quoted and misrepresented me, but assured me that all he quoted from me was the assertion with respect to the incorrectness of the pamphlet on the wealth of the clergy.

13th. Dined early with Rees in order to go to a party at Longman's in the evening. Rees asked me had I called upon Murray yet to complete the arrangement entered into when I was last in town for the redemption of Lord Byron's "Memoirs;" said I had not. Told me the money was ready, and advised me not to lose any further time about it.

14th. A letter in the "Morning Herald" to-day about my speech at the Literary Fund, accusing me of having represented Napoleon as a friend to the liberty of the press. What absurdities malice will, in its blindness, rush into! Calling at Colburn's library to inquire the address of the editor of the "Literary Gazette," was told by the shopman that Lord Byron was dead. Could not believe it, but feared the worst, as his last letter to me about a fortnight since mentioned the severe attack of apoplexy or epilepsy which he had just suffered. Hurred to inquire. Met Lord Lansdowne, who said he feared it was but too true. Recollected then the unfinished state in which my agreement for the redemption of the "Me-



moirs" lay. Lord L. said, "You have nothing but Murray's fairness to depend upon." Went off to the "Morning Chronicle" office, and saw the "Courier," which confirmed this most disastrous news. Hastened to Murray's, who was denied to me, but left a note for him, to say that "in consequence of this melancholy event, I had called to know when it would be convenient to him to complete the arrangements with respect to the 'Memoirs,' which we had agreed upon between us when I was last in town." Sent an apology to Lord King, with whom I was to have dined. A note from Hobhouse (which had been lying some time for me) announcing the event. Called upon Rogers, who had not heard the news. Remember his having, in the same manner, found me unacquainted with Lord Nelson's death, late on the day when the intelligence arrived. Advised me not to stir at all on the subject of the "Memoirs," but to wait and see what Murray would do; and in the meantime to ask Brougham's opinion. Dined alone at the George, and in the evening left a note for Brougham. Found a note on my return home from Douglas Kinnaird, anxiously inquiring in whose possession the "Memoirs" were, and saying that he was ready, on the part of Lord Byron's family, to advance the two thousand pounds for the MS., in order to give Lady Byron and the rest of the family an opportunity of deciding whether they wished them to be published or no.

15th. A gloomy wet day. Went to D. Kinnaird's. Told him how matters stood between me and Murray, and of my claims on the MS. He repeated his proposal that Lady Byron should advance the 2000 guineas for its redemption; but this I would not hear of; it was I alone who ought to pay the money upon it, and the money was ready for the purpose. I would then submit it (not to Lady Byron), but to a chosen number of persons, and if they, upon examination, pronounced it altogether unfit for publication, I would burn it. He again urged the propriety of my being indemnified in the sum, but without in the least degree con-

vincing me. Went in search of Brougham; found him with Lord Lansdowne; told them both all the particulars of my transaction with Murray. B. saw that in fairness I had a claim on the property of the MS., but doubted whether the delivery of the assignment (signed by Lord Byron) after the passing of the bond, might not, in a legal point of view, endanger it. Advised me, at all events, to apply for an injunction, if Murray showed any symptoms of appropriating the MS. to himself. No answer yet from Murray. Called upon Hobhouse, from whom I learned that Murray had already been to Mr. Wilmot Horton, offering to place the "Memoirs" at the disposal of Lord Byron's family (without mentioning either to him or to Hobhouse any claim of mine on the work), and that Wilmot Horton was about to negotiate with him for the redemption of the MS. I then reminded Hobhouse of all that had passed between Murray and me on the subject before I left town (which I had already mentioned to Hobhouse), and said that whatever was done with the MS. must be done by *me*, as I alone had the right over it, and if Murray attempted to dispose of it without my consent, I would apply for an injunction. At the same time, I assured Hobhouse that I was most ready to place the work at the disposal, *not* of Lady Byron (for this we both agreed would be treachery to Lord Byron's intentions and wishes), but at the disposal of Mrs. Leigh, his sister, to be done with by her exactly as she thought proper. After this, we went together to Kinnaird's, and discussed the matter over again, the opinion both of Hobhouse and Kinnaird being that Mrs. Leigh would and ought to burn the MS. altogether, without any previous perusal or deliberation. I endeavoured to convince them that this would be throwing a stigma upon the work which it did not deserve; and stated, that though the second part of the "Memoirs" was full of very coarse things, yet that (with the exception of about three or four lines) the first part contained nothing which, on the score of decency, might not be most safely published. I added, however, that as my

whole wish was to consult the feelings of Lord Byron's dearest friend, his sister, the manuscript, when in my power, should be placed in her hands, to be disposed of as she should think proper. They asked me then whether I would consent to meet Murray at Mrs. Leigh's rooms on Monday, and there, paying him the 2000 guineas, take the MS. from him, and hand it over to Mrs. Leigh to be burnt. I said that, as to the burning, that was her affair, but all the rest I would willingly do. Kinnaird wrote down this proposal on a piece of paper, and Hobhouse set off instantly to Murray with it. In the course of to-day I recollected a circumstance (and mentioned it both to H. and K.) which, independent of any reliance on Murray's fairness, set my mind at rest as to the validity of my claim on the manuscript. At the time (April 1822) when I converted the sale of the "Memoirs" into a debt, and gave Murray my bond for the 2000 guineas, leaving the MS. in his hands as a collateral security, I, by Luttrell's advice, directed a clause to be inserted in the agreement, giving me, in the event of Lord Byron's death, a period of three months after such event for the purpose of raising the money and redeeming my pledge. This clause I dictated as clearly as possible both to Murray and his solicitor, Mr. Turner, and saw the solicitor interline it in a rough draft of the agreement. Accordingly, on recollecting it now, and finding that Luttrell had a perfect recollection of the circumstance also (*i.e.* of having suggested the clause to me), I felt, of course, confident in my claim. Went to the Longmans, who promised to bring the 2000 guineas for me on Monday morning. Paid eleven shillings coach-hire to-day, and got wet through after all. Dined with Edward Moore, finished a bottle of champagne, and home.

16th. Called on Hobhouse. Murray, he said, seem a little startled at first on hearing of my claim, and, when the clause was mentioned, said, "Is there such a clause?" but immediately, however, professed his readiness to comply with the arrangement proposed, only altering the sum, which Kinnaird had

written, "two thousand pounds," into "two thousand guineas," and adding "with interest, expense of stamps," &c. &c. Kinnaird joined us, being about to start to-day for Scotland. After this I called upon Luttrell, and told him all that had passed, adding that it was my intention, in giving the manuscript to Mrs. Leigh, to protest against its being wholly destroyed. Luttrell strongly urged my doing so, and proposed that we should call upon Wilmot Horton (who was to be the representative of Mrs. Leigh at to-morrow's meeting), and talk to him on the subject. The utmost, he thought, that could be required of me, was to submit the MS. to the examination of the friends of the family, and destroy all that should be found objectionable, but retain what was *not* so, for my own benefit and that of the public. Went off to Wilmot Horton's, whom we luckily found. Told him the whole history of the MS. since I put it into Murray's hands, and mentioned the ideas that had occurred to myself and Luttrell with respect to its destruction; the injustice we thought it would be to Byron's memory to condemn the work wholly, and without even opening it, as if it were a pest bag; that every object might be gained by our perusing and examining it together (he on the part of Mrs. Leigh, Frank Doyle on the part of Lady Byron, and any one else whom the family might think proper to select), and, rejecting all that could wound the feelings of a single individual, but preserving what was innoxious and creditable to Lord Byron, of which I assured him there was a considerable proportion. Was glad to find that Mr. Wilmot Horton completely agreed with these views; it was even, he said, what he meant to propose himself. He undertook also to see Mrs. Leigh on the subject, proposing that we should meet at Murray's (instead of Mrs. Leigh's) to-morrow, at eleven o'clock, and that then, after the payment of the money by me to Murray, the MS. should be placed in some banker's hands till it was decided among us what should be done with it.

[I have omitted in this place a long account of the destruction of Lord Byron's MS. Memoir of his Life. The reason for my doing so may be easily stated. Mr. Moore had consented, with too much ease and want of reflection, to become the depository of Lord Byron's Memoir, and had obtained from Mr. Murray 2000 guineas on the credit of this work. He speaks of this act of his, a few pages onward, as "the greatest error I had committed, in putting such a document out of my power." He afterwards endeavoured to repair this error by repaying the money to Mr. Murray, and securing the manuscript to be dealt with, as should be thought most advisable by himself in concert with the representatives of Lord Byron. He believed this purpose to be secured by a clause which Mr. Luttrell had advised should be inserted in a new agreement with Mr. Murray, by which Mr. Moore was to have the power of redeeming the MS. for three months after Lord Byron's death. But neither Mr. Murray nor Mr. Turner, his solicitor, seems to have understood Mr. Moore's wish and intention in this respect; and Mr. Moore himself, as has been seen, inserted words which had no such effect. Mr. Murray, on his side, had confided the manuscript to Mr. Gifford, who, on perusal, declared it too gross for publication. This opinion had become known to Lord Byron's friends and relations. Hence, when the news of Lord Byron's unexpected death arrived, all parties, with the most honourable wishes and consistent views, were thrown into perplexity and apparent discord. Mr. Moore wished to redeem the manuscript, and submit it to Mrs. Leigh, Lord Byron's sister, to be destroyed or published with erasures and omissions. Mr. Hobhouse wished it to be immediately destroyed, and the representatives of Mrs. Leigh expressed the same wish. Mr. Murray was willing at once to give up the manuscript on repayment of his 2000 guineas with interest.

The result was, that after a very unpleasant scene at Mr. Murray's, the manuscript was destroyed by Mr. Wilmot Horton and Col. Doyle as the representatives of Mrs. Leigh, with the full consent of Mr. Moore, who repaid to Mr. Murray the sum he had advanced, with the interest then due. After the whole had been burnt the agreement was found, and it appeared that Mr. Moore's interest in the MS. had entirely ceased on the death of Lord Byron, by which event the property became absolutely vested in Mr. Murray. The details of this scene have been recorded both by Mr. Moore and Mr. Hobhouse, and perhaps by others. Mr. Hobhouse having kindly permitted me to read his narrative, I can say, that the leading facts related by him and Mr. Moore agree. Both narratives retain marks of the irrit-

ation which the circumstances of the moment produced; but as they both (Mr. Moore and Mr. Hobhouse) desired to do what was most honourable to Lord Byron's memory, and as they lived in terms of friendship afterwards, I have omitted details which recall a painful scene, and would excite painful feelings.

As to the manuscript itself, having read the greater part, if not the whole, I should say that three or four passages of it were too gross for publication; that the rest, with few exceptions, contained little traces of Lord Byron's genius, and no interesting details of his life. His early youth in Greece, and his sensibility to the scenes around him, when resting on a rock in the swimming excursions he took from the Piræus, were strikingly described. But, on the whole, the world is no loser by the sacrifice made of the Memoirs of this great poet. It has been supposed that the suppression was required to prevent disclosures involving individuals; but there was only one passage of this description; and Lord Byron frequently repeated in the Memoirs, "I am not writing confessions."—Ed.

18th. Dressed in a hurry, having been invited this week past to meet the Princesses at Lady Donegal's at two o'clock. Found there Col. Dalton, the attendant of the Princess Augusta; and soon after their Royal Highnesses came, viz., Augusta, Mary (the Duchess of Gloucester), and Sophia of Gloucester. The rest of the party were Jekyll, and Lady Pulteney and her daughter. Sung for them, and then the Princess Augusta sung and played for me; among other things, new airs which she had composed to two songs of mine, "The wreath you wove" (rather pretty) and "The Legacy!" She played also a march, which she told me she had "composed for Frederick" (Duke of York), and a waltz or two, with some German airs. I then sung to her my rebel song, "Oh, where's the slave!" and it was no small triumph to be *chorused* in it by the favourite sister of his Majesty George IV. \* \* \* We then sat down to luncheon; and it was quite amusing to find how much at my ease I felt myself; having consorted with princes in my time, but not knowing much of the female gender of royalty. A good deal of talk about Lord

Kenyon. Jekyll said that Kenyon died of eating apple-pie crust at breakfast, to save the expense of muffins; and that Lord Ellenborough, who succeeded to the Chief Justiceship in consequence, always bowed with great reverence to apple pie; "which," said Jekyll, "we used to call apple pie-ty." The Princesses also told of how "the King" used to play tricks on Kenyon, sending the Despatch Box to him at a quarter past seven, when he knew Kenyon was snug in bed; being accustomed to go to bed at that hour to save candle-light. Altogether the repast went off very agreeably. Gave up my other engagements and dined with Woolriche, at Richardson's. I ought to have mentioned that in the course of my conversations these two days past with Hobhouse, he frequently stated that, having remonstrated with Lord Byron the last time he saw him on the impropriety of putting a document of the nature of these memoirs out of his own power, Lord B. had expressed regret at having done so, and alleged considerations of delicacy towards me as his only reason for not recalling them. This, if I wanted any justification to myself for what I have done, would abundantly satisfy me as to the propriety of the sacrifice.

20th. Went to breakfast at Holland House. Lord John and Sydney Smith there. Smith told me, in speaking of "Captain Rock" (which he had not yet read), that he once drew up a little manual of Irish History, much, as he conceived, in the same spirit and intention. Went from thence to pay a visit to Canning; driven part of the way by Lord John; not at home; left card. Met Stanhope (Lord Mansfield's son-in-law), who asked me whether the statement in "The Times" was true. Told him the two chief facts were; on which he said, "You have done the finest thing that ever man did—you have saved the country from a pollution." Here I stopped him, and assured him that this was a mistake; that there was but very little of an objectionable nature in the first or principal part of the memoirs, and that my chief objection to the total destruction of the MS., was the sanc-

tion such a step would give to this unjust character of the work. A clever letter today from Corry about "Rock;" thinks me too Catholic. Dined at Lord Charlemont's: company, Lord and Lady Wicklow, Lord Ellenborough, Caulfield, &c. Went to Lansdowne House; a large assembly; the Duke of Gloucester said to me, "You have done the handsomest and finest thing that ever man did;" spoke also of "Rock," and said he feared there was but too much truth in it. The Duke of Sussex, too, very civil: said he had a quarrel with me, because I never came to see him. Long conversation with Luttrell, who has had a letter from Wilmot Horton, urging my acceptance of the money back again from Murray: Luttrell strongly of opinion that I ought to take it. Repeated my determination not to do so: but promised to talk with him on the subject in the morning. The most ridiculous statements going about these two days; one, that the parties broke by force into my lodgings, and carried off the MS.; another, that Hobhouse had held me down with all his might while they were burning it. By the bye, met the Misses Law this evening at Lord Charlemont's, and found them all kindness to me, notwithstanding my sad offences against their father.

21st. Breakfasted with Luttrell. Discussed the offer of W. Horton over, but he could not convince me. My views of the matter simply these: from the moment I was lucky enough (by converting the *sale* of the MS. into a *debt*) to repair the great error I had committed, in putting such a document out of my power, I considered it but as a *trust*, subject to such contingencies as had just happened, and ready to be placed at the disposal of Lord Byron, if he should think proper to recall it; or of his representatives, if, after his death, it should be found advisable to suppress it. To secure this object it was that, at Luttrell's suggestion, I directed a clause to be inserted in the agreement with Murray, giving me a lapse of three months after the death of Lord Byron to raise the money and redeem my deposit. That the clause was not inserted, as I intended,

was a strange accident, and would have been to me (had the omission been discovered in time to take the disposal of the MS. out of my hands) a most provoking one. But, luckily, by the delay in producing the agreement, I was enabled to proceed exactly as if all had been as I intended; and to restore, of my own free will, and without any view to self-interest, the trust into those hands that had the most natural claims to the disposal of it. Were I now to take the money, I should voluntarily surrender all this ground, which I had taken so much pains to secure to myself; should acknowledge that I *had* put the MS. out of my power, and surrendering all the satisfaction of having disinterestedly concurred in a measure considered essential to the reputation of my friend, should exhibit myself as either so helplessly needy, or so over-attentive to my own interests, as to require to be paid for a sacrifice which honourable feeling alone should have dictated. Luttrell proposed our calling upon Hobhouse, assuring me, at the same time, that no one could be more kindly disposed towards me than Hobhouse was. I felt glad of the opportunity, and we went; the meeting very cordial. Talked again over the offer of the family, and Hobhouse (to whom Wilmot Horton had also appealed on the subject) concurred with Luttrell in urging it on me. I went over, as strongly as I could, my reasons against it; and at last Luttrell, with a candour that did him much honour, said, "Shall I confess to you, my dear Moore, that what you have said has a good deal shaken me; and if you should find (but not till *after* you have found) that Lord J. Russell and Lord Lansdowne agree with these views of yours, pray mention the effect which I freely confess they have produced on me." This avowal was evidently not without its influence upon Hobhouse, who, after a little more conversation, looked earnestly at me and said, "Shall I tell you, Moore, fairly what I would do if I were in your situation?" "Out with it," I answered eagerly, well knowing what was coming. "I would *not* take the money," he replied;

and then added; "The fact is, if I wished to injure your character, my advice would be to accept it."

22nd. Was early with the Lansdownes. Went over all my reasons for the refusal, but did not make much impression on them; begged me to consult Abercromby, and hear what Lord John had to say on the subject. Met Murray in St. James's Street, who said, taking me by the hand, "I hope there is no objection to our shaking hands;" received this coldly, and said, I hoped he was satisfied with the statement in "The Times" to-day? "Pretty well," he answered; but added there were dreadful statements against him going about, and that Lord Lansdowne (who of all men, he should be most sorry to have think ill of him) had said such things of him the other day at the Literary Club, that he had thought it due to himself to write a letter to his Lordship on the subject. I answered, "Mr. Murray, you need not fear any injustice from Lord Lansdowne, who is well acquainted with every particular of the transaction between you and me from beginning to end. As to this last affair, I am ready to bear testimony that your conduct in it has been very fair." So saying, we parted. Went home. Lord John called upon me, full of Wilmot Horton, who had been working at him too on the subject; was of opinion that there existed no objection whatever to my taking the money. A long conversation; said he would think over what I had said against our next meeting. Went to Rogers's, and found him and his sister equally inclined with the rest to consider my refusal of the money as too romantic a sacrifice. Recapitulated my reasons, much more strongly and eloquently than I could ever put them to paper. Saw they were both touched by them, though Rogers would not allow it; owned that *he* would not receive the money in such a case, but said that my having a wife and children made all the difference possible in the views he ought to take of it. This avowal, however, was enough for me. More mean things have been done in this world (as I told him) under the shelter of "wife and children," than under any other

pretext that worldly-mindedness can resort to. He said, at last, smiling at me, "Well, your life may be a good *poem*, but it is a damned bad matter-of-fact." Dined at Lord Belhaven's: company, Lady Uxbridge, Lords Duncan and Maitland, &c. &c. Sung a little before I went to the Opera. That beautiful person, Lady Tullamore (who came in the evening), so affected at "Poor broken heart," that she was obliged to leave the room, sobbing violently. Lady Belhaven took me to her: told her how little reason she had to be ashamed of feeling music so much, &c. &c. Too late for "Tancredi."

23rd. A bouncing lie in "John Bull" to-day; says that it was Mrs. Leigh's friends redeemed the MS., and that "in the meantime little Moore pockets the money." In writing a note to Hobhouse I said, "For God's sake don't let any one contradict that lie in 'John Bull' to-day; it's worth any money." This morning Bryan delighted me with a piece of intelligence, which showed the kindness of *his heart*, as much as it made mine happy. He means to put out a thousand pounds to interest for my dear Anastasia, to whom he considers his duty of godfather transferred, since the death of poor Barbara. Said that he would not have mentioned this to me, but that he thought it might be some relief to my mind now in the sacrifice I was making: presented me also with a gold repeater; evidently much pleased with my conduct in this transaction, though he, at first, thought with the rest that I ought to take the money.

24th. Called upon Lord Lansdowne. Found him strongly of opinion that I ought to give some public contradiction to the statement in Saturday's "Courier," and the "Observer" of yesterday. However I might despise it myself, and however little impression it might produce upon him and those who knew the circumstances, "yet to others it conveyed the idea that Murray had the whole merit of the sacrifice, and that the money was not paid by me." Went to consult Luttrell and Hobhouse, who thought a short statement from myself was the best mode of setting all right. Drew up one, and

took it to Barnes; who undertook to send a copy of it to the "Chronicle." Called at Longmans'. Went home, and sent copies of the statement to Hobhouse, Luttrell, Frank Doyle, and Wilmot. Lord John, who came in while I was thus occupied, took charge of the inclosure to Wilmot Horton, as he was going to the House of Commons. Informed them all that there would be time enough before ten that night to make any alterations they might suggest in the statement. Drove with Edward Moore to the Regent's Park, with which I was enchanted, never having seen it before. Dined with him in order to keep myself open for the evening. Received, while at dinner, notes from Doyle and W. Horton, both entreating me to defer my statement, and reconsider my resolution against receiving the money. "You are, I think," says Doyle, "(though from motives of high honour) mistaken in your view of the matter." W. Horton requested that I would at least wait for a narration of the whole proceedings, which he would draw up against twelve o'clock next day, and transmit to me for the purpose of being shown to Lord Lansdowne, and my other friends, before my final decision should be taken. Drove off with E. Moore to the "Times" and "Chronicle" offices, to countermand the statement.

26th. Had written part of my answer to W. Horton yesterday. Breakfasted with Lord John, and took it with me to finish it there. Found Lord John converted to my opinion with respect to the refusal of the money. Went from thence to Lord Lansdowne, who also (under the new view which the narrative gave him of the transaction) approved of my not taking the money. He had thought before it was from the family I was to receive the remuneration, and in that case he still said he saw no objection to my receiving it; but in the manner it was now proposed to repay me, namely, by having the money given back to me by Murray, he certainly agreed that I was right in declining it. Was rejoiced at the sanction of his concurrence, though not perfectly understanding the distinction he drew; for, after all, it was the family that

would actually pay the money in both cases. Went to Moore's, where I finished my answer to Wilmot Horton. His argument of a "prior claim to the purchase" was easily despatched. I then went over much of what I have already stated: my views in converting the sale of the MS. into a debt: my precaution in ordering a clause to be inserted in the agreement, giving me a power of redeeming it after Lord B.'s death, all for the purpose of keeping the trust in my own hands, and enabling me either to restore it to Lord Byron, if he should change his mind with respect to its destination, or, in the event of his death, placing it at the disposal of those most naturally interested in all that concerned him. Had the omission of the intended clause been sooner discovered, I might have found some difficulty in acting up to these intentions, but luckily the ignorance in which we were left with respect to the terms of the agreement, left me free to pursue the course which I had always resolved upon, and to put self-interest completely out of the question in concurring with the other friends of Lord Byron in a step thought so necessary to his own fame and the feelings of those he left behind him. With respect to the argument used by some of those who advised my acceptance of the money, that Lord Byron, having given me these memoirs for my benefit, the family were but *making good* to me the intentions of their relative: I said that if Lord Byron were himself alive, and should say to me, "Here, Moore, was a gift which I meant for your advantage; circumstances have frustrated my intention, but I insist on your receiving from me an equivalent," I would, without hesitation, have accepted such an equivalent from the hands of my friend; but I acknowledged no such right to make me a present in persons with whom I had not even the honour of being acquainted; nor would I, by deriving profit from a work which they had pronounced unfit for publication, lend my sanction to the old satirical proverb, *bonus odor nummi*, let it come from whatever source it may. This (with a few acknowledgments, of the delicate manner in

which Mr. Horton had conducted himself through the negotiation), was the substance of the answer which I despatched to him, and the chief of the reasons which I alleged for declining to receive the money in any shape, or through any channel whatever. Drove with Moore in his cabriolet, and left the letter at W. Horton's myself. Thence to the "Times" and "Chronicle" offices with my statement, which I now felt myself at full liberty to publish. Dined with Rogers at six, to meet a party who were going to the Ancient Music: Lord Essex, and Miss Capell, Miss Stephens, Sir P. Codrington, Dr. Wollaston, &c. &c. Left them at half-past seven, and went to dine at Lord Wicklow's, where I met the Aberdeens and Charlemonts. Sung a little in the evening.

27th. Went at one o'clock to the Comte de la Garde's, who has translated my "Melodies" into French with French airs, and fixed this morning for me to hear them. A large party, chiefly English, assembled. Madame Castelli and her husband sung the Melodies, and Ciarchottipi accompanied; also a French girl on the harp, and a flute player from the French opera. At the conclusion a Cantata was sung with full accompaniments, written and composed for the occasion in honour of me; words by M. la Garde, the music by Signor Castelli. Rather an embarrassing honour; did not know how to look while they were shouting out *C'est nommer Moore à la postérité!* Adair was among the audience. Dined at Lord Belhaven's: company, Lord and Lady Cathcart, &c. &c. Lord Caernarvon said to me, while they were singing a quintett, "Really I don't see any difference between this and any other kind of noise."

June 17th. Called upon Vallebreque; Catalani not visible; gave me an order for the Messiah to-morrow; not likely to make use of it. Irving and I set out for the Cottage between ten and eleven. Took Irving after dinner to show him to the Starkeys, but he was sleepy and did not open his mouth; the same at Elwyn's dinner. Not strong as a lion, but delightful as a

domestic animal. Walked him over this morning to call on Lord Lansdowne (come down in consequence of Lord King's illness), who walked part of the way back with us. Read me some parts of his new work "Tales of a Traveller." Rather tremble for its fate. Murray has given him 1500*l.* for it; might have had, I think, 2000*l.*

19th to 30th. The two or three ensuing weeks may be taken *en gros*, as they were diversified by little that calls for detail. I resumed my Sheridan task, and worked at it with tolerable industry, writing with more facility and quickness than usual. Received several letters from Rees, partly concerning inquiries connected with "Sheridan's Life" in which I employed him, and partly to urge my immediate application to Lord Byron's family, and to all other sources likely to furnish them, for materials towards my intended "Memoirs of Byron." Answered that I would do so, as soon as the funeral was over, but that it would be indecorous till then. Looked over the Journals, &c. I have of Byron's, and find much in them that may be made use of. Went one Sunday to Bowles's church (Mrs. B. with us), and dined with him. Bowles still wild against "Captain Rock;" has begun an answer to it, part of which he read to me, "all in good humour," as he pathetically says, when he is most bitter. Received a copy of "Captain Rock detected;" suspect it to be by a friend of my Sister Kate's, O'Sullivan; tolerably abusive of me; but worse of Lord Lansdowne, which I regret for many reasons. Answered a letter I had received from a Miss Sophia — in France, expressing the most passionate feelings about Lord Byron's death, and entreating me to inform her of the particulars; whether he suffered much pain; whether he had any friends with him, &c. &c. Gave her all the information I could. Received a letter in English from some German (whether female or male, don't know) near Dresden, beginning "As you are not only the first poet in the world, but also the best man," and inclosing me a letter to transmit to Lady Byron, signed with a most unpronounceable name, Graff Whackerback,

or some such horror. Sent the letter to Lady Byron through Frank Doyle.

July 1st to 9th. Began to think whether it would be necessary for me to go up to Lord Byron's funeral. Wrote to Hobhouse, who told me his own wish had been to have him buried in Westminster Abbey; but that Mrs. Leigh had decided for Newstead, and that therefore the only mark of respect would be sending carriages.

9th. Saw in the papers that the friends of Lord B. would accompany the funeral out of London, and determined to go up; wrote to Rogers to-day, to know what his intentions are; cannot, however, wait his answer, which would not arrive till Sunday (the day after to-morrow), and the funeral is to be on Monday. Resolved to start to-morrow morning.

10th. Mrs. B. went with me in the gig to Buckhill, where I took the coach and arrived in town five minutes after six; no rooms at 15, Duke Street; was obliged to go to a glazier's opposite.

11th. Called on Rogers after breakfast; said he had written in answer to my letter, that I need not disturb myself to come up, as there was no occasion. Hobhouse had asked him to go in one of the mourning coaches, but he did not intend it; seemed inclined, however, to change his mind: and at last I persuaded him to accompany me to the funeral.

12th. Was with Rogers at half-past eight. Set off for George Street, Westminster, at half-past nine. When I approached the house, and saw the crowd assembled, felt a nervous trembling come over me, which lasted till the whole ceremony was over; thought I should be ill. Never was at a funeral before, but poor Curran's. The riotous curiosity of the mob, the bustle of the undertakers, &c., and all the other vulgar accompaniments of the ceremony, mixing with my recollections of him who was gone, produced a combination of disgust and sadness that was deeply painful to me. Hobhouse, in the active part he had to sustain, showed a manly, unaffected feeling. Our coachful consisted of Rogers, Campbell,



Colonel Stanhope, Orlando (the Greek deputy), and myself. Saw a lady crying in a barouche as we turned out of George Street, and said to myself, "Bless her heart, whoever she is!" There were, however, few respectable persons among the crowd; and the whole ceremony was anything but what it ought to have been. Left the hearse as soon as it was off the stones, and returned home to get rid of my black clothes, and try to forget, as much as possible, the wretched feelings I had experienced in them. Stanhope said in the coach, in speaking of the strange mixture of avarice and profusion which Byron exhibited, that he had heard himself say, "He was sure he should die a miser and a bigot." Hobhouse, to-day, mentioned as remarkable, the change in Byron's character when he went to Greece. Finding that there was ardour enough among them, but that steadiness was what they wanted, he instantly took a quiet and passive tone, listening to the different representations made to him, and letting his judgment be properly informed, before he either urged or took any decided course of action. Fixed with Stanhope to come to breakfast with Rogers on Wednesday. Walked with R. into the park, and met a soldier's funeral, which, in the full state my heart was in, affected me strongly. The air the bugles played was, "I'm wearing awa, like snow-wreaths in the thaw." Went to Mrs. Story's, and supped with her. I and the girls went to Vauxhall: a most delicious night. Rogers told me of Burke taking a tour on foot with his brother, and when they came to two branching roads Burke held up his stick to decide which they should take. The stick said Bath. Burke went there and was married.

13th. Breakfasted at our new club, the Athenæum. In looking over Rogers's "Common-place Book" \* with him this evening, found some highly curious records of his conversations with eminent men, particularly Fox, Grattan, and the Duke of Wellington. Grattan thought that Mr.

Fox's best speeches were during the American war; his best time about 1779. Quoted several fine passages from Lord Chatham. "I care not from whence the wind comes," &c. &c. (which I must procure from R.), and the passage about the intention of the Americans to resist, "I am pleased to hear," which Grattan thought surpassed anything in Demosthenes. "Mr. Pitt," said Grattan, "is a discreet man; he is right nine times for once that Mr. Fox is right, but that once of Mr. Fox is worth all the other nine times of Mr. Pitt." \* \* \*

14th. Breakfasted with Rogers to meet Leicester Stanhope. Much talk about Lord Byron, of whom Stanhope saw a good deal at Missolonghi. Byron entirely guided in his views by Mavrocordato; "a mere puppet in his hands;" Mavrocordato always teasing him for money, till Byron hated the very sight of him. The story of Byron's giving four thousand pounds to raise the siege of Missolonghi not true. A little money goes an immense way in Greece. A hundred pounds might sometimes be the means of keeping a fleet or army together. Mavrocordato appointed B. to command the army of western Greece. Stanhope thought this appointment of a stranger injurious to the dignity of the Greek nation, and told B. so, which annoyed him. S. expressed the same to some members of the Greek government, who said it was done by Mavrocordato, without consulting them. In the passage from Cephalonia, the ship, aboard which were Count Gambia, Byron's servants, packages, &c. &c., was taken and carried into a Turkish port; but, by some management, got off again. Byron himself, next morning, at break of day, got close in with a Turkish frigate, which, however, took his small vessel for a fire-ship and sheered off. B. gave but little money. After his severe attack, when he was lying nervous and reduced in bed, insurrection took place among the Suliots, who would frequently rush into his bedroom to make their remonstrances. Byron would not have them shut out, but always listened to them with much good nature; very gallant this. Asked Stanhope

\* This work was published by Messrs. Longman & Co. in 1859.

as to his courage, which I have sometimes heard the depreciating gossips of society throw a doubt upon; and not long ago, indeed, was told of Lord Bathurst's saying, when somebody expressed an apprehension for Lord Byron's safety in Greece, "Oh, never fear, he will not expose himself to much danger." Stanhope said, on the contrary, he was always for rushing into danger; would propose one day to go in a fire-ship; another time, to storm Lepanto; would however, laugh at all this himself afterwards, and say he wished that—(some one, I don't know whom, that was expected to take a command) would come and supersede him. Stanhope had several stormy conversations with him on business. In one of them Byron threatened to write a pasquinade against him; and Stanhope begged him to do so, and he would give him a hundred pounds for the copyright. Said it was an extraordinary scene when the leeches had bit the temporal artery in his first attack; the two physicians squabbling over him, and he, weak as he was, joking at their expense. Capt. Parry was his favourite *butt* at Missolonghi.

16th. Breakfasted at Holland House. Asked Lord Holland several questions about Burke, suggested to me by reading Prior's "Life of Burke" on my way to town. Burke very anxious (Lord H. says) for the Coalition. The fifty-four articles of Impeachment against Fox were written by Burke *before* the separation. Advised me, in giving Sheridan's character, to take into account the much looser notions of conduct that existed in his times; a strictness at the present day, of which they had not then any idea. The laxity of principle in the higher classes pervaded all Europe, and might be traced to the dissolute Court of the Regent. The consequence was, the people lost their respect for the higher classes in France. Acknowledged that in England, George III., by the decency of his private life, and Mr. Pitt ("though a drunkard") by his freedom from the more glaring irregularities of high life, kept up the tone of moral conduct, and that so far Pitt did more service to England than Mr. Fox (though so much more ami-

able) could ever have done, because the example of the latter rather tended in the other direction. Mr. Fox was never a member of the Friends of the People; never a Reformer, in the sense of those who think the people have a right to change the representation. When he was for Reform in 1797, "he meant really Revolution," because he thought that a Revolution of another kind was coming on, and preferred, of the two, a *popular* one. His speeches at the time prove this. Has papers, which, if well grounded, go to prove that the breach with Burke had such an effect on Mr. Fox, that but for party ties, he would at that time have left Parliament altogether; the breach, if not brought about, considerably widened and embittered, by Sheridan, Grey, &c. Sat with Lady Holland some time in her own room. Joined by Lord H. and talked of Lord Byron. B. shocked by Lady H.'s calling her son Henry "hobby-kicky," &c. His fancy and liking for persons who had this deformity; mentioned that Stanhope told me of his having taken into favour some Count in Greece who was thus deformed. Lord H. related the circumstances of his speaking to Byron about the attack upon Lord Carlisle. Byron's horror when he mentioned the personality of the line\*, &c. which had never occurred to him before; left him resolved to make an *amende* for it, and (as Lord Holland supposes) in the dedication of the "Corsair" to me, which he was just then about to write. But the very next day came out the attack upon Byron in the "Courier," which totally changed his conduct as he might be supposed (he feared) to have been bullied into the reparation of this abuse. Lord Holland's remark on the singularity of all the best writers of Comedy having written their plays so early in life. This would prove that liveliness of fancy is more necessary for the task than knowledge of the world. Left them to meet Kenny by appointment. Lord Holland, by the bye, having told me that when I came, in my

\* Alluding to a line on Lord Carlisle in "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers."—Ed.

"Life of Sheridan," to the period of the Whig Administration, he would (if I pleased) look over what I said on the subject, not for the purpose of communicating anything to me, which he could hardly do, but in order to prevent me from falling into error.

17th. With Kenny a little after ten. Mrs. Shelley very gentle and feminine. Spoke a good deal of Byron; his treatment of Leigh Hunt, by her account, not very good. Made some remarks upon him in a letter to Murray, which reached Hunt's ears, and produced an expostulation from him to Byron on the subject; B.'s answer aristocratical and evasive. The Guiccioli refused a settlement from him (ten thousand pounds, I think). Spoke of the story of the girl in the Giaour. Founded (as B. has often told me) on the circumstance of a young girl, whom he knew himself in Greece, and whom he supposed to be a Greek, but who proved to be a Turk; and who underwent on his account the punishment mentioned in the poem; he met her body carried along in the sack. Kenny to-day mentioned Charles Lamb's being once bored by a lady praising to him "such a charming man!" &c. &c. ending with "I know him, bless him!" on which Lamb said, "Well, I don't, but d—n him, at a hazard." Rogers yesterday, as an instance of broken metaphors, quoted a line of Croker's in his "Talavéra," "a column of the flower of France."

18th. Breakfasted at the Athenæum. Called upon Peter Moore, and found him at last. Mentioned the art with which S. got possession of his friend Ironmonger's house at Leatherhead, advising him to go to France, and he would take house, furniture, &c. &c. off his hands for five years. Ironmonger obliged to come home on account of Buonaparte's *sortie* from Elba, and had great difficulty in getting possession of his house again. Sheridan, he says, raised 30,000*l.* by new shares. When S., after the theatre was in Whitbread's hands, went down to Stafford, they told him that if he could manage to raise 2500*l.* it would secure his election; S. drew upon Whitbread for the sum, but it was refused. S. paid his way at Stafford

most punctually, and I forget how much Moore said it had cost him; must ask again.

19th. Off at a quarter before seven for home. Found all well on my return, and Mrs. Branigan still with Bessy, but Anastasia gone back to school. On some one asking S., after the Westminster Hall Speech, "Why he had mentioned the 'luminous page of Gibbon,'" he replied, with a wink, "I said voluminous." \* Hobhouse, at Byron's funeral, told me that he looked at the corpse at Hanson's desire, who thought it necessary some one besides himself should see it, and that there was hardly a trace of identity left. Could hardly believe it was he; the mustachios, the puffy face, the shaggy eyebrows, &c. The brains weighed a third or fourth more than is usual.

27th. Dined at Bowood: company, Dumont, Lord and Lady King, Hickson and Mahony (both from Ireland). It was mentioned that the Bishop of Limerick, in his late tedious speech, had his notes written on cards, and the Chancellor said to Lord L., "I have always hated cards, but never saw a pack I took such an aversion to as that." They thought the Bishop never would have done, and when he *did* stop, Lord King cried out distinctly "Bravo!" Dumont, in talking of poetry, said, quoting from some one, "*La difficulté, c'est la dixième Muse.*" I mentioned some verses in which this is illustrated by the *jet-d'eau*, which is made stronger and higher by pressure. He remembered the verses, and repeated them. Came home at night.

August 3rd. Bessy and I dined at Bowood; she not a little alarmed at the encounter with Lady Holland, who, however, was all graciousness to her. Some ludicrous verses quoted at dinner; among others the following on Theophilus:—

"When I'm drinking my tea  
I think of my *The*,  
When I'm drinking my coffee  
I think of my *Offee*;  
So, whether I'm drinking my tea or my coffee,  
I'm always a thinking of thee, my *Theoffy*."

\* Mr. Dudley North told me this joke was his own.—Ed.

Lord H. mentioned some one being defied to find a rhyme for Carysfort; and writing—

“I'm writing a note to my uncle Carysfort,  
He has got the gout, and is gone to Paris for 't.”

In talking of people who prepared their conversation, Lord Lansdowne mentioned a Frenchman who once dined at his father's, and who, taking him aside when they stood up from dinner, said, “There are one or two things which I had prepared to say to-day; but as there was not time or opportunity to bring them in, I will, if you will allow me, tell them now to you.” In the evening talked with Lord Holland about Sheridan. Burke, though very magnanimous in forwarding Mr. Fox when he appeared in the arena of politics, did not feel the same towards Sheridan, but regarded him with great jealousy. Sheridan's strong wish to make his power felt in politics grew still stronger in his latter days from vanity and disappointment. Lord H. knows of no regular application from S. to see Mr. Fox when he was dying; never heard of his refusing to see him; though, at the same time, is sure that he would not have liked it. Thinks Sheridan was slow in argument; did not all at once see your drift.

5th. Drove in the gig to breakfast at Bwood. Talked with Lord H. and R. afterwards about Sheridan. Question as to the things I might tell. Rogers mentioned that S.'s father said, “Talk of the merit of Dick's comedy! There's nothing in it. He had but to dip the pencil in his own heart, and he'd find there the characters of both Joseph and Charles.” Lord H. thought I might introduce this as an exemplification of the harsh feeling the father had towards him, which was such that “he even permitted himself to say,” &c. &c. Must say something kind of Tom Sheridan; his case a hard one; brought up amid all the splendour attached to his father's name, and the extravagance of his mode of living; left without education or example, yet turning out so amiable. Lord H. mentioned a letter from the Prince to the King, after the first Regency question,

exculpating himself; has a copy; does not think it has been printed. At the time of Mr. Fox's assertion about the Prince's marriage with Mrs. F., the Prince wanted Grey to contradict it, but Grey refused; upon which the Prince said “Then I must get Sheridan to say something.” The Prince *did* authorise Mr. Fox to contradict the marriage, though he afterwards denied it. Lord H. saw a letter from Monkton in answer to an appeal S. made to him, and saying, so far was S. from being under any pecuniary obligation to him (Monkton), that if the balance was fairly struck, it would prove to be rather the other way. His pride on being told by some physician that he had a very large heart. The Prince's reason for not going near Sheridan latterly was, that he feared his influence over him. The Prince, when the King last went mad, kept aloof from the Whigs, which Lord H. now thinks he was right in, though they all thought differently then. Never saw even S., though S. wished to have it supposed he did. S. latterly, though having his house in Saville Row, lived at a hotel, and used to chuckle at the idea of the bailiffs watching fruitlessly for him in Saville Row. “They talk (said S. one day to Lord H.) of avarice, lust, ambition, as great passions. It is a mistake; they are little passions. Vanity is the great commanding passion of all. It is this that produces the most grand and heroic deeds, or impels to the most dreadful crimes. Save me but from this passion, and I can defy the others. They are mere urchins, but this is a giant.” Proposed to Lord Lansdowne to stay dinner, and he said he expected I would. When I told Lady Holland why I did not stay yesterday, she said, “I guessed it was so; England is the only country where such things could happen.” Walked with Dumont and Rogers. D. mentioned Piron's reply to Voltaire, on his boasting that they did not hiss his tragedy, “*Quand on baille, on ne siffle pas.*” Rogers quoted Lord Chatam's saying, on some motion which he made and in which nobody seconded him, “My lords, I stand alone; my lords, I stand like our first parent, naked but not ashamed.” Name of a

novel, "Delia, by the author of Julia." It was at Osterley, where Child (the banker) lived, and where Sheridan had a house, that he wrote the sermon for O'Beirne to preach; poor O'Beirne throwing his voice most pointedly into Child's pew. Child had been harsh in punishing some poor person for making free with a few vegetables; and the text (R. says, though this differs from O'Beirne's own account to me) was, "It is easier for a camel," &c. &c.

11th. Drove over to Bowood at ten in the morning. Told Lord H. that the verses I meant were those by Ariphton, Ὑγιειά, προσβύρα μακαρῶν. Saw the Hollands off before twelve. Talked with Rogers and Lord John (who arrived on Sunday last) of Chatham. Rogers quoted what he said when commenting on a speech of the king's, which was known to be the joint composition of Lord Holland and Lord Mansfield; "Here rolls the Rhone, black, turbid, and rapid; while here steals the Saône, whispering, with flowers on its banks." People used to repeat these beautiful things that Lord C. had said as they walked up Parliament Street. Pitt's style very unlike; more suited to business. Courtney said of Pitt's speeches, that "they were like Lycinus's money, that did not pass out of Sparta;" this very pretty, but not true, as Pitt's speeches *did* tell through the country.

12th. After writing a few sentences of Sheridan, set off to dine at Bowood, Bessy leaving me there, in her way to Buckhill. Company, Lord Belgrave and Lady Elizabeth, Lord John, and the Durazzos. Lord L. told me in the evening that old Sheridan once gave a very bad character of Richard Brinsley to his father Lord Shelburne; said he was a person not to be trusted. Lord S. met old Sheridan out riding when he had this conversation with him; and it happened on the very day of the dismissal of Lord North's administration; Lord S. finding on his return home, the message relative to the formation of a new one. Talked with him of the opinions of Fox on the Regency; Pitt's

\* More properly, I believe, Mr. Fox (afterwards Lord Holland) and the Duke of Newcastle. — Ed.

evident exultation when Fox committed himself in his first speech on that subject; slapped his thigh in triumph, and said to some one near him (from whom Lord L., as well as I could understand, heard it), "I'll unwhig the gentleman for the rest of his life."

13th. At breakfast, Madame Durazzo, in talking of poor Miss Bathurst (who was drowned at Rome), mentioned that Talleyrand in reading an account of it (in which it was said that her uncle plunged in after her, and that M. de Laval was in the greatest grief), said, "*M. de Laval aussi s'est plongé, mais dans la plus profonde douleur.*" Lord John told me that Crabbe (who was here the beginning of the week, and whom I had but a glimpse of,) said that I was "a great poet when I liked." My pony carriage arrived to take Lord John and me to the christening of our little Russell, which he had fixed for to-day; after the ceremony, Lord John lunched with us. Showed him some parts of my Sheridan work, which he seemed to like. Told me he had heard from Dudley North (one of the managers of Hastings' trial), that when the managers used to retire to take any doubtful point into consideration, Burke used to say, "Now let us defer to the superior wisdom of Mr. Fox." Drove Lord John back to Bowood, and returned to dinner. Mentioned what Brougham said lately, in allusion to the adoption by the Ministers of all the Whig measures, "The fact is, we are in power, and they are in place." The Lansdownes have invited Bessy to dine to-morrow, but she does not seem inclined to it; "Tell her," Lord L. said to-day, "we have nothing to offer her but a haunch of venison, and Lord John."

20th. Lord J. mentioned what Voltaire said in his answer to an address presented to him by the College of some little town which called itself *ville de l'Université de Paris*. "I have no doubt of it," said Voltaire, "and certainly a *ville très sage, qui n'a fait jamais parler d'elle.*" Lord John reminded me of the circumstance mentioned by Lord Byron in his "Memoirs," of his receiving a letter from some young girl dying in a consumption, who said she could not go

out of the world, without thanking him for all the pleasure his works had given her," &c. &c. Talking of mistakes made by private actors: "I would'nt give *that* for you (snapping his fingers)," being all spoken, stage directions and all, in the same manner. The old Lord Lansdowne, in some private plays, always said, "I'll spoil your intrigue (aside);" pronouncing intrigue, too, as three syllables. I mentioned the actor who could never be got to say, "Stand by, and let the coffin pass," but, instead of it, always said "Stand by, and let the parson cough."

25th. William, our servant, ill, from the fright of the pony kicking last night. On my saying that I thought the strong beer at Bowood might have something to do with it, Luttrell said, "Yes, he's *aleing*, I suppose."

27th. Luttrell, Nugent, Mrs. Scott, and Luttrell's son came to dinner; Mr. Scott, himself, being engaged. Luttrell had put his joke about "aleing" into verse:—

"Come, come, for trifles never stick,  
Most servants have a falling;  
Yours, it is true, are sometimes sick,  
But mine are *always aleing*."

Our dinner very ill drest, which was rather provoking, as Luttrell is particular about the *cuisine*; it had no effect, however, either on his wit or good humour, for he was highly agreeable. . . . Remarked many unaccountable things in Ireland: plenty of plovers, but no plovers' eggs; chaises in abundance, but no return ones, &c. &c. The Lansdownes' carriage brought Luttrell and Nugent to dinner, but they walked home, with the assistance of my lantern.

28th. Wrote before I got out of bed, a parody on Horace's *Sic te Diva potens Cyprî*, addressed to the *lantern* that I lent Luttrell last night:—

"So may the Cyprian queen above,  
The mother of that link-boy Love;  
So may each star in Heaven's dome,—  
Those *patent Smethursts* of astronomy,—  
That light poor rural diners home,  
After a dose of bad gastronomy;  
So may each winter wind that blows  
O'er down or upland, steep or level,  
And most particularly those  
That blow round corners like the devil;"

Respect thee, oh! thou lantern bright,  
By which for want of chaise and Houynhnunm,  
I trust my Luttrell home to-night<sup>1</sup>,  
With half a poet's larder in him.<sup>2</sup>

"That bard had brow of brass, I own<sup>3</sup>,  
Who first presumed, the hardened sinner,  
To ask fine gentlemen from town  
To come and eat a d—d bad dinner;  
Who feared not leveret, black as soot<sup>4</sup>,  
Like roasted Afric, at the head set  
(And making tow'rds the duck at foot,  
The veteran duck, a sort of dead set);  
Whose nose could stand such *ancient fish*  
As that we at Devizes purvey—  
Than which I know no likelier dish<sup>5</sup>  
To turn one's stomach topsy-turvy.  
Oh! dying of an indigestion,  
To him was *quite* out of the question<sup>6</sup>,  
Who could behold unmoved, unbother'd,  
Shrimps in sour anchovy smother'd<sup>7</sup>;  
Who, venturous wight, no terror had  
Of tart old pies, or puddings *sad*;  
Who could for eatables mistake,  
Whate'er the cook had mess'd up blindly;  
And e'en, like famish'd Luttrell, take  
To infamous Scotch collops<sup>8</sup> kindly."

Sent off this to L.; and dined at the Phippses: company, Estcourts, Lockes, Fishers, &c. &c. Sung for them in the evening.

29th. A note early from Lord Lansdowne, to say that Capt. Basil Hall, who is at Bowood, wishes much to see me; and that if I cannot come over to-day to either luncheon or dinner, he will call upon me to-morrow. Answered that I would come to dinner to-day. Walked over at five. Went to Luttrell's room; and found he had written the

1 *Navis, quæ tibi creditum  
Debes Virgilium*—

2 *Et serves animæ dimidium mææ.*

3 *Illi robur et æs triplex  
Circa pectus erat.*

4 *Nec timuit præcipitem Africum.*

5 *Quo non arbiter Adriæ  
Major, tollere seu ponere vult freta.*

6 *Quem mortis timuit gradum,*—

7 *Qui fixis oculis monstra natantia.*

<sup>8</sup> *Infames scopulos*; or as it ought evidently to be read, *collops*. N.B. Luttrell eat only of a dish of this kind at dinner.

following answer to my parody, with which he seemed pleased, particularly with the *serve animæ dimidium*, and *Quo non arbiter Adriæ*:—

"A fine feast is a farce and a fable,  
As often, dear Moore, we have found it;  
Prithæe, what is the farce on a table  
To the Fair who sit sparkling around it?"

"I see not what you 'd be to blame for  
Though your cook were no dab at her duty;  
In your cottage was all that we came for,  
Wit, poetry, Friendship, and beauty!"

"And then, to increase our delight  
To a fulness all boundaries scorning,  
We were cheer'd with your lantern at night,  
And regaled with your rhymes the next morn-  
ing."

H. L.

Company, only Capt. Basil Hall, Luttrell, and Nugent, and an *ad interim* tutor of Kerry's. Hall mentioned a good phrase of some American, to whom Sir A. Ball had been very civil at Malta, "most grateful for all the kindness shown to himself and his wife; and hoped some time or another to have an opportunity of *retaliating upon Lady Ball*." Luttrell mentioned some Irish member (Crosbie, I believe) who in speaking of some one in the House, said, "Sir, if I have any partiality for the Hon. Gentleman, it is *against him*." Hall gave me, before I came away, a journal written by his sister, Lady De Lancy, containing an account of the death of her husband at Waterloo, and her attendance upon him there, they having been but three months married. Walked home; took the narrative to bed with me to read a page or two, but found it so deeply interesting, that I read till near two o'clock, and finished it; made myself quite miserable, and went to sleep, I believe, crying. Hall said he would call upon me to-morrow.

September 8th. Walked over to Bowood to dress, and went with Lord L. to the Book-Club dinner at Chippenham. About fourteen or sixteen people. Made to follow Lord L. out of the room, and sat next him. Mentioned Sir B. Roche saying energetically in the House, "Mr. Speaker, I'll answer boldly in the affirmative, No." Joy (who was President) told us he was by at the

memorable scene between Fox and Burke. Said that there were a number of people in the House affected to tears. In proposing new books after the dinner, a member from the bottom of the table said, "There is a book called 'Rock Detected,' which I should like to propose;" upon which I said immediately, "Mr. President, I second that motion." I added, however, that they need not go to the expense of buying a copy, as I had one quite at their service. Left between nine and ten.

15th. Bowles called. Asked him to return to dinner with us, which he did. Is going pell-mell into controversy again; Roscoe has exposed a carelessness of his with regard to one of Pope's letters, which he is going to write a pamphlet to explain.

Have received a pretty seal ring (a Lough Neagh pebble) from Ireland; the device an Irish harp, with my own words, "Dear harp of my country," round it.

21st. Bowles showed me after breakfast the names in the "Tales of the Genii," that were transpositions of the author's (Ridley's) friends. Ellor for Rolle, and Phesoi Ceneps for Joseph Spence. Lowth, another great friend of Spence's, who has inscribed to him his fine poem, "The Choice of Hercules," in his work.

October 11th. [Received a letter from Bowles.]

Bremhill, October 10th, 1825.

My dear Moore,

I have just finished your work, and upon an occasion so important to your fame, I could not be satisfied without telling more at large my opinion, and pointing out more specifically some, which I think blemishes.

Poor Sheridan as a lover, as a husband and father, as a writer, as a statesman, and most brilliant orator, and as at last, shipwrecked, and desolate in fortunes, and broken in heart, is set before us in so captivating, interesting, and affecting a manner, that I have scarce words sufficient to say how much I am pleased, and how high I think this work has placed you among the most judicious but animated, biographical historians

I yesterday just touched on what struck me, as here and there *defects*, not in thinking, but in *style*; your metaphors are sometimes singularly happy and beautiful, at other times I think them apparently strained and far-fetched, and, what is worse, *affected*. This, however, is very rare; but their too frequency gives alone an idea more of glitter than substantiality.

There is one page, which I hope you upon consideration will give (or rather prevent), "protervis in Mare CRITICUM portare ventis."

It is, in Joe Richardson's own language, his "damnable" stupid letter. A letter decorated with such words is bad enough, but this is perfectly needless; it illustrates the moody and motley character of a man of whom we have heard scarcely anything, and it absolutely runs provokingly across the very stream of the interesting narrative.

I might treat you with a *metaphor*, but I have not time; nevertheless, I do hope, as it is in "damnable" bad style, does Joe no credit, and illustrates no trait of Sheridan, you will consent to turn it out, and forgive my honest criticism.

The *Oxford scene* must be *revised*, and I am vexed you did not show me the sheets!

In the first place, *no scholars* have a right to say "non placet," but only Masters of Arts, for *only masters* have any voice or vote.

In the next place, Sheridan's being placed among the *Graduates* is inaccurate; a Doctor, it is true, is a Graduate, but a man is a *Graduate* without being a *Doctor*, a Bachelor of Arts is a Graduate, a Master of Arts is a Graduate, Dr. Starkey the highest Graduate, but you should have been more distinct.

Ingram, whose noble indignation was roused and expressed in the purest Latinity, should by all means, for his own sake, have been spoken of as the present accomplished *President* of Trinity College, and for the sake of Longmans, the accurate translator of the Saxon Chronicle! I read the speech, and perfectly well remember the words "clam subductum," but whether it was delivered in convocation, I am not certain. Pray take

care that this little academical history be brought out in the *next edition* a little more accurately, and let me see the *sheets*, and there is one most striking circumstance should be added.

The *tumultuary* acclaim of the whole theatre was so long and so astounding, that it was nearly a quarter of an hour before the Vice-Chancellor could get a hearing. The academical business was stopped, and nothing heard but, "SHERIDAN, SHERIDAN, SHERIDAN!" nor was it possible for the Vice-Chancellor to effect silence till Sheridan appeared at the door of the theatre. He was so much mortified at the report that his Degree would *not pass*, that he was *in bed* at New College, *not intending to get up*. I was the person who ran to him with the *tidings* of how *hotly* he was *called for*. He was delighted, and instantly got up, and as soon as possible showed his *red nose*, *hesterno inflatum Iaccho!* at the great door of the theatre. Instantly four thousand voices burst out again, "Sheridan, Sheridan!" After a long tumult the Vice-Chancellor stood up with great dignity; there was an instant *hush*, as it was conceived he would say something of the Degree. His words were (for I heard them, as every one did in the vast theatre), "Aut *silendum* est, academici, aut dissolvi hanc convocationem, NECESSE est." His look and voice were the most dignified and commanding I ever witnessed.

It was now the cry burst out, "Sheridan among the Doctors!!" *Howley*\*, now Bishop, and who attended his death-bed, was then *Regius Professor* of Divinity, and therefore was the first among the Doctors, next to the Heads of Houses. He, with his natural benignity, *made way* for Sheridan to sit *before him*. All was silent, and the business proceeded.

This is as accurate an account as you can get, for who was more interested than myself? You had better adopt the *facts*, if not the *language*, in your next edition.

Yours truly  
(Signed) W. L. BOWLES.

\* Afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury.



October 12th. Received a letter from Corry to say he had arrived at Bristol on his way to me, and hoped to be with us to-day.

13th. Corry gave us amusing accounts of my dear mother's anxiety about me, and his making her laugh through her tears. Walked him over to Bowood; sorry the Lansdownes are not at home to receive him. In looking at the cascade, he mentioned what Plunkett said, when some one praising his waterfall, exclaimed, "Why, it's quite a cataract." "Oh, that's all my eye," said Plunkett. A delicious day. In the evening showed him Sheridan's MSS. of the "School for Scandal," which, being an enthusiast in the drama, he was delighted with.

14th. Off to Bath with Corry at half-past ten, thinking it as well to take advantage of the return of his chaise to bring home Anastasia, who is wanted for the celebration of Tom's birthday. Told me that when Grattan was once asked his opinion about Sackville Hamilton (a well known man of office in Ireland), he answered, "Oh, red tape and sealing wax." Corry much pleased with my Anastasia's countenance, but sees, what I do myself, the loving and loveable nature of the dear child; and feels how ticklish will be the steerage of such a creature, when her affections are brought more strongly out. God protect her, and keep her innocent!

18th. Wrote to Rogers with respect to the injunction he laid on me not to apply to Byron's family on the subject of materials for his life till he gave me leave; said I thought, if they had any sense or feeling, they would rather have a hand upon whose delicacy, they could rely, to gather decently together the fragments of Byron's memory, than have them scattered about for every scribbler to make his own little separate heap or tumulus of. Mentioned the misrepresentations in Medwin's book of my first acquaintance with Byron, but said, "I am glad they were no worse, as I expected mischief, and I am sure there *will* be some, in other quarters. To bring up a dead man thus to run a muck among the living is a

formidable thing. In old times, superstitious thieves used to employ a dead man's hand in committing robberies, and they called it *la main de gloire*. I rather think the Captain of Dragoons (Medwin) is making use of a 'hand of glory' for not much better purposes."

23rd. Dined at Bowood: company, Grossets and Clutterbucks; Mrs. Clutterbuck looking very pretty. Clutterbuck's story of the old lady (his aunt) excellent. Being very nervous, she told Sir W. Farquhar she thought Bath would do her good. "It's very odd," says Sir. W., "but that's the very thing I was going to recommend to you. I will write the particulars of your case to a very clever man there, in whose hands you will be well taken care of." The lady, furnished with the letter, sets off, and on arriving at Newbury, feeling as usual, very nervous, she said to her confidant, "Long as Sir Walter has attended me, he has never explained to me what ails me. I have a great mind to open his letter and see what he has stated of my case to the Bath physician." In vain her friend represented to her the breach of confidence this would be. She opened the letter, and read, "Dear Davis, keep the old lady three weeks, and send her back again."

24th. A good deal of talk at breakfast about the falsehoods and misrepresentations in Medwin's book about Byron. Told them the whole particulars of my first acquaintance with Byron, and the mis-statement about the "leadless bullet" that led to it. Lord L. owned he himself had been always under the impression that the story was true, and that the pistols in my meeting with Jeffrey, were really *not* loaded. A proof what a fast hold the world takes of anything that disparages. He mentioned that the present Lords Hertford and Mansfield, when at the University, were mischievously set to fight in a room, by their seconds, and made to fire twice; the seconds not having loaded either pistol, and even having contrived a hole in the wainscot to make them think, after the first fire, that it was where the bullet went through. Walked to Buckhill

to see Bessy, who slept there last night. Went with her some part of her way home, and then returned to Bowood. Dressed, and set off with Lord L. to dinner at Bowles's. Company, Bingham, Linley, Lord L., Phipps, and myself. Bowles mentioned that at some celebration at Reading school, when the patrons or governors of it (beer and brandy merchants) were to be welcomed with a Latin address, the boy appointed to the task thus bespoke them, "*Salvete, hospites celebrerimi,*" and then turning to the others, "*Salvete, hospites celebrandi.*"

29th. Walked to Bowood to dinner. Company, Lord and Lady Pembroke, Colonel Young, my old friend Sir Stamford Raffles, and the Bowleses. Lord L. mentioned a ship having been once cast away at Petersburg, laden with the newest fashions from France, and all the fish that were caught for several days were dressed out in the different dresses, veils, caps, &c. &c. Raffles gave us an account of his misfortune (by the burning of the ship in which he left Bencoolen), very interestingly.

30th. Walked home after breakfast, Lady Lansdowne having entreated me to stay over to-morrow, and to get Bessy to come over too. Lunched at home, and walked with Bessy; then back to Bowood to dinner. Sir S. Raffles gone. Had shown me in the morning, maps of his new settlement at Singapore. The India Company's servants much annoyed at his introduction of the principles of free trade so close to them. Lord L. mentioned that Cottu (the judge who wrote about England), after praising to him Scarlett and the other lawyers of the Northern Circuit, said, "*Mais il faut avouer que leur cuisine est fade et bornée;*" there was, it appeared to him, the same old goose at dinner everywhere he went. In talking of English architects, Lord P. said he would rank Chambers the highest of any; Lord L. said that Cockerell is of the same opinion. The Americans (I mentioned) call a cargo of fashionable goods, trinkets, &c. &c. being "laden with notions," and on being hailed by our ships, a fellow (without an idea, perhaps,

in his head) will answer through a speaking-trumpet, that he is "laden with notions."

November 17th. Walked to Bowood to dinner: company, the A'Courts, Lyttelton (Lord Lyttelton's brother), Miss Napier, and Miss Talbot. Lyttelton more agreeable than he used to be when a young man; less of a rattle. Lord L. told of Garat (I think) accompanying Chauvelin, when he came on his mission; their bringing a large Amiens pie to eat on the road, which was fastened on the top of the chaise. Garat, anxious to see the country, got out and sat with the pie, and at the end of his journey said very innocently, that nothing could be more unjust than giving the English a character of gravity or *tristesse*, as he had seen nothing but *éclats de rire* all the way along. Slept there.

19th. Should have mentioned that I wrote to Doyle within these few days, begging him to communicate to Lady Byron and Mrs. Leigh, my intention to write a Life of Lord Byron; said it was always his own wish that I should, if I survived him, write something about him, and that I thought it must be equally now the wish of his own family that a hand, upon whose delicacy they could rely, should undertake the task, rather than have his memory at the mercy of scribblers, who dishonour alike the living and the dead.

21st. In reading an extract from Dallas's book about Lord Byron before dinner, it occurred to me that by the "newly made friend" he mentions, who turned Lord B. out of the path of courtiership into which Dallas thinks he was so laudably entering at one time, he must have meant *me*, and so Lord Jersey thought. But Lord L., at dinner, said it was quite as likely to be Lady Jersey; and so, upon reconsideration, I have no doubt it is. A good deal of laughing with her about this.

22nd. Walked home after breakfast to see how Bessy was. Some talk with Lord L. before I came away on a point that has occupied my mind a good deal, namely, the project I have meditated of writing a Life of Lord Byron. Though the Longmans

look earnestly and anxiously to it as the great source of my means of repaying them their money; and though it would be the shortest and easiest way I could effect that object; yet the subject begins to be so tarnished and so clogged with difficulties, that my *own* impression is that I *ought* not to undertake it. Mentioned this idea to Lord Lansdowne, who quite agrees with me. Thinks that as to entering into the details of Lord Byron's life now, it is quite out of the question, and that all I could with any satisfaction to myself undertake, would be a critical examination of his works and genius, which after all, as I remarked, the public would not much thank me for. A dispute in the evening upon a passage in Cobbett's "Cottage Economy;" "It was pigs of a different description, that were," &c.; whether grammar or not. Lords Jersey and Lansdowne against, and Lord Carnarvon and I for; *i. e.* acknowledging it was awkward, but still grammar. As Lord C. said, only change it into "It was a different description of pigs," &c. and you will see that the fault is in the collocation of the words, not in the grammar. Slept there. A tremendous storm in the night, actually shook Bowood. Trembled for the thatch of my little cottage.

23rd. Lady Lansdowne said, in coming down to breakfast, "It is an ill wind, &c.; you cannot go home to-day." On my expressing my anxiety about Mrs. Moore, offered to send the carriage with me to see her, and then come back again. Could not, however, stay. On my mentioning what Sheridan said to Charles, when he was a boy, "Never do to-day what you can put off till to-morrow," found that it was not Sheridan, but the old Lord Holland, who said it to Charles Fox, adding another maxim, "Nor ever do yourself what you can get any one else to do for you."

December 13th. Set off in the York House coach for town. Lunched at Newbury. Found Power full of kindness, and satisfaction with me.

14th. Dined with Lady D., and went in the evening with Miss Godfrey, Barbara,

and C. Moore to the Duke of York's box, at Drury Lane. Much struck with the "Freischütz." Thought the music sounds familiar, and full of passages to which one is inclined to take off one's hat as to old acquaintances.

15th. Called upon Charles Sheridan. Having written a song before I came up upon Pendeli (the modern Pentelicus) in which I made the second syllable short, every verse ending with it, *e. g.* "The marble caves of Pendeli;" but having some misgivings that the syllable was long, asked C. Sheridan. Could not tell me with certainty, but believed it was long. Called upon Hobhouse. Much talk with him about the various Byroniana since we last met. It was Sir F. Burdett who advised him to withdraw his pamphlet in answer to Medwin, which he had printed and announced. Showed me some proofs of old Dallas's manoeuvring from Lord Byron's letters. Told him (what I feel), that all that has happened since the destruction of the Memoirs convinces me that he was right in advising their total suppression, as, if the remainder were published, much more mischief would be imagined to have existed in the suppressed part than there is even now. Begged of him to give me some time or other under his hand, for my own satisfaction, the assurance which had such weight with me in giving up the Memoirs, that Byron had expressed to him, when they last met, his regret at having put them out of his own power, and that it was only delicacy towards me that prevented him from recalling them; said that I might depend upon it that he would. Went to the Hollands; Brougham, Mackintosh, and Lord Sefton. Some talk with Mackintosh; said he believed Tooke had assisted Paine in his answer to Burke. Mentioned, as like Tooke's manner, the passage about a king having a million a year; his only duty being to receive the salary. I must see this passage, in which he objected to the word "nominal," as incumbering the point.

16th. Dined at the Athenæum, my first appearance at dinner there. Went to Covent Garden, where I joined Lincoln Stanhope,

and saw part of the "Freischütz" and "Clari;" cried at the latter as much as I used in Paris. Miss Tree, the only woman on the stage I would trust with a tender character.

19th. Breakfasted with Rogers. Conversation with respect to my undertaking "Byron's Life." Does not see that what has happened should alter my intention; thinks whatever of tarnish the subject may have lately received, will have passed away before I come to it, and that the falsehoods and nonsense which have been heaped upon his memory should rather make me consider the duty to do justice to it the greater. Dined at Lord Holland's: company, Sir J. Mackintosh, Dr. Holland, and Arguelles. The latter told Lord H. he remembered having met me eighteen years ago at Lady Heathcote's, when he came over as one of the deputies, and that I was less altered since then than any one he had met: I recollect well the evening he alludes to. He and Matarosa (now Torreno) were standing at the pianoforte while I was singing "Come tell me, says Rosa;" and on the latter asking Lady Heathcote what was the subject of my song, she, with great quickness, replied, that "it was in honour of the Spanish Deputies," in consequence of which, whenever I came to Rosa, Matarosa bowed.

20th. Breakfasted with Rogers. Showed me some prose essays he has written to intermix with the verses of his "Italy." One "On Assassination," of which Mackintosh (to whom he sent it) wrote back, that "Hume could not improve the thoughts, nor Addison the language." Feel it would do one good to study such writing, if not as a model, yet as a chastener and simplifier of style, it being the very reverse of ambition or ornament. Objected to the phrase, "as if all hell had broke loose," and "nations worrying each other like curs." Talking of Fox's views in 1786, calling the French "natural enemies," &c., he said, "Fox's tone altered much as he got older and wiser, and that on his return from France he was even thought to lean too much the other way." Dined at Denman's, the party a most *Re-*

*ginal* one; himself, Brougham, and Williams, with old Charles Butler to *dilute*. Very agreeable; talked of the Regency Question. The able article on the subject in the "Edinburgh Review" was written, Brougham says, by Allen.\* Brougham seemed to lay great stress upon the marriage with Mrs. Fitzherbert, and the forfeiture of the crown thereby; the nullity of the marriage having nothing to do with the forfeiture. Mentioned a parallel case in law, where a man in consigning an estate might do what would forfeit his own claim to it, though it was null in the law and could not confer any title to it on another. On Charles Butler saying he wondered this was not thought of during the Queen's trial, Brougham said that it *was* thought of; the only witness, however, to the marriage (I forget his name) was dead.

21st. Up very early, and to breakfast with Denman at half-past eight. Mentioned Fox's famous reply to Grant on the Convention Bill. His side speeches to his friends, while working himself up to it; to Tierney and some one else, who were whispering behind, "Will you be quiet? it is no such easy speech to answer;" and of Michael A. Taylor, who was boring him with suggestions, he said aside to another, "Doesn't the — think I have enough to do?"

23rd. Off in the coach at quarter-past six. Had for one of my companions a clergyman, brother of the Sherer who wrote "Recollections in the Peninsula," &c. &c. An odd and an amusing person; quoted a neat remark of Lardner's on predestination, "If we were judged before we were born, then certainly we were never born to be judged." Found all pretty well at home, and my dearest Anastasia among the rest for her holidays. Sherer said the Longmans had told his brother that I had the most generous contempt for money of any man they ever met.

25th. Eat my plum pudding at home. Dined at two on account of the servants, who were indulged with a dinner for their

\* The librarian of Holland House.

friends (about a dozen of them) and a large party in the evening. Very jolly and uproarious till twelve o'clock.

28th. Received the account of my poor friend Richard Power's death.

29th. Company at Bowood, Lord Auckland and the Misses Eden, Sir John Newport, Macdonald, Mr. Baring Wall, and Hallam. Mentioned Gilbert Wakefield's taking Pope's "Gently spread thy purple pinions" as serious, and saying that it was not in Mr. Pope's happiest style. Sung in the evening. In talking of my own compositions, mentioned the tendency I had sometimes to run into consecutive fifths, and adding, sometime after, that Bishop was the person who now revised my music, Lord Auckland said, "Other Bishops take care of the tithes, but he looks after the fifths." A good story of a man brimful of ill-temper, coming out of a room where he had lost all his money at play, and seeing a person (a perfect stranger to him) tying his shoe at the top of the stairs; "D—n you (says he), you're always tying your shoe," and kicked him down stairs. Slept there.

30th. After breakfast walked home to see Bessy, and returned to Bowood to-dinner. In talking at dinner of Lord Chatham's famous figure of the Saône and the Rhone, Lord L. and I maintained, against Hallam, that Fox and Lord Mansfield were the persons meant, and rather thought we had Lord Holland's authority for it. Hallam, however, insisted, upon the authority of Lord Orford's Correspondence, that it was the Duke of Newcastle and Fox. On referring to Lord Orford, found Hallam was right, and borne out by Lord Holland's note; though in the text Lord O. mentions four different persons (among whom was Lord Mansfield) to whom conjecture applied the passage. Had received to-day a modern Greek song upon Lord Byron's death (with the music), *Ὀδὴ πρὸς τὸν Λορδὸν Βυρὸν*. Hallam and I made out the words between us, but they are nothing remarkable. Slept there.

January 3rd, 1825. Walked over to Bowood: company, Mackintosh and his daugh-

ter, Mr. and Mrs. Vernon Smith and Lewson Smith. Some good stories of old Lady Townsend after dinner. "Lord Anson round the world but never in it."

4th. After breakfast talked of Lord John's last book. Lord L. approves highly of his defence of the Septennial Act: thinks it saved the country. A question, however, whether they had any right to extend it beyond the parliament then sitting, and whether they should not merely have recommended the principle for discussion to their successors. Mackintosh thinks that if Anne and Louis XIV. had lived two or three years longer, the Pretender would have been restored.

11th. Walked over to Bowood, and wrote a verse of a song to Carafa's beautiful air in going. Met Lord L. and asked if I might dine with him; said he should be most happy. Went to the house and found Mackintosh. Read with him the Prince's letter in 1780, which he has always supposed to be Burke's. Thinks the passage about "separating the Court from the State" and "disconnecting the authority," &c. much more in Burke's manner of thinking than Sheridan's. After reading this fine passage with great delight, he said comically, "Who the devil would ever suppose that this was all about the power of creating lords of the bedchamber?" Turned to the protest of the Lords in 1778, against the plan of desolating America, which was written by Burke and (as Mackintosh heard from Lord Fitzwilliam) the Duke of Richmond conjointly. A most magnificent piece of writing, and could hardly have had any other hand to it than Burke's. M. showed it to me for the purpose of comparing the style with that of the Prince's letter, and I confess I begin to think that Burke must have written some passages of that letter. The probability is that it was done by different hands. Abercromby joined us; asked him about the Scotch boroughs. Gave me a general explanation of them; there is no popular election whatever in Scotland; it is as if the lords of the manor in England were to elect themselves; for it does not even depend upon property.

but upon a sort of right, like that of the manorial right, which may be held independent of the property. Company at dinner. Dr. and Mrs. Fowler, the Mackintoshes, and Abercrombies. M. quoted from Churchill about Macpherson:—

“Ossian sublimest, simplest bard of all,  
Whom English infidels Macpherson call.”

In Cesarotti's translation, Cachullin is made *Cucullino*.

12th. Recollect some other things Mac-kintosh said. Wilberforce's good remark about the Catholics, that they were “like persons discharged from prison, but still wearing the prison dress.” Mentioned an advertisement that appeared in 1792, “Wanted for a King of France, an easy good-tempered man, who can bear confinement, and has no followers.” Wilberforce was made a citizen by the French Convention, and Courteney, who was in Paris at the time, said, “If you make Mr. W. a citizen, they will take you for an assemblage of negroes, for it is well known he never favoured the liberty of any white man in all his life.” Dr. Thomson said of Godwin (who in the full pride of his theory of perfectibility, said he “could educate tigers,”) “I should like to see him in a cage with two of his pupils.” Pitt is known to have corrected but two of his speeches — that on the Union, and another on the Budget for the year 1792. Mr. Fox, but one; that about the Duke of Bedford. His Scrutiny speech (at least the greater part of it) was reported by Dennis O'Brien. To Dr. Lawrence, who was hideously ugly, Canning and Ellis used to apply

“‘tetricior’ alter  
Non fuit, excepto Laurentis corpore Turni.”\*

Lord Clifford has a copy of the secret treaty entered into by Charles II. with Louis XIV., which he is about to send to Mackintosh. \* \* \* Talked of the opinions of Eichhorn, and other Germans, about the Gospels; that there was one original gospel, Matthew, from which the others have been compiled. Her-

\* ——— “pulchrior alter  
Non fuit,” &c. *Æn.* vii. 650.

bert Marsh pursues the same idea in his Preface to Michaelis.

18th. Walked to Bowdoin to dinner; none but the Morleys. Lady M. quoted some lines from a poem she said Delavigne had written lately on vaccination:—

“Au fond de Gloucester, où les vastes campagnes  
Nourissent des taureaux les fidèles compagnes.”

*Vache* in poetry would be an abomination. In talking of the strange practice of foreign physicians, it was mentioned that at Lisbon they always order for inflammatory fevers, hen broth, and for low fevers, cock broth. The Duc de Levis, in something he has written about England, is mightily pleased with a discovery he makes that *luncheon* is derived from *lounge*. Seeing the Bond Street loungers going into the cake shops so regularly, he traced the connection between them and the meal; thus *lounge*, *luncher*, *luncheon*. This Duc de Levis a ridiculous personage; had a picture once drawn of the Virgin Mary, and himself taking off his hat to her, the Virgin saying, as appears by a scroll out of her mouth, *Couvrez vous, mon cousin*.

19th. Lady L. proposed that they should take me to Col. Houlton's (where I have been asked to meet them) to-morrow. Col. II. himself had offered to drive over for me, but declined it.

21st. Lord Lansdowne at breakfast mentioned of Dutens, who wrote the “*Mémoires d'un Voyageur qui se repose*,” and was a great antiquarian, that on his describing once his good luck in having found (what he fancied to be) a tooth of Scipio's, in Italy, some one asked him what he had done with it, upon which he answered briskly, “What have I done with it? *la voici*,” pointing to his mouth, where he had made it supplemental to a lost one of his own. The Lansdownes off to Bath after breakfast, and I (after singing a little for the girls) followed them with Col. Houlton. The grand opening to-day of the Literary Institution at Bath. Attended the inaugural lecture by Sir G. Gibbs, at two. Walked about a little afterwards, and to the dinner at six:

Lord Lansdowne in the chair. Two Bishops present; and about 108 persons altogether. Bowles and Crabbe of the number. Lord L. alluded to us in his first speech, as among the literary ornaments, if not of Bath itself, of its precincts; and in describing our respective characteristics, said, beginning with me, "the one, a specimen of the most glowing, animated, and impassioned style," &c.; this word "impassioned" spoken out strongly in the very ear of the Bishop of Bath and Wells, who sat next him. On the healths of the three poets being given, though much called for, I did not rise, but motioned to Crabbe, who got up and said a few words. When it came to my turn to rise, such a burst of enthusiasm received me as I could not but feel proud of. Spoke for some time, and with much success. Concluded by some tributes to Crabbe and Bowles, and said of the latter, that "his poetry was the first fountain at which I had drunk the pure freshness of the English language, and learned (however little I might have profited by my learning) of what variety of sweetness the music of English verse is capable. From admiration of the poet, I had been at length promoted into friendship with the man, and I felt it particularly incumbent upon me, from some late allusions, to say, that I had found the life and the poetry of my friend to be but echoes to each other; the same sweetness and good feeling pervades and modulates both. Those who call my friend a wasp, would not, if they knew him better, make such a mistake in natural history. They would find that he is a *bee*, of the species called the *apis neatina*, and that, however he may have a sting ready on the defensive, when attacked, his native element is that garden of social life which he adorns, and the proper business and delight of his life are sunshine and flowers." In talking of the "springs of health with which nature had gifted the fair city of Bath," and of her physicians, I said, "It was not necessary to go back to the relationship between Apollo and Esculapius to show the close consanguinity that exists between literature and the healing art; be-

tween that art which purifies and strengthens the body, and those pursuits that refine and invigorate the intellect. Long," I added, "may they both continue to bless you with their beneficent effects! Long may health and the Muses walk your beautiful hills together, and mutually mingle their respective influences, till your springs themselves shall grow springs of inspiration, and it may be said,

'Flavus Apollo

Pocula Castaliâ plena ministrat aquâ."

22nd. Bowles highly gratified with what I said of him. Duncan of Oxford said to me "I have had that sweet oratory ringing in my ears all night." Bowles gave me a copy of his "Roscoe pamphlet," with an inscription in it, *inter Poëtas suaves suavissimo*, &c. &c.

February 1st to 8th. Have kept no traces of these days except that they were all occupied with Sheridan. Bessy all this time attending upon Miss Starkey, and injuring her own health.

10th. Duncan to breakfast. Suggested as a good topic for an Essay, "The choice of subjects for pictures." A man with a poetical head, and at the same time a connoisseur in painting, might make a great deal of this.

14th. Sent Power a glee of my own, which I think rather pretty, "When o'er the silent seas alone."

March 1st to 12th. Had a long letter from Shiel in answer to one I wrote to him containing advice as to the style of his oratory during his mission to England; recommended him to be as matter-of-fact, and as sparing of *flowers* as possible. Took my advice very amiably.

24th. Dined at Money's to meet a Cambridge friend of his. M. remarked on the eloquence of Virgil. The speech of Dido to Æneas, beginning with scolding and ending with tenderness and tears, so like a woman. Sinon's speech, too, *Vos, eterni ignes*, &c. Some passages, too, from the Epistle of Laodamia to Protesilaus:

"Aulide te fama est vento retinente morari;

Ah, me cum fugeres, hic ubi ventus erat?"

And, further on, *Inter mille rates tua sit mellestima puppis*. Home early.

April 1st to 8th. Still revising, and introducing new matter into the early part of the *Life*. Received the first proof. Under much anxiety about my dearest father, who is beginning at last, I fear, to yield to the weakness attendant upon years. My own mind prepared for the worst, but my poor mother will, I am afraid, be taken by surprise, and feel it dreadfully. Have written to insinuate, as gently as possible, into her heart those apprehensions with which my own is filled.

10th. Walked to Bremhill, to take my chance of finding Bowles. Dined with him. His illness much increased by his apprehensions; seemed to forget it all in the gaiety of conversation. Mentioned his anxiety, before he died, to write the *Life* of Bishop Ken, who voted for the exclusion of James, and yet afterwards sacrificed his bishopric rather than swear allegiance to King William. Was supported during the remainder of his days by Lord Weymouth, who gave him two hundred a year, and had him to live with him at Longleat. Isaac Walton married Ken's sister, hence the name he gives her, "Kenna." Bowles has made a pretty glee of some very charming words from Cowley's *Davidels*, "Awake, my lyre." In talking of profane parodies, mentioned Swift's about Sir R. Walpole: "I believe in one infallible King," &c. &c., "one Minister," &c. &c.

April 11th to May 11th. For this whole month have been too closely occupied with my Sheridan task to write a word here, and must, therefore, only recollect what I can. Bowles called upon me one day; has had a favourable answer from his friend Mr. Clark with respect to the application he made to him for our dear little Tom, whom he expects to get into Winchester for me. Wrote to Brougham (in consequence of a salutation on one of his franks, "Health and Fraternity"), to ask him to give me the particulars of what he said with regard to the Prince's marriage with Mrs. F. when we met at Denman's; had an answer from him to say he would send me some curious matter on the subject. Wrote to Lord Holland too,

about a paper which he promised to give me; had two letters from him; the second very lively. In writing to him mentioned that my occupation with the "*Life* of Sheridan," robbed me of all the gaiety that was going on in town, and that I might be said "*propter vitam vivendi perdere causas.*"

May 12th. A visit from Crofton Croker on his way from Ireland; says the whole feeling there is in favour of Emancipation. Hardly a dissenting voice on the subject.

17th. Set off in the Poole coach at half-past nine. Went half the way outside from a mistake about the place. This contrary to my pact with Bessy, but shall not tell her of it. Arrived at Blandford a little after five. Took a chaise, and was at Dr. Bain's at a little after seven; received me very kindly. No one at dinner but himself and two daughters. A good deal of talk about Sheridan (the object of my visit) after dinner. Find Mrs. Canning's letter not quite correct about Mrs. Sheridan's last moments. Bain was sent for at midnight; Mrs. C. and S. in the room at the time. Mrs. S. begged them to go away for a moment, and bid Bain lock the door after them; then said, "You have never deceived me: tell me truly shall I live over this night?" B. felt her pulse; found she was dying, and said, "I recommend you to take some laudanum." She answered, "I understand you, then give it me." Said (in telling me this) that the laudanum, he knew, would prolong her life a little, and enable her better to go through the scene that was before her in taking leave of her family. S.'s kindness to her, quite the devotedness of a lover.

18th. Walked about the grounds with Dr. Bain and his daughters; rather nice girls. Much talk with him about Sheridan, but got little more. Am very glad, however, I came, as I should have reproached myself for not having done so, and others would reproach me also. Vaughan told him that there were two hundred pounds placed at his disposal for Sheridan, but Bain never understood (as Croker and others assert) that there was more than that sum to come.



Believes that Sheridan's dispositions were all good, and that his embarrassments alone were the cause of whatever was wrong in his conduct. Story of Sheridan's butler saying (when Bain was called in and found him in a high fever) that he had drunk nothing extraordinary the day before, "only two bottles of port." Sheridan's arm remarkably thin, though powerfully strong; contrary to the usual notion (Bain said) that an arm must be brawny and muscular to be strong. A most capacious chest; altogether a man of great strength; and but for his intemperance would have had a very long life. Talking to Bain, who had said that Pitt was a very extraordinary man, he answered, "He is an extraordinary man, and the more we press him the more he shines."

19th. Drove with the Doctor and his two girls to Wareham. Told me of Sheridan's having passed off a young country farmer at Crewe Hall as Richardson. Dined early in order that I might get to Blandford before dark; set off in a chaise a little before seven; had tea at Blandford, and went to bed after mourning over the debate in the Lords on the Catholic Question. What wretched infatuation! A smug rector, in the morning, at Wareham, was waiting eagerly for the coming in of the post, and I left him chuckling over Lord Liverpool's anilities. These are the fellows to whom Ireland is sacrificed.

22nd. Could not help (busy as I was) giving vent to some of my bile against the anti-Popery set, by writing a few lines for the "Morning Chronicle."

23rd. Sent off to the "Morning Chronicle" my squib against Lord Anglesey and the Bishops, beginning "A Bishop and a bold Dragon." Read it to Mary at breakfast, who, with all her High Church prejudices, enjoyed the fun of it.

28th. My birthday. What, again! well, the more the merrier; at least I hope so; and, as yet (with all my difficulties), have no reason to complain. An excellent, warm-hearted, lively wife, and dear, promising children. What more need I ask for? A little addition of health to the wife, and

wealth to the husband, would make all perfect. Prepared for my trip to town to-morrow.

20th. Left for town. Dined with the Story's. Found a note from Lord Lansdowne asking me to dine with him to-morrow.

31st. By the bye, Charles Sheridan told me the other night at Lady Jersey's (to my great delight) that he had found a copy of his father's defence of his conduct in 1811. This paper, which was addressed to Lord Holland, is of great consequence, and Lord Holland, who first told me of it, added that he did not feel himself authorised to give it me.

June 2nd. Dressed early (having to dine at Holland House), for the purpose of meeting Bessy at the coach. Mrs. Story took me, and after our waiting some time at Knightsbridge, the Bath coach arrived with Bessy, Tom, and Mary Dalby. Deposited the two former at Mrs. Story's, and proceeded to Holland House. Sat next my Lady, who was very gracious, filled my glass amply with champagne, and descanted on the merits and prices of Rudesheim, Johannisberg, and Hochheim. Said to me during dinner, "This will be a dull book of yours, this 'Sheridan,' I fear." "On the contrary," I replied, "it will be a very lively, amusing book! not from my part in it, but" &c. &c. In the evening Lady Lansdowne came, looking so handsome and so good, that it was quite comfortable to see her. Told her of Bessy's arrival. "Then she'll come to me," she said, "on Saturday evening." "Bessy," I answered, "has brought no evening things, for the express purpose of *not* going anywhere." After a short pause she turned round, in her lively way, and said, "I'll tell you what: bring Mrs. Moore to see me to-morrow morning, and she shall have the choice of my wardrobe: I assure you it's a very convenient one, fits both fat and lean. I once dressed out four girls for a ball, and there were four gowns of mine dancing about the room all night." Lord John Russell drove me in his cabriolet. In talking of what Lady Holland said to me about my book, mentioned a sally of the same kind

she made the other day upon Lord Porchester, who has a poem coming out. "I am sorry to hear you are going to publish a poem. Can't you suppress it?"

4th. Found a note from Brougham on my return home; asking me to dine with him, if possible, to-morrow; as he is to have Creevey and M. A. Taylor, and "will make them talk Sheridan for me as long as I please."

5th. Company at Brougham's: Creevey, M. A. Taylor and Mrs. T., Dr. Lushington, Lord Nugent, Lord and Lady Darlington, &c. &c. After dinner Creevey and Brougham got Taylor to tell his famous story about Sheridan's reply on Hastings' Trial, when Taylor was his assistant to hold his bag and read the minutes; but neither bag nor minutes were forthcoming. Shall make use of the story. Found them all adrift about dates; even Taylor, as to events in which himself was concerned, brought circumstances together that were in reality more than a year apart: have observed this invariably in all the men of that time.

6th. Called with Bessy this morning upon Lord and Lady Hastings\*, who were very kind to her. I had myself seen him a day or two before, and felt all my first sentiments of kindness towards him brought freshly back by the sweetness of his manner, as well as by a certain tone of melancholy, which looks as if he had at last found out what a mistake his life has been. The King, I understand, has completely dropped him.

8th. Up at five; and saw my treasures safe in the coach. Returned, and went to sleep again for an hour and a half. Had Mr. Smyth † (the professor) with me while I breakfasted. Told me a great deal about his connection with Sheridan; his first coming to town for Sheridan to look at him, and form his opinion: S. not coming to the dinner made for the purpose, but appointing Richardson and him to meet him at a tavern

at supper: not coming there either. At last went to dine at Isleworth with him: no mention made of the business after dinner, but Sheridan wrote him a very handsome letter in a few days after: the salary, with apologies for not being able to give more, 300*l.* a year. At the end of the first year a groom came down to Wanstead with a letter to Smyth, enclosing a draft for 300 guineas: Smyth's anxiety in taking it to the bankers': his suspense while the men behind the counter conferred together, and his delight when asked "in what form would he take the money." Remembers Sheridan's going down to Wanstead to prepare for his reply to the Counsel of Hastings: two or three days hard at work reading: complained that he had notes before his eyes with reading so much. Smyth heard his reply: his laceration of Law, powerful. Law had laid himself open by wrongfully accusing Sheridan of showing a wrong paper to Middleton to entrap him into the answer he wished; whereas it was Lord Camden that made this mistake, and Sheridan corrected it. Burke addressed S. in the box friendlily, and said he was sorry he meant to conclude in one day: also went up to him, and thanked him at the conclusion. Thinks that S. had no sordid ideas about money, and always *meant* rightly. Never forgave the Whigs for supporting the Duke of Northumberland's son against him at Westminster. The best man to advise *others* that could be found anywhere: no such man for a cabinet. Knew what would suit the public: his powers of winning over people, proved by his persuading the parson to bury Richardson over again for him. Smyth quoted as sublime S.'s phrase, "Let them go and hide their heads in their coronets;" also, the happy phrase applied to some of his own party at the time of the threatened invasion, "giving the left hand to the country." Smyth, one day, while looking over his table, while waiting to catch him coming out of his bedroom, saw several unopened letters, one with a coronet, and said to Wesley, "We are all treated alike." Upon which Wesley told him that he had

\* Lord Moira, who had been created Marquis of Hastings. — Ed.

† Of Cambridge. He died in 1849.

once found amongst the unopened heap a letter of his own to Sheridan, which he knew contained a ten pound note, sent by him to release S. from some inn where he was "money bound," and that he opened it, and took out the money. Wesley, said, also, that the butler had assured him he found once the window-frames stuffed with papers to prevent them from rattling, and, on taking them out, saw they were bank notes, which S. had used for this purpose some stormy night and never missed them.

10th. Breakfasted with M. A. Taylor by appointment; beautiful house. Sat with him in his garden looking upon the Thames, and talked of Sheridan; mentioned his own share in the transaction of 1811. Being sent for by the Prince at three in the morning, found him, Sheridan, and Adam together, the latter looking very black. The Prince produced to Michael a rough draft of an answer to the Address of the Houses (which was to be given the next day), and said he must make two fair copies of it immediately, adding, "these d— fellows, (*i. e.* Lords and Commons) will be here in the morning." The draft was partly in the handwriting of the Prince, and partly in that of Sheridan. The Prince, by Michael's advice, went to bed, and Michael set to copying, while Sheridan and Adam were pacing up and down at opposite parts of the room. Presently Adam came to Michael's elbow and whispered him (looking at Sheridan), "That's the d—nedst rascal existing." A little after, Sheridan came and whispered Michael, "D—n them all!" (meaning Adam, Lords Grey, Grenville, &c.). Having performed his task, Taylor went home, and returned to Carlton House next morning, where he found the members of the Houses already arriving. The Prince, who was still in bed, sent for him, and said, "Are those fellows come?" "Yes, sir, some of them are arrived." "D—n them all," was the reply. He then told Michael that he must make fresh copies of the Address, as there had been more alterations in it. Michael told me he saw very plainly, at this time, that there was mischief brewing against the Whigs.

In the arrangements under the Regency, it was intended that Lord Moira should go to Ireland, and that Sheridan should be his secretary. Michael had been, I believe, first intended for this situation; but it was afterwards decided by the Prince that he should remain in England and be Judge-Advocate. Lord Grey, who (as Michael expressed it), was "all upon stilts" at the prospect of coming into power, in talking to Taylor of his appointment, said he saw no objection to his having it, as the Prince desired; to which Taylor replied, that he thought it very doubtful whether *any of them* would come in, to the evident surprise and not a little pique of Lord Grey, who said, "How should you know anything about it?" The Prince a day or two after went to Windsor, where the Queen and the Duke of Cumberland settled the whole matter.

13th. To Lady Jersey's child's ball, the prettiest ball I have ever seen in London. Interesting, to trace the beautiful mothers in their daughters, Lady Cowper, Mrs. Littleton, Lady Grantham, &c. &c.

15th. Had a note from Lady Holland to ask me to join her to-night at the play. Miss Tree's last appearance. Dined at Lord King's: company, Sydney Smith, George Fortescue, Lord Fortescue, the Lansdownes, the Cowpers, &c. During Smith's visit to the Observatory, said, "Mr.—, it must be very interesting to observe the progress of comets." "No, indeed, sir," answered the astronomer, "comets are very foolish things, and give a vast deal of trouble."

16th. Breakfasted at Rogers's: Sydney Smith and his family, Luttrell, Lord John, Sharpe, &c.; highly amusing. Story of Forth, who informed Mr. Pitt during the French war, that there were two persons on their way from the north of Europe to assassinate him. Measures were accordingly taken by the Ministers to track their progress; they were seized, I believe, at Brussels, and in prison there for some years. It afterwards turned out that these men, instead of being assassins, were creditors of Forth, who were coming over to arrest him for a large sum, and he took this

method of getting rid of them. To Lady Jersey's, having been ordered by Lady Holland to join her there, though not asked. Found the Duke of Bedford, Lord King, Lord John, and Tierney. Set off with Lord Jersey and Tierney to go to Prince Leopold's assembly. Stopped by the string of carriages at the top of St. James's Street. Lord J. got out to walk, and I stayed with Tierney, and had about half an hour's conversation. Seems utterly to despair of any change in politics; remarked the success of Peel in procuring popularity for himself by this new jury measure; his name associated with it at public dinners; the only reformer of the day. On my saying that Canning might carry the Catholic Question by resigning and coalescing with the Whigs, he said, "Who the devil will coalesce with people that don't coalesce with themselves." The assembly very crowded; the Prince Leopold full of civility to me. Talked about his house being a curious old mansion, and that he meant to make an alteration in the doorways which are too small. I answered (not very courtier-like) that the rooms, too, were rather small. "Oh," he replied, "there's a good deal of space," and I tried to get out of the scrape by saying that I had as yet seen but few of them. Lord Hastings expressed a wish to have a minute's conversation with me, and on our reaching a retired part of the room said, that he heard I intended, in my forthcoming work, to bring forward proof of the King's marriage with Mrs. Fitzherbert. Instead of giving some uncertain answer which might have drawn from him an explanation of the object he had in this inquiry, I answered that I had no such intentions, nor, indeed, knew anything of the existence of such proofs, but merely meant to allude to the *constitutional* consequences that *would* have resulted from such a marriage had it taken place. It is evident, I think, that the Carlton House people have expressed some alarm on the subject, and that his lordship volunteered his mediation to prevent what they dreaded. But does not this look as if Lord Hastings was aware such proofs exist? I called upon him, by the bye, the other morn-

ing, and after reminding him of what he had once told me (at a time when I little thought I should ever be the biographer of Sheridan), that, after Fox's death, he (Lord H.) and Sheridan were entirely slighted by the remaining ministry, asked him whether he had any objection to my alluding to this circumstance. He answered, "not the least;" and added, as another instance of their indisposition towards himself, that when the Prince afterwards associated him with Lords Grenville and Grey in drawing up an answer to the Address of the Houses, they refused to act with him. Stayed but a short time, and after hearing one frightful squall from Veluti, came home.

21st. I have set down here not one half what occurred, as I was too busy all the time in town to make memorandums at the moment, but I shall here add a few more particulars. The day I dined with Brougham he gave me, in coming away, the observations he had promised me on the subject of the Prince's marriage with Mrs. Fitzherbert, filling about four sheets of note paper. How he can find time for everything is quite miraculous: yesterday, besides his law business, he attended and spoke at two public meetings.

The night of Lady Jersey's ball the Duke of Gloucester returned again to the subject of Captain Rock: said he had lent it to a great Tory, and it had converted him. On asking Burgess about Sheridan's debts, he said he had paid 150 per cent. upon them all. The statement of his having drawn 330,000*l.* from the theatre, he says, not true. His habit of carrying a bag of papers with him when he went to a coffee-house, to look over them there; took one day a bag of love letters by mistake, and getting drunk left them there: this was what Ward told me of. The sum asked by the person who got possession of them was one hundred guineas, but they were regained in the violent way I have mentioned.

22nd. Set off between eleven and twelve, and arrived to a late dinner at Brighton. Mr. I——, as I heard before I left town, gone to London on a consultation till Friday, so I

shall have to stay all over to-morrow. Walked about.

26th. The whole of this next month was devoted, with little interruption, to my Sheridan task, correcting proofs, and finishing what yet remained to be written. Found at home, on my arrival, an extract from Dr. Parr's will, sent me by his executors, in which he says, "I give a ring to Thomas Moore, of Sloperton, Wilts, who stands high in my estimation for original genius, for his exquisite sensibility, for his independent spirit, and incorruptible integrity." During the hot weather of this month, July (hotter than any remembered for many years), we were imprudent enough to have parties for the children on several of the most sultry evenings, at our own house, Prowse's (the curate, who has four or five little ones), and Phipps's: blindman's buff, and racing in such weather, was but ill likely to do either old or young any good; none, however, suffered by it except Bessy, her leg not getting at all well. Towards the end of July the Lansdownes arrived. Bessy left home for Cheltenham on the 22nd, where Lady Donegal had provided lodgings for her, and Bowles took her and the two little ones (Tom and Russell) in his carriage.

August 4th. Set off for Cheltenham. Had a chaise to the Cross-Hands, where I took the coach. An Irish lady, who was not a little angry at my laughing at her country: told her who I was before we parted, and nothing could exceed her surprise and pleasure. Found darling Bessy in a snug little cottage, No. 10, Suffolk Parade; or rather found her at Lady Donegal's, whither she had gone to dinner. A little better, but the leg still continuing bad; not allowed to take exercise. The Donegals all kindness to her and her little ones; Tom calling Lady D. "Granny," and all like the same family.

7th. Started in the coach for town, with heart much lighter for having seen my dear girl and her urchins: arrived at eight.

9th. At work. Dined at Lord B.'s: company, Gen. d'Orsay and his aide-de-camp, who are travelling with Lord Blessington,

and Powell. In the evening, the Speaker came. Talked of the mistakes of English people in French. The Speaker said that Lord W——'s French for "never mind" was "jamais esprit." Said also, that when he asked Lord W——, in Paris, whether he meant to go on to Italy, Lord W—— said, "No, no, I have had enough of the sea already." This is too bad even for Lord W——.

11th. Got out at three. Called upon Burgess: told him of the scrape he was near getting me into by giving me a copy of a letter as Brinsley Sheridan's that was written by his brother Charles; luckily it was so puzzling in its dates and circumstances, that it set me on inquiry before I ventured to make use of it. Promised to give me the answers of Lords Grey and Grenville to the address of the Houses in 1811.

12th. Walked to Paternoster Row: company, Surgeon Thompson, Mr. Mill, Col. Hawker, &c. &c. A curious circumstance mentioned, that it was a Scotchman\* drew up the charter of the Bank of England, and introduced the rule that no Scotchman should be a director; knowing that if but one was admitted, all the rest would be Scotchmen too. Talked of sculpture. Singular that the ancients, with their imperfect knowledge of anatomy, should have represented the muscles in action so correctly, and even better than the moderns: seems as if this knowledge was unnecessary to a sculptor. The Apollo (Surgeon T. said) has no one part of him formed like a man, so that the artist gained his object of creating something quite unlike a human creature, yet producing the effect of most perfect and divine beauty. C. H. afterwards. Had a letter this morning from Walter Scott, in answer to one I wrote him before I left home, expressing my regret at not being in my own green land to welcome him, and saying how I envied those who would have the glory of showing him and Killarney to each other, there being no two of nature's productions so worthy of meeting.

\* William Paterson.

15th. Dined at Holland House: company, Adair, Whishaw, Mr. Warburton, Mr. Hackett, Lady Affleck, &c. &c. Story of Lord W — saying in one of his speeches, "I ask myself so and so," and repeating the words, "I ask myself." "Yes," said Lord Ellenborough, "and a damned foolish answer you'll get." Frere's beautiful saying, that, "Next to an old friend, what I like best is an old enemy." In the evening Warburton pointed out to me a remark in a work just published upon "Political Economy," that one thing cannot be said to have value without relation to some other thing, no more than one object can be said to have distance without reference to some other. This is the great mistake Smith, Malthus, &c. &c. have made in endeavouring to find something of *fixed* value, whereas no such thing exists. Some have taken *corn* for the standard, some *labour*, and some (by a strange sort of abstraction) a mean between labour and corn.

16th. Lady H. had ordered the carriage to bring me into town early, but I walked, and Rogers with me, a part of the way. Mentioned Sheridan saying, when there was some proposal to lay a tax upon milestones, that it was unconstitutional, as they were a race that could not meet to remonstrate. At my lodgings found a letter from dear Bessy, enclosing one from Miss Furness; by which it appears that the latter has had an execution put upon her house, and is obliged to dismiss all her pupils. Bessy has dispatched Hannah to bring our sweet Anastasia to her. Went to Rogers's: looked over the notes he has from Sheridan. Walked out with him to Holland House: company, Lord and Lady Wm. Russell, Misses Fox and Vernon. A good deal of talk in the evening with Allen: praised Adam Smith's style in his "Theory of Moral Sentiments;" cost him great labour. Hume's, on the contrary, written off easily; great part of his history without any erasure. Went with Lord Holland to his dressing-room, where he read me some remarks of his upon an unpublished pamphlet of Sir Charles Grey, which is meant to prove that Lord Orford (of all peo-

ple) was the author of Junius. Forgot to mention that last night Lord H. read to me from a manuscript of his own, in several *cahiers*, what I rather suspect to be memoirs of his own times.\* The part he read to me related to Drury Lane and Lord Byron. There was also mention in it of the latter's verses on the Princess Charlotte, and my parody on the Prince's letter. "Another poet," he said, "Mr. Moore, with more of Irish humour than of worldly prudence," &c. This is too bad, Lord Holland himself having been the person who first put it into my head to write that parody! Read me some epigrams and translations of his own, and others. Among the latter, the following on an indefatigable translator, Philemon Holland, publishing a version of Suetonius,—

"Philemon with translations so doth fill us,  
He will not let Suetonius be Tranquillus."

Did not leave his room till near two.

21st. Met Lord Lansdowne, and walked a little with him: mentioned the *Retrospective Review* as latterly very well done; and was anxious I should find out for him who were the authors of it. Spoke of an article in it on the Catholic Mass, in which I am mentioned, he said, "in the way I deserved to be." They quoted my lines "From the Irish Peasant to his Mistress," to show with what charms persecution may invest even the worst superstition. "They take you," he said, "for a Catholic;" I answered they had but too much right to do so. We then talked of the last stretch of fanaticism in Charles X., in putting all France under the protection of the Virgin, *Voué au blanc*; shops and all France dressed in white! Dined at Holland House. My Lady not very well; summoned me to sit next her. Whishaw, Adair, &c. Told ghost stories in the evening. The lady haunted by the large *hat* always near her; had been faithless to her lover. They seemed to like very

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\* A portion of these "Memoirs" was published by the late Lord Holland, the son of the writer of them.

much my story of the young man climbing up to the window to look at his father dying: Lord H. said it would do for a poem. In talking at dinner of the disadvantage of people being brought up to wealth and rank, Lady H. said, "that if she were a fairy, wishing to inflict the greatest mischief upon a child, she would make him abundantly rich, very handsome, with high rank, and have all these advantages to encircle him from the very cradle;" this she pronounced to be an infallible recipe for producing perfect misery; and "in the meantime," she added, "I should have the gratitude of the child's relations for the precious gifts I had endowed him with." This produced discussion and dissent. Lord H. said it depended upon the natural disposition of the person. There were some that would be happy in all situations: "There's Moore," he said, "you couldn't make him miserable even by inflicting a dukedom on him." When all the rest went to bed, Lord H. kept me, reading Dryden's "Aurungzebe" to me. Magnificent passages in it: "And with myself keep all the world awake," applicable to Napoleon.

23rd. Worked a little.

24th. Lord Lansdowne called on me, and left word he was going away to-morrow. Found him at the Travellers' Club, and walked a little with him. Quoted the French proverb, *Si la jeunesse savait, ou si la vieillesse pouvait*. Went to meet Lord Nugent at the Athenæum. Brought in his words to Spanish songs; rather pretty. Amused me a little to think of "Lord George," the young man about town (vide "Twopenny Postbag") consulting me friendly on the subject of his poetry.

25th. Started for Cashibury in the coach at two; got there at four. Found them driving about; Lady Davy and Young of the party, and joined them. A most lovely and enjoyable place. Some talk with Lord Essex in the evening about Sheridan.

26th. Drove with Lord E. and Lady Davy to call on Lady Elizabeth Whitbread, who was on a visit in the neighbourhood. On our return sung to Lady Davy. She

talked much of the Guiccioli, whom she knew intimately at Rome. Saw a note in a book of hers which she had lent Lord Byron, in which he said that it was his strong wish to believe that she would continue to love him, but there were three things against it, "she was nineteen, come out of a convent, and a woman." Lord E. asked me to take a drive with him through the grounds, which I most readily accepted; full of beauty. Showed me one or two cottages, and said he had many others to tempt me with, if I would come and live in his neighbourhood. Told me of his having taken Sheridan to Drury Lane, the first and only time he ever set foot in the new theatre, and (according to Lord E.'s account) the last time he ever was out of his house before his death. The actors drank his health in the green-room most flatteringly. Told the anecdote of the Prince pitching the Abbé St. Phar (half-brother to the Duke of Orleans) into the water at Newmarket. The Abbé had some method of making the fish lie still by tickling (or some such manoeuvre), and proceeded to exhibit his skill, having first made the Prince and all the rest give their honours that they would not push him into the water. He then bent down to the river or pond, when the P., not being able to resist the temptation, pitched him head over heels into the middle of it. The Abbé was so enraged, that when he got out, he ran after the Prince, and but that the company favoured the escape of the latter, would have treated him rather roughly. The Prince once having applied, in speaking of Sumner (now member for Surrey), a cant phrase he was much in the habit of using, some one told Sumner, who, meeting Jack Payne afterwards in the street, said to him, showing a large stick he had in his hand, "Tell your master he had better keep out of my way, as, if I meet him, I shall fell him to the earth." When Fox questioned the Prince about the loan from the Duke of Orleans, and the bonds which the Prince had given for the purpose, the Prince denied most solemnly having ever given any bonds; upon which Fox produced them to him out of

his pocket, thus convicting him of a lie to his very face. Errington was the person supposed to have been present at the marriage of the Prince and Mrs. Fitzherbert. When Lord Essex returned once from France, the Prince said to him, "I am told, but cannot believe it, that when at Paris you wear strings to your shoes." "It is very true, sir, and so does the Duke of Orleans, &c., and so will your Royal Highness before six months are over." "No, no, I'll be damned if ever I do such an effeminate thing as that." Story of the P. Attempted once to shoot himself on account of Mrs. Fitzherbert; only fired at the top of the bed, and then punctured himself with a sword in the breast. Lord E. thinks the Queen of France was innocent; so thought Lord Whitworth. If she erred with any one, it was Fersen, a Swede, he who assisted in her escape.

27th. Started at eight for town. Dined with Barnes (of the "Times"). A large party: Serjeant Rough and his two daughters, M. Comte (conductor of the "Minerve") and his wife, a daughter of Say, &c. &c.; rather agreeable. Talked of a variety of topics, — Burke, Dryden, Lord Thurlow. Dryden always gives you the idea of being capable of much more than he did. B. quoted a passage of Cicero, where, discussing different methods as more or less musical, of constructing a particular sentence, he decides for concluding it with the word *comprobavit*. Where is this?

31st. Fixed to dine with Lord Strangford at the Athenæum, in consequence of a note he wrote me yesterday, saying, "Surely as none of your d——d Whig dukes are in town, you could contrive, once in a way, to *tête-à-tête* it with me at the Athenæum." Dinner with Lord S. at seven; a good deal of old fun between us. Told me of Canning's anger at him for not voting for the last Catholic Bill. Mentioned that on some one saying to Peel, about Lawrence's picture of Croker, "You can see the very quiver of his lips;" "Yes," said Peel, "and the arrow coming out of it." Croker himself was telling this to one of his countrymen, who

answered, "He meant *Arrah*, coming out of it." Sat together till near ten.

September 1st. Dined at Holland House: company, the Wm. Russells, Lady Davy, &c.; Lord H. not at all in good spirits. I mentioned after dinner Barnes's opinion of Lord Liverpool, as one of the cleverest men in the House of Lords, which brought on discussion. Lord H. mentioned as curious that political affairs had always prospered best under men who had changed their party; Godolphin, Lord Oxford, Mr. Pitt. I mentioned Mr. Fox, too, as an instance, which he tried not to admit; the short share that Mr. Fox took, when young, in Lord North's politics, not being on subjects that much committed his Whiggism. Sharpe was complaining of an ugly house built by D'Arblay just near them at Leatherhead, and Sheridan said, "Oh, you know we can easily get rid of that, we can pack it off out of the country under the Alien Act."

2nd. Got out about three. Called upon Miss Furness, who wants her money, and though it is rather hard upon me (as Anastasia has not had much more than three months out of the half-year) must, I suppose, pay her the whole sum, as she seems much distressed. Several letters from poets to answer; one, a Portuguese, who sends me a work of his from Havre, about Camoens, with a fine letter calling me the *ami* and *emule* of Byron. Bessy inclosed me a letter from a Bath schoolmistress, proposing to take Anastasia, and saying that "terms would be a very minor consideration indeed, with the daughter of such a man as Moore."

3rd. Strangford called and sat some time: read me part of a letter from Lady Strangford on his telling her of the day that he and I passed together; "Shall henceforth," she says, "love Moore as much as I have always admired him for having given you one day of happiness." Showed me the extracts he talked of the other night from a MS. book of George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham which the old Lady Jersey had in her possession, and lent him many years ago at Cheltenham. Some very remarkable things in it, which I wrote down when he left me



as well as I could recollect them.\* Went to Holland House: company, Rogers, Abercromby, &c. The dinner very amusing from a contest maintained with great spirit and oddity by Lady Holland against Lord H. and Allen (the latter most comically personal and savage) on the subject of Gen. Washington, whom she, with her usual horror of the liberal side of things, depreciates and dislikes. The talent and good humour with which she fought us all highly amusing. In talking of the Game Laws, Rogers said, "If a partridge, on arriving in this country, were to ask what are the Game Laws? and somebody would tell him they are laws for the protection of game, 'What an excellent country to live in,' the partridge would say, 'where there are so many laws for our protection.'"

4th. \* \* \* Lord H. told at breakfast of the old Lady Albemarle (I think) saying to some one, "You have heard that I have abused you, but it is not true, for I would not take the trouble of talking about you; but if I had said anything of you, it would have been that you look like a blackguard of week days, and on Sundays like an apothecary." Lord H. full of an epigram he had just written on Southey, which we all twisted and turned into various shapes, he as happy as a boy during the operation. It was thus at last:—

\* "I can as little live upon past kindness as the air can be warmed with the sunbeams of yesterday." "A woman, whose mouth is like an old comb, with a few broken teeth, and a great deal of hair and dust about it." "Kisses are like grains of gold or silver, found upon the ground, of no value themselves, but precious, as showing that a mine is near." "That man has not only a long face, but a tedious one." "One can no more judge of the true value of a man by the impression he makes on the public, than we can tell whether the seal was of gold or brass by which the stamp was made." "Men's fame is like their hair, which grows after they are dead, and with just as little use to them." "A sort of anti-blackamoor, every part of her white but her teeth." "A woman, whose face was created without the preamble of 'Let there be light!'" "How few, like Danaë, have God and gold together."

"Omnibus hoc vitium est cantoribus."

"Our Laureat Bob defrauds the king,  
He takes his cash and does not sing:  
Yet on he goes, I know not why,  
Singing for us who do not buy."\*

In the evening, to my great surprise and pleasure, Mrs. Leigh appeared. Could not help looking at her with deep interest; though she can hardly be said to be like Byron, yet she reminds one of him. Was still more pleased, when, evidently at her own request, Lady Stanhope introduced me to her: found her pleasing, though (as I had always heard) nothing above the ordinary run of women. She herself began first to talk of him, after some time, by asking me "whether I saw any likeness." I answered, I did; and she said it was with strong fears of being answered "No," that she had asked the question. Talked of different pictures of him. I felt it difficult to keep the tears out of my eyes as I spoke with her. Said she would show me the miniature she thought the best, if I would call upon her.

15th. Felt so low (both from exhaustion of stomach and some melancholy thoughts suggested by my task) that I could not help crying a little.

18th. Called at Mrs. Purvis's: found she was in town, and left word I would dine with her. No one there but the Speaker, who told some amusing anecdotes about himself when a boy. His stopping to dine at Hatchett's on his way, alone, to school; begging of the waiter to dine with him, and offering to send out for a pine-apple to bribe him to do so. Talked of fagging: the horror he has had ever since of the boy to whom he was fag: once bought a horse which he liked very much till he knew that it had last belonged to this man, and then took a dislike to it. Mrs. P. mentioned that, in the same way, there has been a deadly feud between Lord Blessington and his fagger all through life; lawsuits, &c. &c. The Speaker told

\* *Aliter,*

"And yet for us, who will not buy,  
Goes singing on eternally."

also of the Duke of York's stupidity in reporting Bobus's joke about Vansittart and Hume, "penny wise and pound foolish;" "It was so good, you know," said the Duke, "calling Hume 'pound foolish,' and Van 'penny wise!'" Mentioned Canning's having met Lord Stowell one day on the road with a *turtle* beside him in the carriage which he was taking down to his country-house; Canning, a day or two after, said to him, "Wasn't that your *son* that was with you the other day?" I told in return a story of Jekyll's. Sir Ralph Payne begged of Jekyll to take him to see Philip Thicknesse's library, &c., which J., after cautioning him against saying anything to offend Thicknesse's *touchiness*, consented to do. Sir Ralph behaved very well, till, just as they were leaving the house, he saw on the library door the original sketch of the print that is prefixed to "Thicknesse's Travels," in which Thicknesse is represented in an odd sort of a travelling carriage, and his monkey with him. Sir Ralph having asked what it was, Thicknesse said it was a representation of the way in which he had travelled on the Continent. "Poor Master Thicknesse," exclaimed Sir R., "he must have been greatly fatigued with the journey." This Sir Ralph, by the bye, who was afterwards Lord Lavington, and governor of the Windward Islands, was the person of whom Jekyll told that anecdote about consulting the Chief Justice, &c.; "the guns will be fired, the bells will be rung, the guards will all turn out," &c. Received from Burgess one of the letters I was so anxious to get from him (that written by Sheridan to the Prince in 1812, about the exclusion of Lord Grey), which Dr. Bain, I find, persuaded him to let me have: must see to-morrow how I can get it in.

19th. Went pretty early to Shoe Lane, to see about getting Sheridan's letter in. Found the sheet was not printed off, and inserted part of it. Dined with Rogers at the Athenæum; the first time he ever dined at a club. Went together in the evening to the English Opera, but could get no seats. From thence to the Coburg, where

we saw a strange thing: "The Last Days of Napoleon;" where Bertrand and his wife were quietly listened to, abusing the perfidy and cruelty of the English towards Napoleon, who was represented throughout in the most amiable light.

23rd. Dined at the Speaker's. Speaker very civil: had his *levée*-rooms and state dining-rooms lighted up in the evening, in order that I might see them. I mentioned having heard Lord Sidmouth say that the only time his gravity was ever tried in the Chair was once when Brook Watson getting up (on some subject connected with Nootka Sound) said, "Mr. Speaker, it is impossible, at this moment, to look at the north-east, without at the same time casting a glance to the south-west." The Speaker stood this pretty well; but hearing some one behind the Chair say, "By God, no one in the House but Wilkes could do that," he no longer could keep his countenance, but burst out into a most undignified laugh. My host, on this, mentioned an occasion, on which he too had not been able to refrain from laughter. The Opposition (as he described it) had been, to his no small amusement, squabbling with one another, and firing into their own ranks, when presently he perceived a large rat issue from under the Opposition benches and walk gravely over to the Treasury side of the House. This, he said, he could not resist. Felt my story to be rather awkward before I was half through it, as the Speaker squints a little.

25th. Met Luttrell, who asked me to dine with him at seven; did so. Mentioned to me a good rhyme of his:—

"Of diamond, emerald, and topaz,  
Such as the charming Mrs. Hope has."

Finished a bottle of *côte rotie*, of Champagne, and of claret with Luttrell, and went from thence to Power's to correct some music.

27th. Started in the Emerald, and arrived at home at seven.

October 6th. The newspapers ("Times" and "Courier") at the breakfast table, full of extracts from the "Life." Fidgeted exceed-

ingly by seeing people reading them, at which they were not a little amused. Entreated Lord Lansdowne to wait till he could read the book itself, which he promised me to do.

7th. Received a letter from Charles Sheridan full of the warmest admiration and gratitude; a most seasonable relief to my mind, as I have been even more anxious about his opinion than that of the public.

8th. A triumphant letter from Longmans', congratulating me on the perfect success of the work, saying that, from the state of the sale, they must go to press with an octavo edition on Monday, and desiring me to send up the corrected copy by to-morrow night's mail. They also add that, from the extent to which I had carried the work, and its success, they felt called upon to place to my credit 300*l.* more than the sum originally stipulated to be paid for it. A letter likewise from Lord John, in which he says he has read some of my book, and the extracts in the "Times," and thinks it "very much what it ought to be." Have made up my mind to take a run to Paris, Lord John having offered to take me there, and Lord Lansdowne having invited me to take up my quarters with him, while there. Looked over the "Life," having time only for verbal corrections.

10th. Walked over to Lord Lansdowne, who was much delighted with Longmans and C. Sheridan's letters, which I had sent him. The Longmans had mentioned in theirs, that Henry Grattan had been with them, and seemed much disposed to put his materials for the Life of his father into my hands, but they said I must not do it till after the Life of Lord Byron. Lord Lansdowne much amused by the custom for Lives I was likely to have. I said I had better publish *nine* together in one volume, and call it "The Cat." Walked the greater part of the way home with me.

11th. A letter from Lord John, saying he had read but little of my book when he wrote before, but that now he had got through two-thirds of it; and "I confess," he says, "I am all astonishment at the extent of

your knowledge, the soundness of your political views, and the skill with which you contrive to keep clear of tiresomeness, when the subject seems to invite it." "Your wit and fancy," he adds, "we all knew before; and the latter is, as usual, perhaps a little in excess, but it is always so beautiful that we could not wish it to be other than it is." He says in a postscript, "I dined at Wimbledon yesterday, and all the Spencers sung chorus in praise of your book." This last circumstance gives me a good deal of pleasure, as I feared Lord Spencer would rather resent my remarks on him and the other Whig alarmists. Lord John has changed his mind about Paris, and will not go till Spring. Sent his letter to Lord L., and said that his change of mind would make no difference to my intentions.

13th. Receive every morning letters about the "Life"; one full of praise from Elwyn, another from Scott (of Devizes), and a second from Lord John, relative to the remarks upon the funeral, which I foresaw would produce uneasiness in many quarters. Tells me the Duke had lent Sheridan 200*l.* before his illness, and attended the funeral by Mrs. S.'s invitation; says this was probably the case with many.

14th. Set off for Bath to dine at the mayor's great dinner; Mrs. Branigan and Mrs. Phipps went with me. Went with Elwyn to the dinner, and got well seated: 270 persons at the dinner, Lord Camden, Lord John Thynne, &c. &c. When my health was given from the Chair, I saw a speech was expected from me, and I had thought of some things to say, but as none of the great guns had gone beyond a simple return of thanks, I was resolved that neither would I; so merely said, that after the brief manner the distinguished persons whose healths were already drunk had returned their thanks, it would ill become so humble an individual as myself to trespass further on their time and attention than merely to say that I felt very deeply," &c. &c. This was the best thing to do, but I saw it disappointed them. Left at ten, and went home with Elwyn. He mentioned a

good Italian squib on the Neapolitan revolution, as follows, —

LETTER FROM A CORPORAL IN THE PATRIOTIC NEAPOLITAN ARMY, AFTER ITS DEFEAT AND DISPERSION.

“Pulcinello, mal contento  
Disertor dal Regimento,  
Scrive a Mama a Benevento,  
Della Patria il triste evento.  
Movimento, Parlamento,  
Giuramento, Squarciamento,  
Gran Fermento, poco Argentò,  
Armamento, e nel cimento,     •  
(Mene pento, mene pento)  
Fra spavento e tradimento  
Siam fuggiti come il vento;  
Mama mia, Mama bella  
Prega Dio per Pulcinella.”\*

Slept at Elwyn's.

16th. A letter from the Longmans to say that they have sold every copy of the first 1000, and that the octavo will not be ready for two or three weeks. Take for granted, therefore, that there is a second quarto edition. Much inclined to give up my Paris trip for various reasons; the expense, Bessy's health, the idleness, and one or two more things.

17th. Bessy would not hear of my staying at home: insisted that if I did not go to France, I must go either to Scotland or Ireland, to amuse myself a little. Dear, generous girl, there never was anything like her for warm-heartedness and devotion. I shall certainly do no good at home, from the daily fidget I am kept in about my book. So perhaps an excursion somewhere, merely to change the current of my thoughts, would be of use.

19th. More letters about the book. One from Barnes (of the “Times”) full of the most enthusiastic praise.

20th. Had a chaise to Buckhill at seven in the morning; Bessy and Mrs. Branigan with me. The two first coaches full; got a seat in the Regulator. Read my old French newspapers all the way; the following in them: — “Since that time, as Scarron says, *La Parque a diablement filé.*” Louis XIV. said to Molière, on his producing the

“Bourgeois Gentilhomme,” “*Je n'ai demandé qu'un ballet, et vous m'avez donné une bonne comédie.*” Took up my quarters in Duke Street.

21st. Called on Lady Donegal; found her only at home. Talked of the “Life”: has not read it herself, but mentioned different opinions she had heard, and all praise. Told me an anecdote of the Prince when a very young man, having gone disguised to Lord Donegal's house to leave 1000*l.* for Lord Spencer Hamilton, who was in fear of arrest for debt. Said he had lately, too, sent 1000*l.* to Edward Bouverie when he was dying. Carpenter told me that he had heard nothing but praise of my book; but that he was told the Whigs were in a rage at it. Dined at Power's: party, Rees, Bishop, and Milliken of Dublin. Rees all delight at the success of the book: could have sold another edition of quarto if he had had them ready: not a copy to be got for these several days past, and the octavo will not be ready for a week: is negotiating with Charles Sheridan to buy him out of his stipulated share of the work. Latham this morning made me a present of a German translation of “Captain Rock.”

22nd. Dined at the Longmans'. Nearly the whole of the second edition is already disposed of; and they are laying in the paper for a third. Decided to go to Scotland: despatched a messenger to have my place taken in the York Mail for Monday night. Went to the Adelphi with Rees and Milliken.

23rd. Called upon Denman: asked me had I heard of Lady Holland's triumph. There are some chambers of the Tuileries which are never shown to strangers; accordingly Lady H. has long set her heart on seeing them. During Louis XVIII.'s time she was always told, in answer to her application, that such a thing was *non nominandum*; now, however, it appears, on her returning to the charge, the answer has been, that there was no door or gate of the Tuileries that was not open to Lady Holland. Bought a copy of a low Sunday paper, in which I had the pleasure of find-

\* Said to be by Ugo Foscolo.

ing myself' abused in all the flowers of Billingsgate; this "vile little fellow," this "filthy little fellow," &c. &c.

24th. Went to Bishop's, to look over the things that have been done for the Greek work. After our singing together his glee, "To Greece we give our shining blades," he turned exultingly to Power, and said, "That's worth one thousand pounds." Presently we tried over my glee, "Here, while the moonlight dim," and he said, "That's worth five hundred." Called upon Lady Donegal; walked with Barbara and Miss Godfrey. Packed up, and took my luggage to the Longmans', who sent it off immediately to the mail office. Dined with them: nothing could exceed their attention: gave me letters of credit on York and Edinburgh. Kenny, at dinner, mentioned that Washington Irving, he thinks, is becoming independent of literature by the profits he derives from the Rouen steamboats, in which he is partner with his brother. Started in the mail at eight: two lively and (as far as the darkness would allow me to judge) good-looking girls my companions, who had just returned from a trip of *four* days to Calais with Pa (who was outside), and two or three more friends. As full of France as if they had been there for years: a good deal of laugh and talk, till all grew sleepy; and at three in the morning we parted company.

25th. Arrived at Stamford, where I breakfasted, between six and seven; got to York between eight and nine at night.

26th. As soon as I was breakfasted, &c. called with my letter of introduction from the Longmans on Mr. Wilson, who attended me and an unknown acquaintance of mine that I picked up in the mail, to the Minster. Much as I had heard of this glorious piece of architecture, it went beyond my expectations. Among the curiosities, the bowl given by Archbishop Scroope, with an inscription round it purporting that every one who drank out of it should have forty days' indulgence. Went to see the new concert room; walked on the walls; had also gone to the top of the Minster, which was no small trial to our legs. Before I started

from town I wrote a letter to Sydney Smith (as I did also to Sir Walter Scott), saying I should call on him in my way. On my arrival at York last night, found he was at Mr. Yorke's (formerly Mr. Sheepshanks, who changed his name on marrying Lord Harewood's sister), and immediately despatched a letter to him by the post, saying how I regretted he was not at home. Fixed to dine with old Mr. Wilson at Fulford, two miles from York. On returning home found a letter from Sydney Smith, saying that Mr. and Lady Mary Yorke were most anxious I should come out there; but though I should not mind any distance to see him in his own house, it was not worth the time and expense to see him in another person's, so wrote an apology. Col. Thornhill (of the 7th hussars), who commands at York, was the bearer of the note to me. Among the company at Fulford was Mrs. John Kemble. She mentioned an anecdote of Piozzi, who on calling once upon some old lady of quality, was told by the servant "she was indifferent." "Is she indeed?" answered Piozzi huffishly, "then pray tell her I can be as indifferent as she," and walked away. Found a letter from Col. Thornhill on my return home, begging me to make use of his horses, carriages, &c. for my "locomotive adventures" during my stay at York. Wrote him a letter of thanks; am not aware that I know Col. Thornhill.

27th. Started in the coach for Newcastle at a quarter before nine; a young man in the coach, who was an intimate of Lockhart (Scott's son-in-law), and told me a good deal about them. Got a wretched bed at Newcastle; took my place in the Wellington for Kelso.

28th. Up before five and started for Kelso; another young man in the coach who knew the Scotts. Mentioned the application made in the High School of the motto of the city of Edinburgh, *Nisi Dominus frustra*. Unless you are a lord you cannot get on here. Arrived at Kelso at a quarter to five; the passengers, who had found me out, full of kindness at parting with me. Walked before I dined to the bridge, past

the ruins of Kelso Abbey, and on, by the side of the Tweed, to another bridge opposite Sir John Douglas's gate. The evening delicious: slept at Kelso; an excellent inn.

29th. Set off between eleven and twelve, in a chaise for Sir Walter Scott's. Stopped on the way to see Dryburgh Abbey on the grounds of Lord Buchan. The vault of Sir Walter Scott's family is here. Lord Buchan's own tombstone, ready placed, with a Latin inscription by himself on it, and a cast from his face let into the stone. Forded the Tweed below the chain bridge, and passed through Melrose, having a peep at the Abbey on my way, but reserving my view of it till I could see it with Scott himself. Arrived at his house about two. His reception of me most hearty; we had met but once before, so long ago as immediately after his publication of the "Lay of the Last Minstrel." After presenting me to Lady Scott and his daughter Anne (the Lockharts having, unluckily, just gone to Edinburgh), he and I started for a walk. Said how much he was delighted with Ireland; the fun of the common people. The postilion having run the pole against the corner of a wall and broken it down, crying out, "Well done pole! didn't the pole do it elegantly, your honour?" Pointing to the opposite bank of the river, said it was believed still by some of the common people that the fairies danced in that spot; and as a proof of it, mentioned a fellow having declared before him, in his judicial capacity, that having gone to pen his sheep about sunrise in a field two or three miles further down the river, he had seen little men and women under a hedge, beautifully dressed in green and gold; "the Duke of Buccleugh in full dress was nothing to them." "Did you, by the virtue of your oath, believe them to be fairies?" "I dinna ken; they looked very like the gude people" (evidently believing them to be fairies). The fact was, however, that these fairies were puppets belonging to an itinerant showman, which some weavers, in a drunken frolic, had taken a fancy to and robbed him of, but,

fearing the consequences when sober, had thrown them under a hedge, where this fellow saw them. In talking of the commonness of poetical talent just now, he said we were like Captain Bobadil, who had taught the fellows to [A blank left in the MS. The passage referred to is probably in Act 4. sc. 2. (Every Man in his Humour): "I would teach these nineteens the special rules, as your punta, your reverso, . . . till they could all play very near, or altogether as well, as myself."]

When I remarked that every magazine now contained such poetry as would have made a reputation for a man some twenty or thirty years ago, he said (with much shrewd humour in his face), "Ecod, we were in the luck of it, to come before all this talent was at work." Agreed with me that it would be some time before a great literary reputation could be again called up, "unless (he added) something new could be struck out; everything that succeeded lately owing its success, in a great degree, to its novelty." Talked a good deal about Byron; thinks his last cantos of Don Juan the most powerful things he ever wrote. Talking of the report of Lady Byron being about to marry Cunningham, said he would not believe it. "No, no, she must never let another man bear the name of husband to her." In talking of my sacrifice of the Memoirs, said he was well aware of the honourable feelings that dictated it, but doubted whether he would himself have consented to it. On my representing, however, the strong circumstances of not only the sister of Lord Byron (whom he so much loved) requiring it, but his two most intimate friends, Kinnaird and Hobhouse, also insisting earnestly upon the total destruction of the MS., and the latter assuring me that Lord Byron had expressed to him regret for having put such a work out of his own power, and had said that he was only restrained by delicacy towards me from recalling it; when I mentioned these circumstances (and particularly the last), he seemed to feel I could not have done otherwise than I had done. Thought the family, however, bound to furnish me every assistance towards

a Life of Lord B. I spoke of the advantage of Scotland over Ireland in her national recollections, in which he agreed and remarked the good luck of Scotland, in at last giving a king to England. In the spirit of this superiority he had himself insisted, in all the ceremonials attending the king's reception in Scotland, that England should yield the precedence: there had been some little tiffs about it, but the king himself had agreed readily to everything proposed to him. In talking of Ireland, said that he and Lockhart had gone there rather hostilely disposed towards the Catholic Emancipation, but that they had both returned converts to the necessity of conceding it. Dined at half-past five; none but himself, Mr. George Huntly Gordon\*, who is making a catalogue of his library, Lady Scott and daughter, and a boy, the son of his lost friend William Erskine. After dinner pledged him in some whisky out of a *quagh*; that which I drank out of very curious and beautiful. Produced several others; one that belonged to Prince Charles, with a glass bottom; others of a larger size, out of which he said his great grandfather drank. Very interesting *tête-à-tête* with him after dinner. Said that the person who first set him upon trying his talent at poetry was Mat. Lewis. He had passed the early part of his life with a set of clever, rattling, drinking fellows, whose thoughts and talents lay wholly out of the region of poetry; he, therefore, had never been led to find out his turn for it, though always fond of the old ballads. In the course of the conversation he, at last (to my no small surprise and pleasure), mentioned the novels without the least reserve as his own; "I then hit upon these novels (he said), which have been a mine of wealth to me." Had begun "Waverley" long before, and then thrown it by, till, having occasion for some money (to help his brother, I think); he bethought himself of it, but could not find the MS.; nor was it till he came to

Abbotsford that he at last stumbled upon it. By this he made 3000*l*. The conjectures and mystification at first amused him very much: wonders himself that the secret was so well kept, as about twenty persons knew it from the first. The story of Jeanie Deans founded upon an anonymous letter which he received; has never known from whom. The circumstance of the girl having refused the testimony in court, and then taking the journey to obtain her sister's pardon, is a fact. Received some hints also from Lady Louisa Stuart (granddaughter, I believe, to Lord Bute); these the only aids afforded to him. His only critic was the printer\*, who was in the secret, and who now and then started objections which he generally attended to. Had always been in the habit (while wandering alone or shooting) of forming stories and following a train of adventures in his mind, and these fancies it was that formed the groundwork of most of his novels. "I find I fail in them now, however (he said); I cannot make them as good as at first." He is now near fifty-seven; has no knowledge or feeling of music; knows nothing of Greek; indebted to Pope for even his knowledge of Homer. Spoke of the scrape he got into by the false quantity in his Latin epitaph on his dog. I said that his letter on the subject was worth all the prosody that ever existed, and so it is; nothing was ever in better or more manly taste. In the evening Miss Scott sung two old Scotch songs to the harp. He spoke of Mrs. Lockhart (whom he seems thoroughly to love) as richer in this style of songs than Miss Scott. I then sung several things which he seemed to like. Spoke of my happy power of adapting words to music, which, he said, he never could attain, nor could Byron either. Story of the beggar: "Give that man some halfpence and send him away;" "I never go away under sixpence." Spoke of the powers of all Irishmen for oratory; the Scotch, on the contrary, cannot speak; no Scotch orator can be named; no Scotch actors. Told me Lock-

\* Scott's amanuensis, who was also at the time of Moore's visit transcribing the first two volumes of the "Life of Napoleon."

\* James Ballantyne.

hart was about to undertake the Quarterly, has agreed for five years; salary 1200*l.* a year, and if he writes a certain number of articles it will be 1500*l.* a year to him. Spoke of Wordsworth's absurd vanity about his own poetry; the more remarkable as Wordsworth seems otherwise a manly fellow. Story told him by Wordsworth, of Sir George Beaumont saying one day to Crabbe, at Murray's, on Crabbe putting an extinguisher on a tallow candle which had been imperfectly put out, and the smoke of which was (as Sir G. Beaumont said) curling up in graceful wreaths, "What, you a poet, and do that?" This Wordsworth told Scott was a set-off against the latter's praises of Crabbe, and as containing his own feelings on the subject, as well as Sir G. Beaumont's. What wretched twaddle! Described Wordsworth's manly endurance of his poverty. Scott has dined with him at that time in his kitchen; but though a kitchen, all was neatness in it. Spoke of Campbell; praised his *Hohenlinden*, &c.; considered his "Pleasures of Hope" as very inferior to these lesser pieces. Talked of Holt, the Wicklow brigand, who held out so long in the mountains, and who distinguished himself on many occasions by great generosity; once or twice gave up men who had been guilty of acts of cruelty; is still alive, keeping (I believe), a public-house, and in good repute for quietness. Sir Walter Scott had wished much to have some talk with him, but feared it might do the man harm, by giving him high notions of himself, &c. &c. "I could have put," says he, "a thousand pounds in his pocket, by getting him to tell simply the adventures in which he had been engaged, and then dressing them up for him." In speaking of the circumstances in which my intimacy with Byron began, and giving him an account of the message from Greville that followed, he spoke as if the thought had occurred to him at that time, whether he ought not himself to have taken notice, in the same manner, of what Byron had said of him.

30th. A very stormy day. Sir W. impatient to take me out to walk, though the

ladies said we should be sure of a ducking. At last a tolerably fair moment came, and we started; he would not take a great coat. Had explained to me after breakfast, the drawings in the breakfast room, done by an amateur at Edinburgh, W. Sharpe, and alluding to traditions of the Scotts of Harden, Sir Walter's ancestors. The subject of one of them was the circumstance of a young man of the family being taken prisoner in an incursion on the grounds of a neighbouring chief, who gave him his choice, whether he should be hanged or marry his daughter "muckle-mouthed Meg." The sketch represents the young man as hesitating; a priest advising him to the marriage, and pointing to the gallows on a distant hill, while Meg herself is stretching her wide mouth in joyful anticipation of a decision in her favour. The other sketch is founded on the old custom of giving a hint to the guests that the last of the beeves had been devoured, by serving up nothing but a pair of spurs under one of the covers; the dismay of the party at the uncovering of the dish, is cleverly expressed. Our walk was to the cottage of W. Laidlaw, his bailiff, a man who had been reduced from better circumstances, and of whom Scott spoke with much respect as a person every way estimable. His intention was, he said, to ask him to walk down and dine with us to-day. The cottage, and the mistress of it very homely, but the man himself, with his broad Scotch dialect, showing the quiet self-possession of a man of good sense. The storm grew violent, and we sat some time. Scott said he could enumerate thirty places, famous in Scottish song, that could be pointed out from a hill in his neighbourhood: Yarrow, Ettrick, Gala Water, Bush-aboon Traquair, Selkirk ("Up with the souters of Selkirk"), the bonny Cowden Knowes, &c. &c. Mentioned that the Duke of Wellington had once wept, in speaking to him about Waterloo, saying that "the next dreadful thing to a battle lost was a battle won." Company to dinner, Sir Adam Ferguson, (an old schoolfellow and friend of Scott), his lady, and Col. Ferguson. Drew out Sir Adam



(as he had promised me he would) to tell some of his military stories, which were very amusing. Talked of amateurs in battles; the Duke of Richmond at Waterloo, &c. &c.; the little regard that is had of them. A story of one who had volunteered with a friend of his to the bombardment of Copenhagen, and after a severe cannonade, when a sergeant of marines came to report the loss, he said (after mentioning Jack This and Tom That, who had been killed), "Oh, please your Honour, I forgot to say that the volunteer gentleman has had his head shot off." Scott mentioned as a curious circumstance that, at the same moment, the Duke of Wellington should have been living in one of Buonaparte's palaces, and Buonaparte in the Duke's old lodgings at St. Helena; had heard the Duke say laughingly to some one who asked what commands he had to St. Helena, "Only tell Bony that I hope he finds my old lodgings at Longwood as comfortable as I find his in the Champs Elysées." Mentioned the story upon which the Scotch song of "Dainty Davie," was founded. Talking of ghosts, Sir Adam said that Scott and he had seen one, at least, while they were once drinking together; a very hideous fellow appeared suddenly between them whom neither knew anything about, but whom both saw. Scott did not deny it, but said they were both "fou," and not very capable of judging whether it was a ghost or not. Scott said that the only two men, who had ever told him that they had actually seen a ghost, afterwards put an end to themselves. One was Lord Castlereagh, who had himself mentioned to Scott his seeing the "radiant-boy." It was one night when he was in barracks, and the face brightened gradually out of the fireplace, and approached him. Lord Castlereagh stepped forwards to it, and it receded again, and faded into the same place. It is generally stated to have been an apparition attached to the family, and coming occasionally to presage honours and prosperity to him before whom it appeared, but Lord Castlereagh gave no such account of it to Scott. It was the Duke of Wellington made Lord

Castlereagh tell the story to Sir Walter, and Lord C. told it without hesitation, and as if believing in it implicitly. Told of the Provost of Edinburgh showing the curiosities of that city to the Persian ambassador; impatience of the latter, and the stammering hesitation of the former. "Many pillar, wood pillar? stone pillar, eh?" "Ba-ba-ba-ba," stammered the Provost. "Ah, you not know; var well. Many book here: write book? print book, eh?" "Ba-ba-ba-ba." "Ah, you not know; var well." A few days after, on seeing the Provost pass his lodgings, threw up the window and cried, "Ah, how you do?" "Ba-ba-ba." "Ah, you not know; var well;" and shut down the window. Account of the meeting between Adam Smith and Johnson\* as given by Smith himself. Johnson began by attacking Hume. "I saw (said Smith) this was meant at me, so I merely put him right as to a matter of fact." "Well, what did he say?" "He said it was a lie." "And what did you say to that?" "I told him he was a son of a b—h." Good this, between two sages. Boswell's father indignant at his son's attaching himself (as he said) to "a Dominic, who kippit a schule, and ca'd it an academy." Some doubts, after dinner, whether we should have any singing, it being Sunday. Miss Scott seemed to think the rule might be infringed in my case; but Scott settled the matter more decorously, by asking the Fergusons to come again to dinner next day, and to bring the Misses Ferguson.

31st. Set off after breakfast, Scott, Miss Scott, and I, to go to Melrose Abbey. Told him I had had a strong idea of coming on as far as Melrose from Kelso on Friday night, in order to see the Abbey by the beautiful moonlight we had then; but that I thought it still better to reserve myself for the chance of seeing it with him, though I had heard he was not fond now of showing it. He answered, that in general he was not; but that I was, of course, an exception. I think it was on this morning that he said, laying

\* This story, it has been proved, by Mr. Croker and Mr. McCulloch, has no foundation. — Ed.

his hand cordially on my breast, "Now, my dear Moore, we are friends for life." Forgot to mention that, in the answer which he sent to me to Newcastle, and which was forwarded after me to Abbotsford, he offered, if I would let him know when I should reach Kelso, to come for me there in his carriage; nothing, indeed, could be more kind and cordial than the whole of his reception of me. Explained to me all the parts of the Abbey, assisted by the sexton, a shrewd, hardy-mannered fellow, who seemed to have studied everything relating to it *con amore*. Went up to a room in the sexton's house, which was filled with casts, done by himself, from the ornaments, heads, &c. of the Abbey. Scott, seeing a large niche empty, said, "Johnny, I'll give you the Virgin and Child to put there." Seldom have I seen a happier face than Johnny exhibited at this news; it was all over smiles. As we went downstairs, Scott said to him, "Johnny, if there's another anti-popish rising, you'll have your house pulled about your ears." When we got into the carriage, I said, "You have made that man very happy." "Good (said Sir Walter), then there are two of us pleased, for I did not know what to do with that Virgin and Child. Mamma (Lady Scott) will be particularly glad to get rid of it." A less natural man would have left me under the impression that he had done really a very generous thing. Sir W. bought one of the books giving a description of the Abbey (written every word of it by the sexton), and presented it to me. Went from thence to the cottage of the Lockharts, which is very retired and pretty; and then proceeded to pay a visit to the Fergusons just near. Could not help thinking, during this quiet, homely visit, how astonished some of those foreigners would be, to whom the name of Sir Walter Scott is encircled with so much romance, to see the plain, quiet, neighbourly manner with which he took his seat among these old maids, and the familiar ease with which they treated him in return; no country squire, with but half an idea in his head, could have fallen into the gossip of a humdrum country visit more unassumingly.

This is charming. Left Miss Scott to proceed home in the carriage; and he and I walked. Took me through a wild and pretty glen called "Thomas the Rhymer's Glen." Told me of his introduction to the Prince by Adam; their whole talk about the Pretender. The Prince asked him, would he have joined the Jacobites; "it would have been wretched taste of me (said Scott) to have said I would, and I merely answered that I should have, at least, wanted one motive against doing so in not knowing his Royal Highness." Adam said afterwards, that the only difference as to Jacobitism between him and the Prince, during the conversation, was, that the Prince always said "the Pretender," and Scott said "Prince Charles." Mentioned that when Buonaparte expressed himself shocked at the murder of the Emperor Paul, Fouché said, "*Mais, Sire, c'est une espèce de destitution propre à ce pays-là.*" On my taking this opportunity of saying that I doubted whether I ought to allude to a work which it was supposed he was writing, "The Life of Buonaparte," he said that it was true, and that he had already finished, I think, more than a volume of it, but had now suspended his task for the purpose of writing a novel on the subject of the "Civil Wars," in which he expected to make something of the character of Cromwell, whose politics he certainly did not like, but in whom there were some noble points which he should like to throw light on. It gave me pleasure to find that some of the views he expressed of the character of Napoleon were liberal; talked with scorn of the wretched attempts to decry his courage. I said how well calculated the way in which Scott had been brought up was to make a writer of poetry and romance, as it combined all that knowledge of rural life and rural legends which is to be gained by living among the peasantry and joining in their sports, with all the advantages which an aristocratic education gives. I said that the want of this manly training showed itself in my poetry, which would perhaps have had a far more vigorous character if it had not been for the sort of *boudoir* education I had re-

ceived. (The only thing, indeed, that conduced to brace and invigorate my mind was the strong political feelings that were stirring around me when I was a boy, and in which I took a deep and most ardent interest.) Scott was good-natured enough to dissent from all this. His grandfather, he told me, had been, when a young man, very poor; and a shepherd, who had lived with the family, came and offered him the loan of (I believe all the money he had) thirty pounds, for the purpose of stocking a farm with sheep. The grandfather accepted it, and went to the fair, but instead of buying the sheep, he laid out the whole sum on a horse, much to the horror of the poor shepherd. Having got the horse, however, into good training and order, he appeared on him at a hunt, and showed him off in such style, that he immediately found a purchaser for him at twice the sum he cost him, and then, having paid the shepherd his 30*l.*, he laid out the remainder in sheep, and prospered considerably. Pointed out to me the tower where he was born. His father and uncle went off to join the rebels in 1745, but were brought back; himself still a sort of Jacobite; has a feeling of horror at the very name of the Duke of Cumberland. . . . Came to a pretty lake where he fed a large beautiful swan, that seemed an old favourite of his. The Fergusons to dinner; maiden sisters and all. Showed me before dinner, in a printed song book, a very pretty ballad by his bailiff, Mr. Laidlaw, called "Lucy's Flitting." In the evening I sung, and all seemed very much pleased; Sir Adam, too, and his brother the Colonel, sung. Scott confessed that he hardly knew high from low in music. Told him Lord Byron knew nothing of music, but still had a strong feeling of some of those I had just sung, particularly "When he who adores thee;" that I have sometimes seen the tears come into his eyes at some of my songs. Another great favourite of his was "Though the last glimpse of Erin," from which he confessedly borrowed a thought for his "Corsair," and said to me, "It was shabby of me, Tom, not to acknowledge that theft." "I dare say," said Scott, "Byron's feelings and mine about music are

pretty much the same." His true delight, however, was visible after supper, when Sir Adam sung some old Jacobite songs; Scott's eyes sparkled, and his attempts to join in chorus showed much more of the will than the deed. "Hey, Tutti tutte," was sung in the true orthodox manner, all of us standing round the table with hands crossed and joined, and chorusing every verse with all our might and main; he seemed to enjoy all this thoroughly. Asked him this morning whether he was not a great admirer of Bruce the traveller; said he was his delight; and I could have sworn so.

November 1st. Scott proposed to take me to-day to the castle of Newark, a place of the Duke of Buccleugh's. Sat with him some time in his study; saw a copy of the "Moniteur" there, which he said he meant to give to the Advocates' Library when he was done with it. I said that what astonished foreigners most was the extent of his knowledge. "Ah, that sort of knowledge (he answered) is very superficial." I remarked that the manual labour alone of copying out his works seemed enough to have occupied all the time he had taken in producing them. "I write," he answered, "very quick; that comes of being brought up under an attorney." Writes chiefly in the morning, from seven till breakfast time: told me the number of pages he could generally produce in the day, but I do not accurately remember how much it was. Mentioned to him that Lord Byron repeated to me the first hundred and twenty lines of "Lara" immediately after they were written, and said he had done them either that morning or the evening before, I forgot which. Went out at twelve in the open carriage, he and I and Miss Scott; the day very lowering. Showed me where the Ettrick and Yarrow join. The Yarrow grows beautiful near the gate of the Duke, and the walk by it through the grounds is charming. Lunched in a little summer-house beyond the bridge. Showed me a deep part of the river into which he found Mungo Park once throwing stones: Park said it reminded him of what he used to do in Africa to try the depth of

the rivers. After his return from Africa he opened an apothecary's shop in Selkirk, but the passion for wandering would not allow him to remain quiet. Day cleared up as we returned home. Saw the place where Montrose was defeated; four hundred Irishmen shot near it after the battle. In talking of his ignorance of music, Scott said he had been once employed in a case where a purchaser of a fiddle had been imposed on as to its value. He found it necessary to prepare himself by reading all about fiddles in the Encyclopædias, &c., and having got the names of Straduerius, Amati, &c. glibly on his tongue, got swimmingly through his cause. Not long after this, dining at the Duke of Hamilton's, he found himself left alone after dinner with the Duke, who had but two subjects he could talk of, hunting and music. Having exhausted hunting, Scott thought he would bring forward his lately acquired learning in fiddles; upon which the Duke grew quite animated, and immediately whispered some orders to the butler, in consequence of which there soon entered the room about half a dozen tall servants all in red, each bearing a fiddle case; and Scott found his knowledge brought to no less a test than that of telling by the tones of each fiddle, as the Duke played it, by what artist it was made. "By guessing and management," he said, "I got on pretty well till we were, to my great relief, summoned to coffee." Mentioned an anecdote which he had heard from Lady Swinton of her seeing, when a child, a strange young lady in the room whom she took for a spirit, from her vanishing the moment she turned her head. It was a person whom her mother kept concealed, from some cause, within the panel: this evidently suggested the circumstance in one of his novels. On our return home found that two gentlemen were waiting to see Sir Walter; proved to be young Demidoff, son of the rich Russian, who has been sent to Edinburgh for his education, and with his tutor, was now come to pay a visit to Sir Walter.\* Much talk with the

young man, who is very intelligent, about Russian literature. I mentioned the "Fables" of Kriloff, of which I had seen a translation in French, and in one of which he talks of Voltaire being roasted in hell *à petit feu*. This translation, Demidoff said, was a very bad one. Sung in the evening; much pressed by Scott to defer my departure for a day or two.

2nd. While I was dressing, Mr. Gordon (the gentleman who is employed making a catalogue of the library) came into my room, and requested, as a great favour, a lock of my hair: told him to be careful how he cut it, as Mrs. Moore would be sure to detect the "rape." The carriage being ordered immediately after breakfast, to take me to the coach and young Demidoff and his tutor to Melrose Abbey, I took leave of Scott, who seemed (as my companions afterwards remarked) to feel much regret at parting with me. Finding a place in the Jedburgh coach, I set off for Edinburgh. Some talk among the people in the coach about Scott; said he was "a very peculiar man," and seemed all to agree that he had chosen a very bad situation for his house. Went outside for the last two or three stages, in order to see the country, but it was all dreary and barren. The entrance, however, into Edinburgh most striking; the deep ravine between the two towns, the picturesque sites of the buildings on the heights and in the depths, the grand openings to the sea, all is magnificent and unlike everything else. By the bye, talking with the guard about Abbotsford, he told me Lady Scott had said that "it was quite an hotel in everything but pay." Took a hackney coach and drove to William Murray's (husband to Bessy's sister), having received a letter from him at Abbotsford, entreating me to take a bed at his house. Found Anne not so much altered (though it is fourteen years since we last met) as Bessy led me to expect. A note while we were at dinner from Murray's sister, Mrs. Siddons, to ask

time, declares that it was Count Orloff, a nephew of the Count Orloff who holds a high station at the Russian Court, who was Sir Walter Scott's guest, and not M. Demidoff.—Ed.

\* A gentleman who was at Abbotsford at the

me, if not too fatigued, to drink tea there. We went; none but herself and daughters; sung a little, though very hoarse; one of the Miss S.'s also sung. Had written to Jeffrey after dinner to say I was come, and would be out with him at Craigcrook to-morrow; an answer from him to say, "Why not to-night?"

3rd. Went out with Murray and a Mr. Bridges to see the town; the day, though it looked dull, very clear, and favourable for seeing the distant hills. Went up to the Castle, thence through some of the old town to Calton Hill. Was quite enchanted with the views of the Forth; could see the Isle of *May and the snow on Ben Lomond*. Had *soup at a restaurant on Calton Hill*: returned home to meet Jeffrey, who came and *proposed that I should call upon him at his town-house in a coach at half-past four*. Did so; Craigcrook about three miles off: no one at dinner but Mrs. Jeffrey, a Mrs. Miller, and Cockburn\*, the celebrated barrister. Cockburn very reserved and silent; but full, as I understand, of excellent fun and mimicry when he chooses. A good deal of chat with Jeffrey before going to bed; cannot bear to stir without his wife and child; requires something living and breathing near him, and is miserable when alone. Slept in a curious bedroom, with two turrets for dressing-rooms. This house was once a madhouse, and it was a common saying of any one that was flighty, "He is only fit for Craigcrook."

4th. After breakfast, sitting with Jeffrey in his beautiful little Gothic study (from which he looks out on grounds sloping up to a high-wooded hill), he told me, at much length, his opinion of my *Life of Sheridan*. Thinks it a work of great importance to my fame: people inclined to depreciate my talents have always said, "Yes, Moore can, it is true, write pretty songs, and launch a smart epigram, but there is nothing solid in him." Even of Captain Rock they said, "A lively, flashy work, but the style not fit for

the subject." "Here, however," added Jeffrey, "is a convincing proof that you can think and reason solidly and manfully, and treat the gravest and most important subjects in a manner worthy of them. I look upon the part of your book that relates to Sheridan himself as comparatively worthless; it is for the historical and political views that I value it; and am, indeed, of opinion, that you have given us the only clear, fair, and manly account of the public transactions of the last fifty years that we possess." Walked up to the wooded hill opposite the house, and caught some beautiful views of the Forth and its islands, as well as of Edinburgh. Went into town in a hackney coach with Jeffrey and Mrs. Miller: walked about with Jeffrey: called upon Lady Keith. Flahault *in Edinburgh, but not at home: promised she would make him come to dinner at Jeffrey's to-day, if he could*. Called at Black's the bookseller, at Constable's, at Sir Henry Moncrieff's: sat some time with this fine old man, who seems to be much looked up to. Returned to Craigcrook at half-past four with Thomson\* (Mackintosh's friend), John A. Murray†, and Jeffrey. A large party to dinner: Lord Mackenzie (son of the "Man of Feeling"), Mr. and Mrs. Kay, my old friend Shannon, &c. &c. Sung in the evening, Jeffrey having had a pianoforte sent expressly for the purpose. Have seldom seen people more pleased: obliged to repeat "Ship, ahoy!" "The Watchman," &c.

5th. After breakfast, young Stoddart (grandson to Sir H. Moncrieff) came out to beg I would fix a day to dine with Sir Henry: fixed for next Tuesday. Set off to walk to town, but, near the house, met the "Man of Feeling" coming out to call upon me. Jeffrey put me into the carriage to him, and he carried me into town. Told me that what put him upon writing "*Julia de Roubigny*," was a wish expressed by Lord Kaimes for a novel without love in it. Dosed me with old stories and civility; and

\* Afterwards Lord Cockburn, who became the biographer of Lord Jeffrey.

\* Mr. Thomas Thomson.

† The late Lord Murray, one of the best, kindest, and most generous men that ever lived.—ED.

having stopped his carriage half way down a hill, in order to introduce me to his daughter, who was coming up it, left me at last at Murray's house. Walked out with Murray, and went to see Holyrood House: felt, as I looked at the wretched lodgings around it for the privileged, how much better I had been within the rules of the Allée des Veuves, in 1820. Dined at Mrs. Siddons's, with Murray and Aune: company, the Lord Provost, Shannon, &c. &c. A party in the evening: Miss Gibson Craig, a pretty girl; two other nice girls, Miss Wilsons, very good musicians, rather a rare thing, it appears, in Scotland. Sung with them some Italian duets and trios: one of them sung my own "Say what shall be our sport to-day?" The evening agreeable.

6th. Went off with Murray, in a hackney-coach to see Roslyn Castle; the day clear and sunny, and, considering the time of the year, very favourable for the purpose. The colouring of the leaves, rocks, and water brought out beautifully by the sunshine. Did not go on to Hawthornden: the chapel very curious. Lunched at the inn, well and cheaply. Company to dinner at Murray's, John Wilson, the professor of Moral Philosophy (author of the novels, *Blackwood*, &c.), Ballantyne the printer (Scott's friend, and, as Scott told me, the only critic he had for his novels), and Shannon. Wilson an odd person, but amusing; his imitation of Wordsworth's Monologues excellent. Spoke of my Sheridan; thinks the *bon mots* I have reported of his very poor; told him I agreed with him in this, but was obliged to put them in, both from the outcry there would have been, had I not given anecdotes, and the value in which most of those I have given are held by Rogers, Lord Holland, &c., particularly the reply to Tarleton about the mule and the ass, which I saw no great merit in myself, but which Lord H. and Rogers always quote with praise. All agreed in thinking it not only poor, but hardly intelligible.\* Wilson praised my book warmly,

\* Sheridan's joke to Tarleton. Any one might think the wit poor (although I do not agree with

and said that it was only so far unfair that the biographer had in every page outshone his subject. Seemed not to think very highly of Sheridan's genius; and in speaking of his great unreported speech, said it appeared to him utterly impossible that, with such powers as his, he should ever have produced anything deserving of such high praises. In comparing prose with poetry, remarked, in order to prove the inferiority of the former, that there have been great schools of poetry, but no school of prose. Sat drinking till rather late, and sat again with Wilson after supper, till past one. Not being able to dine with him any day before I go, fixed to sup at his house next Tuesday.

7th. Walked about with John A. Murray: went with him to the Advocates' Library; rather too gay and ornamented; fitter for ladies than lawyers. Called at Black's, the bookseller, who showed me a letter from the Longmans, saying the demand for the "Life" was "prodigious," and that they were bringing out the third edition. Called on Lady Keith; her children at dinner; lunched with them; fixed to dine with her on Wednesday. Proved to me that I could perform all my visits to my Scotch friends in ten days, going to Lord Dunmore's on Monday, thence on Tuesday to her, where I should be saved the trouble of going to the Gwydiars by seeing them with her; and so on she traced the route for me, to Lord Belhaven's, the Dalrymple-Hamiltons', &c. &c. Should like it much, but too late in the season, and cannot, at all events, spare the time. Went to John A. Murray's at five to be taken out to Jeffrey's. M'Culloch, the political economist, went with us. Said he was very much pleased with the remarks I had made in the "Life," relative to the debates on the commercial treaty with France, and the Irish propositions: Lord Lansdowne's speech on

them), but the joke is clear enough. "I was on a horse, and now I'm on an elephant," i. e. "I was high above others, but now I am much higher." "You were on an ass, and now you're on a mule," said Sheridan; i. e. "You were stupid and now you're obstinate." For quick repartee in conversation, there are few things better. — J. R.

the latter measure, one, he said, of considerable ability. A large party to dinner at Jeffrey's: Mr. and Mrs. Fullarton (she a fine woman), Mr.\* and Mrs. Rutherford (the latter, I found, an old acquaintance of mine in Ireland, Sophia Stewart), a Mr. Mure, a young man, only twenty-two, whom Jeffrey mentioned to me as having given great promise of talent, and as being the author of some late articles in the "Review," on Spanish poetry, &c. &c. Sung a good deal in the evening, and had no reason to complain of any want of enthusiasm in my audience. A Miss Young played two or three things with much feeling.

8th. Company to breakfast, Capt. Basil Hall and his wife, old Mackenzie, &c. &c. Sung for them after breakfast. Have more than once seen Jeffrey (though he professes rather to dislike music) with tears in his eyes while I sang "There's a Song of the Olden Time," one of those that make the most impression. John A. Murray, having sent out his gig for me, I took leave of Craigcrook, leaving, I hope, as pleasant recollections of my visit as I brought away with me. Letters from Mrs. Dugald Stewart and old Mr. Fletcher (a friend of Mackintosh's), full of the most flattering kindness. Mrs. Stewart says that her husband would have come expressly to Edinburgh to meet me, if it was not for the bad weather, and Mr. Fletcher, with many praises of my writings, expresses his regret that his infirmities would not allow him to do the same: both invite me to their houses. Took my place in the mail for Thursday morning. Dined at Sir Henry Moncrieff's: company, Jeffrey, J. A. Murray, Dr. Thomson, young Stoddart and his sister, and one or two more. Sung to a wretched pianoforte in the evening. Went from thence to Miss Sinclair's; with W. Murray's assistance escaped early, and he and I went to sup at Wilson's. An odd set collected there; among others the poet Hogg. We had also Williams, the Rector of the Academy, the person to whom Lockhart ad-

\* Afterwards Lord Advocate, and subsequently a Lord of Session.

dressed "Peter's Letters;" said to be an able man; some ladies too, one of whom sung duets with an Italian singing-master: a fine contrast between this foreigner and Hogg, who yelled out savagely two or three Scotch songs, and accompanied the burden of one of them by labouring away upon the bare shoulders of the ladies who sat on each side of him. He and I very cordial together; wanted me to let him drive me to his farm next day, to see wife and bairns. I was much pressed to sing, but there being no pianoforte could not; at last, in order not to seem fine (the great difficulty one has to get over in such society), sung the "Boys of Kilkenny."

9th. Called upon Constable, and sat some time with him: thence to Ballantyne's with Murray, and sung for Mrs. B. and a party there (among whom was G. Thompson, editor of the "Scotsman") though in violent pain; never, however, sung better, and they all seemed much pleased. On coming home, Murray insisted upon sending for Dr. Ross. Went to dine at Lady Keith's: company, only themselves, Jeffrey, John A. Murray, and Stewart. Flahault gave me twenty drops of laudanum before dinner; so ill I could not stay at table. Flahault took me down to his bedroom, and attended me with all the kindness that makes brave, warm-hearted soldiers like him such good nurses. Lay on his bed for some time, and then returned to the table. A good many people in the evening whom I should like to have known something of; among others, Cranstoun, but my head was turning round and I could enjoy nothing. Murray all kindness; surrounded me with all possible comforts at night.

10th. Much better this morning, but determined to put off my departure till Sunday (13th). Stayed at home all day. Flahault called upon me, and sat some time.

11th. Went out in a hackney-coach: called upon Lady Keith, &c. Dined at home with the Murrays\*; Dr. Ross of our party. Murray full of talent and fun. \* \* \* His story of "Jobson of Dundee;" ossifica-

\* Mr. Moore's brother and sister-in-law.

tion of the heart; bones turning to stones, and blood to mortar. His story of the fellow acting with Kemble in "Coriolanus," and in the speech where he accuses Coriolanus:

"For that he has  
(As much as in him lies) from time to time  
Envi'd against the people, seeking means  
To pluck away their power."

The fellow forgetting his part here, looked fiercely at Kemble, and added, "And that he is always seen going about the streets, making every one uncomfortable." At the end of the play, the unfortunate actor went to apologise for this awkwardness, but Kemble merely looked bitterly at him, and said, "Beast!" Story of the little girl, on being asked what kind of an animal man was, "He is a tripod." Lord Sidmouth said that the great art of a Speaker of the House of Commons was "to know what to overlook;" applied by Murray to the manager of a theatre.

12th. Went to the Courts after breakfast: found out Jeffrey and walked about with him to see everything, being myself the greatest show of the place and followed by crowds from court to court. Had the pleasure of seeing Scott sitting at his table, under a row of as dull-looking judges as need be. Jeffrey asked him to dine to meet me, and though I had already refused Jeffrey (in order to dine with the Murrays), I could not resist this temptation: begged of Jeffrey to dine pretty early, in order that I might see the theatre. Met Scott afterwards, and told him this arrangement. "Very well," he said, "I'll order my carriage to come at eight o'clock, and I'll just step down to the playhouse with you myself." Company at Jeffrey's, Mr. and Mrs. Rutherford, Thomson, &c. Sir Walter a different man from what he was at Abbotsford; a good deal more inert, and, when he did come into play, not near so engaging or amusing. When the carriage came, he and I and Thomson went to the theatre, and I could see that Scott anticipated the sort of reception I met with. We went into the front boxes, and the moment we appeared, the

whole pit rose, turned towards us, and applauded vehemently. Scott said, "It is you, it is you; you must rise and make your acknowledgment." I hesitated for some time, but on hearing them shout out "Moore, Moore," I rose and bowed my best for two or three minutes. This scene was repeated after the two next acts, and the "Irish Melodies" were played each time by the orchestra. Soon after my first reception, Jeffrey and two of the ladies arrived, and sat in the front before us, Scott and I being in the second row. He seemed highly pleased with the way I was received, and said several times, "This is quite right. I am glad my countrymen have returned the compliment for me." There was occasionally some discontent expressed by the galleries at our being placed where they could not see us; and Murray told me afterwards, that he wondered they bore it so well. We had taken the precaution of ordering that we should be shown into one of the side boxes, but the proper box-keeper was out of the way when we came. At about ten o'clock we came away, I having first renewed my acquaintance with Mrs. Coutts, who was with the Duke of St. Alban's in a box near us. Home very tired with my glory, and had to pack for the morning.

13th. Up before six: found that Murray, in order to be ready for me, had sat up reading all night. Got to the mail coach office in time, and was off at seven. A gentleman came into the coach in the middle of the day, who after some time guessed who I was and asked my name. Said he had been with some friends in Scotland, who were full of indignation at the people of Edinburgh for not giving me a public dinner; assured him that the people of Edinburgh were not in fault, as such a tribute had been proposed to me, but that the shortness of my stay rendered it impossible.

14th. Got to Manchester in the morning. Had a letter of introduction from Constable to a gentleman of the town, but was too tired to deliver it. Resolved to give up my original intention of visiting Derbyshire, and to get, as soon as possible, home.



15th. Started in the coach for Birmingham, where I arrived at night. An odd fellow (an Irishman) in the travellers' room, which was very full, recognised me, and after various civilities, begging me to draw nearer to the fire, &c., came up to me and said in a whisper, "I know who you are: whisht! the last time I saw you, you were only seven years old, and I little thought what a great man you would become. Do you remember Mr. Molloy?" So he went on. Got to bed, having taken my place in the Bath coach for the morning.

\* \* \* \* \*

December 11th. Received two letters (one of which I ought to have got yesterday) from my sister Ellen, telling me that my dearest father is dangerously ill: the event I have been but too well prepared for. God send he may not have pain or lingering. His long life has been one of almost uninterrupted health, and I have been able (thank Heaven!) to make his latter days tranquil and comfortable. It is my poor mother I have now most to feel for. Must start immediately for Ireland, but this being Sunday can make no arrangements for money. The shock at first very great, notwithstanding the prepared state of my feelings; darling Bessy full of the sweetest sympathy and kindness about it. Wrote to Corry, to say I trusted in his friendship for everything being done that ought to be done, and begging him to communicate to Ellen my intention to set off immediately.

12th. Sent to the bank: have some fears lest the present panic may prevent them from cashing, as usual, my bill on Power. Walked over to Bowood to see Lord Lansdowne, who returned from Paris on Saturday: took little Tom with me; my own thoughts not being such agreeable company, as, I am glad to say, they in general are. Found Lord and Lady Lansdowne; soon got on the subject of "Sheridan's Life," and his tone confirmed what his letter from Paris had prepared me for, namely, that neither he nor any of my high Whig friends are quite pleased with my book. The fact is, what I stated to Agar Ellis in my answer

to the flattering letter he wrote me on the subject is but too true. "You are just of a standing that enables you to view the events of which I treat historically; but those who were themselves actors in the scene will not, I fear, take so favourable a view of my impartiality." The points which Lord Lansdowne mentioned as objectionable were first, the censure upon those who attended the funeral; secondly, what I have said, as to the surrender of principle by those Whigs who coalesced with Lord Grenville; and, thirdly, the remark on the "overshadowing branches of the Whig aristocracy," in my account of Canning's political debüt, which he thought was going out of my way to throw a reflection on the Whigs. In answer to this last objection, told him the whole paragraph is but the substance of Canning's own reasons for the line he took, as stated by him in a letter to Lord Holland at the time, and as mentioned more than once to me by Lord Holland. On the other points, too, I briefly defended myself, but have not time here to note down what I said. He remarked also that, though I had not professedly drawn any parallel between the talents of Fox as a statesman and those of Burke and Sheridan, yet he thought it might be deduced from my general sentiments that I was not inclined to place Fox so far above the other two as he Lord L. thought he deserved. To this I answered that neither had I in my book, nor would I venture now, to draw any parallel between Fox and Sheridan with respect to political sagacity, but that I recollected Tierney once telling me that Pitt looked upon Sheridan as a much abler man than Fox. This surprised Lord Lansdowne, and I bid him ask Tierney whether I understood him rightly. Told him what Jeffrey had said with respect to the "Life" being useful to my reputation in a department of intellect for which I had hitherto got but little credit; namely, sound political reasoning. Lord L. said he quite agreed in this. Expressed a strong wish that I should undertake the Life of Grattan. Talked much with him on the subject of Lord Byron's "Life," and mentioned Scott's

advice that I should employ him (Lord L.) to negotiate between me and the family. This brought him to tell me (what he has hitherto, very much at my own desire, kept a secret from me) the nature of the negotiations which he had in that quarter last summer. It seems Wilmot Horton consulted Lord L. with respect to the question of paying me back the money, and Lord L. gave it as his opinion that the obvious step for the family to take was (without any reference to me, who was decided upon refusing it) to settle it upon my family. This, Wilmot Horton said, was his own view of the matter exactly. On proposing it, however, to the family, they refused to pay the money otherwise than making myself take it. From all this it appeared that Lord Lansdowne has no channel of communication (as I supposed) with the family: offered however, most kindly, to undertake any proposal to them I might wish. Walked nearly home with me. All this conversation, added to the already deep sadness of my heart, threw me into a state of nervousness and depression on my return home, from which it required all the efforts of my natural cheerfulness to recover me. Bessy, too, did much for me by her own sweet womanly fortitude, bless her! Dined at three, and set off at five in a chaise for Bath. Went, on my arrival, to see Anastasia: found the sweet child in the midst of gaiety: it was the ball night, and she came out to me, "smiling, as if earth contained no tomb." On my telling her of the sad mission I was going upon, she assumed that grave look which children think it right to put on at such news, though they cannot be expected, and, indeed, *ought* not to feel it. She wore three or four orders of merit which she had gained; one, for general amiability of conduct (a lily of the valley), of which she told me with much triumph, there had been but four given in the school; another (a rose) for her progress in music, and so on. Slept at the York House: got them to give me a letter to the landlord of the inn at Birmingham to secure me a comfortable bed. Found in the coffee-room an old acquaint-

ance (Birmingham, the clergyman), with two sons of Charles Butler, on their way to Ireland.

13th. Journey to Birmingham: read on the way "Hall's South America."

14th. There being so many candidates for the coach at the Albion, went to the Swan, to take my chance in the mail: got a place; my companions, a dull, good-natured Scotchman, and a young lady with a little girl under her charge, who left us at Shrewsbury. Took in a gentleman as far as Oswestry, who proved to be a merchant of some kind at Liverpool: some interesting conversation on commercial matters. Liverpool and Manchester have been wise enough to keep clear of local notes; many attempts made to introduce them, but all resisted. In one stage between Llangollen and Corwen, there came on the most dreadful storm of thunder, lightning, and hail that ever I witnessed; the horses, though alarmed, behaved, luckily, very steadily; but the universal blazing of the sky and the pitch darkness that succeeded, the storm of hail blowing in the coachman's face, the horses in full career, and the guard crying out from behind, with evidently an alarmed voice, "Hold hard! hold hard!" were altogether circumstances by no means agreeable. Confess I felt a little frightened, and arranged myself on my seat in the safest attitude for an oversight. Got safe, however, to Corwen; the coachman owned he was once very nearly off the road. At Bangor (where we arrived between one and two) resolved, as it would be so miserably wet and dark in crossing the ferry, to stop at Jackson's, and pass the day of rest I meant to give myself *there*, instead of at Holyhead. Had to knock the people up, and got to bed about three.

15th. After writing a letter to Bessy, walked to see the Menai Bridge which is to be opened for general passage next month; a grand achievement. Dined at half-past three, in order to be ready to take the first chance of a place that offered. Birmingham and the two boys arrived in a chaise; told me there was but little hope of a place in either of the coaches, and offered to take

me on; willingly accepted, and left my luggage to follow. Much talk about my Sheridan work, which Birmingham praised to the skies. Got to Holyhead between nine and ten, the wind blowing from the worst possible point, and with a fury that gave but a bad prospect for to-morrow. Had bid Corry write to me to Holyhead, but too late now to get a letter out of the office.

16th. Up at five, and aboard the packet (Skinner's) at half-past six. Got into my berth immediately, where I lay without moving for the twelve long hours of our passage: by this means kept off actual sickness, but became even more deadly ill than if I had been sick. Overheard a man say to the under-steward in the cabin, "Isn't Mr. Moore among the passengers?" "I don't know indeed, sir," was the answer. "His father (said the other) is——" (I didn't hear the word). "Is he, sir?" said the steward. This appeared to me conclusive that all was over; and it is a proof of the power of the mind over even sea sickness, that though I was just then on the point of being sick, the dread certainty which these words conveyed to me quite checked the impulse, and I remained for some time even without a qualm. Did not stir till all the passengers had gone off by the coach, and then had a chaise and drove to M'Dowell's, in order to get something to eat, not having tasted food for twenty-eight hours. Found there Corry's two nephews; as they had only an open car to take them to Dublin, offered them seats in my chaise, and put my luggage into their car. Drove to Corry's and sent in for him; told me my father was still alive, but that was all. Went with me to Bilson's hotel, where he had got a bedroom for me. Assured me that I need not agitate myself as I did, for that my father was closing his eyes on the world without any suffering, and that my mother had already brought her mind to as much composure as could possibly be expected. Undertook to go and consult my sister Ellen, as to whether it would be too much for my mother to see me to-night; returned to say that I must come to her by all means, as she was expecting me, and it

would be (Ellen thought) of the greatest service to her. Was glad to find from him that it was their strong wish I should not ask to see my father, as he was past the power of knowing me, and it would only shock me unnecessarily. This a great relief, as I would not for worlds have the sweet impression he left upon my mind when I last saw him exchanged for one which would haunt me, I know, dreadfully through the remainder of my life. It was Bessy's last wish that I should not arrive in time to see him alive, and her earnest request that I should not look on him afterwards. She knows how it would affect me. The meeting with my dearest mother, after the first burst, not so painful as I expected, and I soon found I could divert her mind to other subjects. My sister Kate had come up on the first alarm of his illness, and had faken her turn with Ellen in nursing and watching him ever since. Left them for my hotel between eleven and twelve, and had a much better night than I should have had, if I had remained in ignorance of my mother's mind. At parting, Ellen bid me not come too early in the morning, and said she would write me a note.

17th. Took my time at breakfast, and waited for Ellen's note, but none came. Walked down to Abbey Street, and found that all was over; my dear father had died at seven in the morning. Consulted about the funeral, which it was the wish of all to have as simple and private as possible: entrusted the management of it to Mr. Legh, the son of an old friend of my mother. Dined at Abbot's, and returned to my mother in the evening. Our conversation deeply interesting: found that neither my mother nor Kate were very anxious to press upon him the presence of a clergyman; but on mentioning it to him at Corry's suggestion, he himself expressed a wish for it. The subject of religion was, indeed, the only one, it seems, upon which his mind was not gone. When the priest was proceeding to take his confession, and put the necessary questions for that purpose to him, he called my mother, and said, "Auty, my dear, you can tell this

gentleman all he requires to know quite as well as I." This was very true, as she knew his every action and thought, and is a most touching trait of him. A few nights before he died, when Ellen was doing something for him, he said to her, "You are a valuable little girl, it's a pity some good man does not know your value." The apothecary, who was standing by, said with a smile, "Oh, sir, some good man *will*." "Not an apothecary, though," answered my father, which looked as if the playfulness, for which he was always so remarkable, had not even then deserted him. Our conversation naturally turned upon religion, and my sister Kate, who, the last time I saw her, was more than half inclined to declare herself a Protestant, told me she had since taken my advice and remained quietly a Catholic. \* \* \* \* For myself, my having married a Protestant wife gave me an opportunity of choosing a religion, at least for my children, and if my marriage had no other advantage, I should think *this* quite sufficient to be grateful for. We then talked of the differences between the two faiths, and they who accuse all Catholics of being intolerantly attached to their own, would be either ashamed or surprised (according as they were sincere or not in the accusation) if they had heard the sentiments expressed both by my mother and sisters on the subject. Was glad to find I could divert my mother's mind from dwelling entirely on what had just happened; indeed, the natural buoyancy and excursive nature of her thoughts (which, luckily for myself, I have inherited) afford a better chance of escape from grief than all the philosophy in the world. Left them late after fixing everything for Monday.

18th. Stayed within till dinner: dined with my mother at Mrs. Legh's, an old friend of hers, to whose house we persuaded her to go out of the way of the sad preparations for to-morrow. Saw my sisters Ellen and Kate at night, and found them both much shocked and agitated by the scene they had gone through with the undertakers. Wished to spare me the operation of the mass in the morning, and advised me not to

come till after the service was over; but thought it better for every reason to attend. Felt my heart full of sadness when I got to my bedroom, but was relieved by a burst of tears and prayer, and by a sort of *confidence* that the great and pure Spirit above us could not be otherwise than pleased with what he saw passing within my mind. This is, perhaps, not Christian humility, but let it be what it will, I felt consoled and elevated by it.

19th. Awake at a little after four; got up at half-past five, and was in Abbey Street at half-past six. The priest not yet come; at seven he arrived, and we had mass in the room with the coffin. There had been very few invited, but others came of themselves, and after a long delay of the hearse (which had been promised at seven but did not come till half-past eight), we set off for St. Kevin's church. The mourning coach was a relief to me, for the delay had been dreadful. There were mourners with me, Corry, Abbot, and young Legh, and in the coach after us were Philip Crampton, Mr. Maze, Grierson, Lyne, and two more. The weather was wretched, and altogether the scene shocked and afflicted me beyond anything: the vulgar apparatus of the ceremony seems such a profanation! Went to breakfast with Abbot, thence to my mother at Mrs. Legh's, and afterwards to Ellen and Kate. Dined at Corry's; doubted whether I ought or not, but anything to escape from such thoughts. The company, Grierson, Abbot, and his family. \* \* \* Abbot brought me home. Forgot to say that, the night before last, I received a letter from Crampton, inclosing one from Shaw (the Lord Lieutenant's secretary), the purport of which was that the Lord Lieutenant meant to continue my father's half-pay in the shape of a pension to my sister. Resolved, of course, to decline this favour, but wrote a letter full of thankfulness to Crampton. Find since that this was done at Crampton's suggestion; that Lord Wellesley spoke of the difficulty there was in the way, from the feelings the King most naturally entertained towards me, and from himself being the

personal friend of the King, but that, on further consideration, he saw he could do it without any reference to the other side of the Channel, and out of the pension fund placed at his disposal as Lord Lieutenant. All this very kind and liberal of Lord Wellesley; and God knows how useful such an aid would be to me, as God alone knows how I am to support all the burdens now heaped upon me; but I *could not* accept such a favour. It would be like that *lasso* with which they catch wild animals in South America; the noose would be only on the *tip* of the horn, it is true, but it would do. Find that Crampton and Corry, though the chief movers of the act, highly approve of my refusal. Had a kind letter from Bryan to-day, begging me to take my mother and sisters down to Jenkinstown; answered him that I would come down myself as soon as possible.

20th. Had some talk with my sister Kate, as to what is to be done for my mother. \* \* \* There was my admirable Bessy, before I left home, planning how *we* might contrive to do with but one servant, in order that I might be the better able to assist my mother. Dined at Abbot's; no one but Dr. Litton. Abbot said (in talking of the necessity of a man's *ruining* himself in Ireland, in order to get the character of being anything of a good fellow), that he who had a pipe of port coming down to him with a *custodiam on it*, was thought the only true and proper gentleman.

22nd. Corry told me from Crampton that Lord Wellesley was highly pleased with my letter; said it was very creditable to me; that he hoped I was not too sanguine in taking so much upon my own shoulders, but that if I should see reason to change my opinion, I should find him equally disposed to serve me. Dined with my mother.

23rd. Corry and I called at Philip Crampton's to leave word we should dine with him. Gervais Bushe sat some time with me in the morning, and spoke with great praise of "Sheridan's Life;" told me some fine traits of Grattan. In the year 1778, when from the tenants in most places

having neglected to renew their leases the leases had lapsed, Grattan who was very poor, and might have had a great accession to his little property by taking advantage of this circumstance, was himself the person to bring a bill into the House, making it imperative on the landlords to renew the leases on the old terms. Another circumstance was, when Fox in '82 wrote to the Whig party in Ireland to announce the coming of the Duke of Portland, and expressed a wish for their support, Grattan and Lord Charlemont met together on the subject at Grattan's lodgings, and the latter said, "You, Lord C., are the poorest peer in Ireland, and I am the poorest commoner; what I propose is, that neither of us shall accept anything from the new government, but try to serve the country." In 1806 he likewise declined taking office, and said, "Let us be consulted, but not considered."

30th. Company at dinner at Crampton's: Sir C. and Lady Morgan, John Doherty, the Corrys, Colonel Shawe, &c.

31st. Went (after breakfast at Crampton's) to call on Henry Grattan, accompanied by Corry, who had fixed the meeting for the purpose of talking with Grattan about his father's "Life," and his intentions with respect to transferring the materials for it to me. Found him as shilly-shally as ever; will evidently neither perform the task himself, nor (though professedly inclined to do so) ever bring himself to relinquish it to another. Showed me several volumes of memoranda and sketches on the subject, but, unfortunately, almost all in his own handwriting; very little of the father's. Even the conversations of the father come all darkened and diluted through the medium of the son's memory and taste: this will never do. Said ultimately he must write to England to consult his family on the subject. Dined at Wallace's (Corry and I), out of town: company, North and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Jos. Crampton, Mr. and Miss —, Gervais Bushe, &c. &c. The day rather dull. North, in talking of language (evidently a favourite subject of his), said, "that certain words, in the course of time, sunk in

the scale of gentility, and passed, like houses, into the hands of humbler occupants." By the bye, Crampton reminded me this morning of my having once said to him of the Spenser stanza, that when (as often occurs in Lord Byron) the sense is continued without any stop from one stanza to another, it was "like going on another stage with tired horses." In the evening a gentleman played sonatas on the pianoforte, and I sung, with (apparently) but little echo in the hearts of my audience. Got back with Corry to Crampton's at twelve, and eat oysters and drunk brandy and water till two. Slept at Crampton's.

January 1st, 1826. In consequence of a card (which I found on my return from Kilkenny) inviting me to act as collector at a charity sermon for the Magdalen Asylum to-day, went at two o'clock to Townsend Street Chapel. Introduced into the priest's apartments: saw Dr. Murray, the archbishop. The sermon (by the Rt. Rev. Dr. M'Hale) rather good; his illustrations from scripture well-imagined: the angel pointing out the fountain to Agar in the desert, &c. Blake, the chief remembrancer, my fellow-collector; had to stand a good stare for every pound note I received. On my coming out into the yard a great number of persons assembled to see me, and in the narrow passage into the street a man nearly pushed me down, asking me at the same time, "Which way is he (meaning myself) gone?" Crampton's carriage was waiting for me, and one of my spectators (a fine gentleman in a crimson lined cloak), begged to help me in, saying, as he took me by the hand, "A countryman of yours, sir;" a countryman of mine being such a rarity here: an Irishman a *rara avis* in Townsend Street! Dined at my mother's: told me of a priest lately, at Balbuggan (I think), who, wishing to raise some money for the repairs of the chapel, hit upon the plan of buying a copy of Lalla Rookh, and having it raffled for at half-a-crown a piece, by which means, it seems, he collected the sum he wanted.

2nd. A good deal of talk upon the Catholic cause. Said I thought their best policy

would have been, after the defeat last session, to have had one great meeting, to have let their feelings explode on that occasion as violently as they pleased, and after that to maintain a sullen and formidable silence, which (for the same reason that makes the government always apprehensive when the fellows are not drinking and breaking each others' heads at fairs) would have had ten times more effect in alarming their rulers than all the oratorical brawling in the world. Shiel said this would not do; there was but little public spirit in Ireland; they wanted continual lashing up; the priests were the only lever by which they could raise the people, and they had now brought them fully into play. Dined at Milliken's: a party of sixteen, Baron Smith, Sergeant Gould, Crampton, Corry, Blake, Doherty, Col. Shawe, &c. &c. The dinner splendid, and without any fuss, as if habitual; fine wines, liqueurs, &c. &c. Blake's story of Baron Thompson: his telling of his once going to bed at an inn, determined on a good night's sleep; the porter coming in the morning to call him for the Birmingham coach, "'Stay, friend,' said I, waking out of my sleep, a phrase I am in the habit of using. 'Stay!' said he, 'the Birmingham coach stays for no man. You must get up.' The porter then going away, and returning with the chambermaid, 'That's he!' says she, 'that's the gentleman that said it was so hard to make him get up. We must pull him out.' Upon which (said Baron Thompson) I exclaimed, 'I am Baron Thompson, come here for the assizes to-morrow; and the devils fled.'" This followed by a story of Baron Smith's about Gould: the lawyers teasing him one night on circuit, when, after grumbling at everything, he went up to bed, sending him up tea, then negus, &c., and, lastly, an old woman with a tub of water for his feet, who fell down the two steps into his room, and decanted the whole of the water into the room. A good inscription for a fountain, built by some Irish lady, whose name is Letitia, "*Letitia sitientibus.*"

4th. Saw Shiel: consulted me as to the intention the Catholic leaders had of com-

mencing immediately a direct attack upon the Established Church in Ireland, and giving it no quarter. This led to a long conversation: mentioned the "ferocious attack" Dawson \* had just made upon him in a speech at Derry: will take his own moment to answer him, and not be in a hurry, lest people should say he is angry. Traces the attack to his own phrase, "plebeian arrogance" applied to Peel; feels on such occasions like the drummer tied to the halbert, having flogged so many himself. Dined with my mother; and in the evening looked over some of my early letters to her. Fear it will be impossible for me to sail on Friday as I intended: there has been a storm from the eastward since Tuesday, and no packet is able to get out.

5th. Paid some visits; among others to O'Connell: said he did not despair of producing a sensation by the approaching meeting. As to the Catholics irritating or alienating the people of England, thinks they have a purgation of that kind to go through before they can hope for anything. Gave me a signal instance of that inconsistency for which he is so remarkable. On several occasions lately he has said in public, that he thought the inferences drawn from my "Life of Sheridan" with respect to the feeling of the King towards the Catholics were erroneous; that the rumours founded on those deductions were false, &c. &c.; yet almost the second sentence he now addressed to me was, "A most useful statement that which you have made with regard to the feelings of the King." Mentioned the sanguineness of Plunket, with respect to the question last session, apparently in vindication of his own. That he called upon Plunket, one morning, and waited till he should awake; that Plunket came out to him in his dressing-gown, and, shaking his hand, said, "I wish you joy of your Emancipation. I now look upon it as quite certain." Mentioned an idea of Dominick Rice's, with respect to the sort of petition the Catholics

\* The Right Hon. George Dawson, brother-in-law of the late Sir Robert Peel.

ought to present. "The fighting age in Ireland," said Dominick, "is from sixteen to sixty. I would have the petition signed by all within those ages, and to commence 'We, the undersigned fighting-men of Ireland, most respectfully beg that you will emancipate us.'" "Do you think," he said, "this Constantine will do anything for us?"

9th. A letter from Bessy full of disappointment at the prospect of my not being at home on Twelfth Night as I had promised. Lord Lansdowne had called and pressed her to go to Bowood with the children on that night. Lady L. too had written most kindly, and it was her intention to go. Made up my mind to be off to-morrow morning; the wind much moderated. Company at Milliken's: Crampton, Cuthbert Eules, and Curran. Difficulty of avoiding mistakes in advertisements and notes. Example of the former:—"To be sold a gig, the property of a gentleman without a head;" of the latter, a note to Crampton with an hospital patient, "I beg to recommend to your care John —, the coachman of Lord Howth, who is my friend and dropsical."

10th. Started in the mail from the Post Office at seven; arrived at Howth at eight, and sailed almost immediately; took to my berth and was not sick. The passage about seven hours. Dined at Holyhead, and left it in the Oxonian afterwards; crossed Bangor ferry in a storm of sleet, and slept at Jackson's.

11th. Off in the morning at five; arrived at Shrewsbury at six; dined and started again at ten; got to Birmingham at four in the morning; took my place in the York House Coach for Bath.

12th. Left Birmingham at a quarter before eight; took a chaise at the Cross Hands between six and seven in the evening, and changing horses at Chippenham, got home to the dear cottage at ten. Found Bessy better than I have seen her for a long time.

13th. Anastasia still at home, and her friend Eliza Branigan with her; all well and happy to see me back again. Found letters from Lord John and Rogers. The former says, "I understand your book has made you

many enemies; the nature of the work made that inevitable; but you must console yourself with the public applause." Hughes dined with us.

14th. Walked over to call on Lord Lansdowne; met him in the avenue, setting out on his ride; got off and walked back to the house with me. Took a turn round the pleasure-grounds with me: his expression still is, that I ought to have accepted Lord Wellesley's offer; said that this was also the opinion of Abercrombie, Macdonald, and all those assembled at Bowood when the news came. Talked of the statement in the "Westminster Review" about the Prince having given 4000*l.* to Sheridan; told him I had every reason to think it false. Mentioned the anecdote told me by Lord Holland, on which I founded this persuasion. Said I had better take some opportunity of publishing this, as it was the only fact of any importance brought to impeach my impartiality. The article in question, he added, evidently not written by any one accustomed to live with gentlemen, or to shape his thoughts by the standard of gentlemanlike society; no gentleman would have published those letters of General Fitzpatrick.

15th. Had written to Hobhouse while I was in Ireland, telling him of my intention to undertake a memoir of Lord Byron, and asking him how far his approval of my undertaking, or his duty as executor, would allow him to assist or co-operate with me in such a work. Wrote to him to-day to announce my return, and to request his answer.

17th. Received Hobhouse's answer; very much what I expected. Says he sees no good in a Life of our late friend, and he sees many objections to it. He also puts into the following form the opinion which I understand he has lately held in company, whenever my talent for biography, as exemplified in the "Life of Sheridan," was the topic. "You will write, there can be no doubt, a very clever and very saleable book; but I shall be agreeably surprised, if you should accomplish those higher objects which you must propose to yourself in writing the life

of a man like Lord Byron." Concludes his letter by saying that there was a project for a monument to Lord Byron, and that he hoped I would allow my name to be put on the committee for that purpose. Answered his letter and kept a copy of my answer.

18th. Forgot to mention that both Rogers and Charles Sheridan informed me of its being confidently said in town, that the King has ordered his librarian to review me in the "Quarterly;" there is, however, nothing of it in the last number.

21st. Forgot to mention that I received a letter from Power yesterday, approving of my refusal of Lord Wellesley's offer. It is not a little strange that my men of business (Power and the Longmans) take this view of the matter, while all my fine friends think I ought to have accepted the favour. The fact is, the latter always apply a different standard in the conduct of poor men from that which they would go by themselves.

23rd. A reply from Hobhouse, written in a much kinder spirit. I had said in my answer, "Though you make me doubt whether I ought to impose such a confidence on you, I will nevertheless confess that my opinion as to the objections against writing a Life of Lord Byron is very much the same as your own, and that if I can possibly avoid the task, it has all along been my intention to do so." In his letter of to-day, he asks me when I shall be in town, and says, that as we agree upon the biography, he has a plan to propose to me which may enable me "to abandon the design should I be pleased to do so." Cannot think what this is, but fear it will prove to be something I cannot agree to. Lord Lansdowne called this morning: left me some "Cobbetts" and a note, in which he tells me of the consternation in Edinburgh by the sudden breaking of Constable.

26th. Went to Bowood after breakfast: Lord L. showed me a copy of the letter which he had written to Hobhouse on the subject of the monument, recommending that everything aristocratical should be avoided in it, and that the tribute should be paid distinctly, *not to Lord Byron*, but to



Byron the poet. Answered Hobhouse; and took occasion (in alluding to his mention of some attack made upon me by an American writer for destroying Lord Byron's memoirs) to request he would fulfil the promise he made me, to put into some written form what he told me once of this subject, namely, that when he last saw Lord Byron, he had given him (Hobhouse) to understand, that he regretted having put such a document out of his own power, and was only restrained by delicacy towards me from recalling the gift.

28th. Walked over to Bowood to dinner. In talking of the incentive poverty has always been to talent, Lord L. said, that in the law there is no instance of a man who began in easy circumstances ever rising to great eminence. Lord Camden, he said, was once very near giving up the bar in despair, but a friend of his who was employed with him as senior counsel in some forthcoming cause, entreated him to wait till this cause was decided, and then falling sick (intentionally it is supposed) on the day of the trial, gave his young friend such an opportunity of distinguishing himself, as opened at once that career for which he was evidently destined. Slept at Bowood: after the company went away, some very agreeable conversation with Lord L.: took down a volume of Erskine's Speeches, and read me a very noble and striking passage from his defence of Stockdale, in 1790. The skill with which he at the same moment vindicates Hastings and brands the policy of the British government in India is most masterly.

29th. After breakfast a good deal of conversation on the financial prospects of the country. Lord L. quoted an observation of Brougham's, that "We are bound over in a sum of eight hundred millions to keep the peace." Walked with him and Lady L. to call upon Lady Campbell at Calne. Lord L. said that one of the warmest admirers of my "Captain Rock" he ever met was a person I should little suspect, namely, the Russian minister at Paris, Pozzo di Borgo, who told Lord L., "*Je vous assure que ça m'a singu-*

*lièrement frappé; il y a tant de vérité,"* &c. &c. This was when Lord L. was last in Paris. Mentioned what Foote said to a clergyman, a very dirty fellow, who was boasting of his agricultural labours, "Oh, it's easy to see, sir, you keep your glebe in your own hands." Took leave of them: they start for town to-morrow, and, if possible, leave a warmer impression upon my mind than ever. Nothing can be more perfectly amiable than they are both.

30th. Wrote to Lady Donegal, and sent a whimsical little song, "When Love is kind," to Power. Bessy having told me lately that Mrs. Branigan had mentioned to her something about her brother having large sums of money at his disposal to lend out at interest, and that she was sure, if it would be any convenience to me, he could accommodate me with some, it has struck me that this would be a much better mode of supplying my present wants than those jobs for Jeffrey and "The Times," which I was thinking of. Forgot, by the bye, in reference to this, to mention that about a week ago I wrote to Jeffrey to tell him I was at my wit's end for money, and to ask him whether (if I could hit upon no better mode of raising it) he could advance me a hundred pounds out of the funds allowed for the "Review," and let me work it out in the year. On Saturday (28th) I received his answer, saying, that it was the very thing he was going to write to me about, as he never wanted the help of a "fine, light hand" like mine more than at present, to carry him through the difficulties entailed by Constable's failure. At the same time, in order to "entrap me (as he says) with base money," he encloses a bill for one hundred pounds. This, however, I have locked up, and shall not make use of unless actually obliged: these jobs fritter away my time and thoughts, and are, besides, so disproportionately paid, that I could make tenfold the sum during the time I waste on them.

February 1st. Hardman's gig called for me at two to take me to his house to dinner: dressed at Scott's, where I was to sleep: company at Hardman's, Lord and Lady

Ashtown, Miss Armstrong, and a Mr. Pison: rather agreeable: some amusing stories of Lord Bellamont; his duel with Lord Townsend; taking off his hat to him when he wounded him. Lord A. mentioned some French remarks upon Pope, in which, on the line "He oped his snuff-box first and then the case," the commentator says, "*Comment peut-on ouvrir une tabatière sans ouvrir l'étui qui la contient?*"

10th and 11th. Received through the Longmans all Scott's works, the joint present of Sir W. himself and Constable, with a very kind note from the latter. Fear that poor Scott's share in the ruin of Constable's house is even greater than I had supposed. Few things have affected me more than this. I almost regret, indeed, having been brought so close to Scott, as I might otherwise have been saved the deep and painful sympathy I now feel for his misfortune. For poor devils like me (who have never known better) to fag and to be pinched for means, becomes, as it were, a second nature; but for Scott, whom I saw living in such luxurious comfort, and dispensing such cordial hospitality, to be thus suddenly reduced to the necessity of working his way, is too bad, and I grieve for him from my heart.

15th. Elwyn showed me among Arnault's Fables a comparison of an Egoiste to a Colimaçon, which is very good. Story of the Frenchman worrying Alvanley with praises of Wilberforce. "But," says Alvanley, "W. was the greatest *roué* existing in his young days." "*Quelle espérance pour vous, milord,*" replied the Frenchman.

16th. One of the Duncans to breakfast; said it was the principle of such men as Lord Eldon *μη καινεν*. Is there any such a word? there is *καινορρηγειν*; but *καινω*, I think, is to kill.\* Mentioned a French poet who boasted of having written all his verses in seclusion and solitude. "Yes," said some one to him, "it is easy to see they are *vers solitaires*, being *plats et longs*." Talked of "Bubb Doddington's Memoirs;" nothing so likely to make a man a republi-

can. Houlton knew Wyndham, who published them, and who was much blamed for doing so, he being a relative of Doddington's. Took down the book and looked at the passage where he describes the different statesmen deceiving each other, "and all for quarter-day." This is capital; *tout pour la tripe*. E. mentioned what Pepys says of the Duke of Lauderdale, "a cunning man, and has the ear of the king," as applicable to the present Lauderdale. In talking of the present pecuniary crisis, turned to Swift's verses about the "run on the bankers" in 1720; full of very elaborate wit.

17th. Bowles quoted on the subject of resigning *livings* an old monkish couplet—

"In omnibus tuis cogitationibus  
Semper caveto de resignationibus."

In talking of the music of Dryden's poetry, Bowles brought as an instance the grand march of the line, "And glittering temples of their hostile gods," coming after the broken and *scintillous* verses that precede it; quoted, also (from his "Virgil" I believe), the line so expressive in its sound, where describing the archer drawing the string of his bow,

"To the head he drew,

And almost bent the horns of his tough yew."

On my return home found letters from Barnes and Lawrence; the latter saying, that there will be no difficulty in procuring a loan for me, if I can wait about three months, when he is sure of having money to the amount required at his disposal. Barnes's letter was to thank me for my last contribution, and to say that, "in return for my golden notes they had nothing but thanks and Threadneedle Street rags to offer," and had, accordingly, ordered a hundred pounds to be placed to my credit with Locke and Co. This answers to the account I have always heard of the liberality of "The Times."

20th and 22nd. Wrote to Lord John Russell, to Sir Walter Scott (to express, as well as I could, what I feel about his late calamity, and to thank him for the books), and to Jeffrey, to tell him he might expect an article from me this next week.

\* There is *καινω*, to make new.

26th. Walked over to Bowood to consult "Sully's Memoirs." Received a letter from Lord John Russell, full of kindness; expresses his regret that I am not so well off in the world as I ought to be, and then says, "If you write (*if I write!*), write poetry, or, if you can find a good subject, write prose; but do not undertake the life of another reprobate. In short, do anything but write the 'Life of Lord Byron.'" This is too worrying; the only work that would enable me to surmount my difficulties is that which (with too much reason) all are against my undertaking.

March 1st. Dined with the Mayor and Corporation of Devizes to celebrate Watson Taylor's election!! My health drunk with much applause. Made a speech which had a good effect. Said that "some years since (staunch Whig as I was) I should have felt myself misplaced in that company; but that at present, under a ministry, who by the liberality of their government at home, and the truly English front which they presented to the other nations of the world, had conciliated the suffrages of liberal men of all parties, the partition between Whig and Tory, if not removed, was considerably diminished. If there does exist any wall between us, it is like that which of old separated Pyramus and Thisbe; there has been made a *hole* in it, through which we can converse freely, and even sometimes (as we see in the Houses of Parliament) *make love to each other.*" William Salmon afterwards applied this rather skilfully: speaking of W. Taylor, he said, he "would be the last man to narrow that hole, which (according to his friend Mr. Moore's beautiful illustration) had been opened between Whig and Tory," &c. &c. Watson Taylor told me a parody he had lately made with reference to Crabbe, Bowles, and myself, as the three poets of Wiltshire:

"Three poets, at three different ages, born.  
Wilt's happy county did at once adorn.  
The first in energy of thought surpast,  
The next in tenderness, in both the last,  
The force of nature could no further go,  
To make *one Moore* she joined the other two."

19th. Sent off a squib to "The Times;" pretty good; called "Memorabilia of last week." Wrote at the same time to Barnes, to say (which is the case) that I find this diversion of my mind to fun and satire draws me off too much from my other tasks. Every newspaper I read starts a crowd of whimsical thoughts and jokes, which, till I *lay* some of them with my pen, haunt and tease me as the little devils did St. Anthony; so that I fear I must soon give it up entirely.

April 12th. Received the "Quarterly Review," which contains the long-threatened cannonade against my "Sheridan:" more noisy and less effective than I expected. Has added but little to what was in the "Westminster." Sent off another squib—"All in the Family Way."

17th. Wrote to Dr. Bain to beg of him to give me an attestation under his signature to the correctness of my account of the 200*l.* sent by the Prince through Vaughan, he and Vaughan being my authorities on the subject. He cannot, I think, refuse, and I shall thus be able to throw those fellows completely on their backs. Have been a good deal idled these few days past.

22nd. Immediately after breakfast Colonel Napier arrived to look at Bromham House; an able man; is employed in writing an account of the campaigns in the Peninsula. \* \* \* \* \* Mentioned what old West said of the people of England, that they judge of music by the eye, and of painting by the ear. In talking of phrenology, said that the Duke of Wellington has not the organ of courage, but has that of fortitude or resolution very strongly. The Duke owned himself that this corresponded to his character. I mentioned having heard that the only time the Duke was hit, which was by a spent ball, the blow affected him very much and made him very sick.\* Napier said he himself was by at the time, but the blow was a very severe one, and that instant sickness is a very frequent effect of such a wound. I said it was rather against phrenology that I should not have the

\* The Editor of these Memoirs has received the following letter from Sir William Napier, relative

organ of music, as if there was any feeling more strong than another that I had, it was that for music. He agreed I had but little of it. The Duke of Wellington, it appears, has it very strong, and this is so far borne out (Napier says) that he is a passionate lover of music. Walter Scott, it seems, has *not* the poetic organ, and Napier appeared to think he had no right to it. Wordsworth, he says, has it strongly. What stuff is talked on this subject!

to the anecdote of the late Duke of Wellington recorded by Mr. Moore.

Scinde House, Clapham Park.  
Dec. 27th, 1853.

MY LORD,

In Mr. Moore's Diary, edited by you, there are some inaccuracies touching his conversations with me; but only as to one, of importance enough to call for correction, which I trust your Lordship will give in the seventh volume, because the error may draw on me an undeserved imputation.

In the fifth volume I am represented as saying, that I was close to the Duke of Wellington the *only time* he was hit during the Peninsular war; that it was a spent ball, but the blow very violent, and it made him sick. Now it was known to me that the Duke was *twice* hit; the last time at Orthez, where I was not near him, and whether he then turned sick or not is unknown to me.

Mr. Moore misapplied a general observation of mine, viz. that small wounds very often caused faintness, when large wounds did not. My anecdote as told to Mr. Moore was as follows:—

"After dark, at the battle of Salamanca, the Duke rode up *alone* behind my regiment, and I joined him. He was giving me some orders, when a ball passed through his left holster and struck his thigh: he uttered a short exclamation, put his hand to the place, and his countenance changed for an instant, but only for an instant; and to my eager inquiry if he was hurt, he replied very sharply, No! and went on with his orders." Whether his flesh was torn I know not, but there was no sickness.

I remain, my Lord,  
Your obedient servant,  
WM. NAPIER,  
Lieut.-General.

The Right Honourable  
LORD JOHN RUSSELL,  
&c. &c. &c.

Craigcreek, April 24th, 1826.

My dear Moore,

You will probably know by this time, that I was prevented from doing anything to your book; and since I find the "Quarterly" has taken you up, and in a fair, friendly, and liberal way, I am as well pleased that the last word should thus be reserved for us. You have of course seen this diatribe, and I wish very much to have such observations and explanations as you think it may deserve or require. What is this strange letter of Miss Linley's to which he refers? The story of Vaughan? and the rest of it. I do not of course mean to take any direct notice of this or any other attack, but reference must be made generally to what has been objected to, and something said on the subject, though *what*, I scarcely yet know. There is little encouragement to be candid and manly in this factious, exaggerating, pugnacious age of ours; you offend your touchy friends, and give advantage to your ungenerous enemies, and it is lamentable to think how few friends are not touchy, where few enemies are generous. But after all, the approbation of these few and sincere go near to make amends. You and I are not *sore* men, I think, or else we should have a sad time of it. Come down with Mrs. Moore and a fair daughter or two, and we shall be as merry here as if nobody abused us, and our booksellers did not go bankrupt with our money in their hands.

I shall be done with the court for a while after the middle of July; and we shall wander among the Highland lakes and valleys, and I shall teach you all about party, and you shall enlighten me on politics, and then we shall come back home and drink claret sociably, and talk of virtue till the time of bed, or after it, as we did last year; remember I expect you, and for a good long campaign.

I wish you would write me another review, but not if you do not like it, or have anything better to do. But I think you must have many subjects in your head on

which you would like to write a *concio ad populum*, and you may take till the end of May.

Your remarks on yourself, however, and your reviewer, I must have as soon as possible, for our courts begin their work on the 10th of May, and I must do what I can before that time, or I shall scarcely do it at all.

My little girl, who is growing too fast into a great girl, has had the measles, but is well again; she has not forgotten you, and joins cordially in reminding you of your promise to come again like Summer and with it,

God bless you,  
Ever very truly yours,  
F. JEFFREY.

[London.] May 4th. A note this morning from Rogers, asking me to join Lord John and him at breakfast; sent word I should come after breakfast. Found there, besides Lord John, Milman and his very handsome wife, old Crowe, and Miss Rogers. Rogers's story of Dean Shipley getting into his carriage with about a dozen children, and giving a sixpence to a beggar-woman as he went in. "God be with you," said the beggar-woman. "God forbid, my good woman," said the Dean; "there's quite enough of us already." Both Rogers and Lord John seemed to think my answer to the "Quarterly" quite conclusive.

6th. Breakfasted with Lord John. Talked of my Sheridan Life; regarded in general, he says, as an attack upon the Whigs. Lady Grey urges Lord Grey to leave on record his own statement of the circumstances in 1811. Lord Grey himself takes it very quietly. Said that it was evident I was not a Whig; for, though my views were strongly on the side of liberty, they were not modified by those constitutionalities and legalities with which a Whig fenced round his principles. Seemed to consider my remarks on Coalition as an instance of this. Lord Holland says it is plain I am not disposed to agree with Mr. Fox in anything, and that it is not likely I should. This is surely unjust. Lord John

thinks there is nothing on record more honourable to Mr. Fox than the letter which I have produced relative to the Catholic petition in 1805; but is still of opinion that my book does not leave the reputation of Mr. Fox altogether so high as it found it. Dined at the Artists' Benevolent Fund, of which I was a steward; the Chancellor of the Exchequer in the chair\*: sat near Campbell; Shee on the other side of me. Was told yesterday that my name was on the list of toasts, but found now there was no intention of giving it. Many messages sent to Shee to request he would propose my health: at length, just as Robinson was leaving the chair, Shee rose, and in a long speech gave the healths of "Thomas Moore and Thomas Campbell." Received with acclamation. Previous to this the feeling of the company had been shown towards me by the enthusiasm with which they received and encored "Sing, sing," sung by Broadhurst. My speech, in returning thanks, very effective. Robinson made the *amende honorable* before he went, by thanking the gentleman who had given the healths of the two "eminent individuals," and praising us for "our eloquent and glowing speeches."

7th. Called upon Rogers: found him in high good humour. In talking of Miss White, he said, "How wonderfully she does hold out: they may say what they will, but Miss White and Missolonghi are the most remarkable things going."

8th. In the evening to Lady Jersey's: a little nervous to see how my Whig friends would receive me; all as usual. A cordial shake by the hand from Lord Grey. The Duke of Wellington looked as if he was inclined to renew his acquaintance with me, but I was not courtier enough to avail myself of the inclination. Lord Hertford too bowed graciously to me, but as I knew it must be by mistake, I met it with a profound reverence, and on raising my head again I saw that he looked disconcerted: was never at any time acquainted with him. Heard to-day that when Canning's speech the other

\* Mr. Robinson, afterwards Earl of Ripon.

night threw all the country gentlemen into consternation, Bobus Smith said, "a brand among the bullocks." On one of the country gentlemen saying, "we must return to the food of our ancestors," somebody asked, "What food does he mean?" "Thistles, I suppose," said Tierney.

10th. Dined at the Literary Fund, having in vain endeavoured to extricate myself, but Rees made it a point that I should go. The Duke of Somerset in the chair.

11th. Went with Bennett to Deville's, in the Strand, the phrenologist and collector of casts; called for Sir Francis Burdett in our way at Brookes's. After having explained to us the principles of the science, he proceeded to examine our heads. Had some suspicion who Burdett was, but did not know me in the least. Found no poetry in my head, but a great love of facts and clearness in argument; humour, love of music, strong feelings of friendship (this Spurzheim too, I remember, remarked when I met him at Paris), a facility in parting with money, and "not being very particular as to the securities" (his very words, which amused the standers-by not a little), and the organs of combativeness and destructiveness as strong as ever he had witnessed them in any one. On Bennett's asking him, whether he discovered in my head any particular talent, said, that he had seldom seen a head with "so active and general an organisation," and that whatever the person possessing it attempted, he would most probably succeed in. Told Burdett some things which he seemed to think true; among others, that his first perceptions of subjects were slow and rather confused, and that it was not till after some consideration he mastered and saw his way through them. A sense of justice and impatience under oppression was one of the features of Burdett's head, which he found also in mine. Went all together to the Exhibition. Burdett's criticism on Lawrence's picture of Canning, that it is "like an actor standing before a glass rehearsing his part," rather just.

13th. Dined at A. Baring's; his purchases from Lord Radstock's collection just

brought home. The Titian (Herodias's daughter), price 1800 guineas; and a Giorgione, 700; the latter a charming picture. Company, Agar Ellis and Lady Georgiana, Lord Lothian, &c. Some anecdotes of Grattan. On the night when it was probable the Catholic question would be carried, said, "What shall we do? we'll get very drunk." Ellis described him, on one night when he spoke, as dragging in with him a large bag, which contained, in the first place, heaps of petitions on the subject, then quantities of oranges, and a bottle full of water, which he drank during his speech. Wilberforce was at one time in the habit of eating and drinking in his place in the House.

14th. Have exchanged visits and some notes with Hobhouse, but did not see him till to-day. Found him full of kindness, and inclined much more to assist than to thwart me in my design of writing "Byron's Life." Mentioned Byron's letters to Lady Melbourne, which Lady Cowper has still in her possession, and which he thinks more likely to contain passages fit to be extracted than any other of B.'s correspondence. Disclaimed ever having had the idea of writing the "Life" himself; thinks there are no materials to make a Life, which I fear is but too true. Dined at Chantrey's; had been engaged to Fielding's, but was let off on a promise of going early in the evening. Company, Henry Joy, a Mr. Thompson, and two others. Talked of phrenology; Spurzheim's mistake at Chantrey's, in pronouncing Troughton\* from his skull to be a poet, and Sir Walter Scott a mathematician. Chantrey at first inclined to believe in the science, but from seeing, from his experience, that there were clever heads of all sizes and shapes, lost his faith in it. An intimation of phrenology in Shakspeare's "foreheads villainously low."

20th. Went to Agar Ellis's at one, to meet Lords Lansdowne and Cawdor, and Sydney Smith, a rendezvous fixed the day

\* The well-known maker of philosophical instruments: himself a mathematician of high order. — Ed.

before yesterday, in order to go all together to Deville's: his explanations of the principles of his art, and some of the facts he produced, very striking to us all: instances where the organ was considerably increased by the exercise of the faculty connected with that organ, &c.: but his guesses at the characters of the new subjects I brought him (none of whom he knew) egregious failures. For instance, said that Lord Lansdowne gave his opinions without deliberation! In Sydney Smith the chief propensity he discovered was a fondness for natural history, and for making collections for the same. Altogether this was the worst exhibition I have seen him make, though very amusing from Sydney Smith's inextinguishable and contagious laughter, which I joined in even to tears.

21st. Called upon Lord John after breakfast: mentioned my having some idea of reviewing his "History of the Affairs of Europe" for the "Edinburgh," notwithstanding that I had often resolved never to review the work of a friend, as it was always a ticklish, and generally turned out a thankless task.

22nd. When I last saw Hobhouse, he asked me whether it was "upon the cards" that I should make up with Murray: said that Murray had often talked to him on the subject, &c. This morning, as I stood at Power's door, saw Murray go by; and it occurred to me that, as the thing was to be done, the shortest and manliest way was to do it at once myself, without any intervention. Accordingly sallied out after my man and accosted him. He seemed startled at first, but on my saying, "Mr. Murray, some friends of yours and mine seem to think that you and I should no longer continue upon these terms, I therefore proffer you my hand, and most readily forgive and forget all that has passed;" he soon brightened up into smiles, and we walked on together very amicably. On our parting at Charing Cross he shook my hand, reiterating, "God bless you, sir! God bless you, sir!" and hoped I would call and see my portrait at his house in Whitehall.

26th. Went to breakfast with Barnes, from whom I some days since received a letter to say that the advance of the 400*l.* would most willingly be made: told me that last year, when we had the same sort of agreement in contemplation, Walter could not be altogether brought to understand that it was *tanti* to the paper; but that now, since he perceived the sensation which my late contributions had produced, he was quite convinced of the importance of my assistance. This was gratifying to hear. Talked of the French newspapers. The "Journal des Débats," he considers, altogether, one of the best conducted papers in Europe; Bertin one of the proprietors: vast expenses attending it; thirteen or fourteen people employed on it (I think, he said) at an average of 12,000 francs, annually, each. Barnes was the college competitor with Matthews (Lord Byron's friend), of whom Byron speaks in a note. Went afterwards to Longmans': mentioned to them my conversations with Hobhouse and Rogers, and my reconciliation with Murray (who, by the bye, has not yet taken any notice of my visit to him). On my mentioning what Hobhouse said of the possibility of a coalition between Murray and their house in publishing the *Life*, Longman said, "Do not let us stand in the way of any arrangements you may make; it is our wish to see you free from debt; and it would only be in this one work that we should be separated: put us, therefore, out of the question; nor let us in the least degree fetter you in the business." This I felt to be most liberal and considerate; and such, I must say, their conduct to me has been throughout. Dined at Sir George Beaumont's; taken by the Bowleses: company, they, Mr. and Mrs. Sturges Bourne, and Otley. Sturges Bourne, in talking of Canning, rather agreeable. The translation of Jekyll's "Sage Chiankiti" was by Canning and Lord Grenville; *vos innumbrelles video* is the only good point in it; the rest any schoolboy might have done. Sturges Bourne repeated some more of Jekyll's verses, but there is nothing in them near so good as those I already know, with the exception, perhaps, of

"You'll please to remember  
Your month called November,  
Which we call Hum-Sang, is rheumatic."

Went in the evening to Lady Dacre's. Sturges Bourne, by the bye, told of Canning, that at a dinner at Eton last year, after "The Ministers of Eton" had been given as a toast, Canning gave, in allusion to Tom Tyrwhitt, who was present, "The *Rods* of Eton."

27th. Breakfasted at Rogers's: Sydney Smith, Lord Cawdor, G. Fortescue, and Warburton. Smith full of comicality and fancy; kept us all in roars of laughter. In talking of the stories about dram-drinkers catching fire, pursued the idea in every possible shape. The inconvenience of a man coming too near the candle when he was speaking, "Sir, your observation has caught fire." Then imagined a parson breaking into a blaze in the pulpit; the engines called to put him out; no water to be had, the man at the waterworks being an Unitarian or an Atheist. Left Rogers's with Smith, to go and assist him in choosing a grand pianoforte: found him (as I have often done before) change at once from the gay, uproarious way, into as solemn, grave, and austere a person as any bench of judges or bishops could supply: this I rather think his natural character. Called with him at Newton's to see my picture: said, in his gravest manner, to Newton, "Couldn't you contrive to throw into his face somewhat of a stronger expression of hostility to the Church establishment?" Called upon Rogers before dinner, and walked in the Park with him. In talking of my situation with the Longmans, he said, "The fact is, the Longmans, having you in their power, are resolved to make a slave of you —." Here I stopped him, and begged, before he went any farther, he would let me tell him what passed between me and Longman yesterday; upon hearing it, he said, "I retract everything that I was going to accuse them of; it is, indeed, very fair and liberal of them."

28th. Newton called, and went with me to Stevens's, where I breakfasted. From

thence went to call upon Hobhouse, who told me that Murray had, immediately on my visit to him, come to know from him (Hobhouse) on what terms he and I were with respect to the "Life." Hobhouse told him all that had passed between us, and suggested that the "Life" written by me should be prefixed to the quarto edition of "Byron's Works" which Murray meditates. Murray had originally proposed to Hobhouse to edit the work. I now mentioned what Longman had said to me a day or two before, which Hobhouse appeared much pleased at; and said it would facilitate the object of us all considerably. Suggested (what is also my own idea) that the "Life" should consist as much as possible of extracts from Byron's letters and journals, making him tell his own story.

29th. Breakfasted with Newton for a final sitting. On my return home found Murray's card, with a message that he would be glad to see me any time to-day. Called upon him between one and two: entered at once on the subject of the "Life:" told him what the Longmans had said as to leaving me free; and added what I felt and thought of the handsomeness of their conduct altogether to me. He replied, that he had no doubt they had behaved very well, but that I ought to consider they had profited by me in return. He then mentioned, with some degree of soreness, their having got "Sheridan's Life" away from him. I said, if a coalition between him and the Longmans was practicable in this new work I should prefer it. He seemed, however, to think such an arrangement not feasible; and repeated, two or three times, that the "Life of Byron" was his birthright." Said, *en passant*, that the terms he meant to propose were, that he should discharge my debt to the Longmans, and give me half the profits of the work. (This rather ambiguous; but it is impossible he could have meant that he would give half the profits, *besides* discharging my debt to the Longmans.) I answered that all this must be a subject for future arrangement; for, as what the Longmans had said, was merely a passing remark in conversation, I



could not proceed upon it without ascertaining that they seriously and deliberately meant me to take them at their word; and that I, therefore, must again consult them, and would let him know the result.

30th. Dined at Agar Ellis's: company, Lord and Lady Harewood, the Archbishop of York, and his wife and daughter; Greville, Lord and Lady Clifton, Sydney Smith, &c. Sat next Sydney Smith, right opposite Lord Harewood and the Archbishop! an odd conjunction of signs. Some demonstrations of aristocracy from my Lord Harewood, in speaking of Marshall, the manufacturer, who is candidate for the county of York; Smith and Ellis stood up for the manufacturer. In the evening, sung a good deal; among other things, my rebel song, "Oh, where's the Slave," which gave rise to a good deal of fun from Sydney, about turning the Archbishop into a rebel. "But it's fast subsiding," he said; "his Grace is relapsing into loyalty; if you don't sing another song you'll lose him." Set Smith at home in a hackney coach. On my remarking how well and good-humouredly Ellis had mixed us all up together, Smith said, "That's the great use of a good conversational cook, who says to his company, 'I'll make a good pudding of you; it's no matter what you came into the bowl, you must come out a pudding.' 'Dear me,' says one of the ingredients, 'wasn't I just now an egg?' but he feels the batter sticking to him," &c. &c.

June 1st. During the past year, I have thought of many subjects for a drama, all of which were rejected almost as soon as thought of. At one time I had some intention of turning my Egyptian story into a grand drama of show and scenery, but neither the descent to the *souterrains* nor the inundations would have been practicable. At last a tolerable subject for a comedy occurred to me; and on my coming up to town now, I told Charles Kemble, that if it would suit him to let me pay but half of the 400*l.* now, and give me till Christmas for the rest, it was highly possible that by that time I might have a comedy ready. This, I confess, I said more from a wish to be inconvenienced so far,

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3rd. Set off in the coach at a quarter to seven. Found all pretty well on my return, but Bessy looking rather pale.

4th to 6th. It takes some time getting back to one's habits and studies after the dissipation of town.

14th, 15th, &c. For the remainder of the month I must journalise *en gros*. Resumed my Egyptian story, and worked a little almost every day.

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What swarms of tithes in vision dim, —  
Some, pig-tailed, — some, like cherubim,  
With ducklings' wings — around it hover!  
Tenths of all dead and living things,  
That nature into being brings,  
From calves and corn to chitterlings."

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31st. Walked over to Bowood; saw Lady L. and sat with her some time. She said, "What an admirable thing in yesterday's 'Times!'" "What, Coleridge's?" I asked. "Coleridge's indeed!" she answered, with a smile that showed plainly *whose* she thought it. I however denied as well as I could, being but a bad *denier*. Offered to send the carriage for us on Saturday; gave me a long account of their dinner at Lord Wellesley's; Lady W.\* becomes her station admirably. Lord L. had already told me how well she went through her representation. He had a good deal of talk with her, and she spoke of her pride in being an American; recollected being taken when a child, to see the place where her grandfather burned the tobacco rather than let it fall into the hands of the English; and remembers and values this more than she would the proudest heraldry.

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4th. Bessy set off for Buckhill, having borrowed the Gabys' donkey-cart; followed her in an hour or two afterwards; an early dinner at Hughes's. Set off (Bess and I) in the Shamrock coach at twenty minutes past nine; a Bristol merchant our companion; a very interesting man, who gave us a whole account of his life and adventures.

5th. Arrived in Albemarle Street between nine and ten, and found breakfast and a good fire ready for us. Could hardly hold up my head for want of sleep; Bessy much fresher than I; lay down on the bed for an hour or two, while Bessy drove out with Lucy; joined them afterwards, Lucy looking in high bloom.

6th. Driving about all the morning. Called at Miss White's, who wanted us all to dine to-day, or fix some other time; could not. Told me that Murray was very unsuccessful of late: besides the failure of his "Representative" [newspaper], the "Quarterly" did not look very promising; and he was about to give up the fine house he had taken in Whitehall and return to live in Albemarle Street.

7th. Nothing but rain. Shopping about with Bessy and Lucy; Frederick Montgomerie with us part of the time. Talked of modern Greek, whether they have the true pronunciation of the ancients; the *équivoque* in the old oracle on *Λιμος*; their substitution of *v* for *b*, make the cry of a sheep, *va va*; the words they borrow from other languages, *Ὁ Καπιτανος του Γριγαντιου*.

11th. [Sloperton.] Walked over to Bowood, and fixed with Lord L. to be with him at eleven on Wednesday morning (13th). Met Napier on my way back, and he walked with me. On my mentioning the courtesy of manner for which the Indian savages are remarkable,

could not proceed upon it without ascertaining that they seriously and deliberately meant me to take them at their word; and that I, therefore, must again consult them, and would let him know the result.

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Barnes full of praise of the "Vision." Col. Napier returned, walked a little with him; spoke also of the "Vision" as wonderfully clever; asked me if it was mine; said *not*; said it was likely to be by Denman, who, to my surprise, he mentioned as a person guilty of many good *jeux d'esprit*. Company at Lord L.'s; the Ricardos, Bowleses, young Awdrey, &c. &c. A delightful day; sang a good deal in the evening.

4th. Bessy set off for Buckhill, having borrowed the Gabys's donkey-cart; followed her in an hour or two afterwards; an early dinner at Hughes's. Set off (Bess and I) in the Shamrock coach at twenty minutes past nine; a Bristol merchant our companion; a very interesting man, who gave us a whole account of his life and adventures.

5th. Arrived in Albemarle Street between nine and ten, and found breakfast and a good fire ready for us. Could hardly hold up my head for want of sleep; Bessy much fresher than I; lay down on the bed for an hour or two, while Bessy drove out with Lucy; joined them afterwards, Lucy looking in high bloom.

6th. Driving about all the morning. Called at Miss White's, who wanted us all to dine to-day, or fix some other time; could not. Told me that Murray was very unsuccessful of late: besides the failure of his "Representative" [newspaper], the "Quarterly" did not look very promising; and he was about to give up the fine house he had taken in Whitehall and return to live in Albemarle Street.

7th. Nothing but rain. Shopping about with Bessy and Lucy; Frederick Montgomerie with us part of the time. Talked of modern Greek, whether they have the true pronunciation of the ancients; the *équivoque* in the old oracle on *Λιμος*; their substitution of *v* for *b*, make the cry of a sheep, *va va*; the words they borrow from other languages, Ὁ Καπιτανος του Υφιφαντων.

11th. [Sloperton.] Walked over to Bowood, and fixed with Lord L. to be with him at eleven on Wednesday morning (13th). Met Napier on my way back, and he walked with me. On my mentioning the courtesy of manner for which the Indian savages are remarkable,

said that *that* seemed to bear out the theory of Dr. Davis (I think) in his "Celtic Researches;" namely, that the people we call barbarous and savage are the worn-out remains of civilised nations. This supposition, when we consider the countless empires that have existed in the world, not altogether improbable; but it is going too far to suppose that the polished manners of such effete nations would survive the rest of their civilisation.

15th. After breakfast joined Lord L. at Lord Ducie's. Lord L. mentioned the circumstance of Vansittart going to see the Millbank Penitentiary, on a day, as it happened, when the prisoners, who had been long discontented with their bread, meant to take vengeance on the governor by shying their loaves at him. Poor Van, having been recommended to sit down in the governor's chair, as the best place to see the prison from, was no sooner seated than a shower of these loaves from all quarters flew about his ears, and almost annihilated him. At half-past one o'clock left Gloucester; found Lord L.'s four horses waiting for us at Rodbury. \* \* \* \* Had some mutton cutlets and a bottle of sherry at Malmesbury, while the horses rested; and reached Derry Hill between seven and eight, when I got out (it being a delicious moonlight night), and walked home. Found Newton, who arrived the day before yesterday, and had been to dine to-day, with Bessy, at Napier's.

18th. Desperate rain; Newton evidently glad of the excuse to put off his departure from us till to-morrow. Made some pretty sketches in Bessy's album. A note from Lady Lansdowne to ask me for three or four days this week, but answered that I could come only on Friday. Newton's opinions of Raphael, that though his single figures are perfection there is too often a want of poetry and even sense in his general design; the Transfiguration an instance. The two boys in the Dresden Madonna leaning as on a table; the old saint in the same picture, so discordant with the other figures; the Magdalen here, though perhaps a little coquettish, exquisite.

25th to 27th. Sent some verses to "The

Times," "A Dream of Turtle, by Sir W. Curtis." Several allusions to the last one (the "Incantation") have appeared since its insertion. Wrote to Barnes to remind him of his promise to come to us. Received a letter from the Longmans (which, though I have been for some time rather prepared for its contents) disturbed me not a little. After inquiring whether I had come to any conclusion with Murray upon the terms which he himself proposed (namely the paying off my debt to them in the first instance), they add that, after their late losses they cannot but say that the payment of this sum would be at this time very welcome to them.

28th. Wrote to the Longmans, and stated the extent of my intercourse with Murray since I had last seen them, amounting to no more than the two letters I received from him in answer to my inquiries as to his progress in collecting the papers; added that if I had had any idea of their being anxious for the immediate payment of the money, I would have pressed that point in the first instance; that I would now lose no time in doing so, and would write to Rogers (who had consented to be my negotiator with Murray on the subject) immediately.

30th. Received a letter from the Longmans expressing their regret at having given me so much uneasiness, which was by no means their intention; and inclosing me one of Murray's announcements of his new publications, in which he mentions as preparing for the press, "Memoirs of the Life of Lord Byron" (*without any author's name*).

October 1st. Wrote to Murray; and without mentioning the suspicions his announcement had excited in me, merely asked him to explain the meaning of his change of plan from what we had agreed on together; and to say at the same time, whether any other material change had taken place in the intentions he expressed to me on the subject of Lord B.'s life, in May last.

6th. Went to dine at Bowood; Bessy walked in the morning to dine and sleep at Buckhill. Company at Bowood, only Luttrell, who arrived the day before yesterday,

and Mr. Crowe. Lord L. told of some one who mentioned at a large dinner, that he had seen that day, in the street, a most extraordinary sight; namely, a very handsome carriage driving about with four monkeys in it. "*Pardon, monsieur,*" said a little Prussian nobleman who was among the company, "*c'étoit moi et mes trois singes.*" Mentioned some one having said of Lord Melville, that he was the only orator who ever forced the House to learn his language instead of his learning theirs. Turned over the new number of the "Quarterly," in which they call me "a sprightly partisan;" was near saying to Lord Lansdowne that he would not join them in calling me a *partisan*; but such are the consequences of being honest and impartial.

7th. Charles Fox and his wife in addition to our party at dinner. In talking after dinner of sailing, &c., Fox was describing the sea as he had once seen it, all in flames round the ship in passing through the Gut of Gibraltar; "an inflammation in the bowels," said Luttrell. Sung in the evening; but my audience very dull.

8th. After luncheon Luttrell walked part of the way home with me. J——'s saying to him that in going circuit "there was always a floating balance of shirts among us, and I contrived to leave the party one morning when this balance happened to be particularly in my favour." Told him of some one saying Miss ——'s father and mother were "afraid to let her off the premises;" "for fear, I suppose (said Luttrell), that she should come to the *conclusion.*"

10th. Just as I was settling to business Luttrell arrived; one of the pleasantest interrupters I could have had, but still an interrupter. Wrote to the Longmans to-day " \* \* \* that I had been since I wrote last calculating my own resources, and that I found I should at least be able to settle my account with them at Christmas, so as to leave but a balance of a few hundreds against me, which I could easily work through before Midsummer. That my assets towards them were, 1st, the money of Anastasia's in their

hands, and the interest on it, which Bryan, when he told me of his settlement of 1000*l.* on her, suggested that I should devote towards freeing me from my embarrassments, and which I had now made up my mind to do; 2nd, the 300*l.*, which Lord John Russell insisted on leaving in their hands (being the profits of his "Life of Lord William Russell") towards the payment of my last Bermuda claim, but which has never been called for; 3rd, the sale of my three copyrights ("Angels," "Captain Rock," and "Holy Alliance"); and 4th, the produce and copyright of the Egyptian story I am about (deducting from thence a portion which I shall have to call upon them for between this and Christmas). That these different items amounted altogether to a sum which would leave no greater balance against me than I could with ease provide for by Midsummer.

14th. A most kind letter from the Longmans, saying, with many thanks for the efforts which I proposed to make towards a settlement with them, they were not so pressed for money as to wish to change our relative positions with each other; that they knew how well I could, in more than one quarter, raise supplies sufficient to meet all demands upon me; but that they thought the arrangement I had with them would be most satisfactory to my feelings, as being rather in the shape of *business* than of *obligation*. (I give more the substance than the words of their letter.) \* \* \* Walked with Napier: talked of King William being a coward: quoted Marshal Berwick's anecdote of the difficulty of finding William during the action, when he, the Marshal, was taken prisoner and they wanted to conduct him to William; and of their at last finding him in a retired valley in such a state (Berwick says) as no general ought to be found in. . . .

16th. Set off for Bowood to see O'Driscoll, who has been there some days: met him coming to me and turned about with him. Spoke of the excited state of the public mind in Ireland: thinks that 300,000 men might be raised there at a very short notice, and that

there is not a priest but would turn recruiting officer.

19th. A letter from Rogers saying that he is in town, and that if I mean to go up before he goes to Bowood, I must go immediately. Another from Power to say that Rees will be leaving town in a day or two, and that he wishes me very much to see Sir W. Scott, who is now in London on his way to Paris. Resolved to start to-morrow morning; wrote to tell Lord L., who called while I was out.

20th. A chaise to Calne early, in order to be time enough for the first coach; was lucky enough to get a seat in the York House with Fox and O'Driscoll. Fox mentioned an epigram occasioned by a speech of the Duc de Fitzjames, spoken at the special instance of Chateaubriand, to support their party when it was tottering:

"Fitzjames a parlé; c'est chose très-certaine,  
Voilà Chateaubriand qui fait comme La Fontaine."\*

This is as Fox gave it! the metre is evidently all astray.

21st. Breakfasted with Rogers. Told me that after having called once or twice upon Murray without seeing him, he met him a day or two since at Lockhart's; when Murray himself opened upon the subject, and explained the meaning of his announcement by saying that the papers of Lord Byron in his hands had proved so abundant and curious that some friends had advised him to publish them first separately; and then (he added) Mr. Moore is welcome to make all the use of them afterwards that he pleases. R. has been with Southey this summer. S.'s bigoted opinions; Charles I., he says, had but one fault, that of betraying his friend! his admiration of Laud, and his anger against Lord Holland for having called him "that bad man," in one of his speeches. "Only for my knowing Lord Holland (said Southey) I would have twigg'd him for

\* The version I heard is—

"Fitzjames a parlé; la chose est certaine,  
Chateaubriand a fait ce qu'a fait La Fontaine."

J. R.

that; " as if he considered himself the grand protector of all tyrants and bigots, living and dead. A witticism of Foote's: "Why are you for ever humming that air?" "Because it haunts me." "No wonder, for you are for ever *murdering* it." Told him of the state of my affairs with the Longmans, and of the offer I had made to settle with them; on which he very kindly said, "Why not settle with them at once? Lord Lansdowne would, I am sure, lend you a thousand guineas, and I'll lend you another thousand." When I was parting with him, having owned that I sometimes felt fits of despondency at the prospect before me, he said, "No, no, you have a noble spirit of your own, and you must keep it up, you dog." Altogether my conversation with him was very cheering to me. Called upon Luttrell, who walked with me to Power's and to Longman's. Told the Longmans of Murray's explanation of his announcement to Rogers. They read us some correspondence that had passed between them and him on the subject of Mrs. Rundell's "Cookery," from which we learned the curious fact that, after this book had for many years produced Murray seven or eight hundred a year, 2000*l.* was given by him for the copyright of it. "Gad! one wonders (said Luttrell) that there should be *any* bad dinners going." Called at Pickering's in Chancery Lane, who showed us the original agreement between Milton and Symonds for the payment of five pounds for "Paradise Lost." The contrast of this sum with the 2000*l.* given for Mrs. Rundell's "Cookery," comprises a history in itself. Pickering, too, gave forty-five guineas for this agreement, three times as much as the whole sum given for the poem. It was part payment, I think (P). Went to Lawrence's: always wish I could like the man as much as I admire his works; but (as Luttrell says) "he is oily, and the oil bad into the bargain." Left my name at Lockhart's for Sir Walter Scott, who dined with the King at Windsor yesterday and had not yet returned.

22nd. Breakfasted with R.; Luttrell and his son there. Mentioned some one who on

seeing an unruly English mob said, "Now, what do these fellows want? it can't be liberty, for they seem to have plenty of that; I rather think it must be property, of which some of them appear to be in considerable want." Found a kind note on my return home from Sir Walter Scott, begging me, if possible, to come and partake of his daughter's (Mrs. Lockhart's) family dinner to-day, and, at all events, to come to breakfast to-morrow morning; had just written to him to propose myself for the latter. Dined at Rogers's: company, Newton, Luttrell and his son, and Sir Thomas Lawrence. L. mentioned some rich city heiress who, whenever any man made proposals of marriage to her, immediately sent for a Bow Street officer. Went to Scott's in the evening. Sir T. Lawrence having begged me to mention that *he* was within call, did so, and a note was immediately written to him, by Lockhart, to ask him. Scott mentioned the contrast in the behaviour of two criminals, whom he had himself seen: the one a woman, who had poisoned her husband in some drink, which she gave him while he was ill; the man not having the least suspicion, but leaning his head on her lap, while she still mixed more poison in the drink, as he became thirsty and asked for it. The other a man, who had made a bargain to sell a *subject* (a young child) to a surgeon; his bringing it at night in a bag; the surgeon's surprise at hearing it cry out; the man then saying, "Oh, you wanted it dead, did you?" and stepping behind a tree and killing it. The woman (who was brought up to judgment with a child at her breast) stood with the utmost calmness to hear her sentence; while the man, on the contrary, yelled out, and showed the most disgusting cowardice. Scott added, that this suggested to him the scene in "Marmion." Sat down to a hot supper, of which Scott partook, and drank bottled porter; both myself and Sir T. Lawrence following his example; then came the hot water and whiskey, in which we all joined also. This seems to be Scott's habitual practice. He spoke a good deal about Coleridge and Hogg,

and recited, or rather tried to recite, some verses of the latter; but his memory appeared to me more wandering and imperfect than formerly.

23rd. Breakfasted at Scott's: Rogers there, and another person, whose name I did not make out. Talking of practical jokes, Rogers's story of somebody who, when tipsy, was first rolled in currant jelly, and then covered with feathers; his exclaiming, when he looked at himself in a glass, "A bird, by Jove!" Scott's story of the man whom they persuaded that the place he was walking in was very full of adders; his fancying he felt an adder in his foot, and striking his foot violently with his stick, in order to kill it; hearing a hiss from out the boot, and then (as Scott said) "pelting away" at it again with his stick. "Ah, now he is silent, I think I have done for him;" then taking off his boot, and finding that it was his watch which had slipped down there, and which he had been thus hammering away at, the hiss having been the sound of the spring breaking. Scott's acting of this story admirable. In talking of their approaching trip to Paris I said, "How I should like to go with you;" upon which both he and Miss Scott caught eagerly at my words, and with an earnestness that was evidently *real*, pressed me to accompany them. Nothing could be more tempting, and I almost made up my mind to do it. Their departure fixed for Thursday; promised to let them know for a certainty on Wednesday. Scott said, as I was coming away, "Now, my dear Moore, do think seriously of this; you would be of the greatest service to me, and we have a place for you in the carriage; only you must take care and not rumple Anne's frills." Set off, with Rogers, for Murray's. Talked, as we went, of my scheme of going with Scott. Threw a little *blight* over it; said it was an extraordinary frisk, but that it was like me; nobody else would think of it; that it never would surprise him (even after hearing me complain, as I did eternally, of pressure of business and want of time), to be told of my having set off on a party of pleasure *anywhere*,



with *anybody*. He went into Murray's, while I walked about Albemarle Street. After a short interval came out for me, and he and I joined Murray in his office. Murray then repeated to me what he had just said to R., that his *only* reason for announcing the "Papers of Lord Byron" separate from the "Life," was to give a sort of *éclat* to his list of publications, and that he had not the least intention of departing from the plan which he, and I, and Hobbhouse had agreed upon for the work in my last. Went to the Longmans to tell them of my idea of going with Scott; Longman highly pleased at the plan. Told him I should give Scott till to-morrow to consider of it, as there was certainly some degree of courage (standing in such high favour as he does with the King) in choosing a political reprobate like me for his companion. Longman said, Scott was not a man likely to have any fears or scruples of this kind. "Not if left to himself, probably; but he will meet shabby people enough to put it into his head, and, at all events, I will wait the chance of his changing his mind before I determine." Dined with Rogers at five. Quoted a good parody of Luttrell's written during the famine and brown-loaf time:

"Deepens the curses of each hungry oaf,  
And breathes a browner horror o'er the loaf."

Talked of my "Sheridan;" gave me great pleasure by saying, that among those who most disliked it, and most differed with me, there was but one opinion as to the honesty and impartial feeling of the work. Adair, he says, feels more than any one the views which I have taken of Fox's career, and will not be satisfied, he thinks, without leaving some answer behind him. Criticised my manner of telling some of the anecdotes, and generally, with justice. Told him I regretted having put in those anecdotes at all, as I feared (what I had, indeed, anticipated would be the case) that they were generally thought poor and unworthy of Sheridan's fame. Wrote to Bessy to-day, to tell her of Scott's proposal, and of the disposition I felt to avail myself of it.

24th. On my way to breakfast with Newton called at Sir Walter's; a party with

him at breakfast; not a word said by either himself or Miss Scott about my going with them to Paris. Felt how right I was in concluding that, upon reflection (or rather upon the representations of others), he would grow less eager on the subject. Richardson\* and Dr. Holland among his guests at breakfast. Sat to Newton. After leaving him, in passing through Pall Mall, met Scott. "Well," he said, "it's all fixed; I have sent for your passport." "Do you really mean," I asked, "that I am to go with you?" "Most certainly," he answered; "I have quite set my heart on it." He then said, that he did not mean to stay more than seven days in Paris; that he would refuse all dinner engagements, &c. In talking of going from the Tower (which is the way he has fixed upon) said, "and we shall eat such a hearty dinner when we arrive at Calais!" Left him at his own door, promising to be at dinner at five with his daughters, to go to the play. Forgot to mention, by the bye, that Sir Charles Stuart (to whom he went the other day with Rogers) mentioned (as the two persons most likely to be useful to him in anecdotes of Napoleon), Pozzo di Borgo and my friend Gallois.† Drove with L. to Paternoster Row: drew a bill upon Power for 150*l.*, which they cashed for me. Told me they had now succeeded to the whole property of the "Edinburgh Review," and begged me to do something for it. Said I had some idea of reviewing the two tragedies on the subject of "Anne Boleyn." To dinner at Lockhart's at five. Scott and Lockhart stood by while we were dining, as they were engaged to Wilmot Horton's dinner. All evidently bent on my joining them in their journey. Said I should be able to give them a decisive answer to-morrow; but that, at all events, it would not, I feared, be in my power to start with them

\* Mr. John Richardson of Kirklands, a distinguished solicitor, and parliamentary agent in London, and one of Scott's oldest and most valued friends.

† Sir Charles Stuart mentioned likewise the Count *Daru* as likely to know much of Napoleon's life and government. — J. R.

on Thursday morning, but my intention was, if I went, to follow by the mail on Thursday night, and catch them at Calais, or a stage or two farther. Went to the play (to Mrs. Coutt's box) with Mrs. Lockhart, Miss Scott, and Capt. Lockhart. In talking of her father's plans of retrenchment, Miss Scott said, "Papa is a bad hand at economising;" and then added, laughing, "All his great plans of retrenchment have ended in selling my horse!" The play, "Peveril of the Peak," the third or fourth night. In trying to make out the plot Miss Scott said, "One confuses the stories of those novels, there are so many of them; 'pon my word, papa must write no more;" a proof that the mask is about to be thrown off entirely.

25th. Breakfasted at the Athenæum. Received, while there, Bessy's answer to my letter; leaves me wholly to my own decision with respect to the trip to Paris. Almost made up my mind to go, but still had a feeling that I *should not*; the idea of taking advantage of Scott's *bonhomie*, and letting him do what he might afterwards repent of, hung about me still. Resolved, however, to make an effort to start *with* him from the Tower, and, if I could not manage that, not to go at all. Called upon Scott on my way home; told him I meant to make an effort to start with him from the Tower in the morning. He said, "That's right; but what will you do about your passport?" He then expressed his regret at not having my name put down in his, but asked did I not think I might, by taking a hackney coach and driving to Portland Place, prevail upon the secretary there (though it was now past the hour of business) to give me a passport. After some more conversation on the subject, left him. Made up my mind to give up the journey; whether it was fancy or not, thought I had seen a *little* change in Scott's manner on the subject; a slight abatement of his former eagerness for my going. Dined at Miss White's: company, Hallam, Sharpe, Sir B. Hobhouse, Luttrell, Captains Head and Denham, and Miss Drew. While Head was describing the

use of the lasso in catching men as well as animals, Luttrell said the first syllable of it had caught many a man. In talking of the *Exmelian* (P) Club, of which Ashe was the founder, somebody said that a son of that Ashe was at present chairman of it. "Still in its *ashes* live their wonted fires," said Luttrell. In the evening found Sir Walter, his daughter, and the Lockharts (who were all to have dined with Miss White) on going upstairs. All reproached me for having given up my thoughts of accompanying them, which I had mentioned before dinner, and at which Sharpe and the rest expressed their surprise. Gave Scott the letter of introduction to Gallois which I had written for him, Hallam having also written a few words in it. Saw the Scotts (who went away early, having to start at four in the morning) down to their carriage, and Scott, who all the way down stairs was expressing his sorrow at my not going with him, said in parting with me, "It would be odd enough, after all, if your name *was* in my passport." This struck me as curious, and as a good deal confirming the suspicion that occurred to me to-day. The light that I have been all along expecting to break in upon him (with respect to the imprudence of having me for a companion) was, I have no doubt, insinuated yesterday at Horton's by the colonial secretary himself, who is just the sort of man to have put such a thing into his head. Indeed, though (for Scott's sake) I have not mentioned this suspicion to a creature, I have very little doubt of my being right in it.

26th. Breakfasted at the Athenæum. Paid some visits; called on Shee. His surprise at hearing that any of my Whig friends were discontented with my "Life of Sheridan." Said that if he himself had been inclined to find any fault with me, it would have been for over-partiality to that party and the aristocracy in general. Took Luttrell to dine at Mrs. Montgomerie's. On our way I was mentioning that some one had said of Sharpe's very dark complexion that he looked as if the dye of his old trade (hat-making) had got engrained into his

face. "Yes (said Luttrell), darkness that may be *felt*." \* \* \*

29th. Found all well when I got home. A note from Lady Lansdowne to ask me over there to-morrow.

November 2nd. Conversation after breakfast about universities. It tells well for freedom from restrictions that Trinity College, Cambridge, which is the least exclusive of any, boasts the greatest list of illustrious names, Bacon, Newton, Barrow, &c. &c. They have the heads of Newton's lectures at Trinity. Gibbon, Locke, and Swift tell against universities. "*Cæteraque* (says Milton) *ingenio non subeunda meo*." Turned to Gibbon's fine tribute to Lord North in the preface to his "History." *Quære*, Johnson's reason for quoting Barrow so little (if at all) in his "Dictionary P"

9th. Dined at Bowood: company, Lady Morley, her son Lord Boringdon, her nephew, and the Henry Napier. \* \* \*  
The following French words, "*Pie a haut nid, caille a bas nid*;" difficult to tell on hearing them, what language they are. Talked of English directions written by foreigners. Mrs. H. N. mentioned, "*Ilai par Corné, Piqué du lait*," for Hyde Park Corner, Piccadilly. Sung a good deal. Lady M. sang some comic songs of her own which she had written for the acted charades they had at Saltram a year or two since (for one of which, by the bye, Canning wrote a prologue). Altogether liked her better than ever I did before; she has both fun and good sense in no ordinary degree. Slept there.

10th. Lord L. mentioned a circumstance of the private secretary of Vergennes, on landing at Dover at night (just before the peace with America) finding himself, the instant he set foot on shore, whipped up suddenly in the arms of two men, who, putting a lantern to his face, exclaimed, "Tis he!" and letting him down again, mounted horses that were near and set off. This was a funding speculation; they had had private information that he was expected, and were on the watch for him. Told an anecdote of the Spanish ambassador, at the

time when the King's life was attempted by Margaret Nicholson, taking horse instantly and setting off for Windsor, where he posted himself in the window of the inn by which the messenger with the account must pass. As soon as the messenger arrived the ambassador accompanied him, and having been a witness of the transaction, was able to assure the Queen that his Majesty was perfectly safe. At the same time taking care to inform her that though his *zeal* had impelled him instantly to set off for Windsor to give her this information, his feeling of *etiquette* prevented him from intruding upon her Majesty till the regular messenger arrived. This mixture of zeal and etiquette was the very thing for the atmosphere of Windsor, and the ambassador (De Campos, I believe) was ever after a great favourite with their Majesties.

11th to 30th. Passed the remainder of this month (with the exception of the Devizes ball on the 14th and a dinner at Phipps's on the 24th) busily at home; occupied in adding to and correcting the Greek work for Power, in writing an article for the "Edinburgh" (a task which I detest, and therefore always do badly), and in furnishing two more squibs for "The Times,"—the "Ghost of Miltiades" and "Corn and Catholics." In a letter of C. Sheridan he says of the former, "The Ghost of Miltiades' *must* be yours, I should think; if not so, I am very curious to know the 'S.' who can so imitate your union of point with power and fun with bitterness." Received a very kind letter from Sir W. Scott, inclosing me one from Gallois, and repeating his invitation of us all to Abbotsford next summer.

December 1st to 9th. The letter from Orme, of the 5th, contained a proposal to me to become editor of an annual work which they meditate, on the plan of the "Forget-me-not," "Souvenir," &c. Speaks sanguinely of the prospect of its success, and says, if it turns out as they expect, it would give me an annual income of from five hundred to a thousand a year.

10th. Wrote to Orme, telling him my views *for*, as well as *against*, the plan which

he had proposed to me, and leaving him and his partners to decide for me between them.

17th. Walked over to Bowood: met Lord L. on the way to meet me. Talked of the probabilities for and against war. Says the Ministers are in great consternation; all so very civil, which is an invariable sign of difficulty and alarm with them.

20th. At work at my story, which has been announced for "soon after Christmas." The "Morning Chronicle" spells it the "Epicurian:" wrote a note to the L.'s about this.

21st and 22nd. Walked over to Bowood this latter day. Company: Miss Fox and Miss Vernon, Mary Fox, and Sir J. and Lady Graham. A good deal of politics. Graham gave a description of the effect of Canning's war-speech on the House. A proof of the excitement he had produced in his audience, their being ripe for such a boast as, "I called a new world into existence." When he said, "I thought of Spain and the Indies," 'twas in a sort of scream. Nearly fainted after he had done.

23rd. Walked home to inquire after little Russell, whom I left suffering a good deal of irritation and fever with the chicken-pox. Bessy, too, a good deal worn out by her disturbed nights with him. Found them both better. Began something for "The Times." Returned to dinner at Bowood; the same party. Lord L. spoke of the vigorous state he had found Lord Grenville's mind in the other day, though his body was so evidently and rapidly going. Comparison of Canning's late speech with Pitt's of '93. In talking of light and humorous poetry Graham said, "After the 'Ghost of Miltiades' one gets hard to be pleased in such writing." Slept there.

24th. Talking of Brougham, Graham quoted the termination of a speech of his at the beginning of the Queen's trial, when, upon his entering on the subject, the Chancellor said, he must confine himself for the present to the time and manner of bringing in the bill. Having got in all he wanted to say, in discussing the subject of the time,

he concluded thus, "As to the *manner*, it matters not to my royal client *what* clerk at your lordships' table shall read the bill; whether the second reading shall precede the first, or whether it be chanted, said, or sung."

26th. Gave a gay dinner, dancing, and supper to the servants in honour of Christmas.

27th and 28th. A very kind letter from Barnes, bidding me consult my own wishes entirely both as to time and subjects; saying, that he thought much more highly of my last (the "Case of Libel") than I seem to do myself; that though it was from the nature of the subject elaborate, there was thought and wit enough in it for half a dozen poems.

30th. Okeden mentioned having seen Lord Byron in a state of great excitement. On one occasion he made an effort to restrain himself, and succeeded; on the other, he gave full vent to his violence. The former was at Copet; when, on coming to dinner, he saw unexpectedly among the guests Mrs. Harvey (Beckford's sister), whom he had not seen since the period of his marriage, and who was the person chiefly consulted by Lady Byron, I believe, on the subject of his proposals to her. He stopped short upon seeing her, turned deadly pale, and then clenching his hand, as if with a violent effort of self-restraint, resumed his usual manner. The other occasion was at Milan, when he and Hobhouse were ordered to quit the city in twenty-four hours, in consequence of a scrape which Polidori had brought them into the night before at the Opera, by desiring an officer, who sat before them, to take off his cap, and on his refusal to do so, attempting to take it off himself. The officer, upon this, coolly desired Polidori to follow him into the street, and the other two followed, ripe for a duel. The officer, however, assured them he had no such thing in his contemplation; that he was the officer of the guard for the night; and that, as to taking off his cap, it was contrary to orders, and he might lose his commission by doing so. Another part of his duty was to

carry off Polidori to the guard-house, which he accordingly did, and required the attendance of Byron and Hobhouse in the morning. The consequence of all this was, that the three were obliged to leave Milan immediately, Polidori having, in addition to this punishment, "bad conduct" assigned as the reason of his dismissal. It was in a few minutes after their receiving this notification that Okeden found Lord B. storming about the room, and Hobhouse after him, vainly endeavouring to tranquillise his temper. Must ask Hobhouse about this. In talking of Erskine's *jeux d'esprit*, Lord L. mentioned four lines he once wrote upon an inn window, on a great attorney, named Terry; thereby losing, as he said, a great number of briefs. Among the inscriptions on the window was one, written by the attorney himself, announcing that, on such a day, Mr. Terry had arrived here from Tenterden, and it was under this that Erskine wrote

"What can it matter how or when  
Terry arrives from Tenterden;  
For when he's cross the Stygian ferry,  
Who'll ever ask — What's come of Terry?"

31st. A letter also from my old friend John Dalby, informing me of a communication he had received from a Major Dwyer, dated Naples, the day after Lord Hastings' death, informing him by Lady Hastings' desire of the event, and begging that he would also communicate it to me.

January 4th, 1827. Walked over to Bo-wood to dinner. Company: Lords Duncan and Seymour, Elwyn, S. Smith, Vernon Smith and his wife, Labouchere, Short, Osman Ricardo and his wife. Sung a good deal in the evening. Talking of epitaphs, S. Smith said that Mackintosh thinks that of Gray on his mother the most perfect in the language. Those of Canning on Pitt, and Sheridan on Nelson, not very good. Some wise person's criticism on the conclusion of the former, "He lived without ostentation and died poor;" thought that the words "died poor" sounded meanly, and that it would be better, "died in distressed circumstances." Lord L. quoted some pretty verses of Piron's upon

a picture of people skating; the two last something this way:

"Telle est de nos plaisirs la brillante surface,  
Glissez, mortels; n'appuyez pas."

5th. George Selwyn's criticism on Burke's "Reflections." "I could not get on with it; at the end of the first page I had to send for my apothecary to ask the meaning of some allusion to his profession, which I could not understand: at the end of the second I had to send to my carpenter to explain to me," &c. &c. Elwyn quoted what he had himself heard Burke say in a speech towards the end of the Hastings' trial. "You might as well attempt to make a perfumer of a man who was bred on a dunghill, as to think of making a statesman out of this bullock contractor." In talking of America with Labouchere, it appeared from his account, that though there is no intolerance in the laws of that country, there is abundance of it in society; particularly among the northern states, where a man that does not go to a church of some kind forfeits caste, and in any election for a public office would not stand the slightest chance. It seems as if a certain portion of religious malice must exist in every community, and where the laws are free from it the people take it up. After luncheon, Lord Lansdowne, the two Smiths, Labouchere, and Lord Seymour walked the greater part of the way home with me. Money called upon me before dinner; full of praise of Lady Lansdowne. Told me circumstances that had come accidentally to his knowledge; of her *personal* attention to the poor; of her sitting day after day, reading by the bedside of a poor old man, who was dying of a mortification that had spread half way up his body, the stench of which in the small room where he lay was such as even medical men did not often encounter; her attending to see a poor woman put decently in her coffin, &c. &c.

9th. Got the "Edinburgh" this morning with the article on my "Life of Sheridan;" most friendly done.

11th. Jeffrey having used the information which I sent him respecting the Prince's

gift of 4000*l.* to Sheridan, wrote to the Longmans to beg that they would call upon Burgess (from whom Bain, my authority, must, I suspect, have gained the information), to procure any additional circumstances from him that may verify the fact.

15th. Lord Lansdowne called, just as I was setting out to call upon him. Bowles, too. Bowles brought James Hughes's translation into Greek Anacreontics of a drinking song of his. The phrase *ov θειαρoς*, for *invisible*, was (I remarked) not correct; *θειαρoς* means *spectabilis*, and the word for invisible is *απαραoς*. When I said this, Bowles exclaimed, "Bravo! it was not without reason that Parr called you a good scholar." Inclosed 30*l.* to my mother to pay her half-year's rent with 20*l.* of it, and divide the other 10*l.* between Corry (to whom I owe 5*l.*) and my tailor.

16th. Walked to Bowood. Met Lord L.; walked back with him. Talked of the man who wrote a book some time since on the "Malaria of London," and who, it seems, keeps a person that is particularly liable to ague as a sort of *miasmeter*, wherewith to measure the degree of badness of the air in different parts of London.

20th. Dressed at Elwyn's, and was at the York House an hour before dinner to hear the music rehearsed. A MS. glee of Bowles's also to be sung. About forty-three at dinner: Lord Lansdowne and Lord Liverpool of the party. Got well situated, within one of Lord Lansdowne, and nearly opposite Lord Liverpool; was glad to have an opportunity of seeing a little of the latter. Gave me an idea of a common-minded man; that is to say, a common mind elevated by circumstances and situation as high as it was capable of going. Directed some of his conversation very civilly to me, and asked me to drink wine with him. My glee received most enthusiastically; a distinct peal of applause after every verse, and there were no less than five. Took the pianoforte myself, which put the fellows on their mettle, otherwise they would have sung it sleepily and professionally. In one of the verses there is a toast,

"To the poet who sings; to the warrior who fights;  
To the statesman who speaks in the cause of man's  
rights."

And when we were rehearsing it before dinner, one of the singers said to me, "This is particularly applicable to-day, sir, as Lord Liverpool is to dine here!" little knowing, poor man, how much Lord Liverpool's notions and mine as to the rights of man differ. A few of us remained some time after the grandees went away, and I sung two or three more songs.

30th. Bailey looking for a fine passage in "Pindar," beginning (I think, he said) *θανεiv οic εστιν αναγηη*. Mentioned the indifference of the ancients to death; the coolness with which Xenophon talks of the deaths of some of his companions. On my quoting a passage from the "Journal des Débats," on the new law against the press, in which (speaking of the age of Louis XIV.), it says, "*L'admission de Molière à la table de Louis XIV. était la Charte de ce temps-là*," a question rose whether Molière was really so admitted. Molière anxious to conciliate the King in favour of his "Tartuffe;" this evident from the speech towards the conclusion, "*Nous vivons sous un Prince ennemi de la fraude*." Bailey (who is a great traveller, and has been everywhere) said that Maundrel's was the best account of "Palestine;" Chateaubriand's description of scenery beautiful, but not to be depended on: his description of the "Dead Sea," however, very correct. It is from this Scott has drawn in his "Talisman."

February 18th. Wrote a long letter to Bryan, giving him an account of my proceedings with Longman and Murray, and telling him of my intention to appropriate the money of Anastasia that is in Longman's hands, to paying off my debt.

21st. Started in the coach for town at eight. Party inside, an old Irish gentleman and his grand-daughter, a very pretty girl, just arrived by the Bristol packet. After sounding each other for some time in Irish politics, found that he was a violent Orangeman. Avowed myself of a different opinion; upon which, taking me for an Englishman,

he lamented our ignorance in this country of Irish affairs: the girl, too, as violent an anti-Catholic as her grandpapa, which I liked her all the better for: argued playfully with them both. When we stopped to breakfast found Lord Arthur Hill among the outside passengers; whispered him not to betray me. In the course of the journey owned to them I was an Irishman, and told the girl that when she knew who I was, she would, perhaps, forgive me for being a rebel: offered to put myself in her hands to convert me. Told them quantities of Irish stories, and kept them, and a good sort of Englishman, who formed our fourth, laughing the whole time. Lord A. Hill told me they inquired of him who I was, and he said, a Mr. Johnson. At last, after we changed horses at Hounslow, I gave the girl my card, and declared myself to be the veritable Captain Rock. The girl exclaimed aloud, and the old fellow, in spite of his Orangeism, taking me cordially by the hand, said he was most rejoiced to meet me, and that he had actually, for the two or three last hours, suspected who I was. He then got very adroitly over the difference in our opinions, by saying, "You, sir, take the poetical view of these matters." Proved to be Sir Henry Osborne, once high sheriff of the county of Waterford, and a member of the Irish Parliament: parted great friends. Went to the Athenæum, and dined.

22nd. Breakfasted at the Athenæum. Dined at Lord Lansdowne's: company, Abercromby, Baring and son, Brownlow, two Smiths, and Fazakerley. Talked of Erskine's speech in defence of Peter Pindar for a libel against Lord Lonsdale, in which he had compared Lord Lonsdale to the devil. Erskine dwelt on the grandeur of the devil as described by Milton, and insisted that it was rather he that should be displeased at being compared to Lord Lonsdale. The devil (Lord Lansdowne said) was always a favourite theme with Erskine, and he had once heard him say that he looked upon him as "a great celestial statesman out of place!"

23rd. Breakfasted with Rogers. Talked

of my business with Murray; said that Murray had told him a day or two since, that he was quite ready for me. I again mentioned (what I had before said to him in my letter) the intention I had, if possible, to discharge the debt to Longmans from my own resources, so as to render myself more independent in my negotiations with Murray. Expressed himself ready to assist me in any way I desired. Lord John Russell came in after breakfast. R. charged him with coming because he knew *I* was there: this not the case. Told Lord John of my intention to dedicate my Egyptian story to him; expressed himself much pleased. R. mentioned Lord Erskine saying of some man who died immensely rich, "a fine sum to begin the other world with." Fuseli one cold day, in standing at the fire at Rogers's, said, with his peculiar accent, "Hell fire, kept within proper bounds, is no bad thing."

24th. Breakfasted at the Athenæum. Called upon Luttrell: his story of Lord Norbury,—when the Catholic Petition was rejected in the Irish Parliament in '92 or 3, Burke's son and one or two others who were behind the Speaker's chair, immediately on the decision being pronounced, withdrew; upon which Toler rose and said, "He had but one remark to make. What had just happened reminded him of a cross-reading he had lately met with, 'Yesterday a petition was presented which luckily missed fire, and the villains made off.'" Called upon Sir J. Malcolm this morning: his story of an old Scotch officer making excuses for not singing, "D'ye think, if I kenn'd the words of any song in the world, I should be such a damned fool as to be particular about the *coddence*?"

25th. Breakfasted at the Athenæum. Walked about with Luttrell. Luttrell full of praise of my verses in "The Times," but alarming me by saying with what *certainly* people set them down as mine: "Is there anything of Moore's in 'The Times' to-day?" Pointed out Marquis de Salvo to him in the street, and mentioned his once having asked me "to allow him three hours' conversation with me some morning." "He is certainly

not *salvo pudore*," said Luttrell. Went to the Hollands' in the evening. Brougham, told me that in a letter he had just received from America (from Casey, of Liverpool), he was requested to communicate to me, as illustrative of the natural love of all animals for liberty, a circumstance which had just come within the writer's knowledge. Some young birds in a cage were from time to time visited by the old ones, their parents, from the thicket, who, it was observed, had endeavoured by every possible effort to widen the bars of the cage, so as to let the young ones out. At last, after various attempts, not being able to effect their object, they brought some poisonous berries, which they placed within the cage, and which the prisoners immediately eat of and died. A strange story to send all the way from America. Read to day in the "Examiner" a curious extract relative to myself, from some late writer on phrenology. The author of the article in the "Westminster Review" on my "Life of Sheridan," has it seems taken the trouble of calculating that there are 2500 similes in that work, on which the phrenologist remarks that this is all the consequence of my possessing such a large organ of comparison; so large indeed, according to him, that it may be seen at many yards' distance! What exquisite fooling, both in critic and phrenologist!

26th. Breakfasted with Rogers, for the purpose of arranging with him what he was to do with Murray; Luttrell at breakfast, too. On my return to Albemarle Street, I found Davidson the printer, who had come to me at Murray's request, to show me the sheets of Luttrell's poem, and to request me to prevail upon him not to publish it. Rogers, by the bye, had already told me that Murray had applied to him for the same purpose, saying that Lockhart had read it, and thought that, though elegant, it would not be creditable to L. to have it published. To this criticism Davidson now added that his "*Reader*" thought it the damndest stuff in the world." Expressed my surprise at all this, saying, that though I had not read the part about Crockford, I could not conceive

Luttrell writing anything that was not clever and creditable. Left the sheets with me, and I promised to look over them. Before I had read more than eighteen or twenty pages, R. came; the result of his negotiation with Murray as follows:—"By the advice of friends (again!) Murray has come to the resolution of not publishing the 'Byron Papers' in his possession *at all*, neither those of his own, nor those the family has given him. The opinion both of Mr. Canning and Mr. Gifford, who looked over them, was, that being addressed confidentially to Murray, they could not be published by him, and it was his intention therefore to leave them as a legacy to his children. For a 'Life,' however, written by me, on my own materials, and forming a quarto volume that 'would be considered cheap at two guineas,' he proposed by a written paper to give me the sum of 2,500*l.*, to be paid on the day of publication by bills at six, eight, twelve, and eighteen months." The opinion of Canning and Gifford, upon which he affects to found this resolution, having been, when we last talked upon the subject, made a reason for publishing the "Papers" separately and by wholesale, as conveniently as it is now made a reason for not publishing them at all! Decided at once to have nothing more to do with him. My only plea or motive for leaving the Longmans for him having been the power it gave me of combining the materials of all parties, and this object being now frustrated by the resolution he has taken, I naturally, and of course, resort to them as my publishers. Rogers appeared to be of opinion that I ought to accept of Murray's offer, and when I assured him that, even in a pecuniary point of view, I should be, if anything, worse off by this arrangement than by continuing with the Longmans, he suggested that I should endeavour to make Murray give me 3000*l.* My mind, however, was made up to what I saw was my true and only line of conduct, in every point of view; and we proceeded immediately to Murray's for the purpose of acquainting him with my resolution. Retired with Murray into his



backroom, and told him my decision; added that I could not blame him for the determination he had come to, with respect to the papers, but that I felt I had a right to complain of the suspense in which he had kept me, and for the disturbance he had produced in all my plans by his very uncertain conduct. He owned it was wrong, but that he had been unable to make up his mind. In the course of our conversation I said, "Well, I don't see how I shall be able to make out a 'Life,' and I think you had better take *any* materials off my hands, and let them go to your children with your own." At this hint he seemed eagerly to jump, and said he should be very happy to enter into such an arrangement with me, but I answered (what was true) that I had spoken without thought, and that, as to parting with a paper of Lord Byron's (except to put it in the fire) there was nothing more remote from my thoughts. He then asked me about Luttrell's sheets, and I told him that, on the score of *talents*, he need have no doubt whatever of the work, for, as far as I had read, it was, like everything Luttrell ever did, full of polish and point. This seemed to satisfy him completely, and he said he would instantly proceed with the printing. Wrote to the Longmans to tell them the result of the negotiation. Luttrell this morning mentioned a good pun of Jekyll's. Being asked why he no longer spoke to a lawyer of the name of Peat, Jekyll said, "I choose to give up his acquaintance; I have common of Turbary, and have a right to *cut Peat*." Rogers told some anecdotes of the Duke of Wellington; of his saying to him (Rogers), speaking of Waterloo, "It was a battle of giants." His mentioning the effect that the intelligence of Buonaparte's escape from Elba had at Vienna. When told to all the personages there assembled in congress, they burst out a laughing. The Duke sent off a dispatch to the Emperor of Austria with the news, and the person who was the bearer of it said afterwards, "What could there have possibly been in that dispatch? for the moment the Emperor read it, he burst out a laughing." R. mentioned that, after the affair of Cintra,

the Duke of Wellington said to Sir J. Moore, "There is now only you and me left, and if you are appointed chief, I will serve under you." Dined at Lord Harrington's, having called upon him on Saturday last, when he asked me: company, Duke and Duchess of Leinster, Lord Cathcart, Lincoln, Stanhope, &c. Very kind, good-natured people, and brought old times to my mind, as this was one of the first houses where I was well received in my boyish days. My cold very heavy in the evening. Went to the Athenæum. Saw Chantrey, and had a good deal of conversation with him. Asked me when I meant to sit for my bust: told him I thought he had given up all thoughts of it. "Not at all," he said; "I am only waiting for some wrinkles to come in your face." "Here they are, then," I said, "in plenty." Voted also for Lord Gosford's son; young Acheson: got home early. Forgot to mention that I called on Croker yesterday, and sat sometime with him. Mentioned that he had already received six volumes, printed, of Scott's "Napoleon." It must therefore, as he said, have been, most of it, done at the time Scott affected to go for the purpose of research to Paris. Gallois, indeed, says (as Lord John told me) that Scott did not seem to wish for any new lights on the subject, and, according to Croker's account, some anecdotes which he himself communicated to Scott seemed rather to annoy him than otherwise.

28th. Breakfasted at Stevens's and called on Lord John, whom I found at home. Told me that, while at Geneva, he employed himself in translating the "Iliad" into the Spenser stanza, I believe.\* Had dined with Lady Holland the day before, which she

\* There is an inaccuracy here. What I attempted was to translate a single book of the "Odyssey" in the *ottava rima* of Ariosto and Tasso. My reason for the attempt was, that it has always struck me that the "Odyssey" resembles rather the narrative poems of Italy, full of marvels and magic, than the sober dignity of the "Iliad" and "Æneid." The late Lord Northampton published some of my stanzas in a collection called "The Tribute." — J. R.

took care, with her usual *tactique*, not to tell me. People that wish to meet will never receive any help towards it through her. An excellent person in her way, however, and I should be ungrateful not to record it: full of good parts as well as of *sharp* ones. Between five and six went with Luttrell (whom I got asked) to dinner at Longman's. Company: Barnes, Jerdan, Britton, Dickinson, &c. &c. Some talk with Longman and Rees before dinner on the result of my late negotiation with Murray. Longman much pleased with my promptitude in breaking off and returning to them, when the sole condition on which I left them was frustrated: said that it was the very way in which he could have sworn I would behave. No time to be lost in bringing out the work. Offered me, if I pleased, the same terms as Murray, but I preferred taking my chance as we are. L. and I walked home together.

March 4th. Breakfasted at Athenæum. Called upon Barnes as I had promised. Told me that Galignani has made a volume of the verses that have appeared in "The Times," publishing them all as mine; among the rest, a long straggling thing about Marathon (*not* the "Ghost of Miltiades"), as little like me or mine as possible. This is too bad. Mentioned that the King the other day conveyed a message to them ("The Times") through Knighton, I think, saying that he always read the paper with great pleasure, &c. &c., but that he hoped they would refrain from giving any more details about his private life and habits. Said he wished much to become a member of the Athenæum; had heard that any one proposed by Lord Lansdowne would be sure to succeed, and asked whether I would have any objection to request Lord L. to propose him. Answered that I had no doubt, from Lord L.'s great good-nature, he would without hesitation comply with the request; but that I thought, situated as both he and Barnes were, such a public junction of their names would not be quite desirable for either. After a few more remarks (B. saying that it was not as editor of "The Times" that Lord L. might be supposed to set him up, but as

Master of Arts of Cambridge and member of the Temple) the subject dropped.

5th. Set off between seven and eight. A very chatty lady my only companion, but there being nothing very attractive about her, preferred my French newspapers, fifteen of which I read through, the lady seeming most heartily to hate the sight of their coming, so endlessly, out of my pocket.

6th to 31st. During this whole month have not had time to *diarize*, so must record, by wholesale, what I remember. My time wholly taken up in transcribing the remainder of my "Epicurean" for the press, and correcting the proofs of what I gave the printers while in town, the whole concluding part of the book being still unwritten. Had a letter from Barnes soon after my return, repeating still more urgently his wish with respect to Lord Lansdowne's proposal of him at the Athenæum: has evidently set his heart upon it, but the thing cannot be. Before I answered Barnes, thought it due both to him and to Lord L. to try the chance of the latter's seeing the matter in a different point of view from what I did; and, therefore, wrote to Lord L. to tell him how the case stood, and to say that, if he saw the same objection to such a step as I did, I would take the whole responsibility of the refusal on myself, and write just such a letter to Barnes as I would have done if Lord L. had known nothing of the matter. —25th. Received an answer from Lord L., agreeing with me that such an *affiche* of their names was a thing not very desirable, he thought, to either party; but adding, that if Barnes was proposed by any one else, he would be most happy to annex his signature among the recommenders of the proposal. Wrote accordingly to Barnes, repeating the reasons I had given him in town for not making the request of Lord L.

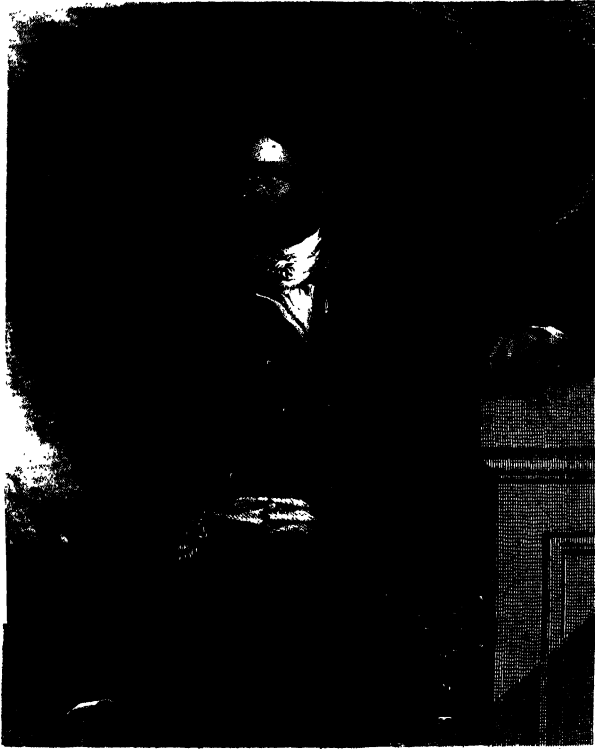
April 1st to 30th. Must dispatch this month in the same way. Still busy at my "Epicurean." Received a letter from Barnes, telling me, in confidence, that the verses in "The Times" of yesterday ("Soliloquy of a pure and virtuous Statesman," a violent attack on Peel) were from the pen of —.

Rather annoyed at this, fearing that, written as they are in imitation of me, they might be taken for mine. Wrote to Croker, saying that, if he had an opportunity, I wished he would (without making too much of the matter) tell Peel that the verses were not mine; that though I by no means affected any good will to his public character, thinking him the greatest enemy, because the most respectable, that Ireland had, I yet respected him too much to make this sort of attack upon him. On the 5th received an answer from Croker, saying he had made the communication I wished to Peel, and inclosing me Peel's letter in reply, which was as follows:—"Dear Croker, I believe I saw the verses in 'The Times' to which Moore has alluded, but I cannot say that they gave me much uneasiness. I never thought enough about them to guess at the author. They now certainly have caused me more pleasure than pain, since they have induced Moore, from a generous spirit quite consistent with hostility to me as a public man, to disclaim an attack which would have pained me, if it had been an evidence of his personal enmity and ill-will. I am, from long exposure, tolerably callous to abuse, but not to that abuse which would make me despair of improving my acquaintance with Moore. Very truly yours." There is here all the manliness and tact for which Peel is so distinguished. Forgot to mention that these verses contained also a violent attack on Croker, which (as I said in my letter) would be to him a sufficient proof that they were not mine. In his answer he said, that not only that circumstance, but the inferiority of their talent, would have convinced him of it. A letter from Lady Jersey to say she had certainly thought the verses to be mine, and "what other living poet could have written them?"—15th. News of the resignation of the Tory Ministry arrived; much consternation, in consequence, among the Bath parsons.—22nd. Walked over to Bowood; met the Duke of Devonshire in the hall; was shown to Lord L.'s room. "You find me," he said, "in the greatest worry and perplexity possible."

He then proceeded to tell me the state of the negotiation when he left town; the great difficulty, the government of Ireland, which the King insists must be exclusively anti-Catholic, as a set-off to the preponderance of Catholicism in the cabinet. In this state of things Lord L.'s wish is to support Canning's government, without joining it; but, of course, his direct co-operation is what Canning wants. Had left town to escape from the conflicting counsels and opinions with which he was beset, and declined taking office without some modification of the proposed government for Ireland. To his surprise saw the Duke of Devonshire at his bedside this morning, who had come for the double purpose of consulting him as to his own line of conduct; and, at Canning's request, of reopening the negotiation with Lord Lansdowne. The Duke very eager for the junction. "What an appearance it would have," said Lord L., "if, in a few weeks after my taking office, the first fruits of my accession would prove to be the appointment of an anti-Catholic government for Ireland." Agreed with him that this would never do, and that he ought to insist upon, at least, a Catholic secretary. Said he would make up his mind to this as a *sine quâ non*. Seemed by no means, however, to like the idea of joining at all, from the sacrifice of character which, he feared, might ultimately result from it; and said, two or three times, "Do you really then think that, if I were to take office (upon the condition of this concession respecting Ireland), and should, in a few months, see reason to retire again, I should not come out damaged?" Told him, that (acting as I knew he always *would*) the damage would be to those he left, not to himself. After a good deal of conversation I left him, and joined the Duke and Lady L. in the library. The Duke said, "Did you ever expect to see such changes as have just happened? One can hardly believe it." I said I hoped he would not let Lord L. decide against the junction too hastily. "I think he will hardly get me out of this house," he replied, "without a favourable answer."—24th. Went to Bo-







17. F. Lawrence.

18. 17.

*Henry Marquis of Sandwich*

LONDON: LONGMAN & CO.



wood; the Duke had started off at five o'clock on the 22nd. A letter from him this morning; had seen Canning, but nothing could be known till the latter had seen the King. After luncheon walked out with Lord L. Said he had received a letter that morning from a person I should little suspect as offering his counsel on such a subject; "one," he added, "more likely to counsel you than me." This was from Rogers, who is at present at Dropmore, and writes to say that, thinking it might be satisfactory to Lord L. to know the opinions of Lord Grenville on the subject of the negotiation, and those opinions being decidedly for the junction, he hastens to communicate them. Said I should come again to-morrow. "If you find me gone," said Lord L., "you may conclude all is settled." — 25th. Went to Bowood at half-past one; Lord L. gone about half an hour, in consequence of the arrival of a King's messenger. Had left a note for me, to say that lest, from his departure, I might suppose all to be settled, he thought it right not to leave me under this impression; on the contrary, he had received a decided, though elaborately softened down, refusal to his proposal; but, as his friends thought he ought to be in town during the present situation of affairs, he had consented to go up. Bid me, if I should see William Lamb announced as the future secretary for Ireland, not to conclude anything favourable from that circumstance, as the appointment would be only temporary.

May 1st to 31st. The whole of this month busily employed in seeing my "Epicurean" through the press, and finishing the last chapters: at it from morning till night. Had Anastasia home, and consulted Brabant about her, who alarmed me not a little by his opinion of her general health.

June 7th. Having finished all but the correction of the last chapter and the notes, started for town. A good deal of conversation on the way. Proceeded in the coach to Ludgate Hill, having fixed to pass a few days with the Longmans, for the better dispatch of what remains of my printing. One of my fellow-passengers, a lady, who

went on with me, expressed her delight at having been "lucky enough to pass so many hours in my company," and introduced me to a young man who was in the inn-yard to meet her. Found a servant of the Longmans waiting for me, and a nice dinner ready on my arrival; nothing could be more kind or hospitable.

8th. Waked at five o'clock by the dreadful noise of the workmen pulling down some houses opposite. Nugee called with the first *sketch* of my coat to try it on: said he would dress me better than ever I was dressed in my life: "There's not much of you, sir," he said, "and therefore my object must be to make the most I can of you." Quite a jewel of a man this Nugee: have gone to him in consequence of my former tailor being bankrupt. Went to the Athenæum; looked at lodgings, and fixed to go to 19, Bury Street. The Longmans anxious I should stay with them, but finding Rees had given up his own room to me, felt I should be more comfortable by changing my quarters.

12th. A letter from Bessy's mother about poor Anne\*, who appears, by the last accounts, to be all but dead. Great anxiety about the result of the struggle to-night between the Ministers and Opposition, on the Duke of Wellington's amendment. The intelligence brought to the Fieldings' box by Talbot, who had just heard it from Col. French: "We have beaten the Jacobins," exclaimed the wise colonel. Went from thence to Lady Lansdowne, who had a box for the children to-night; found there Lord Lansdowne, who looked fagged and worried. \* \* \*

13th. A letter from Bessy expressing her intention to go to Edinburgh to her sister, in case Brabant thinks it right for Anastasia to travel. Corry told me a good deal about Plunkot, of his amiableness and even playfulness when one comes to know him, notwithstanding that repulsive look and manner of his. Described a merry day with him and the Chief Justice (Bushe) at the Pigeon House: their endeavours to out-pun each other,

\* The wife of the eminent actor and theatrical manager, Mr. William Murray.



"Well, that's as bad as his, isn't it?" "No; mine was the worst, I appeal to all round." Con Lyne was one of the party, and, on his undertaking to recite something, Plunket said, "Come, come, Lyne, stand up while you do it; stand up, man, and nobody at least can say you are *con-seated* (con-ceited)." Mentioned Plunket's joke on some one saying, "Well, you see, —'s predictions have come true." "Indeed!" said Plunket, "I always knew he was a *bore*, but I didn't know he was an *augur*."

14th. Corry told me of his first interview with Lord Lansdowne on his arrival; Lord L. asked him, among a variety of other questions, how my "Life of Sheridan" was liked in Ireland. Corry told him that Bushe and Plunket disapproved of the light in which I had represented Sheridan; I had sacrificed (they thought) my hero! Lord L. very truly replied, that I might more fairly be accused of the opposite fault, that of glossing him over too much. Did not get to bed till near two, which is hard work, having to be up, with all my wits about me, so early.

18th. Received last night a revise of my last sheet, and see many things to re-write in the death scene, notes pouring in on me, and visitors momentarily expected: found I could do nothing at home, and determined to fly off to Kensington Gardens with my sheets. Took a hackney-coach at Knightsbridge, and in a few minutes found myself in those quiet gardens, out of the reach of all intruders. Sauntered about and sat alternately, conning over my pages, and touching the style and thoughts into shape, and, after being employed there about three hours, returned with the death-scene much improved in its present form. Dispatched it to the printer.

19th. Up at eight, and from that hour till five o'clock never stirred from my writing-table, being employed in collecting my references for the notes, and putting them into shape. This part of my task done too hurriedly, as I shall not be able to compress one-tenth of my materials into proper form, and must therefore omit them.

20th. Sent my last copy to the printer.

Dined at Lord Cowper's. Company: Brougham, Creevey, William Lamb, &c. &c. Creevey very amusing, drawing out Brougham (as he calls him) on his late speech at Liverpool; reminding him of their former time there, when Brougham, he said, was pelted "with precious stones (a man having flung a ring into their carriage) and he with real ones." Mentioned Brougham's having exhausted every topic in his speeches, leaving him (Creevey) nothing to say; and on Creevey's remonstrating with him, B. said, "Oh, well, I shall behave better to-morrow." Accordingly, on the morrow, he took particular pains not to leave a single topic connected with the subject untouched, and having fairly picked it to the bone, concluded by saying, "but I ought to apologise for having so long occupied your attention, and the more so as Mr. Creevey, who is to address you after me, has a great deal of new and interesting matter to submit to you."

21st. Went to Kentish Town to breakfast with Mrs. Shelley. Mrs. S. disposed to give me every assistance in my "Life of Byron;" promised to write out her recollections of the Memoirs, which she had read (at least the first part) before he gave them to me; fixed to meet her next Monday at the Exhibition. Walked into town with Kenny, calling in my way at Heath's (the engraver), who has sent me several messages and letters, requesting an interview with me. His object is to get me to become editor of an annual volume he has undertaken, in the manner of the "Forget-me-not," but on a more splendid scale; proposes to give me 500*l.* a year, my editorship to commence with the second number, as the present editor is Mr. Ainsworth (I think), the son-in-law of Ebers. Showed me some of the sheets and plates of the first number. Told him that I must take some time to consider of it, and should mention the proposal only to one person. Have no serious idea, however, of accepting it; the 500*l.* a year would, of course, be welcome, but there are other considerations to be looked to, and the plan altogether is *not* eligible. Dined at Lord Caermarvon's, having been also asked to Lord King's.

Company : the Jerseys, Rogers, Baring, the Duncannons, Puseys, &c. Seated the whole time of dinner (without knowing him) next Lord Porchester : at length Lord Jersey, who sat on the other side of me, telling me who he was, lost no time in making up leeway with my brother poet, whose modesty evidently prevented him from entering into conversation with me ; a rare quality in a young lord, and imputable solely to his poetry. The dinner dreadfully long ; and I felt it the more from my impatience to be off to the "Medea," which I had never seen. Called this morning on Agar Ellis, to ask him to join Rogers in proposing Barnes at the Athenæum, Rogers being of opinion that my name, as one of the proposers, would do Barnes more harm than good, by proclaiming him so decidedly as "The Times" editor.

22nd. Received the proofs of the "dedication," &c. To Agar Ellis's ; found that he and Rogers had been to the Athenæum, and written down Barnes. On my way from him to Power's, met Lord Lansdowne and Abercromby. Lord L. said, "I never see you now." "No," I answered, "I have *cut* you since you became minister." Went out to pay my first visit at Holland House ; found Lord H. riding about the hayfield. Walked beside him for some time ; full of mental activity as usual. Talked a good deal of the state of politics. \* \* \* Said Lord Lansdowne was too mild and forbearing to the Opposition, and that he was himself meditating a *sortie* against them. Talked of Ireland, Lord Anglesey's intended appointment, &c. &c. Lady Holland, driving in her whiskey, joined us, and said to me, "At last welcome to these peaceful shades ; I thought we were never to see you." Asked me to dine to-morrow ; the very thing I wished, it being the only day I have open for a long time.

24th. Talking of Gibbon after breakfast ; whether one would have rather left such a history as that of Gibbon behind or that of Hume ; more men to be found, I thought, to do the latter than the former ; such a comprehensive subject, and so completely executed. Those verses on Gibbon which I

have heard attributed to Mr. Fox, "Through all the religions of Europe he ran," &c., not his, Lord H. says. Another mistake about Mr. Fox, his admiration of Barrow ; Lord H. doubts whether he ever read a line of Barrow. At one Lambton arrived ; my Lady, however, having fixed to take me in her whiskey to see Charles's house, Lambton accompanied us. Came into town with Lambton in his cabriolet. What an odd state of politics. I saw Lady Holland yesterday touching Lambton on the knee to keep him from speaking against the Duke of Wellington before the Duke of Bedford ; the two Dukes being now, in conjunction with Lord Grey, *opposers* of the Ministry, while Lord Tavistock, Lord John, and Lambton are *with* them.

25th. Went to the Exhibition to meet Mrs. Shelley ; a good deal of talk about Lord B. and Shelley. Seems to have known Byron thoroughly, and always winds up her account of his bad traits with "but still he was very nice." From the Exhibition went with her to the Panorama of Geneva ; pointed out to me the place where Lord B. lived. She and Shelley had a small house near him. At first they lived at Secheron, and she spoke of Byron's singing one of my Melodies, "When he who adores Thee," as he left them in his boat of an evening, and their standing at the wall at the bottom of the garden listening to his voice over the water. Said the three or four months she passed there were the happiest of her life. The story of Lord B.'s saying to Polidori that, though Shelley did not *fight*, he did, is true.

26th. Went at two o'clock to the Countess St. Antonio ; found her and Coccia at the pianoforte. The new tenor (Ravaglia, I think) came soon after, and sang several things of Coccia's. Told the Countess she must not expect me to sing this morning, as there were foreign professors by ; not understanding the words, they never know what to make of my singing. "*Ah, que c'est drôle !*" as I overheard a Frenchman say, after I had been singing "Those Evening Bells." Received a letter from Rees this

morning, in consequence of my having said yesterday at dinner that "I feared my little cock-boat (the 'Epicurean') would be run down by the launch of the great war-ship (Napoleon) on Saturday," informing me, that as I appeared not to like coming out with Scott, they meant to put off the publication of the "Epicurean" till Saturday week. Wrote to remonstrate against this; got an answer back to say, I should be out on Friday.

27th. Dined at Baring's. Company: Charles Fox and his wife, Lord Essex, Rogers, Brougham, &c. Francis Baring, whom I sat next, told me of his having met, during his travels in South America, some Mexican women who had learnt English for the express purpose of singing my Melodies. Corunna formerly called "the Groyne." Fox, in one of his speeches, calls it so. After dinner, in talking of Peter Coxé the auctioneer, F. Baring said, "Didn't he write some poem about 'Human Life?'" (Rogers was sitting beside him.) There was a dead silence. "No," answered Brougham at last, putting his finger up to his nose with a look of grave malice; "no it was not *Peter Coxé* that was the author of 'Human Life.'" B.'s look and voice irresistible, and there was a burst of laughter over the table, in which Rogers himself joined.

28th. A note from Power to say that poor Anne is at last released from her suffering; a letter from Murray, too, with the same information. Wrote to Bessy as consolingly as I could on this subject: notwithstanding the long preparation, she will feel it deeply.

29th. Taken by the two Benetts to Dulwich, where I have for some days been meditating a visit to Dr. Glennie, with whom Byron was at school. Glennie not at home, but we were shown into a good garden, where we amused ourselves among the strawberry beds. Saw young Glennie, who showed me the memorandums, as far as they are done, which his father is writing down for me relative to Byron.

30th. Day rather threatening for the *fête*. Was with Lord Essex at two, and

started about half an hour afterwards in his barouche and four. Nothing but carriages and four along the road to Boyle Farm, which Lady de Roos has lent for the occasion to Henry: the five givers of the *fête* being Lords Chesterfield, Castlereagh, and Alvanley, Henry de Roos, and Robert Grosvenor, subscribing four or five hundred pounds each towards it. But few come when we arrived; the arrangements very tasteful and beautiful. The pavilion for quadrilles on the bank of the river, with steps descending to the water, quite oriental, like what one sees in Daniel's pictures. Towards five the *élite* of the gay world was assembled, the women all looking their best, and scarce an ugly face among them. About half-past five sat down to dinner; four hundred and fifty under a tent on the lawn, and fifty to the royal table in the conservatory. The Tyrolese musicians sung during dinner, and after dinner there were gondolas on the river, with Caradori, De Begnis, Velluti, &c., singing barcarolles, and rowing off occasionally so as to let their voices die away and again return. After these succeeded a party in dominos: Madame Vestris, Fanny Ayton, &c., who rowed about in the same manner and sung "Oh come to me when daylight sets," &c. &c. The evening was most delicious, and as soon as it grew dark the groves were all lighted up with coloured lamps in various devices. A little lake near a grotto looked particularly pretty, the shrubs all round being illuminated, and the lights reflected in the water. Six and twenty of the prettiest girls of the fashionable world, the Foresters, Brudenells, De Roosees, Mary Fox, Miss Russell, &c. &c., were dressed as *rosières*, and opened the quadrille in the pavilion. Walked about a good deal with Lord King's daughter and the Fieldings. Had agreed to go away with Lord Essex at ten, and as the time approached was rather sorry. The Fieldings offered to bring me home if I would stay, but as they probably would stay till morning, did not like to run the risk of wearing the thing out, and resolved to go while the enjoyment of it was fresh in my mind, so started with

Lord E. about half-past ten, the fireworks on the Thames being the only thing I lost. Yesterday my book came out, and there was a flaming eulogy on it in the "Literary Gazette" of to-day. They have given, however, the catastrophe of the story, which is letting the cat out of the bag most provokingly. Dawson (Lord P.'s brother) said to me at the *fête*, "I never read anything so beautiful as the death of your heroine." "What!" said I, "have you got so far already." "Oh, I read it in the 'Literary Gazette.'" This is too bad. The Marquis Palmella, too (the Portuguese ambassador), when he and I and Brougham were standing together, said to me, "This is like one of your *fêtes*." Brougham, thinking he alluded to "Lalla Rookh," said, "Oh yes, quite oriental." "*Non, non, je veux dire,*" answered Palmella, "*cette fête d'Athènes dont j'ai lu la description dans la Gazette d'aujourd'hui.*" Sent Bessy a copy of the book to-day.

July 1st. To Kentish Town to breakfast with Mrs. Shelley. Gave me, written down, her recollections of the "Memoirs." Told me all the circumstances of poor Shelley's death. Showed me a very clever letter of Lord Byron's to her on the subject of Hunt, who had complained of some part of Lord B.'s conduct to him. She thought it a "hard and high" tone he takes with Hunt, and there may be a little too much of this in it, but it is the letter of a clever man of the world. In speaking of Hunt's claim on his friendship, he says he had always served him as far as lay in his power, but that friendship was out of the question, there being but one man (Lord Clare) for whom he entertained that feeling, "and perhaps (he adds afterwards) Thomas Moore." Mrs. S. walked into town with me as far as the Strand, where I went to call on Raymond the great French bookseller. Sat some time with him talking French politics: thinks there is a *crise* coming. Said, speaking of Scott's work, that he feared "Napoleon would dethrone Sir W. Scott in France." Dined at Holland House. Company: Lady Keith, the Websters, Sneyd, the Duke of Bedford, Lord J. Russell, &c. &c. Reminded Lady Holland of her

saying to Lord Porchester, "I am so sorry to hear you are going to publish a poem; can't you suppress it?" "Well," she answered, "I have been reading a work this morning that I should certainly not be for suppressing." "See what you've got by your prose," said Lord Holland; "she was so delighted to find there were no rhymes in your book." Lord John, on the contrary, had told me before dinner that he liked the "Epicurean" very much, but "was sorry I had not made a poem of it."

2nd. Have been in correspondence for some days past with Drury of Harrow (whom I rather think I met once at dinner at Murray's) about paying him a visit on the subject of Byron; have fixed to-morrow to come to him. Went to the Longmans, and drew 200*l.* on the account of the "Epicurean," this making altogether near 400*l.* I have anticipated out of its profits. Said to Longman "I hope it will stand that;" and he replied, "Oh, more than that, I hope." Dined at Lansdowne House. Company: Lord Donoughmore, Abercrombys, Newton, Sharpe, Barings, &c. Lord L. mentioned a letter he had from Ireland, speaking of the "claw of an act," evidently thinking that *clause* was plural. Lady Lansdowne told me she was too late to receive her guests, owing to the "Epicurean," which she had read to within twenty pages of the end.

3rd. Started for Harrow in the coach at three. Drury had desired me to ask Hobhouse to accompany me, but Hobhouse could not. Arrived at Harrow about half-past six: no one but Drury himself (who received me most hospitably) and his family at dinner. Dr. Butler joined us in the evening. A good deal of desultory talk about Byron; his quarrel with Butler; could not bear his succeeding Dr. Drury; organised a rebellion against him on his arrival; wrote up in all parts of the school, "To your tents, O Israel!" dragged the desk of the master into the middle of the school, and burnt it. Lived in Dr. Butler's house; pulled down the blinds of his study or drawing-room (?); when charged with it by Dr. B. and asked

his reason, said, "They darkened the room." Afterwards, however, when Butler threatened him, cried and blubbered like a child. Always at the head of every mischief. His lameness, they both agreed, was from an accident, being let fall when at nurse; might have been removed if he had not been obstinate at school, and resisted all the precautions and remedies adopted. Was very idle; learnt nothing. His mother a coarse, vulgar woman. The Duke of Dorset a great friend of B.'s at school; did not know that Clare was such a friend of his. Remarked, very justly, the total contrast in every respect between him and Lord Clare. Spoke of the strong opposition in Harrow to the inscription Byron wished to have over the tomb of Allegra. \* \* \* Drury had some dogs (two, I believe) sent him that had belonged to Lord Byron. One day he was told that two ladies wished to see him, and he found their business was to ask, as a great favour, some relic of Lord Byron. Expecting to be asked for some of his handwriting, or a bit of his hair, he was amused to find that it was a bit of the hair of one of the dogs they wanted. The dog being brought forward the ladies observed a *clot* on his back, which had evidently resisted any efforts at ablution that might have been exerted on the animal, and immediately selected this as the most precious part to cut off; "the probability," they said, "being that Lord B. might have patted that clot." Slept at Drury's.

4th. Dined at Lady Davy's. Company: the Charlemonts, and one of the Lady Clements, the Frankland Lewises, Lord Dudley, Lady Lyndhurst, &c. Lord Dudley very agreeable. During dinner Lady Lyndhurst said to me across the table, "A friend of mine nearly broke his neck over your book yesterday." It appeared that this friend was anxious to finish the "Epicurean," that he was reading it in his curriole, and the horses were near running away with him. Lord Dudley very comical about my complaint of the people in the other room: "Very good sort of people, I assure you. You calumniate them; but it is thus that

inhabitants of remote regions are always calumniated; your own country, Ireland," &c. &c.

7th. In the evening some talk with D. Kinnaid about Byron; a great deal of the woman about Byron, in his tenderness, his temper, his caprice, his vanity. Chantrey's remark upon this; the soft voluptuous character of the lower part of his face, and the firmness of the upper part.

8th. Dined at the Lord Chancellor's at Wimbledon; Luttrell and I went together having clubbed for a job: found the party out in the grounds, which are very pretty: company, besides ourselves, Lord Alvanley, Montague, Dawson, Miss Fitzclarence, Gen. and Mrs. Macdonald and a very pretty daughter, Lady Clare and her daughter. Did not like the appearance of things at first, so many dandies being a portentous prospect; but got placed at dinner between Miss Macdonald and Miss Fitzclarence, both very pretty and amusing, and enjoyed the time exceedingly: the girls dating their ages and standing by their seasons at Almack's; Miss Macdonald considering herself an old woman from this being her second year at Almack's; Miss F.'s first. Talked of the *rosière* dress at the *fête*; the pattern given by the Miss de Rooses, who said it was to be pretty and cheap, but it turned out neither; cost twelve guineas and good for nothing afterwards: all these details very amusing. In the evening, after a moonlight ramble through the walks, I sung: the Chancellor much delighted, particularly courteous, and begged that if I returned to town during the summer, I would come and pass some days here. The Rue de la Paix, from the number of English that are always parading it, called "Bullstrode Street."

9th. Started in the coach from Oxford Street about half-past nine, and arrived at Harrow at half-past eleven. Drury busy in the school. Sat for some time in the garden, looking over "Bentley's Horace," with MS. notes here and there by Drury. \* \* \* After luncheon Drury took me round to show me the school: Byron's name cut in

various places around, but only one or two of them by his own hand. The present desk replaced that which Byron burnt in his rebellion. Showed me his favourite spot in the churchyard, where he used to sit, commanding an extensive view; was called "Byron's tomb" by the boys. It was near this he first wished Allegra to be buried, but afterwards he preferred having her laid under the sill of the church door: his reason for this preference appears to be his recollection of an inscription over the door, which he used to have before his eyes as he sat in the gallery during church time, and read over and over. The inscription, tame enough, is as follows:

"When Sorrow weeps o'er Virtue's sacred bust,  
Our tears become us and our grief is just;  
Such were the tears she shed, who grateful pays  
This last, sad tribute of her love and praise."

Saw the books in the library which Byron bequeathed to it on leaving Harrow: Porson's edition of "Hecuba," and the following words written in it by himself, "The bequest of Byron to the library, prior to his leaving Harrow, Dec. 4th, A.D. 1804." After paying a visit to Dr. Butler's returned to Drury's, and occupied myself in copying out some letters of Byron to Drury, and in collating the rough copy of the two first cantos of Childe Harold (which he gave to Drury) with the printed edition. Company at dinner, H. and his wife and her sister: music in the evening. Had some hopes of materials from H., but he will evidently do nothing for me. H., when in love with his present wife, was in despair of being able to marry her, from the objection her mother had to giving her to a person so much in debt as he was. On his telling this to Lord Byron, "How much do you owe?" said B. "A thousand pounds," was the answer. "Make your mind easy, then," said Byron, and immediately waited on the mother, and informed her that H. was out of debt: he presented him then with 1400*l*. After Byron's death, there were some efforts made by the executors to constitute this a debt; but there is, I believe, but little doubt it was intended as a free gift: Drury is sure

it was, and says he had a letter of Byron's that would prove it, but he has unluckily either lost or mislaid this letter. Mrs. H. must have been very pretty.

10th. Off in the morning at nine. After performing some commissions went to Longman's, to meet Dr. Glennie of Dulwich, on the subject of Byron; Mrs. Glennie with him. A good deal of talk about Byron; promised to resume his memoranda as soon as he should return home. A curious proof of the difficulty one finds in arriving at truth is, that while Drury and Butler both assure me that Byron's lameness was from an accident, Mr. and Mrs. Glennie, under whose care he was for near two years (I think), affirm positively that it was a club-foot, and that he was born with it. Shelldrake used to come to put on the iron; the leg, they say, was not wasted, and the iron went up only a short way. When I mentioned to them his saying to me that he was never altogether free from pain in it, they said he suffered no such pain at that time, and that it must be, perhaps, from his efforts to disguise the deformity that the inconvenience was felt, when I knew him. Glennie did not see much of Lord B. after he left him. Mrs. G. spoke with much feeling about the *good* that was in him, notwithstanding all his irregularities. When G. was at Geneva (it was after Lord B. had been there) people used jestingly to complain of his not having disciplined B. better, and made a better boy of him. Said he found the folks there highly indignant at Byron's conduct; his incivility in leaving a party to themselves whom he had asked to dine with him. This, I believe, is true. Said that B. wrote some English verses when he was with him; this not reconcilable with what B. says in his Journal. Called on Miss Baillie, according to promise. She is, it seems, the model the author of "Tremaine" took for his heroine; at least he said that he had never seen any one who approached his beau ideal but Miss Baillie. Dined at Lady Donegal's. Mentioned that when Castle-reagh was a boy, his mother, writing a letter one day to his father, asked him what she

should say for him. "Send him this epitaph which I have written on you," said the boy, which she did, and before the letter had reached the father, she was dead. This same epitaph, it appears, is on her tomb. Where is she buried? Somebody, the other day, in talking of Castlereagh's ignorance (which appears to have been extensive to a degree hardly conceivable), said that he always mistook the phrase "joining issue" with a person to mean agreeing with him. This however, I believe, is no uncommon vulgarism.

11th. Forgot to mention that I had a conversation with Barnes respecting my agreement with "The Times;" asked him how much longer I must go on at my present rate of contribution before the proprietors should conceive that I had done enough for the 500*l.* advanced me; and, in the next place, at the termination of this engagement, how much they could afford to offer me annually for renewing it. His answer was, that the proprietors, he was sure, would not require anything further from me on the former account, but would consider that *closed*; and that for future contributions (at such intervals as would entirely suit my own fancy and convenience) they proposed to give me 200*l.* a year. This, I said, was wholly out of the question; it was a task which, but for the convenience of the money it might bring, I would never undertake at all, and certainly should not think of for so small a sum as 200*l.* a year. He then asked me to say what I should consider sufficient, and I answered that *if* I entered into a further engagement, which was still a doubtful point with me, I most assuredly could not name a sum less than double what he proposed. He then promptly agreed with me that it *was* as little as I ought to take, and said he would mention it to Walter. A few days after I had a note from him to say that the proprietors were very willing to enter into my views, and repeating what he had before stated, that they required nothing further on the former account. Thus the matter ended when I left town. After having packed up my

things, dined at the Athenæum, and started in the mail about eight.

August 7th. Went to Bowood to dinner, and (my paper not having arrived before I started) learned for the first time the hopeless state of Canning: felt more affected by it than by any event of a public nature that has occurred in my time.

8th. The evening coaches brought the account of Canning's death at four this morning.

19th. Took Bessy to hear mass at Wardour: the first time she ever saw the Catholic service performed. The music as usual (when it is so good) raised me to the skies, but the gaudy ceremonies and the gesticulations of the mass shocked my simple-minded Bessy, and even the music, much as she feels it, could not reconcile her to the gold garments of the priest. Went afterwards to Fonthill and saw the ruins of the Abbey. Beckford evidently never meant it to last, but wanted only a wonder of the day, of which engravings and descriptions might be made and then — to vanish.

27th to 31st. Busy transcribing, seeing Lord Kerry and Guthrie occasionally, being all of us anxious about the present struggle between the principles of light and darkness in the Ministry. \* \* \* Have been pestered ever since Lord L. came into power by people sending me memorials for him to present, and applying for places which they think he can give. A late treasurer of the ordnance wants his pension raised; Mr. — wants indemnity for his losses in the rebellion of 1796. A friend of Mary Dalby's wants a commissionership of bankruptcy; and — wants his Whig services in the borough of Ipswich remunerated; besides various other wanting applicants, to all of whom I have given the same answer, viz. that I have made a resolution not to apply to Lord Lansdowne on any such matters. God help their wise heads! If Lord L. ever gives a thought to *myself*, it is the utmost I expect, and that but very faintly. Poor Bessy's health far from good; the loss of her sister has sunk deep into her heart, and she is sleepless, nervous, and low-spirited. Dear, excellent

Bessy. Received 100*l.* from the Longmans on account of the "Epicurean," making in all 500*l.*

September 1st. Have been over to Bowood two or three times this week, to talk over with Kerry (who is most eager about politics) the present state of affairs, there being every prospect that Lord Lansdowne and his friends will resign. My own wish is most decidedly that they may, if they can make out any good case to justify it; as, with the present constitution of the government, and the feeling of the King on Irish subjects, they will never, I fear, be able to effect the grand objects of their policy. Lord L. was to have come down three or four days ago, and the servants have stayed up for him every night, but this negotiation about Herries' appointment (the cause of the present struggle) still detains him.

4th. An article in "The Times," stating that Lord Lansdowne was summoned by the King to Windsor on Saturday; that he then tendered his resignation, which the King would not accept; and that Lord L. accordingly consented to remain in office, on condition that he might have the royal authority for stating that it was solely in submission to the express desire of his Majesty he did so. Walked over to Bowood to dinner. Saw Lord L., who seemed anxious to explain to me all his reasons for continuing in office. His account of his interview with the King corresponded in substance with that in "The Times." On the King's requesting him to remain in office, rather than dissolve the administration, Lord L. begged that he might have his Majesty's authority for stating that it was expressly at the royal desire he continued to hold the seals, and the King said, "Certainly; and you may add, that it is in the name of the country I ask it." Lord L. then told me, in confidence, that he had at this interview (as I understood him) stipulated for and secured (what had never before been conceded) an *Emancipationist* secretary for Ireland, in case of William Lamb being called away. I agreed with him that, considering all circumstances, he could not do otherwise than remain in for

the present, as the concession made by the King in offering the chancellorship of the Exchequer to Huskisson and S. Bourne (the persons preferred by the Whigs), and the sincere desire he had shown for the continuance of the administration, left no other alternative but obeying his command; there was, in fact, no sufficient ground on which a resignation could be justified. Was a little surprised, I own, to find that the great point of a liberal secretary, at least, for Ireland had not been secured before now. In talking of Scott's corrected edition of his "Napoleon," now announced, Lord L. said he hoped Scott would find his facts as tractable as Benjamin Constant did, who, on some one asking him (with reference to his book on religion), how he managed to reconcile the statements of his latter volumes with those of his first, published so long ago, answered, "*Il n'y a rien qui s'arrange aussi facilement que les faits.*"

After luncheon drove out with Lady Lansdowne, the Fieldings, and Mrs. Barton; set me down at Sandy Lane, from whence I walked home to see Bess. Returned to Bowood to dinner; the same party with the addition of the Bowleses. Bowles very amusing and odd at dinner; his account of his shilling's worth of sailing at Southampton, and then two shillings' worth, and then three, as his courage rose. One of the boatmen who rowed him had been with Clapperton in Africa, and told Bowles of their having one day caught a porpoise, and, on opening it, finding a black man, perfect and undissolved, in its belly, the black man having been thrown overboard from some slaveship. After for some time gravely defending this story against our laughter, he at last explained that it was a shark he meant, not a porpoise. In talking of quick transmission of intelligence, Lord L. said that the most remarkable instance, perhaps, ever known was that of the news of Buonaparte's coronation being known at Rome twenty-six or eight hours after it occurred. A number of balloons, containing bulletins of the event, were sent up at Paris to take their chance of where they might light, and one



of them, falling in with a fair wind for Rome, performed this rapid flight. It lighted, I think he said, at Bolsena, and was from thence despatched to Rome. Palmella told him the story, and vouched for its truth.

5th. After luncheon took a long walk with Lord Lansdowne; found him as frank and communicative on the subject of politics as ever, which was rather more than I expected. Has a high opinion of Huskisson, and looks to him now as the chief stay of the Ministry; a straightforward man, with not a tinge of humbug. Is evidently *bored* by being in office. In mentioning the plague it was to him to be the responsible person, at whom all who thought they had claims upon the Whigs aimed, said, "And, what makes it worse, I have literally nothing whatever to give away except a little Scotch patronage, which must all go in the old channel, and which I am obliged to take the trouble of distributing among the right objects, without ever expecting the slightest thanks for my pains." This (if I had not already been aware of the hopeless state of the case) was a sufficient hint to me of the little prospect I have of anything being done for me.

10th. \* \* \* Another application for my interest with Lord L. from —, who wants some good "legal situation." I dare say he does.

11th. Received this morning an answer from Lord Holland to a letter I wrote him, by the advice of Bowles, to ask his interest with the Warden of Winchester to have my little Tom put on the foundation. Says he has wholly exhausted his interest in that quarter, and that it would be working a willing horse to death to try any further. This is a disappointment to me. I seldom, God knows! ask favours, and such is my luck when I do. Showed this answer to Lord L. who had known of my writing, and promised to keep the subject in Lord Holland's recollection. Lord H. thus alludes to the late events in the Ministry: "The appointment of Herries will, in some senses, be a disappointment of many, and a bad appointment for all. But yet I think it

could not have been avoided, and am satisfied that our friend and your neighbour Lansdowne, harassed and beset as he was with difficulties, has decided for the best in point of prudence and policy. That he has done so with the most honourable views and best intentions even our enemies admit." A letter to-day from Barnes tells me of some Frenchman who propose to translate the "Epicurean." In speaking of the late Ministerial bustle, and remarking upon the absurd nature of it, he adds, "Lord Lansdowne has, indeed, come out with increased reputation; but, in the name of common sense, why was the occasion furnished for such a display of honour and integrity?" Showed this to Lord L. Had a good deal of conversation with him on the hopelessness of the prospect before him; the difficulties he has encountered in effecting the great public objects he has at heart. Am convinced that there never existed in any mind a more disinterested, unostentatious, or sincere desire to serve the cause of good and liberal policy, in all its bearings.

12th. A good deal of talk at breakfast about Lord Dudley; his two voices; squeak and bass; seems, as some one said, "like Lord Dudley conversing with Lord Ward;" his manner of rehearsing in an under voice what he is going to say, so that people who sit near can overhear what he is about to utter to the company. Somebody who proposed to walk a little way with him heard him mutter, in this sort of consultation with himself, "I think I may endure him for ten minutes." Oakden told me not a bad joke of the old Chancellor's. Old Bond (the clergyman, whom I met in Dorsetshire) having said, in conversing with Lord E., "You are now then, my Lord, one of the Ex's." "Yes, Mr. Bond," answered Lord E., "and, in this last instance, I must confess the X's were not Y's" (wise). Mentioned that at the little watering place, Swanage, which used annually to be the great resort of *parsons* coming to put themselves in the way of Lord Eldon, there is now but a single shovel-hat to be seen. The Fieldings to dinner. Talked of Porson; one

of his *scherzi*, the translation of "Three blue beans in a blue bladder:" τρεις κίτρινοι κίτριμοι &c. The coolness with which he received the intelligence (which Raine trembled to communicate to him) of the destruction by fire of his long laboured "Photius;" he merely quoted "To each his sufferings, all are men," adding, "let us speak no more on the subject," and next day patiently began his work all again. At some college dinner, where, in giving toasts, the name was spoken from one end of the table, and a quotation applicable to it was to be supplied from the other, on the name of Gilbert Wakefield being given out, Porson, who hated him, roared forth, "What's Hecuba to him or he to Hecuba?" Said one night, when he was very drunk, to Dodd, who was pressing him hard in an argument, "Jemmy Dodd, I always despised you when sober, and I'll be damned if I'll argue with you now that I'm drunk." Mentioned his translation into Greek of the "Children sliding on the ice."

13th. Conversation after breakfast about Molière; his putting his most keen satire into the mouth of simple, ordinary persons, like Toinette in the "Malade Imaginaire." In talking of the "*Nous avons changé tout cela*," Sir C. Lemon said that this was verified by a man he met at Nice, in whom it was found, after he died, that the heart and liver had changed places. Mentioned the indignation of the *valets de chambre* of Louis XIV. at having Molière made one of their august fraternity. The Duke of Grafton (Junius's) was a great *malade imaginaire*; used to have mutton every day for dinner, and for a long series of years used ever day to call up the cook a quarter of an hour before dinner to give the same directions as to the dressing it. It is told that on some brother statesman coming to consult with him on public business, the Duke kept balancing back and forwards all the time of the consultation, which he apologised for, and explained by saying a certain degree of motion was necessary to him. Odd fancies for a fox-hunter.

14th and 15th. A letter from one of the editors of the "Foreign Review," requesting

me to undertake an article for it. Suggests as a subject the "Life of Molière," and offers 100*l.*, requiring only two sheets. This very liberal, and the subject a delightful one, but have not time for it.

20th. Dined at Locke's. Powell mentioned a truly Irish circumstance of T. (who lately rented a house of his); when he was leaving home for some time the servants mentioned that there was small beer wanted for the kitchen. "Oh, never mind," says T., "there is a pipe of port you know in the hall; you can tap that and mix it with water; only take care to make it weak enough." The servants, of course, obeyed all but the last part of the direction, and there was but little of the pipe left on his return.

21st. On my telling Lord L. of the proposal of the "Foreign Review," he mentioned the agreement per sheet of the Abbé Prevost (the author of "Manon d'Escaut") who never wrote a syllable further than the exact quantity for which he was to receive his louis d'or (viz. a sheet), nor ever took up his pen again till the louis d'or was spent.

27th. Started with Bessy at eight in the York House coach: got to Power's at seven.

30th. After breakfast called upon Lord Lansdowne, and sat some time. Back with Bessy at one to go to Hornsey to our poor Barbara's grave. Had written from Sloper-ton to the Longmans to beg they would send some one to have all made clean and in good order there, lest the dear girl should be shocked by any appearance of neglect, and found yesterday they *had* done so. Young Longman kindly rode over twice to Hornsey for the purpose. Walked as far as Holbown, and took a hackney coach from thence. Got to the churchyard about three; and the sight of the grave (in spite of the ten years that have since elapsed) brought back feelings to the mother that could only be relieved by a burst of tears.

October 1st. Up at half-past five to accompany Bessy to the coach, which took her up at the top of Buckingham Street. Went with her to the Gloucester Coffee House, and saw her off.

2nd. Started in the Northampton coach at twelve; a wretchedly slow coach.

3rd. Walked about Northampton, and wrote letters till about three, when I started in the Nottingham coach, and arrived at Loughborough between eight and nine.

4th. Called upon Mary Dalby's sister, Mrs. Blunt, before I started for Donington. Had a chaise; passed through Kegworth; saw our wretched old barn of a house, and stopped at Dr. Parkinson's; out walking; left word I would come over to-morrow. Got to Castle Donington between one and two. Dalby looking aged and rigid, and his two daughters grown into nice young women! near twelve years since I saw them before. Walked about the village; called on the Miss Matchetts. In the evening had music (the Miss Matchetts being of the party), and my old friend Mary did not spare me.

5th. Set off with Dalby after breakfast to the Park. Walked over the house, and felt deeply interested by it; everything looked so familiar, so redolent of old times. The breakfast-room, the old clock, and the letter boxes on each side of it, all remaining the same as they were near thirty years ago, when I felt myself so grand at being the inmate of such a great house. It seemed as if it was but yesterday I had left it, and I almost expected at every turn to see the same people meeting me with the same looks. But, alas! what surprised me was to find that I had all the *pictures* so thoroughly by heart, for I certainly did not much care about painting when I was young, and knew still less of it than I do now. Yet there was not a figure in any of the landscapes that did not seem to me as familiar as my own face. The portrait of Galileo with his head leaning so thoughtfully on his hand, and seeming to say, with a sort of mournful resolution, *et tamen movetur*; the pretty Nell Gwynne, the brawny Venus, professing to be a Titian, &c. &c. Walked round the pond, that hopeless pond! in endeavouring to fill which Lord Moira expended so much trouble and money without success; the water still escaping like his own wealth, through some invisible and unaccountable outlets, and leaving it dry. If

anything was wanting to show the uselessness of experience to mankind, it would be found in what I now witnessed. From 1799 to 1812 I had seen workmen incessantly employed in puddling and endeavouring to staunch this unfortunate pond, and now, in 1827, I found about a dozen or fifteen robust fellows up to their knees in the mud, at the same wise employment. *Oh curas hominum!* Poor Lord Hastings! I remember Rogers once saying (as he read the inscription on the dial in the yard here), *Eheu fugaces!* "He means his *estates*, I suppose."

6th. Sauntered about with Mary and Dalby. Mentioned a good cockneyism of some one, who said that the Duchess of St. Alban's, during her late stay at Ashby, "visited all her old aunts" (haunts). Music and charades in the evening.

7th. Walked to Kegworth at eleven, having sent my portmanteau on yesterday. Called and took leave of Dr. Parkinson; went to see the old house we lived in in 1812; sat also some time with Mrs. Ingram. At three, Lord Raneliffe's gig came for me. Arrived at Bunny\* between four and five. Had called on the Holcombs on my way. No one at dinner but Raneliffe, Mr. Fellowes of Nottingham, and myself. Fixed to see Newstead to-morrow.

8th. Set off at ten in a gig, driven by one of Lord Raneliffe's postillions: stopped at Fellowes's, at Nottingham, and another horse having been sent on in the morning, proceeded with Fellowes in the gig to Newstead: went by a road which took us past Papplewick: must see the history of this place: Ben Jonson, &c. &c. The road bad and sandy. Much struck by the first appearance of the Abbey: would have given words to be alone: the faithfulness of the description in "Don Juan;" the ruined arch, the Virgin and Child, the fountain, &c. &c. Col. Wildman out shooting, but was sent for; introduced to Mrs. W. and the ladies in the drawing-room; the ceiling, which is restored, very rich; supposed to be Italian work: Col. Wildman arrived; showed me all over

\* Lord Raneliffe's country-house.

the house; the dining-room which Byron used when he first took possession, the small apartment he afterwards occupied, dinner, sitting, and bed-room; some furniture of his in Wildman's study brought from Cambridge; the monument to the dog; his own intention was that he should be buried in a vault at Newstead, with his dog and old Murray (?); the little oak before the house planted by himself; a plantation at a distance (beyond the lake?) also planted by himself; picture of "little Sir John with the great beard;" the panels with the heads new painted and gilt by Wildman: imagines that there was some story connected with them, as in all of them there is the head of a female, with a Moor on one side, and sometimes a Christian on the other, gazing at her. Some of Byron's ancestors served in the Holy wars, and W. thinks these figures may allude to their adventures. Found that Wildman's face was quite familiar to me, and reminded by him that we met at Kilkenny and elsewhere: full of the kindest civility, and evidently most anxious that I should come and pass some time at Newstead, which would be a great object to me, as from his zeal in everything relating to Byron, he could be of essential service to me, having studied the history of the family, of the place, &c. But an unlucky quarrel, which has occurred between him and Rancliffe, still subsists in full vigour, and I can see that R. would be annoyed if I accepted the invitation: must come some other time. Made an excuse to Wildman, that I was in a hurry to get home, but would certainly return before long to pay him a visit. Told me he had just received a letter from the Duke of Sussex, who says, "I see by the papers that our Anacreon is on his way to you; give him my kind remembrances, and say I hope he will be with you when I come." He expects the Duke at the beginning of November. Returned by the turnpike road. Found Lord Rancliffe at Nottingham, who drove me to Bunny; the evening dark, and his horse most formidably skittish; near running away with us twice; was right glad when I found myself safe housed.

10th. Still wretchedly wet. Employed myself, as yesterday, in correcting some sheets of "Lalla Rookh" for the new edition that is preparing, the first time I have read it since it was published; accordingly, it came quite fresh to me, and more than one passage in the story of Zelica filled my eyes with tears. \* \* \* Rancliffe had tried to get the Chaworths, Mrs. Chaworth having, to my great gratification, expressed a wish to know me; but she is unluckily confined to her bed with illness. Mrs. John Fellowes and Mrs. Pennington all in raptures about the singing of yesterday; told me that, on my shaking hands with Miss——, she instantly wrapped up the hand in her shawl, saying no one should touch it that night. Sung in the evening.

11th. Left Bunny at twelve, in the gig; and having secured my place in the coach for Derby, lunched at Mrs. Fellowes's. Mrs. F.'s account of Byron's coming down to his mother when dying, and about her son's leg and Byron's; comparing notes with Mrs. Byron; their being afterwards under Shel-drake together. Set off at three o'clock; the John Felloweses had offered to take me in their carriage to Derby, but they went too early for me. Sent a porter immediately on my arrival at the King's Head to inquire if Mr. Strutt was at home; the answer, "that he was, and would be glad to see me immediately." Went and found sixteen people just seated down to a splendid dinner: joined them as I was, *sans toilette*, and as soon as the dazzle of the lights went off, discovered a set of well-known faces around me,—Wm. Strutt and one of his daughters, Hugginson old Hadley, Dr. Bent, &c. &c. In the evening Strutt's new picture gallery lighted up. Sung a little to the old well-remembered pianoforte, while Anne Strutt, with her eyes sparkling, said it made her eleven years younger to hear me. Slept there.

14th. While the rest of the party were at church, walked to visit my old cottage at Mayfield, which is inhabited now by the son of the landlord (Shaw) and another farmer; nothing poetical about it but the

situation. Went up the walk in the orchard which I had so often paced along in writing "Lalla Rookh:" looked through all the rooms, and thought of old times. Went afterwards to Mayfield churchyard, to visit the grave of our poor little Olivia Byron; the tombstone still stands almost alone.

16th. A long conversation after breakfast: talked much of Hodgson, of whom Mrs. R. A. thinks most highly; says he is "a blessing" in the neighbourhood. Talked of Lord Byron's gift to him on his marriage, which the executors have claimed as a debt: *Lord B. evidently meant it as a gift, but Hodgson having (she says, merely to ease his own mind of the sense of obligation, without having the least idea or intention of ever paying the sum) insisted on giving his bond in return, Lord B., from heedlessness perhaps, omitted to destroy this bond, and the executors, in pursuance of the duty imposed upon them, claim the payment of it. She says the sum claimed is 2000l. Find that Mrs. Cooper has a collection of old pens of mine, on which there is written, "Pens with which Mr. Moore wrote 'Lalla Rookh;'" preserves also a bit of one of my old torn gloves. Mrs. R. A. mentioned a good *bon mot* of a friend of hers, a lady, who was at a fancy ball, dressed with a band round her forehead, and a veil hanging from it; "Is that a *veal*?" said a vulgar man, addressing her, and mincing the word as I have spelt it. "Yes," she answered, pointing to the band, "a *fillet*." Sung for me several songs of hers I had never heard before: "What is Love, kind Shepherd, tell?" in which the repetition of the word "repentance" has a very striking effect. Forgot to mention that there arrived yesterday a man and horse from the Duke of Devonshire with a note for me, inviting me over to Chatsworth, telling me I shall meet "John Russell," and saying how glad he should be to show me the alterations he has made since I was at Chatsworth before. Cannot spare the time, though I should like it. Mrs. Arkwright, who is going there herself, offers to take me, and presses most urgently that I should accompany her; but*

cannot. Having left several copies of my autograph, and impressions of my seals for various ladies, at about three o'clock started in the coach for Birmingham. Read my Hudibras, and arrived at Birmingham between eight and nine.

17th. Dined with O'Neil; a *table d'hôte*; excellent dinner; more than twenty of the party, and almost all Irish; among others, Mr. Trevor, the son of Lord Dungannon, and Young Plunket, *the Plunket's* son. Mr. Trevor mentioned Lord — going to a fancy ball at Florence as the hero of his own novel, and, as nobody had read the novel, nobody, of course, could make out his character, so that he was obliged to inform them, "*Voyez, regardez, je suis mon livre.*" Plunket told some things of Scott, when he was at his father's; his painful exhibition in scrambling into St. Kevin's bed. Somebody said to one of the guides who attended him, "Well, how do you like that gentleman? that's Sir W. Scott, the great poet." "A poet," answered the fellow. "No, no, the devil a poet he is, but a real gentleman, for he gave me half-a-crown."

19th. Find that no coach leaves Cheltenham for Bath on Sunday, so resolved to excuse myself to Mr. Prescott, and be off on Saturday. Got hold of Mr. Millet, another of the persons I came to look after; walked with him to his house: his wife, who is dead, was intimate with Miss Chaworth, and saw a good deal of Byron when he was a boy: said that Miss C. did not like Byron, nor did his wife, nor any of the girls. Showed me a poem in Byron's handwriting, written apparently soon after he left Harrow: doubted at first whether it was really Byron's handwriting, but on further examination concluded that it was: took a copy of it, preserving all its bad spelling. A note at my hotel directed "To the immortal Thomas Moore, Esq.;" only think of an immortal *esquire*; expected to hear the chambermaids cry out "Some hot water for the immortal gentleman in No. 18."

20th. In the evening went to Crawford, who told me I had taken a false alarm about Anastasia, as he looked upon her general

health to be better than he had ever known it, and her thinness, considering all things, was just as it ought to be.

22nd Started for home in the coach at ten. Found quantities of letters waiting for answers at home.

23rd. A desperately wet day; cleared up a little towards dinner time, when I set out for Bowood.

26th. Towards five started for Bowood: met by John Murray, who had sallied out with Napier (the latter having been paying a visit to Bowood) for the purpose of meeting me. Murray read me a waggish letter he had just received from Sydney Smith. Fazakerley told me after dinner two or three puns of Lord Wellesley's; one addressed by him to *Gally Knight*, when they were on shipboard together, and Knight was looking very rueful with sickness and uncomfirt: "Come, come, cheer up; *you*, of all people can't expect to be exempt from annoyances; you know what Horace says,

'— neque  
Decedit arata triremi, et  
Post equitem sedet atra cura.'

Lord Lansdowne referred to a passage in Hallam's new work ("Constitutional History," &c.) which he said had puzzled him considerably, chiefly on account of the word "imped," which, it is singular enough, neither he, nor Fazakerley, nor any of the *prose* part of the company ever remembered to have met before. Rogers and I were, of course, familiar with it. On turning to the passage, found that Hallam had prepared for the use of this verb by employing before it the word "soar." He is talking, if I recollect right, of the ambition of the leaders (?), and says, "it would not have soared so high, if it had not been impeded by the perfidious hand of parliament." The book, however, it seems, is a very able one. Recollecting what Mackintosh once said to me, that it would be a shame for me, an Irishman, to let Crabbe go out of the world without leaving on record some particulars of his intercourse with Burke, I took this opportunity of questioning him, and am so

far glad I did so, as it satisfied me he has nothing to tell. Having kept no notes of Burke's conversation, he has only a vague and general impression of its variety and power, and the recollection uppermost in his mind is that of Burke's great kindness to him. It was in consequence of his having written to B. (without any previous introduction) that he was first noticed by him. B. then asked him whether he was known to any one in London, and, on Crabbe mentioning Dudley North, inquired about him from this gentleman, and then asked him to Beaconsfield, where he passed, he says, three months at a time. Crabbe not liking his profession, which was the medical (apothecary?), Burke recommended him to the Duke of Rutland, who brought him into the Church. Burke criticised some of the thoughts of his poem, but did not (as has been sometimes said) suggest any lines or changes of lines. It was Johnson did this, and Boswell has preserved them. Another passage of Hallam produced, exhibiting the same ambition of style. "Silent and sluggish in its fields, like the animal which it has chosen for its type, the deep-rooted loyalty of the English people," &c. &c. The animal here, it is to be supposed, is the bull, but, by the construction of the sentence, it is the loyalty that is represented as "silent and sluggish in its fields," and, in addition to these two unintelligible qualities, "deep-rooted" into the bargain. They talk of the metaphors of poets, but from the metaphors of *prose-men*, defend us!

27th. Talking at breakfast of Gilbert Wakefield; while in Dorchester gaol he wrote a letter to Lord Holland complaining of his various grievances, one of which was his being asked to dine with the gaoler, a circumstance not only humiliating, but embarrassing to him as the gaoler's "hour of dining *oscillated* between two and five." This sort of oscillatory dinner is a match for Jeremy Bentham's "post-prandial vibration." In Wakefield's defence of himself on his trial (it was, I believe, for his answer to the Bishop of Llandaff) he said, that, "being chiefly conversant with the *vituperation*

five authors, he had naturally fallen into," &c. &c. Anecdote of the King of Prussia (Frederick) asking, "Who is this Hyder Ali?" and Elliot (I think it was) answering pointedly, "*Un vieux despote militaire, qui a pillé tous ses voisins et qui commence à radoter.*" Frederick saying to some English general (P), "Could any regiment of yours of the same number of men perform such a feat?" "I don't know, Sire (was the answer), but half the number would try."

After luncheon walked out with Rogers; a good deal of talk about Byron; took the following memorandums, of which some are intelligible only to myself. In talking of B.'s being in love so early, R. said that Canova once told him that he (Canova) was in love at five years old. R.'s account of the old hag of a woman that was servant at Byron's lodgings in Benett Street. "When he moved to the Albany, the first day I called upon him, the door was opened by the same old woman. "Why (said I to him), I thought she belonged to Benett Street, and that in getting rid of those lodgings you also got rid of the hag." "Why, yes," said Byron, "but the poor old devil took such an interest in me, that I did not like to leave her behind me." Well, in two or three years afterwards Byron was married, had a fine house in Piccadilly, two carriages, &c. &c. I called one day and (the two carriages and all the servants being out) the same old woman appeared at the door, dressed out very smart, with a new gown and a new wig. Was once going out of the Opera or some assembly with Byron, and a link boy lighted them along, saying, "This way, my Lord, this way." "Why, how does he know you are a Lord?" said Rogers. "How does he know!" answered Byron, "every one knows it; I am deformed." His great shyness of women. \* \* \* The day Lord B. read the "Edinburgh Review" on his early poems, drank three bottles of claret. Some friend coming in said, "Have you received a challenge?" After writing twenty lines of the satire, got better; after a few more lines, better still.

\* \* \* Rogers mentioned being with Byron

at the church of the Santa Croce, and though there were Machiavel, Michael Angelo, and others to engage his attention, B. continued to stand before the tomb of Galileo, saying, "I have a pleasure in looking upon that monument; he was *one of us*," meaning noble. Talked of the first day R. had him to dine to meet me. R.'s consternation when he found that he would not eat or drink any of the things that were at the table; asked for biscuits, there were none; soda water, there was none; finished by dining on potatoes and vinegar. It was upon receiving a letter from Miss Milbank (in answer to one in which he said, that though her father and mother had often asked him to their house, she never had), containing the words, "I invite you," that he sent in his second proposal for her. Used not to dine with Lady B.; had a horror of seeing women eat; his habit of offering presents; giving Rogers the picture; had given it, in the same nominal way, to two or three other people. Mentioned the letter he wrote to Murray in consigning to him the remains of little Allegra: sent the invoice, "Received two packages; contents unknown," &c. &c. Directions about the place of burial; said *first*, under the tree, and then, "on second thoughts," in the doorway of the church. The objection to the original inscription being put was that the date proclaimed it to be a child born in adultery. (Is there any inscription now?) Took it into his head before he went abroad, that he had *not* sold the copyright of his works to Murray; reference made to Rogers, when it appeared that he *had* regularly sold them to him and his heirs for ever.

Same party at dinner with the exception of Crabbe. What the Prince de Ligne said to a person, who had been trying unsuccessfully to make a piece of water in his grounds, and who told him there had been a man drowned in it, *C'était un flatteur*. In talking of dogs a case mentioned, where a man in going to bathe, left his clothes in care of his dog, but on his returning out of the water, the dog, not knowing him, would not give them up again. Dunning once being asked how

he contrived to get through his business, answered, "I do a little; a little does itself; and the rest is undone." Fazakerley mentioned that he was in company with Talleyrand and Pozzo di Borgo the evening the account of Buonaparte's death arrived (I, myself, dined in company with Pozzo di Borgo that day). Talleyrand frequently said, in speaking of him, *Homme prodigieux*. Pozzo and Napoleon were brought up together, but afterwards quarrelled; they belonged to the two opposite factions by which Corsica has always been agitated, and in which, it is said, the old Madame Mere took, to the last, more interest than in all the grandest affairs of Europe. Forgot to mention, as an instance of the treacherousness of the memory, that Rogers mentioned to me, among the remarkable things he remembered of Lord Byron, that it was he who came to him the evening of Percival's assassination to inform him of the event, whereas (as I soon brought to his recollection) it was I that called upon him that evening with the intelligence, and found him sitting with Wordsworth and Sir George Beaumont, who had dined with him. I rather think both our stories are true.\*

November 1st. Returned home to dinner, found — in much anxiety and fuss, having posted off to me, on hearing of Lord L.'s appointment to the lieutenancy of the county, to beg I would put in a word for his being made clerk to the lieutenancy. Promised that I would see Lord L. on the subject in the morning.

2nd. Went to Bowood immediately after breakfast. Saw Lady L.; mentioned — to her. Lord L. afterwards came in, and when I expressed sorrow for interrupting him from business, said, "It is rather a pleasanter interruption than one which I have just had." "What is that?" "A man coming post from Salisbury to ask to be made clerk of the lieutenancy." "Why, that's the very business I'm come upon." Not able to decide anything yet upon the

subject, being himself totally unacquainted with the nature of the office. On my expressing my pleasure at his appointment to the lord lieutenancy, he said, "Why, it is an addition of trouble, and I think I have accepted it, as I did the other office, more to please other people's opinions and wishes than my own." Said, if I would wait a quarter of an hour for him, he would walk part of the way home with me; did so. Talked of the difficulties before him with respect to Ireland; a requisition for the Insurrection Act already from the magistrates of Tipperary; but, unless the disturbance seems likely to spread, is quite against acceding to the demand. The Roman Catholics — if they should ask him to present their petition this session, will readily do it, but neither wishes to do it, nor to avoid it. I said it often occurred to me that he might, at no distant period, make a good ground for resigning, by taking some strong and decisive step on this question. "I must do nothing (he answered) for my own convenience, that is likely to injure the question itself, which that might do." I said, however, that I thought more good might be done to the cause by breaking off thus with *éclat*, than by remaining in, perhaps, inefficiently. Told me the manner Canning was thwarted by his colleagues at the time of the invasion of Spain by the French, that messages were sent underhand, "and from the highest authority," to the French court, telling them to persevere, and that the English nation would not oppose them.

4th. Went to church at Bessy's particular request; would go oftener but for the singing. Towards dinner walked over to Bowood; met the Fieldings coming from it; told me that Hobhouse did not leave the Methuens till yesterday, and Fielding dined there to meet him the day before. No one at dinner, but us three, Lord and Lady L. and myself. Sat a good while with him in conversation after dinner, the evening altogether very agreeable. On my asking him whether he thought Lords Althorpe, Milton, &c. were continuing staunch to the present state of things, he said, "Yes, he believed, as far as

\* If so, where was the treacherousness of memory?



they ought; that it was *right* they should keep, to a certain degree, a distrustful watch on the government." Such is the fair and candid tone of his mind on every subject, and there is nothing more to be admired, because there is nothing so rare. Pointed out to me (as just and well put) the remarks of Hallam on the situation of William after his accession to the throne, and the sort of reaction which always takes place against new governments from the over expectation that had been beforehand attached to them. Seemed to feel how applicable these remarks were to the present order of things. In talking of the close *rapprochement* which long-lived individuals establish between distant periods of history, he said, as an instance, that he himself had been acquainted with Sir Edward Baynton, who knew Sir Stephen Fox, who had been on the scaffold with Charles I. I mentioned, as another instance, William Spencer having, when a boy, played on the sofa with his grandfather Lord Vere, who had done the same thing (played on a sofa), when a boy, with Charles II. Lord remarked how curious it was to think that, by this sort of *links*, the number of *persons* necessary to carry tradition down from the time of Adam to the present day might all be contained with ease in the room we sat in, calculating them at a rough guess, about seventy persons. As an instance of confusion between history and romance, he mentioned some old lady, who always used to be talking of Sir Charles Grandison, having persuaded herself that she had known him and danced with him when a young girl. In talking of the probable line that Lords Althorpe, &c. might take, I hinted that it would be still more desirable to anticipate, by a well managed break-off from the Ministry, such a state of things as would leave him unsupported by those who formerly acted with him. "This must depend (he answered) upon whether I think them right or wrong in their reasons for withdrawing their support." "Very true," I replied, "but I own I should be sorry to see such a schism take place." Slept at Bowood.

10th. The Aucklands started after breakfast for Lady Ilchester's. Lady Elizabeth proposed that I should go with her to make a visit to the Lockes: did so. On the way a good deal of talk about —, whom Lady E. saw a good deal of at one time. Lord Byron *did* endeavour to make her think that he had murdered some one: never would give her his right hand; wore a glove on it, &c. &c. This at first alarmed —, but when she came to know him better she saw through his acting. \* \* \* \* Must inquire more about this. The Lockes not at home. Set me down on my way back.

29th. Fielding and the girls walked part of the way home with me. Found a letter from Hobhouse, accounting for the long delay of his answer by the circumstance of *my* letter having lain at his lodgings all the time he was absent.

30th. Wrote to Hobhouse, saying that if I had been (which I feared very much) unfortunate or troublesome to him on the subject of Byron, I begged he would forgive me, and I would plague him no further; that it was possible some expressions of mine relative to his kindness, &c. might have been construed by Barry and others into a boast of his sanction and co-operation, but that it was by no means my intention to produce such an impression, and that I would do my utmost to remove it; that, indeed, the simple fact of my work being likely to appear without a single contribution of either paper or anecdote from any one of Lord B.'s immediate friends or relatives, would, of itself, sufficiently absolve them from any share of the responsibility attached to it. The only favour, I said, which I had now to ask of him was that he would endeavour to procure for me the letters of mine addressed to Lord Byron in Italy. This I should consider a real service, and with many thanks for all his kind intentions towards me, wishes, &c. &c.

December 7th. A good deal of conversation with Lord Caernarvon after breakfast on the present appearance of politics. Is not at all pleased with the state of the Ministry;

the supremacy of Lord Goderich\*, the powerless position of Lord Lansdowne, and the hostility of Lord Grey, all appear to him full of distrust and discouragement. Nothing, he said, but his attachment to Lord Lansdowne, and the conviction he felt of the honesty of his motives, could induce him to continue his adhesion to such a government. Spoke of the impolicy of their not trying to conciliate Lord Grey, on the first appearance of his discontent, when it would have been easy, he thinks, if not to win him over, at least to neutralise him. Lord Holland, he said, told him that he himself had gone twice to Lord Grey's house at that time for this purpose, but unluckily did not find him, and, immediately after, Lord Grey left town. What was wanted now, among other things, was somebody that could manage and (when necessary) *bully* the King. Lord Liverpool, with all his kingly propensities, could do this upon occasion; but it could not be expected from Lord Goderich. The King, in fact, has it all his own way. \* \* \*

9th. A note from Anastasia to say that the measles had appeared in the school. Alarmed not a little by this intelligence from the unfavourable time of the year, and the still delicate state of our dear girl's health. Decided to bring her home immediately, and having sent for a chaise Bessy set off with little Russ for Bath between twelve and one. Between three and four had a visit from Fielding and Lord Auckland. Sat some time with me; talked of politics. Lord A. thinks it not unlikely that we may see Lord Lansdowne in his proper place of Premier yet. Forgot to mention, by the bye, a good anecdote which Lord A. wrote down to the Fieldings some weeks since. Lord Dudley, it is well known, has a trick of rehearsing over to himself, in an under tone, the good things he is about to *debiter* to the company, so that the person who sits next to him has generally the advantage of his wit before any of the rest of the party. The other day, having a number of the foreign ministers and their wives to

dine with him, he was debating with himself whether he ought not to follow the continental fashion of leaving the room with the ladies after dinner. Having settled the matter he muttered forth in his usual soliloquising tone, "I think we must go out altogether." "Good God! you don't say so!" exclaimed Lady —, who was sitting next him, and who is well known to be the most anxious and sensitive of the Lady Whigs with respect to the continuance of the present Ministry in power. "Going out all together" might well alarm her. On another occasion, when he gave somebody a seat in his carriage from some country house, he was overheard by his companion, after a fit of thought and silence, saying to himself, "Now, shall I ask this man to dine with me when we arrive in town?" It is said that the fellow-traveller, not pretending to hear him, muttered out in the same sort of tone, "Now, if Lord Dudley should ask me to dinner, shall I accept his invitation?" Bessy arrived with Anastasia, who seemed pretty well, except for a cold in the head.

11th. Found, on arriving at home, thirteen covers of Hobhouse's inclosing the letters which I had asked him for, and which he had, contrary to his expectation, he says, found among some papers deposited at Kinnaid's. Returns to the subject of my unlucky remark upon him in one of my letters to Byron. "However," he says, "I forgive you; but, in the true spirit of the Gospel, I will heap coals of fire on your laurelled head by telling you an anecdote. Gamba's memoir of Lord B.'s <sup>last</sup> residence in Genoa was put into my hand, and therein I found it recorded that when Lord B. was in Cephalonia, he received a letter from you, in which you said something that incensed him very much; so much that, after various threats, he said he would write a satire against you. I struck my pen across this story, and requested Gamba not to let it appear." \* \* \*

17th to 19th. Employed in reading and collecting notices for my "Life of B." Have resolved not to attempt a regular biography, but to call it "Letters and Journals of Lord Byron, with Biographical Illustrations."

\* Afterwards Earl of Ripon.

tions (or Notices of his Life), by T. M.”

20th. Received an answer from Barnes to a proposal I sent him last week, that his brother proprietors should give me 200*l.* for half the number of things I furnished them with last year. Most readily accepted.

24th. Walked to Bowood late. Company at dinner: Charles and Mrs. Fox, Misses Vernon and Fox, and Major Keppel, Lord Albemarle's son. A good deal of talk with Lord L. in the evening. On my remarking that Barnes, I believed (as well as other of his (Lord L.'s) friends) wished him well out of his present connection, he said, “Yes, yes, but it would never do to give up at a moment like this when there are such difficulties to be faced. So far from it, that *were I even to be left alone in office, I would sooner hold all the seals of all the departments, if that were possible, than resign at a juncture so full of difficulty as the present.*”

28th. Lord John, in speaking of the unambitious spirit Lord L. has shown, said, “After all, it is a fine thing for a man to have taken such a plain, honest, and disinterested course as leaves him, so far as he himself is concerned, no fear or anxiety with respect to the result. If Lord L. was occupied, like others, in little efforts and intrigues of ambition, we should not see him so unembarrassed, and in such cheerful spirits.” This is all most true and just.

January 10th, 1828. A note from Lady Lansdowne to say that Lord L. had started for town in the morning, and bid her tell me (“what he knew would give me pleasure”), that the administration was virtually broken up, in consequence of a difference about the Finance Committee, and that the Duke of Wellington had been sent for to Windsor.

14th. A note from Lady Lansdowne to say that Lord L. was expecting a letter of congratulation from me. Wrote to him. Preparing for my departure to-morrow.

15th. Left home in a chaise for Bath between two and three; Prowse went with me: a starting horse in our chaise that was once or twice near upsetting us; some delay from this. The snow falling rapidly.

17th. Off in the coach for Birmingham;

a naval captain, one of my companions, amused me with an account of the *saintly* part of his profession, and of the mischief they do in the navy.

18th. Set off at nine for Nottingham; found my old neighbour Flack, of Cavendish Bridge, and Phipps (the husband of Dr. Parkinson's niece) were to be my fellow-travellers; our journey agreeable. Anecdote of Newton, showing his extreme absence: inviting a friend to dinner and forgetting it: the friend arriving, and finding the philosopher in a fit of abstraction. Dinner brought up for *one*: the friend (without disturbing Newton) sitting down and despatching it, and Newton, after recovering from his reverie, looking at the empty dishes and saying, “Well, really, *if it wasn't for the proof before my eyes, I could have sworn that I had not yet dined.*” In passing through Donington sent up to Dalby's, and he and Mary came down to the inn.

19th. Walked about the town with Alfred Fellowes: Lord Rancliffe engaged at home with a shooting party. Visited the reading-room and library, &c. Told me that when Gally Knight was first introduced to old Dr. Denman, the Doctor said, “I have had the pleasure of seeing Mr. Knight before.” “I do not remember (rejoined Gally) having ever had the honour of meeting you.” “The truth is, young gentleman,” said Denman, “I was the first person that *ever* saw you.” Received a most sweet and touching letter from my affectionate Bessy, in which, alluding to a sort of will I had written in the last page of this journal before I left home, she says it has haunted her uncomfortably ever since we parted, and that she regrets having asked to see it. Between three and four started in a chaise for Newstead: very kindly received by the Wildmans. No one at dinner with them but her sister and his cousin Richard. Gave me some port which, he said, had been put in the cellar (as he understood) the day Lord Byron came of age. Mentioned many curious particulars of his school days with Byron, which I have noted down elsewhere.

20th. After prayers had some conversation with Nanny Smith (an old woman long employed about Byron's family), of which I took notes. Mrs. Byron's death hastened by a fit of passion, into which she was thrown by reading Brothers's (the upholsterer's) bills. Company at dinner: General Need and his wife, and the Fellowesses. Singing in the evening.

21st. Had some conversation, after breakfast, with Rushton (the Robin of "Childe Harold"), who now is master of a free-school some miles off. Gave me two letters of B.'s confirming what Nanny had told me of Lord B. having sparred with him (Rushton) during the time of his mother's funeral. Set out, the whole party, to see the church at Hucknall, the Wildmans riding, and I in an open carriage with the sister and Mrs. Fellowes. Told me of the immense concourse of people there were at the funeral; the man who joined it near Hucknall having the appearance of a half-pay officer who had served much abroad; his profound grief; nobody seemed to know who he was. Fletcher also loud in his sobs during the whole time. Hardly any person of respectability attended, except Rancliffe and a few of the corporation. When we arrived at Hucknall the clerk could not be found, nor the key of the church. At Mrs. Wildman's suggestion took a pane out of one of the windows, and put a little boy in, who opened the door for us. During all this time I felt but little affected by our visit, but suddenly, as I stood over the vault where he lies, the picture of what he *had* been, and what he was *now*, presented itself to me, and at once a sort of flood of melancholy feeling came over my heart, which it was with difficulty I could conceal from those around me. Wrote our names in the book of the visitors, where it was curious to observe how many signatures there were of persons in humble station, weavers, &c. Walked back with Richard Wildman by Annesley, an interesting old place; the terrace; the hall thought to be the "Oratory" of the "Dream." The Pearsons from Nottingham to dinner. Music in the evening.

22nd. Set out for Southwell in Wildman's carriage, accompanied by Pearson, who was to be my introducer. Drove to the Rev. J. Beacher's (Byron's old friend), and found him at home. Asked us to dinner, which was what I speculated upon. Told me some anecdotes of B.'s early days, of which I have taken notes. Showed me a few letters, the others in his possession not being, he said, producible. Took me to call on Mrs. and Miss Pigot, who were equally friends of Byron in his youth. Their reception of me most cordial and flattering; made me sit in the chair which Byron used to sit in, and remarked as a singularity that this was the poor fellow's birthday; he would to-day have been forty. Produced a number of his early letters and poems, and without the least reserve offered any or all for my use, offering to copy out for me such as I should select. Deferred the reading of them till we should meet in the evening at Mr. Beacher's. On parting with Mrs. Pigot, a fine intelligent old lady, who has been bed-ridden for years, she kissed my hand most affectionately, and said that, much as she had always admired me as a poet, it was as the friend of Byron she valued and loved me. Her affection, indeed, to his memory is unbounded, and she seems unwilling to allow that he had a single fault. No one at dinner but Mr. B., his daughter, Pearson, and myself. Miss Pigot in the evening with his letters, which interested me exceedingly; some written when he was quite a boy, and the bad spelling and scrambling handwriting delightful; spelling, indeed, was a very late accomplishment with him. After reading the letters we had music, and as there was no lack of enthusiasm in my audience, I sung my best. Slept at the inn.

23rd. Took an opportunity, before starting, of seeing the cathedral and its brass eagle, which was found at Newstead Abbey, and is now converted into a reading-desk. Some time after it had been found an opening in the breast of the bird was discovered, and a number of papers found hid within, which proved to be the original writings of the various grants made to the abbey. Wildman

has some of these in his possession, and one of them contains a full pardon granted to the monks for every possible crime (and the whole catalogue of crimes is gone through) that had ever been committed, or was likely in future to be committed by them. Started at nine in the coach for Nottingham. On my arrival Mrs. Fellowes lent me her carriage to go to Colwich. Shown into the drawing-room, and told that Mrs. Musters would be with me presently. Felt (though I had never seen her) that I should like to take her by the hand as an old friend; and while I was debating whether it would be quite decorous to do so, she entered and did exactly so herself, giving me her hand as if we had known each other for years. Her countenance, in spite of time and ill health, still interesting, and took me more than that of her daughter, youthful as it is. But this was more the effect of imagination, which brought back the former face as it looked when Byron gazed at it. Had not time for much conversation before Musters himself

joined us. Fixed to dine with them on Sunday the 4th. Dined at Mrs. Fellowes's; no company but the John Felloweses and Mrs. Burnside. Slept at the White Lion.

24th. Set off at half-past six in the coach for Stoke. At the first stage obliged to go outside in consequence of some mistake in the booking of passengers; a most blowing drive over the Derbyshire hills. Found Mrs. Arkwright, Mrs. J. Cooper, and Hodgson waiting for me at the mill, and walked up with them to the house. Before luncheon Mrs. A. whispered to me that there was a lady in her house as governess, who met me many, many years ago, and as she knew it would annoy her if I did not recognise her, she thought it right to prepare me. This was a Mrs. —, whom I saw for one evening (and about half an hour next morning) near five-and-twenty-years ago; whom I danced with, sung to, and made love to in that short space of time, and who has been a sort of dream to me ever since. Was sorry to see her again; her beauty was gone; her dress was even prematurely old and mob-cappish, and, in short, I'm sorry we have met again,

for she will never be a dream to me any more. The only company at dinner the Hodgsons, Mrs. J. Cooper, and her son and daughter. In the evening, singing, and the best and most touching of all singing, Mrs. R. Arkwright's.

25th. Mrs. Arkwright, who has been full of anxiety as to my finding Hodgson in a mood to give me the assistance I want from him, put us, after breakfast, in a little room together; where he with the utmost readiness and kindness placed a number of Byron's letters in my hand, as well as extracts from others of a more confidential nature; and left me alone to look over them and select such as might suit my purpose. After I had done so, had some conversation with him relative to Byron's loan or gift to himself, of which I did not conceal from him that I already knew most of the particulars. Detailed to me the whole transaction; Byron's having long promised to do something for him; his taking him to Hammersley's one day, without H. having the slightest idea what he was going about, and then telling Hammersley to place to his (Hodgson's) credit 1000*l.*: had already had from him 400*l.*, part of which though was for another friend. He then described Byron's going with him to the mother of the girl he wished to marry (his present wife), in order to do away the objections that lady had to the marriage; their travelling all night. B.'s tractableness to criticism, but his horror of retaining anything that had been suggested by others. "If you don't like it, say so, and I'll alter it; but don't suggest anything of your own." Affixed a note to one of the extracts he gave me containing an acknowledgment of his gratitude to Lord B.; but on my seeming to think it too vague and insufficient (particularly as the nature of the service Lord B. had performed towards him was pretty generally known), he expressed himself most anxious to make the acknowledgment, not only "sufficient" but abundant. Left this matter for further consideration Mrs. Arkwright, when I last saw her, mentioned a letter Lord B. had written to somebody on the subject of religion, and which

Mrs. — had a copy of. Promised at that time to ask her for it; told me how she had learned from Mrs. — that it was already published. \* \* \*

26th. After breakfast, closeted with Hodgson for two or three hours on the subject of Byron; found none of the reserve in him that Mrs. A. apprehended, but the fullest cordiality and confidence. Walked with him afterwards to Middleton Dale; fine rock scenery; the Delf very grand. Mrs. J. Cooper and Eliza gone this morning, which was a sad loss to our party. Hodgson very agreeable at dinner: Mrs. A. said she had never before seen him so happy. He had determined upon going home before dinner (thinking it right that a clergyman should pass his Saturday evening at home), but was prevailed to stay till night. Some amusing stories of Scrope Davies. His epitaph on Lord L. —.

"Here's L.'s body, from his soul asunder,  
He once was on the turf, and now is under."

His verses on the Swallow, a boat or yacht they used to sail in. Two of them as follows: —

"If ever, in the Swallow, I to sea  
Shall go again, may the sea swallow me."

Forgot to mention that Montgomery the poet was asked to come (from Sheffield) yesterday to dinner, with a Dr. —, who dined here, but refused, from rather an over-delicate scruple with respect to me. It appears he once wrote a very violent attack either on myself or my poetry, which, though he is quite sure I knew nothing about it (as is really the case), makes him feel not altogether justified in meeting me till I am apprised of the circumstance. Anxious as I had been before to make his acquaintance, this, of course, increased my desire, and we were in great hopes, from the messages sent, that he would have come to-day, but he did not. It seems he writes all those imaginative (and, some of them, beautiful) things of his in one of the closest and dirtiest alleys in all dirty Sheffield. Has lately, they say, issued some rather absurd speech or writing, in which he upholds this said Sheffield as little

less than the Athens of England. This is what it is to be, the *Coryphée* of a set of provincial blues! After singing and singing over and over again, we saw Hodgson and his wife off in their chaise for Bakewell. My song, "And doth not a meeting like this!" brought tears from both singer and hearers.

27th. After breakfast set off to church (Bakewell) with Mrs. Arkwright. A good deal of conversation about the Duke of Devonshire; the great disposition he had to like me, though he did not, she says, at first; his having felt, as I did, the barrier there is between us, from his tallness and deafness combined. "Besides (he added), Moore is not the sort of man to stand on tip-toes to a duke." Hodgson's sermon very good. We again conquered his resolution, which was decidedly *not* to dine from home; but he yielded. Mrs. A., indeed, said that he seemed quite another person since I came. The dinner again very agreeable.

28th. When I was packing for my departure, Mrs. A., who had promised to let me have copies of some of her songs, sent me up her whole precious book, and said I might do what I pleased with it. Hodgson went down with me in the gig to the place where I was to meet the coach (his wife having put into my hands before I came away a paper, which she said I might read at my leisure), and, after a most cordial parting, I started about twelve o'clock on my way for Newstead, Wildman (who is in town) having given me leave to return there for a few more inquiries among the old servants. Had written to the butler to apprise him of my coming, but arrived before my letter, and found everything in a most monastery-like state of gloom and cheerlessness. The servants, however, partaking of the hospitable spirit of their master, soon lighted up good fires both in drawing-room and bedroom. Cold meat, cutlets, and good Madeira were my fare; and the quiet, thoughtful pleasure I enjoyed in passing an evening *alone* within those walls, was exactly what I anticipated it would be. I felt as if on a visit to Byron's spirit, and remembering his frequent threat, poor fellow, of appearing to

me after his death, thought that I could hardly have given him a better opportunity. Found that the paper Mrs. Hodgson gave me contained some kind and flattering verses Hodgson had written on my visit and departure. Slept well, the repose of the whole evening being a relief to me after the state of excitement in which I had been keeping myself and—everybody about me.

29th. Set off for Nottingham in the coach. Found letters, and before I had opened those from Bessy, was just boasting that everything went on with me exactly as I could wish, when on reading their contents I found that our poor Anastasia's lameness had got so much worse, that Dr. Brabant advised her being taken instantly to town for surgical advice, and she was perhaps now on her way there. It is impossible to describe the sweetness, the considerateness, the fortitude that breathed through every line of my dearest Bessy's letter. Resolved to give up my dinner with the Musterses, and set out on Friday for town, the public dinner at Derby being an engagement I could not well get over. Received a letter too from Murray (sent on to me from the cottage), in which he says that the late book of Leigh Hunt has induced him to change his mind with respect to the publication of Lord Byron's papers, and that he has submitted a proposition to Mr. Rogers, which, he is authorised by him to say, meets with his entire approbation. Offers to come down to me in case I should not be immediately coming to town. Answered to say I should be in London in a few days. Called upon R—, who had been some time tutor to Lord Byron; have taken notes of what he told me.

30th. Set off in the coach at three for Derby: found a large party at Strutt's waiting dinner for me, had to dress in a hurry: company, the John Coopers, &c. &c. Slept at Mr. Strutt's.

31st. Breakfasted in my bed-room, and took a few hours to myself to think over what I should say in my speeches to the Lancastrians. Walked about with the Coopers afterwards. The company at the dinner larger than ever they have had at any

public dinner in Derby before; at least so they told me. About a hundred sat down, all good Whigs, I took for granted; good materials for Whigs, certainly, being chiefly dissenters, unitarians, Nottingham editors, &c. &c. Three long tables, and my chair at the top of the centre one placed with the back close to a large fire: should have melted away, had I remained in it, but abdicated, and joined Strutt at the head of one of the other tables, leaving my chair like Banquo's during dinner. All went off famously: made them about ten or twelve speeches, and was cheered most heartily throughout. My brother orators *not* such as it was difficult to eclipse; one of the "gentlemen of the press" talked of the duty of "heditors lifting up their voices." A party of amateurs sung glees occasionally between the speeches, and one of their performances being "The last Rose of Summer," the mayor, who sat on my right hand, confided to me in a whisper his regret that they should choose such *dull* things for such an occasion: told him I heartily agreed with him. Retired from the chair between ten and eleven, and adjourned (tired as I was, and covered not only with applauses but with fish-sauce) to a party at William Strutt's, where I found duets on the harp and pianoforte going on; and, in spite of my dozen and one speeches, was obliged to muster up voice enough for the same number of songs. Slept at Joseph Strutt's. Had written an excuse to Mrs. Musters before I left Derby, but, from letters received to-day from Bessy, thought it perhaps better to finish *all* I had to do in this neighbourhood before I joined her in town, the accounts of Anastasia being much more comfortable.

February 1st. Forgot to mention that I wrote to Hobhouse from Newstead, and being touched with a kindly spirit at the time towards everything connected with poor Byron, showed it in my letter. Have received an answer from him full of the same friendly feeling, which I rejoice at. Set off before two in a chaise for Castle Donington, having written yesterday to tell the Dalbys I was coming. Slept at Dalby's.

2nd. After breakfast walked over to

Kegworth to see Dr. Parkinson; walked with him in his garden; will be eighty-three his next birthday. Saw me out of the town and called upon Mrs. Ingram in our way. She and her daughters accompanied me through the fields till we met the Dalby girls. Dinner at two; my company consisting of seven damsels (five of them young and pretty), Dalby being out on business. A very merry party: when I went upstairs to pack for departure, heard them in loud chorus below, and when I came down, found the seven nymphs standing, with bumpers in their hands round the table, and singing my own glee, "Hip, hip, hurrah!" to my health. Escorted by them all to the coach, in which I started at three for Nottingham.

3rd. Scribbled out, after breakfast, a few recollections of some of my Derby speeches, and despatched them to Higginson. Walked to Colwich to dinner; a short conversation with Mrs. M. before we dined; Musters luckily from town. Evening rather dull; music (the usual resource) being *tabooed* of a Sunday.

4th. Some conversation with Mrs. M. after breakfast about Byron, most of which I have taken notes of. Sung a few songs, at some of which Mrs. M. cried.

5th. After breakfast some conversation with Mrs. M. Said it was certainly her wish, and she even thought it better for any little romance there might be in the story of her and Lord Byron, to let it end at the last time she ever saw him, which was when he dined at Annesley on his return from abroad, and wrote the poem that everybody knows, about the little girl. Promised her it should be so. Ordered her carriage and took me into Nottingham. On my mentioning Chalmers's "Devotional Exercises," and my wish to see it, she begged me not to buy it myself, but let her have the pleasure of sending me a copy. Got to Nottingham and parted with her at twelve. Called upon two or three people, and having lunched at Fellowes's, started in the Hope coach between two and three. Arrived at Northampton at eleven at night and slept there.

6th. Off in the Sovereign coach, two

young Irishmen my fellow-travellers; one of them rather an intelligent young man, a son of Col. Rochford. Begun to have a vague idea who I was, and talked to me about the "Epicurean," without (as he said afterwards) having any definite thought or expectation that I should turn out to be the person he suspected. This I could not, with a grave face, stand, and accordingly told him who I was, to his evident astonishment and pleasure. Arrived at Power's between six and seven, with a heart beating anxiously as I got nearer, lest I should find my dear Anastasia worse than Bessy had reported her. Found her lying on the sofa in the drawing-room, and looking better than when I left her. My darling Bessy, as usual, full of energy and cheerful hope, and has never left her side for a minute, except yesterday to pay a short visit to the Villamils and the Donegals. Though the Powers had a bed for me, thought it better not to trespass too much on their kindness (which has been most cordial and useful on this occasion), but went off to Sandon's in Bury Street, and secured a bed-room there. Returned to supper at Power's.

7th. After breakfast walked out with Bessy. Called at Murray's, and heard in a few words (while Bessy waited for me in the street) his proposition, which was to place all the publishable parts of his Byron papers in my hands, and to give me 4000 guineas for the "Life." Told him that I considered this offer perfectly liberal, but that he knew how I was situated with the Longmans, and that I certainly could not again propose to take my work out of their hands without having it in my power to pay down the sum that I owe them. "They would, I suppose (he said), be inclined to give some accommodation in the payment?" "I cannot at all answer for that, Mr. Murray (I replied). I must have it in my power to offer them the payment of the debt." "Very well, sir (he said), you may do so." Went with Bessy to the jeweller's to buy a present for Dr. Brabant's daughter: bought a locket; four guineas and a half. As Brabant will not take any fees, I must, at least, try to show that we are grateful.



8th. Went on to the Longmans; told them of Murray's proposition, and of my conversation with him: on which Longman said, that, through the whole of the affair, my interest and advantage was what they chiefly regarded; that it certainly would be a subject of regret to them not being themselves the publishers of the "Life," and they felt that the public would be apt to think, that, in this new transfer of the work, they (the Longmans) were rather slightly treated; but still, notwithstanding all this, they were ready to own that with Murray was my natural position (on account of the materials he possessed) for bringing out a Life of Lord Byron, and that they not only acceded to the arrangement, but congratulated me on the prospect it afforded of getting me comfortably over all my difficulties; that as to the discharge of my debt to them, their impression was that, as they had paid the money down to me, Murray, in stepping into their shoes, ought to do the same by them.

9th. Up before six, had coffee, and saw my dear treasures safely off in the coach at seven, there being no other inside passengers. On my return home got to bed again for a little rest and warmth. Employed the day in making calls. Went to Murray's, and reported my conversation with the Longmans, with which he was quite pleased, and said that the money should be ready for them in a few days. Dined at Lansdowne House.

11th. Went to the Longmans, told them what Murray had said about the payment of the money, which they said was quite right; and that point being conceded, they now would not press him for the money till quite convenient to him: nothing, indeed, could be more frank, gentleman-like and satisfactory than the manner in which this affair has been settled on all sides. Dined at Lansdowne House. Young — and — remarking on Brougham's late speech (on the reform of the law) that there was no enlarged or original view in it, &c. &c. What will people *not* carp at in this age?

12th. Told Murray what the Longmans had said as to not pressing him for the

money, which he remarked was very handsome, but that still he felt it would be right of him to pay it, and he had already taken measures to that effect. Walked for some time with Lord Lansdowne: told me he had heard that the Duke of Wellington in writing to Mr. Fitzgerald to dispense with his services (Lord of the Treasury), said that he the more regretted being obliged to make this announcement, as he had some reason to think that he (Fitzgerald) would not have been unwilling still to continue in the office. I much fear the poor knight *did* "cast a longing, ling'ring look behind;" but he is a fine fellow notwithstanding, and his only fault is having ever become Whig, as nature has written "Tory" on his chivalrous brow. Burdett's has been another mistake of the same kind.

14th. Dined early with the Donegals, having some business to do in the evening. Have not seen poor Lady D. since I came to town; fear she is seriously ill. Alas, that such creatures should suffer! Received a note from Barnes, saying that he had heard of my having spoken with disapprobation of the present tone of "The Times" newspaper; and cautioning me, in a friendly way, against the repetition of such language. Speaks of his "secret information" in the same pompous and mysterious style as he does in his newspaper. This is too ridiculous. There was but one man out of my own set, to whom I spoke on the subject (a clever, chattering man, who sometimes forces me into conversation at the Athenæum) and this was his "mysterious informant." Told him so in my answer, and said that, as to my free speaking, he must learn to bear it as all my other friends do, and must take the bad with the good; that I had been equally open-mouthed to-day in praise of the spirited article he had given us, &c. &c.

16th. Joy called on me, according to agreement, to go and call on the Duke of Sussex. Having said yesterday that he was going there about some books, thought I might as well take the opportunity of paying my visit also. Sent in our names, and the Duke returned word that he would see me.

When he found, however, that we had come together, had in Joy also. Talked about politics, Ireland, &c., and what was my consternation (having engaged myself to be in town at two o'clock) when he produced an unpublished pamphlet by some reverend or other, and offered to read it to me. Was obliged to give a most cheerful assent; luckily it was a short one. Showed us then over his library, which is curious and extensive. When I remarked what a treasure such a library of reference would be to me, he said very good-naturedly, "Well, come and plant yourself here in my neighbourhood, and you may use it as if it were your own." On Lord Fitzwilliam being announced to him, we got away. It is impossible for a royal personage to be more naturally and *unpretendingly* unaffected than is this same Duke of Sussex.

19th. Called upon Lord Sligo, and had some conversation about Lord B. Spoke of the story which Byron always said was the foundation of the "Giaour." Sligo says, they were both riding together near Athens, when they met people bringing a girl along to be drowned; she was sitting wrapped up on a horse. Byron, by his interference, saved her. Lord Sligo did not seem very accurate in his memory of the transaction; is sure he never saw or knew anything of her before that encounter. She was afterwards sent to Thebes. One day when he was talking with Byron on the shore of the Gulf of Lepanto, Byron (who had before said that he would tell him some time why he hated his mother so much) pointed to his naked leg and foot, and said, "There's the reason; it was her false delicacy at my birth that was the cause of that deformity; and yet afterwards she reproached me with it, and not long before we parted for the last time, uttered a sort of imprecation on me, praying that I might be as ill-formed in mind as I was in body." S. said that Byron that day bathed without trowsers. \* \* \* \* \* Byron's offer to Lord Sligo to go and dig for him (in the neighbourhood of Elis, I think) for antiquities. Said, "*Dilettanti*, you know, are all thieves, but you may depend upon

my not stealing, because I would not give three half-pence for all the antiquities in Greece." Described Byron after his illness at Patras looking in the glass and saying, "I look pale; I should like to die of a consumption." "Why?" "Because the ladies would all say, 'Look at that poor Byron, how interesting he looks in dying.'" At Athens he used to take the bath three times a week to thin himself, and drink vinegar and water, eating only a little rice. Lord S.'s time with him at Athens was after Hobhouse left him. Went with Keppel to his lodgings, 28, Bury St. (formerly 27), for the purpose of seeing the rooms where he lives (second floor), which were my abode off and on for ten or twelve years. The sight brought back old times; it was there I wrote my "Odes and Epistles from America," and in the parlour Strangford wrote most of his "Camoens." In that second floor I had an illness of eight weeks, of which I was near dying, and in that shabby little second floor, when I was slowly recovering, the beautiful Duchess of St. Albans (Miss Mellon) to my surprise one day paid me a visit.

20th. Dined with the Hollands; Lord H. sent for me to his bed-room. Talked of Lord Anglesey; his late interview with the King, when his Majesty flew into a passion at his expressing his intention to treat the Catholics with kindness: but when Lord A. firmly answered that such was his resolution, and that if it was found displeasing, his Majesty might instantly recall him, the King changed his tone, and said he could not possibly have a better Lord-Lieutenant. Talked of the Dissenters; their great objection to the Catholics is the surrender which the latter make of their right of private opinion into the hands of their priests. Lord H.'s argument in answer is, that the acknowledgment of the right of private opinion, which the Dissenters so properly hold, ought to be extended even to the right of surrendering that private opinion, if people are so inclined, into the hands of others; for though in consistency with religious liberty we cannot compel people to give up their right of private judgment, it is equally in-

consistent with religious liberty to prevent them from giving it up if they were so disposed. As to the difference of opinion between Protestants and Catholics on the subject of tradition, the latter (I remarked) in maintaining that the Word of God existed before the Scriptures were written, are, according to the German notion of the gradual compilation of the Gospels, *right*. \* \* \* Received this morning the draft of the agreement between me and Murray, and sent it to Clark, the solicitor, to look over it.

21st. Met Clark on the subject of the draft of the agreement. Went to call on Fletcher, Lord Byron's servant; some talk with him: but one can seldom get anything out of the fellow but blustering; *that* tribute to the memory of his master he is always ready with. Says he does not believe Lord Sligo, "nor any other Lord," that would say they had ever seen Byron's foot, no one ever having been allowed to see it, since the surgeons who attended him when a boy, except himself—Fletcher. Did not seem to like to talk about it, but told me, what was very striking, that even in dying Lord B. shrunk away when those about him put their hands near his foot, as if fearing that they should uncover it. Said, however, that there was *nothing wrong in the shape of the foot, except being smaller than the other, and the leg and thigh on that side a little emaciated. Always wore trowsers (nankeen) in bathing.* Latterly led a very quiet life in Italy, but while at Venice was as profligate as need be. Great placability in his temper, and used always to make amends for any momentary burst of passion by his kindness afterwards. When he was dying told Fletcher there was a box of 8000 dollars, of which Tita was to have 2000, and he, Fletcher, the remainder.

22nd. At three to Murray's to sign and seal our agreement. Present the two solicitors, young Turner and Clark, and Lockhart the witness. Dined with Murray in celebration of the event; company, Sir F. Freeling, Tooke, T. Campbell, James Smith, and some women. Mentioned Jekyll's saying quietly to himself, when some one men-

tioned that — was gone to Greece, "to the Greeks foolishness." Said that Johnson, from his hatred to Mallet, had defined a mallet in his dictionary as "a thing with a wooden head" (this is not the case): his definition of "windward" and "leeward" both the same (true). Mentioned somebody's criticism on the passage in "Henry V.," —

"And their executors, the knavish crows,

Fly o'er them all, impatient for their hour." —

[Act. iv. sc. 2.]

that Shakspeare must have meant *legatees*, as executors get nothing by it. The judge answering to a barrister, who quoted "A deed without a name," "Void on the face of it."

23rd. Called upon Jackson, the pugilist. Showed me two or three letters of Lord B.'s, which I copied out. Said he had often seen B.'s foot, which had been turned round with instruments; the limb altogether a little wasted; could run very fast. In talking of his courage, said that nobody could be more fearless; showed great spirit always "in coming up to the blows." In Jackson's visits to him to Brighton used always to pay the chaise for him up and down. Very liberal of his money.

24th. Went off to the Charter House to make inquiries of Barbour concerning the proper age for boys entering on the foundation, in consequence of Mrs. Baring having told me that Gen. Bathurst (the Bishop's son) wishes to exchange a nomination to the C. II., which he has for this next month, for the promise of a nomination to either Charter House or Winchester in six or seven years hence. Mrs. B., knowing of my desire to place Tom somewhere, thought I might be able to manage this exchange. By the bye, after she mentioned the matter to me yesterday I met Lord Grey, and told him of it. Said he did not well know how soon his turn would come, but should inquire. Learned from Barbour that Tom, being only nine, was not yet admissible, the suitable age being ten. Said he would let me know how soon Lord Grey's turn of nomination was to take place. Returned to my lodgings for the purpose of meeting Lord Sligo, who called upon me between one and two. Took

me to call upon Bruce (Lavalette), whom I wanted to talk with on the subject of Lord Byron, he having seen him in Greece at the same time Sligo did. Bruce was then travelling with Lady H. Stanhope; described the conversation between Lady Hester and Byron, in which she regularly attacked him on the low opinion he professed of female intellect. B. (Bruce said) had no chance with her, but took refuge in gentleman-like assent and silence. Lady H. a most eloquent person; were afterwards very good friends.

Bruce said, that nothing could be more gentleman-like than Byron's manners were then; seemed in very bad spirits. Mentioned his being told by Douglas Kinnaird of Byron's receiving on one day two letters very creditable to female disinterestedness; one of them from his sister, protesting against his leaving her so much of his property as he intended to do, and the other from the Guiccioli, refusing peremptorily to receive any at all. Went from thence to call on Bailey, and found him at home. Some talk about Byron, who was a schoolfellow of Bailey's at Aberdeen, and when they many years afterwards met at Cambridge, Byron (who was enormously fat) recognised and addressed him. Told a scene between him and B. at Bellingham's execution, which I have taken a note of elsewhere. When they met at Cambridge, Bailey said to him, "I should never have known you." "No! (answered Byron) I wonder at that; for I thought Nature had set such a mark on me that I could never be forgot." Bailey remembers having seen him without trowsers; saw that his feet were naked, and that he made no effort to conceal them. Called upon Mrs. Shelley, who walked with me to Dr. Mann's, where I was admitted. Had heard he was in possession of some letters that had passed between Lord and Lady B., whom he attended at the time of their separation, and was, according to his own account, a negotiator between them. Went to the Donegals between five and six on the speculation of finding them about to sit down to dinner; did so, and enjoyed the quietness and friendship of the repast ex-

ceedingly. Left them early to go to Barnes for the purpose of getting him to insert a correct statement of my late agreement with Murray, a false account of which has appeared in some papers. Found him sitting after dinner with Narishkin the Russian, and one or two more all busy at guessing conundrums, &c. Barnes made Narishkin read to me a translation he has made into English verse from the German, showing a mastery over our language which no foreigner but a Russian could have acquired. Went afterwards with Barnes to his own room, and drew up my paragraph while he wrote part of an article for next day.

25th. Dined with Rogers *à grand couvert*; Lord and Lady Lansdowne, Lord and Lady Carlisle, Lady Holland, the Duke of Devonshire, Lord Normanby, Mackintosh, Luttrell, Brougham, and myself! With all these great guns, there was but little firing; all quiet and smooth, but very agreeable, particularly Brougham, in whose easy, natural, buoyant manner there is a never-ending charm. \* \* \* Mentioned that Canning once said the only objection to making Charles Wynne speaker was that one would be sometimes tempted to say "Mr. Squeaker."

28th. Off in the coach before eight; alone most of the way. Found my dear Anastasia installed in my library, and the parlour prepared as a study for me, all going on as comfortably as I could expect.

Feb. 29th to March 28th. From this time have not thought it worth while to journalise, being busy at home. Made my first regular start in "Lord Byron's Life."

April 12th to 30th. At work with but little interruption. Wrote to Barnes to express my surprise at a side-wind attack upon Lord L., which had appeared in a leading article in "The Times." In his answer expressed his regret at the circumstance, which had taken place during an illness which prevented him from attending to the paper himself, and promised that he would take care no such thing should occur again. Received a letter from a gentleman just arrived from Bermuda, who tells me he has brought me part of a calabash tree, which is

as much an object of veneration there, he says (from my having written of it), as the mulberry of Shakspeare in England!! Received a letter from a Paternoster Row bookseller, in consequence of a foolish story that has appeared in all the papers, headed "Illustrious bonfire," telling of a work of mine having been lately consigned to the flames (5000 copies) from having been pronounced by Brougham "a libel in every line of it." This worthy biblioplist, in the true spirit of the trade, offers to enter into negotiation with me for the burnt book, and to bear me harmless through any legal consequences that may ensue.

*May 1st to 16th.* Still at home, busy.

Received a kind note from Sir Walter Scott, pressing me to hasten my visit to town before he leaves.

17th. The York House coach full, though I had written to take a place in it; took a chaise on for the purpose of seeing Tom at Marlborough; found him quite well. Started from Marlborough in the coach at twelve; a pretty little girl inside, who turned out to be a saint. She found out who I was by a man in the coach asking me point blank whether I was not *the Mr. Moore*. Her zeal about me very amusing; anxious to know whether I really felt all that I had written in the Sacred Melodies, which she had every word by heart. A carriage came to meet her (and her maid, who accompanied her) at Kew Bridge, where we parted with most cordial hand-shaking. Took up my quarters at Power's, till my bedroom in Bury Street should be vacant.

18th. Called upon Fielding, with whom I had engaged to dine; found that his ladies were at Lord Lansdowne's villa at Richmond, which had been lent to them. Proposed that I should go with him there to dinner; but, as I was anxious to find Sir W. Scott as soon as possible, I agreed to go to-morrow instead. Called at Scott's, Sussex Terrace, Regent's Park; found that he was not to leave town for some days; left a message for him.

20th. Breakfasted with Rogers and his sister. Mentioned the pretty thought, in

some eastern story, of a girl saying, "I have been so happy at this fountain that I am resolved somebody else shall be so too," and then throwing down a diamond that the next comer might find it. Called upon Murray and had some conversation about our work; urged him to apply to Hanson.

21st. Dined at Bailey's; a very pretty party: Miss Bailey, Miss Pinney, Mrs. Wilson, &c., and went in the evening to Lady Davy's, where I saw many I wished to see, among others Sydney Smith. In talking of the Irish Church and pronouncing it a nuisance, he said, "I have always compared it to setting up butchers' shops in Hindostan, where they don't eat meat: 'We don't want this,' they say. 'Aye, aye, true enough, but you must support our shop.'" Frankland Lewis asked me to dine with him on the 28th to meet Sydney Smith, and on my answering that unluckily I was engaged, Smith said, "Fix him for that day in the year 1849; he will dine with you then, that is, if it be leap year; to your regular diner-out the bissextile makes a vast difference." Received a note from Sir Walter Scott yesterday to say he should be at Brighton these two days, and asking me to breakfast with him on Saturday next.

22nd. Breakfasted at Rogers's. Luttrell and Lady Sarah Lyttleton the party. Luttrell told of an Irish fellow saying (in speaking of the dulness of the town of Derry on the Sabbath) "Well, to the devil I pitch a Protestant town of a Sunday." L.'s idea of the English climate; "On a fine day, like looking up a chimney; on a rainy day, like looking down it." Sydney Smith saying to Rogers when R. praised the gentleness of his (S.'s) horse, "Yes, a cross of the rocking-horse." After breakfast Sydney came in; sent a message by me to Rogers last night to say that he must ask him to meet me some morning at breakfast, which R. now did for Tuesday next. Smith spoke of Cooper, the American writer, whom he had been lately visiting. Cooper's touchiness; his indignation against Lord Nugent for having asked him to walk to some street with him, and on being admitted where

he went to visit, leaving the republican to return alone; his rage with the Duke of Devonshire for not returning his visit, &c. &c.; said that "the world should hear of these things!" Sydney joking with me as to the way I should proceed with Cooper, which was, as he advised, to call him out the first thing I did, for, as it must come to that, I might as well begin with it.

23rd. Rogers having told me he was to meet Scott this morning at breakfast with Chantrey, went there early. Found Scott sitting to Chantrey, with Rogers, Coke of Norfolk, and Allan Cunningham assisting. Talked of Sir Alexander M—— (I think) and his son, on whom the following conundrum was made: "Why is Sir A. like a Lapland winter?" "Because he is a long night (Knight) and his sun (son) never shines." When Sir W. went away Chantrey begged of R. and me to stay and keep Coke in talk during his sitting to him. Got him upon old times; told a strange story (which I find Rogers more inclined to swallow than I am) of a dinner given by Lord Petre to Fox and Burke after their great quarrel, and of a contrivance prepared by Lord Petre to introduce the subject of their difference, and afford an opportunity of making it up. This was no less than a piece of confectionery in the middle of the table representing the Bastille! "Come, Burke," said Lord Petre, at the dessert, "attack that Bastille." Burke declined. "Well, Fox," continued his Lordship, "Do you do it." "That I will, by G——," said Fox, and instantly dashed at it. *Credat Judæus*. I doubt much whether they ever met again after that quarrel.\* Came away with Rogers. A letter from Bowring, informing me that he was preparing copies for me of Lord Byron's correspondence with him; and, strange to say, opening up at once, without any reserve, the subject of my attack upon him in "The Ghost of Miltiades;" "you have written bitter things of me," he says. He then expresses a strong desire for a few moments'

conversation with me, adding that he thinks he could, in a few words, remove the impression I had of his conduct. Went to Col. Bailey's, having promised his daughter on Wednesday evening (in order to get off singing then) to come and sing for her this morning. Found Mrs. Wilson, &c. &c. Was in good voice, and with "The Song of the Olden Time" drew tears from the young beauties around me. Dined at Lord Lansdowne's, and finished with the second act of Sontag's "Donna Anna," in the Countess St. Antonio's box. Not a bad day altogether. Walter Scott, Rogers, and Chantrey, at breakfast; music and Miss Bailey at luncheon time; dinner at Lansdowne House, with the Venus of Canova before my eyes, and Sontag in the evening. Taking it with all its et ceteras of genius, beauty, feeling, and magnificence, no other country but England could furnish out such a day.

24th. Breakfasted with Sir W. Scott. Company: Newton and Mrs. Lockhart, and Scott's second son. Story of Mr. Rose applying to some Scotch laird (Sir A. M——, I believe) for permission to shoot on his grounds. The answer thus:—"Sir A. M—— regrets that he cannot comply with Mr. Nose's request;" and then in a postscript, "Finding that your name is *not* Nose, shall have great pleasure in allowing you," &c. &c. \* \* \* In speaking of the shoals of applications he is pestered with, said that not long since he had a letter from a Danish captain, stating that he (the captain) had *dreamt* that Scott had lent him two hundred pounds, and hoping that (for the honour of dreams, I suppose) he would be kind enough to realise the vision. Dined at Holland House (having been asked by Lord Essex to dine with him and go to the French play). Company: Lord Spencer, Lord Ilchester, young Tierney, Hallet, &c. Talked of the Literary (Johnson's) Club, which consists of forty members; often not well attended. Lord Holland and a friend going there one day found themselves *tête-à-tête*, and Lord Liverpool actually dined there *solus*. A rule of the club that any of its members on being appointed to the Govern-

\* I have often heard of this dinner, but believe it happened before the quarrel.—Ed.

norship of India should present it with a pipe of Madeira. When Canning was appointed, he had proceeded so far in this ceremony as to ask the members whether he should send the wine from Madeira, or take it on with him for the advantage of the voyage, and they decided for the latter. On his giving up the appointment, a question arose whether the Madeira should not still be claimed of him, but of course was scouted. Told Lady Holland I had inquired of Scott, according to her wish, who was the *second person* he meant when he said he had been assured by two people of their having themselves seen ghosts, and that both of those people afterwards put an end to themselves. This introduced ghost stories, and Tierney told one, rather good, about the two rival lovers of a young lady being seen going into a wood, in some dreary part of England, accompanied by the servant of one of them; the favoured lover found dead, professedly in a duel; the survivor (Mr. Baker) ingratiating himself afterwards with the young lady, and (the surprise being that he, who was no swordsman, should have gained the better of the other, who was an expert one) confessing to her that he had murdered his rival; that he had gone to a fencing-master, who in a few lessons had taught him a trick, by which he might seize his antagonist's arm and despatch him. The girl marrying Mr. Baker; his being haunted by some phantom unseen to all but himself, and wasting away: had told her of the dreadful look of his antagonist in grasping the arm that was about to despatch him, and now for ever complained of a deadly pain in that arm. At last, as if something irresistible urged him, going alone into the wood where the deed had been committed, and never being seen afterwards. I ought to have mentioned that, during the whole of this time, he was visited occasionally by a person muffled up, whose coming he seemed to dread, and who always left him agitated when he departed. It was supposed that this was the servant who accompanied him into the wood at the time of the pretended duel, and that they had both overpowered

and murdered the other. Lady H. calling me to look at the fine cedar tree agitated by the gusts of wind in the moonlight. Slept at Holland House. Sat up some time talking with Lord H.

25th. Nobody at breakfast but Lord and Lady H. and myself. Lord H. wheeled in his gouty chair, but with a face as gay and shining as that of a schoolboy, holding in his hand an epigram, which he charged me with having written and sent to his room.\* In speaking of the passage from one of Lord Byron's papers, in which he says that he himself and I were the only authors of the day who had an opportunity of seeing high life thoroughly, "he from birth, and I from circumstances," Lord Holland said it was not so; it was *not* from his birth that Lord Byron had taken the station he held in society, for till his talents became known, he was, in spite of his birth, in anything but good society, and *but* for his talents would never, perhaps, have been in any better. In talking of the feeling he had towards the men he lived with, Lord H. said, "*you* were the only literary person he formed an intimacy with who was 'hail fellow, well met' with him; the others he was rather inclined to insult." The anecdote about Lord H.'s expostulation with him on his attack upon Lord Carlisle's paralysis; his horror on finding that Lord C. was really paralytic, and saying, (while he pointed to his foot,) "Me, good God! *me*, of all men, to attack personal infirmities!" It was in the preface to the "*Corsair*" that he intended to make the explanation on this subject, but gave it up in consequence of the attack upon him in the "*Courier*." Thinks Lord B. "had a twist;" his sister always told him he resembled Lord Carlisle. Asked Lord H. about the story Napier tells of Sir W. Scott having written a song for the "*Pitt Club*," while Fox was dying, the burden of which was "*Tally-ho to the Fox*." Not a word of truth in it, as I told Napier when he mentioned the wretched calumny. Scott *did*, rather unjustifiably, write a squib

\* This epigram is not worth giving.

against the "Talents" not long after they gave him (when they might have withheld it) the place he now holds, and there was some fellow (Lord H. believes) who at the "Pitt Club" yelled out "Tally-ho to the Fox;" out of these two circumstances it was not difficult to trump up the story Napier tells. Lord H. mentioned, as curious, the constant opportunities Dryden takes, in his "Virgil," of abusing the Dutch, and alluding to King William. Forget his instances of the former, but among those of the latter were the translation of *Pulsatusve parens*, which Dryden renders "Expel their parents and *usurp the throne*;" and another (not much to the purpose) *dominumque potentem imposuit*, "Imposing foreign kings for foreign gold." Left Holland House in time to get to Rogers's, where Sir W. Scott was to call for us. Called at three to take us to dine with his son, Major Scott, at Hampton. Scott very agreeable on the way; told him our conversation at H. House about ghosts, which brought on the same topic. His own strong persuasion, one night, that he saw the figure of Lord Byron; had been either talking of or reading him, and on going into the next room was startled to see through the dusk what he could have sworn was Byron, standing as he used to do when alive. On returning into the drawing-room, he said to his daughter, "If you wish to see Lord Byron, go into that room." It was the effect of either the moonlight or twilight upon some drapery that was hanging up, which, to his imagination, just then full of Byron, presented this appearance. Rogers's story of the young couple at Berlin in their operabox, between whom, at a distance, there always appeared to be a person sitting, though on going into their box, it was found that there was no one there but themselves. From all parts of the house this supernatural intruder could be seen; but people differed as to its appearance, some saying it was a fair man, others a dark: some maintaining that he was old, and others that he was young. It should be mentioned that there was some guilty mystery hanging over the connection between these young people; and

as, at last, no one ventured to visit their box, they disappeared from Berlin. This anecdote Lord Wriothesley Russell brought with him from abroad. Scott (who evidently did not like the circumstances being left unexplained) proceeded to tell a story of Mrs. Hook, the wife of Dr. Hook, who wrote the "Roman History," "it being as well," he said, "to have some real person to fix one's story on." Mrs. Hook becoming acquainted and intimate with a foreign lady, a widow, at Bath; their resolving to live together on their return to London. Mrs. Hook, on coming down stairs one day at this lady's lodgings, meeting a foreign officer on the stairs, saying to her friend next day, "You had a visitor yesterday?" the other answering "No; she had seen no one since Mrs. Hook left her." Mrs. H. thinking this odd; going another day into her friend's dressing-room by mistake, and seeing the same officer there alone, stretched on the sofa. Being now sure there was something not right, determined to mention it to the lady, who, at first, said it was impossible, but on hearing a description of how the officer was dressed, fainted. Mrs. Hook, convinced that it was some improper *liaison* she was carrying on, determined gradually to give up her acquaintance. The foreign lady soon after was preparing to go to London, and Mrs. Hook being in the room when her maid was packing (the lady herself not being present), saw a miniature case fall out of the portmanteau, and taking it up and opening it, saw the portrait of the very person whom she had met on the stairs. "That," said the maid, "is the picture of my mistress's husband." "Her husband!" "Yes," answered the maid, "he died a short time before we left Germany." In a few weeks afterwards there arrived an order in England to have this foreign lady arrested on a charge of murdering her husband. On our arrival at Hampton (where we found the Wordsworths) walked about, the whole party, in the gay walk where the band plays, to the infinite delight of the Hampton blues who were all eyes after Scott, the other scribblers not coming in for a glance. The



dinner odd, but being near Scott I found it agreeable, and was delighted to see him so happy with his tall son, the major, whom he evidently looks upon as a chevalier of romance. Told me of a tournament or joust which this son maintained once (and came off victorious) against a *Montmorency* when in barracks in — Dublin! Forgot to mention that he spoke with great delight of Mrs. R. Arkwright (whom he had met at Devonshire House) and her singing. The song, "One hour with thee," he did not at first remember to be his own words, and said to her "how pretty the words were." The Duke of Wellington, on his journey to Petersburg, took notes all the way upon the campaign of Napoleon in Russia, having Ségur's book and some others with him.

27th. Breakfasted at Rogers's, to meet Cooper the American: Littleton and Lady Sarah, and Luttrell, also of the party. Cooper very agreeable. Anecdote of the disputatious man: "Why, it is as plain as that two and two make four." "But I deny that too; for 2 and 2 make twenty-two." Cooper said one thing which, more from his manner than anything else, produced a great effect: mentioning some friend of his who had been well acquainted with Lady H. Stanhope abroad, and who told him of his having, on some particular occasion, stood beside her on Mount Lebanon, when Cooper came to the word "Mount," he hesitated, and, his eyes being fixed on me, added, "I was going to say Mount Parnassus, looking at you." When Rogers, too, in talking of Washington Irving's "Columbus," said, in his dry significant way, "It's rather long," Cooper turned round on him, and said sharply, "That's a short criticism." Remained some time afterwards with Rogers.

28th. Called on Lady Elizabeth Belgrave, and met there Lady Stafford and Lady Cawdor. Lady S. very gracious: the first time, I think, we have met since a memorable night at her house when the Regent was there. Wishing to have a peep at him, I got in the third tier of the circle around him, and found myself placed next to Brummell. Presently the persons before us cleared

away, and left him and me exposed to the Regent and his party, consisting of Lady Hertford, Duchess of R., &c. Brummell being rather comical, I could not help laughing with him a little, which I felt at the moment was unlucky, both of us being such *marked* men, though in different ways, with his R. H.; and, accordingly, I found afterwards that the Duchess of R. represented us everywhere as having stood impudently together, quizzing the Regent. Brummell himself confirmed this to me, and added, in his own way, "But she shall suffer for it; I'll chase her from society; she shall not be another fortnight in existence." All this, however, my Lady seemed to have forgot now, and was all graciousness.

29th. Breakfasted with Newton; was to have met Harness (Lord Byron's friend), but he could not come. Went with Newton to the exhibition, and showed me this morning a proof of the print of me from his picture; did not think it like me; said I thought it more like my partner in the Row, *Rees*; upon which he burst out a-laughing, and begged me not to put that in other people's heads, as it really *was* like Rees. Early dinner with the Countess St. Antonio, in order to go to Sontag's benefit: had given up all other engagements for this; and among them, one to meet Sydney Smith at Sir G. Phillips's. No one at dinner at the Countess's but her brother and Mercer. Opera, *Otello*; *Pasta the Moor*, and *Sontag Desdemona*. Altogether admirable, except for the *déplacement* of the male part to a woman's voice, which a good deal spoiled the effect. The Countess, a most useful ally on such occasions, insisted on my taking the front place, for the purpose of seeing Sontag properly. Amazed by the partisanship on the subject of *Pasta* and *Sontag*; the Countess all for the latter, Lady C. M. (whom we talked with in the room afterwards) as violently for *Pasta*; and when I mentioned that *Sontag* (whom, by-the-bye, the Countess had up to our box after the opera, despatching the gallant Prince of Schwartzburg to bring her) had complained of *Pasta's* having hurt her by seizing her hair in the scene of

the murder, Lady C. exclaimed eagerly, "Oh no! I assure you that *couldn't* have hurt her at all! Pasta did the same last time, and it is beautiful."

30th. Breakfasted with Mrs. Purvis. Met Villamil, and went with him first to the British Gallery, and afterwards to see pictures in Bond Street. The new ministerial arrangements completed: told the list by Lord Francis Gower, who ended it by saying, "And in my place Horace Twiss." Held up my hands in astonishment, and left him. Went with the Fieldings to some manufactory beyond Westminster Abbey, to see a great Burmese bell which has been brought over since the war with Burmah. The workmanship beautiful, and, though supposed to be (as the man told us) 1500 years old, is better constructed for sound than any bell-founder could make it now: covered all over with inscriptions, which have not yet been translated; 'tis open at top, and never had any clapper. Met D'Israeli this morning at the Athenæum: he has invited me to meet Southey at dinner on the 6th; but I hesitate. He said, "Byron was studious when a boy, but concealed it, thinking it more dashing to appear an idle fellow." In trying a new coat on me this morning, Nugee, that pink of tailors, said, turning me out of his hands, "There's the coat that will immortalise me." The accounts of my dear Anastasia rather alarming; fear that Bessy does not tell me *really* how ill she is.

31st. Bessy's letter to-day confirms me in my fears that Anastasia is worse than she will tell me.

June 1st. Breakfasted with Rogers, the Wordsworths, and Luttrell. A quatrain quoted by Wordsworth about the Shelleys:—

"'Twas not my wish  
To be Sir Bysshe,  
But 'twas the whim  
Of my son Tim."

All assailed me about some American lady, Miss Douglas, who, it seemed, was dying to see me, and had called once or twice at my lodgings with Sydney Smith. Agreed to

send for her, and she came, carrying in her hand a little well-printed American edition of my *Melodies and Sacred Songs*. Told me a long story about it; that it was a clergyman made her a present of it, &c. Mentioned also a beautiful friend of hers, who had been "very gay," and a great admirer of my poetry; when she was dying she wished to hear some sacred music; and this Miss Douglas brought a person to her to sing one of my Sacred Songs, "Were not the sinful Mary's tears," but did not think it right to tell her that the words were by the same poet she had so delighted in in her days of pleasure. Wordsworth produced an album for us all to write in, Rogers, Luttrell, and myself. Miss Douglas, by-the-bye, also told me of Miss Emmett, the daughter of him who went to America; her abstaining, at all times, from speaking of Ireland, as a subject she could not trust herself with; but one night, having been prevailed on to sing my song, "Weep on, weep on, your hour is past," she burst into tears before she was half-way through it; and starting up from the pianoforte gave at once full vent to all her feelings about Ireland, execrating England in the most passionate manner, and wishing that America and the other nations of the earth would join to avenge Ireland's cause on her. Called upon Barnes; talking of the aristocracy, he abused them for their gross ignorance of the feelings and wants of the classes below them, their selfishness, their stupidity, &c. &c. I said (and might have given himself as an instance) that the same ignorance prevailed among the inferior classes with respect to the aristocracy, who were *not* selfish, nor deficient in sympathy with the people to anything like the degree which the latter supposed. Owned, however, that there was a want of *rapprochement* between the two classes, which was but too likely to increase every day, and which might end at last in disruption. Driven out by Lady E. Fielding and her daughter Caroline, to leave my card with the Duke of Sussex. Read to them a curious letter I have received from an American, proposing to me to join him in a revolution, *my* part being to prepare men's minds

for the event, and his to execute it. Says that there are many persons who profess to love liberty, but few who have the strength of mind to love her "in her ragged attire;" that he "looks, however, to Thomas Moore for this degree of virtue," &c. &c. If this gentleman could but see my tailor's bill, he would know that I am, unluckily, not at all given to "ragged attire." Went in the evening to the Countess St. Antonio, who had also asked me to dine, to meet Sontag. Found there Sontag, Velluti, Torri, Mercer, and the Mitfords. Sontag trying over things she had never seen before, and making little excursions with her voice as she sat alone on the sofa, very interesting. The accounts of my dear Anastasia rather better.

2nd. Breakfasted at the Athenæum; met Bowring by appointment. His manner of speaking of my attack upon him rather interested me, but his defence of his conduct seemed to rest wholly on the circumstance of his having had four persons (whom he consulted) to bear him out in the line of conduct he pursued. These were Hume, Ellis, John Smith, and somebody else, whose opinions he had asked before he took the step he did (relative to his Greek bonds), and who all thought that, under the circumstances of the case, there could be nothing blameable in his conduct. *Valeat quantum, &c.* Went down to the House of Commons to try and get under the gallery; but all full. Met Ellice there ("Coventry" Ellice), who told me he had the letter Lord Byron wrote to him to ask for *renseignements* with respect to South America at the time he meditated going there, and would give it me.

4th. Breakfasted with Harness; Newton and I went together; the rain desperate. Harness mentioned that he saw once a collection of all the reviews that had appeared upon Byron's early poems, noted in the margin by his mother, Mrs. Byron (who had got them all bound up together), and the remarks not such as gave Harness the idea of a very ignorant or incapable woman. Some discussion with respect to Byron's *chanting* method of repeating poetry, which I professed my strong dislike of. Observe, in general, that it is

the men who have the worst ears for music that *sing* out poetry in this manner, having no nice perception of the difference there ought to be between animated reading and *chant*.\* This very much the Harrow style of reading. Hodgson has it; Lord Holland, too (though not I believe, a Harrow man), gives in to it considerably. Harness himself, I perceived, had it strongly; and, by his own avowal, he is without a musical ear, as is Lord Holland to a remarkable degree. Lord Byron, though he loved simple music, had no great organization that way.

5th. Set off after breakfast for Harrow, with Corry and Latham; Drury having wished me to make my promised visit to him on the Speech Day. Was introduced by him to Lord Delawarr, from whom I expected to get something about Byron; but when Drury applied to him on the subject, found he had nothing to communicate. Introduced also to Dr. Maltby at Butler's, and promised to breakfast with him (as Sir W. Scott, he told me, had done) next Sunday morning. Visited the churchyard, before the speeches began, to look at Byron's seat and the place where Allégria is laid; she came over in three coffins. Supped and slept at Drury's.

6th. Set off for town in the coach at nine. Dined at Rogers's. Company: Lord Clifden, Lord and Lady Gage, the Lubbocks, C. Fox, Lady Davy, Jekyll, &c. &c. Sat next to Jekyll, and was, as usual, amused. In talking of figurative oratory, mentioned the barrister before Lord Ellenborough. "My Lord, I appear before you in the character of an advocate from the city of London; my Lord, the city of London herself appears before you as a suppliant for justice. My Lord, it is written in the book of nature —" "What book?" says Lord E. "The book of nature." "Name the page," says Lord E., holding his pen uplifted, as if to note the page down. An addition to our party in the evening, among whom was Mrs. Siddons; had a good deal of conversation with her, and was, for the first time in my life, in-

\* This was very much the style of reciting of the admirers of Pope in the last century.—Ed.

terested by her off the stage. She talked of the loss of friends, and mentioned herself as having lost twenty-six friends in the course of the last six years. It is something to *have had* so many. Among other reasons for her regret at leaving the stage was, that she always found in it a vent for her private sorrows, which enabled her to bear them better; and often she has got credit for the truth and feeling of her acting when she was doing nothing more than relieving her own heart of its grief. This, I have no doubt, is true, and there is something particularly touching in it. Rogers has told me that she often complained to him of the great *ennui* she has felt since she quitted her profession, particularly of an evening. When sitting drearily alone, she has remembered what a moment of excitement it used to be when she was in all the preparation of her toilette to meet a crowded house and exercise all the sovereignty of her talents over them. *Appropos* of loss of friends, somebody was saying the other day, before Morgan, the great calculator of lives, that they had lost so many friends (mentioning the number) in a certain space of time, upon which Morgan, coolly taking down a book from his office shelf, and looking into it, said, "So you ought, sir, and *three more.*"

7th. Breakfasted at Holland House; themselves and Mackintosh. Mackintosh produced a letter of Scarlett's in answer to a circular of Wilmot Horton's, requesting opinions on his new plan of securities against the Catholics; viz. preventing them from voting on any subjects connected with the Church. Scarlett's answer was approving, and Mackintosh expressed his intention of giving the same sort of opinion, but both Lord Holland and Allen cried out against it, in which I most heartily joined them, there being nothing more unconstitutional or absurd than such a plan. Poor Mackintosh very meekly gave up his intention (being evidently under the thumb of Holland House), and after breakfast read us his answer, which was merely civil and evasive. Lord Holland's mimicry of Morris, the tutor of the late Duke of Bedford, admirable, and

made me laugh more than Liston could. His saying "I have been very much blamed for not going to Ireland with the Duke of Bedford (the present one); but the truth is, I wasn't asked." Said once to the late Duke of Bedford, after a great speech he had made, "I have read your speech; monstrous good: can't think where you got it all: where did you find it?" Went at three to the meeting at Murray's for the monument to Lord Byron. Hobhouse's exceeding nervousness; his anxiety to assure me that I was left out of the sub-committee *solely* from the circumstance of my not living in town; said I thought it quite right. Lord Clare, with whom I never before exchanged a word (he having always, as I understood, declined knowing me from some mention made of his father in one of my early political squibs), came up of himself, and addressed me. I lamented he had been so unlucky as to have destroyed all Byron's letters to him, except one or two of very little consequence, and expressed the pleasure he felt at the task of writing the "Life" having fallen into my hands. Still kept in a state of anxiety about my Anastasia.

9th. Breakfasted with Corry; a party of Irishmen: P. Crampton, Doherty, Knight of Kerry, and Tom Hume. P. Crampton's salutation of Doherty, on coming in, by throwing his leg over his head. Odd fellows, to be sure, my countrymen are. On Doherty (who is our Irish Solicitor-General) hearing that John Crampton was arrived, he exclaimed immediately, "Then I'll go and buy two squirts." He then explained this by telling how Crampton and he used to go, armed with squirts, of a winter's evening, when the coaches were starting from the White Horse Cellar; then filling the squirts, and keeping them ready behind their backs. Crampton saying, "Now don't you be *young about it*, but reserve your fire till the coachman says 'All's right,' and then I'll take the front outside passengers and you the hind ones." Their letting fly, &c. &c. Took a lunch with Power at four, and got to the House of Lords a little after five, Lord King (whom I called on this morning) hav-

ing asked the Chancellor's leave to put me behind the throne. Found it very crowded; several ladies; had Lady Charlemont and Mrs. Cunniffe beside me most of the time. Lady Harrowby and some of her daughters there too. Lord Lansdowne's speech in moving the question very good and animated in some parts. My extreme anxiety, perhaps, both for him and for the cause, made me hypercritical. The other speeches very dull; all except the Archbishop of Tuam's, which kept the House in most irreverent laughter, even the bishops not refraining. Every new prophet and commandment he cited produced a new burst of laughter. Got tired, and came away at nine o'clock. Had dinner at the Athenæum. Spoke with Crampton to-day about our dear girl, and he promises to have some consultation with Lawrence on the subject.

10th. Called with fear and trembling at Benett's for my letter from Bess; found it far more comfortable than I expected; the leeches have removed the spasms. Went to Longmans, and Rees accompanied me to the Royal Exchange to call upon a person connected with Cefalonia (Mr. Hancock), on the subject of Lord Byron. Rees mentioned Sir W. Scott having said of me that I was (in manners and habits) a truly *gentleman* poet. In something of the same feeling, Scott said of Wordsworth (as we were going down to Hampton), that he was in society, *too much of the poet*. Lunched at a coffee-house in Fleet Street, and got to the House of Lords at half-past four; taken in by Lord King, and found already three tiers of persons occupying the steps of the throne. Knew most of them, however, and they made room for me in the very front of them all; an excellent place. Some conversation with Lord Plunkett, who arrived early. While he was speaking to us, Lord Eldon came and shook hands with him as he passed, on which Lyttleton said to Lord Plunkett, "That reminds me of Grogson and Gully shaking hands together before they *set to*," it being the general expectation that Lord Plunkett reserved himself to speak after Eldon, and some attempts being made last night to un-

kennel Eldon for the purpose. Among the persons who came to speak to me were Lord Grey, Lord Dudley Limerick, Thomond, &c. &c., and the Duke of Sussex. The Duke, pointing to the Archbishop of Tuam, who sat quite near me, said, in his high squeaking voice, "Did you hear that — — speak last night? I think we might have brought him up with another prophet: 'And he said, saddle me the ass, and they saddled *him*.'" Lord Plunkett's speech, in one or two of its bursts, magnificent. "Is it for me to set my back against that door, and shoulder the Duke of Norfolk from it?" After the immense cheering that followed this, his exclamation of "Shame, shame, shame on the perverse ingenuity," &c. &c., was the most effective thing I can conceive. "Excellent tyranny! if it was but practicable." "They are the spawn of your own wrong" (speaking of the Catholic agitators). These and a few other points told most grandly; but the dryness of his legal arguments afterwards, and the want of anything like a peroration to wind up with effect, made the remainder of his speech appear tame and *manqué*. By far the most comprehensive and useful speech of the whole debate was Lord Haddington's, and surprise was not among the least ingredients of its success. Came away at twelve, and had something to eat at the Athenæum.

11th. Breakfasted with Mr. Cowell, having made his acquaintance for the purpose of gaining information about Lord Byron. Knew Byron for the first time when he himself was a little boy, from being in the habit of playing with B's dogs. Byron wrote to him to school to bid him mind his prosody. Gave me two or three of his letters to him. Saw a good deal of B. at Hastings; mentioned the anecdote about the ink-bottle striking one of the lead Muses. These muses had been brought from Holland; and there were, I think, only eight of them arrived safe. Fletcher had brought B. a large jar of ink, and, not thinking it was full, B. had thrust his pen down to the very bottom; his anger at finding it come out all besmeared with ink made him chuck the jar

out of the window, when it knocked down one of the Muses in the garden, and deluged her with ink. In 1813, when B. was at Salt Hill he had Cowell over from Eton, and *pouché* him no less than ten pounds. Cowell has ever since kept one of the notes. Told me a curious anecdote of Byron's mentioning to him, as if it had made a great impression on him, their seeing Shelley (as they thought), walking into a little wood at Lerici, when it was discovered afterwards that Shelley was at that time in quite another direction. "This," said Byron, in a sort of awe-struck voice, "was about ten days before his death." Cowell's imitation of his look and manner very striking. Thinks that in Byron's speech to Fletcher, when he was dying, threatening to appear to him, there was a touch of that humour and fun which he was accustomed to mix up with everything. Dined with the Fieldings, and went with them early to the Opera. Sat in Miss Stevens's box. Pasta divine in *Medea*. Visited Mrs. Purvis in her box, and agreed that Corry and I would dine with her to-morrow. Alluding to a note I had from Sydney Smith, asking me to dine with Hebert (his daughter's father-in-law), in which he had said that I should have a capital dinner, "the West India reptile cooked in a way of which no other house was capable." Mrs. P. promised we should have "the reptile" to-morrow.

16th. Off in the coach for home; my companion a young man who turned out to be a son of Sir C. Ogles. Had a copy of Galignani's edition of Byron with him, and turned to me, while he was reading, to ask me which I liked, Byron's, Moore's, or Scott's poems the best! "Said I thought that each in their different ways were —" "That's exactly what I think," he replied; "one finds it difficult to say which is the most beautiful." Did not find me out. Found my dear Anastasia relieved from her spasms, and better than I expected.

17th to 30th. From this date being chiefly at home, with much business and but little events, have neither time nor matter for journalising in detail. Occupied

(as much as my anxiety for our dear girl would let me) with my Byron work.

July 26th. Saw Lord Lansdowne. Told me a good mistake of his porter in town. Meaning soon to set off to the Continent, Lord L. had made some inquiries about an old courier of his, in answer to which a message was left with his porter, that "the courier was disengaged." The old porter, with his head full of recent changes, repaired immediately to Lord L.'s valet, with a face of mystery and importance, and said he didn't know what was in the wind now, but that a message was come to say that the "Courier newspaper was disengaged, and at my Lord's disposal."

28th. Took Tom to Bowood on the pretty donkey Lady L. has given him, with a very nice saddle to boot; the dear fellow quite happy with it. Dined there; none but Guthrie, Lord Kerry, and themselves. Talked of the use of particular words; "tasteful" for instance, which the Hollands will not hear of; yet surely nothing can be more pursuant to analogy: beautiful, joyful, graceful, &c., being all formed in the same manner, and seeming, indeed, to require it to be of their company. Lord L., owning all this, was still of opinion that there was something defective about the word, possibly from the confusion produced by its also being applicable to objects of the *palate*. Mentioned a coinage I had made in my "Anacreon" of a diminutive "winglets," also according to analogy, but not very much to be approved; in which, however, I was followed by Campbell in some of his poems. Talked of the use of an English dictionary; Lord John Russell (as he has often told me) never, by any chance, refers to one, while he is writing, and I am always referring to it. *Quere*, Whether this is from my being an Irishman, and not so at home in the language? The Scotch, certainly, are seldom so much at their ease in it as to venture upon that best charm of style, a vigorous and graceful familiarity. Scott an exception; his English almost always delightful. Talked of Fox's style in his "History." I pronounced it bad, but had no recollection how *very* bad it

was, till I took down the book and read over some of the passages. All agreed that nothing could be more constrained and ungraceful. Lord and Lady L. and Louisa walked part of the way home with us.

August 11th. Dined at Locke's; Edmonstone and his brother, Phipps, &c. Edmonstone far more agreeable than usual; repeated some amusing *jeux d'esprit* of Mansell's (the Master of Trinity). \* \* \* \* Anecdote of the rival shoemakers; one of them putting up over his shop *Mens conscia recti*, and the other instantly mounting "Men's and women's conscia recti."

12th. Dined at Bowood; only Mr. Thomas Grenville and Oakden. Day very agreeable. Strange and barbarous task at Westminster, that of turning Horace into other language. The late Lord Warwick's habit of tying knots in his pocket handkerchief in order to recollect the various episodical allusions with which his conversation abounded. Oakden has seen no less than five knots on the handkerchief, all which he most duly and tediously returned to. A character in one of Murphy's plays does the same, or rather a person is mentioned by one of the characters who *did* so. Slept there.

16th. Dined at Bowood. Company: the Duchess of Hamilton, Lord Douglas, and Lord John Russell. In the evening the Duchess of H. sang; the first time I have heard her for twenty-two years! Still a fine creature both in voice and face. Slept there.

17th. Lord Lansdowne and Lord John Russell walked part of the way home with me. The Duke of Clarence lately, in talking over the division on the Catholic Question, said to some one, "Well, it was not bad, considering, too, how many of the opponents voted like me against their own opinion." This Lord L. heard from the Noble Lord to whom the Duke said it. In talking of the probability of Lord Grey joining the Duke of Wellington, Lord L. said that, "to gain the Catholic cause, any one ought to come in at any time." Lord John Russell proposed to me to join him in a trip to Ireland this summer; he would wait for me at Lord

Cawdor's, and after passing a day or two there I should proceed with him to Ireland. Very tempting, but not much chance of my being able to effect it, as I must reserve myself for the chance of my dearest Anastasia being ordered somewhere for change of air.

18th. Lord John called to see Bessy; stayed some time. Walked back with him; conversation about Ireland. Said I felt that it was now time for me to do what many circumstances had hitherto indisposed me to, viz. take an active part in the affairs of the Catholics, and that if I went to Ireland I would attend the associations. Said he thought I had better not; that one could best serve the Catholics by keeping out of their ranks, and joining their cause, not themselves.

24th. Walked over to Bowood, and a little after one set off with Lord Lansdowne for Highclere, Lord Carnarvon's place. Called to see little Tom in passing through Marlborough, and left him some fruit Lady L. had given me for him; a delightful day and most agreeable journey. Our conversation on the degrees of happiness possessed by different people; "few plead guilty to happiness," &c. &c. Company at Lord C.'s, the Puseys, an old clergyman, and ourselves.

25th. After breakfast Lord L. left us to join Lady Lansdowne at Newbury, and proceed on their way to the Continent. Walked and drove about for several hours with Lord Carnarvon, through his grounds. Have looked, during to-day, through a book published by Lord C.'s brother\*, "Nimrod," full of odd notions and multifarious learning. A good deal of laughing with Lord C. about two or three strange things I pointed out to him in it; the derivation of Old Nick from *Nick*, &c. &c.

26th. After breakfast (having stood a good deal of pressing to make me stay) set off in Lord C.'s carriage for Newbury, and, taking the first coach that arrived, got home in the evening. Forgot, by-the-bye, to

\* W. Herbert.

mention that on the day I dined at Bowles's with the Lansdownes (August 2nd). I said to them on our way thither, "I wish you had any old farm house you could put us in, for I fear we shall be obliged to leave Sloperton, it is so small for us, now that Anastasia lives at home." I then mentioned to them some thoughts I had of building on a spot near us (of about three acres' extent) if I could get possession of it; and, in talking of the expense of building a cottage, Lord L. said, "I think, as far as wood and stone go, we could help you out a little." They then both inquired particularly with respect to the position of the ground I mentioned; and Lady L. said, "As you don't set up much for a man of business, you had better leave the whole thing to Lord Lansdowne, and he'll see what can be done in it." The very next morning we saw a man on horseback visiting the aforesaid spot of ground, who proved to be (as I learned afterwards from Lord L.) his agent, Atherton, whom he had sent for the purpose. On our way now to Highclere, he told me that though the title to the ground (as I had already informed him) was a complicated one, yet there *could* be a title made, and he had left directions with Atherton to follow up the matter during his absence. It would be right, however, he said, that I should, in the meantime, refrain from either acting or talking upon the subject, as the idea of *competition* would be sure to tell against us in the negotiation. Another circumstance which I omitted to mention during this time relates to my transactions with "The Times." The tone taken by them on the Clare election, and on a trifling *row* at Ballinamore (which they very mischievously magnified into a rebellion), induced me, at last, after some expostulations, to send in my *demission* as contributor; explaining that I could not conscientiously remain connected with a paper holding the tone upon Irish affairs that "The Times" did at present. Received a very friendly letter from Barnes, saying how much they regretted the loss of my aid; that I had been "of the highest service" to the paper, and that they only

hoped the separation would not be final; feeling, no doubt, that our views upon Ireland would, ere long, again coincide. Gave Barnes some letters of introduction to Ireland, together with one from Lord Lansdowne (whom I made acquainted with all the above circumstances) to his agent at Kenmare. During Barnes's absence in Ireland, the tone of the paper came right again, in consequence of which I resumed my communications, beginning with "Lord Belzebub presents," &c.; and on Barnes's return, he wrote to me to say that his tour had wholly converted him, and that it would be henceforth no task to him to support the Irish cause with all his might.

September 1st to 6th. Several tempting invitations, viz., to the York House music meeting (having had a letter from Mr. York to remind me of my conditional promise); to the Eisteddvôd (the meeting of the Bardic Society in Wales, of which I have been made an honorary member), Colonel Hughes having asked me to meet the Duke of Sussex at his house during the meeting; to Ireland, with Lord John, &c. &c.; but can accept of none, our Anastasia having sufficiently recovered the use of the limb to admit of her being soon removed to the sea. Received a long letter from Lord Francis Gower, in answer to one I wrote recommending Corry to his notice; expresses his regret at my having given up my intention of coming to Ireland, and enters very frankly and fully into the *present state* of Irish politics.\*

7th. Dr. Brabant having pronounced Anastasia (who has begun for some days to move about on crutches) sufficiently recovered to be taken to Southampton, despatched Hannah off to that place to procure lodgings, and bespoke an open carriage at Parsons's to take us there.

12th. Arrived at Salisbury before five, very comfortably. Slept there.

13th. Started after breakfast, and got to

\* Lord Francis Gower (the late Lord Ellesmere) had succeeded the Hon. W. Lamb (afterwards Lord Melbourne) as Irish Secretary.



Southampton about four; 'Stasia but little fatigued by her journey, and only feeling the roughness of the pavement in entering Southampton.

14th, 15th. Went on the 15th to Cowes, in the steam-packet; found that the Listowels were still there. A most lovely evening. Took a walk up the hill by Mr. Ward's, and was in a state of enchantment all the time: the sunset on the sea, the ships,—all beautiful. The Listowels had been out in their yacht, and I received them at their landing. Dined with them; only Lord Ennismore and his mother of the party; in the evening, Lady Ashbrooke, who played and sung. Slept there.

16th. After breakfast, the water being still beautiful, Lady L. proposed that, as I must leave them, they would take me back in their yacht. Did so; the sail delightful. Introduced Bessy to Lady L. at Southampton.

18th. Off in the coach for Salisbury at eight.

22nd to 25th. At work, but found solitude far less favourable to study than I expected. Anxious, too, about Anastasia, and often, when sitting alone in my study of an evening, fancying that I heard her cries of pain in the parlour.

27th. A note from Brabant, to say that Lawes (Tom's schoolmaster), as well as his usher and three of the boys, were ill with fever, and that he had, in consequence, brought his own boy and my Tom away. Walked in to Devizes, and found dear Tom looking quite well, and lodged at Brabant's. Dined with Brabant, and walked home in the evening.

29th. Walked in to Devizes, to the mayor's (Hughes's) dinner. My health drunk with great applause; much more, indeed, than that of any of their dignitaries. Made a speech which seemed to amuse them. Slept at Hughes's.

30th. Up before seven, to see Tom off in the mail for Salisbury; giving him a note to the mistress of the Antelope, to have him forwarded safely to Southampton. Walked home to breakfast, and, after working a few

hours, returned to Devizes, to dine with Scott. Company: Watson Taylor, &c.

October 1st and 2nd. Dined at Methuen's; taken by Brabant, whom I had requested them to ask. Dr. Franklin's idea of the soul that, on the principle of Nature doing nothing in vain, it is difficult to believe that minds, brought to perfection by time and culture, should be let to go out, like the snuff of a candle, without being turned to any account afterwards.

8th. Received a letter from Bessy to say that Tom had shown symptoms of fever on Saturday, but, at the time she wrote, the doctor thought nothing bad would come of it. This news filled me with anxiety; the idea of his having typhus, and communicating it to the other two children, dreadful. Read the letter over and over again, to try and extract comfort from it; read it also to Mrs. Houlton, who thought I had no reason to be alarmed. In the evening had all sorts of gaieties, in which I joined, I think, with the more *abandon* from the excited state of my mind during the day. Played at magical music, and then blind-man's buff, in which my activity made Mrs. Houlton declare that people knew but half my talents who never saw me play blind-man's buff. The young beauties, though having only two elderly beaux (Locke and myself) to play the agreeable with them, seemed as sparkling as if surrounded by dandies.

9th. No more accounts from Southampton, which, I persuaded myself, augured good. Went to look at the girls practising archery, but did not like it; the exertion unfeminine, and distorts both their figures and faces. Another gay evening, for which the younger part of the family was kept up, and music, blind-man's buff, &c., sent us all tired to bed.

10th. Set off to Bath with John Houlton, to attend the mayor's dinner, the mayor being Tudors, who was Anastasia's surgeon at the beginning of her complaint. Two hundred and seventy people sat down to table; several grandees, Lords Camden, Bath, Brecknock, Cork, Thynnes, &c. &c.

Had some talk with the Bishop of Bath and Wells before dinner. Sat next to Watson Taylor, who tried to convince me that I was wrong in my views of Lord Castlereagh's political character. Could not easily grant him this, but owned that I had mixed up Lord Camden with the bloody transactions of '98 more than his conduct since inclined me to think he deserved.

11th. Set off for Devizes at one o'clock, with Watson Taylor and Salmon, in W. S.'s carriage. Our conversation on the way interesting, as being about the events of '98 in Ireland, when W. Taylor was secretary to Lord Camden, and I was a young sucking rebel at college; his companions being the Cookes, Castlereaghs, &c. of that period; and mine, Emmett, Lawless, and *hoc genus omne*. Compared notes as to our respective recollections, and felt, both of us, how strange it was that he and I who, thirty years ago, were placed in a position where either might have been called upon to hang or shoot the other, were now chatting over the whole matter amicably in his barouche. William Salmon not a little edified by our conversation. Found now, for the first time, that Watson Taylor was the author of the words of the celebrated "Croppies lie down," — a song to the tune of which more blood has been shed than often falls to the lot of lyrical productions. Dined with Dr. Brabant, and walked home to Sloperton afterwards.

23rd. Set off for Southampton, to-morrow being Tom's birthday, and it being their wish that we should all dine together.

24th. Took them all (our dear Anastasia included) to the play, and she sat it out remarkably well. The young Hardmans, and their French governess, of the party.

27th. Driven into Southampton after breakfast by Trench, who is an agreeable and gentleman-like person. Dined at Fleming's: the hostess is not only pretty but "most musical." Has Moschelles sometimes down for weeks, and goes to Paris to take lessons of Kalkbrenner. In talking of Rossini, mentioned the horror with which these learned harmonists regard the tricks he plays in composition; the way he *hints*

chords, and is then off again without the trouble of resolutions or transitions, and, in short, enraptures people contrary to all the rules of the art. Played a good deal for me in the evening, and with feeling as well as power.

30th. Breakfasted with Mr. Madison, whose house and garden stand on part of the ground that the late Lord Lansdowne's foolish structure occupied. Between one and two, having settled everything, started in Mrs. J. Hamilton's chariot, with horses from the Dolphin, and arrived at Salisbury about dusk; our dear girl bearing the journey perfectly well. Slept at the Antelope; found the landau waiting.

31st. Arrived at the cottage; calculate the whole trip to Southampton to have cost me about 100 guineas. Forgot to mention that some weeks since I had a letter from Lord John Russell from Woburn, sending me some verses he had written about the Duke of Newcastle and Lord Kenyon; very good, at least for the first twenty lines, but after that, from his usual laziness, falling into doggerel, and spoiling a good thought and lively commencement by a most unworthy ending. Wrote to him to this effect, and begged that he would work the idea out more carefully. Told him, too, that I had myself just finished and despatched a squib to "The Times," before I received his, of which the ground-work was, oddly enough, very much the same, "Brunswick Echoes." In his answer said how much surprised he had been himself, on seeing my verses in the paper, at the coincidence between us.

November 19th. Started in the coach at ten o'clock for town; arrived before eight. Went to my usual lodging at Sandon's, in Bury Street.

20th. Went to Power's; called on Rogers and found Luttrell there. Talk about Dr. Muir, the person from Cephalonia, whom I want to see about Byron. R., who has seen him, says he has one letter of B.'s of importance. Promised to return to dinner with Rogers, and went with Luttrell to take my place in the coach for Middleton.

He had been invited there, but refused; said he would not have done so had he known I was going, and on our finding at the office that there was plenty of room in the coach, determined, to my great delight, to change his mind and go too. Dined at Rogers's; his brother and sister and Kenny our company, with Luttrell sitting by as spectator most of the dinner, being engaged somewhere else. Had agreed, Luttrell and I, not to tell Rogers of his change of mind with respect to Middleton. Stayed till ten o'clock. Kenny amusing; quoting from Charles Lamb; a eulogy of his on some dashing dissipated fellow. "His contempt of money, especially yours or mine; his greatness at the midnight hour," &c. &c. Saw poor Lady Donegal this morning; still more broken, alas! than when I last left her.

23rd. Walked for some time after church hours with Lady Cowper: talked of her brother William as not unlikely to take a strong part on the Irish question in the House of Lords, and expressed her own wish that he would. In speaking of the Duke of Wellington's mode of receiving Lord Lansdowne's interpretation of his speech last session, she said that Lord Cowper had distinctly heard the Duke say, "Yes," to Lord L.'s statements. This, however, as I told her, was not Lord L.'s own impression. I had heard that the Duke had cried, "Hear," and questioned Lord L. as to the circumstance; but he said, "No, there was nothing so strong as that; I watched him closely while I spoke, for it was a great point to pin him down as much as possible without going so far as to produce any counter declaration from him; and though he certainly did not give any decisive sign of *assent*, he as certainly did not give any of *dissent*." Lord Cowper, on Lady C. appealing to him, confirmed what she said of his having distinctly heard the word "Hear" from the Duke. Such weight have a great man's monosyllables in the affairs of nations, and so much on the nod of a noble soldier may the fate of millions depend!

24th. After dinner walked for some time

with Luttrell: mentioned his version of the joke about Lord Dudley's speaking by heart—

"In vain my affections the ladies are seeking;  
If I give up my heart, there's an end of my speaking."

The Falcks went off this morning. Had at dinner Lord Villiers, with two young companions, Lords Ossulston and Grimston, come over from Oxford, for the evening. Ossulston a handsome and natural mannered young fellow, with a good singing voice, which he let us hear at the pianoforte in the evening; when my songs, too, were put in requisition as usual. Wished to have started for town to-morrow; but not only the Jerseys themselves, but Luttrell wished the contrary, and so I have yielded.

25th. After breakfast the Cowpers took their leave, repeating to me very cordially their often expressed wish that I should visit them at Panshanger: said I might come whenever I knew they were there. No one left but Luttrell and myself. Walked with Lady Jersey through the grounds to the village, &c. &c. No one at dinner but Lord and Lady Jersey, Luttrell, and myself. Passed the evening in trying over some old music with her. Gave me two letters of Byron's to her; and wrote this morning for me to Lord Grey, to remind him of his conditional promise on the subject of the Charter House to my little Tom.

26th. Luttrell and I started in a chaise at nine o'clock from Oxford, where we arrived just in time to catch a coach to town, and got in between six and seven. Dined with Luttrell; saw some reason to suspect that he has at last *married*.

27th. Called at different places. Sat with C. some time and had a good deal of talk about my Bermuda place—thinks I cannot take any steps as to a deputy (at least a deputy with *security*) till there is something to give security *for*, which can only occur with a war. Dined at Chantrey's; taken by Murray. Chantrey fixed that I should sit for him the next time I came to town. Talking of the late interview he and Wilkie had with the King, which lasted some hours.

Wilkie saying afterwards to Chantrey, "I am glad I went to Windsor to-day, for it will *inure* me to the King." C. took me into his own room in the evening and showed me all the late correspondence between him and the committee for Canning's statue, on which he is evidently sore. Nothing, however, can be more respectful or more complimentary to him as an artist than their appointment of a deputation to wait upon him, and the language in which this deputation addressed him. Endeavoured to impress this upon him.

28th. Had Davison the printer with me to look over the MS. I have brought up; thinks it will make about 200 pages. Dined at Murray's: company, Sotheby, Chantrey, and the Lockharts. Day agreeable; had been most of the morning with Mrs. Shelley driving about to various places. Some one mentioned to-day that a discovery had been made in the State Paper Office of a most voluminous collection of letters by Cardinal Wolsey, and also papers of Milton.

December 2nd. Off at half-past eight for home.

January 1st, 1829. Left Bowood before breakfast. Found a letter from Barnes, saying that the verses I had sent him (in ridicule of the Duke of Wellington) had been actually set up in type, but that, on maturer deliberation, he had decided not to print them. He then gives his reasons at length, being, in substance, that he has great hopes from the Duke for the Catholic question; that it would be, therefore, wrong to make a laughing-stock of him, &c. &c., but that they will watch him well, and should they see reason to attack him, will then be glad of the aid of my "formidable artillery."

3rd. Walked over to Bowood to dinner. The only addition to the company a Russian, whose name nobody could pronounce for me. A very intelligent man, and much versed in the literature of England, as well as of every other part of Europe. Told me that there were two translations of my "Irish Melodies" into Russian, and that he had with him the translation of my "Peri," made by the Russian poet who accompanied the

present Empress when she was at Berlin. In the evening sang a good deal. The Russian showed me the translation of my "Peri" in a collection of Russian poems which he had bound together to read in travelling. My name in the Russian was made *Murosou*, the *ou* at the end being, as in Greek, the sign of the genitive case, "of Moore." Walter Scott not at all to be recognised in its Russian shape.

4th. News of Lord Anglesey's recall from Ireland. A great sensation at breakfast, every one producing their letters of private intelligence, with rumours of his successor, &c. &c. Lord L., when asked how he was this morning, answered, "All the better for reading Anglesey's admirable letter."

8th. Sent off the verses, "Rival Topics," to "The Times." Find it a hard task now to write *anything* with a mind so harassed as mine is by the prolonged illness of Anastasia, and the evident effect it begins to have upon the (even far more precious) health of the mother, who looks every day more and more worn with it.

16th. Walked over to Bowood to dinner. Lord L. showed me after dinner a letter he had received from Lord Anglesey, explaining the circumstances that led to his recall and to the publication of his letter to Curtis; was very well written, and both the style and the feeling showing him to have been fully capable of the letter to the Archbishop. One word in it rather an odd coinage: "*upholdatory* of his government."

26th. Some conversation with Lord L., Elwyn, &c., after breakfast. Lord Peterborough, being once surrounded by a mob, who took him for the Duke of Marlborough, then very unpopular, looked out of the carriage window, and said, "I assure you, my good friends, you are mistaken in your man; I have rather a large sum of money in my carriage, and, to convince you I am not the Duke of Marlborough, here it is, very much at your service." Elwyn mentioned to me an anecdote of Lord Byron having once taken a challenge from — Chief-Justice Best, on account of the latter

having said that — was a great rascal. "I confess, my Lord, I did say that — was a great rascal, and I now repeat the assertion to your Lordship; but are you aware, Lord Byron," (he added, laughing) "of the consequences you expose yourself to, by bringing a challenge to a Chief-Justice?" Lord Byron was soon made to feel the ridicule of the step, and they parted very good friends, leaving —'s honour to shift for itself.

27th. Busy revising my MS. of Byron's *Life*, in order to send some of it up by Lord Lansdowne.

[The beginning of this year was clouded by the illness and death of Anastasia, the remaining daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Moore. She was of a gentle and affectionate nature, with a sensibility and modesty of character which deeply engaged the tenderness of her parents. Moore seems to have been afraid of disturbing her mind with religious preparation; but Mrs. Moore had long before inculcated in her daughter's mind those lessons of piety she was so well qualified to give. — ED.]

February 4th and 5th. At home at work. On the 5th, Bessy came with the Hugheses and Anastasia; a sad scene with my poor Bessy, who evidently fears the worst. On the evening of the 5th received a letter of Luttrell's to Scott (which my kind Bess despatched to me), announcing the *certainty* that emancipation is to be recommended in the King's forthcoming speech. Could I ever have thought that this event would, under any circumstances, find me indifferent to it? yet such is almost the case at present.

8th. Bessy arrived with Anastasia between three and four. Fowler has twice seen her, and says there are *some* favourable symptoms, but those of an opposite kind, by what I can collect, predominate. Never was there anything in this world equal to the feeling, the firmness, the total sacrifice of self, the perfection, in short, of all womanly virtue that exists in my beloved Bessy. Resolved, for *her* sake, to rally all my fortitude, and prepare for the worst.

\* Salisbury, Feb. 4th, 1829.

My dear Moore.

We are now settled, or shall very soon be so, in our new-furnished house, and shall have got up a bed for stray friends from your part of Wiltshire. Lord Lansdowne, I suppose, is gone to the great arena, and we most sincerely and anxiously hope in improved health. I trust also your *great task* is out of *your* hands, and what can you do better than spending a week here, to partake our canonical hospitalities, and hear our cathedral harmonies, so delightful to me in the evening of my days, yet without any "decadence" of mind, fancy, or physical strength?

Two ladies, one a young and interesting widow, sing most exquisitely *Inde Gratia*, &c., and all such heavenly things, besides my having the command of an excellent choir in the cathedral, to sing what anthems I like. As I always write whatever I do write from instant impressions, you will have a *sketch* taken one morning. The old blind man dined here on Sunday, and it is an interesting sight to see him, every day, take his place.

Here is, therefore, to tempt you towards us, a fine cathedral, a hospitable canonical house, a sincere friend, two interesting lady singers, excellent music, *in* and *out* of church, an old poetical parson, and a blind man, whom it would do your heart good to see. Hoyle is coming on the 17th. I have, at present, no spare bed, but the week after (23rd or 24th) I shall hope to have got one up, and that you will come and stay over Sunday following, or as long as you find it convenient or agreeable. We will not "teach you to *drink deep* ere you depart" of canonical port, but of delicious harmonies, and such a week will be an "otium" to literary labours, though they are not likely to stop mine entirely.

I hope Anastasia and Mrs. Moore are well. Mrs. B. sends her kind regards. We shall have at this residence only a small bed, but when better furnished, shall be happy, whenever convenient to see Mrs. Moore.

*Tom*, the *younger*, passed through on his way to school, but the graceless *varlet* did not call. If you can come, I could take you over to Southampton for *one day* and bring you back, but I must not be longer out of the sound of those bells. Those "evening" and morning bells. Write.

Yours most truly,

W. L. BOWLES.

P.S. My works are in the greatest demand! Not a copy to be got of "Bramhill" or "Banwell," so to work I go again.

9th to 12th. A melancholy week, but lucky for me that I am *obliged* to work, as it, in some degree, distracts my thoughts. The dreadful moment is that interval at night, when I have done working and am preparing for bed. It is then everything most dreadful crowds upon me, and the loss not only of this dear child, but of all that I love in the world, seems impending over me. Nothing could surpass the kindness of the Fieldings and everybody else. A letter from Lady Lansdowne, offering Bessy and me rooms at Bowood whenever we might wish to go there. Our poor girl sometimes cheerful, and the night before last not only made me play some waltzes to her, but hummed one or two herself.

18th. [London.] Called upon Rogers; walked with me on my way to Power's. In speaking of Young the poet, as being a very merry fellow in conversation, he said, "I dare say that people who *act* melancholy as he did, must have a vent in some way or other. Now, mutes at funerals, I can imagine them when they throw off their cloaks, playing leapfrog together." Thence to call on O'Connell at Batt's. The waiter told me that there came about forty or fifty poor devils of Irish there every day with petitions to the great Dan. Found with O'Connell Mr. Bellew, Sir T. Esmonde, O'Gorman, and a priest. O'Connell, showing me a packet just arrived from Charleston with contributions, said, "It is these things have done it." Mentioned a curious judgment he once heard Curran deliver as Master of the Rolls, on a case connected with the theatre, about free

admissions, which the renters wished to restrain; in which he drew an illustration from Lundy Foot, and said that this tobaccoist might as well bring an action for damages against a man, who, in passing by his shop, "caught an eleemosynary pinch of snuff on the breeze." He then proceeded to say that the case reminded him of his youthful days, when he was a great visitor of the theatre, and when, being always of an aspiring disposition, he used to choose the loftiest situation in the house; that there he used to observe that the *gratuitous* part of the audience were the most clamorous and applaudive; and accordingly came to the conclusion, that "if free admissions were not allowed, not only would the theatre be proportionately thinner, but (what would be a serious grievance) *bad acting would go without applause.*" Told me a story of himself having, one morning, at the inn at Killarney, got up early for the purpose of setting off by the coach, and as he walked up and down the passage repenting to himself my lines:

"The friends we've tried  
Are by our side,"

just as he came to "the foe we hate before us," a bedroom door opened, and out walked Goulburn. On my saying that from the wretched state of my mind at this moment I could not bring myself up to the feeling they all had at this moment, O'Gorman answered, "'Faith, and you were *up* to it as early as any man I know." I then reminded him of a conversation we had one night in the year 1797 (I think) when he and I were in college together, he rather my senior.

19th. A note from Murray to come and breakfast; did so. Had been reading my MS. of Byron, and expressed himself highly delighted with it, which gave me pleasure. Publishers, like picture dealers, are sharpened into taste by their interest, and acquire a knack of *knowing* what is good without understanding it. Left my card at Secretary Peel's.

20th. Breakfasted at the Athenæum. Wrote a note to Peel, saying that he must be rather surprised at seeing my card yesterday,

but that I had two motives for leaving it at his door; the first and chief, to pay my humble homage to what I considered the finest example of moral courage and high-mindedness in our times, and the other (which but for the first I should not have troubled him with) was to ask whether he recollected a circumstance which Byron mentions of him in one of his letters, and which I then stated. I added that (as it might give him less trouble to speak with me on the subject for two minutes than to write) I would, myself, leave this note at his house on my way to William Bankes's and call as I returned. Was admitted at Mr. Peel's; received me very kindly, and said how much obliged he was by my note. The circumstance mentioned by Byron was, that Peel, in the year 1810, I think, had met (as he thought) Lord Byron in the streets of London at a time when the latter was actually lying ill of a fever at Patras. The fact was, Peel said, (though he did not like his name to be quoted seriously as an authority for a ghost story,) he was really under the impression, and still continued so, that he had not only seen, but talked with Lord Byron at the time. He then talked a good deal of Byron; mentioned his fondness for low company; the influence that the example of his grand-uncle, the old Lord, had over his mind, and particularly on the subject of duelling, which he accustomed himself to connect with the name of Byron, and to look to as a resource and a revenge in his manhood when under any mortifications from being bullied by stronger boys at school. This last remark, I owned to him, had not occurred to me before, but I felt its truth and should make use of it: the former observation (respecting the general effect of the old Lord's example on his mind) I had anticipated. On shaking hands at parting, he assured me that nothing had been said on the late occurrences that gave him so much pleasure as my note. Called upon Lord John Russell and found him at home. A good deal of conversation; find there is a drawback (in the mind of him and others) on the merit of Peel's conduct, from the

consideration that he must have had pretty nearly the same views of the necessity of yielding the question at the time he separated from and opposed Canning on it.

21st. Went to Longmans'. Forget whether I mentioned their proposal to me when I was last in town respecting a sort of Cyclopædia publication they meditate, and which it was their wish to commence with histories of Scotland and Ireland (one small volume each) by Sir Walter Scott and myself. What they proposed to offer me then was 500*l.*, but, by a letter written after my return home, I declined the proposal, giving my reasons at length. They now returned to the charge on new and certainly more tempting grounds, their plan being to have a history of England by Mackintosh in three small volumes, and those of Scotland and Ireland (as before) by Scott and me, but the price raised to 1000*l.* for each volume; 3000*l.* to Sir James, and 1000*l.* each to Scott and me. The difficulty they apprehended (I having said that under such circumstances I saw no objection to the undertaking) is on the part of Scott, who has given for answer, that in his "Tales of a Grandfather," he has already performed the task they demand of him. Begged that I would join Mackintosh in a request to Sir Walter to be our *collaborateur*, which I promised to do.

[The plan which is here mentioned, of combining Mr. Moore with Sir James Mackintosh and Sir Walter Scott in historical works, was carried into effect. Had Mr. Moore been able to keep to the restriction of one volume, which seems to have been originally in contemplation, the result might have been an easy, agreeable, and readable book. But, unfortunately, he extended his labours, and spread the work over several volumes. For this task he was not originally very well qualified. No man knew better how to turn his researches in libraries to account, and to pick out the jewels from the stone and rubbish of the mine in which he was employed. But a critical examination of obscure authorities on an obscure subject was not a pursuit well suited to his genius. His time was absorbed by it, his

health worn, and his faculties dragged down to a wearisome and uncongenial task.

I had long urged him to undertake the life of Grattan; and when the documents for that purpose were not confided to him, I advised him to pass lightly over the earlier periods of Irish history in order to narrate at length the events which took place from the first formation of the Volunteers to the conclusion of the Legislative Union. There is much that is bright, as well as much that is sad, in the history of that period. The characters of Lord Charlemont and Mr. Grattan deserve to be drawn with a "pencil of light." Purer and more upright statesmen have never adorned the annals of any country. The story of the Rebellion of 1798, and the devotion to their mistaken cause of Lord Edward and his associates, is of melancholy interest.

Had Moore undertaken this task, materials would have been poured at his feet in abundance. His country would have found in his brilliant and touching narrative the highest examples of virtue to imitate, the sad memorials of misdirected patriotism to lament, the foul stains of corruption to loathe, and the dreadful records of cruelty to abhor. It is much to be regretted that such a task has not been performed; to a friend of Moore's, it is matter of deep concern that he should not have performed it.—ED.]

22nd. Off at seven. Arrived at Calne before five, and set off on foot for home. Felt most anxious as I approached the cottage, not knowing what might have happened since the day before yesterday. Could not bring myself to enter at the hall-door, but tapped at the back kitchen window in order to know what I was to expect. Our poor child much the same; found her upstairs in the room she was never again to leave *alive*.

23rd to 28th. The next fortnight furnishes but a melancholy detail of the last hours of our darling child, the only consolation of which was that she passed them without suffering, and even in calm and cheerful enjoyment. She had no idea of her danger, nor did Bessy, nor I, nor any of those about her, ever show the least sign

of alarm or sorrow in her presence. There are some pious persons who would think this wrong, and who would have disturbed and embittered the last moments of this innocent child with religious exhortations and *preparations* (as they would call it) for another world, as if the whole of her short and stainless life was not a far better preparation than any that their officiousness could afford her. We passed every evening together (she, and I, and her mamma) in some amusement or other, and as it had been seldom in my power to spare so much of my company in this way, it was a treat to her which she enjoyed most thoroughly. "What nice evenings we have!" she would say to her mamma continually. Sometimes we used to look over together a child's book in which there were pictures from history, and talk of the events and persons they alluded to; at another time, Caroline Fielding's sketch-book and the engravings of Pinelli were an amusement to her; but, in general, what gave her pleasure was either playing a game or two at draughts with me herself, or looking on while her mamma and I played draughts or cribbage, and betting with me as to which should win. However difficult it was to go on cheerfully in such circumstances, I am convinced that the effort did both Bessy and me much service, by accustoming us to control our feelings, and, in a certain degree, *hardening* us for the worst. I have already mentioned her having attempted to sing through a quadrille one evening, a little before my departure for town, and at the same time she gave an imitation of a foreigner whom she had heard counterfeiting the tones of different musical instruments with his voice at Devizes. A few nights after my return (on the 27th I think) she said to her mamma, when she was putting her to bed (having been all the evening in most cheerful spirits), "Shall I try and sing?" "Do, love," said her mamma, and she immediately sung the line, "When in death I shall calm recline," without, however, (as Bessy is persuaded) having the least idea of applying it to her own situation.



March 1st to 12th. Towards the end of this week she began to have *accesses* of extra weakness in the mornings, so much so as to make me think, each time, that her last moment was come; but she revived from them after taking some refreshment, and the strong cheerful tone of her voice on recovering from what had appeared to be death seemed wonderful, and even startling. Sunday, 8th, I rose early, and on approaching the room, heard the dear child's voice as strong, I thought, as usual; but, on entering, I saw death plainly in her face. When I asked her how she had slept, she said, "Pretty well," in her usual courteous manner; but her voice had a sort of hollow and distant softness not to be described. When I took her hand on leaving her, she said (I thought significantly), "Good bye, papa." I will not attempt to tell what I felt at all this. I went occasionally to listen at the door of the room, but did not go in, as Bessy, knowing what an effect (through my whole future life) such a scene would have upon me, implored me not to be present at it. Thus passed the first of the morning. About eleven o'clock (as Bessy told me afterwards) the poor child, with an appearance rather of wandering in her mind, said, somewhat wildly, "I shall die, I shall die;" to which her *mamma* answered, "We pray to God continually for you, my dear Anastasia, and I am sure God must love you, for you have been always a good girl." "Have I?" she said; "I thought I was a very naughty girl; but I am glad to hear *you* say that I have been good; for others would perhaps say it out of compliment, but you know me, and must therefore think so, or you would not say it." "But everybody thinks the same, my love. All your young friends love you. Lady Lansdowne thinks you a very good girl." "Does she, mummy?" said the dear child; and then added, "Do you think I shall go to Lady Lansdowne's party this year?" I don't know what poor Bessy answered to this. In about three-quarters of an hour or less she called for me, and I came and took her hand for a few seconds, during which Bessy leaned

down her head between the poor dying child and me, that I might not see her countenance. As I left the room, too, agonised as her own mind was, my sweet, thoughtful Bessy ran anxiously after me, and giving me a smelling-bottle, exclaimed, "For God's sake don't *you* get ill." In about a quarter of an hour afterwards she came to me, and I saw that all was over. I could no longer restrain myself; the feelings I had been so long suppressing found vent, and a fit of loud violent sobbing seized me, in which I felt as if my chest was coming asunder. The last words of my dear child were "Papa, papa." Her mother had said, "My dear, I think I could place you more comfortably; shall I?" to which she answered, "Yes," and Bessy placing her hand under her back, gently raised her. That moment was her last. She exclaimed suddenly, "I am dying, I am dying, Papa! papa!" and expired.

On the 12th our darling child was conveyed to Bromham churchyard, poor Bessy having gone the night before to see where she was to be laid. Almost all those offices towards the dead which are usually left to others to perform, the mother on this occasion would perform herself, and the last thing she did before the coffin was closed on Wednesday night, was to pull some snow-drops herself and place them within it. She had already, indeed, laid on her dead darling's bosom a bunch of cowslips, which she had smelled to (and with *such* eagerness) the day before her death, and it was singular enough, and seemed to give Bessy pleasure, that though lying there three days they were scarcely at all faded. I had ordered a chaise on the morning of the funeral to take us out of the way of this most dreadful ceremony, (well remembering how it harrowed up all our feelings in following my poor father to the grave,) and a most melancholy drive we had of it for two long hours, each bearing up for the sake of the other, but all the worse, in reality, for the effort.

And such is the end of so many years of fondness and hope; and nothing is now left us but the dream (which may God in his

mercy realise) that we shall see our pure child again in a world more worthy of her.

April 1st, &c. It has been most lucky for me that I have had compulsory work to do; work which I *could* not put off, and which is of a nature to *force* my mind to it. This, with Bessy's calm, wasted looks, which tell me hourly what an effort she is making for *my* sake, has enabled me to rally far beyond what I expected, and I have accordingly worked, and am now working, almost as if—but I must have done with the subject.

During this whole time I have been as hard at work as cares and some sad thoughts would let me be. Have heard from various quarters of Murray's delight with my work, as far as it has gone. Dined one day with the Fieldings, and slept there. Attempted in the evening to sing the new song I have written, "Bring thy lute hither, love;" but just at the last line, when I had with difficulty restrained myself throughout, the violent burst came; and for near ten minutes (to the great alarm of the girls, who fled out of the room) I continued to sob as if my chest was coming asunder. Was to have dined with Elwyn at Bath on the 25th, but as I felt a strong wish to be up in town time enough for the meeting on the subject of a statue to the Duke of Wellington, and the interval would barely allow of my doing so, sent him an apology.

May 5th. Started for town in the York House; Tom Bailey in the coach. Mentioned that he heard Sir W. Scott say once, of the imitators of Johnson's style, "Many can make Johnson's *report*, but few can carry his bullet." Found on my arrival a long note from Lord Lansdowne on the subject of the meeting, which, he says, "you seem so anxious to attend;" stating his objections to it. Rather puzzled by this note. Had already thought it odd that so few of the names of the great Irish Whig proprietors appeared on the list of the committee. Called upon the Fieldings; found them at dinner; told me that there was a very general dislike to this meeting among

our Whig friends, Lord Auckland, Lord Holland, &c.

6th. Went in search of Corry, who had come up from Cheltenham to the meeting, solely because I was to be there. Found Mr. Mahony, the projector of the whole affair, at the same coffee-house with Corry. The resolutions (which had been one of the chief grounds of objections among the Whigs) were now altered. Told me they counted upon me to move one of them; this not at all fair, as I had written to offer myself as "a mouth-piece" to the Duke of Leinster, and on his not noticing my offer in his answer had dismissed the whole thing from my mind, so that I had not sufficiently prepared myself to address a meeting of so much importance. Went to Lord J. Russell's; found him at home. Said he did not mean to attend, but quite agreed with me, that as I had come up, I ought to go. In the course of my walks, I had thought over something to say, and communicated to the secretary that I was now willing to move the resolution. The other resolutions were moved by the Duke of Leinster, Marquis of Downshire, Lord Darnley, Lord Clifford, &c. &c. Nothing could equal the enthusiasm of my reception; huzzas, hats and handkerchiefs waving, the whole audience standing up; it was several minutes before I was able to utter a word; my speech, too, though so hastily got up, produced a great effect. Came away with Agar Ellis, who regretted extremely the view that so many of our Whig friends took of the matter, and thought it would do them harm with the public.

7th. Stayed at home in the morning, correcting. Dined at Lord Lansdowne's: the Cowpers, the Hopes, Lord W. Russell, Lord Villiers, Caroline Fielding, the George Lambs, &c. A good deal of conversation with Lord W. Russell in the evening about Byron; his dissipation at Venice; doing it very much out of bravado, and not really liking it. Used often to fly away from home and row all night upon the water. Mentioned what he had heard of Byron's not feeling any admiration of Rome; saying to

Hobhouse, "What shall I write about?" and H. giving him the heads of what he afterwards described so powerfully.

8th. Breakfasted with the Lansdownes. On my telling Lord L. of the alarm we were in at the meeting lest some one should propose to substitute Lord Anglesey for the statue instead of the Duke (a proposition not unlikely to have been carried), he mentioned a parallel case in Dublin at a meeting for some sort of testimonial to Isaac Corry, when just as the whole thing seemed settled, an amendment was moved that the two words "Isaac Corry" should be omitted, and the words "John Foster" substituted, and without much difficulty carried. Went with Corry at one o'clock to call on Lord Anglesey, a fine gallant fellow. Told us of the King's wish (as far back as his visit to Ireland) to make him Lord-Lieutenant. I mentioned to him our alarm at the meeting lest the Duke should be ousted and he put in his saddle, which amused him a good deal.

9th. A kind note from Lord Grey, to say that his turn for the nomination for the Charter House being come, he had very great pleasure in offering it to me for Tom.

10th. Dined at Lord Listowel's; Corry and I in the evening to Lady Jersey's. Thence to the ball at Devonshire House; very fine and very hot. Interesting conversation with Lord Clare; his confessing what wrong he had done me for a great part of his life from what he had thought due to his father's memory (whom I had attacked in an early poem, "Corruption"); his having refused to be introduced to me by Rogers, &c. I told him I had never in the least blamed him for this feeling, as it was one I should most probably have had myself. He then said, "But I *do* feel that I have been guilty of *tort* towards you, and you cannot conceive with what zeal Byron took your part against me when we met in Italy, and when I stated the reasons of my feeling, he said laughingly, 'Well, you are both Irishmen, and therefore, perhaps, both in the wrong.'" Lord Clare then added,

"Byron was strongly attached to you, and I feel quite sure that you and I were the persons he liked best in the world."

11th. Called upon Lord Grey, and received the warrant of our dear Tom's nomination. Called upon Lady Lansdowne, read her a letter I had had from Bessy, full of sadness and sweetness. Could hardly refrain from giving way while I read it.

13th. Dined with C.; called and left my name at the Duke of Sussex's in my way. Party at dinner, Lord Palmerston, Lord Lowther, Sir G. Clerk, and Spencer Perceval. The conversation agreeable. The King, it appears, did not ask Scott (as I have always understood) whether he was the author of the novels; he only alluded pointedly to some character in them, upon which Scott said, "Sir, it is impossible to mistake the meaning, &c. &c., and I beg to say, &c. &c.," disclaiming in the most decided manner his being the author. This was going out of his way to deny; had the Prince *asked* him, he might have been justified in doing so; but volunteering an untruth in this way is unintelligible; always taking it for granted that the story is true, which it may not be. C., however, said he was by when it happened.\* Speaking of Canning's excessive fastidiousness in the style of his papers, C. said that, after all his painstaking, he would suffer anybody to make alterations in them with the utmost good-humour and readiness. This seems unaccountable, but Lord Palmerston seemed to confirm the assertion.

18th. Called at Murray's; found the sub-committee for Byron's monument sitting; a hearty shake of the hands from Hobhouse. Went to the House of Commons early. An immense crowd in the lobby, Irish agitators,

\* It is very strange that Moore, who was constantly denying his authorship of the squibs in "The Times" and "Morning Chronicle," should be so severe upon Scott. The person to be blamed in these instances is the asker of impertinent and unjustifiable questions. Nor does it much signify whether the question is by a point-blank shot, or by the mode of sapping and mining. Either mode is hostile and aggressive.—Ed.

&c. The House enormously full. O'Connell's speech good and judicious. Sent for by Mrs. Manners Sutton at seven o'clock to have some dinner; none but herself and daughters, Mr. Lockwood and Mr. Sutton. Amused to see her, in all her state, the same hearty, lively Irishwoman still. Walked with her in the garden; the moonlight on the river, the boats gliding along it, the towers of Lambeth rising on the opposite bank, the lights of Westminster Bridge gleaming on the left; and then, when one turned round to the House, that beautiful Gothic structure, illuminated from within, and at that moment containing within it the council of the nation, — all was most picturesque and striking.

19th. Called upon O'Connell to wish him joy of the success of his speech; told him how much Lord Lansdowne was delighted with it. Asked him did he feel at all the novelty of his station. Said he felt that he was not on an equality with those he was addressing.

20th. Dined at the Speaker's, himself being (as this was Wednesday) of the party. No one else but the two Messieurs that we had on Monday. The Speaker very agreeable. Told me a good deal about the manuscripts found in the State Paper office: those of Wolsey very curious: show the skill with which he ruled the King. Mentioned a curious proclamation (I know not whether among the new State papers) issued in Queen Elizabeth's time, forbidding people, under pain of punishment, to talk of the Queen's person or features, or to describe them in writing or otherwise. In a conversation with him after dinner dwelt much on the advantages of humbug; of a man knowing how to take care of his reputation, and to keep from being *found out*, so as always to pass for cleverer than he is: the wisdom, particularly, of looking to the *position* of those who offer to promote him; whether it is in order to bolster themselves up or not. The *position* of a Government makes all the difference, and in *one* state of affairs the same man will disgrace himself as Secretary of State who, in another, will fill that office

with honour and success. As it was not civil to differ with him on his imputation of humbug to himself, I insisted that the policy he had been describing was that of a wise man, not of a humbug; that to know what one was fit for, and manage skilfully one's resources and opportunities, was the part of prudence and wisdom, not of impudence: that even if, by this line of conduct, a man induced his fellow-men to give him credit for being cleverer than he really was, the fault could not be his, as long as he did not himself advance any claims to this credit; the moment he *pretended* to what he did not possess, then began humbug, but not sooner. He still pushed his point, playfully, but pertinaciously; and in illustration of what he meant, put the following case: — "Suppose a Speaker rather new to his office, and a question brought into discussion before him which parties are equally divided upon, and which he sees will run to very inconvenient lengths, if not instantly decided. Well, though entirely ignorant on the subject, he assumes an air of authority, and gives his decision, which sets the matter at rest. On going home, he finds that he has decided quite wrongly; and then, without making any further fuss about the business, he quietly goes and *alters* the *entry* on the journals." To his *supposed* case, all I had to answer was, that I still thought the man a wise one, and no humbug; by his resolution, in a moment of difficulty, he prevented a *present* mischief; and by his withdrawal of a wrong precedent, averted a *future* one.

21st. Breakfasted with Sharp, to consult with him about my projected flight to the little inn in the neighbourhood of his estate near Dorking. It is totally impossible for me to do anything in town; and the consequence is, though a good deal a-head of the printers' devils when I came up, they have now caught me, and are "crying aloud for copy." Not a minute of the day am I left without cards to answer, visits to return, authors and authoresses, musicians and musicianesses (not to mention peers and peeresses), to attend to; and, in short, such a

cenceless whirl, that if I do not fly I am ruined. Sharp, aided by his ward, gave me, most good-naturedly, all the *renseignements*; and on Sunday I shall be off. Dined at Lord Anglesey's. Company: Lords Harrowby, Lansdowne, Carlisle, Darnley, Holland, Wellesley, and the Duke of Sussex. Dinner agreeable as well as splendid. The avowal of some of the noble Lords of their having assisted at some of the Jacobin Clubs at the beginning of the Revolution rather amusing. When Lord Anglesey smiled at it, Lord Harrowby said, "Why, it was something like attending the Catholic Association." Lord Harrowby gave a detailed account of Thistlewood's conspiracy, and of the share he himself had had in detecting it: all seemed to consider Thistlewood as a very extraordinary man. After dinner made a third (being *listener* for the most part) in an agreeable conversation with Lords Wellesley and Holland, chiefly about Mr. Pitt and Mr. Fox, who (they agreed) had a kindly and generous feeling towards each other. Mentioned several curious prognostics of Pitt in his young days; Lord Mansfield saying, "He has twice his father's parts, and half his sagacity;" old Lady Holland saying to her husband Henry Fox, "That boy will be a thorn in Charles's side one day or other." A good deal of humbug about Lord Chatham; used to mutter pompously over a great portion of his speech till he came to the fine parts; and, in his latter days, used to go on with a sort of gabble, as if he was speaking, saying nothing whatever all the time.

22nd. Breakfasted with Lord John Russell; Lord William joined us afterwards. Forgot to mention that I was yesterday for some time with Lord Clare, looking over his own early letters to Byron (those of Byron all, except one, which he gave me, unluckily lost), and felt much interested by them: from one of them it appeared that Byron was violently jealous of some regret Clare had expressed at the loss of Lord John Russell, who was then going abroad. Told this to Lord John, who said it was the first time he ever heard of it.

23rd. Breakfasted at the Athenæum for the purpose of meeting Mr. Matthews, with whom I had been lately corresponding so much about his brother, &c. &c. The parody on Eloisa to Abelard, so generally attributed to Porson, was, it seems, really written by Mr. Matthews's father. Had rather a painful scene this morning. While I was knocking at Lord Ilchester's door, Lord Anglesey, with his daughters, drove up to his own; and calling me over, seized me by the arm, and said, "Now that I have caught you, I will not let you go till you hear my daughter sing, and sing something in return for her." In vain did I protest that I was in a hurry somewhere upon business; he would hear of nothing, but forced me upstairs, where I was introduced, for the first time, to his lady. The girl was set down instantly in a bustle to the pianoforte, and sung my "Common Sense and Genius," which Lord A. declared to be his especial favourite. I was then obliged (in spite of various protestations about want of voice, long time since I sung, &c. &c.) to take my seat at the pianoforte; and the moment I sat down, felt that I should make a fool of myself. With difficulty I got through "When he who adores thee;" but when I came to "Keep your tears for me," the melancholy sound of my own voice quite overpowered me; and had I not started up instantly, I should have burst into one of my violent sobbing fits, which, before strangers, would have been dreadful. I never was better pleased than to find myself in the street once more. When shall I be able to sing again? The thought of my dear child comes across me at these moments with a gush of bitterness which is indescribable.

24th. Busy all the morning getting together my papers, &c., and at two set off in a chaise for my inn at Burford Bridge. Found the house full of company, and even the rooms I had bespoke invaded by intruders. After a little time, however, got settled in a sitting-room, and worked a little.

25th, 26th. Working and walking; delightful out of doors, but the devil within;

noise and eyes in all directions. Contrived, however, to do a little.

27th. After a busy morning set off in the coach for town at four. Dined at the Athenæum between eight and nine; found my table literally heaped with letters, notes, &c. One among them from Agar Ellis, with whom I was to have dined to-morrow to meet the Duke of Orleans, saying, "Here's a pretty business; the best of kings has taken away the Duke of Orleans and the Duke of Chartres\* from me," &c. &c.; in short, his dinner was given up in consequence of the King's dinner and juvenile ball, to the latter of which the Duke of Orleans and son were invited.

28th. My birthday. "What, *old Thomas*?" as the catch has it. Yes, alas! *old Thomas*. Stayed at home working. Called upon Rogers; found him in a most amusing state of causticity. His saying, when I made some remark about the Duke of Wellington's good sense, "Yes; I once thought Chantrey the most sensible man going, but now that he has been spoilt by vanity and presumption, the Duke is the man that takes that place in my estimation." In speaking of Mackintosh, and the difficulty of getting him to work at his "History," though he has been always ready to fire off articles in reviews or periodicals, Rogers quoted what Allen said of him, that he was like your profligate fellows, who will go after any one but their wives, being always ready and willing to write anything but his book.

29th. Went to pay a visit to Lady Grey. Found only her and Lady Durham; talked of the King's ball last night; the gentlemen got no supper, there being some difficulty in seating the Duke of Orleans with the foreign ambassadors, who, it seems, could not yield the point of precedence to him. It was, therefore, only the ladies that supped, the King saying to the Duke of Orleans, "*Vous vous passerez de souper ce soir.*" The little Queen of Portugal fell down in the dance, and cut her nose with one of her diamonds,

\* Afterwards Duke of Orleans. He was killed by being thrown from his carriage in 1842.

which made her blubber most unroyally. Talked of Lord Holland, the most *aged* man of his *years* that one knows: has been, almost as long as I can remember him, called "the venerable Lord Holland," though now no more than fifty-five, just ten years younger (as Lady Grey said) than Lord Grey. She mentioned also, that when Lord Holland was thirty, having told his age to some Frenchman, the Frenchman remarked, with the air of a compliment, "*Vous representez quarante, milord.*"

30th. Received an invitation yesterday from Peel to dine with him on the 14th. Rather amused, as I sat at breakfast, on looking up at my card-rack and seeing there not only this invitation from Peel, but the names of the Lord Chancellor and the Speaker of the House of Commons among my visitors. Called upon Miss Crump, and found Lord Dillon with her. His description of the way in which he lives at Ditchley; reading aloud of an evening all "the good old coarse novels," Peregrine Pickle particularly, because Commodore Trunnion was his (Lord Dillon's) uncle. Told of the manner in which this uncle died. His old rough tar of a servant came to his room to say the carriage was ready, and then looking at his master exclaimed, "Why, you're dead on one side." "I am, Tim," he answered; "turn me on the other," which Tim did; and he died.

31st. Stayed at home in the morning to work: called at various places; Murray's. Sadler told him that Lord Eldon in referring to Peel's change, said that Mr. Pitt once consulted him with respect to some change in his opinions, and that he (Eldon) advised him not to declare it, there being nothing, according to his view, more fatal to a public man, than any alteration of his course on any great question. In the evening Lord G. went to Warrender's music, where I left him, taking his carriage on to Twiss's, where I found a strange mixture of company; his dinner party having consisted of the Duke of Devonshire, Lord and Lady Bathurst and Lady Georgiana, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kemble, and Theodore Hook! Theodore Hook told me

of Mrs. Nash saying that I had been to see her husband's gallery; described me as a little gentleman ("so far," says Hook, "I could not deny"), with high brass heels to my boots ("here," he said, "I ventured to doubt her accuracy"), and that I was in a hurry, going away to church ("this, of course," he added, "I did not dare to question"). A gentleman standing by said, that Mrs. Nash had shown him the person he took for me, and that he then saw she was quite mistaken.

June 2nd. Breakfasted with Rogers: the Lady Harleys. Talking of the sort of mountain and mouse results of the great measure of emancipation, R. said, "all our ancient bulwarks are removed; the barriers of law are broken down, the gates of the constitution are burst open, and—in enter P—and Lord——!" Went out to Kensington to call upon the Duke of Sussex; shown into his waiting-room, where I found one unfortunate man, and we were soon joined by a third. After a pretty long interval, the servant summoned the last comer, a captain, and for more than half an hour the first gentleman and I were left silent in opposite corners of the room. At last I was called in, in preference to the poor first gentleman, who, I dare say, is waiting there still. "Ah, Tommy! (said the Duke, when I entered his room) had I known it was *you*, you should not have been kept waiting a minute." Gave me his two speeches on the Catholic Question. Told him of my "Irish History," and he very civilly said, I might command his library for the purpose. Took me up to it and made his librarian produce two or three Irish manuscripts; one of them an account of the family of O'Connor, which, if it has never been published, may be of some interest. Said I should have a room all to myself whenever I chose to come and read there. Servant announced the Duke of Orleans, and he left me, begging I would wait there till he returned, and he would most likely bring the Duke of Orleans up with him, but he no sooner turned his back than I left my excuse with his librarian and fled. If waiting for *one* Royal Highness had

taken so much of my morning, what would waiting for *two* do? \* \* \* \*

3rd. Breakfasted with Rogers: company, Sharp, Lord Lansdowne, and Hallam. R. very amusing; his account of a club to which Sharp and he belonged, called "Keep the Line." Their motto, written up in large characters, the composition of Reynolds—

"Here we eat and drink and dine—  
Equinoctial—keep the line."

Most of them being dramatists, the effect of a joke upon them, instead of producing laughter, was to make them immediately look grave (this being their business), and the tablets were out in an instant.

4th. Dined at Lord Bath's; dinner very late, on account of the Epsom races. Company: Lord and Lady Harewood, the Carlisles, Mr. Lister (the novelist), Lord Cawdor, &c. &c. Day rather agreeable; conversation with Lord Harewood after dinner about Political Economy. "The first thing (he said) I always take for granted in any position of a political economist is, that he has a sinister object in it." Gave us an instance of their theory about absenteeism, which was all for the purpose of drawing off the interest of the aristocracy from their respective neighbourhoods, and undermining their moral station in the community. His lordship a thorough-paced Tory.

6th. At home, working, till between two and three. A visit from Murray: mentioned that he heard yesterday Dr. Hume describe some circumstances connected with the Duke of Wellington after the battle of Waterloo: his going to bed, covered with dust as he was, having stripped himself, and lying there on his back, talking to Hume of the friends he had lost that day. There is such a one gone, and such a one; and then, "There is poor Ponsonby: I have some hopes that his body will be found, and have despatched an orderly to search for it." He then, Hume said, burst into tears as he lay, and said, "I have never lost a battle, but to win one thus is paying hard for it," (or something to that effect). Called for by Donman to take me to dinner with Mackintosh, at Clapham:

company, Charles Grant, Falck, Elphinstone (the writer on Cabul), and Lady Mackintosh herself. The conversation very delightful, at least Mackintosh's part of it. In speaking of the advocates of religious liberty, said, "that among the earliest in England were to be accounted Jeremy Taylor and Sir Harry Vane; the latter particularly, whose book upon the subject called forth Milton's fine sonnet to him. Neither this sonnet nor that to Cromwell published till after the Revolution. Discussed the difficulties of French poetry; the faults that grammarians find with Boileau and Racine. M. quoted the lines of Boileau (the beginning of his epistle to Molière), where the *vein* is clumsily made the agent in writing,—"*Dont la fertile veine ignore, en écrivant,*" &c. &c. Talking of College reputations, quoted a remark of Lord Plunket, "That a distinction ought to be drawn between the reputation a young man has among his *teachers* and that which he enjoys among his associates; the former may be fallacious, but the latter not." A very striking objection of Warburton's to mathematical studies, "That in making a man conversant only with matters in which *certainty* is the result, they unfit him (or, at least, do not prepare him) for sifting and balancing (what alone he will have to do in the world) *probabilities*; there being no worse practical men than those who require more evidence than is necessary."

7th. At home till latish. Dined at Holland House. Company: Mr. Grenville, the Vernon Smiths, Mackintosh, Lord St. Asaph, &c. Lord H.'s story of the man in Spain with a basket of vipers proclaiming their freshness and liveliness to a large party of travellers who slept in the same room with him. At night somebody awaked by feeling something cold passing over his face; and at the same moment the viper-merchant exclaiming aloud in the dark, "My vipers have got loose, but lie still, all of you; they will not hurt you, if you don't move," &c. &c. In the evening Lord H. showed me, according to promise, Byron's poem of the "Devil's Drive" (which he had, I must say, made a good deal of fuss about showing, nor

should I have seen it at all but for my lady). A good deal disappointed by it. Lady H. asked me to come some morning, and mark what I wished extracted from it. Came away with Mr. Grenville; made me the offer of his library, to make use of whatever it contained relative to Ireland. In speaking of Mackintosh, remarked (as characteristic of that distrust of himself which prevents his great acquirements from telling in society as they ought) his habit of advancing three or four steps forward while he is conversing, and then, as if suddenly recollecting himself, retiring again.

8th. Breakfasted at the Athenæum. Two letters from my sweet Bessy within these few days, of which I cannot help transcribing some passages. I had told her in one of mine how much deeper every day the memory of our sad loss sunk into my heart. "How exactly (she says) your feeling about our sweet girl resembles mine. All last night I was with her, and had hopes of her recovery; but the light of the morning again told the same sad truth, that she was gone, and, in this world, we should never meet, but in dreams." In another part of the same letter she says: "There are three sisters here (Cheltenham), that always remind me of what our dear girls might have been. It is not that they are at all like any of our dears, but they are three in number, and about a year or so between them, dressed alike, and full of the life and happiness so beautiful at that age. There are, indeed, many other children here, that often make me sigh; and there are times when the sweet music and their happy faces and firm step make me feel most sad and lonely in the midst of all the gaiety; but I do not indulge more than is quite necessary to me, and I trust I shall meet you, improved and strengthened, both in mind and body." In the second letter, announcing her coming, she says: "I am already, thank God, better; but it is my mind that prevents me from going on as well as you could wish. Every day only adds to the loneliness of the future, and the happy face of that sweet child is for ever before me, as she used to sit at the



other side of the table. But I will try and only think of her as I trust she is, — happy, and often looking down on those she so tenderly loved. How she thought of and loved *you!* Her dear eyes were always full of light if you but went upstairs, and she thought there was a chance of your coming into the parlour. Though my thoughts are melancholy, and my heart sad, still I have great, very great blessings; and if God but allows me to live for and with the three beings that are still left, I must be happy." Bless her admirable heart! At a quarter past four was at the coach-office to receive little Tom from Southampton; deposited him at Power's; and, between seven and eight, went to receive Bessy also, who came last from Buckhill.

10th. To breakfast (Bessy and Tom and I) with Rogers: Philippa Godfrey and Barbara, Colonel Napier and Luttrell. Rogers very comical about Bessy's denying herself to visitors. "We know," he said, "how hard it was to get admitted at Hornsey when she was there. Curran got in once, and he had a stroke of the palsy" (alluding to poor Curran having had the first attack of the complaint that carried him off at our house at Hornsey).

11th. Dined at Power's, and off again to the Charter House in the evening, to deliver up our young Carthusian into the hands of the old matron. Sent for Sydney Smith's son, the only boy whose father I thought I knew, to introduce Tom to him. Brought with him a son of Sir James Montgomery, who is also on the foundation, while the matron sent for the boy that was to be Tom's monitor. After talking to them a little, gave Smith a sovereign and a half to divide between the three. While I was doing this, Bessy took Tom aside (on whom we have always impressed the propriety of not taking money from any one but ourselves) and endeavoured to explain away the inconsistency of my doing with these boys what I did not choose should be done with him; telling him that some people did not mind their sons taking money, but that he knew *our* feeling on the subject was quite different.

12th. Up early, and saw Bessy off early in the coach for Salisbury (on her way to Weymouth) at nine. Dined at Fielding's; no one but Lord Auckland. In telling Lady Elizabeth about the scene at the Charter House last night, mentioned a conversation I had once, on the subject of *tippling*, with Lord Holland, who, like most men brought up at public schools, is an advocate of this as well as for any other abomination connected with them. "I remember once (said Lord Holland) refusing a pound which a man, whom I used sometimes to go to see at Windsor, offered me; but the man, thinking that I had only refused it because the sum was so small, offered me five pounds, and, egad, that I *couldn't* withstand."

13th. After breakfast set off to Richmond to call upon the Lansdownes, who have had the great kindness to offer us this beautiful villa for the summer. Nothing could look more beautiful than the view from this place, nor anything more friendly than its admirable mistress. Showed me the rooms she thought would be most comfortable for Bessy and me, and pointed out in the corner of the drawing-room a provision of wooden rakes, wheel-barrows, &c., she had made for little Russell. After lunching set off for town, she having pressed me much to stay to dinner. Dined at Barnes's. In talking of the Apollo (the statue), Barnes said that to him it always "gave the idea of a barber." The last time I dined with him he abused Grattan, and said his oratory was all humbug. Grattan a humbug, and the Apollo a barber! Twiss quoted a joke of his own, saying, of the man who remained so long swung from the dome of St. Paul's, while taking a panorama of London, "It was a *domy-silly-airy* visit;" a domiciliary visit. Came away with Twiss in his cabriolet. On my return found the following note from Lord Essex, who had promised to let me know the result of my ballot at Brookes's: —

"My dear Moore — Though the Knight of Kerry is gone to your house to tell you that Brookes's Club has shown its good taste this evening in electing you, I cannot help writing this to say how happy I am, as if

will, I trust, make us meet oftener, which is so agreeable to

"Yours, very faithfully, ESSEX.

"Brookes's, half-past 11 o'clock."

14th. Dinner at Peel's; went with Rogers and Luttrell. Party very large, Lords Carlisle and Farnborough, the Attorney-General, Watson Taylor, Lyttleton, Wilkie, Smirke, Wyatville, and God knows how many artists besides. Sat between the Attorney-General and Watson Taylor. Mentioned to the former Elwyn's story of—having once sent a message to Judge Best through Byron. Seemed to doubt it. Advised me to write to Best about it, and said that I should find him very good-humoured and willing to give me an answer. Had some conversation with Mrs. Peel; the evening most lovely, and the effect of the water and St. Paul's, &c. &c., from Peel's balcony beautiful. Went to Lady Grey's; some movements towards asking me to sing, but a few words to Lady Grey put an end to them, and nothing could be nicer than she was about it. A good deal of talk with Lord Grey about the King; his manner of receiving different people: cutting Lord and Lady Lyndhurst; saying nothing to Lord Rosslyn on his official presentation but "There's another oath you must take." On my way home went into Brookes's, and was received with *hurras* by those there: George Ponsonby, General Ferguson, &c. &c. Ferguson assured me that if the whole club could have been collected at my ballot, they would have admitted me by acclamation.

16th. Called at Longman's, and thence to my darling Tom at the Charter House. Found him quite well and happy; everybody, he says, kind to him. By great good luck, too, his monitor, (to whom young Smith had given his share of the *tip* the other night) had set Tom the very example I could have wished, by returning it to me through his hands, and bidding him say how much obliged to me he was, but his father did not allow him to take money.

18th. Forgot to mention that I sent Peel since I dined with him an autograph of Lord

Byron (being a leaf relating to Peel himself out of B.'s memorandum-book), and received from him the following answer:—

"My dear Sir,—I shall prize very highly the autograph which you have sent me, and for which I return both you and Mr. Murray my best thanks.

"I think I have the most curious and characteristic autograph of Buonaparte that is in existence, and this of Byron will not be an unworthy companion of it. Ever, my dear Sir, very truly yours,

"ROBERT PEEL.

"My autograph of Buonaparte was given by Talleyrand to the Duke of Wellington. The channels through which it has come into my possession add an interest and value to it, of which this of Byron sent to me by your hand partakes in the highest degree."

July 5th. Rogers mentioned a clever thing said by Lord Dudley, on some Vienna lady remarking impudently to him, "What wretchedly bad French you all speak in London!" "It is true, Madame (he answered), we have not enjoyed the advantage of having the French twice in our capital."

6th. Called upon Lady—. Mentioned a little trait of Byron's egotism at a party in London, where they appointed to meet each other at a certain part of the room, in order, I believe, to go down to supper together. Her going there at the moment fixed, and waiting for him in vain; his saying to her afterwards, when she reproached him with disappointing her, "What, do you think I would run the risk of being disappointed myself? I did not expect you would come, and so did not expose myself to the slight. I was, however, watching whether you came or not, and if you had not, I never would have spoken to you again." Met Lord Strangford by appointment (he having written to me to fix a time) at the Athenæum. Showed me a note from Canning, which he had lately found, and which oddly enough (notwithstanding his admission to Napier, that the despatch was written in Bruton Street) proved that,

after all, it was written in Stanhope Street, Canning, at the time, not having got to his house in Bruton Street. This, though of no consequence otherwise, shows at least how little memory is to be depended upon. On my telling Lord Clifden an anecdote about Gordon and Don Pedro, he mentioned what Elliot said to Frederick of Prussia, on his sending a *roué* of a fellow as minister to England, merely to spite the English Cabinet. "Well, what do you think (asked Frederick tauntingly) of Monsieur — P" "*Digne représentant de votre Majesté,*" answered Elliot, bowing very low. In talking of the odd effect of seeing a comic personage in ill humour (as I saw Liston once, when dressed for the part of "Rigdum Funidos;" and as W. Irving described to me his having seen Gtimaldi behind the scenes in a furious rage, with the regular grin painted on his cheeks), Lady Grey reminded her daughter of the passion Lord Grey was in the night of Watier's masquerade, at their having got him a dirty white silk domino, and the mask he wore being a very smiling, complacent-looking one; the effect of his anger as he walked impetuously about the room was, she said, highly ludicrous, and the more angry he grew, the more they laughed. This to me an additional proof of the exceeding amiableness of Lord Grey in his own family.

8th to 12th. Great congratulations yesterday to the Carlises on the approaching marriage of Lady Blanche to young Cavendish\*; told us the girl was just turned seventeen and he twenty-one. Luttrell remarked very truly that the family of the Carlises act as *softeners* on society; there are so many of them, and all so gentle and good-tempered, that they diffuse a kindly tone around them.

16th. Went into town for some queries. Lord Sandon outside the coach, but when he saw me came inside. Very agreeable. Talking of Hall's book and the question of primogeniture, explained how the law for division of property in Germany is counteracted by

family compacts, without which all the great houses would have dwindled away. The surprise of Auguste de Stael on finding how deep-rooted the love of entails was in England. Was present at a debating society of radicals, where the question was mooted and carried triumphantly in favour of the principle of entail. Lord S. agreed with me that our hereditary aristocracy could not co-exist with a law of equal division of property. The very act of attempting to form a chamber of peers was a violation of the principle of this law, as there was no reason why the eldest son should be chosen for such a distinction more than the rest. The mothers and younger sons are the great supporters of the present law of property in France, and so much does the general feeling influence those even who are naturally opposed to it, that there are very few peers who have availed themselves of the permission they might obtain of establishing a larger *majorat*, but have confined themselves to the low degree of *majorat* they are *compelled* to make. The present state of domestic politics very like that which intervened between Walpole's ministry and Lord Chatham; the distinction between Jacobite and Whig then broken down as those between Whig and Tory are now, and the boundaries of party confused. A similar laxity, too, ensuing in the conduct of public men.

22nd. Went into town to see Murray on some business before his departure for Wales. Met Sir T. Lawrence, and fixed to sit for my picture (which he is about to paint for the illustrious Murray) on Tuesday next. A sad drain upon my time just now, and must try to avoid it.

23rd and 24th. A note from Denman to ask me to dinner on Sunday to meet Brougham and Mackintosh.

25th. A note from Denman to say he had asked Burdett, who, he hoped, would come and bring me.

26th. Burdett called upon me soon after breakfast; doubtful what he should do, having promised the Duke of Sussex yesterday to dine with him; but still not liking to lose such a party as Denman's. Resolved,

\* The present Duke of Devonshire, 1858.

after many *pros* and *cons*, to cut the Duke and take me to Denman's. In talking of the vanity of great men, said that Mr. Fox was an instance of a great man without a particle of vanity; Pitt, he believed, also. Brougham not in his usual feather, but still very agreeable. In talking of Junius was glad to find that he considers this writer much over-rated; said that he had declared this opinion once in the House of Commons, in making some reference to Lord Mansfield (*quere*, in his long speech on the Reformation of the Law?). Francis's handwriting a very strong part of the evidence in favour of his being Junius: his feigned hand (of which there were specimens on one or two occasions; particularly in some contributions he sent to Lady Miller's "Batheaston poetry") agreed perfectly with the feigned hand of Junius. It was singular enough, too, that the first present which he made to his wife, on their marriage, was a splendidly bound copy of "Junius," *not*, however, the famous vellum-bound copy that Junius had bound for himself. Brougham was by when Francis made the often quoted answer to Rogers—"There is a question, Sir Philip (said R.), which I should much like to ask, if you will allow me." "You had better not, Sir (answered Francis); you may have reason to be sorry for it (or repent of it)." \* The addition to this story is, that Rogers on leaving him, muttered to himself, "If he is Junius, it must be *Junius Brutus*." Brougham himself asked him one day, "Is it a thing quite ridiculous to suppose that you might be the author?" "Why, Sir," he replied, "if the world is determined to make me out such a ruffian, I can't help them." He never, Brougham thinks, actually denied the charge, but at all times, in this sort of angry way, evaded it. To Lady Holland, too, who tried him with the question, he answered, "Now that I am old, people think they may with impunity impute to me such rascality, but they durst not have done so when I was young." Francis's vanity, it appears, led him to think that it was no great addition to

his fame to have the credit of "Junius," having done, according to his own notion, much better things. This gets over one of the great difficulties in accounting for the concealment; and it must have been, at all events, either some very celebrated man who could dispense with such fame, or some very vain man who *thought* he could. In talking of handwriting and its being sometimes hereditary, Brougham said that he had found some of his grandfather's which exactly resembled his own, though the grandfather had died before he was born, and his father's writing was altogether different. Thought Curran *boring* in his latter days, being much disposed to argue, which was not his *forte*. Burdett agreed with me in thinking him, to the last, wonderful.

28th. Jekyll, in speaking of the length of time Lawrence takes in finishing a picture, says that a man not very young must leave it to his executors to finish the sittings, and he means to look out for a good-looking executor to perform this task for him.

August 1st to 3rd. At home.

7th. Montgomery mentioned a curious translation into French of a sentence of Lady Morgan's. In talking of Lord Castlereagh, she said that "he had purchased for himself the scorn of all Europe," which the translator made, "*Il s'est acheté tout le blé de l'Europe*." In another place where she had remarked that some one had a "very pretty *brogue*," the version rendered it, "*Elle avait un joli sabot*." In talking on national vanity, M. mentioned a Sicilian he once knew, who, whenever there was a question of the merits of different countries, always produced a bit of Sicilian garlic, saying, "*Che bel paese*, &c.; what a fine country it must be that can produce such a *morso d'aglio*."

12th. Breakfasted with Mrs. Shelley. In talking of Byron's religion, mentioned a book, "Easy Way with Deists," which made a great impression upon him. Shelley undertook to answer it; but when he had got through six pages, stopped in his task, saying that Byron was a person who wanted checks rather than otherwise. Byron shocked afterwards at the life he had led at Venice,

\* "At your peril, sir."

and hated to think of it. Found out Mrs. Kean, to whom I wished to put some queries. Told me about the presents from Lord B. of a box and a sword. The former has on it a representation of a boar-hunt, and was presented by him to Kean after seeing him in Richard III. Byron offended at Kean's leaving a dinner, which had been chiefly made for him, at which were B. himself, Lord Kinnaird, and Douglas Kinnaird. Kean pretended illness and went away early; but Byron found out afterwards that he had gone to take the chair at a pugilistic supper. B., after this, would not speak to Kean. He was, however, so delighted with his acting in Sir Giles Overreach, that, notwithstanding all this, he presented to him, immediately after seeing him in this character, a very handsome Turkish sword, with a Damascus blade. Sent him 50*l.* at his benefit. In talking of the circumstance of Kean's first appearance in London, I said that some memorial of it ought to be preserved; on which she exclaimed eagerly, "*Oh, will you write his life? you shall have all the profits if you'll only give me a little.*" Had called at Lady D.'s; Jekyll had just been there, having returned from his visit to Windsor to the King, and had been amusing them with an account of it. The early dinner, the drives out afterwards to the Virginia Water, and on their return tea and *marrow-bones*. Jekyll startled when he first saw this latter appendage to the tea table, but took his bone with the rest; and there was, in consequence, a larger supply every evening afterwards. The King never made his appearance till late in the day, as the lacing he requires would not be endurable if he underwent it early. It did not strike Jekyll that the Duke of Cumberland had much the ear of the King; on the contrary, the latter seemed to treat him very cavalierly.

13th to 15th. Murray with us; highly amusing and intelligent; his anecdotes and illustrations all cleverly done. Kemble's opinion of Kean's "*Othello*:" "*If the justness of the conception had been but equal to the brilliancy of the execution, it would have been perfect; but the whole thing was a*

mistake; the fact being *that Othello was a slow man.*"

16th, 17th, 18th. Sent to the printer the last copy for my first volume of Byron.

19th. Went into town to see Rogers; Bessy with me. Dined with R.; no one but ourselves. Millingen in the evening. His son has written an account of Lord Byron's death for the purpose of defending himself on the subject. Both Murray and Colburn have had the MS., but neither will publish it. His statement is, that it was Lord B.'s left foot that was lame; most strange discrepancy of evidence on this point. Miss Pigot, Mrs. Leigh, the old shoemaker at Southwell, and others, say the right (which is also Bessy's impression from the *once she saw him*); but as many more, on the contrary, say it was the left. I Hunt (for instance), Mrs. Shelley, Dr. Kennedy, &c.

21st. Dinner with Rees: company, Spottiswoode, Dickinson, Dr. Ure, Murray, Allan, &c. &c. Murray's stories of Mathews; his being twice in danger of drowning. Once in a bath, when he was pulled out by the little finger by a dandy; "*Happy, I'm sure, to be of the least service to Mr. Mathews.*" The other time, on recovering from insensibility, hearing an Irish fellow saying, "*Can you see any visible object?*" and beholding a large blind, goggle eye which this fellow presented to him, with a candle close to it, to ascertain his powers of vision.

22nd. Met Jackson, the boxer; asked him which foot Byron was lame of, and, strange to say, even he, who had seen it so often, having constantly bathed with Byron, hesitated in his decision about it. Expressed himself, however, pretty sure that it was the left foot from his recollection of Byron's attitude when sparring. Being a right-handed man, he would naturally, he said, place his right foot behind, and the strength with which he followed his man up showed that this foot must have been the sound one. This very association, however, staggers me as to the correctness of his conclusion, as I think I remember wondering at the power which Byron's foot seemed capable of, notwithstanding its lameness, in this position.

28th. Dined at Lady Bute's; taken there by Burdett. Company, the Duke of Buccleugh's two sisters, the Sandons, and a clergyman of the name of Byron. Day very agreeable. In the evening was induced to sit down to the pianoforte (for the first time in society since my scenes at Lord Anglesey's and the Fieldings'), and was rejoiced that I did so, as I found myself able to go on as usual, and have now, I trust, surmounted the feeling. Was very much led to it by the gentle unaffectedness of Lady Sandon, who sung some of my own things with me, and indeed seemed familiar with everything I have ever written.

September 5th. Left Richmond for town; Bessy and the boys to go to Lady Donegal's, and I to 19, Bury Street. Dined at Lady D.'s; she all delight with the two boys. Jekyll the only company, and very agreeable company he is still in spite of his deafness. Gave me an account of Lord Erskine's strange history. First, an officer in the Royals; marrying for love; writing a sermon at Malta, which he himself read at the head of the regiment; taking to the law on his return to England, his whole means consisting in 300*l.*, which some relation had given him, and 100*l.* of which he laid out with a special pleader, having a wretched lodging near town, and a string of sausages hanging in the fireplace, to which they resorted when in want of food. After he was called to the bar, was asked one Sunday to dine with Welbore Ellis, but preferred walking out some miles to dine with an old half-pay friend of his. Caught in a violent shower of rain, and kept for hours under a gate-way, till it was too late for his friend's dinner. Be-thought him then of Welbore Ellis, and went there to dinner, which proved the making of him. Among the company was Captain Bailey, brother to the Colonel Bailey, against whom an information had just been granted for a libel on Greenwich Hospital, and Lord Sandwich; struck with Erskine's eloquence, and when he went away said to W. Ellis, that he had a great mind to employ him on his brother's trial that was coming on. Did so. Jekyll, who at this time had seen

Erskine but once, met some eminent lawyer who said, "We had a most extraordinary young man at our consultation yesterday evening, who astonished us all," and added, that this young man (who was Erskine) had given it as his opinion, contrary to that of all the rest, that the rule against Bailey would be discharged. Then came the day of trial. Jekyll returning into court (having been called away during Erskine's speech) and finding the whole court, judges and all, in a sort of trance of astonishment. Next day Erskine's table was crowded with retainers, and from that moment he flourished both in fame and fortune. He immediately moved to handsome lodgings in town, and the string of sausages was no longer resorted to. As Erskine began life without a sixpence, so he ended it. What became of his money no one can tell. He had made in the course of his practice, 150,000*l.*, and had besides his pension as ex-chancellor; yet all vanished. \* \* \* Erskine showed Jekyll the guinea he had got from Bailey, which he had had fixed in a little box, in which you saw it by peeping in. Story of Jekyll going to the chemist in some country town, and telling him, if he should bring a tall, good-looking gentleman (describing Erskine) to ask for laudanum, not to give him any, as he meant to commit suicide. The scene between Erskine and the apothecary; the former asking for "Tinctura sacra;" the significant looks exchanged between Jekyll and the shopman, and the surprise and anger of Erskine on being told that there was no such thing to be had. His revenge on Jekyll for this trick, having him called up in the middle of the night at the inn where they both lived, by an ostler, who came into Jekyll's room, saying that his friend was dying, and wanted him in a hurry to come and make his will; his finding Erskine sitting up in bed looking very melancholy, with papers, &c. before him. E.'s dictation of the will. "Being of soundmind, &c. &c., do bequeath the pond in my garden at Hampstead to the Newfoundland dog; my best beech tree to the macaw, with full liberty to bark it as he pleases; but for my friend who, &c. &c." Erskine's fun after-

wards about this one day in court during the state trials; imagining the validity of the will discussed before Lord Kenyon. Lord Kenyon's inquiries as to "who was this Colonel Macaw (Erskine's name for the bird), &c. &c." Erskine always as frolicsome as a boy. Canning's joke about Lord Sidmouth's house; calling it the *Villa Medici*; lately applied to Lady Lyndhurst on her dining at Sir Henry Halford's with a party of physicians—the *Venus de Medicis*. Jekyll's story about "Honest John" (Sheridan's servant). Kemble making him bring wine after all the rest of the party had gone to bed, and sit down with him; taking him to see him home, and bidding him strike him if he saw him getting into a row. Kemble quarrelling with the coachman, and "Honest John" obeying him; upon which Kemble turned to and gave him a desperate licking, &c. &c.

17th. Leslie's description of Sir W. Scott when he (Leslie) went to Abbotsford to paint him. Scott thinking that it was the same as with Chantrey, who let him move about and turn as he pleased while making his bust, said to Leslie, "You will see me, you know, about the house and at breakfast and at dinner, which, of course, will be enough for you." Lord H. referring to Erasmus (one of whose large folios he read through last year) to see who was the painter he mentions as having (besides Holbein) painted him, found it was Albert Durer. Question, whether this portrait is in England? Lord H. delighted to find Erasmus's authority for Burgundy not being heating. Slept there.

18th. Sir F. Burdett to breakfast; promised to come out to dine with him on Friday next. Mentioned his having given a guinea, by mistake, to a beggar, and saying to him, "You are in luck, my good fellow, I meant to have given you only a shilling; but as you have it, you may keep it." This was told *à propos* to some other stories. One by Lord Holland, of Erskine having once dropped 20,000*l.* of stock out of his pocket in a shop; and on discovering his loss, after some time, running back and finding it still on the floor of the shop, it being some sort of

shop where there were cuttings of paper lying about, which prevented these others from being noticed. Rogers tells of Tennant, that, having lost sixpence one day when a boy, on coming back to the spot next day to look for it, he found sixpence in *halfpence* in its place. Talk of foreign politics and Russia. Lord Holland all for Russia, and says it has been always the natural side of England. Even in the affair of Oczkawk, Pitt did not (he says) profess to act against Russia so much as in favour of Prussia.

21st. Took C. Greville to see Lawrence's pictures. Said, in looking at the portrait of Canning (for Peel), that he could imagine him speaking those very words, in his great Portuguese speech: "Here I plant my standard, and where the standard of Britain is planted, no oppressor can ever come."\* These *are* the words (said Lawrence) which I had in my mind in painting him. Greville talked of his delight at some of my squibs, particularly

"Who the devil, he humbly begs to know,  
Are Lord Glandine and Lord Dunlo?"

Was to have dined with Lord Essex, but fatigued by my walk into the city, stopped short on my way back at the Athenæum, and dined. James Smith at a neighbouring table. Quoted a well-rhymed epigram he had found in some old magazine:—

"The truth is—if one may say so without  
shocking 'em—"

or,

"The truth to declare—if one may without  
shocking 'em—"

The nation's asleep—and the minister Rock-  
ingham."

The following also of his brother Horace's:—

"I cannot comprehend, says Dick,  
What 'tis that makes my legs so thick;  
You cannot comprehend, says Harry,  
How great a calf they have to carry."

Mentioned an anecdote told by Croker as one of the happiest things he ever heard. Fene-

\* "We go to plant the standard of England on the well-known heights of Lisbon. Where that standard is planted, foreign dominion shall not come."—*Canning's Speeches*, vol. vi. p. 92.

lon, who had often teased Richelieu (and ineffectually it would seem) for subscriptions to charitable undertakings, was one day telling him that he had just seen his picture. "And did you ask it for a subscription," said Richelieu sneeringly. "No, I saw there was no chance," replied the other, "it was so like you." (Resembles the epigram, "Come hither, Sir John.")

23rd. To Holland House. As I was about to take my place next Lord Holland at dinner, my Lady said, "No, come up here," ordering me to another seat. "So you have taken Moore from me," said Lord Holland, with the look of a disappointed schoolboy. Slept there.

24th. Conversation after breakfast about Mackintosh. I said he was the only man that, in abundant stores of knowledge, and in the power of generalising and bringing his knowledge to bear, gave me an idea of what Burke must have been. This brought on a comparison between him and Burke. Sharpe mentioned a habit Mackintosh used to have of lifting up his heel, and looking down and whistling at it. In speaking of the Archbishop of Tuam's strange speech on the Catholic Question, Lord Holland imitated Horsley in his speech on the Slave Trade, "What does the Holy Apostle say," &c.; and then, when some Peers laughed, "My Lords, when I quote the words of the Holy Apostle, I expect to be listened to, not only with awe, but with reverence." At dinner Lord H. again referred to Horsley's speech, and most amusingly gave an imitation of another passage, where he said, "My Lords, we have the authority of Mr. Mungo Park, that to such a pitch of elegance and refinement has Africa advanced, that in the bosom, in the very heart of that calumniated country, there are women to be found wearing white petticoats." Lord Thurlow, in answering this part of his speech, said, in his peculiar way, "With respect to what the Right Rev. Prelate has said of the *black* women in the white petticoats," &c. &c. Another time, when Lord Stormont (I think) had quoted some resolutions which he had heard brought forward at the Freemasons'

Tavern, Lord Thurlow, in answering him, said, "In regard to what the Noble Lord may have happened to hear at the ale-house," &c.

25th. Sat to Lawrence: this the third time of sitting. Began an entirely new picture, having seen Shee's portrait of me at Holland House, that he had taken the same view of the face with him, and wishing to have one different. In talking of Sir J. Reynolds's tapering-chinned faces, said ("in confidence," as he impressed upon me) that the fact was, "Sir Joshua was not sufficiently acquainted with drawing to venture out of that one particular style of beauty, and hence the mannerism of his fancy heads.

27th. To Holland House to dinner, taking Irving and Newton in *my carriage* with me. Lord H. had mentioned to me a curious speech imputed to Lord Chatham (by Walpole, I think), in which, observing some of the Lords smile at the high-flown way in which he spoke of the Livery of London, he said, "My Lords, the Livery of London is the most ancient body connected with our institutions. My Lords, when Cæsar landed in England, he found the Livery of London existing and flourishing!" Showed me now a printed report of the speech, from which it appears he must have said something pretty nearly, if not to the full, as absurd as this; the report representing him as asserting that, at the time of Cæsar's landing, Arviragus was Lord Mayor of London.

28th. Dined with Bailey in Seymour Place: company, David Bailey, Ben King, Prendergast, &c. &c. Talked of Canning's suffering under the attack of Lord Grey during his ministry; was like a man frantic, and in his first paroxysm declared that he must have himself called up to the other House to answer it. Somebody at dinner said that the watchmen in Portugal (who proclaim the state of the weather as ours used to do) are called *serenos*; and if this be true, it tells well for the climate.

29th. Dinner at Lord Essex's: the Tierneys, Ben King again, Lord Clifden, &c. &c. A good many particulars about the Duke of Wellington's duel with Lord Winchilsea;



the awkwardness of the Duke's sending a government messenger with his letter to Lord Winchilsea's country-house; the messenger arriving at dinner-time, and the *éclat* such a circumstance naturally made. I think I should not hesitate to trust *my wife* under such circumstances, having always impressed upon her the *vital* importance of a man's honour on these occasions.

October 1st. \* \* \* By the bye, I have found in some book those lines of Foscolo's on Machiavel and Petrarch which Luttrell once repeated to me as some of the best he had ever written, and which I find I had but imperfectly remembered. Here they are:—

"Vidi ove posa il corpo di quel grande,  
Chi temprando lo scettro a' regnatori  
Gli allor ne sfronda. . . . .  
E tu\*, i cari parenti e l'idioma,  
Desti a quel dolce di Calliope labbro,  
Che Amore in Grecia nudo, e nudo in Roma,  
D' un velo candidissimo ornando,  
Rendea nel grembo a Venere Celeste."

4th. Called for by Mrs. Shelley to take me to Barnes's at Barnes Terrace, where he has had a house for the summer. Stopped at *Holland House*; saw Lord H. Mentioned *Pitt's* having been guilty of a false quantity, which I was not before aware of, "*capit ope*" instead of "*ducit*." John Hunter once saying to Lord Holland, "If you wish to see a great man you have one before you. I consider myself a greater man than Sir Isaac Newton." Explained then why; that discoveries which lengthen life and alleviate sufferings are of infinitely more importance to mankind than anything relating to the stars, &c. &c.

5th. Dined at Murray's: company, James Smith, Irving, Newton, Mr. and Mrs. Rogerson, &c. Criticisms of some one on Kemble's (I think) acting of Don Felix: "Too much of the *Don*, and not enough of the *Felix*." Charles Lamb sitting next some chattering woman at dinner; observing he didn't attend to her, "You don't seem (said the lady) to be at all the better for what I have been

saying to you." "No, Ma'am" (he answered), "but this gentleman on the other side of me must, for it all came in at one ear, and went out at the other." Bannister's melancholy at finding himself sixty-five, exactly the number of his own house. Looking up at the plate on the door, and soliloquising, "Aye, you needn't tell me, I know it; you told me the same thing yesterday." Received to-day a letter from Madame Guiccioli in English. Henry Fox delivered me a message from her the other night with respect to her family *living upon* Byron, which, if I could collect rightly from him, she wished me to contradict. Confirmed what Lord W. Russell told me of her enthusiasm for Byron's memory, but advised me not to make her *too much* of a "*héroïne de roman*."

7th. Sat to Lawrence; his portrait of the Duke of Wellington scratching his elbow, a frequent trick of his. Mentioned it once to the Duke: "Me!" he exclaimed, "me have such a trick! I'm sure I haven't:" and all the while he was speaking his fingers were unconsciously at work at the elbow.

10th to 23rd. For the remaining week I passed at Bowood had no time to journalise; the little I was able to do of my work and the society of the house taking up every minute of my day, besides visits to Bessy, who being so near the gate of the pleasure-grounds had frequent calls from me. The after-breakfast conversations (generally agreeable) lasted usually into the middle of the day, and in the evenings Lady Macdonald and I sang. Here follow a few things I remember from our talks. Louis Dixhuit's cook said to his royal master's physician, on the latter expostulating with him on the high seasoning of some of his dishes, "*M. le Médecin, c'est à moi de faire manger Sa Majesté; c'est à vous de le faire digérer*." In talking of the horror some people have of innovations, some one told of a very religious Frenchwoman saying of conductors, which she looked upon as a most impious invention, "*Je le regarde comme un autre coup de lance que l'on met dans le sein de notre Seigneur*

\* Florence.

J. C." Randal Jackson once said in the House of Commons, "If this bill should pass into a law, I shall expect to see the city of London left to warble her native wood-notes wild in some vast wilderness." Baring told me, as an instance of the precarious value of pictures, that a supposed Correggio, bought by Lord Grosvenor for 5000 guineas, was afterwards, on being discovered *not* to be a Correggio, sold at a sale for 500*l.* Lord Lansdowne's story of a Fitzmaurice coming to beg of him, and claiming to be a relation. Gave him a pound note, with which the Fitzmaurice went to a public-house and got roaring drunk. On his sallying out into the street, the first object that caught his eye was Hat Vaughan, whom he flew at instantly, and would soon have demolished both his hat and himself had not somebody interfered. All the watchman could get out of him was, that he was a cousin of Lord Lansdowne, who had given him a pound note, for the purpose, it would appear, from the fellow's account, of setting him at old Vaughan's hat.

November 2nd. To Justice Park's brother, who is a great church-goer, some one applied the words, *Parcus deorum cultor*. Bentley once wrote to Walpole, "Why do you complain of the badness of the summer? As for me, I always have my summers from Newcastle."

11th. Set out to go and see Strawberry Hill, but the rain coming on turned back. Mackintosh, as usual, delightful; his range of knowledge and memory so extensive, passing (as Greville remarked) from Voltaire's verses to Sylvia up to the most voluminous details of the Council of Trent. Mentioned, as one of the happiest applications of a classic quotation that he knew anywhere, that of Leibnitz in his answer to Bayle's objections against Theism in the *Theodicee*. Bayle had died before Leibnitz published this work; and in speaking of this event, the latter said that it was but natural to suppose one of the rewards of his candid spirit, in its present state of bliss, would be the happiness of seeing all his former doubts on divine subjects cleared away.—

"Candidus insuetum miratur limen Olympi  
Sub pedibusque videt nubes et sidera."\*

The epithet "insuetum" M. remarked as particularly happy and arch in its allusion, as well as "nubes et sidera," which were applicable to Bayle's doubts, and to the wit with which he illuminated them. (This last addition, I rather think, is my own.) Mentioned Gibbon saying of Priestley, "The miraculous conception, &c., were the last articles he has retrenched from his scanty creed." Talked of the excessive stupidity of the Tories in their misrepresentation of what Plunkett said of their "turning history into an old almanack," as if he had meant himself to assert that history was no more than an old almanack. There is, however, quite as much of Tory craft as of Tory stupidity in this wilful mistake. Clapham Common, from being a great abode of the Saints, called *Campo Santo*.

12th. Came back to town with Greville. Left some of the printed sheets with Irving to be sent off to America, he having undertaken to make a bargain for me with the publishers there. If I but make a tenth of what he has done lately for himself in that quarter, I shall be satisfied: 3000*l.* he received from Murray for his "Columbus," and 2000*l.* for his "Chronicles of Granada;" and on the same two works he has already got 3000*l.* from the American market, with the property of the copyright there still his own. It is true that for Murray (according to his own account) they have not been so fortunate; his *loss* on the two publications being (as he says) near 3000*l.*, which may not be far from the truth, as the "Chronicles" have not sold at all.

14th. Had Tom home from the Charter House to stay till Monday at Lady Donegal's; stopped at my lodgings on his way. Helped to scrub and brush the little dog, and try to get the dirt of school out of him, and walked with him to Curzon Street. Dined there: company, Jekyll, and his son, and Irving.

"Candidus insuetum miratur limen Olympi,  
Sub pedibusque videt nubes et sidera Daph-  
nis." Virgil, Ecl. 5.

Jekyll's stories of Sir Whistler Webster (the father of Lady Holland's husband); his walking with Lady Webster and Sir W. without knowing that she was married, or being acquainted with him; her saying continually, "Sir Whistler says this," and "Sir Whistler says that," and Jekyll, taking it for some cant phrase, saying, "I am really not up to the joke; what does this mean?" then being introduced by her, &c. &c.

15th. At work all the morning. Dinner again at Lady Donegal's for the pleasure of Master Tom's company, who, ~~Miss~~ the dear fellow! was more amusing than any of the *beaux esprits*. On Barbara's telling of her having seen a woman in the streets the other day selling the works of the poets of the day, printed on long ballad sheets at a penny a yard, Tom exclaimed waggishly, looking at me from head to foot, "Only think of a yard and a half of Papa!"

16th. A note from Lady Holland to express her disappointment at not seeing me arrive with Lord John, and entreating me to come down as soon as possible; adding, "though we cannot lodge you, we shall be most happy to feed you." Sat several hours to Lawrence. Sir T. Lawrence's story of the "Teniers" offered to the King for 2000 guineas, and his Majesty sending for him to see it; his delight with it on the first view, but his altered feeling in looking more closely into it. The King saying, "Why, you have no doubts about it, have you?" and Lawrence answering, "It would be more satisfactory to me if your Majesty would allow Mr. West to see it." L. accordingly showed it to West, whose admiration of it as a genuine Teniers was equal to what his own had been. "May I ask you," says Lawrence, "to look at it a little more closely?" West accordingly went down on his knees before it, and after minutely examining every part, turned round and said, "I see why you bid me do that; it is *not* a Teniers." The King got the picture after this for seven or eight hundred pounds.

19th. Pearce's account of Lord Stowell and Capt. Morris; the former saying to the latter (both being of the same age, eighty-

five), "What is it keeps you so young, Morris?" "It is all owing (says M.) to my having fallen violently in love at sixteen, and that has kept my heart warm and fresh ever since. I have married in the interim, but never forgot the impression of that first love, though the girl never knew I felt it for her." Lord Stowell pleaded guilty to the same sort of youthful passion, and it turned out, on comparing notes, that it was for the very same girl, who was a celebrated beauty in their young days in the town of Carlisle where they both lived. On coming to inquire what had become of this common object of their admiration (whom Morris supposed to have been long dead), it appeared that she too was still alive, and also in her eighty-fifth year, having changed her name from "Molly Dacre," under which they first knew her, and being now a widow. This discovery inspired old Morris's muse with some very good stanzas, of which the following are the prettiest:—

"Though years have spread around my head  
The sober veil of Reason,  
To close in night sweet Fancy's light  
My heart rejects as treason.  
A spark there lies, still fann'd by sighs,  
Orlained by beauty's Maker;  
And, fixed by Fate, burns yet, though late,  
For lovely Molly Dacre.

"Oh, while I miss the days of bliss,  
I passed enraptur'd gazing,  
The dream impress'd still charms my breast,  
Which Fancy's ever raising.  
Though much I meet in life is sweet,  
My soul can ne'er forsake her;  
And all I feel still bears the seal  
Of lovely Molly Dacre.

\* \* \* \* \*

"I've often thought the happy lot  
Of health and spirits left me  
Is deem'd as due to faith so true,  
And thus by Fate is sent me.  
While here she be [or "lives she"] there's  
life for me;  
But when High Heaven shall take her,  
A like last breath I'll ask of death,  
To follow Molly Dacre."

Lady Clarke, upon being informed of her two old lovers (for, I believe, the first time), wrote a letter to one or both, very playfully and cleverly expressed.

20th. Set off between ten and eleven to Lawrence's through a dense fog, but in vain; no painting to-day. Found him in the precious room where he keeps his drawings, which are most curious and valuable. Has the original drawings of L. da Vinci for the heads of the "Last Supper," which will be one day beyond price. Rubens' drawings too of some of his own pictures for the engraver. Showed me that they had no other way then of designating the differences of colour in engraving but by light and shadows. Now an engraver can so *meander* his shadows as to convey (to a painter's eye, at least) the idea of blue and (I believe) one or two other colours.

21st. —'s report of what he had heard — say of the King, that he has great moral courage, is always for the boldest measures; in short, fears nothing but *ridicule*: before this he is a rank coward; hence his secluding himself so much, his never having anything but dull men about him, &c. &c. This led them to talk of my squibs against him; whether he had seen them all. A. Ellis said he had been told that "The Tailor's Song," at the end of the "Fudges," had annoyed him very much.\* Ellis repeated it to my own amusement, having almost wholly forgot it. Between him and Greville I am reminded of all my delinquencies in this way, as they have them all by heart.

25th. Dined at Lockhart's: company, Irving, Christie, and a brother of Lockhart's. L. mentioned Chantrey's description of a morning in the King's bed-chamber at the Cottage. His tailor, Wyatville, Chantrey, and somebody else in attendance, and the King in bed in a dirty flannel waistcoat and cotton nightcap. A servant announces that the Duke of Wellington is arrived, and waits an audience in the adjoining room. His Majesty gets up, puts on a fine silk *douillette* and velvet cap, and goes to the Duke, and

\* At the same time there was good-humour and good fellowship in his quoting to Scott Moore's lines, —

"The table spread with tea and toast,  
Death warrants, and the 'Morning Post.'"  
See "Life of Scott." — Ed.

after the conference is ended, returns, puts on the dirty flannel waistcoat and cotton nightcap, and to bed again. Generally walks about in his room all the morning in bare legs. In talking of Sir W. Scott's *quaigh* of whisky after dinner, which I had fancied was merely taken to show off the Scotch usages to me, Mrs. Lockhart told me it was his daily practice. "Aye," added Lockhart, "and a good pot of porter every night too."

December. Must dispatch this month rapidly.

15th. Went to Bowood. Party: Lord Auckland and his sister, the Strangways, an extraordinary fellow, a Russian, who has been in all parts of the world — Japan, Mexico, the Swan River, &c. Slept there and stayed over the

16th. The Russian mentioned at dinner an anecdote of a Swiss and a Brabanter talking together, and the latter reproaching the Swiss with fighting for money, while he (the Brabanter) fought for honour. "The fact is," answered the Swiss, drily, "we each of us fight for what each most wants." An old story this.

21st. Dined at Byng's. Luttrell's delight at Hood's puns, particularly one where he makes a soldier say, "I thought, like Lavater, I could *write about face*." Though Hood is admirable in his line, yet what a line it is for men like Luttrell to admire! Was ever Pope, Prior, Addison, *any one*, in fact, of real wit a pun-hunter? It was among Swift's drivellings, to be sure; but all the lucid intervals of his humour were free from it.\*

22nd. Dined with the Hollands: only themselves. Lord H. delightful; his saying, after dinner, about the *ordinaire* claret, "If

\* Luttrell's jokes were chiefly puns. For instance, when Mr. Croker had charged the public with war salary on account of Algiers, and thereby excited much indignation, it happened that some one at dinner talked of the name of Croker Mountains given to land supposed to be seen in one of the voyages to the North Pole. "Does anything grow on them?" said some one. "Nothing, I believe, but a little wild celery" (salary), said Luttrell. — Ed.

we finish this, we shall be able to get some better." Told of Mr. Fox saying one night in the House, that his person had been frequently caricatured, but that he defied any one (and in saying this he placed his hands on his fat sides) to paint him in the character of Envy. Spoke of Fox's famous answer to Lawrence's parallel of Hanno and Hannibal; his application of the words, *Ego Hannibal peto pacem*. In speaking of Burke, he said, "You all overrate Burke; you, too, Master Moore, among the number; particularly in saying that he ever could have been trusted as leader of a great party." This I, of course, denied having said; the fact being, as well as I can recollect, that I have maintained the direct contrary. In the evening Rogers came, Luttrell, Lord Ashburnham, Byng, &c., but not Lord John (whom, by the bye, I had sat some time with in the morning), though I chiefly waited for him and for the Americans. Lord Ashburnham quoted an epitaph he had met with in a churchyard, and which, he said, "contained poetry, piety, and politeness." The following are the lines:

"You who stand around my grave,  
And say, 'His life is gone;'  
You are mistaken — pardon me —  
My life is but begun."

23rd. Asked to various places to dine, but reserved myself for the chance of seeing Fanny Kemble in *Belvidera*. Fanny K.'s acting clever, but not touching, at least, to me. Was unmoved enough, during the pathetic parts, to look around the house, and saw but few (indeed, *no*) symptoms of weeping. One lady was using a handkerchief most plentifully; but I found it was for a cold in the head. Sir Thomas Lawrence in the orchestra, full of anxiety and delight; and I made it a point whenever he looked our way, that he should see me clapping enthusiastically.

24th. Started for home; a deuce of a journey. On Marlborough Downs was within an inch of being upset, having got off the road, which was untraceable from the drifting of the snow. Got out with all speed, the leaders of the six horses that drew us

being already down in a hollow, and the heavily-loaded coach within an inch of following. When the coach was righted, took in two poor girls (milliners, apparently, from their smart dress), who had been all along outside. The rest of our way to Calne very slow and perilous, the coachman being obliged to get down continually, to see if we were still keeping the road.

1830. January 4th. Went to Bowood: party, the Barringtons, Henry and Mary Fox, the Hallams, father and son; Spring Rice and son. Staid till the 7th. Henry Fox's story of the wonderful calculating boy in Italy (only seven or eight years old). Two young men one day being inclined to quiz the child, asked him several frivolous questions, and, among others, "*Due e due, quanto fanno?*" The boy answered, "*Quattro cento.*" "The devil!" they exclaimed; "how is that?" On which he replied, calmly, "*Due e due fanno quattro, e poi* (pointing to them) *due zeri.*" This is hardly credible. Talking of the small potentates of the Continent; the Prince de Reuss (P) one of the first to acknowledge the French Republic; the terms of his recognition as follows:—"*Le P. de Reuss reconnaît la République Française;*" to which Talleyrand returned for answer, "*La République Française est bien aise de faire connaissance avec le Prince de Reuss.*" The present Prince of Monaco is *Hercules* the 50th. Dean Ogle a very absent man; has been known more than once at a strange table, where there happened not to be a very good dinner, to burst out with, "Dear me, what a very bad dinner! I am so sorry not to have given you a better," &c. &c., thinking himself at home. Story of a sick man telling his symptoms (which appeared to himself, of course, dreadful) to a medical friend, who, at each new item of the disorder, exclaimed, "Charming!" "Delightful!" "Pray go on!" and, when he had finished, said with the utmost pleasure, "Do you know, my dear sir, you have got a complaint which has been for some time supposed to be extinct?"

16th. Received a copy of the book.

February 7th. Worked all day; and intending to return to it in the evening,

ordered a dinner at Brookes's, but had scarcely done so, when Stephenson (who had been commissioned by the Duke of Sussex to throw his drag-net at Brookes's for any stray guests he could catch for an impromptu dinner at Kensington) tempted me to join the party, and I *disordered* my cutlet. Set off, six in a coach (one of the Duke of Sussex's which he had sent in for the *haul*), consisting of Lords Durham, Howick, &c., and found myself most heartily and hospitably welcomed by his R. H. Lord and Lady Cleveland and daughter, Lady Cecilia Buggins\*, &c. of the party. The day most royally odd, and (to do it justice) *unroyally* easy and amusing. Brought back by Lord Durham.

10th. Dined at Kenny's, taken by Rogers. Company: Jekyll and son, Irving, Newton, Mrs. Badham (Fanny Holcroft that was), and her husband. In talking of the Duke of —, Jekyll mentioned that for years, whenever he met him, his R. H. used to ask regularly, "I hope your two daughters are well?" (Jekyll's being two sons): to which Jekyll would answer, "Quite well, thank your R. H.; they are both at Westminster:" and the Prince's reply was always "They couldn't be better placed." An excellent specimen of the sort of attention royal questioners pay to their answerers.

[At this time a proposal was made to Mr. Moore, apparently with Lady Canning's full approbation, to write the life of Mr. Canning. There was much that was tempting in this proposal; the brilliant oratory and delightful wit of Canning would have found a congenial biographer in Moore. On the other hand, the career of the friend and disciple of Pitt, Anti-Jacobin and Anti-Reformer, must have jarred with the liberal and reforming politics of the author of the "Irish Melodies" and the "Twopenny Post-bag." Here is the result.]

11th. The first aspect of the plan appeared to me most inviting; the importance of the period, the abundance of materials I should have to illustrate it, and my general coincidence with the principles of Canning's latter line of politics; not to mention (what un-

\* The wife of the Duke of Sussex, now the Duchess of Inverness.

luckily is always last in my calculations) the great pecuniary advantages I should reap from having (as was agreed I should) the whole of the profits resulting from it; all this was, I own, most tempting. But, upon coming to consider the matter more closely, an obstacle presented itself in the person of Lord Grey, which at once put an end to the whole speculation. The decided hostility in which he and Canning were placed during the period in question, would make it wholly impossible for me to enter into the subject, without such a degree of freedom in speaking of the conduct of Lord Grey as both my high opinion of him, and my gratitude to him for much kindness, would render impossible. If left to myself I might perhaps manage to do justice to all parties, without offending any; but under the dictation of Lady Canning, the thing would be impracticable. Told accordingly (who felt my reasons to be unanswerable) that I must decline the undertaking.

14th. Dined at Chantrey's. Company: Babbage (the great mathematician), Penn, Stokes, and one or two others. Babbage, in praising my "Byron," said that my analysis of the character of Lord B. came nearer to the clearness of science than anything he had ever read. \* \* \*

21st. At home, as usual, at work most of the day. Dined at the Lord Chancellor's. Company: the Granvilles, the Hollands, Lord Lansdowne (Lady L. too ill to come), Lords Auckland and Carlisle, and C. Greville. Lord Holland's remarks on Thurlow and Mansfield presiding in their respective courts, both handsome men, both able judges; but while law was all gentleness and suavity, equity was all violence and savageness. Told of Allen standing some time before Vandyke's portrait of Laud, which is in Lord Holland's possession, and at last being heard to mutter, with a sort of growl of pleasure, to himself, "But he was beheaded." An assembly in the evening of the most chosen. Had some talk with Lady Glengall about my "Byron;" said she had sat up till seven in the morning to finish it. The Duke of Wellington of the party, and he and I

exchanged greetings for the first time since I knew and dined with him, as Sir A. Wellesley, in Dublin. Nothing more, however, than his blunt "How d'ye do?" in passing.

22nd. Went to Tom; found him pretty well, but looking so delicate as to make me very uneasy. Indeed, what with one or other of those in whom my heart is wrapped up, I am doomed perpetually to anxiety. My poor mother, too, is in a state of sad weakness; and I am in constant apprehension about her.

28th. Dined at Lord Lansdowne's. Company: Lord Auckland, C. Greville, Doherty, C. Kemble, &c. Kemble's story of the Irishman mulcted in 5*l.* for beating a fellow, and saying, "What, five pounds! Well (turning to the patient), wait till I get you in Limerick, where *bating* is *cheap*, and I'll take it out of you."

March 19th. Dined at Edmund Byng's: a theatrical party; Jack Bannister, Mathews, Liston, Yates, Bartley, &c. &c.; and the Knight of Kerry and myself being the only non-dramatic part of the assembly. Bannister's imitation of Garrick in private life: a sort of hesitating finery in the manner of speaking, hardly like what one could have expected, and which Bannister said that Garrick, who was fond of the great, took up in imitation of Lord Mansfield. William Linley singing, "Stay, traveller," and his brother Ozias in agonies under it. "What dreadful stuff is that?" asks the brother. "Ozias," answers William, with a solemn and reproving voice, "it is our father's."

20th. Had called at the Hollands yesterday, and they asked me to dine to-day. Went. Nobody but themselves and Lord Robert Spencer. Forgot to mention that a few days before I left home I received from Lord Holland Lady Byron's printed remarks upon my book, transmitted to me by her own desire. Told him, in answer, that I would, with her permission, subjoin it to the second edition of my work, and received from him a most flattering reply, praising the good humour and judiciousness of this step; also entering into some particulars respecting the part of my book relative to Lord Carlisle's father, and suggesting some little softening

explanations, which, he thought, if given in a second edition, would gratify Lord C.

28th. Glad to accept Lord Essex's offer of an airing in his barouche. Took me out to Holland House. Lady H., on asking him to dinner some day, said, "As to the little poet, there is no use in asking him." "Try me," I said. "Well, Thursday next," she replied; and most luckily I happened to be disengaged for that day. Had received a note from Twiss in the morning, saying, "Is there by any possibility a chance of finding you disengaged to-day? If so, pray come and meet the Duke of Wellington here at seven o'clock."

April 4th. Breakfasted with Rogers, to meet Luttrell and Sandford. R. quoted the following good epigram:—

"See the justice of Heaven, America cries,  
'George loses his senses, North loses his eyes!'  
But before they attacked her, 'twas easy to find  
That the monarch was mad and the minister blind."

Mentioned also the following upon Mrs. Cowley's tragedy of "The Fate of Sparta" (or some such name):—

"When in your mimic scenes I viewed  
Of Sparta's sons the fate severe;  
I caught the Spartan fortitude,  
And saw their woes without a tear."

S. quoted Charteris' saying, "I'd give at any time ten thousand pounds for a character, because I know I could make twenty by it."

5th. Dined with Sir Henry Bunbury. A fine old lady there, his aunt, Mrs. Gwynne, who was one of the two pretty girls relative to whom the story of Goldsmith's petty jealousy is told; all, she assured me, a misrepresentation. Goldsmith merely said, playfully, to their mother, on some one having come to speak to him, "You see I have my admirers too." Such is the truth of history and biography. Talked a good deal with her (into her trumpet) about Sir Joshua, Burke, &c.

10th. Forgot to mention in its place Irving's description of the evening at Horace Twiss's (the evening of the day he wanted

me to meet the Duke of Wellington). But few people had come; and "there was Twiss," said Irving, "with his two great men, the Duke and the Chancellor, just like a spider that has got two big flies, and does not know what to do with them."

26th. Met O'Connell, just returned from Ireland. Found he had very good-naturedly called to see my mother. Could speak of nothing but her likeness to me and the powers of her mind. "Yes," I said, "a very active mind." "Aye, but," he answered, "such quantities of it."

May 1st to 4th. All this month I was so occupied with work in the mornings and society in the evenings that I found it impossible to snatch a moment for my journal, and a few memorandums is all I have preserved of this period. 2nd. Breakfasted with Rogers. Went out to Holland House. The levée there of a Sunday always delightful. My Lord on his stock-still pony, taking exercise, as he thinks: and my Lady in her whiskey, surrounded by savans. There were to-day Sydney Smith, Brougham, Jeffrey &c. Sydney Smith praised my "Byron," the first book of mine (or indeed any one else's) I ever heard him give a good word to; seemed to do it, too, with sincerity. Went to the Duchess Cannizzaro in the evening. Lord Dudley, upon being asked whether he had read some new novel of Scott's, said, "Why, I am ashamed to say I have not; but I have hopes it will soon *blow over*." It is, I believe, in Murphy's "Apprentice," that the fellow who is to act Ghost asks "Whether he is to bow to the audience?" and the other answers, "Why yes, if you are the ghost of a gentleman, certainly."

6th. Breakfasted with Jeffrey to meet Sydney Smith, W. Irving, &c. Smith very amusing. In talking of Sir T. Lawrence's death, he said he had heard that it was entirely owing to his bandage (after bleeding) coming off, and the ignorance of his servant in not binding it on again, that he lost his life. On my remarking the additional ill-luck, after such a death, of falling into the hands of such a biographer as Campbell, he started up, and exclaimed theatrically,

"Look to your bandages, all ye that have been blooded; there are biographers abroad!" Nothing could be kinder or more affectionate than Jeffrey's manner and expressions in taking leave of me; and when he shook my hand and said, "God bless you," his voice evidently faltered.

25th. Dined with Lord Lansdowne; Lady Jersey's in the evening. 27th. With Lord Lansdowne again to meet a large party, Lord Grey, Brougham, the Carlises, the Hollands, &c. &c. The dinner afterwards made some noise in the newspapers, being represented foolishly as a reconciliation dinner to Lord Grey.

28th. (My birthday.) Started for Sloperton, Bessy being anxious to have me, at least, to a birthday *supper*. The state of politics had, before I left town, become rather interesting; Lord Grey having returned to his former station beside (or rather at the head of) his old fellow Whigs, and some demonstrations of a spirited opposition having been exhibited. Though the dinner of the 27th at Lansdowne House was not quite of so *prononcé* a character as the papers would have it, there is no doubt it made a part of the mutual movement towards a renewal of old friendship that has taken place between the parties. It was, I dare say, for the purpose of giving a less political air to the dinner that Lord L. was so anxious that I should be of it, as, after having invited me for the 25th, he wrote to say, that he wished, "without detriment" to that day, that I would dine with him also on the 27th; but that if I could only give *one* day, he begged it might be the latter. Lady E. Fielding, who talked to me about it afterwards, took the same view of its being a reconciliation dinner, and said it was remarked that, notwithstanding this being the object, Lord L. had never paid any attention whatever to Lord Grey, but had, after dinner, *talked only to me!* Such are the exaggerations that get about. How can it be expected that people at a distance should know anything of the mysteries of the great world, when they who live in the very thick of it are so constantly (as I see every day) at fault?



June 1st, 2nd. Returned on the latter day to town, Napier going up with me. He and I have been appointed members of the Committee of thirteen chosen by the Atheneum Club to elect 100 out of 1000 persons at present candidates for admission; an honourable but troublesome trust. Found on my table, upon coming up, forty letters, thirty of which were from canvassers for the Club. The claim of one of these to admission, was his having written about the Siamese Twins. The members of our Committee are so chosen as to represent different classes; for instance, the representative of the peerage is Lord Farnborough; of the commons, Croker; of the clergy, the Bishop of Llandaff; of the law, Mr. Justice Parke; of the army and navy, Napier; of the arts, Chantrey; of the sciences, Davies Gilbert, and Professor Sedgwick; of general literature, Thomas Moore; and so on. \* \* \*

6th. Dined at Holland House. Company: the Granvilles, Ellises, Lord Seaforth, &c. Forget whether I have mentioned that Henry de Ros had placed at my disposal a large collection of papers which have come to him from his father: some of the Duke of Marlborough's, Lord Coningsby's, &c. &c. Among the mass are some very interesting letters, &c., connected with the last moments of Lord Edward Fitzgerald, which Agar Ellis thinks I might make something good of. Told Lord Holland of this. Highly approved of it; said he would give me some help in the work, Pigott's Petition\*, &c. Took me to his rooms when we retired for the night, and read to me from the "Account of his Own Times," which I have before mentioned, a long character of Lord Edward, as well as remarks on the Rebellion in which he engaged; all very clever and very bold. Said he at present saw no objection in letting me have this for my work. Read me also a character of Lord Shelburne, apparently very fair, though some parts very severe. In the character of Lord Edward, he cites, as ap-

\* This was the petition to the House of Lords, written by Sir Arthur Pigott. The calm argumentative eloquence of this paper is very striking. — ED.

plied to him, my song, "Oh, breathe not his name!" which is, however, a mistake, as that song alludes to Emmet and the passage in his speech on receiving sentence, "Let no man write my epitaph." Lord H. discusses, in this character, the question of calling in foreign assistance, and puts very manfully the circumstances by which such a step may be justified. Did not leave him till near two o'clock. Slept there.

10th. Was to have dined to-day with Rogers early, but our Committee (electoral) meeting at five, it was out of the question. Told the Fieldings I would come to them. Our business to-day merely preliminary and smoothing the way to our regular meeting on Saturday. In alarm (both Ellis and I) for Barnes, whom it was our great object to get in, and whom we understood it was the intention of the Bishop to protest against in consequence of the late attack on the Bishop of London in "The Times." On its being proposed (as one of the steps facilitatory of our future operations) that each should mention the person or persons we were more particularly anxious about, Ellis, who was the first called upon, began rather imprudently by saying that there was one person he felt most especially anxious for, so much so, indeed, that if that person should be objected to, he rather feared he should be compelled to exercise his *veto* against those proposed by others; this was, he added, Mr. Barnes. He then named his father (Lord Clifden) and two or three others. When it came to my turn, I mentioned Barnes and only him.\*

12th. Meeting of committee; got through our business. Had resolved to stand by Ellis in his general *veto*, in case the Bishop opposed Barnes; but all was right and unanimous. I could not, indeed, have anticipated that thirteen men should have got on together at once so conscientiously and smoothly; and our list tells well, I think, for the conscientious part of the business. Left them nearly finished at a quarter before seven.

\* "I have made a mistake. All this took place on the 8th, as we had three meetings."

26th. Tempted out from my work by the fine day and the death of his Majesty, both of which events have set the whole town in motion. Never saw London so excited or so lively. Crowds everywhere, particularly in St. James's Street, from the proclamation of the new King being expected before the Palace. The whole thing reminded me of a passage in an old comedy: "What makes him so merry?" "Don't you see he's in mourning?" Dined at the Lansdownes. Company: Duke of Grafton, the Jerseys, the Morleys, the Vernons, the Lord Chancellor, &c. Sat next the Lord Chancellor, and was much amused by his manner. Was laughing at the state of nervousness Scarlett had got into on the subject of the press. Vernon told me that the first account he had of the King's death in the morning was from Botham (at Salt Hill, where Vernon and Lady Elizabeth slept), Botham saying to him, when he came downstairs, "Well, sir, I have lost my neighbour."

July 1st to 7th. 6th (I think it was). Dined with Mrs. Manners Sutton, and went under the gallery of the House of Commons afterwards. Was lucky enough to come in for Brougham's speech on the Regency: one of the most powerful and spirited sallies of oratory I ever heard. The effect of his humour upon the House! Mrs. Speaker had allowed me but an hour to stay; and very near the end of Brougham's speech one of the officers, in a fine gown, came and whispered me, *officially* as it were, "Sir, your hour's out." Could not help next day writing Brougham a note to say how entirely his speech had captivated and astonished me.

9th. Dined with Lord Worcester, for the purpose of going to the French Play party. Alvanley had asked me yesterday to meet Heff Consadine and Giles Daxon, but my engagement to Burdett prevented me. The Irish wags, he now told me, were shy. Theodore Hook had joined them in the evening; and, by his powers of fun, astonished the Paddies. Consadine, in talking of it to-day to somebody, said, "I never saw such a fellow as that *Horne Tooke*." In the evening Luttrell and I paired off from the

Play party, and went to Brookes's; from thence to Lady Cooke's, to Mrs. Cunliffe's, and to Lady Grey's. At Lady Cooke's met Galt, the writer, who told me that he had brought away with him from Upper Canada a bit of my tree. I asked, "What tree?" "Why, that you used to sit under," he answered, "at Ontario, when you were there." It appears they point out some tree with this recollection attached to it, and that travellers are in the habit of taking away bits of it.

15th. Forgot to mention Brougham's having asked me at the Fieldings' assembly (11th), whether Rogers had received Lord Grey's permission before he invited such a party of Huskissonians to meet him: considered it very extraordinary, and was sure Lord Grey viewed it in the same light, "as he was silent the whole day." All this an imagination of Brougham's. Lord Grey, it appears, knew whom he was to meet, and has since said that the party was a very agreeable one.

18th to 31st. During this month there is nothing to particularise. I had brought down with me the papers which Henry de Ros gave me; and in arranging those relative to Lord Edward Fitzgerald chiefly occupied myself.

August 21st. On board the Killarney packet at seven, and sailed between eight and nine. Beautiful weather. Among our fellow-passengers were Lord and Lady Sherbourne and son. Lady S. very agreeable and remarkably kind to Bess; pressed her to occupy her sofa (our berths being the worst in the vessel), as her own intention was to stay on deck the greater part of the night; Bessy, however, declined. The night wretched enough. I lay on the floor of the great cabin.

22nd. The morning very fine, and the Wicklow Mountains to welcome us when we rose. Cast anchor off Kingstown to wait for the tide. Got to Dublin between twelve and one. Took two jaunting cars for ourselves and luggage, and proceeded to Abbey Street. My dearest mother a good deal overcome on meeting us; but, thank God, much better in health and spirits than I expected to find her. My sweet sister Nell just the same gentle

spirit as ever; both in great delight with our boys; and my dear Bess never before looked so handsome as she did sitting by my mother, with a face bearing the utmost sweetness and affection, all for my sake. Had a most happy family dinner.

23rd. Walked about with Bessy and the boys. The theatre unluckily shut, but saw there was to be some miserable play or other at Fishamble Street (for the night only), and resolved to take the young ones to it. Crampton called before dinner, and wanted me to dine with him, offering the temptation of Sheil, Curran, and Sir Henry Hardinge; but I remained faithful to the boys. Never was there such a bear-garden as the theatre; nothing but rows from the beginning to the end of the night, and our box (from which there was no retreat, being the stage box) on the point of being made the theatre of war. Bessy about to hand Russell to the actors to take care of, &c. &c.; but I managed to get the drunken fellow who was the nucleus of the row out of the box, and we finally got away without damage.

24th. Dined (Bessy and I) at Crampton's, having walked about and paid some visits in the morning, besides buying a smart bonnet for Bess. Nobody at C.'s but a Mr. Macnamara, who had been at Paris during the late crisis, and gave a most lowering picture of the greater part of the transactions; quite unlike the heroic character thrown around them by the public accounts. Crampton very amusing in the evening; his imitations of the dancing at Donnybrook Fair, &c. &c. Oldham saying of some one, "He lives at the last house of Dublin on the left hand side." Some conversation to-day with Curran about Lord Edward Fitzgerald. Had been told by Judge Johnson that Lord E. disapproved very much of the plan of plundering houses for arms, as it produced unnecessary irritation and alarm, and the arms were better in the keeping of the gentlemen till the fit time came for taking them. All the organisation he thought necessary was to train the fellows (in small squads of from fifteen to twenty) to marching by the plummet, performing equal distances in equal times.

26th. A note from Sirr. Called upon him. The rencontre he had with the party the night before Lord Edward's apprehension. Lord E. (if really among them, which he did not seem quite sure of,) must have been going, he thinks, to Moira House, from Thomas Street. Two ways by which he might come, either Dirty Lane or Watling Street. Sirr divided his forces, and posted himself, accompanied by Regan and Emerson, in Watling Street, his two companions being on the other side of the street. Seized the first of the party, and found a sword, which he drew out; and this was the saving of his life. Assailed by them all, and in stepping back fell; they prodding at him. His two friends made off. On his getting again on his legs, two pistols were snapped at him, but missed fire; and his assailants at last made off. On joining the other division of his forces, found that they had encountered the rebel party, and had made one of them prisoner. His suspicious account of himself; a muslin manufacturer. Sirr taking him through Dublin next day; no one recognising him; taking him to Newgate; to the provost; but could find no one to identify him; gave him up to Cook, and then told by some one that he was M'Cabe, who had organised all. His going to Cook and finding that M'Cabe had been liberated, having passed himself off as an innocent Scotchman. Fixed with Sirr to call upon him again.

27th. Desperate wet day; passed some hours at Milliken's, looking over Irish pamphlets. Dined at Lady Morgan's. Company: Curran, Sheil, North, Edward Moore, the Clarkes. Lady Morgan's story of her telling Lady Cork, on the morning of one of her assemblies, that she had just seen Sir A. Carlisle, who had been dissecting and preserving the little female dwarf Crachami. "Would it do for a *lion* for to-night?" asked Lady Cork. "Why, I think, hardly." "But surely it would if it's *in spirits*." Their posting off to Sir A. Carlisle's, and Lady C. asking the servant for the little child. "There's no child here, ma'am." "But I mean the child in the bottle." "Oh, this is not the place where we bottle the children,

ma'am; that's at master's workshop." In talking of Irish pronunciation, Lord Gort saying, in court, when some one was called forth, "He's in *jeel*." A lady, too, describing the situation of her house, "We've the *bee* in our *rare*" (the bay in our rear).

31st. Duke of Leinster called upon me at one o'clock. Some conversation with him about my intended "Life of Lord Edward." Did not think he had any papers that would be of use, as Lord E.'s communications with his father related purely to family affairs, his wish being (though he resided all the time at Leinster House) not to commit the Duke to the conspiracy. Pressed me to come to Carton, which I promised. While he was with me Major Sirr left a card; the man who killed his uncle; such changes does time produce! Showed his card to the Duke, who, I found, knows him, and thinks him, in his way, a good sort of man.

September 1st. Fixed to go to Bryan's on Saturday (4th), as the meeting on the subject of the French Revolution, which I have promised to attend, will not take place before Monday week. Drove out in a jaunting car, with my mother and Bess, to visit the Grahams at Dunville, where I once passed a few days as a child, and where I well remember being carried in triumph by other boys to an old ruin of a castle which stood in one of the fields, and there crowned king of the castle,—Callin's Castle (I think it was), now thrown down, and a good house built in its place. As I stood at the end of the garden at Dunville, and looked into the field, it is odd enough that (although from some other changes I had been led to suppose that the field where I used to play was quite in a different direction) I felt at the moment that this must be the spot; though there was nothing but the grass, and perhaps the relative position of the field to the garden, that was at all likely to act upon my recollections. On my return to the house, I learned that it actually *was* the very spot where I had played during the short period of my visit in childhood, when I could not have been more than seven or eight years old. Such vitality is there in some associations! On returning

to town met Sheil, and walked for some time with him. Metaphors, he says, are going fast out of fashion in Ireland; in the courts there is now hardly one to be heard. Remarkd the change in this respect since the time of Temple Emmet, who had great reputation for eloquence, and whom old Peter Burrowes once heard say, in arguing an abstract point of national law, "When twelve eaglets (meaning the United States) left their parent nests, and soared to independence upon dauntless wings." Called with him on the "Evening Post," and sat talking some time with Magee and Conway. Sheil thinks I should have no difficulty whatever in getting into Parliament for some Irish seat, if I but looked to it. Dined in Abbey Street, and having borrowed the files of the "Evening Post" for 1792—5, passed the evening looking over them. In talking with Peter Burrowes this morning, got on the subject of Robert Emmet, whose counsel I found Burrowes had been. Told me that Emmet, on his apprehension, had confided some money he had about him (together with a letter) to somebody he thought he could trust, to be delivered to Miss Curran. The person, whoever it was, pocketed the money, and carried the letter to the government; on hearing which Emmet, in despair at the thought of having committed the girl by anything he might have said in the letter, addressed, through some channel or other, the most earnest entreaties to the government that they would suppress the letter, engaging himself, if they would do so, not to say a word in his own defence, but to go to his death in silence. This latter offer he made, knowing how much it was an object with the authorities that he should not address the people. Burrowes told me, too, that during the trial, whenever he was endeavouring to disconcert any of the witnesses in his cross-examination, Emmet would check him, and say, "No, no; the man's speaking truth." This was, however, only on points bearing against himself; for whatever testimony was likely to involve or criminate others, he showed the utmost anxiety that the truth should not appear. When Burrowes, too,

was about to avail himself of the privilege of reply (wearied to death with anxiety, and feeling both the painfulness and inutility of what he was about to do), Emmet said, "Pray do not attempt to defend me; it is all in vain;" and Burrowes accordingly desisted. Nothing could be more warm and unqualified than Burrowes's praise of him and his feeling for his memory.

3rd. One of these mornings called on Major Sirr, and had his description of the seizure of Lord Edward. Got the information as to where he was but the moment before he acted upon it. Ryan and Swan happened to be with him at the time: took five or six soldiers in plain clothes with him; when arrived in Thomas Street sent for the pickets of cavalry and infantry in the neighbourhood; had altogether between two and three hundred men. While he was fixing the pickets round the house, Swan ran upstairs; soon after which Sirr, hearing a shot, ran up also, and found Lord Edward struggling with Swan and Ryan, the latter at his feet. Could not well make out whether Sirr fired from the hall (they being at the top of the stairs), or from the landing at the top into the room (they being still in the room); rather think the latter. Ryan had only a sword cane. Lord E. again making efforts to escape in the hall, and it was then he was wounded by the drummer. Neilson told Sirr afterwards that had it not been for the number of soldiers he had collected, there would have been a rescue, as he (Neilson) had 500 fellows ready to undertake it.

6th. Drove into Kilkenny, with Bryan and Bessy. In looking along the walk by the river, under the Castle, my sweet Bess and I recollected the time when we used, in our love-making days, to stroll for hours there together. We did not love half so *really* then as we do now. Heard from Mr. Fitzsimon (O'Connell's son-in-law), on the subject of the French meeting. Wants me to write an address for them to the French nation, but declined.

7th. Asked to lay the first stone of a new house building for George in the neighbour-

hood of Jenkinstown. In starting for this ceremony the horses in Mrs. Bryan's carriage showed rather alarming restiveness. Bessy went with George in his curricule, and Tom and I walked. After the laying of the stone, Bryan ordered ten barrels of beer to the workmen: but on the master builder representing to him that this would make them drunk for a week, the choice was given them whether they would have the beer or the value of it (one pound a barrel), and they wisely and *un*-Irishly chose the money, having one barrel of beer (which George had before ordered them) to drink. In returning home Mrs. Bryan's horses ran restive against the gate, broke the pole, and threw off the postillion; luckily no further harm done; but the horses of George's curricule also becoming unmanageable, I, with much fear and trepidation, got Bessy and Tom down from it, cursing, in my heart, all such over-fed, never-worked horses.

8th. Helped Tom a little with his Greek holiday task. Much discussions and doubts as to the horses that were to be put to the carriages to-day; my wish being to send for post-horses, but I was over-ruled. Set off between two and three. The Bryans, Mrs. Keating, and Bessy in the coach-and-four, and Tom and I in the curricule, with a postillion and pair. Got there very safely. Walked with Tom into Kilkenny, to show it to him. Called at Mr. Banim's (the father of the author of the "Tales of the O'Hara Family," who keeps a little powder and shot shop in Kilkenny), and not finding him at home, left a memorandum to say that I had called out of respect to his son. Took care to impress upon Tom how great the merit of a young man must be who, with not one hundredth part of the advantages of education that he (Tom) had in his power, could yet so distinguish himself as to cause this kind of tribute of respect to be paid to his father. I have not, it is true, read more than one of Banim's stories myself, but that one was good, and I take the rest upon credit. Besides, he dedicated his second series to me, calling me "Ireland's free son and true poet," which was handsome of him. A

paragraph, by-the-bye, in the Kilkenny paper (of yesterday, I believe), in mentioning that they had seen me drive through the town with Captain Bryan, apparently in good health and spirits, added that the latter seemed to sink a little when I looked at the theatre, the scene of my former gaieties, and saw that place turned into a horse bazaar, where I once used to make the galleries roar in *Peeping Tom* and *Robin Roughhead*. The party at the barracks very numerous and gay; the dinner well managed; and the dancing afterwards, if not very graceful, at least active enough. My old friends the Powers of Kilmfane, there, and glad I was, for the sake of old times, to see them. Pressed us much to go to Kilmfane, but cannot spare the time. Sat next Major Campbell, an intelligent, manly officer. In speaking of Napier, said his book was their "Bible." Quoted what some French officer of note had said, in speaking of the British troops: he had remarked as very formidable, "*cet affreux silence que l'on observe en marchant en ligne.*" In coming back Tom and I obliged to join them in the carriage, from the heavy rain. Had a near escape of being upset at the turn-town to Jenkinstown, which the postilions, being drunk, had passed too far to turn with safety; the leaders, however, being taken off, we managed it, and got home for a wonder, with bones unbroken.

9th. Took a solitary walk towards Castle Comer. Thought of some points for my speech. Mrs. Bryan quoting from the "Deserter," about war, "*C'est une belle chose quand on en est revenu.*"

10th. Off in the Kilkenny coach for town. Coach called for us at the house, and took us most comfortably to town (having taken the inside to ourselves) before six o'clock.

11th. Met Lady Campbell driving about; got into the carriage with her. Conversation about her father (Lord Edward). Lady Lansdowne had already told me that she was rather apprehensive as to the prudence of the projected "Life." Her exclamation, on hearing that I had so many of his letters, she never having seen a scrap of her father's handwriting.

12th. Dined with the Campbells. Company, only the Richard Napiers, who took Bessy; Tom and I following in a hackney coach. Lady C. told me the circumstances connected with Lord E.'s escape from arrest, which she had heard from an old woman-servant of the family. Tony, the black, giving the alarm to Lord E., and the latter escaping (it was at Leinster House) by the stables. The officer who came to make the search (Swan, I think,) saying, when he required her keys to look for papers, "It is a very disagreeable task for a gentleman to be employed in:" and Lady Edward answering, with much dignity, "It is a task no gentleman would perform." A few days after this, Lady Edward having gone to lodge in Denzille Street, the same woman, coming into the room in the evening, saw Lord and Lady E. sitting over the fire together, and in tears.

13th. A dinner-party at my mother's; the Mearas, O'Meara, and Peter Lee. All very nicely done; my sweet Bess having worked hard to have everything comfortable and creditable. A large addition to the party in the evening, and dancing, refreshments, &c. &c.; my mother in high spirits at seeing her family and friends about her.

14th. Dined (I alone) at Crampton's. Called for by Bessy and Ellen in the evening to go to a party at Mrs. Smith's. Music; sung. Have observed (what I should not have believed had I not witnessed it) that the Irish are much colder as auditors (to my singing, at least) than the English. Nothing like the same *empressement*, the crowding towards the pianoforte, the eagerness for more which I am accustomed to in most English companies. This may be, perhaps, from my being made so much of a *lion* here, or from some notion of good breeding and finery, some idea probably that it is more fashionable and *English* not to be too much moved. From whatever reason it may proceed, it is the last thing I should have expected.

15th. Day of the meeting to celebrate the late French Revolution. Went at one o'clock; Bessy, Ellen, Mrs. Meara, &c.,

having gone before. Saw that they were well placed, and my little Tom with them. The Committee still in deliberation on the forms of proceeding. At this time more than 2000 persons collected: the room (the National Mart) being nearly full. Sheil one of the earliest speakers; his manner, action, &c., all made me tremble a little for his chances of success in the House of Commons, about which I had before felt very sanguine. His voice has no *medium* tone, and, when exerted, becomes a scream; his action theatrical, and of the *barn* order of theatricals; but still his oratorical powers great, and capable of producing (in an Irish audience at least) great excitement. It was wished that I should second the resolution he proposed, and a call to that effect was becoming very general, but I resolved not. About this time the doors, which had been closed, were burst open by the people without, and the room was completely filled: supposed to be about 3000 persons in all. After a resolution proposed by Mr. Hamilton, late candidate for the county of Dublin, the call for me became obstreperous, and I rose. My reception almost astoundingly enthusiastic. For some minutes I got on with perfect self-possession, but my very success alarmed me, and I at once lost the thread of what I was about to say; all seemed to have vanished from my mind. It was a most painful moment, and Sheil (who was directly under me) told me afterwards that I had turned quite pale. I was enough collected, however, to go on saying *something*, though *what* I hardly knew, till at length my mind worked itself clear, and I again got full possession of my subject. So luckily, too, had I managed these few minutes of aberration, that, as I found afterwards, the greater part of my audience gave me credit for having assumed this momentary fit of embarrassment. From this on to the end my display was most successful; and the consciousness that every word *told* on my auditory, reacted back again upon me with a degree of excitement that made me feel capable of *anything*. The shouts, the applauses, the waving of hats, &c., after I had finished, lasted for some

minutes. I heard Sheil, too, as I concluded, say with much warmth, "He is a most beautiful speaker!" Found Bessy and Ellen where they sat as soon as I could, and had to make up my face to stand, for the rest of the day, the uninterrupted stare of some dozens of girls near us, many of them as good specimens of the "*beau sang*" of Ireland as could be found. I found that a very melancholy thought had crossed my dear Bessy's mind at the time when I paused in my speech. "He is thinking," she said to herself, "of Anastasia:" and her heart beat so violently with the idea, that she thought she should have fainted. It is true I had often during the day thought with sad regret of our sweet child, and the delight she would have felt in witnessing my success had she been spared to us; but, of course, at the moment of my bewilderment I thought of nothing but how to find my way back again. It was, however, a natural consequence of the state of excitement into which Bessy had been thrown by the whole scene (for at the first peal of acclamation on my entering the room, she burst into tears) to have such sad thoughts mingle with her pleasure and triumph. The *surgit amari aliquid* is so desolatingly true! Two of the speakers that succeeded me very good, Murphy and Sheehan (editor of the "Mail"); the only two I heard that struck me as likely to do in the House of Commons. Between four and five, with some difficulty, got Bessy and Tom away (my sister having gone before). As soon as the meeting perceived me going, the acclamations were renewed; found outside a large concourse of people to receive us, who hurrahd, shook hands, &c.; and, when we got into the carriage, insisted upon taking the horses off, and drawing us home. When we had proceeded half up the quay, however, I prevailed upon them to put the horses to again, and having provided myself with a pound's worth of silver, scattered it all for a scramble among my escorters, and got quietly home. Had promised Stanton of the "Morning Register" to try and furnish him with as correct a notice of my speech as I could muster up from recollection,

and after dinner went to Bachelor's Walk for that purpose. Found there emissaries from the other morning papers waiting with the same design upon me, but referred them all to Stanton, who had promised me to give them slips from his copy. Having dispatched off my report (the *devil* waiting in the room the greater part of the time while I wrote it), dressed for my mother's party, which I found already assembled. Sung to them, and did the honours as well as fatigue would let me. O'Connell's daughter (Mrs. Fitz-Simon, a very nice person) among the guests. Did not get to bed till late.

16th. Dined at Crampton's, to meet Sir H. and Lady Emily Hardinge. Bessy asked, but did not go. No one else but Mr. Wood. Sir Henry very agreeable and communicative. Among other things, in speaking of the Duke of Wellington's powers of letter-writing, mentioned that those letters in the affair with Lord Winchilsea (in which Hardinge was his second) were written off at the moment with pencil, on being called out of the House of Lords by Hardinge as the negotiation went on. Said also, that the night he went to the Duke to tell him there was nothing left for them but to fight, he found the Duke in bed and asleep. It was then one o'clock; and after waking him, and mentioning what must be done, the Duke coolly said, "Very well; see that I am called early enough in the morning;" and, turning round, betook himself to sleep again. A good deal of conversation on general politics, and Hardinge unreserved on every subject. In the evening, as he and I stood together, talking of the present state of parties, he said, "A strange position ours (meaning the Ministry) is at this moment: in the first place ——" Here we were provokingly interrupted by Crampton's coming to tell us that a young lady was going to play the harp; by which unlucky *contretemps* the Secretary was stopped in his revelations, and I lost (as Grumio says) "many things of worthy memory, which now shall die in oblivion, and I return unexperienced to my grave." Had settled this evening with Cassidy (the brother of a new acquaintance of

mine who has invited me down to his house at Monastereven to meet Judge Johnson) that I would join him and Mr. Murphy (the Murphy who spoke so well at the meeting) in a chaise to-morrow morning to Monastereven. One of my great objects has been to have an opportunity of conversing with Judge Johnson on the subject of Lord Edward Fitzgerald; and Mr. Cassidy, in whose neighbourhood Johnson lives, has arranged our meeting for me. Sir H. Hardinge, by-the-bye, complimented me on my speech far more than I could have expected from such a quarter.

17th. Started before eleven. Murphy a well-informed, agreeable man. Mentioned Lord Plunket saying of Lord Lyndhurst (whom he likes), "Indifference is the vice of that man's mind." Stopped at Kildare to look at the spot where Lord Edward's cottage (Conolly's Lodge?) once stood. No trace of it now. It adjoined the castle; the passage to it up a narrow, dirty lane. Went from thence to call upon a man of the name of Garry, a farmer, who was one of Lord Edward's captains in 1798. A fine, grave, handsome, and intelligent-spoken old fellow, who showed, by the way in which he spoke of passing events, that the fire of '98 was not quite extinct in him. "It is of the Kingdom of God (he said) I have now alone to think; but still, to the last moment of my life, it will always give me pleasure to hear of the downfall of despotism." Arrived at Monastereven between four and five. Went to old Mr. Cassidy's, and having left Murphy (who is his son-in-law) and the younger Cassidy there, proceeded to the house of *my* host, about a mile and half from Monastereven. Joined at dinner by Mr. and Mrs. Murphy, Miss Cassidy, &c. &c. Music in the evening. Excellent people, and all of them (except Murphy) as good rebels as need be. Murphy, who, it is evident, has an eye to getting on by English Whig interest, differs altogether from the radical views of his brothers-in-law.

18th. Walked with Cassidy in his garden before breakfast. Much talk with him about the state of Ireland at present. Re-



sumed the subject we had already spoken of after dinner yesterday, namely, the chance (or rather, as he thinks, *certainty*) of my being brought in for some Irish county, if I should desire it. Murphy said yesterday that it was the general talk of everybody on the day after the meeting. The elective power in Ireland now so constituted that none but candidates on popular principles are likely henceforward to succeed; the ten-pound freehold system having given the power of voting to a class of men on whom public opinion directly acts, namely, the shopkeepers and small farmers. Left Cassidy in the garden for some time, and on returning saw with him a short, slight figure (the back turned towards me), with a light step, and dressed in a neat blue frock and a foraging cap. Though aware that Judge Johnson was expected, I could hardly suppose that this slight boyish figure could be the venerable eighty-year-old judge; but so it was. After breakfast a good deal of conversation with him, which I have made memorandums of elsewhere. Drove out in Cassidy's open carriage with him, Mrs. C., and Judge Johnson; went to see Moore Park, and from thence to Johnson's house. He had already explained to me Lord Edward's views with respect to the best mode of training the people to arms; having observed, while in America, that the Indians, who are the best marksmen (with the rifle) in the world, brought their eye and hand to this perfection by practising with bows and arrows from childhood; this method not only saving the expense of powder and shot (which they could of course by no means afford), but enabling them equally well to attain that sympathy between the eye and hand which makes the good marksman, and which, after such practice, they could in a fortnight transfer to the use of the rifle. Lord Edward's notion was to introduce this habit among the young Irish. In connection with this, I may mention a curious instance of the readiness with which even the fairest men allow themselves to misrepresent things, either for the sake of a joke, or merely to surprise their hearers. In

talking to me of Johnson, in Dublin, William Curran said, "He has some odd whims, which you must be on your guard against; for instance, he thinks that the salvation of Ireland is to be brought about by bows and arrows." This, of course, made me stare, which is all perhaps it was intended for; but the suppression of all that lends rationality to Johnson's plan makes the whole difference both in the force and truth of the statement. It is certainly quite true, however, that Johnson's head runs upon military matters in a way most strange (to say the least of it) in an ex-judge of eighty. As soon as we got to his house, he took me into the library to show me the sort of short rifle which Lord Edward recommended instead of the long unwieldy one used by the Americans and Indians; also the kind of pike contrived either by Lord E. or Johnson himself, to be used in *popular* warfare, as at once the most effective and portable. This pike, the handle of which is immensely long, but, from being hollow, extremely light, divides in two when not meant for use, and can thus be conveniently strapped to one shoulder while the small rifle is slung on the other, leaving the hands of the soldier perfectly free. It was curious to see the little old judge, in an erect posture, and with an eye full of fire (as if anticipating the sort of use that was to be made of the weapon), slinging the rifle over his shoulder to show me with what ease it could be carried. His history is remarkable. He was originally one of the Whig followers of Grattan, &c., in the cause of Irish independence; but on an occasion, as he himself explained to me, when a motion for the relief of the Catholics was brought forward under the influence of the Government (1783), and was defeated by the Whigs insidiously recommending, as he said, the Catholics to couple Reform with their politics, he so much resented, according to his own account, this double dealing, that without any hesitation he accepted offers made to him by the Government to join them, and continued from thenceforward attached to Castle politics. "In fact," said he, with great *naïveté*, "we were all jobbers

at that time." For his vote for the Union he was made a judge, and now holds a pension from the Government of 1500*l.* a year, which enables him to publish pamphlets in Paris, recommending separation from England. Our drive altogether very agreeable.

19th. Chaise at the door at eight, being obliged to return to town, to attend as collector to a Catholic charity sermon. Cassidy accompanied me as far as Monastereven. Pressed me on the subject of coming into Parliament, and said he would answer for there being such a requisition to me, in case of a vacancy, as I should find it difficult to refuse. Showed me a letter to him from O'Connell on the proposed system of agitation, which he had just answered, telling O'Connell that he thought the Repeal of the Union ought not yet to be brought forward; but that grievances on grievances should be thrust in the Government's face, till at length the English themselves should be wearied out, and feel quite as ready to separate as the Irish. At all events, Cassidy told him that if the question of Repeal was to be urged, he (O'Connell) would do it more harm than good by putting himself at the head of it. This I quite agreed with him in. The day a most desperate one; almost blown out of the crazy chaises; but amused myself on the way by composing a squib against Galt's "Life of Byron," which that wretched thing richly deserves. Arrived a little after two, and proceeded to Dominick Street Chapel, where I was introduced into the preacher's room, and found cake and wine prepared. Learned that Bessy, Nell, and the boys were already in the chapel. The sermon in an austere spirit, demanding charity to the poor as a right. The collection followed, which I began by putting 1*l.* in the plate, and had to stand a pretty good staring from all the other contributors. At the end I was told that an old lady who could not come to the plate had reserved her money for the purpose of giving it to me, and begged that I would come to her, which I did; and the poor lady, who was nearly blind, all but hugged me, to the amusement of the bystanders. Bessy, &c. invited up to the priest's room, where

we were introduced to several other priests, all very well-mannered and amiable-looking men. On coming out to walk home, we found almost the whole congregation waiting for us in the street. They took off their hats respectfully to us, and the greater part of them followed us the whole way to Abbey Street (in perfect silence, it being Sunday), and then took leave of us at the door. Was delighted to see that my poor mother was at the window and witnessed our escort. My sister Kate dined with us.

21st. Dined at Crampton's; Sheil was to have come, but could not. In mentioning to Sheil how much I was pleased with the rough, straightforward eloquence of a man who spoke at the meeting, named R——, and how direct from his heart he appeared to me to speak, Sheil said, "You must not be too much taken by that fellow: he is what we call here, a brewer's patriot; most of the great brewers having upon their establishment a regular patriot, who goes about among the publicans, talking violent politics, and so helps to sell the beer." So much, indeed, have politics to do with trade in Dublin, that one very extensive brewer (whose name he mentioned) lost all his customers by taking the side of the veto.

22nd. Had written, on my return from Monastereven, to the Duke of Leinster, to say that I would come to Carton on Wednesday (to-day) if he would receive me; but that Mrs. Moore (whom he had invited, together with the boys) would not be able to accompany me. Gave my squib to Conway for to-morrow night's "Evening Post." Started for Carton in a chaise about half-past three. Company at dinner besides the Duke and Duchess and Lord William, Lady Caroline Stanhope, the pretty Miss Stanhope, and the Miss Colmans. Music in the evening; Miss Colman and myself, and the Duke at his double bass. My voice in very good force, and by no means thrown away upon my audience. Miss Colman a very agreeable singer and guitarist.

23rd. Started after breakfast in a chaise, and got to town between twelve and one. Saw a proof of my squib at the "Evening

Post" Office at three, and despatched a slip off to the "Times" for insertion. Saw Luttrell, who arrived the day before yesterday, and was to meet us at dinner to-day at Sir Henry Hardinge's. Called upon (Bessy and myself) by the Cramptons to take us to the Park to dinner. Company: Lord Brecknock, Archdeacon Singleton, Dr. Wood, &c. &c. Hardinge very communicative after dinner. He told, as illustrative of the vicissitudes to which a soldier's life is subject, the circumstances of his lying to have his hand amputated (after the wound he received at Waterloo) in a wretched hovel on the road, and then in a month after sleeping in one of the royal beds (at St. Cloud, I believe) by the particular desire of Blucher, who insisted upon his choosing this gorgeous resting-place.

24th. Had been told that Mr. T. Browne, the builder, of Bagot Street, knew a good deal about Lord Edward, and was also in possession of the dagger with which he killed Ryan. Called upon him and found him at home; a good deal of conversation, of which I have preserved notes elsewhere. The dagger not to be found; but he is continuing his search for it. Mentioned Mrs. Dillon (Shee's aunt), and said the Berrills could procure me access to her. Called upon the Berrills, and begged of the daughter to write to Mrs. Dillon (who lives at Bray) on the subject. Dined at home.

26th. Miss Berrill having arranged for me to go to Mrs. Dillon (at Bray) this morning, called at Berrill's between ten and eleven, in a hired chariot (little Tom with me), and, accompanied by Kate Berrill, proceeded to Bray. Day delightful. Mrs. Dillon, a fine specimen of an old patriotic Irishwoman, between seventy and eighty; and has lost her eyesight, but the mind and the rebel spirit as fresh as ever. Her enthusiasm in talking of Lord Edward, "Ah, the sweet fellow!" Have set down elsewhere memorandums of what she and her daughter told me. Got home to Abbey Street about five, and dined there. Have received a letter from Sir C. Morgan in the name of the Dawson Street Club (chiefly Catholic), to beg that I would fix a day to

dine with them, but have declined on account of the uncertainty of my time of departure. This is the third dinner that has been in contemplation for me; one of the others being a mob feast, at six shillings a-head, which Jack Lawless wants to get up for me. And as a good contrast to this, Crampton tells me that the Kildare Street Club (which is deep Orange) had some intention of inviting me.

27th. Have been petitioned these two days past to patronise the benefit of the managers at the Adelphi to-night, but being engaged at the Park, endeavoured to make that an excuse. However, the man has been so pressing that we consented to take a box, and I shall join Bessy and her party as soon as possible from the Park. Taken to dinner (Luttrell and I) by Crampton. The Duke of Northumberland (whom I used to know ages ago as Lord Percy) recognised me very kindly as an old acquaintance. Company: the Hardinges, Singletons, the Dean of Emly, Sir John Byng, &c. Before we went out to dinner, one of the aides-de-camp, Doyle, whispered me (evidently from authority) to get as near the Duchess as I could at dinner; but as I am not good at pushing, my attempts thereat failed. The Duchess played and sung rather agreeably, after which my turn came, and then the Duchess sung with me one or two of my own ducts. As soon as we saw that we could get away, Crampton and I slipped off and got to the theatre about the middle of the farce. There had been several cheerings during the night for Mr. Moore's family; and now, after the first act of the farce, I got my greetings in a most enthusiastic style, and was obliged to stand up and acknowledge the acclamations more than once. When we were coming out, too, the crowd were in attendance at the door, and I was obliged to make my way through handshakings and huzzas to the carriage. Poor little Nell and her escorter were for some time separated from us by the dense wall of people that surrounded the carriage, and it was with some difficulty she got to us. One fellow in the mob said, "Well, Mr. Moore, you'll stay a little longer with us now, won't you?"

28th. Have been lucky enough to find out Murphy, the man in whose house Lord Edward was taken, and who, they told me, had died long since in America; while all the while he has been living quietly in the same unlucky Thomas Street, though not in the same house. So difficult is it to come at facts! Have taken notes of my conversations with him elsewhere. Dined at Lady Morgan's: company, Luttrell, Sheil, Curran, Wallace, and Sheil's new wife. Bessy and Nell came in the evening. Had music.

29th. Occupied in preparing for our departure. It had been my intention (at least wish) to return by Bristol, as the saving in fatigue and expense would have been considerable, and Bessy on both accounts desired it very much; but the weather had become so invariably stormy, that I, at last, decided for Holyhead. Dined in Abbey Street, and took leave of my dearest mother (who was, of course, sadly down at the prospect of losing us) about ten o'clock, having ordered a job coach to come in the morning to take us to Howth. Altogether our visit has been a most happy one. My mother and Nell had known little of my excellent Bessy but through my report of her, it being now fifteen years since they had (for a very few weeks, and living in separate houses) any opportunity of knowing her. They have now, however, had her with them as one of themselves, and the result has been what I never could doubt it would be. Her devoted attention to my mother, her affection to dear Nell, all was in the best spirit of amiableness and good sense. Being better able to see than I could all the little things, in the way of comfort, that my poor mother's establishment wants, she has, in the nicest and most delicate way, procured them, and made a few pounds do wonders in this way. The two boys, too, have been a great delight to my mother. Young Mulvaney has painted a picture of her for me, with Tom leaning on her lap; and Lever has done a very successful portrait of dear Russell, taking his idea of the attitude, &c., from my song of "Love is a hunter boy."

30th. Off from Abbey Street before eight,

and arrived at Howth some time before the packet was ready to start. A good deal alarmed by a horse that broke loose with a cart, and ran in all directions about the pier. Our captain was Bessy's old favourite, Stevens, with whom she sailed the last time she came over to Ireland. Found both him and our passage very agreeable, the latter not six hours' duration. He insisted on our dining at his house; and we passed a very comfortable day with him and Mrs. Stevens. Was lucky enough to get the inside of the coach to ourselves to Shrewsbury. Slept at Spencer's.

October 1st. The morning wet, but cleared up when we got out of Anglesey; and nothing could be more delicious than all the rest of the day; our journey lying through such a series of pictures, and Bessy had never before seen the Menai Bridge. Arrived at Shrewsbury in time for tea, and a very comfortable night's rest, our whole party having enjoyed themselves thoroughly.

2nd. Thought ourselves lucky in again getting the inside of the coach for Worcester; but found that it stopped, for two hours, half way, where we were to be taken up by another coach. On this coach coming in, there turned out to be a hitch about the places, as it was quite full, and they were going to forward us in what they called a car; but on my making a little piece of work, they dispossessed the other passengers, and we proceeded in the coach to Worcester.

3rd. Started in a chaise, and travelled post the rest of the way home to Sloperton, where we arrived before six o'clock: a beautiful evening to welcome us; and all kissed and congratulated each other on the safe and happy termination of our agreeable excursion.

4th. Found the whole neighbourhood in a paroxysm of dancing and dining, which was anything but what I wished, as quiet and hard work were now indispensable to me after my late ruinous run of idleness. Bessy, however, having been so long in arrears with all the neighbours in the way of visiting, and her health and spirits being now, thank God, so much better than I have seen them for years, I thought it a pity not

to take advantage of her mood, and so went on idling again, as usual.

8th. In talking to Watson Taylor about Lord Edward, he took occasion to assure me that Lord Camden was, in Ireland, constantly out-voted in his wish for a more moderate system of government, by Clare and Castlereagh.

9th to 16th. Busy, as far as people will let me, with my "Life of Lord Edward" and the "Summer Fête" for Power. One of these mornings my darling Bessy came to me, with her eyes full of tears, bringing some lines written down, half prose and half poetry, which had come into her head, as she lay awake thinking of our dear lost Anastasia. I could not help crying myself in reading them, and was sorry I let her tear the paper.

20th. Have been invited to Watson Taylor's to meet the Duchess of Kent and young Victoria.

23rd. Walked into Devizes, Watson Taylor having fixed for me to be there at three, to be taken by him to Earl Stoke. Got to Earl Stoke about four. Rather amused with being behind the scenes to see the fuss of preparation for a royal reception. About half past five the Duchess and Princess arrived; found that Sir J. Conroy, their attendant, was an old acquaintance of mine. No guests to-day at dinner but myself, Lady Theodosia Hall, and Fisher (the Duchess's chaplain); this being a private day. Music in the evening. The Duchess sung a duet or two with the Princess Victoria, and several very pretty German songs by herself. One or two by Weber and Hummel, particularly pretty, and her manner of singing just what a lady's ought to be. No attempts at bravura or graces, but all simplicity and expression. I also sung several songs, with which her R. H. was pleased to be pleased. Evidently very fond of music, and would have gone on singing much longer if there had not been rather premature preparations for bed.

24th. After breakfast proceeded to the little church on W. Taylor's ground. The morning very fine, and the groups waiting

under the shade of the trees for the arrival of the two carriages with the royal ladies, &c., made a very pretty picture. Sat in the same pew with their Royal Highnesses. Fisher, the officiator. After luncheon went to view the farm, &c.; the ladies in the carriages, and I walking with the young Taylors. Large party at dinner; Lord and Lady Sidmouth, the Members for Devizes and the county, the Mayor, &c.; none of the ladies of the neighbourhood asked, from the invidious difficulty, of course, of making a selection. Great anxiety for music in the evening, but the Duchess very prudently (it being Sunday), and very much to my satisfaction, protested against it.

25th. After breakfast the Duchess expressed a wish for a little more music, and she and the Princess and myself sung a good deal. The Duchess sung over three or four times with me, "Go where Glory waits thee," pronouncing the words very prettily, and altogether singing it more to my taste than any one I ever found. Repeated also her pretty German songs, and very graciously promised me copies of them, having intimated how much she should like to have copies of those songs I had sung for her. At two their R. H.'s took their leave for Salisbury, and I soon after departed for Devizes, on my way to Locke's, where Bessy was to meet me, to pass a few days; an old promise. Company at Locke's, the David Macdonalds. Had a good deal of conversation this morning with my old *butt*, Lord Sidmouth, who recognised me with great courtesy, referred to the times of our first meeting, five and twenty years ago, at Miles P. Andrews's, and at Mr. Gosling's, and talked a good deal of poor Lady Donegal. Repeated to me, as words which he thought would do very well for me to set to music, some very spirited lines (from the German\*, I believe) addressed by a warrior to his sword. I spoke of Lord Stowell (Lady Sidmouth's father), and his opinion upon the question of *Slave Grace* (?), in opposition to that of Lord

\* In reference to Koerner's famous song probably.

Mansfield a few years ago, when he was turned eighty, showing such strength and clearness of intellect. So little, however, did Lord and Lady Sidmouth think him capable, at that time, of such an effort, that had they been consulted as to his undertaking it they would have most earnestly deprecated it. Quoted what a great American judge (?) had written to Lord Stowell concerning his Admiralty judgments, to the effect, that though the Americans had been naturally discontented with decisions so much against their interest during the war, his book had now become a portion of their Maritime Law.

November 1st to 30th. From this till the 12th of December, remained at home and at work, chiefly upon my "Life of Lord Edward," my sole interruption, and a very agreeable one, being a visit from my old friend Corry, who came on the 19th to dinner. 21st. Took him (Bessy and I) to Bowles's church, and lunched there; Bowles full of alarm at the riots now spreading through the country. Henry Bushe's account of his place to the Sinecure Committee, that he was "Resident Surveyor, with perpetual leave of absence." "Don't you do any work for it?" "Nothing, but receive my salary four times a year." "Do you receive that yourself?" "No, by deputy."

December 1st to 12th. Preparing the first part (about half) of my MS. of "Lord Edward" for the press.

13th. Starte for town, taking Bessy to Buckhill in my way. Her health, I grieve to say, which has shown such signs of improvement since our return from Ireland, has again within these few days given way; and an attack of illness has at once taken away almost all the good looks and strength she had gained. My companions on the coach, an M.P. (could not make out his name), and a gentleman who had been in the army. The former a staunch political economist and anti-slavery man; the latter, upon most points differing with him, and their arguments the whole way through very amusing. By occasionally taking part with one and the other, I kept up the ball between

them, and was appealed to with more deference and anxiety by each from their not knowing *which* I would agree with. The M.P., in talking of the late King, remarked how entirely he was forgotten, or, if at all remembered or mentioned, what a true view was now taken of his worthless character. He then quoted from my lines on the death of Sheridan, —

"Forgotten as fool, or remember'd as worse;" saying, as he quoted them, "I forget who those lines were written by." "They are Moore's," I answered. "True," he replied, "they were said, I remember, to be Moore's." "I suppose," remarked the Captain, "we shall have Tom Moore now coming into office." "Oh no," interrupted the political economist, in a tone that made me rather apprehensive of what was coming (the Benthamites being, to a man, deadly enemies of mine); and, though the Captain very good-naturedly put in a word for me, saying, "Why, he's counted a very talented man in other ways than poetry," I lost no time in putting an end to the topic by saying, "No, I don't think it is at all likely," and then started a fresh subject of conversation. Felt rather tempted to reveal myself to them before we parted, but did not.

16th. Breakfasted with Rogers and Lord John, who was just entering upon his duties of Paymaster-General, his chief cashier being appointed to come and receive orders from him after breakfast. A very agreeable morning. Dined with Lord Essex: company, Sir G. Robinson, Hibbert, Luttrell, and one or two more. Luttrell full of spleen at the new arrangements and reforms, and evidently thinks his own place in danger. Says that Lord Althorp is like the manager of a theatre before a tumultuous audience, bowing and scraping, and asking what is their pleasure, sometimes applauded, but the next moment getting a shower of oranges about his ears. His opinion of the state of the country very much what my own is. We are now hastening to the brink with a rapidity which, croaker as I have always been, I certainly did not anticipate. Called before dinner at the Holland's, and saw

● Lord Holland. Talked of my "Life of Lord Edward," and said he thought it was worth my while to consider whether I should publish it just now, in the present ticklish state of Ireland, as I could not (he said) "do justice to Edward," without entering into the question of resistance, and this, as things were going on now all over the world, was rather a perilous topic. I owned that it was rather an unlucky moment for such a book, but that it was not of my choosing, as I had begun the work before any of this excitement had occurred, and it must now take its chance. I must only endeavour to keep the tone of the book as cool and moderate as the nature of its subject would admit of. As to waiting till Ireland was quiet, that would, indeed, be like Horace's Rusticus, waiting till the stream went by.

17th. Called upon Sir Robert Doyle, who mentioned his having supped with his relative, Doyle of Dublin, the night before he (his relative) fought Provost Hutchinson. They were a very gay party; and the host being dressed in a sort of loose coat, handsomely embroidered (his intention being to go from the supper table to the ground) some one remarked how smart he was. "To be sure," he answered, "it is but proper that I should dress for the Provost's ball." Called upon Mrs. Shelley. Went to take leave of Rogers, who sends by me to Bessy a large paper copy of his most beautiful book, "Italy," the getting up of which has cost him five thousand pounds. Told me of a squabble he has had with the publisher of it, who, in trying to justify himself for some departure from his original agreement, complained rather imprudently of the large sum of ready money he had been obliged to lay out upon it. "As to that," said Rogers, "I shall remove that cause of complaint instantly. Bring me your account." The account was brought; something not much short of 1500*l.* "There," said Rogers, writing a cheque for the whole sum, "I shall leave you nothing more to say upon that ground." "Had I been a *poor* author (added Rogers, after telling me these circumstances), I should have been his slave for

life." Dined at Lord Essex's; a most *lordly* party; "myself the sole small Mister of the day;" the remaining seven being Lords Essex, Lansdowne, Brougham, Melbourne, Almarle, King, and Foley. \* \* \* \* Two of the cabinet ministers of our company came in hackney coaches, Brougham and Melbourne; the latter offered to take me home in his *fiacre*, but I had already agreed to go with Lord Foley: and was not much better off, as his was an old crazy job. Set me down at Brookes's. Brougham mentioned to-day that on the Princess of Wales' coming over to England, it was a matter of discussion among a party, where Lady Charlotte Lindsay was, what *one* word of English her Royal Highness (who was totally ignorant of the language) should be first taught to speak. The whole company agreed that "yes" was the most useful word, except Lady Charlotte, who suggested that "no" was twice as useful, as it so often stood for "yes." This story Brougham said he once made use of in Court, in commenting on the manner in which a witness had said "no." What suggested it to him now was my describing the manner in which Grattan said, "Why no," one day when Rogers asked him whether he and I could manage another bottle of claret.

18th. Started for home a quarter before nine. Found all well.

19th to 29th. At work. Nothing strains and wearies attention so much as an artificial man; and the more he knows, the more his power of boring is multiplied.

30th to 31st. Here ends the year 1830, and here most gladly do I take leave of this melancholy book\*, which I have never opened without a fear of lighting upon those pages of it that record the event to me the most saddening of my whole life; the only event that I can look back upon as a real irreparable misfortune; the loss of my sweet Anastasia.

January 3rd, 1831. Dined at Bowood Company, Lord Duncan and son, and Miss Fox. Lord D. after dinner complained to

\* Meaning the MS. volume in which this year was recorded. — Ed.

me of the state of the Scotch representation, and gave me a much clearer idea of its abuses than I had before conceived. To show the value of votes, he told me that he himself had a year or two since got for a property which did not bring him in much above 160*l.* a year, 15,000*l.* of money, all for the votes that formed a part of it. \* \* \*

London, Jan. 2nd, 1831.

I have been for a long time exceedingly sorry for the over-vehemence of manner in which I addressed you on the unfortunate subject which has divided our opinions. With unaltered sentiments on the question, though it would be worse than useless to re-argue it, with no bias from others, and with no concern about others except that they may know my regard for you, I ask you to forgive me for having forgotten in the warmth of my zeal that even in a just cause, and a just one I still consider it, a mild tone of remonstrance was due to such a friend. It gave me a pang to reflect on this truth when I recollected our last happy meeting. Your kind heart, I trust, will draw a veil over our difference: with a delicacy worthy of yourself, you have forbore to retaliate on the subject of that difference. With equal generosity, you will give me the hand of friendship once more; and it will be no apostasy from our creed and feelings on either side to be again, as before, on terms of sincere cordiality.

I should have conveyed to you my regret on this subject long ago; but though *you* would *not* have misconstrued my motives for wishing a reconciliation, the misjudging majority of the world would have imputed them to my fear of your castigation in the forthcoming volume. In reality I had no such fear, not from undervaluing your polemical powers, but from a conviction that you would rather be warned by my warmth of manner than led to copy it. It was necessary, however, that I should wait for the appearance of your work; and now that it has come out, your conduct has touched me a thousand times more than even your wit could have wounded me.

I leave to your sense and taste to make

whatever use of this letter you may think most proper; but if I may hope for that happiness, the most simple token of my being restored to your regard would be for you to come the next time you are in town to the Literary Union, of which you are an honorary member, and I should manage to have a select company, who would be but too proud to dine with so honoured a guest. Praising you, my dear Moore, is bringing coals to Newcastle, but allow me to trust that I am not permanently alienated from so much worth and genius, and that I may still call myself your affectionate friend,

(Signed.) T. CAMPBELL.

To Thos. Moore, Esq.

P. S.—I have left my grand new house, being like his Grace of Wellington, out of office, and not yet settled in permanent lodgings, so that I almost live at the Literary Union Club-House, Waterloo Place.

17th. A letter from the Duke of Leinster on the subject of my "Life of Lord Edward," written, as he says, at the request of Lady Campbell, to beg I would postpone the publication, and adding that he agrees with her as to the expediency of doing so.

19th. Answered the Duke of Leinster, saying that I felt myself committed to the publication, nor could I agree with Lady Campbell or his Grace in their views of its postponement, adding, that those persons who had given me the materials and had therefore, perhaps, the best right to interfere with my task, had by no means done so, but left me to pursue my own discretion and views in it.

20th. Lord L. walked part of the way home with me. Asked me (first time this long while) how I was getting on with Lord Edward; a ticklish subject now between us, as, of course, anything likely to affect the present state of Ireland is, from his ministerial responsibility, of double interest and importance to him. If anything, indeed, could make me sacrifice my own views (and in some respects, I think) *character* on the point, it would be the gentle and considerate



delicacy with which he has refrained, not only from urging, but even from hinting, what I know must be his anxious wishes on the subject. Discussed together all sorts of things; how long the Ministry would be likely to stay in; what class of politicians would most probably succeed them; what extent of reform would satisfy the people, &c. &c. Reminded him of what I had predicted to him when he was last in office, that we should thenceforth see a quick succession of ministers, as was the case in France before the Revolution; calling in fresh doctors as the patient grew worse and more restless, seeking a new change of position, &c. We both agreed that the next change would be in the Radical direction, and that the day of the Ultra-Tories was gone. Found to-day a curious instance of floridness in Jeremy Taylor\*: "Celibate, like a fly in the heart of an apple, dwells in perpetual sweetness, but sits alone." \* \* \*

29th. Received the "Quarterly Review," with the article of my second volume of "Byron." From Murray's interest in the work and Lockhart's previously expressed admiration of it, I did not much expect (though never of course sure of such critics) anything like hostility. He has, however, not gone to much expense of praise. In acknowledging the receipt of it to Murray, I have said something to this effect: "It is evidently well meant towards all the three parties concerned—the parson, the undertaker, and the body; and the reviewer, whoever he may be, is as generous towards myself as his nature would admit of. In short, I feel about it as Dogberry did about another sort of favour, *i. e.* 'Give God thanks, and make no boast of it.'"

30th. Walked out to Bowood, wishing to see Lady L. before her departure, and also to consult a Spanish dictionary for the purpose of correcting a letter in that language of Lord Edward's. Had a long conversation

\* Sermon on the Marriage Ring, part 1. — "Celibate, like the fly in the heart of an apple, dwells in a perpetual sweetness, but sits alone, and is confined and dies in singularity."

with her, and came away (as I always do) more and more impressed with the excellent qualities of her mind and heart; even her very faults are but the *selvage* of fine and sound virtues.

February 3rd. An attack in the "Times," to my great surprise, upon the second volume of "Byron;" an attack, too, the most mischievous that could be made, as seizing upon what is certainly the least safe part of the volume, in this island of saints,—the account of Byron's Italian loves. Sat down and wrote a letter to Barnes, expostulating a little upon this perfidy; but when it was written, threw it in the fire.

8th. A letter from my sister Ellen, containing an alarming account of my dear mother's state of health, from an attack brought on by the late severe weather. My first impulse was to start immediately for Dublin; but as Crampton (who had been attending her) had not written, Bessy thought it better for me to wait; particularly as the effect the news had had upon me, in bringing on one of my convulsive fits of sobbing, had considerably weakened me.

9th. No letter, which we looked upon as favourable.

10th. A letter from Crampton, the commencement of which represented my mother as in a state which twenty-four hours must decide one way or other, for life or for death. The postscript, however, written the following day, announced that she had then rallied, and was in "a fair way of recovery." This, of course, tranquillised us considerably.

11th. A letter from Ellen, written on the night of the day on which Crampton had despatched his postscript, saying that in a few hours more our dear mother would have passed tranquilly from this life, and entreating me to come to her (Ellen) as soon as possible. Started at two o'clock, in a chaise, intending to get to Worcester that night; but on reaching Chippenham, determined to go by Bath. At Bath took the Bristol mail to Birmingham, and travelled all night. Nothing could be sweeter or more soothing than the sympathy of my dear Bessy on this occasion.

12th. Arrived at Birmingham between six and seven; breakfasted, and took the coach for Shrewsbury at half-past eight. Dined and slept at Shrewsbury.

13th. Off in the coach for Holyhead at six. The day fine, and Wales in high beauty. In leaving Bangor, where we dined, were joined by a gentleman and his wife; proved to be Staunton, editor of the "Dublin Morning Register." Gave me the first intelligence, which he had himself just received, of the arrangement between O'Connell and the Government on the subject of the pending trials; seemed to think it very much of a *giving in* on the part of his brother agitators, and was evidently not a little pleased at it. Said they had been driving the machine too fast, and had come to a point where it was necessary for their own and the country's safety to pull up. \* \* \* He had himself been obliged to come to Wales out of the way of the law, and was now returning, as he told me, to avail himself of the amnesty he seemed to anticipate for all agitators. On our arrival at Holyhead, being anxious, in my present state of mind, to get rid of all companionship, did not enter the inn, but called at Stevens's (whom I found recovering from a bad illness); and finding that his packet sailed that night, begged him to arrange so that I could get on board before the other passengers. This he did very good-naturedly, and after having had some tea with him, I accompanied his steward (himself not being able to go to-night) on board the packet, where I betook myself instantly to my berth. Could not help feeling a faint hope (from there having been evidently nothing in the late Irish newspapers about my dear mother) that I should find all better on my arrival than I expected. And yet, to come in for the last painful scene would be more than I could well bear; the suspense, altogether, dreadful.

14th. A seven hours' passage, during which I dozed a good deal. Waited till the other passengers were off in the mail, and then had a chaise to Dublin. Went to Bilton's, and despatched a note to Ellen, bidding her let me have a line by the bearer to say

if the worst was over, and at what time; telling her at the same time, that my mind was fully made up and composed on the subject. There is no telling what was my astonishment and delight when I received her answer to the following effect:—"Can you ever forgive me for having made you take this long journey? Our dearest mother has rallied most wonderfully, and will see you as soon as you come. You need have no dread of anything to shock you; you will see nothing but extreme weakness." Hurried off to Abbey Street, and found my darling mother far better than I could have had the slightest anticipation of. Her cheerfulness and power of mind, too, wonderful. When Crampton came to see her yesterday, she raised herself up smiling in the bed, and said, "Well, 'Richard's himself again;'" on which Crampton said, in his jocular way, "Ah, Mother Hubbard, I shall make a book about you;" and then both patient and doctor fell to laughing at each other. Twice has she, within these ten days (as Crampton expresses it), "*fought off* death;" and on Wednesday last, under the certainty that she had but a few hours to live, she had calmly and minutely given directions to Ellen with respect to all that was to be done about the funeral, &c. &c. Her delight at seeing me was evidently very great, though she expressed strong anxiety and regret at the trouble and expense I had had in coming. Told me that she wished to give me before I left her the medal she had had struck off, with the date of my birth, as also my school and college medals. The animation and exclusiveness of her mind on all subjects quite as great as ever. Went to call upon Crampton, who, I found, had written to me by Thursday's post, advising me not to come, as it was now not necessary. Saw my mother again before dinner. Company at Millikin's, William Curran and Cuthbert Eccles. Story of Neilson (the famous United Irishman) meeting Reynolds, at the time he suspected him of having betrayed them, and hurrying him along to some retired place; then presenting a pistol at him, and saying, "What does that man deserve who could

betray such a cause as ours?" "To be shot through the head," answered Reynolds, so coolly as to disarm all Neilson's suspicions, and to make him apologise for having even harboured them. This story evidently but another version of what Mrs. Meara has communicated to me, and shows (if anything was wanting to show) the difficulty of arriving at facts through the various imaginations that have tried their skill on them. Story of the two United Irishmen going on some secret mission of great importance, and being pursued by soldiers, and blockaded in a small house to which they had fled for refuge. Their desperate defence, being well armed, till at length one of them received a wound which he felt to be mortal. He then said to his companion, "It is all over with me, but you may yet escape. I shall run out among the soldiers, as if trying to make my escape; and while their attention is engaged in putting me to death, you can be off by the back of the house." He accordingly did so, and his comrade escaped, and succeeded in achieving the object of their mission.

15th. Passed a great part of the morning with my mother, and Kate, and Ellen.

Some conversation with old Peter Burrowes.

*Agreed with me in opinion that O'Connell had done more harm to the cause of Liberty in Ireland than its real friends could repair within the next half century; and mentioned what Grattan had said of him, that "He was a bad subject, and a worse rebel." This is admirable; true to the life, and in Grattan's happiest manner. The lurking appreciation of a good rebel which it implies is full of humour. Dined with Crampton: no one but Curran. Told me he had a manuscript of his father's, treating of Irish affairs, which he had had some idea of using when he wrote his Life, but did not; that it was much at my service if it could be of any use to me. When O'Connell, in his last speech, on Sunday, said, "I am open to conviction," some one in the crowd said, "And to judgment, I hope," (in allusion to the trials he has slipped himself out of). Curran asked me whether I had yet left my name with*

Lord Anglesey, and advised me to do so, as the omission of it would be considered politically meant.

16th. Sat some time with my mother, who appears to me even better than when I came. Spoke to me of my letters to her, and her wish that I should seal them up myself, and write upon them that they were to be the property of Ellen after her death. "They belong to *you*, my dear Tom," she said, "but this wish of mine I know you will not have any objection to." I told her she had already known this, and that all I should want with these letters would be to look over them, some time or other, for the purpose of ascertaining such dates and facts as might assist me in a memoir of my own life, which I look to leaving behind me as a legacy. In the course of our conversation, she said, "Well, my dear Tom, I can say, with my dying breath, that you have from the first to the last done your duty, and far more, indeed, than your duty, by me and all connected with you. At least *I* can say so from my heart." Went to Millikin's, and had some conversation with Curran and Peter Burrowes about young Emmett, and the part Plunket took on his trial. Burrowes seemed to be decidedly of opinion that Plunket could not have refused the brief of Government, though he might have avoided, perhaps, speaking to evidence; almost immediately after, too, Plunket came into place. It was not true (*I think he said*) that Plunket had been acquainted with young Emmett. The passage in the printed speech of Emmett, where he is made to call Plunket "that viper," &c., was never spoken by Emmett, and the secret of its finding a place there was owing, Curran said, to the following circumstance. The person who took down the speech at the trial was, I think, McNally, the son of the barrister, and he had afterwards some conversation with Emmett in the prison. It was during that conversation that Emmett, in speaking of Plunket, used those expressions, which McNally introduced subsequently in the speech. Peter Burrowes spoke of the wonderful strength and resolution of Emmett in standing so long

(twelve hours, I think), through all the fatigue and anxiety of the trial, and then delivering that noble speech with such energy before the pronouncing of sentence. Left my name at the Castle for Lord Anglesey.

17th. Have been preparing my dear mother for my leaving her, now that I see her so much better. She is quite reconciled to my going, and said this morning, "Now, my dear Tom, don't let yourself be again alarmed about me in this manner, nor hurried away from your home and business." She then said she must, before I left her this morning, give me her wedding-ring as her last gift; and accordingly sending for the little trinket-box in which she kept it, she herself put the ring on my finger. Dined quietly in Abbey Street with dear Nell on some salt fish and biscuits: expected that Kate would join us, but she didn't. Sat and talked with my mother in the evening. Found a card at my hotel from Lord Anglesey for Sunday, with a note from Lord Forbes, saying that Lord A. sent me a card for Sunday, but wished particularly I should dine with him on Tuesday, when he would have a pleasant party to meet me. Very sorry it so happens, but I cannot stay beyond Saturday.

18th. Wrote my excuses to Forbes instead of to the aide-de-camp in waiting, and soon after received a card of invitation for *to-day*. Made sundry arrangements for my departure to-morrow, devoting as much time to my dearest mother besides as I could manage. Ought to have mentioned that I breakfasted with old Ogilvie, who, luckily for me, was at the moment in Dublin, having come up with an address to Lord Anglesey. A good deal of conversation about Lord Edward; made him repeat much of what he had before told me. \* \* \* Said he had recollected a batch of papers in London which he thought might be useful to me, and if I was going to town myself he would intrust the key of the *escritoire*, where they were, to me. Answered that I would most willingly take London in my way home for that purpose. Called to pay a visit to the priest (Mr. O'Connell) who comes occasion-

ally to pray with my mother; a well-mannered and intelligent man, whom I found lodged in a very handsome apartment of the house attached to the chapel in Dominick Street, and his room ornamented with several small casts from the statues of Michael Angelo, &c., which he had lately brought with him from Italy. Called upon Mr. —, the editor of the "Freeman's Journal," whom I had never before seen, but whom I wished to thank for his civilities to my mother. Talked of the Repeal question, he being one of the most furious of the repealers. Told him frankly, and at some length, my opinion of the injury that has been done to the cause of *Irish liberty* by this premature and most ill-managed effort of O'Connell's. Time, and the spirit rising in England, as well as over all Europe, is fast ripening that general feeling of independence of which Ireland, at her own time, may take advantage. The same principle is also in full progress towards removing, without any effort of hers, some of the worst grievances that weigh her down. The Church, for instance, which would be just now fought for, against any such attack as O'Connell's, with the whole Protestant force of the empire, would, if left to the natural operation of the revolution principle, be put aside, in due time, without any difficulty; England herself leading the way by getting rid of, or at least lowering, her own establishment. This was the great struggle for which the energies of Ireland ought to have been reserved. In assailing the enormous abuses of the Irish establishment, Catholics would have been joined by dissenters, and in the pursuit of this common object that amalgamation would have taken place between them, that *nationalised* feeling, without which (as O'Connell's failure has shown) it is in vain for Ireland to *think* of making head against England. In another way, too, they had done injury by exposing the poverty of their cause in the way of talent and intellect; this ferment not having been able to throw up a single man of ability. \* \* \* All this (coming from one who, he could not doubt, felt strongly, and even *greenly*, about Ireland) seemed to astonish

Mr. — exceedingly. To the Castle at seven; the party (little more than Lord A.'s own family and household) consisting of old Colonel Armstrong, Skinner, a Mr. St. George, who had been the bearer of an address to Lord A., and myself; those of the family being, the three young Pagets, Lord Forbes, Baron Tuyll, and Captain Williams. Lord Anglesey leaned upon me in to dinner, and placed me next him. Abundance of conversation between us about the state of Ireland, O'Connell, the durability of the present ministry, &c. &c., and nothing could be more frank and communicative than he was on all these subjects. Told me not a bad anecdote of Lord Cloncurry, who, in coming to town the other day, was upset in the snow, and some fellows on the road lending their assistance, he was quickly set right again, on which he said to them, "Thank you, my lads. Now I shall treat you as O'Connell does." "Oh long life to your honour for that," they exclaimed with great joy, but were rather taken aback when Lord Cloncurry, holding out his empty hand to them said, "I'll trouble each of you for half a crown. O'Connell takes more from you, but as you have been such good fellows, I'll only ask half a crown." *The fellows felt the sin of this, and, of course, got something else into the bargain.* In talking of the Repeal question, I told him of my scene in the morning with the editor of the "Freeman," and repeated the substance of most of what I had said to him. Saw plainly that he was very nervous about the state of Ireland. \* \* \* Asked his permission to leave him early, on account of my mother, and got to her about ten o'clock. Staid till eleven, and then home to my hotel to pack.

19th. Off in the mail to Howth at seven; Skinner with me. Our passage to Holyhead under six hours.

20th. Got to Bury Street about seven in the morning, not at all well.

22nd. Called at Murray's. Mentioned to him Lady Morgan's wish to contribute something to his "Family Library," and that she has materials ready for lives of five or six

Dutch painters, which she thinks would suit his purpose. The great John said, without minding the painters, "Pray, isn't Lady Morgan a very good cook?" I answered, I did not know; but why did he ask. "Because," said he, "if she would do something in that line." "Why, you don't mean," exclaimed I, "that she should write a cookery book for you!" "No," answered John, coolly, "not so much as that; but that she should re-edit *mine*," (Mrs. Rundell's, by which he has made mints of money). Oh, that she could have heard this with her own ears! Here ended my negotiation for her Ladyship.

24th. Breakfasted with Rogers. He had told Lord John I was to be with him, and soon after he had breakfasted he came. "I was wishing," he said, in his quiet way, "to have you come to my house (his official house); but then I have no beds up, and they tell me I am such a bird of passage there, that I don't know what to do about it. However, if I am still *in* when you are next in town, you *must* come to me." Had a good deal of conversation. \* \* \*

25th. Started at eight o'clock for Sloper-ton. Right glad to get back again.

26th, 27th, &c. From this time, till the latter end of April, I remained quietly at home, working at my "Life of Lord Edward," and occasionally doing some musical things for Power. My only excursions from home were to the Fieldings, Methuens, and Starkeys, among whom I dined out about six times. My "Lord Edward" has lingered on hand (like everything else I do) much longer than I anticipated. This is all owing to the slowness of my execution. I see rapidly how the thing ought to be, and will be, but to *make* it so is the difficulty. Finding myself in some difficulties relating to parts where Arthur O'Connor\* was concerned, I ventured to write to him to Paris, and am very glad I did so, as he has set me right about two or three points on which I should have gone astray. In my musical depart-

\* He had entered the French army, and rose to the rank of general.

ment two piracies have been committed on me which rather flatter my vanity as a composer. In a set of Greek dances, my "Romaika" (an air in the "Evenings in Greece") has been announced as the real and original "Romaica," and the "Harmonicon" has published, as a great treasure, from a copy brought from Sweden, an air of mine in the "National Melodies," "My harp has one unchanging theme," which I have given in that work, as Swedish. On the 25th of March, in passing through the churchyard of Bromham alone, I for the first time ventured to approach the tomb of my poor Anastasia, and take a hasty glimpse of her name on the marble. What I feel, whenever I think of her, need not be mentioned here.

April 22nd. Started in the Marlborough coach at eight; my darling Russell was, with his schoolmaster's sister, at the open window as I passed, looking very rosy and happy, and kissing hands to me most actively. It was very nice of them to have him there for me. Took up a young fellow as passenger on the road, with whom I had a good deal of conversation; had travelled in France and Germany, knew a great deal of the current literature, and (most inconveniently for me) was full of Byron and Moore. "Have you seen, Sir, (he asked) the second volume of Moore's 'Byron?'" "No," I answered, "not yet." "Nor I either," he replied; "but I am most anxious to get it." "It is such an expensive book," said I, "that I mean to wait for the octavo edition, which I hear is preparing." I then changed the subject, but he often returned to it. In talking of Sir Hudson Lowe, and the sort of mark that mankind concur in fixing upon him, he said, "I do think I had rather die at once than have such verses written upon me as those of Moore's on Sir H. Lowe." Before we parted, I thought it fair to tell him who I was, and I never saw a man so full of surprise and joy. We had had an old woman in the coach (the very image of Lady Cork) who was a great follower of preachers and prophets, but a remarkably clear-headed old lady, and evidently full of energy and character. She

and I entered into a long discussion upon religion, and it was amusing to see how, by the force of a little logic (going on very gravely all the time), I brought her to agree with me on all the points most adverse to her own creed. The young man was much amused throughout, and when he knew who I was, said it was a circumstance he would remember to the last day of his life. Immediately on arriving at my lodgings, heard of the dissolution that had just taken place, and the surprise and bustle of the King going down in person to declare it. Went to Brookes's. Found them all in the highest state of excitement; heard all the particulars of the last stormy moments of this parliament. Peel's violent speeches interrupted by the *coups de canon* announcing the King's coming; every shot received with loud cheers by one side, and yells and groans by the other. The Lords still more tumultuous; Lord Mansfield brandishing his fist at his opponents. Their hustling Lord Shaftesbury into the chair, and hooting after Brougham. Found Sheil at the Athenæum, who sat with me while I dined. Talked (*I did*) of the great success of his speech in the House; and he repeated, what he had more than once said to me, namely, that my views (in my "Life of Sheridan") of the distaste which I suppose to have arisen for the higher order of eloquence, were, he thought, quite mistaken; that rhetorical fights are certainly rare, but that when they do come, and are well done, the House receives them not only favourably, but warmly. Gave, as instances, — the manner in which they took the very happy illustration of "Old lamps for new ones," in a passage merely read by Peel from a former speech of Lord John Russell's; Peel's own allusion, in speaking of the ministry, to that fancy of the Indians, that a new tenant of a wigwam succeeded to all the qualities and virtues of its former inhabitant; and lastly, the great success of Mr. Hawkins's noble speech some nights since. It appears, however, that Lord John's "Old lamps for new ones" had no effect whatever at the time he spoke it, and Peel's figure was borrowed from Lord Erskine, whom I myself heard

make use of it at a public dinner (a Dublin University dinner, in London); and, by the bye, Peel himself (then Irish Secretary) was one of the diners that very day.

23rd. Luttrell at Brookes's this morning; very amusing. Forgot one lively thing he said, which was provoking, and remember another not half so good: "In one Latin word (he remarked) is comprised the history of the two parties at present. 'Reform-I-do,' says the Whig; 'Reformido,' says the Tory."

24th. Called upon Lady Cork in the morning, who snubbed me for using the word "nice," and said that Dr. Johnson would never let her use it. Walked with O'Connell, by the bye, for some time, this morning, and was glad to have an opportunity of repeating to himself all I had been saying to some of his followers lately, in Dublin, respecting his management of the Repeal question. I had, indeed, felt uncomfortable at the thought of attacking him to others without putting also *himself* in full possession of my sentiments; and I must say that he bore all I said with the most perfect candour and good-humour, though I went so far in describing what I thought the mischief of his premature agitation as to say, that its obvious effect was to *divide* the upper classes, and *madden* the lower. In short, I put everything that occurred to me quite as strongly as I had done before in Dublin to his friend Mr. —, and he was just entering on his defence when some one interrupted us and took him away. Had some talk about '98, and Lord Edward. Showed wonderful ignorance of the events of that time; confounded Neilson (the vapouring fellow who attacked Newgate on the 23rd May, 1798) with the gallant Russell, the friend of Tone, who rose with Emmett in 1803; and on one or two other points showed how little even the actors in such scenes (if he was really one of the actors) are to be trusted in their recollections.

25th. Dined at Sir George Phillips's, though still feeling ill and uncomfortable. Company: the Lord Advocate (Jeffrey) and Mrs. Jeffrey, John A. Murray (of Edinburgh), Sharpe, Lady Anne Wilbraham, &c. But

for the temptation of meeting Jeffrey, I should not have encountered so large a party. Jeffrey by no means in good spirits, nor looking as he ought. Talked of the spirit with which the Irish members now did their duty on the side of liberty, though for some time after the Union they were mostly tools of the Ministry, as Grattan prophesied they would be, saying, "Well, my much injured country will have her revenge for all her wrongs; she will send into England, and into the bosom of her parliament, and the very heart of her constitution, a hundred of the greatest rascals that can be found anywhere." It was mentioned that Tierney, when at the bar, told Perceval one day that he meant to buy stock, and go and make speeches at the India House, on which Perceval advised him not to do so, saying, that a lawyer who wished to succeed in his profession ought to confine himself to it entirely. In relating this circumstance Tierney used to say, that if they had both attended to this advice, he (Tierney) might have had a little more money in his pocket, and Perceval might have been still alive. Tierney, at first (and even at the time when he belonged to the Friends of the People), thought himself incapable of public speaking, and never ventured to speak but for a few minutes at a time.

26th. Went to pay a visit at the Speaker's; saw Mrs. Manners Sutton, who said to me, "I am told, your friends, the Whigs, have resolved, from an idea that the Speaker has acted partially, not only to endeavour to throw him out at Scarborough, but to prevent his re-election as Speaker, and to deprive him of his peerage. They had better take care. The most unpopular thing they ever did in their lives would be nothing to their attempting to prevent his re-election to the chair; and if we have but fair notice beforehand, we shall beat them by three times their number." She then (as if I was the most tried Tory friend in the world) begged me to give her prompt notice if I saw any such intentions on their part.

27th. Feeling still the pain over my right eye. Holland came and prescribed. In talking of the Reform Bill, I said, I should not

wonder if it added to his number of patients; and he assured me that such was seriously the case, more than one or two instances of illness, brought on by anxiety and alarm for this subject, having occurred in his practice. Refused, with much kindness, my offer of a fee, though I said he *ought* to take it, if for nothing but the rarity of the event, as he was the first physician I had consulted on my own account for God knows how many years.

28th. Dined with Rogers. Company: only Sharpe, Miss Rogers, and Mrs. Lockhart. Mrs. L. gave a better account of Sir Walter, who has had a bad attack lately. Lockhart told me, a day or two since, that it was not apoplexy, but an affection of the stomach, which produced effects very much the same in appearance, by sending up blood to the head. Mackintosh, he said, had suffered from a similar complaint. Mrs. Lockhart said, that worry and alarm at this new measure of reform had a great deal to do with it, and that just before this late attack some person had written him a letter from London containing an account of the dissolution, and the scenes in the two Houses in consequence, which threw him into a state of great nervousness and agitation. A curious conversation after dinner from my saying that, "after all, it was in high life one met the best society;" Rogers violently opposing me; he, too, of all men, who (as I took care to tell him) had through the greater part of his life shown practically that he agreed with me, by confining himself almost exclusively to this class of society. It is, indeed, the power which these great people have of commanding, among their other luxuries, the presence of such men as he is at their tables, that sets their circle (taking all its advantages into account) indisputably above all others in the way of *society*. — said, with some bitterness, that, on the contrary, the high class were the vilest people one met. Vulgar enough, God knows! some of them are; vulgar in *mind*, which is the worst sort of vulgarity. But, to say nothing of women, *where*, in any rank or station in life, could one find *men* better worth living with, whether for manners, information, or

any other of the qualities that render society agreeable, than such persons as Lords Holland, Grey, Carlisle, Lansdowne, Cowper, King, Melbourne, Carnarvon, John Russell, Dudley, Normanby, Morpeth, Mahon, and numbers of others that I can speak of from personal knowledge?

29th. Dined at Lansdowne House: Lord Minto, Lord Fitzharris, Lord and Lady Roseberry, Lord Dudley, Lady Davy, the Abercrombys, &c. Sat next Lord Dudley, who gets odder and odder every day. His mutterings to himself; his fastidious contemplation of what he has on his plate, occasionally pushing about the meat with his finger, and uttering low-breathed criticisms upon it, — all is on the verge of insanity, but still very brilliant and agreeable. In speaking of my second volume of Byron, he repeated what Murray had told me he said to him about it; that he had resolved not to read it all at once, but to keep it as a sort of cordial to his mind, to be taken now and then, when he was in low spirits and wanted refreshment and excitement. One great source of the pleasure it gave him was, he said, his knowledge of all the persons and circumstances it referred to, which made him feel as if living over past times again.

30th. Dined at the Academy dinner at Somerset House; Lord Cawdor took me. One grand thing, full of poetry, of Turner's, "Baiae and the Bridge of Caligula." Was rather lucky in my place at dinner, having got next Jones.\* He and Howard talked of the abundance of subjects my "Epicurean" would furnish for the pencil; and Jones mentioned three or four he himself had intended to try his hand on, particularly the approach of the girl and her lover to the Night Fair on the Nile. Jones added, however, as the difficulty in taking any of my subjects, "You do too much yourself: you leave hardly anything to the artist." This is, I suppose, true; a more vague and sketchy style would more easily *se préter* to the fancy of the designer. A letter from Bessy to say she is coming to town on

\* Of the Royal Academy.



Monday; *à propos* of which, a very good-natured thing of Greville. When I was with him yesterday, and on my mentioning that Mrs. Moore was coming, he said, "If you have no better *gîte* for her, here is my house for the next week, as I am myself going to Newmarket; and she shall have it all to herself, and my carriage to make free use of into the bargain." Told him that the latter, at all events, would, I knew, be very welcome, and I would most thankfully accept of it for her.

May 1st. Began my week of Greville's carriage by taking it to pay a visit at Holland House. Called first at the Duke of Sussex's, and at the Duchess of Kent's. Thence to Holland House. Lord H. showed me a ballad he had written and got printed, about the King: "King William the Tar for me!" and to which he had just added two verses. Asked me why I didn't do something for them? Told him I feared that what was at the bottom of *my* want of enthusiasm on the subject was this very circumstance of the *King* having so much to do with it. It was, in fact, the old king-ridden feeling by which the people of England had been so long and often led into what was *wrong*, that was now, by the mere accident of the present man's character, influencing them towards what was right; and though I rejoiced at the *result*, my conviction of the source from whence most of the enthusiasm sprung very much damped my sympathy with it. Lord H. owned that, as to what I said of the "king-led feelings" of the people of England, "there was some truth in it." My lady's page having then summoned me, I went to her room, and found Alvanley with her, who mentioned two rather amusing things. One, of a foreign servant, who, on being asked what had been his qualifications for his last place, always began by saying, "*Je savais*," putting the fore-finger of his right hand to the thumb of the left, and then counting upon the fingers, "*ni lire, ni écrire, ni monter à cheval, ni raser, ni rien*." The other was in talking of Sweden. Alvanley said he believed that there was no such thing as a Swedish grammar, and mentioned a man at Paris who, intending to pay

a visit to that country, was anxious to learn the language, but could neither find a grammar nor any person capable of teaching it. At last he was waited upon by a man whom his inquiries had brought to light, and who undertook to instruct him, and being very assiduous he learned, as he thought, sufficient for his purpose, and set off with it to Sweden. On his arrival there, however, he found that not a creature could comprehend a single word he said, and it turned out that what his friend, the language-master, had, with so much expense of time and money, been teaching him was *Bas-Breton*! Forgot to tell Lady Holland what I had, in coming up the avenue, fully resolved *not* to forget, namely the following anecdote. Among other stories told to the honour and glory of the reforming monarch, it is very generally stated, that Maclean, the American ambassador, said to his Majesty, "I little thought, sir, I should live to see the day when I should *envy* a monarch." In paying a visit at Maclean's the other morning, I mentioned the currency of this anecdote; on which Mrs. Maclean (who is a very amiable, natural person) said, "It is very true that Mr. Maclean said he envied the King, but it was not on the Reform question; it was (I am ashamed to say) on seeing the King kiss Lady Lilford." Thus are stories made up. Luttrell has put his pun on the two parties into verse, as follows:

"To the same sounds our parties two . . .  
The sense by each applied owe;  
The Whig exclaims 'Reform-I-do,'  
The Tory 'Reformido.'"

5th. I accepted an invitation at Lord Ducie's for to-day. Company: the Duke of Norfolk, Lords Lansdowne, Albemarle, Suffolk, Downes, Kerry, &c. Sat next Lord Suffield (who is an old friend of mine), and reminded him of a story he had told me years ago, of his having been laid up with a sprain, so as to be confined to his chair and flannels, just on the eve of a race which he was to run for a great wager; his finding out that electricity had the power of restoring him the use of the limb for a short time; his having himself brought to the ground in his invalid chair; being there electrified; running

and winning the race, and then returning to his lameness and flannels again. He seemed much amused at my remembering a story of such ancient date, and vouched for the whole truth of it.

6th. Forgot to mention, (and now have not time to detail) a conversation which I had with two noble lords at Brookes's one of these mornings, on the subject of Reform, when I ventured to put strongly to them my view of the matter; the tendency, I thought, there has long been in England to a change — a revolution, in fact; that we have been in the *stream* of a revolution for some years; and that the only question is, whether the present measure of reform will hasten or retard the stream. They listened patiently, and as if they agreed with me, confessing that our friends the Ministers *might* have satisfied the country by a far less dose of reform than the present. On my expressing my curiosity to know (what never, perhaps, will be thoroughly known) how such men as Lords Lansdowne, Holland, and Melbourne, to say nothing of the Canningites, came to let themselves be hustled into such a measure, Lord — said, that whatever might have been the steps of the process, it was certain that Lord Durham was at the bottom of it all; that, from his influence with Lord Grey, he got it fully into *his* mind; and then Lord Grey's weight with his colleagues, not a little backed by his representing to them that it must be either this measure or resignation, did all the rest. Lord Lansdowne, while at all times disposed to liberalise the *working* of our institutions, has invariably been for leaving their machinery as it is: and Lord Melbourne's view of Reform has always been that which, in politics as well as religion, most defies conversion; and that is, the scoffer's view. How they all come to be, on the surface, at least, radical Reformers, (for it is nothing less), I cannot comprehend. For myself, I have always been for *improvement*, thinking, that everything, in the end will be the better for it, though the process through which that *better* must be reached is, I own, rather trying; and, after all, it may but prove the truth of the French saying,

that frequently "*Le mieux est l'ennemi du bien.*" Lord Lansdowne, at least, must know for guess what I now think of his Reform from a letter I wrote him last March, before any one knew what plan was to be proposed.\* He had, in writing to me, said that he had heard rumours of my being radical and anti-unionist; in reply to which, after some remarks on the latter charge, I said that, so far from being radical with respect to English affairs, it was my firm belief that the Reform which the country was at present forcing upon the ministry would give but an opening and impulse to the revolutionary feeling now abroad; and though there might be a temporary satisfaction produced by it, it would be but like the calm described in those lines (borrowed by Campbell):

" — ad præcepta immane ruinæ,  
Lævior, en, facies fit properantis aquæ." †

8th to 31st. For the rest of the month busy at home, on my second volume of "Lord Edward," dining out but once the

\* There must be some mistake here, as the plan was opened on the 1st of March. — ED.

† The lines of Campbell are,

"But mortal pleasure, what in sooth art thou?  
The torrent's smoothness ere it dash below."

It is not perhaps surprising that in this and other passages Moore should express some fear of the consequences of the Reform Act; but those who drew it felt no such apprehensions. They knew the strong veneration which the people of England felt for Monarchy and its attendant institutions. Had the nation not been imbued with such feelings, the mock elections of the nomination boroughs would have been a spur and not a curb to their speed; as it is, a reformed Parliament is a far stronger barrier against wild innovation than the Parliaments chosen on the old model could have been. Lord Melbourne, in his speech in the House of Lords, truly said that the consent of the people formed the strength of the Parliament, and that when that consent was wanting it was time to change the form of the governing body. On such principles, those of Lord Grey's cabinet who had been against reform acted in unison with those who had been on its advocates. Lord Grey and his colleagues in thus combining to bring in the Reform Bill acted with true patriotism and true foresight. They knew the institutions which they amended; the people with whom and for whom they acted; the principles of sound policy and the course required by honesty and wisdom. — ED.

whole time, which was at Mr. Hughes's, at Devizes.

June 1st. Started with Tom in the coach for town. Discovered, in one of my travelling companions, an old masquerader of other days, Sir Thomas Champneys, and found him very amusing. Tom particularly delighted with his stories. Brummel saying to some grave minister of state who was explaining to him the operation of the income-tax, at the time it was about to be brought forward, "Then I see I must retrench in the rosewater for my bath." Old Judgé — saying to Lady Hippisley, who was sitting near him on the bench, in a riding habit and hat, "Why doesn't that man take off his hat?" The people round whispered to him that it was Lady Hippisley; his not hearing them. "I say, make that man take off his hat," &c. &c. Champneys acting all this very amusing. Deposited Tom at Power's, and went to dine at the Athenæum; joined by James Smith. Mentioned a sermon of Swift's on sleeping in church, which I must see. Repeated to me some verses of his in imitation of Crabbe, which, for neatness of execution in the *four last lines*, are admirable:—

"Hard is his lot who edits, thankless job!  
A Sunday journal for the factious mob.  
With bitter paragraph and caustic jest,  
He gives to turbulence the day of rest.  
Condemn'd this week, rash rancour to instil,  
Or thrown aside, the next, for one who will.  
Alike undone, or if he praise or rail,  
(For this affects his safety, that his sale);  
He sinks, alas! in luckless limbo set,—  
If loud for libel, and if dumb for debt."

2nd. A note from Bowles to propose our dining together at the Athenæum; assented. Found at the Athenæum Smith and Mathews. Told a pun of Smith's: on Mathews saying, on some occasion, of Tom Hill, "Will nobody stop that fellow's mouth?" "Not me," said Smith, "I know the way to Highgate, but not to Muswell Hill (Muzzle Hill)."

6th. Dined with Macdonald at eight. Company: Fazakerley, T. Baring, Wilmot Horton, Sir A. Johnston, Robert Grant, and the Brahmin Rammohun Roy, a very

remarkable man, speaking English perfectly, and knowing all about English institutions, even to the details of Scotch boroughs. Said that most of the Brahmins are Deists. Gave an account of a society at Calcutta, formed of persons of all countries, religions, and sects—Hindoos, Mussulmen, Protestants, Catholics. A sort of service performed at their meetings, from which all such names as marked any particular faith, as Christ, Mahomet, &c. &c., were excluded; but the name of God in all languages and forms, whether Jehovah, Bramah, or any other such title, retained.

7th. Breakfasted at Rogers's: Sydney Smith, Lord John, Luttrell, and Greville. Sydney beyond anything amusing. \* \* \* Left Rogers's with Lord John, who repeated with much earnestness his wish that I should come to his house. Told Lord John, laughingly, when we were parting, that "I had better not come to him; I should bring disgrace upon a ministerial residence;" but he pressed me most kindly to do so, and having asked me to dine with him on Saturday next (the first dinner he has ever given), I promised that I would become his lodger on that day. Dined at Sir George Phillips's. Company: Sydney again, Ladies Charlemont and Davy, Lord John, and the Listers. It was mentioned, I think, by Sydney Smith, as a proof how little political men sometimes understand each other, that he found Canning (on meeting him once somewhere abroad) quite under the impression that Sir F. Burdett was ambitious of seizing the reins of government.

8th. Dined at Longman's. Had been asked to Lord Essex's, to Mrs. Norton's, and one or two other places: Dr. Lardner, McCulloch, Mr. Dickinson, &c. &c. Talking of writers who, like Scott, are in the habit of dictating to amanuenses, that it makes them diffuse, McCulloch quoted Adam Smith as an instance. His "Theory of Moral Sentiment," which he wrote with his own pen, being admirable in its style, while the "Wealth of Nations," which he dictated, is exceedingly diffuse.

9th. Breakfasted at Holland House. No

one at breakfast but Lord H. and Allen. Talking of metre, difference between the musical ear and poetical ear, Lord H. said that the person who came next to me in the excellence of the former was Monk Lewis. Talked of Lowth; that he spoiled the language. "Who's there?" "Me." This he thought not only English, but good English, in the same manner that the Frenchman would answer "*Moi*." Long conversation with Lord H. on the question of West India slavery; thought it one of the most difficult points they (the ministers) had to handle; the great fear lest they should go too far. Brougham particularly had committed himself to great lengths. Told me the whole course of the King's conduct in the affair of the dissolution. It was long a point of ticklish doubt with them whether he could go along with their views; had a great dislike to dissolution. When they came to him, however, after the division, and represented the necessity of such a step, he agreed at once and without any hesitation, saying, when they asked how soon it was his Majesty's pleasure it should take place, "As you consider it necessary, the more despatch and decision it is done with the better." Lord H. evidently nervous about the whole state of affairs. In reading a speech of William Brougham's at some meeting, where he used the words "The Lords *dare* not reject the bill," Lord H. said, "Very imprudent words from the brother of a minister; these are the things that do us harm with the King." Talked of the state of the press; the great misfortune of the total severance that had taken place between those who conduct it and the better rank of society; even from literature it had become, in a great measure, separate, instead of forming, as in France, a distinguished branch of it. "Now *you*," he said, "and all the other eminent literary persons of the day, keep as much aloof from 'the gentlemen of the press' as we of the political world do; and they are, therefore, thrown, with all their power and their virulence, unsoftened by the commerce of society, to form a separate and hostile class of themselves."

12th. Stayed great part of the morning at home, enjoying the delicious quiet of my nice retired room looking into the Park; such a contrast to Bury Street! Lord John and I breakfasted together. Told me of Lord Grey's communication of the Reform plan to the King, who had been very anxious during the concoction of it. Lord Grey remained with him three hours, and almost immediately after their interview, the King said to Lord Holland (it was at Brighton), on the latter inquiring after his Majesty's health, "I am very well, and I assure you all the better for two or three hours' conversation I have just had with Lord Grey, which has been very comfortable to me." Saw Sheil at the Athenæum. In talking of the certainty there would be of my election for almost any place in Ireland that I chose, he assured me that if I had selected Louth to stand for, he himself would not have had the least chance against me.

13th. Breakfasted with Moore the sculptor, to the routing-up of my day. Told me of Chantrey's saying, in his artist language, looking at his own bust of Sir Walter Scott, "I must put a little more into that head."

14th. Walked into the Park to enjoy the band, which plays every morning just near the house. Lord John's table loaded every morning with letters from all parts of the country. Lucky for him that he is so little of an irritable or fussy nature. Being now the mark for the whole country to look to, every suggestion and criticism respecting the Bill (most of them from men of local knowledge, and therefore demanding attention) is levelled at him. Walked for some time with Lord Durham, who had just been at the creation of the new peers, A. Ellis, Lord Fingall, &c. &c. In talking of the necessity that might arise for a further creation, he said, so far from hesitating at such step, he would, if they had a majority of 400 in the Lords against the Bill, create 401 peers rather than lose it. S. Smith amusing before dinner; his magnanimity (as he called it) in avowing that he had never before heard of Lamartine (of whom Miss Berry and I were speaking). "Was it another name for the famous

blacking man?" "Yes." "Oh, then, he's Martin here, La-Martine in France, and Martin Luther in Germany." He never minds what nonsense he talks, which is one of the great reasons of his saying so much that is comical.

15th. Conversation with Lord John at breakfast about my coming into Parliament. He said, that as I wished but for a short trial of it, it was a pity I had not come in this time, the duration of the Parliament being just what would have suited me. Talked about *preparing* speeches; agreed that to speak well it was necessary to prepare in some shape or other, but whether to write down what one prepares? Lord Grey, he said, had wished him to write down beforehand his speech for the introduction of the Reform Bill, and he tried to do so; but found he could not, in delivery, keep to what he had written. Asked him whether it was true that his illustration of "Old lamps for new ones," produced little, if any, effect at the time he spoke it? Said it was true; but owing, he thinks, very much to some interruption that occurred behind him, and which made him turn round from the House while he was delivering the passage. Said that Brougham used to sneer a good deal at this image of his, saying, for instance, "Gentlemen who talk figuratively about lamps," &c. &c. To-day the Hollands come to Lord John's, which will a good deal disturb the quiet of the house. Joined the Hollands, Lord H. just returned from a Cabinet dinner. Lord John had stolen off to bed. They had been employed at their dinner chiefly (Lord H. said) in "mending sentences" (the King's speech, no doubt). A little after twelve my Lady retired, and intimated that he ought to do so too; but he begged hard for ten minutes more. Talked of the sedition and blasphemy that was abroad, and the difficulty there was in dealing with it. "I wish," he said, "some of you gentlemen who have clever pens, would exert yourselves to check it." "We could hardly do so," I answered, "without taking up the old anti-Jacobin tone, which, on me, at least, would sit rather awkwardly." He then began reciting

some fine passages of Cowper, and continued, as he lay on his back on the sofa, spouting out to the amount of two or three hundred lines. It was past one before I left him. In writing to Sydney Smith to-day, sending him Crabbe's address, which he wanted, I said that "I was sorry he had gone away so soon from Ellis's the other night, as I had improved (*i. e.* in my singing) afterwards, and he was one of the few I always wished to do my *best* for." In answer to this received the following flattering note from him, written evidently under the impression that I had been annoyed by his going away:—

My dear Moore,—By the beard of the prelate of Canterbury, by the cassock of the prelate of York, by the breakfasts of Rogers, by Luttrell's love of side-dishes, I swear that I had rather hear you sing than any person I ever heard in my life, male or female. For what is your singing but beautiful poetry floating in fine music and guided by exquisite feeling? Call me Dissenter, say that my cassock is ill put on, that I know not the delicacies of decimation, and confound the greater and the smaller tithes; but do not think or say that I am insensible to your music. The truth is, that I took a solemn oath to Mrs. Beauclerk to be there by ten, and set off, to prevent perjury, at eleven; but was seized with a violent pain in the stomach by the way, and went to bed.

Yours ever, my dear Moore, very sincerely,  
 SYDNEY SMITH.

18th. Had breakfast at Lord John's: Sydney Smith, Rogers, Luttrell, Allen, Greville, and Lady Hardy. Talking of battles; a fellow being "shot in the drum." Sydney S. told of a young officer in his first battle, who, having been for some time fighting without well knowing where he was, at last, seeing the party he was immediately engaged with giving way, took off his cap and began roaring enthusiastically, "Victory! Victory!" on which some veteran near him, cried out, "Hold your tongue, you foolish fellow; we have been retreating these two

hours." Luttrell quoted from Henry VI., "Knowest thou the Lord of Salisbury?" "Right well, and oft have shot at him;" which Sydney parodied, "And oft have preached at him." On looking at the play itself I find the fun of the quotation vanishes, as what the gunner says to his son is as follows:—

"Sirrah, thou knowest how Orleans is besieged,  
And how the English have the suburbs  
won;"

to which the other answers, "Father, I know, and oft have shot at them." (Henry VI. Part I. act i. sc. 4.) Walked with Sydney Smith; told me his age; turned sixty. Asked me how I felt about dying. Answered that if my mind was but at ease about the comfort of those I left behind, I should leave the world without much regret, having passed a very happy life, and enjoyed (as much, perhaps, as ever man did yet) all that is enjoyable in it; the only single thing I have had to complain of being want of money. I could therefore die with the same words that Jortin died, "I have had enough of everything."

19th. While we were at breakfast Lord William was announced as just arrived from Paris. I begged Lord John to let me give him up his room (the bed-room I occupy being that Lord W. always sleeps in); but he said, "No, no, you shan't be disturbed; he shall have Pudar's" (Lord J.'s servant) "room; it's a very good one;" and immediately ordered Pudar to get it ready for him. The meeting between the brothers highly characteristic; so quiet, but at the same time so cordial. Lord W. gave us an account of the state of France, which he thinks promises for peace.

20th. Lord John, at breakfast, returned to the subject of my "Lord Edward." \* Asked me what I meant to do about it? Told him that I could not now, in justice to myself, give it up or even defer the publication; people (in Ireland particularly) would

\* Sir John Newport also spoke to me on the subject at Brookes's: said he was very angry with me about it; that such a book would do great mischief; and that my friend Lord Lansdowne thought the same that he did about it.

think it was from my friends having come into power that I was influenced; that I looked to place, &c. &c. "Be assured," I said, "that it will do no mischief; at least, will not *add* to the mischief which is but too abundant and inevitable already. I should only damage my own character by what you wish me to do, without any good whatever resulting from it to others. I mean, in a preface to the work, to inculcate confidence in the present Ministry, and to express my own reliance upon their honest intentions towards Ireland; and a good word of this kind from an honest and consistent man (humble though he be) will do you more *service* than anything that is in the work can do harm, or than I could *ever* do either you or myself if I were to tarnish my reputation by any suspicious compliance with the wishes of persons in power." In answer to all this, Lord John said, that he did not much mind it himself, but that, Lord Holland being related to Lord Edward's family, it would look (to say the least of it) ungracious towards him to publish such a work in opposition to his wish. I then reminded him of what I had already told him—namely, that Lord Holland was the person who had the most strongly urged me to the task, and had even, in answer to a letter of mine, in which I had rather confounded the character of my present hero with my two former ones, Sheridan and Byron, said expressly, "It is a very different task; for you can do full justice to poor Edward's memory without wounding or even offending the feelings of any person whatever." In the course of our conversation, in speaking of the *danger* of such a work in the present excited state of the public mind, I said, "Why, the subject has become historical; and I don't see why it should be more dangerous than your own 'Life of Lord Russell' would be, if published now." To this Lord John answered (but too truly), in his little quiet way, "Ah, that's a quarrel that has been long made up; not so with the Irish question."

21st. Breakfasted with the Godfreys; visited all the old places rendered memorable to me by our gay party here in the year 1806

or 1807\*; the house which poor Lady Donegal had; the lodging which Rogers, W. Spencer, and myself lived in; the assembly room on the Pantiles, where I used to dance with my pretty friend, Mrs. Barbat, &c. &c. Drove about to different pretty spots; called at Mrs. Tighe's, who was anxious to have me at a party in the evening, which I luckily escaped.

24th. Breakfasted at Rogers's to meet Macaulay. Talking of Pascal's "Lettres Provinciales," Macaulay said it was almost the only book one could never get tired of. Spoke of the proof that is afforded of *fame* by the creation of new words, such as *Quixotic*, which pervades all languages, *Machiavellian*, *Rodomontade* (from Rodomont), &c. R. told me that the Duke of Wellington had said lately to him in speaking of my "Lord Edward," that "he could not conceive what I could make of it." Called with Corry at the Speaker's; met himself at a little distance from his house, and asked permission to go under the gallery that evening to hear Lord John bring forward the Reform Bill. Granted it most readily. Lord John's speech was (I could not help feeling) somewhat feeble and diluted, except in one or two passages. It was, however, well received, and the passage where he applied Cromwell's words, "The Lord hath delivered them into our hands," to the conduct of the opponents of reform, produced considerable effect. There being no debate, we were let off earlier than we expected, and dined at the Piazza.

25th. Lord John a little tired this morning, though he felt not at all so (he said) last night. His speech took two hours in delivery. In talking of the passage where he quoted Cromwell, said, that though he had *thought* over that point in preparing himself, he had not intended to use it upon this occasion till a few minutes before he brought it out. This shows great self-possession in speaking. Dined at the Speaker's;

\* See his *Works*. "Lines to Lady H., on an old ring found at Tunbridge Wells." (Dated 1805.) See also his letters in the early part of this work.

none but the family, besides Corry and myself. The Speaker very agreeable: described his dinner lately with the King, on the day when all the Judges dined with him. The King had asked him that very morning at the levee, saying, "I don't well know what name to call you by, for you know you are not Speaker now; but still I will say, Mr. Speaker, I am most happy to see you here, and if you have nothing better to do to-day, I wish you would come and meet the Judges at dinner." Described the manner in which the King ~~walked~~ suddenly from his occasional dozes after dinner, and dashes at once into conversation. On that day he rather awkwardly, in one of these *sorties*, began upon the subject of the Queen's trial, saying that he had high respect for judges, but by no means the same feeling for lawyers, who were often led, by their zeal for their clients, to do things by no means justifiable; "As you may recollect," he added, turning to Brougham and Denman, "in a case where you, gentlemen, were concerned," &c. &c. He got out of this scrape, however (the Speaker said), very good-humouredly and skilfully. The Speaker told us several interesting anecdotes of the old King during his last melancholy years of madness, blindness, and, at last, utter deafness, which he had himself heard from his father, the Archbishop, who was one of the persons chiefly entrusted with the task of visiting and superintending the care of the Royal patient. The old King's horror at the first suggestion of a strait waistcoat, and his saying that he would go on his knees to the Archbishop if he would save him from it. His notions of kingly power to the last, and the cunning with which he contrived to keep up the appearance of it, ordering carriages and horses to be ready at a particular hour, and then taking care to *countermand* them a little before the time arrived. The Prince, not having seen him for a long time (it being found that intercourse with any of his own family excited and irritated him), was at length permitted one day to come into the apartment for a few minutes, and look at his father as he sat in his chair, without speak-

ing. Shortly after his departure, the old King, in taking his usual exercise of walking round the room, stopped suddenly on the spot where the Prince had been standing, and said, "If I did not know it was impossible, I should say that the Prince of Wales was now in the room;" giving, as his reason, the strong smell of perfume which he perceived.

26th. Went (Lord John and I together, in a hackney-coach) to breakfast with Rogers. The party, besides ourselves, Macaulay, Luttrell, and Campbell. Macaulay gave us an account of the state of the *Monothelite* controversy, as revived at present among some of the fanatics of the day. In the course of conversation, Campbell quoted a line, "Ye diners out, from whom we guard our spoons," and looking over at me, said significantly, "You ought to know that line." I pleaded not guilty; upon which he said, "It is a poem that appeared in 'The Times,' which every one attributes to you;" but I again declared that I did not even remember it. Macaulay then broke silence, and said, to our general surprise, "That is mine;" on which we all expressed a wish to have it recalled to our memories, and he repeated the whole of it. I then remembered having been much struck with it at the time, and said that there was another squib still better, on the subject of William Bankes's candidanship for Cambridge, which so amused me when it appeared, and showed such power in that style of composition, that I wrote up to Barnes about it, and advised him by all means to secure that hand as an ally. "That was mine also," said Macaulay; thus discovering to us a new power, in addition to that varied store of talent which we had already known him to possess. He is certainly one of the most remarkable men of the day. \* \* \*

29th. Took my last breakfast with my kind and excellent host.

Forgot to mention that in one of my conversations with Lord John, about my forthcoming book, I told him that it had been my intention to quote a passage, which I thought very good, from his "Life of Lord

Russell," on the subject of popular resistance, but that I had given up the quotation from a fear lest those scribblers, who are accusing the Ministry of favouring revolutionary designs, might take advantage of the passage and tease him about it. I added, however, that it was my intention to borrow the thought from him and put it in my own language: to which he answered "Do: that will be the best way." The following is the passage; and it is after all quiet enough to be fathered by anybody: "Whilst they (the Tories) spoke with abhorrence of resistance to their sovereign, their conduct had a direct tendency to produce it: for their silent acquiescence in acts of tyranny encouraged the King to still greater outrages; till, at last, no remedy was to be found but in a revolution. The Whigs, on the other hand, by their persevering opposition, acted in a manner to prevent the necessity of the resistance of which they spoke so much." As it happened, I had no opportunity of introducing this passage at all.

July 1st to 21st. During this and the following month (being at home all the time) I have kept no regular journal. Not being able to put the finishing touch to my "Lord Edward" in town, it was some weeks after my return before the book was published. Sent but few copies about, as there were some of my friends who I *knew* would not like it, and many more whom I was at least doubtful of. Thought it right, however, to send copies to the Duke of Leinster and Lady Campbell, neither of whom has ever since acknowledged or taken the least notice of them. What my Whig friends will think or say of the book I know not, and (I must say) do not much care. The insight I got into the views and leanings of the party during my last visit to town has taken away much of my respect for them as a political body, and changed my opinion of some as private men. I am convinced that there is just as much selfishness and as much low party spirit among them generally as among the Tories; without any of that tact in concealing the offensiveness of these qualities which a more mellowed experience of power



and its sweets gives to the Tories. There are a few men among them who have the public weal, I believe, most sincerely at heart; and these are easily numbered,— Lord Grey, Lord Althorp, Lord John Russell, and Lord Lansdowne; but even these are carried headlong through a measure, of which in their hearts they must see the danger, by an impulse of party spirit which supersedes too much every other consideration; and as to the herd of their followers, any few grains of patriotism there may be among them are so mixed up with an overflowing portion of *self* as to be diluted away to nothing.\* The change of tone, too, among some of them would be most amusing if one was not obliged to look grave while one listens.

28th. Dined at Bowles's. Party: Mulvany, a young Irish artist, and ourselves, old Hoyle (the Exodiad poet), and another person. Mentioned a pun of Pitt's, viz. Latin for a *rimy* morning, *Aurora Musis amica*. Never saw Bowles in more amusing plight; played for us on the fiddle after dinner a country dance, which forty years ago he heard on entering a ball-room, to which he had rode, I don't know how many miles, to meet a girl he was very fond of, and found her dancing to this tune when he entered the room. The *sentiment* with which he played this old-fashioned jig beyond anything diverting. I proposed we should dance to it; and taking out Mrs. Bowles, led off, followed

\* I have left this passage as it stands in the Journal, but I cannot subscribe to Moore's judgment on the Whig party. There is, no doubt, in every political party, as in every community, sect, or association of men, a large ingredient of selfishness; but the party of which Moore speaks had followed Mr. Fox, Lord Grey, and Lord Lansdowne for half a century, in the assertion and maintenance of principles which were not likely to lead to favour either with the Court or the people. Opposition to the French war, support of Roman Catholic Claims, enmity to the Slave Trade, promotion of Parliamentary Reform; such were the leading points of a policy which no sensible man could have adopted with any other view than that of advancing the welfare of the State, in spite of the frowns of the Sovereign and the hostility or indifference of the country. — Ed.

by the Powers, Bessy, Mulvany, &c. &c. Our fiddler soon tired, on which Hoyle\* volunteered a scrape, and played so dolefully slow as to make us laugh in far quicker time than we danced. However, we briskened up his old bow; and Mrs. Moore taking Bowles for a partner, we got through one of the most laughing dances I have seen for a long time.

August 10th. Dined (Corry and I) at Scott's, to meet Luttrell and Nugent. Luttrell repeated to me six lines he had written lately about the "two things" that at present "absorb us," being "the bill and the cholera morbus;" that the Tories "if they had their will, would bring in the complaint to get rid of the bill;" while the Whigs seemed resolved "in this very hot weather," that we should be doomed "to both evils together." He repeated it but once; so I could catch but the general meaning and the tags.

Combe-Florey, Taunton,  
August 11th, 1831.

My dear Moore,

From hence till the 1st September (when men of large fortune put men of no fortune in prison on account of partridges), I shall be absent. I shall be at Sidmouth till the 12th, and then a week at Lord Moyle's, returning to Sidmouth for the rest of the month. I shall be at home all October. At Sidmouth we are no farther from the sea than the focus of Rogers's voice. Nothing intervenes between us and the coast of France. The noise of persons chattering French on the opposite coast is heard. Flat fish and mackerel have been known to leap into the drawing-room; and in the dreadful storm of 1824 the four Miss Somebodies were taken out in the lifeboat without petticoats by men who, in the hurry of the occasion, were without small clothes. Come to Sidmouth, and make Rogers come, and come to C.-Florey too and make Rogers come.

Ever yours,  
S. SMITH.

16th to 29th. All this time, and ever

since I got rid of my "Lord Edward," have been reading hard at theology for a work I have now in hand, "Travels of an Irish Gentleman in search of a Religion."

September 3rd. Left Farley after three very agreeable days. Had employed myself in the mornings in an article for the "Edinburgh Review," having long promised the editor, Napier, and the Longmans, that I would give them something. Chose the subject of German Rationalism in consequence of Dr. Brabant having pointed out to me some errors in a late work on that topic. Desired Brabant *also* to write on the subject, and then we should be able to make out something tolerable from our joint labours. The Doctor all delight at the idea of co-operating with me.

4th to 12th. Not a little puzzled with my literary partnership; find I can retain but little of B.'s, and fear he will be disappointed.

13th. Despatched the article to Edinburgh, having retained but two pages of B.'s (the exposition of the principles of Rationalism) in the introductory part, and clothed his detection of Lee's mistake at the end in my own language. Have prepared him as well as I could to find his *bantling a change-ling*.

24th. Received a proof (contrary to my expectation) of the article, with a letter from Napier, saying, I had his "warmest thanks for this very pungent and very, very admirable article." Happy he likes it. Sent back the proof same day.

Lady Lansdowne came down from town, and called upon us soon after her arrival. Told us of the awkward way in which the Archbishop of Canterbury had put on the Queen's crown at the coronation. There had been a little knot or tuft made in dressing her hair, for the express purpose of receiving the crown upon it; and instead of pressing the crown down upon this, the archbishop kept it toplong on the top of it; and had not the Queen kept her head quite still till one of the ladies came to her aid, the bad omen of the fall of the crown would have been exhibited. By the bye the Queen being (as is

well known) adverse to the measure which is giving such popularity to her royal husband, reminds me a little of the story of the King of Sparta who first gave his assent to the establishment of the Ephori. His wife, it is said, reproached him with this step, and told him that he was delivering down the royal power to his children *less* than he had received it; "Greater," he answered, "because more durable." This is just such an answer as William the Fourth would be likely to give to *his* wife. But the event proved the Spartan queen to have been right, for the Ephori extinguished the royal power; and if Queen Adelaide's bodings are of the same description, they are but too likely to be in the same manner realised.

30th. To Bowood; none but themselves, Lady Louisa, and Kerry. Lord L. I was glad to see very well. A good deal of talk about the bill, and the state of public opinion: not, to be sure, as unrestrained as our last conversation on the subject some eight months ago, but still (on my side at least) sufficiently open. On my asking him whether it was true that Hallam was a strong anti-reformer, he answered, "Yes, he is; and the world says *you* too are an anti-reformer." This led me to explain how I felt upon the subject, and how it came that my opinions were thus misinterpreted. The fact was that from the very first, while I agreed with the Whigs in the *principles* of the measure, I also agreed with the Tories in their opinion as to its consequences. "How is it then," said he, "that you can *approve* of a measure which is likely, as you think, to lead to mischievous consequences?" "I do not," I answered, "look upon them to be mischievous, though certainly awful, and, for us who may have to witness them, disagreeable; but the country will ultimately be all the better for the movement. We are now come to that point which all highly civilised countries reach when wealth and all the advantages that attend it are so unequally distributed that the whole is in an unnatural position; and nothing short of a general routing up can remedy the evil. This I own is a disagreeable process; to those who have

much to lose it may be a fatal one: but there is every reason to think that the country itself will come out of the trial stronger than ever; disencumbered of the financial machinery that now weighs her down, and ready to start in a new course of wealth and greatness. But even should this be a mere dream, the experiment has become in the minds of most people necessary, and is I am persuaded about to be tried. The people have received an impulse (I might have added received it in a great measure from this bill): and there never yet has been an instance known of a people stopping in such a career where they *ought* to stop; 'a downhill reformation (as Dryden says) rolls on fast.' Taking this view, whether right or wrong, of the present course of affairs, I certainly cannot help feeling grave at the prospect that is before us. Were I a young man, it would only brisken up the spirit of adventure within me, as I might then hope to outlive the storm, and enjoy the advantage of the calm; but not being young, and wishing the remainder of my course to continue on the same level as heretofore, I cannot bring myself to dance down these first steps of the precipice so gaily and sanguinely as I see others do. All this produces naturally a sobered, though by no means reluctant, concurrence in measures which I think may be ultimately for the good of the country, but which, whether for good or for ill, are amongst those efforts after improvement which nations from time to time make, and which nations have an undoubted right to make; all that we have of good and free in the world being the result of such endeavours." I have here scrambled (being at this present writing half asleep) into an amplification (or rather I fear *botheration*) of what I said, but this is pretty much the spirit and substance of it.\* Slept at Bowood.

\* The event proved that Moore had not well calculated the temper of the country. Far from making a financial revolution or disturbing property, the people were well content to enjoy the advantages of a real representation, and to receive from the House of Commons the abolition of slavery, the commutation of tithes, the reduction of pr-

October 1st. Returned home after breakfast.

12th. Off in the Marlborough coach for town: alone all the way, and having a volume of Mosheim to get through, made the most of my time; despatched the four hundred and odd pages on the way, besides writing sixteen lines of a love song for Power. To Murray's, where I had been invited to fix my quarters; received most kindly: went and dined at the Athenæum, meaning to call upon Power afterwards; but the night too bad. Returned and supped at Murray's: found him full of sanguineness about the new edition of Byron; looks to selling 30,000 copies of it. Talk of the sanguineness of men of poetry! your men of trade beat them hollow.

13th. Breakfasted with Murray; called upon Lord John Russell, and found him looking a good deal *pulled*; but much better, every one says, than he has been. Seemed a little bored, and no wonder, at having to "go over the thing all again." Asked me if I could dine with him to-day, and I was very glad to say that I could. In the middle of dinner Lord H., from the House of Lords, joined us (*not* at dinner, for he now dines at three o'clock), and took his seat next me. Thought him at first colder to me than usual; but this might be fancy, and at all events no great matter. Dinner amusing. Allen said some strong things about bishops, which my lady tried to suppress, saying "Such talk was not fit for a convivial party." \* \* \* \*

14th. Spottiswoode and Harness to breakfast at Murray's, for the purpose of consulting about the new edition of Byron. I have not myself come to any decisive explanation with him as to what *my* part or share in the business is to be. In one of my letters to him, from Sloperton, I had (in answer to his request that I would suggest what I thought useful towards the under-

hibitory duties, the repeal of the corn laws, the equalisation of the sugar duties, the repeal of the navigation laws, the promotion of education, and all those other measures which, in the course of twenty years, have been enacted by the wisdom and patriotism of our reformed Parliaments.—ED.

taking) said, that, as far as the works were concerned, I thought a running commentary throughout, like that of Warton on Pope, would be the most attractive means of giving them freshness and novelty with the public; but adding, at the same time, that the task would be a very responsible one, particularly if it was a *rhymist* like me, who undertook to criticise such a poet. A good deal of talk about the projected edition of Byron, in which I saw that Harness took a great lead. Being obliged to leave them soon after breakfast, took Murray out of the room, and impressed upon him, that if I were to have anything to do with this concern it must be left all to myself without any other interference; he said "Certainly."

On my return to Murray's in the course of the day, found Milman. Had already told Murray, on his asking me had I seen the mention of Milman in the last "Edinburgh" (my own article), that I was myself the author of that article, and authorised him to tell Milman so in confidence. Rather a good scene now took place on the subject between us; Murray asked M., had he any suspicion who wrote that article; and on Milman's answering, "Not the least;" "Could you at all have suspected our friend Mr. Moore of such an article?" "Moore!" exclaimed Milman; "No, no, I know Moore to be very multifarious, but I don't think he has yet got to German theology." It was with some difficulty, that when I myself assured him that it was mine, I could get him to believe that I was serious: a good deal of talk upon the subject; about Gesenius, &c. &c. Said he knew of no such able book as that of Gesenius on Isaiah; and that, putting the peculiar opinions of the author out of the question, he had gained from it a greater insight into Isaiah than from all the other commentaries besides. In speaking of the letter which the Bishop of London wrote him (at the time of the outcry about his "History of the Jews"), approving highly of the work, and condemning the opposition that has been raised to it, Milman told me that the bishop had afterwards got alarmed.

To dinner at Sir Walter Scott's (or rather Lockhart's). On my way to dinner, with Murray, who took me, told him that I had made up my mind to be editor at all events, and that he might announce me as such; which seemed very much to please him. Was rather shocked at seeing and hearing Scott; both his looks and utterance, but particularly the latter, showing strongly the effects of paralysis. At dinner we had, besides Murray and myself, their own family party (the Lockharts and Miss Scott), and Sir William and Lady Rae. Scott took but rarely any share in the conversation, and it was then with difficulty I made out what he said. On going up stairs found rather a large party collected, all Scotch,—Lady Belhaven, Lord and Lady Ruthven, Lady Louisa Stuart, the Macleods, &c. &c. On looking over at Scott once or twice, was painfully struck by the utter vacancy of his look. How dreadful if he should live to survive that mighty mind of his! It seems hardly right to assemble company round him in this state. It is charming to see how Scott's good temper and good nature continue unchanged through the sad wreck of almost everything else that belonged to him. The great object in sending him abroad is to disengage his mind from the strong wish to *write* by which he is haunted, eternally making efforts to produce something without being able to bring his mind collectively to bear upon it—the *multum cupit, nihil potest*. Alas! alas! In my visits this morning called at Lord D.'s, and sat some time with Lady D.: a good deal of talk about politics. I spoke pretty freely my opinion of our friends the Whigs; of their vile practice of canvassing enemies and neglecting friends. As for myself, I said, so long had it been manifest to me that this was their system, that I had for many years (luckily for my own peace of mind) given up all hopes of their ever *thinking* of doing me a service. So far did this *poco-curantism* of theirs extend, that, even in the trifling article of franking, not one of them (though knowing how much I had to do with printers in the way of transmitting proofs, &c.) ever

offered, when in office, to be of any service to me; and I have always gone on (when I could) with my old frankers: with Croker while the Whigs were last in, and with Greville during their present ministry. The only *attempt* at a favour, indeed, I ever experienced for myself was under a Tory administration (Addington's), when, through the medium, it is true, of Lord Moira, I got that unlucky registrarship of Bermuda. Lord Hardwicke, too, when the Tory Lord Lieutenant of Ireland offered to create a laureateship in Ireland, with the same emoluments as the English one, if I would accept it. Neither ought I to forget that to poor Lord Moira (whom the Whigs hardly acknowledged as one of themselves) I owed the barrack-mastership for my father, which made his latter days comfortable. That from Whigs, as Whigs, I never received even the semblance of a favour. All this I said to Lady D., and she admitted that there was but too much truth, she feared, in the charge, so general against them on this point. On her saying some flattering things of the peculiar claims I had upon the regard of all parties, I answered, that the only merit I could arrogate to myself was, that "I was at no time purchasable, and that this I believe the Tories knew." "Oh dear," she exclaimed, "if the Tories ~~are~~ such a person as you on their side, we should be made to feel the difference" (alluding, I take for granted, to my knack at ridicule; and God knows how open my friends the Whigs are to that same weapon).

Called at the Speaker's; saw both her and him, and he with much kindness asked me to his country place. When I expressed my wonder at his being able to hold out through all these long nights, he said it was all by *not eating*; if he had lived in his usual way he could not have borne it, but the want of exercise luckily took away his appetite, and this temperance saved him. Called also this morning on Burdett, whom I found laid up with the gout. In talking with Burdett on Reform, told him I had heard from Lord Lansdowne that he supposed me to be an anti-reformer; told him how this report had

arisen from the stupidity of certain of my neighbours, who, seeing but one side of the question themselves (and that but dully), cannot understand the language of a man who happens to see both. On comparing notes with him I found we very much agreed on the subject, except that he is sanguine enough to think that the monarchy *can* go on with a purely popular House of Commons, and I for my part believe no such thing. Such is, no doubt, the *theory* of the English constitution, but it has *never* yet been tried in practice (which Burdett was obliged to own); nor will *ever* I am convinced be brought to work quietly in *secula seculorum*.

15th. Breakfasted at the Athenæum. Then on to the Charter House for Tom. I then set off with him to Sir Walter Scott's, being determined that the little dog should have to say in future days that he had seen this great man. Found Lord Clarendon calling at the same time, and admitted with us: Scott very kind to Tom. Had taken with me a book of his (the "Demonology") that he might write his name in it for Bessy. He said that I ought to have let him have the pleasure of giving the book as well as the name.

16th. Out early with Tom in order to surprise Rogers at breakfast; found him entirely recovered from his late illness (having just returned from the country), and in high good humour and playfulness. In talking of the difference of the present times from former ones, mentioned the circumstance of Charles II. attending the House of Lords' debates, standing with his back to the fire, and interrupting sometimes the members in their speeches (where is this mentioned?). Queen Anne, too, going to hear the debates (?). Showed me a curious passage in the Introduction to Fox's History, where the present demand on the part of the people of an entirely popular House of Commons is foreseen and deprecated.

Set off with Tom at twelve for Greenwich in order to see the Prowses; walked about Greenwich with them. Hearing that Lord Auckland had a house there, called upon him; found him and his sisters, and introduced

Tom to them, who had asked me very innocently "whether Lord A. was a Reformer." On my telling this to Lord A., he said, "You wouldn't, I hope, have come inside my door, Tom, if you had known I wasn't." Tom himself is, it appears, in a very small minority of Reformers at the Charter House, the great mass of the youngers being *antis*. It is the same, I understand, at Westminster, and wherever the *clergy* interest is prevalent. Found a kind note from Mrs. Lockhart to say how happy they would be to have me; and having left Tom at the Powers', dined with Sir Walter. In talking of a novel which he had sent to Scott, L. said that it was no matter how bad a book was; if it had but a story in it, Scott would read every word of it; and to this Sir Walter pleaded guilty very amusingly: left them early.

17th. Breakfasted with Rogers to meet my old friends Lord and Lady Dunmore, whom I had not met for, I believe, ten years. Stuart also of the party, and (by accident) Campbell, who had happened to call upon Rogers on business: the conversation at breakfast amusing. Campbell mentioned how his vanity was once mortified on giving his address to some Scotch bookseller: "Campbell!" said the man; "pray, Sir, may you be the great Campbell?" "Who do you call the *great* Campbell?" said Tom, putting on a modest look. "Why John Campbell, the African Traveller, to be sure," answered the other. In talking of getting into awkward scrapes at dinner tables, Lady Dunmore mentioned a circumstance of the kind in which Rogers himself was concerned. It was at the time when Madame de Staël was expected in London, and somebody at table (there being a large party) asked when she was likely to arrive. "Not till Miss Edgeworth is gone," replied Rogers; "Madame de Staël would not like *two* stars shining at the same time." The words were hardly out of his mouth when he saw a gentleman rise at the other end of the table, and say in a solemn tone, "*Madame la Baronne de Staël est incapable d'une telle bassesse.*" It was Auguste de Staël, her son, whom Rogers had never before seen.

Left Rogers's with Campbell, who told me, as we walked along, the friendly service which Rogers had just done him by consenting to advance 500*l.*, which Campbell wants at this moment to purchase a share in the new (Metropolitan) magazine of which he is editor, the opportunity, if let slip now, being wholly lost to him. Campbell had offered as security an estate worth between four and five thousand pounds which he has in Scotland, but Rogers had very generously said that he did not want security; Campbell, however, was resolved to give it. These are noble things of Rogers, and he does more of such things than the world has any notion of.\*

19th. Off at half-past eight in the "White Hart." Found Bessy, as I expected, at Devizes, where she had been passing the two last days with the Scotts, and took her home. \* \* \*

November 3rd to 9th. Saw my "Lord Edward" announced as one of the articles in the "Quarterly," to be abused of course: and this so immediately after my dinings and junkettings with both editor and publisher! Having occasion to write to Murray, sent him the following squib:—

#### THOUGHTS ON EDITORS.

*Editor et*

No, editors don't care a button

What false and faithless things they do;  
They'll let you come and cut their mutton,  
And then they'll have a cut at you.

With Barnes I oft my dinner took,

Nay, met ev'n Horace Twiss to please him;  
Yet Mister Barnes traduced my book,  
For which may his own devils seize him!

With Doctor Bowring I drank tea,

Nor of his cakes consumed a particle;  
And yet th' ungrateful LL.D.  
Let fly at me next week an article.

\* Not only more than the world had any notion of, but more than any one else could have done. Being himself an author, he was able to guess the difficulties of men of letters, and to assist them, not only with his ready purse, but with his powerful influence and his judicious advice.—Ed.

John Wilson gave me suppers hot,  
With bards of fame like Hogg and Pack-  
wood,

A dose of black strap then I got,  
And after a still worse of "Blackwood."

Alas, and must I close the list  
With thee, my Lockhart, of the "Quarterly,"  
So kind, with bumper in thy fist,—  
With pen, so *very* gruff and tartarly.

Now in thy parlour feasting me,  
Now scribbling at me from thy garret,—  
Till 'twixt the two in doubt I be  
Which sourest is, thy wit or claret.

Found, on looking at my memorandum book, that my bill on Murray (500*l.*), which I had taken it into my head would not be due till January, will fall due next month. Wrote instantly to him to express my hope that some arrangement might be made, springing out of our proposed plan with respect to the new edition of Byron, by which this suspended transaction between us might be finally settled. \* \* \*

10th. To dinner at Lacock; none beside themselves but Lord Valletort and Made-moiselle Emmeline. Had known very little of him before, and once rather disliked him; but he appears to me an honest, kind-hearted man, and, though a strong Tory, seems a fair one. Told some interesting things of the Duke of Wellington, to whom he is (like all who have been much about him) strongly attached. His saying, that no man should hesitate to apologise whenever he had said or done anything that required one; yet in military affairs he has been known on more than one occasion to avoid owning he was wrong, though conscious that he *was* so. This done on principle. "No, no; never put myself wrong with the army." His shedding tears when he took leave officially of the Queen at his last resignation; this the Queen herself told Lord Valletort. Of the King, Lord V. told several little things which show great good-nature and warm-heartedness. His father and mother were (as I told him) amongst my earliest acquaintances in London. I remember how proud I used to be of going to Lady Mount Edgcumbe's suppers (one

or two at the most) after the Opera. It was at one of these, sitting between Mrs. Siddons and Lady Castlereagh, I heard for the first time the voice of the former (never having met her before) transferred to the ordinary things of this world, — and the solemn words in her most tragic tone, — "I do love also dearly."

13th. A letter from Murray, which threw me into no little consternation, as it not only defeated all my hopes of being able to settle the forthcoming bill by some arrangement as to my editorship of Byron, but coolly tells me that, in consequence of his having got entangled with —, I am not to be editor of that work at all. This, after having courted me to undertake the task, after having gladly accepted me as editor! Wrote to Rogers and the Longmans, acquainting them with this disappointment, and the quandary it had thrown me into with respect to the bill.

15th. Called upon Lord Lansdowne. Some talk with him about the public dinner to him at Devizes to-morrow. Asked me how far I thought they would expect him to be communicative on the subject of Reform, as it was rather a ticklish thing for him (being the only one of the ministers thus brought *en evidence* during the recess) so to manage as to send his hearers away satisfied, without at the same time too much committing himself. He added, that his colleagues were rather uneasy on the subject. Told him that I thought his true policy was at all events not to be too short with them. They would then go away with the impression that he had been very communicative; whereas, if he said but little, though there might be twice as much matter in it, they would be sure to say, "How short and costive he was with us." But on the plan I suggested, even though the more acute might see through his policy, they could only say, "How well he managed in such a difficult position to give perfect satisfaction to his hearers, without in the least degree committing himself or colleagues!" This he seemed to think a just view of it, which I was glad of for every reason. Walked a good part of the way home with me.

16th. Corry arrived for the dinner in consequence of a letter I wrote to ask him over; at a little after four Lord Lansdowne called for us (having Senior, the political economist, with him), and we all proceeded to Devizes. Nothing could go off better than the dinner. I was seated between Corry and Senior, and opposite the chairman and Lord Lansdowne: Lord L.'s speech excellent; there was not a dissenting voice as to its good tone and good taste. The reception of my health most enthusiastic, and my speech exceedingly well received.

19th to 30th. Received very kind letters both from the Longmans and Rogers: the former telling me not to have the slightest uneasiness on the subject of the 500*l.*, as they would *retain* my bill on Murray, and put the amount to my account; the latter offering most cordially to pay the 500*l.* for me himself.

December 15th to 25th. Have had various letters from Ireland on the subject of *Neilson* (Lord Edward's man), my mention of whom has produced an immense excitement among the Northerns; and, as usual with my countrymen, they not only run away with the thing, but run away with it in a wrong direction. So wholly, too, have they lost sight of the original passage which set them a-going, that they now represent me as having *accused* Neilson of betraying Lord Edward, whereas I merely mentioned his having been suspected of it; and they show there were no sufficient grounds for such suspicion. Amongst other letters on the subject, I have received one from old Hamilton Rowan, which was civil and gratifying. Sheil, too, transmitted to me one from Dr. Doyle about the same matter, most laudatory, saying that I had a far better right than Swift to be called "Ireland's glory," &c. &c. Talking of letters on the subject, I think I have forgotten to mention one which I received several months ago; a communication from the King of the French, through my old acquaintance, and his right-hand man, Chabot\*: nothing could be more in character with

\* Vicomte Chabot of Templetown, Ireland.

the *Citizen Roi* than the directness and informality of this communication, which was with reference to the claim of Lady Edward to the near relationship she is supposed to have borne to the family of Orleans. This the King denies; and both he and Madame Adelaide express their desire that I would set the matter right in a future edition.

27th. On asking Fielding as to the propriety of some sea phrases, I was introducing into a translation from the *Anthology* (Leonidas, 57.), "heave the anchors and cut the cables," I found that the two operations were inconsistent, there being no cutting of cables when there is time to weigh anchor, nor is there any other operation in setting sail to which *ελευσαιο χυαια*, i. e. "let loose the cables," is applicable. Talbot (who is a great yachtsman) said that the best description of naval movements he had ever read was that of St. Paul's, Acts xxvii. The casting out of four anchors, (which, Fielding said, always astonished the *middies* when it was read) suits exactly the sort of boats, according to Talbot, that are still used in those seas; Maltese galliots, I think he called them.

January 4th, 1832. Napier in the morning; walked with him to Freshford. On mentioning to him what Lord Valletort told me of the Duke of Wellington saying, "Never put myself wrong with the army," Napier said that the occasion on which the Duke used this expression was a mistake he had made in promoting an officer, and praising him in his despatches for some service, that had really been performed by my Bath friend, Colonel——. It was when D——, expressing his gratitude for the promotion, and his hope that he should be allowed to keep it, added his desire also that the Duke would do justice to——, that the Duke replied in those words, "No, ——," &c. &c.

12th. To Bowood to dinner; taken by Scott and Brabant (the latter's first appearance at Bowood). Company, besides ourselves, John Starkey, the Fieldings, and Valletort. In speaking of Lord Erskine, and his keeping the first guinea he had



ever received in his profession enshrined in a little case, into which he used sometimes to peep at it, Lord Lansdowne told of his having dined one day with Lord Erskine, just after his recovering from some complaint, of which he had been cured by two leeches; his launching out in praise of those leeches, and at last starting up and ringing the bell, saying, "I'll show them to you;" the leeches then brought up, in a bottle, and sent round the table with the wine. "I call one of them," said Lord Erskine, "Cline, and the other Home."\* The manner in which Lord Lansdowne imitated Lord Grenville (who was one of the guests) putting on his spectacles when the leeches came to him, looking gravely into the bottle, and then as gravely passing it on, was highly comical.

15th. Went to Bowood, and stayed prayers. Lord L. mentioned at luncheon the saying of the old proud Lord Abercorn on somebody remarking how well his trees grew, "Sir, they have nothing else to do." Lord L. walked part of the way home with me: some talk about the prospects of the Ministry in carrying Reform, &c. &c., which gave me but ill auguries of what is coming. He himself, evidently averse to the creation of new peers, seemed to contemplate, among the possible results, the resignation of the ministry: then the question whether this would not produce serious disturbance? Scotland the quarter from which those who were best acquainted with it, apprehend, he said, the greatest mischief in the event of another failure of the question. Abercrombie, in particular, writes the most urgent letters on the subject.

February 8th to 23rd. Forgot to mention one of the anecdotes Lord Valletort told about the present King, highly to his credit; at the time he was dismissed from (or at least, got a hint to resign) his office of First Lord of the Admiralty, under the Duke of Wellington, the latter, in their final interview on the subject, was taking his formal leave, when the Duke of Clarence, holding

out his hand, said, "No, no, this must not be; the Prime Minister and the Lord High Admiral may misunderstand each other, but this should make no difference between the Duke of Wellington and the Duke of Clarence;" at the same time shaking the Duke cordially by the hand. Found that from my resources through the Longmans being stopped (by their taking on them my debt to Murray), I could not get through with my little bills without applying to Rogers; almost my last twenty pounds (25*l.* indeed this time) having gone to pay my mother's half-yearly rent. Accordingly wrote to him that I should draw upon him for 200*l.*: and he most kindly answered, "for three times the sum," if I wanted it; and remitted me the 200*l.* It is now, as I told him in my letter, about six-and-twenty years since he most seasonably performed a similar service for me (lending me 500*l.* to pay Carpenter, which I repaid him out of my "Lalla Rookh" money); and when I now look back upon the interval since then, it appears to me a marvel (notwithstanding all my "*aurea carmina*") how I have managed to get on without recurring either to him or any one else (except in one single instance) for the same sort of assistance.

24th. Was surprised by a letter from Murray, asking whether I could not furnish him with an essay on Byron's poetical character, to be prefixed to his new edition, so as to make *his* the only genuine one; adding, that on my compliance with his request, we should then talk of terms. Though I was determined to do nothing of the sort, thought it was as well to acquaint the Longmans with his proposal.

Note.—February, 1840. Notwithstanding this and some other little grumbings of mine, I look back upon Murray's conduct towards me, upon the whole, as most liberal and creditable.

26th. An answer from the Longmans, to say that they felt delicate in advising me, as they knew how anxious their partners in [Lardner's] Cyclopædia were that I should as soon as possible complete my promised "History of Ireland." Wrote to Murray,

\* The great surgeons of the day, Mr. Cline and Sir Everard Home.—Ed.

saying that I must decline his proposal, being occupied with other works; adding, that in *any* case I should not have liked to undertake what he proposed, as an essay could be little else than a *rifacimento* of the criticisms in the "Edinburgh" and "Quarterly;" and even if I could bring myself to *write* such a thing, I questioned whether any one could be brought to read it. The plan I had always thought of was to write a sort of running commentary on Byron's works; which would have left me free to introduce anecdotes, quotations, and all such *touch-and-go* things as the formality of an essay would not admit of, but which would be far better than the most elaborate essay that could be furnished.

28th, 29th. Another letter from the illustrious John Murray, returning to the charge, saying that he sees I *can* do, without much trouble, the very thing he wishes, and that he shall have great satisfaction in giving me 500 guineas for the task; the very sum he shrunk from some months since. He alleges, indeed, as an excuse for his conduct at that time, that he was a good deal embarrassed by the failure of some houses he was connected with, and was fearful he should not be able to remunerate me as I deserved; but that now, the success of this edition of Byron being established, he is very happy to, &c. &c. The fact is, I have been able to trace the progress of his mind all along through the changes of his advertisements. Somebody having, most likely, told him (for he is always the slave of his last adviser) that the "Life" was the most ticklish part of the whole undertaking (families not likely to admit it, &c. &c.), he gave as little prominence to this part of the book as possible; putting the "Works of Lord Byron" in capitals at the head, and omitting my name in the advertisements altogether: gradually, however, I saw the "Life" and name taking a respectable station in the announcement; at least my name was rather barefacedly put forward, as if I was the editor of the whole; and latterly the heading of "Works of Lord Byron" has been exchanged in some advertisements for "Life, &c. &c., by

Thomas Moore." Wrote a civil and indeed friendly letter to him (for after all I have had several kindnesses at his hands), and expressed regret that it was not possible for me to comply with his proposal.

March 26th. Off in the York House coach for town. Alone a good part of the way; read Pascal's "Lettres Provinciales." Went to the Fieldings', who have kindly offered to lodge me.

27th. Breakfasted at R.'s; found there Barry Cornwall and Charles Murray. Proctor's stories of Charles Lamb. His excluding from his library the works of Robertson, Hume, Gibbon, &c., and substituting for them the heroes of the "Dunciad," of whose writings he has made a collection. His saying to —, in his odd, stammering way, on —'s making some remark, "Johnson has said worse things than that;" then after a short pause, "and better." R.'s story of the parson who was called upon suddenly to preach to some invalid establishment; poor, maimed creatures, hardly one of them able to get over a stile; and the only sermon he happened to have with him, and which he preached, was one against *foreign travel*. Grattan's saying to a lady, who asked him what was the subject of some letter he was reading, "It is a secret." "Well, but tell it now." "No; I would trust my life in your hands, but not a secret."

28th. \* \* \* Dined with Rogers. Company: Luttrell, Kenny, C. Murray, and R.'s sister and niece. Luttrell quoted, *à propos* to something, from the "Trip to Scarborough," "If he gives me 500*l.* to buy pins, what will he give me to buy petticoats?" Stories of instinct in animals, carrier-pigeons, &c. "I am told," says Luttrell, "a man who buys a flock of Welsh sheep never sees them again; they're all off to Camarvonshire that night." Story of a man putting a crown piece under a stone, and sending a dog back a great distance to fetch it; delay of the dog; returned at last with the crown in a purse. A man had seen him turning up the stone, and took the piece from him; but the dog saw him put it in his purse, and never left him till he had it back again. Story of the

man in the Highlands who buried his wife, and, as was the custom, read the funeral service over her himself; the same night as he was sitting lonely by his fire, heard a knock. "That's Mary's knock; go and open the door." His opening it himself, and finding it *was* his wife; who had been brought to life (according to the old story) by the sexton endeavouring to cut the ring off her finger.

29th. \* \* \* Dinner at Longmans'; Barnes grown most perilously corpulent. On putting a large bludgeon, which he brought with him, in the corner, he said, "There's my Conservative stick;" and added, "They have threatened to knock me on the head going over the bridge." "They!" I exclaimed; "who are *they*?" not knowing whether it was Croytes or ultras that had menaced him. "The people of the Rotunda," he answered; "I have had mobs of them in the Square." Sat drinking port till eleven o'clock, Barnes owning that he "loved wine." On my mentioning what Charles Lamb said, told a similar sort of saying of his,—"You have no mock modesty about *you*, nor real either."

Home to dress, and got to Lansdowne House about twenty minutes after twelve; and entered one door just as Orloff, the newly-arrived lion, was disappearing through the other. \* \* \* Found Sydney Smith holding forth to a laughing circle on the subject of tithes and the *Tripartite* division: "I am sorry to tell you," said he, "that the great historian Hallam has declared himself in favour of the *Tripartite*, and contends that it was so in the reign of King Fiddlefred: but we of the Church (continued Sydney, slapping his breast mock heroically) say, a fig for King Fiddlefred: we will keep our tithes to ourselves."

30th. Breakfasted with Rogers, to meet Washington Irving, who is about to start for America; glad to get a glimpse of him before his flight.

Went with Irving to call upon Mr. Van Buren, the American ambassador, who has been recalled: received me very graciously; and, in the short conversation I had with him

gave me the idea of a well-bred and intelligent man. In speaking of poor Lord Dudley, whose melancholy state is now so much the topic of conversation; his large dinners, the manner he treats his guests, never speaking to them, but sitting in a sort of stupor, or reading to himself "Hume's History of England" (as he did one day when Lord Lansdowne dined with him)—I remarked it showed what rank and station could do in England when a man in such a state was still able to bring the best company about him; on which Van Buren said, "If there is anything which rank and station cannot do in England, I have not found it out." He then added (what struck me a good deal, both as coming from a republican and as agreeing perfectly with my own opinion), "But still I must say that rank and station in England deserves (as far as *society* goes) the value set upon it; for I have found that the higher one rises in the atmosphere the purer the tone of society is." Told him how much this coincided with the whole of my own experience; that such an opinion, however, coming from a person like myself, who lived with that class without naturally belonging to them, was apt to be regarded with suspicion by my own equals, who were naturally inclined to say, "Oh yes, he is flattered by living with the great, and therefore flatters them in this way in return." I was glad to be backed in my opinion by such an authority as his, coming as he did free from all our little prepossessions and ambitions, and being in this respect so much more qualified to form an impartial judgment. He expressed at the same time strong disgust at the perpetual struggle towards this higher region that was visible in those below it; all trying to get above their own sphere, and sacrificing comfort and temper in the ineffectual effort. I agreed with him, and said it was like the exercise of the tread-mill; perpetual climbing without ever mounting. It was indeed the absence of this sort of ambitious effort that gave the upper classes so much more repose of manner, and made them accordingly so much better company.

Dined at Lord Essex's; good deal of talk about politics: ventured to maintain the opinion that the cause of liberty has always (at least hitherto) suffered more than it gained by the Whigs being in power: forced as they are while in office to suspend if not relinquish the principles they held while out; and the Tories, to do them justice, seldom allowing even exclusion to alter theirs. The consequence is, that the Whig principle, unsupported on either side, remains in abeyance till some good chance turns its champions out again; even a boon such as the Whigs are now giving the people would have come better, at least with more safety, from Tories. In the first place it would have been dealt out with a reluctant hand, which would not have let the line run so rapidly through the fingers as it is doing at present, when the government and the people are both on one side; it is, as the saying is, "too much of a good thing." There is no counterpoise; all are pulling one way; and the consequence is, what we are but too likely to witness.\* It is in human nature, too, that favours from an opponent should have something sweeter and more piquant in them than when dispensed by a friend. If conceded graciously, gratitude is of course the natural consequence; if extorted, generous feelings succeed as naturally to triumph. It was at once the grace and strength of the Emancipation Bill that it should come from the hands of Wellington. R. remarked to-day that there were three great men in three different arts who all died at the age of thirty-seven; Raphael, Mozart, and Byron. April 1st. Went to Rogers; talked politics. \* \* \*

Had visits to pay, and R. said he would walk with me. In our various talk, he remarked what amusing memoirs I might write of my own life; told him I had long anticipated doing so, as a provision for those I should leave behind me; and if I could but once make a beginning, I should be sure, I thought, to go on with it, as I in-

\* Very inconsistent this with what he has just said of the Whigs when in office suspending their principles. — Ed.

tended to take no pains with the style, but let it run *à plume courante*, like a letter. He said that his sister admired my letters very much; thought them so well and shortly expressed. This rather a surprise to me, who have never had a very good opinion of my own powers of letter-writing. Dined at the Speaker's. Company: a Mr. and Mrs. Pemberton, ditto Kitcheners, William Bankes, and one or two more. The Speaker, as usual, good humoured and agreeable. Bankes's story of the little girl in the street stopping with awe and amazement, on seeing a chariot stop at a door opposite, in which there were three or four skeletons seated in various fantastic attitudes, with their laps full of livers and lights. It happened to be the day on which the sale of the great surgeon Heaviside's effects took place; and this was a coach full of his anatomical preparations going to the auction-room. Jekyll's saying, when it was mentioned that the Russians during their stay in England eat up great quantities of tallow candles, that it was a species of food "bad for the liver, but good for the lights." The Speaker said, that in the riots at Wigan this year, the mob, in plundering the house of their member, got possession of his will, and read it aloud at the market cross, whereby several near and dear relations, having found out that they were entirely cut off in his will, there had been nothing but dissension in the family ever since. Went to Mrs. Lytton Bulwer's assembly, and found such a collection as is seldom brought together; there was young Disraeli, and Rammohun Roy, and Lord Mulgrave, and Mrs. Leigh (Lord Byron's sister), and Godwin. Mrs. Leigh asked me, "Does Lord Mulgrave's look, when he laughs, remind you of somebody?" I said, it did a little.

2nd. Breakfasted at Brookes's: went to the printer's with my MS., and left it for Simmons to calculate how many pages it would make in the printing. This work to the Longmans': in talking of this went I am about, they said, "But when are we to have a poem from you?" Asked them, did they really think a poem would have any chance

of success now, when the public had been so glutted with rhymes and rhymers? "From you we really think it would," was their answer, much to my surprise. Dined at Lord Lansdowne's. Company: Lord Auckland, Macaulay, Rogers, Schlegel, Charles Murray, &c. Rogers seated next Schlegel, and suffering manifest agony from the German's loud voice and unnecessary use of it. Got placed between Lady Lansdowne and Macaulay very agreeably. In quoting Voltaire's "*Superflu, chose si nécessaire*," I remarked that it had been suggested, I thought, by a passage in Pascal's "*Lettres Provinciales*;" and Macaulay agreed with me, and remembering (as he does everything), repeated the passage.

Had some talk with Schlegel after dinner; asked me, if a man conscientiously, and without any intentional levity, published a book in England expressive of his disbelief in the Scriptures, and giving the reasons of his disbelief, how such a book would be received? Answered, that as to the *book*, I didn't know, but I knew well how the *man* would be received; and I should not like to be in his place. In speaking of Pope, whom I, of course, praised, but whom he seemed not to have much taste for, he exclaimed, "Yes, to be sure, there are some fine things in him; that passage, for instance, 'Upon her neck a sparkling cross she wore, charming!' So much for the German's appreciation of Pope. Intimated that Goethe was jealous of him in consequence of some Indian poem that he (Schlegel) wrote or translated. Rogers and I in doubt whether we should go to Lady Grey's or Lord Burghersh's music; decided for the latter. Told me, that on his asking Schlegel, in allusion to Goethe's death, "Are there any German poets now left?" Schlegel blurted out, "*I am a German poet*;" throwing his arms open pompously as he said it. Lord Lansdowne, by the bye, told me a curious mistake Charles Grant had made on his introducing Schlegel to him. Lord L. had told the latter beforehand, that Charles G. was very much versed in Indian learning; and the first thing Schlegel said to him when they were pre-

sented to each other was, "*On m'a dit monsieur, que vous vous occupez de la littérature Sanscrite.*" "*Mais toute l'Europe sait cela*," answered Grant; thinking that Schlegel had said he was himself so occupied.

Heard an anecdote (this morning I think) from Robinson, which is interesting, as showing, what I have never doubted, that poetry is a far more matter-of-fact thing than your people, who are only matter-of-fact, can understand or allow. Goethe told Robinson that his description of the Carnival at Rome, which is accounted one of the most delightful of his writings, had its origin in the following manner. Goethe's lodgings were on the Corso, and being solitary and *ennuyé*, he amused himself by taking notes exactly of all that passed before his eyes during the Carnival; and from those matter-of-fact notes, without any addition from fancy, he afterwards composed his description. Mentioned this to Schlegel to-day, and he confirmed the truth of it.

3rd. Breakfasted with Rogers. Company: Macaulay, Luttrell, Lord Kerry, and W. Shaw. \* \* \* Some strong politics talked, condemning Lord Grey's hesitation to make peers. Talking of success in college; how far it is a promise of future eminence. A number of persons mentioned, now distinguishing themselves (particularly in the law), who carried off honours at the university. Lord Grey distinguished at college. Anecdote of his being punished for knocking a man down in a row. Had been with some other young fellows to hear a speech of Burke's (where?) and was reciting the speech through the streets drunk. His eloquent apology before the college authorities when brought up for his offence, extorting from his judge the expression "*Melius sic poenituisse quam non errasse.*" Luttrell's story of a tailor who used to be seen attending the Greek lectures constantly; and when some one noticed it to him as odd, the tailor saying modestly, that he knew too well what became his station to intrude himself as an auditor on any of those subjects of which from his rank in life he must be supposed to be ignorant; but "really (he added) at a *Greek*

lecture I think we are all pretty much on a par."

4th. Went to call on Lord John Russell, who was at Woburn on my first arrival; only heard of his return from Lady William the night before. Found him at home, and as kind as ever. In the course of our conversation asked me how I came to write such a letter as I did some time since to Lord Francis Gower, saying of the Reform Bill, that it was a bill quite after my own taste, but that I was a little surprised at my friends the Whigs bringing in a measure of so evidently a republican tendency. Told him I had no recollection of having used those expressions, but it was not impossible that I might have said something like it; that, in fact, I had been always too much accustomed to speak my mind to be a very *prudent* friend of people in power, and that there was nothing I so constantly congratulated myself upon as living quietly the greatest part of my time in the country, where I could do no harm by my free speaking or thinking to any one. I said, "You yourself very well know what my opinion of this bill has been from the very first." "Yes," he answered; "you told me, I recollect, in one of your letters, that you were in heart and feeling with us, but in *opinion* with the Tories\* ; but I was sorry you wrote anything of this nature to Lord Francis, for he showed it about, and the Tories were all delighted with it." Told him he might talk of my *Παρησια*, but the worst things I have heard said about the Ministry since I came to town were from some of their own troops. (I alluded to Macaulay's complaining the other day of their backwardness and timidity; of their being displeased, for instance, with the boldness of Hobhouse's speech, while Macaulay and all those on the back rows were delighted with it, &c. &c.) He said this was very true, and had sprung up

\* What I meant by this was, that though the bill was quite in consonance with my own political feelings and principles, yet in the view of the consequences to which it must ultimately lead (that of *democratising* our whole system), I could not but agree with the Tories.

but lately, as during the beginning of their career they had nothing but cheers and eulogies from their supporters.

6th. Breakfasted at Lord John's. Company: Lady Hardy and one of her daughters, Lord William, Sydney Smith, and Luttrell: Sydney delightful. When the horse guards were passing the windows, said to Lord W., "I suppose now you must feel the same in looking at those that I do in looking at a congregation." Talking of the feelings people must have on going into battle, Lord William appealed to. Said it was, at first, always a very anxious and awful feeling, but soon went off. I mentioned my having been on board a frigate when she was cleared for action; and Luttrell said he had been in the same situation aboard a Post Office packet, and had a musket put into his hands. This set Sydney off on the ingloriousness of such a combat; drawing a penny-post cutlass, and crying, "Freeling for ever!" Spoke of the knowledge sailors have of ships at a great distance; took them off, saying, with a telescope to the eye, "Damn her, she's the 'Delight' laden with tallow."

Sydney highly comical about Sir Henry Halford; his rout pill, to carry a lady over the night; his parliamentary pill, &c. Never shakes any one by the hand; seizes always the wrist.

Told of Leslie, the Scotch philosopher, once complaining to him that Jeffrey had "damned the North Pole." Leslie had called upon Jeffrey just as the latter was going out riding to explain some point (in an article for the "Edinburgh Review," I believe) concerning the North Pole; and Jeffrey, who was in a hurry, exclaimed impatiently, as he rode off, "O, damn the North Pole!" This Leslie complained of to Sydney; who entered gravely into his feelings, and told him in confidence, that he himself had once heard Jeffrey "speak disrespectfully of the Equator." Left Lord John's with Sydney and Luttrell; and when we got to Cockspur Street (having laughed all the way) we were all three seized with such convulsions of cachinnation at something (I forget what) which Sydney said,

that we were obliged to separate, and reel each his own way with the fit; I thought if any one that knew us happened to be looking, how it would amuse them. Turned back with Sydney to call at the Duke of Northumberland's; left our cards. Told me that he had been knocked down by a coach the other day in crossing the street, and was nearly run over; and that, knowing how much of Lord Grey's patronage had accrued from accidents happening to clergymen, he found himself saying as he came down, "There's a vacancy."

Dined at Sterling's. Company: Lord Plunket, Mrs. Archdeacon Singleton, Sheil, G. Pousonby (who took me), Colonel Shaw, and Mrs. A., next whom I got seated; still a very handsome woman. \* \* \* On Lord P.'s mentioning some fine reply or extempore speech made by Grattan, Sheil sharply asked, "Could Grattan speak extempore?" Sheil himself is beginning, as he told me the other day, to interweave occasionally extempore bits in his speeches, which have hitherto been all prepared elaborately and verbally. Finds that he can manage this, and that his speeches are, of course, all the more effective for it. This, in fact, the great secret of public speaking: to prepare well the main points, and then to be able to fill up without much *disparate* as you go on with matter rising out of the occasion; the "*calida junctura*" is the difficulty.

During dinner a good deal of talk with Mrs. A. about German literature, her hobby. Mentioned a love song of Goethe's, and gave the literal English of it; which, she said, might be made a good deal of in my hands. Appeared to me (in her translation, at least) the tritest stuff possible. The only words in which there was anything like originality or nature were as follows\*: "It is for him alone I walk out of the door; it is for him alone I look out of the window." But thus are people deceived by the sound and the

\* Gretchen's song in Faust: —

"Nach ihm nur schau' ich  
Zum Fenster hinaus;  
Nach ihm nur geh' ich  
Aus dem Haus."

mystery of a language foreign to them, the novelty of the words, the pride of raising the veil and discovering the "*no meaning*" under them! Paid back her brass with gold by quoting some of the beautiful ballad (of Logan's, I believe), "His mother from the window looked, with all the longing of a mother," &c. Talked of the state of religion in Germany. A deep religious feeling, she said, everywhere prevalent, and yet the freest toleration for the most bold and infidel opinions. This, I remarked, was perhaps the very reverse of what existed in England, where a most worldly indifference prevailed as to real religion, while the slightest whisper of scepticism was sure to raise an outcry against him who dared to breathe it. She mentioned with enthusiastic envy some person who had the good luck to meet all together at some evening assembly, Goethe, Herder, Schiller, and Wieland; a most illustrious group certainly. Either she or Plunket cited Berkeley as one of the purest writers of English, and were astonished at the instance to the contrary which I produced in his use of the word "embarrass" as a noun. Dryden, too, who may also be counted one of the best writers of good English, uses "painture" for painting; to "*falsify* a shield," meaning to break it, &c. &c.

7th. Meant to have gone to Warwick Street Chapel, but happening to mention it to Rogers, he said, if I would breakfast with him, he would accompany me thither. Foresaw that this would be fatal to my plans: accordingly, when I went found that he had asked Jeffrey to meet me; a good meeting at all times, but I had now set my heart upon the music, and did not like being disappointed. Was, however, soon reconciled by the pleasure of seeing Jeffrey, who is one of my most especial favourites. In talking of Allen, mentioned that he once had a sort of Frankenstein fancy for producing life out of blood; and used to have a large tub of blood which he watched over like a wizard as it became (or as he thought it became) vascular and "instinct with life:" this, of course, a joke. Rogers produced a letter of Allen's, which he had just received, contain-

ing remarks on a late work of the American Channing, which R. had lent him. Allen's remarks, though written off *à plume courante*, very clever; showed how ignorant Channing was of the English divines, and that he criticised them evidently without having read them. His absurdity in classing Heber with Berkeley! Talked of Berkeley; his powerfully philosophic mind, and the sort of form in which he conveyed his thoughts (that of dialogue) being characteristic of such a mind; sifting both sides and leaving nothing unenforced on either.

In talking of different races and the proportionate predominance of the father and mother in the mind, complexion, &c. of the progeny, Rogers mentioned an observation of John Hunter's, that wherever there was but one boy with a number of sisters the boy was sure to be effeminate; and John Hunter used to give it as a proof of Homer's knowledge of human nature that he makes the cowardly youth, Dolon, in the night scene, "sole brother of five sisters."

8th. Started at eight o'clock and arrived safely at the dear cottage.

From this period to the present day (June 14th) I have not had time to do more in the way of journalising than merely to copy out at full, in the foregoing pages, the pencil memorandums which I had made during my visit to town. In the course of the two months that have since passed, enough has happened both to embarrass and to afflict me. \* \* \*

21st. A visit from Lord Lansdowne, who had come down for a few days; was on foot, and I walked back with him a great part of the way. Conversation about the prospects of the Reform Bill; expressed his hope that there would be no necessity for a new creation of peers, to which step he seemed to have strong repugnance.

28th. To Fieldings' to meet Madlle. M. and Lord Lansdowne. In talking of the letters of Napoleon that remain, Madlle. M. mentioned that Montholon has heaps of notes in pencilling which Napoleon used to write to him from his chambers at St. Helena. In speaking of French readings, Lord L.

told very lively of his being nailed one evening after a dinner at Benjamin Constant's to hear Benjamin read a novel; he (Lord L.) wanting to go somewhere else. Two long hours was he kept under this operation, seated next Madame Constant; when by good luck for him her favourite Tom cat, which had, contrary to custom, been excluded, on this occasion watched its opportunity of entrance and made a sudden irruption into the room. "Instantly (says Lord Lansdowne), with an adroitness of which I could have hardly thought myself capable, I started up, as if indignant at the interruption, and, seizing the cat in my arms, rushed out with him upon the landing-place, from whence I lost no time in escaping as fast as possible to the hall door."

29th. Power's accounts at last arrived; being busy, however, did not look into them till

May 1st. Glanced my eye hastily over the balance against me, and was somewhat startled by its amount; but on looking through some of the items saw such regularity and (as I thought) fairness in them, that I concluded all was right, and wrote to Power to say so, adding, in my simplicity, that I flattered myself never were accounts of so long a standing settled so smoothly and amicably as ours would be.

4th. Took the opportunity of a leisure moment to look more accurately over Power's accounts; and found, to my consternation, that they are anything but what I had supposed. \* \* \* Wrote to him that in looking more accurately over his accounts I had found what *must*, I thought, be a mistake; namely, his charges against me during several years for the half (125*l.*) of an annuity which it appeared he paid to Mr. Bishop, and the *whole* of the large sums charged by Mr. Bishop for the compositions and arrangements to my songs; that it was very true I had assented to a deduction of 50*l.* annually from the 500*l.* that had been for some years paid to me, as an aid towards defraying the expense of the composer, but that I had never, by either word or writing, consented to any further reduction of my stipulated annuity,



nor had he himself ever even hinted to me his intention of making such a reduction, and therefore his bringing such charges against me now must be an entire mistake.

6th. A smooth answer from Power, saying that it was no mistake; that having informed me at the time what was the annuity he was about to give Bishop, he "*concluded*" that I would not consider it too much to pay the half of it. "*Concluded,*" indeed! not the slightest notice does he take of the actual fact that I never assented, in word or writing, to any other reduction of my annuity than the 50*l.* which was agreed on between us. Instead of which, he has now mounted up charges little short of from 150*l.* to 200*l.* each year.

8th. Received a letter from my sister Ellen, saying that our dearest mother was by no means well. Have never of course had much confidence in her health since I last saw her, when she had recovered as it were from the very grave; but have indeed blessed God for every hour of comfortable existence that has been granted to her since, knowing well that she could not long be left to us, and dreading only for her a death of lingering pain.

9th. Another letter, if I recollect right, in which Ellen desired me not to think of coming over till I should hear further from her, as my mother was then much easier. Had I followed my own wishes I would have started instantly; but Bessy, full of alarm about the cholera, which is raging in Dublin, entreated me not to go, and seemed resolved if I did to accompany me. I therefore waited.

12th. A letter from Crampton, which Bessy gave me, saying that my darling mother was almost insensible; but that, as she had recovered from quite as bad a state before, she might now; and entreating me not to stir till I should hear from him again. Resolved to start immediately; but after breakfast my sweet Bessy, after preparing my mind to hear the worst, produced another letter from Peter Leigh, which she had withheld, and which contained the account that all was over (on Wednesday night), and

that the funeral was to take place on this very morning (Saturday).

It is now useless, besides being painful, to say what I felt at the event. I had been too well prepared for it to feel anything violent, and the effect it had upon me was rather that of deep and saddening depression, which continued for some days, and seemed more like bodily indisposition than any mental affliction. The fact was too that I *was* ill, whether from the shock at the last I know not. The difference it makes in life to have lost *such* a mother, those only who have had that blessing, and have lost it, can feel: it is like a part of one's life going out of one.

14th. The depression of my spirits, and the feeling of indisposition, still continued. I should have been much better I know had I followed my own first impulse, and started immediately for Ireland; for even though I had but gone half way I should have felt I was doing something: the very effort and excitement of the journey would have done me good, and I should not have been left so helplessly to my own feelings as I was now.

23rd. Received a letter from Captain Marryat, the proprietor of the "*Metropolitan,*" proposing to me 1000*l.* a year, if I would become editor of the "*Metropolitan,*" and saying there would be no necessity for my living in town in consequence, as there was a sub-editor who would look to all the details. Took time to consider of the proposition, which was one not hastily to be rejected. I had sent up to them the verses to Lady Valletort, and had said that whatever sum they thought them worth would be very acceptable; in consequence of which Marryat now inclosed me 100*l.*, expressing a hope that I would continue my contributions through the two next numbers. Returned him the 100*l.*, saying that I could not pledge myself to any further contributions, and that for the verses I had sent a sum in proportion to what Mr. Saunders had offered annually would be abundantly sufficient.

24th to 26th. From some late letters of Lady Morgan on the subject of the "*Metropolitan,*" I had been led to believe that

Campbell meant to give up the editorship of the magazine, which belief alone could have induced me to enter into any negotiations on the subject. Finding, however, from Marryat that Campbell was still to continue in the concern, I felt that my engaging as editor would look like forcing myself into his shoes; and therefore wrote to decline the proposition, saying, that "though I should consider it an honour to succeed Campbell, I could not possibly think of *supplanting* him."

27th. Another offer from Marryat, which he said he could not help making, though with but little hope of my accepting it; and this was 500*l.* a year for contributions as often as it might suit me to give them, and only stipulating that for each of the three next numbers I should give them something. This I felt was too liberal an offer and too convenient to me in my present circumstances to refuse, though hating the thing most heartily, and still feeling it to be a sort of degradation of literature. I wrote to him to say that I should act unfairly, both by him and myself, were I, without due consideration, to reject an offer so handsome, and that, therefore, I should turn the matter over in my mind and let him know my determination in a day or two.

30th. Wrote to Marryat, to say I accepted his offer for one year.

June 1st to 16th. Much annoyed and disgusted on receiving the new number of the "Metropolitan" (that which contains my verses to Lady Valletort) to see some ribald attacks upon Rogers in it, and also some vulgar trash about myself. The latter I didn't care a pin about, but the stuff against Rogers, appearing in a work with which my name will now be connected, annoyed me exceedingly and gave me the first specimen of the sort of tarnish one must expect by such contact. Wrote to Captain Marryat to say that I really must pause here, and ask leave to be off my bargain, if there could be the slightest risk of any repetition of such disreputable attacks. Received a very gentlemanlike answer from Marryat, to say that he was as much shocked as I had been to

see the passages about Rogers; and that I might depend upon nothing of the kind being ever again suffered to appear.

17th to 26th. Received a letter from M., in which he said, that in the course of an interview with Spring Rice upon some business, Rice had expressed to him the great pleasure it would give him to have me for a colleague in the representation of Limerick (should he not leave that place for Cambridge); and added that it was also the wish of government to have me in for Limerick. The government are, however, mistaken if they think they might count upon me as a supporter on Irish matters. I can already foresee I should be against them tooth and nail.

July 4th. Received a letter from O'Connell, marked "confidential," on the subject of my return for Limerick; of which he says there would not be the slightest doubt, were there not an impression entertained that, from my friendship with Lord Lansdowne, I should consider myself bound to follow his line of politics. Answered to say, that if I *did* come into Parliament it would not be to follow the track of Lord Lansdowne or any other man's politics, but to maintain Irish liberties and Irish interests at all risks and against all ministers; that it would, of course, be painful to me to come politically into collision with one or two of the present ministers, whose friendship I highly valued, but that these friends themselves were too well acquainted with my opinions not to be fully prepared for the line I should take on Irish politics, and that, at all events, prepared or not, Irish they should find me to be the back-bone. I then added, that having thus answered for myself as far as regarded English influence, I must say to him who embodied in his own person all Irish influence, that of *him* also, in the event of my coming into Parliament, I must keep myself equally independent; and, in short, to repeat his own words in his letter, "be bound to no *man* or *party* whatever."

5th. A letter from John Scully relating to Cashel, where they appear, by his account, to be even still more eager to have me for

their member than at Limerick. According to his showing, out of 200 and odd votes which the reform will create, 150 are already secured to me; and on my presenting myself there (which he strongly urges) there would not be, he says, the slightest doubt of my success.

25th. Off for Bristol in a chaise. Arrived early at Clifton; and walked about the whole day, enchanted with the place, which I had never seen before, having once merely passed through. It is quite unlike anything else, and in its way most beautiful. At four the packet (the Killarney) with my dear little Ellen arrived. Two other packets preparing to go out at the same time; in one of which O'Connell was to start. Some conversation with him about my return for some Irish place or another, which he said I was quite sure of; and added that I myself could have no notion of the enthusiasm that prevailed about me everywhere in Ireland.

Told him of a correspondence I had had on the subject of Limerick with M.; and of which, as I have not noted it down in its place, I shall here hastily give the particulars. M. sent me a copy of a letter from a Dr. Griffin of Limerick, very sensibly written; in which he said, with reference to my election for Limerick, that those who represented me as likely to be backed by Lord Lansdowne's interest there did me more harm than good, as at present the only drawback on the disposition of the people of Limerick towards me was their being afraid, from my known friendship with Lord Lansdowne, that I should be little better than his nominee. In my answer to M. on the subject of this letter I begged him to set his Limerick correspondent right with respect to my supposed dependence on Lord Lansdowne, or on any other man. My whole past life ought to have been a sufficient security, I thought, for my independence in future; and so far from there being any chance of my becoming the nominee of Lord Lansdowne, I doubted very much whether (knowing the line I should take in Irish politics) he would be at all disposed to give me his interest in Limerick; and most

certainly I should not be disposed to ask him for it. After something more to the same purport I added, that whether I should make up my mind to come into Parliament or not was a matter of very trifling consideration in my mind compared with the duty I felt thus instantly to repel such unjust surmises. The substance of this I now told briefly to O'Connell, representing to him at the same time the impossibility I feared there would be of my coming into Parliament at all, from my whole means of subsistence being dependent on my daily labour. The contemptuous snap he gave of his fingers when I mentioned Lord L.'s interest in Limerick was but too expressive, I fear, of the real facts of the case; *i. e.* of the impotence of any lord's interest, anywhere, opposed to himself and the people. Got dear Nell safe ashore; and, having dined at Bristol, set off for home, where we arrived about ten at night.

August 29th. A letter from Corry, in which he tells me of a conversation he had had with a good "factious priest" (as he calls him), at Cheltenham, with respect to my forthcoming work. The priest had asked him, with much anxiety, to which religion I meant to give the preference in my "Search." "All I can tell you," answered Corry, "is, that I believe he means to place *your* religion very high." "Then he is a true Irishman?" demanded the priest. "That he is in every respect," answered Corry.

September 11th. Corry at breakfast; speaking of the theatricals at Blessington's. A set of mock resolutions drawn up, one of which was the following, chiefly levelled at Crampton, who was always imperfect in his part:—"That every gentleman shall be at liberty to avail himself of the words of the author in case his own invention fails him." P. F., who acted the King in Warwick, saying, in his affected way, with a twist of the mouth, "Gracious heavens! what am I?" and Humphrey Butler, who was one of the lords sitting round him, and was rather tipsy, answering, in an under tone, "By—you're the ugliest fellow and the worst actor that I ever saw!" Grattan saying to Corry,

about the head of John Crampton, which is given in the "Kilkenny Theatricals," "How very unkind to give Mr. Crampton without his legs!" "It would be hard to manage it," said Corry. "Why no; I would put one leg there, and the other there," pointing to each side of the head. Fielding to dinner: Corry very amusing.

17th. Dined at Bowood. Company: Lord and Lady Barrington, P. Oakden, the Listers, two Poles (one of them old Nimyerich, a Polish poet, who has been staying at Lacock, and expressing great impatience to "see his brother poet, Thomas Moore"), Luttrell, &c. Talked of the late Duke of Devonshire: his taciturnity:—losing a game at cards one evening, and saying, "That's unlucky, Chiswick was burned this morning;" being the first intimation he had given his family of the accident.

Nimyerich mentioned a German author who has written two large volumes on the "Digestion of a Flea." A French term of cooking, "*Dinde à la veuve éplorée*." I mentioned Diodati having accused the French language (most foolishly) of being deficient in terms of cookery, and Voltaire replying to him, "*Plût à Dieu que vous eussiez raison! Je n'en porterais mieux; mais malheureusement nous avons un dictionnaire entier de cuisine.*"

Anecdote of Mad. de Stüel mistaking Charles Long for Sergeant Lens, who had just then done something disinterested in the way of refusing office; and saying to him, "What a pleasure and honour she felt it to be made known to a man who in these days could so magnanimously "*rejeter les emplois*." \* Music in the evening. Lady Barrington's Scotch song, "Charlie," most stirring and triumphant; shows off her fine clear, bell-toned voice with great effect. Slept there.

19th. Rogers and Luttrell walked part of the way home with me. R., during our walk, mentioned what Bobus Smith says of —: "Why he is the most capacious believer

\* Lord B., who was standing by, said, "I beg your pardon, Madam; Mr. Long has shown his patriotism by serving the Crown." — ED.

that's to be found anywhere! he believes more than almost any other man: he believes in no cause at all; in the existence of all things from all eternity without any beginning whatever; that they could not be otherwise than they are," &c. &c.

23rd. Received a letter from Dr. Griffin of Limerick, telling me that they had formed an Election Society there, which would command at least 1500 of the 2000 votes likely to be registered there; and that they waited but for my consent to send me a public invitation.

25th. Called on Rogers at Bowood. Talking of Ireland, he enumerated the long list of distinguished men whom she has poured into England. Believed the Irish to be beyond-most other people in *genius*, but behind them in *sense*.

26th. Struck by a curious account in the newspapers of the effects of darkness in producing deformity. Some caverns mentioned, I forget where, in which the poor people take up their abode; and where, there being little or no light, monstrous births are frequent. In confirmation of the same fact, some French naturalist has found that tadpoles, if kept in the dark, may be nursed up to an enormous size without ever becoming frogs. To Lacock to dinner. Company: Luttrell and Count Zamoiski; slept there. Luttrell telling of Sir F. Gould, on some one saying to him, "I am told you eat three eggs every day at breakfast;" "No;" answered Gould, "on the contrary." Some of us asked, "What was the contrary of eating three eggs?" "Laying three eggs, I suppose," said Luttrell.

27th. To Bowood to dinner; two Neapolitan Counts Pœrio\* (father and son), Rogers, and the Mundys. The old Count very eloquent after dinner on the state of Italy; spoke very good French. Some conversation with him and his son after dinner; with the latter upon literature, Nicollini, Manzoni, &c. &c. Slept there.

\* Pœrio the father was a man of very considerable talent. The son is one of the victims of the political persecutions of Naples; himself a patriot, and distinguished for his abilities. — ED.

28th. Walked home; Rogers with me great part of the way. Told a story of a young girl who had been sacristine (query, are there female sacristines?) in a convent, and conducted herself most innocently and industriously; till having her imagination inflamed by the searching questions of the confessor, she left her situation and abandoned herself to a licentious life. Her becoming weary of it and repenting, and returning to the neighbourhood of the convent; where some woman, a stranger to her, seeing her fatigue and distress, asks her to take refreshment. The girl inquiring about the convent and asking who was now sacristine of it; and the woman answering, "Antonia" (the girl's own name), and adding "The same who has been sacristine for some years; a very good and pious girl." The girl's amazement; and her having a dream that night, in which the Virgin Mary appeared to her and said, that in consideration of her previous goodness and innocence, and the prospect of her repentance, she herself had acted as sacristine for her ever since her fall, and that she might now resume her place without tarnish, and become again worthy of her former character. R. said, that on mentioning this story (which W. Irving had told him) to Lady Holland, she remembered having read it somewhere, and sending her page for a volume of Le Grand's "Fabliaux," they found it. \* \* \* In talking of pictures, R. mentioned Lord Carhampton saying to some one who asked him whether he would like to see a very fine picture of Poussin's, "Why yes; and if it is a fine picture, I had just as lieve it had been painted by any one else."

29th. Rogers and Lord L. walked part of the way home with me. R.'s account of the early part of Horne Tooke's life; his life in Italy; being cut by a whole party on being found out to be a clergyman; his winning them all over, and being seen home to his house with a band of music. A saying of Horne Tooke's, "I don't like to hear people dwelling so much on *preccident*; it always shows there is something wrong in the *principle*."

30th. I answered Dr. Griffin's letter, declining the proposal of the Limerick people on the ground that my circumstances are not such as could justify my coming into Parliament at all.

October 7th. Preparing for my trip to town. To Bowood to dinner. Company: besides Lord John, the Bowleses and Fieldings. Bowles amusing us by saying that he had once an offer to be made a member of the Whig Club; on our looking a little surprised, "Yes," he added, "and of the Linnæan, too." I said, that in both instances it must have been some mistake, as he was neither Whig nor naturalist.

8th. Started with Lord John about eight o'clock. A good deal of conversation about politics; never ceased, indeed, talking on one subject or another the whole way. Told him freely that I was still of the same opinion as to the rashness of giving so much to the people at once by the Reform Bill. He said, "So far from its being rash, he thought it the most prudent thing they could have done. It was a very different measure they had to take of the quantum of reform necessary when in and when out. While in opposition they were obliged to take what they could get; but when in power, and called upon to originate a measure themselves, they were pledged, he thought, to give the amplest they could with safety." In these latter words, however, lay the point upon which our difference of opinion turned. It appeared to me that the principle upon which they justified their giving so much,—namely, that if they had given less, the people would not have been satisfied,—ought, on the contrary, to have made them reserve still further boons in their own hands, as the people were sure to be dissatisfied, at all events, and to ask for more, let the quantity given be as ample as it might. This is human nature, at least popular nature; and they had made a false calculation, I thought, in supposing it would be otherwise. Already, I said, this was apparent in the demand for ballot and shorter parliaments. To this he answered, fairly enough, that these two points were not to be considered as exceeding the *principle* of the

Bill; because he himself had expressly adverted to them, in proposing the measure, as subjects open to future consideration. In speaking of the position in which the Ministry were now placed, I mentioned how constant were my apprehensions lest circumstances should arise to place them still more and more every day in opposition to the popular feeling, and to their own former principles. As a symptom of this, I referred to Lord John's own answer lately to a speech of Burdett's on the foreign policy of the Ministry, and said how sorry I was to see the tone he was forced by circumstances to take on that topic. Told him what Hobhouse had mentioned to me of the consternation into which Burdett's foreign policy speech had thrown the Treasury Bench, and of Lord Althorp saying to him (Hobhouse), "Now I dare say it would give Sir F. Burdett very sincere pain if, in consequence of that speech, I were to-morrow to resign; but really to that it must come if our supporters bring us into such difficulties by indulging in such speeches." Lord John, however, seemed to say that it was not on that occasion but on some other that Althorp threatened to resign. Spoke very cordially of Lord Althorp, and of the sort of Pylades and Orestes style (this *my* phrase, not *his*) in which they had gone on together through the Bill. As a proof of their inseparableness during that time, he mentioned that, in company somewhere, where Lord Althorp was not present, on some one asking him (Lord John) whether he had a snuff-box, he answered, "No; but Althorp has." \* \* \*

Speaking of Lord Grey, he said that there was far more humility and tractableness about him in his opinions and decisions, than the world, from his reputed temper and his manner, gave him credit for; that, in fact, few men were more ready to consult with and pay deference to others. Said that the only time during the progress of the Reform Bill that he himself felt nervous, was on their being about to resume office on the failure of the Duke of Wellington to form a Ministry. Was much struck, I own, during this whole day's conversation,

not only with the manly frankness of Lord John himself, but still more at the temper and candour with which he bore the free speaking of his companion. Lord John mentioned that he had dined with Canning at Paris at the time when my squib about the Turtle and the Foreign Secretary appeared; that they talked about it, and Canning seemed much amused by it. Lunched at Reading, and arrived at the Pay Office before seven. Found a snug dinner ready, and also a snug bed-room, into which (instead of going to Fielding's) I turned for the night; Lord John expressing his regret that he could not ask me to use it all the time I remained in town, as he expected Lady William up daily from Woburn.

Thought of calling at Rogers's, on the chance of his not having yet gone to Broadstairs: found that he was not to go till morning and would dine at home, alone; so took my seat and waited his return. A most agreeable *tête-à-tête* dinner and evening. Spoke of poor Mackintosh\*; said he had sacrificed himself to conversation; that he read for it, thought for it, and gave up future fame for it. Told an anecdote of the Empress Catherine, which Lord St. Helen's had related to him. At one of her private parties, when she was as usual walking about from card-table to card-table looking at the players, she suddenly rang the bell for her page, but he did not come; she looked agitated and impatient, and rang again, but still no page appeared. At length she left the room, and did not again return; and conjecture was of course busy as to what might be the fate of the inattentive page. Shortly after, however, some one having occasion to go into the ante-chamber of the pages, found a party of them at cards, and the Empress seated playing along with them. The fact was, she had found that the page she rung for was so interested in the game he was engaged in, that he could not leave it to attend to her summons; and accordingly she had quietly taken his

\* Sir James Mackintosh died in the year 1832.—Ed.

hand for him, to play it out, while he went on the errand. So meekly can they who have the power of life and death over those around them sometimes deal with their slaves! Lord St. Helen's himself was one of the Empress's company on the occasion.

12th \* \* \* Went to the meeting at Murray's relative to the subscription for Sir W. Scott. Found there Scott of Harden, Sir Coutts Trotter, Pusey, Hay, and one or two more. The object was to raise a sum for the purchase of Abbotsford. A statement of the amount of property left by him, how disposed of, and how encumbered, was laid before us. Abbotsford itself, it appeared, was not worth at the utmost 600*l.* a year; and it would take that sum at least to keep it up, the very window-tax absorbing a good part of it. Though Scott was insolvent (not, of course, knowing that he was so) at the time when he settled Abbotsford on his son's wife, it appears that the settlement is not (as it would have been in other cases) null; as, Mrs. Scott's fortune (60,000*l.*) having been advanced on the faith of that settlement, her claim takes precedence of that of the creditors. Letters were read from Scotland requesting that we should merge our object in theirs and subscribe for the monument: as if the most solid monument, and the most welcome (if I may so say) to the spirit of Scott himself, would not be the gift from the country to his family of the place which will be for ever connected with his name. I saw plainly that there was but little hope of our object being attained; and fear much that even Party has a good deal to do with the coldness if not disinclination manifested towards it, as if forgetting that Scott was a man of mankind, and one that ought not to be measured within the small and wretched circumference of Party.

Dined at Longman's. Company: all, with the exception of M'Culloch and myself, printers, paper-men, and booksellers; the high church Rivington among the latter. Got on very well, though I now and then startled the ears of the Establishment publisher with our political heterodoxies.

Talking of the Benthamites; a good specimen of their slang given in one of the objects professed by them, namely, "To minimise the degree of official pay, and maximise that of political aptitude."

14th. The Longmans had told me of a design Heath has on me, in the *Annual* way; and to-day I had a visit from him on the subject. What he proposes is this: that I should furnish the whole contents of his *Annual* (the "Keepsake") myself, and that he shall give me a thousand pounds for it; in short, that it is to be my book illustrated, or rather my book illustrating his prints. Confessed to him that in this shape the task appeared to me a more attractive one than any other (annual) shape he could have put it in. Begged most earnestly that I would give it a favourable consideration, which I promised.

I shall now put down hastily such particulars as occur to me with respect to my projected election for Limerick. I know not whether I have already made mention of a letter from Dr. Griffin. To this I returned an answer. In this letter I happened to mention an opinion on the subject of the Repeal of the Union thus:—"For myself I will say, with Grattan in 1810, that 'having been an enemy to the extinguishment of the Irish Parliament, I must be a friend to its restoration,' but I will also add, with Grattan, that 'such a proposition in Parliament, to be either prudent or possible, must be called for and backed by the Irish nation.'" The only part of this letter which my correspondent, as it seems, allowed to transpire, was the first clause of the quotation from Grattan. The refusal to accept their offer, and the second qualifying sentence of the quotation, appear to have been entirely suppressed, or at least withheld, from the public. The consequence was, my warm-hearted (and warm-headed) friends then continued as much a-gog for me as ever; and, in a set of resolutions passed by their political union, I was announced as an unqualified Repealer, and hurrahed for accordingly. On my return from town I received a letter from Dr. Griffin

telling me of the enthusiasm which my declaration in favour of Repeal had excited; that they were determined to have me for their representative; and, in order to remove the only obstacle which appeared to their wishes, were about to raise a subscription for the purpose of purchasing an estate for me, and were then actually (as he communicated in confidence) negotiating for a small estate of 400*l.* a year which was for sale in Limerick, and which the owner had agreed to suspend the sale of till the determination respecting me was known. As he had intimated in this letter (if I recollect right) that I was not as yet to be supposed to know what was going on, I answered in general terms expressive of my gratitude for the kind feelings entertained towards me, and saying that in any further step on my part I must be guided by the further intelligence I should receive from him. Shortly after this arrived a letter from Dr. Griffin, written before his receipt of mine, and begging for a definite answer as to my intentions with respect to accepting their proposal, as there were many who hesitated in acting for me on account of the uncertainty there was of my, after all, acceding to their wishes. Thus called upon for my decision, I could not hesitate as to the answer I ought to give. Expressing all the gratitude which I could not but feel at their generous offer, I added that, while it removed the difficulty which I had alleged on the score of want of means, it was attended with a difficulty of another kind still more insurmountable. To receive such a popular tribute *after* the performance of parliamentary services would, I said, be as honourable to him who accepted as to them who gave it: but to be thus rewarded *before-hand*, to go into Parliament their feed counsel, and even in my heartiest efforts for their cause to be exposed to the suspicion (tarnishing even when unjust) that I derived my inspiration from my rent-roll, and was at best "a labourer worthy of his hire;" this, I said, was a situation in which neither for *their* sakes nor my *own* was it advisable that I should place myself. However generously and honourably both the parties con-

cerned might enter into such a transaction, there was but too much danger, constituted as this world is, of its ending in disappointment to one of the parties, and perhaps disgrace to the other.

Not long after the above answer\* I received an application from another quarter, which was not a little, I confess, flattering, and the more so from its being so totally unexpected. It came in a letter from my old friend Archy Douglas, who was then on a visit to his brother-in-law, Lord Cloncurry; and the following are his words:—"Lord Cloncurry tells me that he has just come from Lord Anglesey, who expressed himself *most anxious* that you should start for the College, and you should be *supported* by all the *government interest*, which must be considerable, in particular with the Bar. All expectants for appointments in the law would of course go with the government; and as to my profession I think you might reckon on a fair support. I feel there is no constituency by whom you could be returned to Parliament on whom you have so graceful and well-founded claims as Trinity College, Dublin. Your distinguished career in that university, of which you were one of the best ornaments, places your pretensions to its representation on high grounds. By the long conversation I had with Lord Cloncurry on the subject, he seems to think Lord Anglesey is most anxious to have you represent the College." \* \* \* In my answer to Douglas's letter, I professed myself, of course, deeply grateful for the honour which Lord Anglesey did me in considering me worthy of such a station and such patronage; but (on the same grounds on which I had declined the Limerick proposal) assigned the limited state of my means as an insurmountable bar to my coming into Parliament. Lest, however, this might seem to imply that, had my circumstances allowed of it, I would have accepted of the proposition, I took care to say that, "Even if this objection did not exist, I felt that, with the views I enter-

\* Referring to Moore's refusal to stand for Limerick.



tained, it would be hardly possible for me to come into Parliament under the sanction of the present government;" adding, "When I say the *present* government, I must mean, I fear, *any* government, for where *they* fail how can I hope that others will succeed? but as long as the principle on which Ireland is at present governed shall continue to be acted upon, I can never consent to couple my name, humble as it is, with theirs."

November 1st to 8th. Was surprised by a visit from two Limerick gentlemen, the brothers of my correspondent in that city, Dr. Griffin; and one of them the author of the very striking novel, "The Collegians." They had come, as they told me, expressly on the subject of my election for Limerick; their brother being of opinion that in a personal interview they could best convey to me all the anxiety there existed amongst the electors to have me for their member, and the certainty of the success of those measures which they were now vigorously setting on foot for the purpose of removing all the obstacles I had alleged to my consent. Asked them to stay to dinner, which they readily agreed to do; and, though I was obliged to leave them a great part of the day to themselves, not being able to spare the time from my study, we had at intervals a good deal of conversation on the subject of their mission, and there certainly could not have been found two more anxious or pressing suitors. The estate which the electors had their eye upon for me, and which Dr. Griffin represented as worth 400*l.* a year, was reduced in their statement to about 300*l.*; but, as a proof of the facilities and the ardour there was towards the purchase of it, they told me of one man, a man in business in Limerick, who had offered to contribute to the subscription as his own share 100*l.* Talbot at dinner, and very agreeable. My Irish guests shy and silent; but Talbot and I made up the deficiency in both ways. Agreed with my two friends (who to the last expressed their hope of a favourable answer) that I would give the matter still further consideration, and would let them know the result to-morrow. In the

course of our conversations, referring to the Repeal of the Union, I gave it as my opinion, that whoever took up that question as an object of serious pursuit, must be prepared to look *separation* in the face as an inevitable consequence of it. This startled them, and they most earnestly (and I have no doubt sincerely) disclaimed for themselves, as well as for the great majority of Irishmen, all thoughts or apprehension of the Repeal leading to such a result. But what strange short-sightedness! As if a Catholic House of Commons (which they would be sure to have *out* and *out*) would not instantly set about disposing of Church property in the first place, and absentee property in the second; and as if England would stand quietly by to see the work of spoliation go on: as if (even were *these* elements of strife out of the way) there would not constantly arise questions on trade, foreign treaties, going to war, &c., on which two legislatures like those of England and Ireland would be certain to differ; and then away would go their slight link of connection to the winds. What was so near happening in 1789, when the Irish parliament was Protestant, could hardly fail to take place after a repeal, when it would be to all intents and purposes Catholic. To these and other such points which I put to them, they did not know well what to answer. "Still," I continued, "notwithstanding all this, and with all these (to me) evident consequences staring me in the face, so hopeless appeared the fate of Ireland under English government, whether of Whigs or Tories (the experiment now having been tried with both, and the results of both being the same), that, as the only chance of Ireland's future reusucitation, I would be almost inclined to run the risk of Repeal, even with separation as its too certain consequence, being convinced that Ireland must go through some violent and convulsive process before the anomalies of her present position can be got rid of; and thinking such riddance well worth the price, however dreadful would be the pain of it. Whether, even then, she would be able to remain free between England and France,

to one or other of whom she seems destined to belong, is another awful question; but that she will be at some time or other not very distant the seat of war between both countries, is but too probable."

9th. At three o'clock my two friends called according to appointment, when I told them definitively that it was impossible for me to accede to the proposition, and, having before they came pencilled in my pocket-book a sketch of the sort of answer I meant to return to the Limerick Union, submitted it for their approval. This done, I saw them cross the fields on their way to Devizes, and the warm-hearted fellows parted from me, I must say, with tears in their eyes.

10th. Despatched my answer to the Requisition.

11th to 13th. Received a letter, one of these days, from Dr. Griffin, in the postscript of which he informed me that O'Connell, had just arrived in Limerick; and having seen my answer, which was on the point of being laid before the Union, begged that it might be withheld till he himself should have communication with me, as he thought he could put the matter to me in such a shape as would remove all my objections. In consequence of this I waited some posts, as a matter of courtesy; and then, not hearing from O'Connell, wrote to him to say that I had heard of his kind interference, but that nothing even *he* could say (though his word, like Joshua's, seemed to be capable of controlling far greater luminaries than I was) could have the effect of altering my resolution; at the same time wrote to Dr. Griffin, that if my letter did not soon appear in the Limerick papers I should be forced in my own defence to publish it here.

14th to 30th. For the remainder of the month at work in various ways; at my Theology; for the "Metropolitan," and for "The Times." Sent two squibs to the latter lately, which appear to have been very successful, — "St. Jerome on Earth," First and Second Visits. Soon after the appearance of the first received a letter from some person (a stranger to me) asking in very

civil and flattering terms whether this *jeu-d'esprit* was mine or not? as he had laid a wager with a friend on the subject, and had inquired in vain of the editor of "The Times" to help him to a decision on it: not that he had himself, he said, the least doubt on his mind that the verses came from the same hand that had already given the world a series of the most exquisite, &c. &c., but because the wager could not be decided without some such authority. Thinking it was a pity so civil a gentleman should lose his wager, I got Talbot one morning to write him a letter for me saying, "The person to whom Mr. — addressed a letter of such a date takes this method of informing him that he is right in his conjecture, and is therefore the winner of the wager."

December 1st, 2nd. Great praises of me in the late speeches of O'Connell at the Dublin Union. My letter to the Limerick people printed at last, and most flattering comments on it by some of the speakers at the Limerick Union.\*

\* This is the address alluded to in the text: —

"Sloperton Cottage, Nov. 8th, 1832.

"GENTLEMEN,

"I have to acknowledge, with every feeling of respect and gratitude, the requisition so numerously signed, which I have this day had the honour of receiving from you. Already had I been in a great degree prepared for such a call by a correspondence in which I have been engaged with one of your fellow-citizens, and which, though but preliminary to the decisive step which has now been taken, had put me fully in possession of the kind feelings entertained towards me by the greater portion of the enlightened electors of your city.

"To know that even a thought of selecting me as their representative had once entered into the contemplation of persons like yourselves, so well qualified by a zealous sense of the value of liberty to judge of the requisites of those to whom such a trust should be confided, would in itself have been a source of pride and gratification to my mind; you may judge therefore what are my feelings on receiving so signal a proof, both in the cordial and unsought requisition which has this morning reached me, and in those further proceedings which I understand you meditate, that the honour you did me in selecting my name from among the

5th to 11th. A visit from Talbot to tell us of his success at Chippenham. A letter from Lord John Russell, in which he says, "I am glad to find, what I should have been sorry to find on any other occasion, that you are not coming into Parliament: I should have been sorry to see you going out into the lobby when I was staying in; and as I am convinced that must have been the case, I would rather have a worse man in your place than have that violence done to my feelings."

13th. A note from Lord L. to ask me to fix a day to dine. Said he could not delay, even till then, telling me how very much he admired my address to the Limerick electors. "It was," he said, "really perfect for the occasion."

15th. A note from Lady L. to say the carriage would be with me at four. Nobody but Labouchere. In talking in the evening Lord L. asked me whether I had ever read any English work of Sir Thomas More, as Mackintosh praised him for being one of the first that wrote anything like a good English

style. We then consulted a Bibliographical Dictionary, and found some English works of his mentioned which none of us knew anything about. Speaking of the construction so often used in public speaking, of the "*then* Government," "*then* Minister," Guthrie said it was following the Greek idiom; but I expressed my doubts whether he could show either "now" or "then" used before a noun in this manner in Greek. In the course of the evening he showed me a passage of Thucydides, which certainly came *near* the case in question, though it was not altogether what he had asserted—*της νυν Ἑλληνικῆς Θαλασσης*.

18th to 31st. A letter from Corry, in which he quotes to me some opinions of his Irish correspondents about my address to the Limerick people. Bellew says, "Moore's address does him infinite honour." The Chief Justice Bushe writes, "I rejoice with you at Moore's farewell: he was right; what would the Muse do in a Pandemonium?" William Curran says, "I join most heartily with you in your admiration of Moore's ad-

many offered to you was no light or transient compliment, but that you deliberately think me worthy of being the representative of your interests in the great crisis, as well for England as for Ireland, which is now approaching.

"But, Gentlemen, rarely in this life can so high and bright a position as that in which your offer now places me be enjoyed without its opposing shadow; and in proportion to the pleasure, the triumph, which I cannot but feel at this manifestation of your opinion,—placing as it does within my reach a post of honour which I have so often in the ambition of my young days sighed for,—in proportion to my deep and thorough sense of the distinction you would thus confer upon me, is the pain with which I am compelled reluctantly to declare that I cannot accept it. The truth, plainly told, is, that my circumstances render such an appropriation of my time impossible; not even for a single session could I devote myself to the duties of Parliament without incurring considerable embarrassment. To the labour of the day, in short, am I indebted for my daily support; and though it is by being content with this lot that I have been able to preserve that independence of mind which has now so honourably, and I may be allowed to boast, in so many quarters, won for me the confidence of my fellow-countrymen, it is not

the less an insuperable impediment to the acceptance of the high honour you offer me.

"I am not unaware, as I have already intimated, that, in your strong and generous desire to remove this only obstacle which you know opposed itself to my compliance with your wishes, you have set on foot a national subscription for the purpose, as you yourselves express it, of providing me with the qualification necessary for a member of the House of Commons. This proof of your earnestness in the cause I feel, both on public and private grounds, most sensibly. But, however honourable I might deem such a gift after the performance of services in Parliament, I see objections to it which to me are insurmountable. Were I obliged to choose which should be my direct paymaster, the Government or the People, I should say without hesitation the People; but I prefer holding on my free course, humble as it is, unpurchased by either: nor shall I the less continue, as far as my limited sphere of action extends, to devote such powers as God has gifted me with to that cause which has always been uppermost in my heart, which was my first inspiration and shall be my last,—the cause of Irish freedom.

"I have the honour to be, Gentlemen,

"Your faithful and devoted Servant,

"THOMAS MOORE."

dress: it breathes the dignity of the bard and the spirit of the gentleman; the latter rather a novelty of late here."

January 1st, 1833. Had been for some days in correspondence with Lardner respecting my Irish History, which I am now about to resume in earnest; and my resources from Power no longer going on, and my supplies from the "Metropolitan" being now at an end, I found it necessary to request of him an advance of money on the work. With great readiness he entered into my wishes, and agreed to the terms of accommodation which I proposed. Dined at Bowood, to meet Sydney Smith and his family: party, besides the Smiths, Lord Ilchester and his family. Sydney, as usual, full of wit and fun. Talking of Dumont and Bentham; the luminous manner in which the former brought Bentham's thoughts out: a good deal of his own must have been mixed up with it; his remarks on the drama, for instance. The chapter on Peines Caractéristiques full of stark staring Benthamism: the punishment for a coiner of false money, a hot half-crown impressed upon the cheek; a woman who murdered her child, to carry always a basket suspended from her neck with a leaden child in it of a weight proportioned to her strength, *à sa force naturelle*. \* \* \* Talking of a paragraph lately which stated that all the Church dignitaries meant to resign in case the threatened Church Reform was brought forward, he went off at score on the sad state we should be reduced to by such a resignation; our being obliged to send to America to borrow a bishop: "Have you such a thing as a bishop you could lend us? Shall keep him only a fortnight, and return him with new cassock," &c.

2nd to 4th. Sydney called at Sloperon, and was very good natured in admiring and praising everything; said afterwards that it gratified him to see genius so well lodged, and that he had found out a good motto for my house — "*Ingenium bene habitat.*"

6th. Talking of the bread they were now about to make from sawdust, Sydney said, people would soon have *sprigs* coming out

of them. Young ladies, in dressing for a ball, would say, "Mamma, I'm beginning to sprout." Spoke of derivations of different words: nincompoop, from *non compos*; cock-a-hoop, from the taking the cock out of the barrel of ale, and setting it on the hoop to let the ale flow merrily. Talbot, by the bye, has since suggested that it was from a game cock put on his mettle with his *houppes* erect. \* \* \* Quoted an excellent *mot* of somebody to Fontenelle, on the latter saying that he flattered himself he had a good heart — "Yes, my dear Fontenelle, you have as good a heart as can be made out of brains." In talking with Hallam afterwards, I put it to him, *why* it was that this short way of expressing truths did not do with the world, often as it had been tried, even Rochefoucauld being kept alive chiefly by his ill-nature. There was in this one saying to Fontenelle all that I myself had expended many pages on in my "Life of Byron" endeavouring to bring it out clearly; namely, the great difference there is between that sort of sensibility which is lighted up in the head and imagination of men of genius, and the genuine natural sensibility whose seat is in the heart. Even now, in thus explaining my meaning, how many superfluous words have I made use of? Talking of the Brahmins being such good chess-players (nobody it seems can stand before them at the game), Mrs. Hastings' *naïveté* was mentioned in saying, "Well, people talk a good deal about the Brahmins playing well; but I assure you Mr. Hastings, who is very fond of chess, constantly plays with those who come to the Government House, and *always* beats them." Lord L. mentioned Mrs. Siddons saying one day, when looking over the statues at Lansdowne House, that the first thing that suggested to her the mode of expressing intensity of feeling was the position of some of the Egyptian statues, with the arms close down by the sides, and the hands clenched. This implied a more *intellectual* feeling as to her art than I have ever given Mrs. Siddons credit for. To be sure, if ever great actor or actress had that feeling, she (the greatest I had ever seen) ought to have

been inspired with it; but, in my opinion, none have. It is not an intellectual art. She was a dull woman. Kemble was a cultivated man; but a poor creature when he put pen to paper, or otherwise attempted to bring out anything of mind. Had a good sermon from Sydney Smith; only that it was all expressly addressed to people living in London (one of his St. Paul's sermons, in short), and therefore ninety miles wide of the mark.

February 1st to 27th. Towards the latter end of the month my peace very much disturbed by this new Algerine act of my friends, the Whigs, against Ireland, the Coercion Act.

28th. Sent Barnes some verses against the late act, entitled "Paddy's Metamorphosis." Through fear, I suppose, of his saintly readers, Barnes altered my ejaculation "Oh Christ!" into "Father's blood," which is quite new to me either in Ireland or anywhere else, and is a disfigurement to the verses.

March 1st. A letter from Lord John this morning as follows:—

Dear Moore,

Here is for your "black and woolly already,"\* if it be yours; more sense, though less poetry. Yours truly, J. R.

(Lord John's verses.)

"THE IRISH ———"

"In Genoa 'tis said that a jewel of yore,  
Clear, large, and resplendent, ennobl'd the shrine,  
Where the faithful in multitudes flock'd to adore;  
And the emerald was pure and the saint was divine.

"But the priest who attended the altar was base,  
And the faithful who worshipp'd besotted and blind;  
He put a green glass in the emerald's place,  
And the multitude still in mute worship inclin'd.

"So Ireland had once a fair gem of pure water,  
When Grattan and Charlemont wept with her sorrow;

But a token of glass her new patriots have brought her,—

'Tis a jewel to-day,—'twill be shiver'd to-morrow."

6th. Started for town. Had written to Bryan to say I should dine with him; and

arrived there before half-past seven: none but himself and Mrs. B. Told of —\* one of the new Irish members, that having, at his election, bantered a butter merchant who came to vote against him, asking him at which side of the firkin of butter he put the stone as a make-weight, the fellow, after giving him some answer, said, "And now, Mr. —, let me ask you a question: which was it, the leaders or the wheelers you held that night when your father robbed the mail?" Bryan, as usual, savage against Ireland, and all for the new bill. "By God! it's not half strong enough." Got to my lodgings (15, Duke Street) early.

8th. At Brookes's found two or three, who, when I said, "I can't bear this bill," answered in an under tone, "I don't like it either." They are all in a wretchedly false position, and evidently feel that they are so. Dinner with Rogers. Even he (whose views of politics are in general so manly and consistent) has got bitten a little with this new Whig frenzy, and tries to defend their apostacy, for it is apostacy.

10th. Dined with Rogers to meet Wilkie and Kenny. Talking of the picture from "Lalla Rookh" which is now exhibiting at the British Gallery,—"Mokanna unveiling his face to Zelica,"—Wilkie, in his matter-of-fact way, said, "Pray, Mr. Moore, can you give me any idea of the sort of face you meant to be under that veil?"

11th. Hard at work all day. Dined at Lord Holland's. Company: Duke of Bedford, Lord Lansdowne, Lord J. Russell, Marsh †, &c. \* \* \* The Hollands talking at dinner of their tour on the continent in 1800, when Marsh accompanied them; some difficulties they had with a *commis* in their way; his saying, "*Enfin! je suis dans le cas de vous arrêter*;" Marsh's alarm at the phrase, *je suis dans le cas*—"I don't like that *dans le cas*." Marsh having arrived at Dover before them, was seized as a spy, on account of his memorandum-book, and kept there a long time; not suffered to stir out without some-

\* The burden of my verses.

\* Fergus O'Connor

† Rev. Mr. Marsh, Canon of Salisbury.

body to watch him, but told, for his comfort, that "the Government was disposed to be lenient."

12th. Dined at Rogers's: Leslie and Chalons dined; we had also Kenny and Allen. In talking with Leslie in the evening I put it to him to account for the extraordinary fact, that the Italian artists of the present day, living in the midst of all that is most beautiful in art, and having it constantly before their eyes, should yet produce nothing but abortions themselves. His explanation of this not satisfactory; so little so, that I forget what it was.

13th. Dined at Lansdowne House. A family party; Miss Fox, Lady Mary Fox, and Bobus Smith,—the first time of my ever meeting him. Very agreeable; and I can easily imagine, in his best time, preferable, with some people, to Sydney. Lord L., for instance, rates him higher. But Sydney, Sydney is, in his way, inimitable; and, as a conversational wit, beats all the men I have ever met. Curran's fancy went much higher, but also much lower. Sydney, in his gayest flights, though boisterous, is never vulgar.

15th. Had Tom out, the Lockes having good-naturedly asked him to dine. Singing in the evening; but I took flight at ten, having engaged to accompany Rogers to the Duke of Sussex's *conversazione*. Called upon him at Sharpe's, where he had dined with Macaulay, Jeffrey, Charles Grant, &c. Had a good deal of conversation with Jeffrey (whom it always delights me to meet) on the subject of the Irish bill, and I saw that he feels most sorely the position in which it places him and all of them. Asked me could I think that anything but a strong sense of the necessity of the crisis could induce men to damage themselves in the eyes of the public (as he owned was but too likely to be the case) by such a departure from their general principles? The necessity, however, is what I question; and though the excitement produced everywhere by their own precious Reform Bill may have stirred up into somewhat more activity the spirit always alive in Ireland, I think there

has not passed a year, during the last thirty, in which almost as good a case might not have been made out for a green bag or a red box, as these ministers have produced. But the fact is, that Jeffrey, and other such conscientious members of the party (and there cannot be a man more honourably and liberally disposed than he is), are the victims of their position. From that much abused feeling of honour which binds party-men together, one hot, petulant man, like —, can commit the whole set, by making them gulp down measures the most alien to their real sentiments.

16th. My mornings mostly the same; despatching, as hastily as I can, the last sheets of my work. Dined at Rogers's, a dinner originating in my wish to meet Barnes while in town, and which was to have taken place last Sunday but that B. was engaged. Company: the Duke of Argyll, Lord Clifden, Lord Gosford, Burdett, C. Fox, W. Ponsonby, Luttrell, Labouchere, Warre, and one or two more. In talking of Wolfe Tone's Journal (which Labouchere compared with Swift's "Journal to Stella" and pronounced it affected, insincere, &c.), Rogers mentioned what I was glad to hear, that the Duke of Wellington had spoken highly of it to him, and said that but few books had ever interested him so much. Burdett and myself remained with Rogers talking politics after the rest had gone. Burdett's conservatism deplorable. By the way, young Murray told me the other day that Croker had lately met Burdett somewhere (for the first time) at dinner, and that he said afterwards to Murray, "Talk of conservatism! he beats me hollow." As an addition to this, I have heard since that Peel was also of the party; and that, after one of Burdett's extravaganzas in his new line, Peel said quietly, "This is all very well, and I, of course, agree with you; but it would be as well not to take quite so high a tone." Peel keeping down Burdett's Toryism is excellent! But I doubt this supplement to this story.

17th. In talking one of these days at Brookes's with Lord K. he said, "What's to be done with Stanley? for he won't go with

the times, and no ministry can go on without him." He then remarked that he (Stanley) and Peel were evidently destined, before long, to come together; the only difficulty was, which should yield to the other, as both would want to be leaders.

18th. Went to Lansdowne House: found a large assembly: talked with a number of old acquaintances. Sydney Smith, in speaking of the meditated "Life of Mackintosh," by his son, said to me, "How I wish it was in the hands of a certain friend of mine, instead!" Mentioned that a journal which Mackintosh kept while in India, and which it was feared had been lost, has been lately discovered.

23rd. Forgot to mention a sally of Lady Holland's the other day, which amused me a good deal from its truth. Lord John had been mentioning some proceedings of Hume and others, in the House, all indicative enough of what is still further to come. "Well," she said, with a sort of shrug of disgust, addressing herself to Lord John and Lord Holland, "*Tu l'as voulu, George Dandin.*" Nothing can be truer. They have no right to complain who so deliberately gave the impulse.

24th. The gentlemen at Brookes's full of ire at Abercromby's vote against them the other night.\* "*I take him to my heart for it,*" said I to Hobhouse; "but I suppose you are all in a rage with him." On talking with Fazakerley afterwards, I found that the ministers were fully prepared for the thing. Faz. himself highly indignant with Abercromby, and had called upon him to rate him on the subject. "I suppose," said A. to him, "the *mob* of the House are in high dudgeon with me." \* \* \* I will *not* give up my good opinion of Abercromby.

31st. Large party at L. House; Sir C. and Lady Coote, Hobhouse, Codrington, Spring Rice, &c. Was told, one of these days, of a smart thing said by Alvanley respecting an exquisite bachelor's box, fitted up, it appears, in the most ornamented style, but where, it also appears, there is never

by any chance a *dinner* given. "I should like a little less gilding and more carving," said Alvanley. Luttrell mentioned rather an amusing quaintness he had read somewhere lately. In speaking of some young man just come of age, it was said, "he had nothing to do, and a great deal of money to do it *with*."

April 2nd. Walking with G— D—, he mentioned having met Talleyrand yesterday, and his saying of some woman that L— was praising as having *beaucoup d'esprit*, "*Oui, beaucoup d'esprit, beaucoup; elle ne s'en sert jamais.*" Mentioned a thing Talleyrand had said to him in speaking of the Americans, which he (G—) professed not to be able to understand, nor do I quite comprehend it either: "*Comme toutes les nouvelles nations, ils manquent de sensibilité,*" meaning physical sensibility. Talleyrand's notion must, I think, have been that civilisation and luxury act, through the mind, upon the body, and render men *physically* more sensitive both to pleasure and pain; and there may be some truth in this. Talked over some of Talleyrand's *mots*; his replying to — (I forget who, some notorious reprobate\*), who had said to T., "*Je n'ai fait qu'une seule méchanceté dans ma vie;*" "*Et celle-là,*" answered Talleyrand, "*quand finira-t-elle?*" His sitting by Montrond's bed when the latter was in great agony, and thought to be dying. "*Je sens les tourmens de l'enfer,*" said M.; "*Déjà?*" asked Talleyrand. Of the same nature was another, on some occasion when M., very ill, had fallen on the floor, and was grasping violently at it with his hands: "*Il veut absolument descendre,*" said T.

4th. Visit from Power.\* \* \* Dined at Byng's. Company: Lord Essex, Sir Francis Burdett, Baron Dedel, the Dutch ambassador, and somebody else, whom I now forget. Dedel a sensible man, and speaks English like an Englishman; the only word he used which betrayed the foreigner was in speaking of the arrangement he is come to effect: "It would be very *desirous* that it should take place." This, too, he has an authority

\* On the court-martial clause of the Coercion Bill.

\* Said to be Rivarol.—Ed.

for in Gay, who, in one of Macheath's songs, uses the word in this sense, being forced thereto, however, by the hard necessity of *rhyme*.\* In talking of the present state of politics I took an opportunity of saying, that "Whatever excuses might be pleaded for men placed as the Whigs now are for occasionally departing from the principles which they had all their lives professed, it was at least unfortunate for the cause of freedom that they should be driven to any such change, as it could have no other effect than that of bringing all public principle into disrepute." I was rather glad to have this slap at Burdett, and before the Dutchman, too, as it will show him what *little* men in this country can venture to say to *great* ones.

9th. Off in the "Emerald" at eight. In stopping to dine at Marlborough was accosted by Talbot's servant, who told me that Lady Valletort was at the inn, on her way to town. Went up to her immediately, and have seldom seen (even in painting) half so beautiful a group as herself, her child, and her pretty Irish nurse presented; each perfect in their several ways, and all *rayonnans* with freshness and good humour. She was on her way to join Lord Valletort, and pay a visit to Windsor (to show the king his little god-son) before they leave England. When this said Irish nurse first came to take charge of the child she asked one of the servants its name, and was told "Mr. Edgecumbe." "Faith then," she answered, "it's the smallest gentleman to be called a *mister* that ever I set my eyes on." Arrived at Devizes between six and seven, and took a chaise home.

One day I was told that there had been *four* gentlemen inquiring after me, and that they seemed to be foreigners. Poor devils! They were Irishmen; a deputation, from the Committee of the Irish Working Classes in

London, to ask me to write an inscription for a piece of plate they are about to present to O'Connell. Sent them an answer to "The Coach and Horses," Hatton Garden, explaining the reasons of my not being able to comply with their request, and (in defiance of the sneers of Brookes's) *praising* O'Connell. By the way, I have forgot to mention one of the first things I did on coming to town was to call upon this great Bug-a-boo of the Whigs, much to the horror, too, of my *quondam* Radical friend, B. Found him at home, and had some conversation with him. In talking of the Coercion Bill, and the feeling of the House of Commons towards Ireland, he said, "I am now convinced that Repeal won't do, and that it must be Separation." I told him that I had always considered them identical questions, and that my great difficulty in espousing Repeal publicly (that is, in Parliament) would have been to conceal (if I could have concealed) the consciousness, or rather conviction, there is in my mind that one would be followed by the other as naturally and necessarily as night is by day-light.

In one of my conversations with Lord John this time we talked about my forthcoming book, and I explained to him the nature of it, adding that I had not the least doubt in my own mind of the truth of the case I undertook to prove in it, namely, that Popery is in all respects the old original Christianity, and Protestantism a departure from it. In talking of prose-writing one morning with Rogers, he pointed out to me a letter of Lord Essex's (printed in Bacon's works) which Hallam had directed his attention to. Some most admirable writing in it. Must see (for I had then but time to glance over it) whether this is the letter mentioned by Hume.

24th. Made up my mind to write to Sir R. Peel on the subject of the Charter House for my little Russell, though having still less hope of success than ever from Tom having told me that a relative of Peel's has been lately placed on the foundation. Begged of Peel in my letter not to take the trouble of answering if (as I felt pretty sure

\* "Fill ev'ry glass, for wine inspires us,  
And fires us,  
With courage, love, and joy.  
Women and wine should life employ;  
Is there aught else in life *desirous*?"  
*Beggar's Opera.*



would be the case) he should be unable to comply with my request; adding that, giving him every credit for good will on the subject, I would take his silence as a negative.

26th. An answer from Sir Robert of the kindest description; fully justifying the high opinion which (even when most hating his politics) I have unvaryingly entertained of him. The following is the commencement of his letter:—"My dear Sir,—I must say I should have had the greatest personal satisfaction in being enabled to comply with your wishes, for I feel I could not make a worthier use of my Charter House privilege than by nominating the son of one who has done honour to the literature of his country by his genius, and has upheld its character by a high spirit of integrity and independence." He then mentions his having so recently nominated the son of a relative of his own, but expresses a strong wish and hope that it may be in his power, by some arrangement or other, to make his next turn of appointment available towards my object. This opens, at least, a chance for my little Russell; for I remember some years since General Bathurst being very anxious to exchange a *present* appointment (which his son was not then old enough to accept) for the promise of a *future* one, and something of this kind may turn up for my Russell. At all events, it is most kind, liberal, and high-minded conduct on the part of Peel.

June 1st to 8th. To dinner at Hughes's in Devezes. Company: Dr. Thackeray (the provost of King's College, Cambridge), young Phipps, and Mr. and Mrs. De Bouilly. Talking of strange texts for sermons, the following were mentioned: "Take it by the tail," from Exodus ("Put forth thine hand and take it by the tail"); the argument founded upon it being that we must judge of God's providence by the event; and, "Top not come down," from Matthew ("Let him which is in the house-top not come down"), which was taken as a text for a sermon against ladies' top-knots.

20th. Started for Bath (Bessy, Russ, and myself), on our way to visit the Napiers and Houltons. Met M. at Upham's, and

had some curious opinions from him on the subject of my "Irish Gentleman," which he was then engaged in the perusal of. Said "it would be the text-work of the Christian world in some half century hence." Praised the style of it very warmly; but remarked upon what he considered an Irishism, and what Burke himself, he added, had fallen into,—my saying the "*three first centuries*," the "*four first centuries*," &c., instead of the "*first three*," the "*first four*," &c. Told him, however, that it was not inadvertently nor *Irishly* that I had fallen into this mode of expression, but from deliberately thinking (whether rightly or wrongly, I could not be sure) that it was the true English idiom. For instance, every one says "the two first cantos of 'Childe Harold,'" meaning the two cantos that come first, or are placed first. I recollect having a little struggle with Simmons, my valuable typograph, on this very point, as he wanted to make it "first two cantos," but I held out stoutly for the other way. Whether I am right or not can't say. On to Napier's.

29th. An impudent trick in to-day's "Standard," but I must say (though myself the victim of it) not a bad one. The fellows have pretended to think that some *very* trashy verses which have appeared in "The Times" (why admitted there I know not) are *mine*, and have shown them up with all their might. What makes it more provoking is, that I must bear it all *sans réplique*, as to put in a disavowal of *these* verses would be in some degree to acknowledge others. Napier very anxious to stimulate me to something vigorous on the occasion; but the true strength on such occasions is to keep quiet.

August 2nd. Set off for town, partly as a little change of scene, and partly for the despatch of some business which could not be so well managed at a distance.

3rd. Went to the Charter House: saw Saunders, the master, who gave me a very good account of Tom, and took the trouble of calculating the periods of the different nominations for the next few years, in order to see what was my chance of getting Rus-

sell on the foundation. It appeared that even if I could not effect an exchange in the intermediate time, Peel's turn for a nomination will recur sufficiently soon to enable him to appoint Russell. This very agreeable intelligence I of course communicated, by letter, to mamma.

4th. Drove to Regent's Park; Rogers told of Coleridge riding about in a strange shabby dress, with I forget whom at Keswick, and on some company approaching them, Coleridge offered to fall behind and pass for his companion's servant. "No," said the other, "I am proud of you as a friend; but, I must say, I should be ashamed of you as a servant."

5th. Called at Sir Robert Peel's and just missed him, but saw and sat some time with Lady Peel. Showed me Haydon's picture of Napoleon at Elba: something fine in the simplicity and solitariness of it; nothing but the man, the rock, and the sea. Left a message for Sir Robert, which she very willingly and kindly undertook, telling him the state of the future presentations at the Charter House, and the good chance there was in prospect for my little Russell, if he (Sir R.) should find that it was in his power to appoint him.

9th. Forgot to mention that one of these mornings I called upon Lord John and sat some time with him. Told me that he was going to Ireland as soon as Parliament was up, with Lord Ebrington. Spoke a good deal of Peel; it was owing to him that the Tories did not press their late opposition so far as to defeat the Ministers in the House of Lords. The old eager ones, \* \*, very angry with him, said, "It's all very well for Peel to take this line: he is still young and has a large fortune, and so can *wait*, but *we*," &c. This is in the true spirit of blind and reckless place-seekers. Lord J. seemed to think the Ministry in smooth water now for some time to come.

11th. Breakfasted at Moore's, to meet the famous and anonymous caricaturist H. B.; a brother-in-law of his also of the party. H. B. (who is an Irish artist) a very sensible and gentlemanlike person, and it was

not a little interesting to hear his history of the course of his *anonyme*, the guesses, risks of discovery, &c. Told him of Rogers, Wilkie, and myself having been employed the night before one, in looking over his caricatures, and comparing them with Gilray's. He was evidently anxious to know what Wilkie thought of them, and I told him pretty nearly the general result of our comparison; which was that, with the exception of one or two things ("George the Third with Napoleon on his hand" being of the number) we all agreed that there was a quiet power about his caricatures, producing as they did their effect without either extravagance or ill-nature, which set them, in a very important respect, far above Gilray's.

31st. Letter from Lord John Russell, telling me that he was at last actually going to Ireland, and asking me to join him there in a trip to Killarney and return by Dublin. This a most tempting offer, and under any other circumstances but the present I should have jumped at it; but money and time both run short with me,—bills coming in at Christmas, and my History *due* at the same time: what was I to do? My dear generous Bessy all anxiety that I should go; and enumerated all the little businesses I could transact, to show that it would be well worth my while. Took time to consider, and wrote to Lord John for further particulars. In his letter Lord John says very good-humouredly, "You may be as patriotic as you please (during our journey) about the 'First Flower of the Earth,' &c.; indeed, your being a rebel may somewhat atone for my being a cabinet minister."

September 5th. Dined at Bowood, Bessy and myself, to meet the Bowleses and Fieldings. Madame M. there also. Day very agreeable. The Lansdownes' carriage, which had taken us, brought us back again. Bowles in a most amusing mood during the evening, showing himself up with a degree of *abandon* which convulsed us all with laughter. His account of his course of education at Strasbourg, where he was for a short time when young; his having learnt French fortification, and the *pierres gravées* (*peer gravvy*, as

he pronounced it); and the specimens he gave us of his proficiency in these two branches of learning, French and the peer gravvy, beyond measure laughable. Fixed to go with him on Saturday to Stonehenge, a long-projected expedition.

6th. Bowles called to make some alterations in our arrangement for Saturday (tomorrow), and was evidently uneasy at the exhibition he made of himself yesterday evening; but I assured him that nothing could be more delightful, and that such playfulness and *bonhomie* could leave no other impression behind than that of pleasure, which is very nearly the truth.

7th. Bowles called for us about nine, when we all set off together to Stonehenge. It was my first time of seeing this "noblest ornament of Albion's isle," as Warton calls it, and the impression of its grandeur rather *grew* upon me than struck me all at once; which I find is the course its effect takes with most people. Found some sensible Quakers there, with whom we had some conversation, and one of them mentioned his having lately taken an American gentleman there, making him keep his eyes shut till he got directly under the highest stones. But the American, on looking up, merely said, "What do you mean by this?" and saw nothing wonderful in it. The same person, however, when they took him to Salisbury Cathedral, was overwhelmed with admiration and astonishment at it. The fact is, that it is *art* surprises the Americans; *nature* they have on the grandest scale themselves: and stones so little removed from a state of nature as those at Stonehenge (however wonderfully they may be placed) have but little of new or marvellous for him who has seen the rocks beyond the Atlantic, and has sailed in a tall ship (as this American said he had done) under a natural arch of rock. But the wonders of *art* they are wholly unaccustomed to—the combination of size and space with laborious ornament and elegance; and therefore is it that Salisbury would carry it hollow with them against Stonehenge. Dined at the "Bustard," well and cheaply, and taking the carriage again at Ledway,

were conveyed back comfortably by our Reverend *Vetturino*, reaching home before eight o'clock. Nothing could be managed better or more agreeably than the whole journey; Bowles and I talking Druidical learning the whole way, much to Bessy's edification and amusement.

20th to 22nd. A letter from Lord John from Cork, beginning "Dear Captain Rock," and saying that I was very wrong in not joining him, but that he was himself very much to blame for it in not giving me earlier and clearer notice of his intentions.

October 1st. Dined at Mereweather's. Company: the Bowleses, Macdonalds, and Salmons, Heneage, and an old Dr. Hawes. Sat next to Bowles luckily. He had shown me, before dinner, a letter he had just received from his friend Archbishop Howley, in answer to one he had written to him on the subject of the Mausoleum at Bowood, which Lady Lansdowne wishes to have consecrated, a step at which, it seems, the Bishop of Salisbury hesitates. After saying that he sees no objection to the consecration, the archbishop proceeds to speak of the aspect of the times, which he declares to be not a little lowering (meaning, in respect to the Church), and adds, "For myself, I can say with Latinus, *Mihi parta est quies, omnisque in littore portus!*" Bowles had read the name of this author Latinensis; but I saw it was Latinus, and found on reference to "Morhofius," when I came home, that the archbishop's classic is Latinus Latinus, a Catholic divine of the sixteenth century, who wrote, among other things, Latin poems, and is lauded as a very honest man by Lipsius.\* In speaking of Sir W. Petty's double-bottomed ship, which was meant to be capable of sailing against wind and tide, but which, after one successful voyage, went down, Bowles told me that the last Lord Lansdowne thought he had found out why the contrivance had failed, and constructed

\* "Nam mihi parta quies, omnisque in limine portus:

Funere felici spoliore."

Æneid. l. 7. v. 598.

Latinus is the speaker, not the author.—ED.

a ship accordingly, which he put to sea in himself from Southampton, asking Bowles to accompany him! He had persuaded a German and a Frenchman to accompany him, and as the ship sailed from the shore, the people on the beach cried, "She'll be over; she'll be over; she is over, by G—d!" which was actually the case, the ship having capsized before they got many yards from the shore, the noble inventor and his companions being thrown out into the mud, where, to make the ridicule the greater, Lord Lansdowne began to speechify to the German and Frenchman, making a thousand apologies for having brought them into that condition. A good many jokes of Jekyll told. Mr. Salmon mentioned having heard Jekyll make a quotation in one of his speeches, which he could never trace to its source. The subject was, the employment of *two* physicians instead of *one*, as a means of making death *doubly* sure. The one physician was compared to a single scull, in rowing—

"But two physicians, like a pair of oars,  
Waft us more swiftly to the Stygian shores."

7th. A good deal of talk about politics after breakfast. In talking of the lord-lieutenancy of Ireland Lord Lansdowne said, "If I were to consent to take it, it would be on the condition of having much more power placed in my hands than (looking archly and laughing at me) you would be inclined to give me." I answered that on the contrary, I thought an autocrat could alone do what was wanting in Ireland, and that there were few hands I would so readily trust with the autocracy as his: but still there was some smashing work to be done, which I feared he would rather shrink from; the Church, for instance, which must go by the board to have any peace in Ireland. He then pointed out strongly and fairly the difficulty, and still more, as he thought, the injustice, of dealing so summarily with an establishment which had grown up under the auspices and encouragement of England, and round which so large, wealthy, and respectable a portion of the population rallied. All this I could not

but grant to him, so that, in fact, hopelessness, utter hopelessness, seems the only result one ever arrives at in considering Ireland's miseries; it has been the burden of her sad song from the first, and will be to the last.

14th. A visit from Lord Kerry, who has just returned from his Norwegian trip. Came to tell me that Lady Lansdowne would send the car for me. Went in it only as far as the "George," and walked the rest. Company (besides John and Mrs. Starkey), Serjeant Mereweather, and two barristers (who are come to Calne on a commission),—the Belgian minister Van De Weyer, and two ladies, artists, who have come to copy some of the Bowood pictures. An odd assemblage, but not unamusing. Lord Lansdowne mentioned having been once at a lecture of Owen's, at the time when he first began his operations; and there were among his auditors, on this occasion, besides bishops and archbishops, one of the royal princes, the Duke of Gloucester, I believe. For the purpose of better explaining his views of society, Owen had prepared small pieces of metal of different sizes, to represent the various classes of the community and the relative value which they bore as parts of the whole, and began by apologising to the illustrious Duke for the very *small* bit of metal that represented royalty on the occasion.

15th. Bobus Smith arrived to luncheon; full of agreeable knowledge and conversation. In talking of the two races into which mankind are generally divided, the Celt and Goth, seem to think that the Scandinavian was a race distinct from both; but there is no end to the variety and confusion of the hypotheses on this subject. The company at dinner all the better for being *plus* by Smith, and *minus* by some of yesterday's folk. The Belgian said that one of the worst names you could call anybody (in Belgium, I think) was *un hibou quarré*. Lord L. owned he should not like to be called a *hibou quarré*.

Mentioned also an action brought by some one against another for calling him *un individi*, and, it having appeared on the trial

that the plaintiff had called defendant *un être*, the judge decided that they were *sur un pied d'égalité* with each other. Lord L. told of some old woman who was shocked at being called a "noun-substantive." The caller of names had tried all possible terms of reproach — "wretch," "old devil," &c. &c., but nothing produced any effect till the word "noun-substantive" was applied; the *ignotum pro horrifico* was then fully exemplified. In talking of the general spread of information and of a certain degree of artificial cleverness that is now in progress, which will ultimately raise the whole of society to the same level, and render *distinction* a rare phenomenon, Smith told of a conversation he had once with Talleyrand on this point. Referring to the number of clever men, in all walks, that used to appear in France, he asked "*Qu'est-elle devenue cette classe d'hommes de lettres?*" "*Vous voulez que je vous dise* (answered Talleyrand) *ce qu'elle est devenue; elle est devenue tout le monde.*" This was well said and true; but what is ultimately to come of such a state of things it is hard to conjecture. In talking of Frere, Smith told a *mot* of his I had not heard before. Madame de — having said, in her intense style, "I should like to be married in *English*, in a language in which vows are so faithfully kept," some one asked Frere, "What language, I wonder, was *she* married in?" "*Broken English*, I suppose," answered Frere. Sung a little in the evening.

16th. Some agreeable conversation after breakfast with Smith and Lord Lansdowne. In talking of O'Connell, of the mixture there is in him of high and low, formidable and contemptible, mighty and mean, Smith summed up all by saying, "The only way to deal with such a man is to hang him up and erect a statue to him under his gallows." This *balancing* of the account is admirable. Told of Lord Camelford taking an old fiddler with him to Tom's (a place where, during the times of Jacobinism, the Radical fellows used to assemble at night), and having planted his musician in a corner, taking his seat by him and saying, "There, now play God save the King." In a small minority

there was on one occasion for peace, upon a question moved by Lord Grey, the name of Lord Camelford was, to the astonishment of everybody, found among the peace-seekers; but it turned out that he had, for some offence, challenged a German officer who refused to fight him till *after* the war, and he therefore felt himself bound, in spite of his political opinions, to vote for peace.

This leading to some talk about duelling, I remarked that one of the worst things, perhaps, O'Connell had done for Ireland was his removing, by his example, that restraint which the responsibility of one man to another under the law of duelling imposed, and which in a country so little advanced in civilisation as Ireland was absolutely necessary. We see accordingly that the tone of society there is every day growing lower and lower, and men bear blackguarding from each other in a way that to an Irishman of the good old school, or to real gentlemen of *any* school, seems inconceivable. In all this they both agreed with me, and said that to the existence of the code of honour introduced by duelling we owed very much the great difference between the moderns and the ancients in the good breeding and decorum of manners in social life. What personal abuse, for instance, what blackguarding (as it would now be deemed), Cicero indulged in towards his adversaries!

24th. At breakfast Mr. Grenville told some amusing things. In talking of Baron de Rolle (a follower of the exiled Bourbons), whom I met a good deal at Donington Park, told of De Rolle when on a visit at the Staffords'. Lady Stafford wishing, one day, to get rid of him, pointing to a mountain at a distance which she told him was very curious, and advising him to go and see it: "*Vous aurez un petit cabriolet, et cela sera fort agréable!*" "*Ah! Miladi,*" replied De Rolle, holding up his hands in a supplicatory posture, "*Je suis Suisse: j'ai tant vu de montagnes!*"

Mentioned as a good trait of Bourbon character that, when Charles Dix was at one time shooting in Lincolnshire, whenever they came to any of those wet ditches

or pools which abound there, and the rest of the party were floundering through as well as they could, a *chasseur* who attended the Comte d'Artois always stepped forward, and, laying himself down as a bridge across the puddle, was walked over by his royal master as unconcernedly as if he was a plank made expressly for such purposes.

Talked of the Americans; the aristocratic distinctions they have among themselves, and their looking up to what they call "the high social class." A story Cooper (the novelist) told Lord Lansdowne, as a proof of their passion for races. In their anxiety, on this occasion, for the success of a favourite horse which had failed for want of a good rider, they looked round for some one worthy to mount him, and fixed on an eminent bank director at Philadelphia, who was famous for his good riding. A deputation waited upon him; he declined, but they were resolved to have him at all events, and a purse was made up by subscription, which, being of a large amount, the bank director could not resist it, and accordingly rode and won the prize. This story from Cooper, of all people! What would he have said or done, if it had been told in England by any one else? Lord L. mentioned also, that on one occasion, when Cooper dined with him, some one (whose name he would not give us) had the bad taste to relate before Cooper a circumstance which he said had been told to him as having occurred once in Congress. This was, that in the warmth of discussion one of the members walked across the floor, and spat in another's face. Cooper acknowledged that the story was true, but said, rather indignantly, "You should have added, however, in justice, that though he certainly did spit in his face, the other immediately knocked him down." Evening altogether very agreeable. Asked Fielding about the best word for *aditus* in translating what Tacitus says of the *portus et aditus* of Ireland being better than those of England; whether the "waters" was not better than the "approaches," and he said "Certainly."

20th. Off at half-past ten by the "Emerald."

30th. Dined at Longmans. Company: M'Culloch, Dr. Lardner, and Mr. Murray.\* Talking of Professor Leslie; his review of some voyage of Humboldt's, in which the latter expresses great regret at not having had with him Leslie's differential thermometer: "Most sincerely do we join in this regret of Mr. Humboldt," writes the Reviewer. In talking of Sir W. Scott's rapid and careless manner of writing, Lardner mentioned that, in sending to him (Lardner) the MS. of his "History of Scotland," he begged that he would be so kind as to "throw in a few dates and authorities."

31st. Asked by Lord Essex to dinner. Company at Lord Essex's, Le Marchant, Grenfell, Rich, &c. Le M. told some stories of Erskine, rather amusing. His being sent for on some important case tried in the country; arriving the evening before the trial and finding Serjeant —, the counsel who sent for him, waiting dinner for him. The Serjeant anxiously endeavouring to explain to him the merits of the cause; but Erskine impatient of his learned brother's prosing, and apparently much more interested in discussing several bottles of wine, which they finished between them. The Serjeant's uneasiness next morning; his sense of the great responsibility he had taken upon himself in bringing down Erskine, and his panic at the failure which he thought could not but take place from Erskine's total ignorance of the case. Then his joyful surprise in court, at the luminous statement which broke forth from Erskine, showing that he had, at once, fathomed the whole question from the few hints to which he had the night before so impatiently listened; the complete triumph of the cause, and the gratitude of the party concerned to the Serjeant for calling in the aid of such a man.

November 1st. Dined at Holland House. Company: Lord Melbourne, Charles and Lady Mary Fox, Le Marchant, and Bacourt, the French secretary. Some talk with Allen, after dinner, about my History.

\* The late Mr. Hugh Murray, author of the "Encyclopædia of Geography."

Suggested to me to dwell strongly on the causes which led to the cruelties of the Danes both in England and Ireland, namely, the resentment and hatred to Christianity excited in them by the barbarous conduct of Charlemagne towards the Saxons, with whom they made common cause. Recommended me to read Sismondi on this subject. Spoke of the system of clanship as the source of most of the evils of Ireland to this day; the Scotch, though once deeply imbued with the same principle, got rid of it, luckily for themselves, much earlier. The Teutonic tribes free from this spirit of clanship, and have prospered accordingly. Allen's well-known hatred of the Celts breaking out at every word.

2nd. Some conversation after breakfast in the library. Found them inclined to decry Wordsworth, and said what I thought of his great powers, and of the injustice this age does him. "Ah, this is talking for candour," said Lady Holland. Soon after, taking a volume of Crabbe from one of the shelves, Lord Melbourne said, "I see there is a new edition of Crabbe coming out; it is a good thing when these authors die, for then one gets their works, and has done with them." Though this sounds insolent when written, it was said with so joyous and jovial an air, followed by that scarcely human though cheerful laugh of Lord Melbourne's, with his ejaculations "Eh! eh!" interposed at every burst, that it was impossible not to enjoy it as much as himself. On quoting to Allen at dinner what a French cabriolet-man once said to me, that in England "*les soldats ne sont jamais pour le peuple*," Allen said, "On one great occasion they were." "Yes," I replied; "*Lillibulero*:" on which Allen said, not badly, "What different associations people remember events by! Most men couple the memory of the Revolution with the rights then acquired; Moore remembers it by a tune." I have generously put his joke in a better form for him than he gave it himself.

3rd. Went early to Mereweather's for the purpose of consulting him on my business with Power, having brought up the accounts,

&c. with a view to having it settled somehow or other. Seemed to think that my letter (May 1st, 1832), declaring myself satisfied with the accounts, would be fatal to me in a court of law, where the letter with which I had followed it up, on looking more accurately into the items, could not be produced; a jury would go no further. Wrote to Power, in the course of the day, to say that I had come up to town with some musical works for publication, but did not like to take any step towards that object till I had learned from him whether he was inclined to enter into a fair and equitable settlement of the differences between us. Dined at Byng's, who kindly asked Tom also. Company: the two Dedels, Rich, and Luttrell. Luttrell's story of some Irish lady who had been travelling with her family, and on being asked whether they had been at Aix answered, "Oh, yes! indeed; very much at our *ase* everywhere." Dedel told of the wife of some ambassador (I forget her name\*) coming to dinner, and on her passing through the room where Talleyrand was standing, he looked up and exclaimed significantly, "Ah!" In the course of the dinner, the lady having asked him across the table why he had uttered the exclamation of oh! on her entrance, Talleyrand, with a grave, self-vindictory look, answered, "*Madame, je n'ai pas dit oh! j'ai dit ah!*" Comical, very, without one's being able to define *why* it is so.

4th. Letter from Clarke, Power's solicitor, to say that Power consented to an arbitration.

5th. Dined with George Keppel. Company: Captain Ross (the nephew), Pigou, Cockerell, and Stevenson. Ross gave us a few interesting particulars of the late expedition; the manner in which they saw the savages amputate a man's leg above the knee, seating him on the ice with the leg through a hole in it, and then knocking him

\* Not the wife of an ambassador, but the Duchesse de Grammont, sister of the Duc de Choiseul, whom Talleyrand, then a young man, had never seen.—Ed.

down so as to snap off the limb; the revolting ugliness and filth of the women: did not find the time hang heavy; the interest they took in their nightly observations occupied their minds. On one occasion they were all conversing together, and each man was required to tell what was the most extraordinary thing that had ever happened to him; one of the party mentioned, as the most memorable thing in his life, his having once shaved the Duke of Devonshire. "Well, but you were at the battle of Waterloo?" Yes, he *had* been; but still the shaving of the Duke of Devonshire seemed to be uppermost in his mind. It was probably during the Duke's voyage to Petersburg that this great event took place.

9th. Had Tom out from the Charter House, and walked about with him a little. Dined at Lockhart's. Had asked Murray whether Lockhart would have any objection to my taking Tom with me, as I was, in a degree, pledged to him on Saturdays, and Lockhart's note, in answer, was, very good-humouredly, "Surely, we shall be delighted to have Tom Moore the younger, as well as Tom Brown the younger." Would not have asked this, however, had I known it was a dinner of company, which it turned out to be. Was too far from Coleridge, during dinner, to hear more than the continuous drawl of his preachment; moved up to him, however, when the ladies had retired. His subjects chiefly Irving and religion; is employed himself, it seems, in writing on Daniel and the Revelations, and his notions on the subject, as far as they were at all intelligible, appeared to be a strange mixture of rationalism and mysticism. Thus, with the rationalists, he pronounced the gift of tongues to have been nothing more than scholarship or a knowledge of different languages; said that this was the opinion of *asemus*, as may be deduced from his referring to Plato's *Timæus* on the subject. (Must see to this.) Gave an account of his efforts to bring Irving to some sort of rationality on these subjects, to "steady him," as he expressed it; but his efforts all unsuccessful, and, after many conversations be-

tween them, Irving confessed that the only effect of all that Coleridge had said was "to *stun*" him, — an effect I can well conceive, from my own short experiment of the operation.

Repeated two or three short pieces of poetry he had written lately, one an epitaph on himself; all very striking, and in the same mystical religious style as his conversation. A large addition to the party in the evening, and music. Duets by Mrs. Macleod and her sister, which brought back sadly to my memory an evening of the same kind, in this same room, with poor Sir Walter Scott, before he went abroad for his health. One of the duets, in which the voices rose alternately above each other, Coleridge said reminded him of *arabesques*. With my singing he seemed really much pleased, and spoke eloquently of the perfect union (as he was pleased to say) of poetry and music which it exhibited: "The music, like the honeysuckle round the stem, twining round the meaning, and at last overtopping it." In the course of his oratory today Coleridge said, "It is in fact the greatest mistake in the world to rest the authority of an ancient church upon any other basis than tradition;" upon which Dr. Ferguson turning round to me said, "That falls in with *your* views, Mr. Moore."

10th. Had promised Lord John to breakfast with him. Went first to Mereweather with my statements, and stayed near an hour and a half talking over the business. Was with Lord John by eleven. A good deal of conversation about his Irish Tour, with which he was evidently much pleased. Talked of his public dinner at Belfast; was told, after he had accepted the invitation to the dinner, that a great part of his company would be Repealers; was alarmed at this, but his informant assured him that he need be under no apprehension, as the most violent of them would feel themselves bound to behave well on such an occasion, and he could answer for there being nothing offensive to him in their proceedings. The result proved that the informant knew his men well. I said that, though often regret-



ting I had not been with him in the North, it was, after all, as well, perhaps, that I was not, as ten to one but I should have got into some scrape at this dinner, either by saying too much or too little. Talked of patronage; the unlucky way, as I thought, in which the Whigs had managed it, and the character they had got of serving anybody but friends. Seemed struck with what I told him of the letters I received from C. and G. at the time of the excitement produced in London by the Duke of Wellington's declaration against Reform; the letters having both of them expressed apprehensions of a coming crisis which was likely to end in revolution. "You have kept those letters, I hope," he said; and I answered, "that I had." A great point, evidently, with him and his brother ministers is to impress the notion that they *prevented* a revolution at that period, instead of originating (as was really the case) measures likely to *cause* one. Already they begin to look forward to posterity and its verdict. Told him that I thought any one who looked at the signs of the present times would say that the impetus towards revolution was rather accelerated than slackened. "Ah!" he said, "you are one of those who like grand scenes, who are always looking for the Fifth Act; but it won't come so soon as you think." \*

Sat to Moore the sculptor. Dined with Rogers. Company: Sydney Smith, Macaulay, Byng, and Greville. Talking of words that had become degraded, Macaulay mentioned "elegant" as a word he would not use in writing, and all agreed with him, except Sydney and myself. "You'll stand by *elegant*, won't you?" says he to me, and on my answering that I would, "Here's Moore," he exclaimed, "as firm as a rock for *elegant*." All agreed that "genteel" was no longer fit for use, though the word *gentile* from which it sprung was still so graceful and expressive. In the course of the evening Smith said to me, "You'll be

\* What I wished to impress upon Moore was that imagination rather than sober common sense inspired his political prophecies.—ED.

pleased to hear that there has been a very respectable captain of infantry converted by your book."

12th. Breakfasted with Lord Lansdowne at Lansdowne House; no one but ourselves. In speaking of the knowledge of pictures that may be acquired by being merely conversant with them (without any natural taste or aptitude for the art), Lord L. mentioned that one of the best judges of paintings in Europe was the man at the head of the Monte di Pietà at Rome; pictures being the most usual article of deposit, and the ascertainment of their value being, of course, an important object. Dined with the Hollands at Lord Lilford's house in Stanhope Street. Company: the Duke of Bedford, Baron Bulow, Bacourt, Le Marchant, &c. Somebody mentioned Canning having said, on being asked what was the German for astrology (he knowing nothing about German), "Oh! *twinkle craft*, to be sure." Had a good deal of talk with Allen about my History. In talking of the papers that have remained so long unexplored and unarranged in the Council, Record, and State Paper Offices, he said that there really had not been yet a proper History of England. Hume was offered access to some of these documentary stores, but declined the search, saying that, "Cadell, his publisher, could not wait so long." Lingard had added a great deal to the facts of English history; but his narrow, sectarian prejudices disqualified him from being a good historian. Told me some anecdotes of Burns; his saying at some public dinner, during the feverish times of Jacobinism, on being asked for a toast, "I'll give you a Bible toast; the last verse of the last chapter of the last Book of Kings." \* On another occasion, having to give a toast before some high Tories, he said to the chairman, "You agree that

\* (2 Kings, xxv. 30. "And this allowance was a continual allowance given him of the king, a daily rate for every day, all the days of his life.") The meaning of Mr. Allen evidently was that Burns wished to see an end of Kings; but it is curious that this last verse should be susceptible of a totally different interpretation.—ED.

Lords should have their privileges?" "Yes certainly." "Well, then, I'll give you the privileges of the Lords of the Creation."

14th. Had received a note from Barnes to ask me to go with him and Mrs. Barnes to Walter's place near Reading; answered that I would, if possible, follow them thither. A note from Sydney Smith, fixing to call upon me, and containing a bill of fare which he has suggested to Mrs. Longman as proper for her entomological guests, to day, Spence and Kirby; "to wit, flea-pâtes, earthworms on toast, caterpillars crawling in cream and removing themselves," &c. &c. Called upon me in a hackney coach. \* \* \* Smith said, that where he felt he had a good and just claim, he considered it always a duty to himself and family to ask, and not to let the world have to say, "If he *did* fall into adversity, that was his own fault." What he had hitherto done was all by his own exertions, as neither himself nor any of his brothers had received a shilling from their father. In talking of the fun he had had in the early times of the "Edinburgh Review," mentioned an article on Ritson, which he and Brougham had written together; and one instance of their joint contribution which he gave me was as follows:—"We take for granted (wrote Brougham) that Mr. Ritson supposes Providence to have had some share in producing him—though for what inscrutable purposes (added Sydney) we profess ourselves unable to conjecture." The road up to Longman's being rather awkward, we had desired the hackney coachman to wait for us at the bottom. "It would never do (said S.) when your Memoirs come to be written to have it said, 'He went out to dine at the house of the respectable publishers, Longman and Co., and, being overturned in his way back, was crushed to death by a large clergyman.'" \* \* \*

16th. Started in the Reading coach at twelve. Two inveterate Tories my companions. One of them *acharné* against the Whigs, and his absurdity in proportion to his violence. The object of the Ministry, he said, was to lay England at the feet of

France; they received their instructions from Paris, or "perhaps, from Rome." "The fellows at Brookes's Club and Holland House settled everything." But "The Times" newspaper was the great object of his abhorrence. "If there is one corner in hell (exclaimed this wiseacre) hotter than another, it is reserved for the editor of 'The Times.'" He added, that it was "well known 'The Times' people received money from the French government for their labours, and were under the special direction of Talleyrand." I took but little share in the conversation, being employed (as far as amusement would let me) in reading the "Quarterly Review." Within a few miles of Reading the coach stopped, and the coachman, opening the door, asked if there was a Mr. Moore inside, as a gentleman wanted him. Guessing what this meant, I got out and found Barnes by the road-side waiting for me, *not* in the corner of hell, but of a Reading post-chaise which he had brought to take me the short way to Walter's. Left my friends in utter ignorance (at least, *then*, I think) as to who I was, and proceeded with the condemned editor to Walter's. Received very kindly by the host and hostess, whom I now for the first time saw; the host himself a simple sensible-mannered person.

19th. Dined at Rogers's. Company: Kenny, Tom Campbell, Maltby, Miss Rogers and her niece. Campbell looking (for a gentleman in a wig) juvenile and fresh. Talking of dog-latin, gave specimens of a conversation he had heard (or heard of) between an Irish priest and a foreigner in Latin. One of them, speaking of a friend he had dined with, called him a "*diabolicus bonus socius*," and the other said, "*Vinciar habebatis bonum vinum*." Campbell defied us to find out what he meant, but I saw it immediately: "I'll be *bound* you had good wine."

December 9th. Told Mereweather, in my letter either of to-day or yesterday, that I felt myself bound to immortalise him, in some way or other, for his good fight in the cause of my scribbles, and then added this doggrel—

Sing, Muse, the strife 'twixt Power and Right  
 Nor make thy wonted jest of it :  
 For though good Tories \* waged the fight,  
 And Tories much in Power delight,  
*Right* had for once the best of it.

Made up my mind to return to town for the *dénouement* of this business, as there is much I can better communicate verbally than by letter. †

12th. To Bowood to dinner, having arranged everything for starting from thence in the morning. Company: only Macaulay and Labouchere. Some talk with them before dinner; was glad to find *something* that Macaulay did not know, though it was nothing of more importance than the works of Miss Olympia Fulvia Morata, the author of the sixteenth century whose "Life and Times" we found advertised in the newspapers of the day. Having read, to my shame, not only this lady's writings, but those of Alessandra Scala, Cassandra Fidelis, Laura Careta and other Latin *bluses*, I was able to show off to Macaulay in "all such reading as *he* never read." Talked then of Grotius (whom Macaulay seemed rather inclined to underrate), of the two or three generations of Vossiuses, of Vorstius, and King James the First's Christian charity towards him, writing to the States that if "Vorstius should persist in his Arminian errors, he, the king, was firmly of opinion that burning was too mild a punishment for him." Macaulay mentioned a curious instance of plagiarism in "Dryden's Absalom and Achitophel" (*querre*): the famous couplet—

"likes to slide, not stand,  
 And Fortune's ice prefers to Virtue's land"— †

as taken almost verbatim, he said, from some lines under the frontispiece to Knolles's "History of the Turks."

13th. Up early; had breakfast, and started in the first coach for town.

17th. Called upon Greville, according to

\* Mereweather and Twiss — both Tories.

† ["But wild Ambition loves to slide, not stand,  
 And Fortune's ice prefers to Virtue's land."  
 Part I. about line 200.]

appointment, at the Council Office, to see a catalogue which he is having made of the State Papers in his office, some of which, relating to Ireland, he is of opinion may be of use to me. Went with him from thence to be introduced to Mr. Lemon, of the State Paper Office, who received me with much cordiality, and offered his services in any way that could be useful. Told me more in detail what Allen had mentioned of Hume's declining the inspection of the State Papers which was offered to him. It was Sir Joseph Aylott (the first person who presided over the State Paper Office, on its establishment in 1737), that made the offer to Hume, and fixed a day for the commencement of their researches; but Hume did not come, and gave as a reason afterwards for his declining the proposal, that if he were to avail himself of these papers, his work, "instead of being only *aicht* volumes would extend as far as *aichty*."

January 4th, 1834. Went to the Hollands' (Burlington Street), having received a very kind note from my Lady yesterday. Found only Lord Melbourne, and soon after came Talleyrand, who was full of the King's speech. Talked of Champfort; said he was one of those "*qui dansent toujours, et ne peuvent pas marcher*;" that he was an enemy to *l'état social*; his talent was to *ramasser*. Wits of former times used to *gaspiller*, but our more modern ones "*ramassent et ne gaspillent pas*." It appears that Talleyrand is constantly at the Hollands. "You are sure to be Talleyranded there," said Sydney Smith: a good verb.

7th. Called upon Sir Robert Peel, and found him at home. Delighted to find that he is unpledged to any one for his next turn at the Charter House, and will nominate Russell. Sat some time with him, talking of Sheil's case, and found his view to be the same as every one else's, that the mere expression of opinion in private different from those which a man, for the sake of his party, espouses in public, is too common, and indeed inevitable a circumstance to be dwelt upon with any severity. In alluding to the Coercion Bill (*à propos* of Sheil's manner of

speaking of it at Brookes's), I mentioned myself having been open-mouthed against it at the time, and added that I disliked it the more as coming from men who had themselves opposed it, when, at least, as much wanting as it was now. To this Peel said nothing, but I thought he *looked* assent to the latter part. "No Government," as he said, "could be carried on without the occasional sacrifice of individual opinions to the general object of the whole." Told him what I heard Grattan once say, in talking of the pension which the Whigs proposed for Lord Erskine's son, though he had not served the full term of diplomatic service necessary to entitle him to it. "It is a job, but I'll vote for it." "Yes," said Peel, "he saw that though a departure from the strict rule, yet being the son of such a man, who had distinguished himself," &c. &c. Took me into another room, to show me what he said I ought to see, the original bust of Pope, by Roubilliac, which was done for Lord Bolingbroke. Told him that Rogers had a very fine *cast* of it; (which I find since is a mistake, as Rogers's is the original clay or model from which this bust was made, and is remarkable for the fine lines and markings with which it abounds, and which were afterwards softened down or omitted in the marble). A message from Lord John, to ask me to breakfast with him in the morning.

8th. With Lord John at half-past ten; had not long to stay with him, as I was obliged to be back at Brookes's at half-past eleven, to meet Hume, and introduce Tom to him. Lord John talked of my "Irish Gentleman," and mentioned the new answer to it, by Philaethes Cantabrigiensis, who, it appears from what Lord J. said, is no less a personage than Maltby, the Bishop of Chichester.\* Have often said in fun that I would not condescend to reply to any one *under* a bishop, but little thought I should *really* arrive at the honour and glory of having an episcopal opponent.

Have not mentioned, I believe, the present or rather anticipated legacy (100*l.*), which

\* A mistake — the real author was Dr. Kaye, the late Bishop of Lincoln.

Hume has lately given to Tom, about a month or so since, and which, after a momentary hesitation, I allowed Tom to accept. Hume is one of my oldest friends, and with the exception of the great wrong he did me, at the time of my quarrel with Jeffrey, in first abetting and aiding my appeal to arms on that occasion (a most unnecessary stimulus), and then leaving me to get out of the fuss and ridicule which ensued as best I could; except this (and it is no small exception), I have ever found him kind and friendly; and there has appeared, of late years, a degree of anxiety on his part to get over the coldness I could not help exhibiting towards him, which (long before this kindness of his to Tom) had softened and subdued me. His letter in announcing his intention to present the sum in question, while he was yet alive, instead of leaving it as a legacy, was friendly, playful, and in good taste; and I was anxious that Tom should in person thank him for the gift; but Hume could not wait.

February 7th. Talk, at breakfast, of the difficulties of the French language; the grammatical incorrectnesses that occur in the best poets. Several pointed out by St. Marc, even in Boileau. Boileau's "*C'est à vous, mon esprit,*" \* &c. The "*Grammaire des Grammaires,*" which was to settle everything, is convicted of errors often itself by the "*Dictionnaire des Difficultés,*" &c. The grammatical error in Gillebert's pretty lines upon Ovid's "Art of Love" —

"C'est le plus agréable guide  
Qu'on peut choisir pour s'égarer."

Whimsical varieties in French pronunciation. Mentioned that Mademoiselle de Souza always says *Champ Elysées*, i. e., without pronouncing the letter *s*, as most people do between the two words. I remember the old Duc de l'Orge used to pronounce the *p*, at the end of *beaucoup*, strongly. Walked home.

20th. To Bath, to meet my sister Ellen (who has written to say she sails from Dub-

\* Boileau's "Ninth Satire."

lin to-day), and to dine with the Crawfords, in pursuance of a long promise. Wrote yesterday to them. Went by the Devizes coach, being driven to Melksham by Tom, in his mamma's donkey carriage. Drove out with Mrs. Crawford, and went to see Prior Park, where I had never before been. Much interested, both with the beauty of the place, and the *Old Light* institution there. Bishop Baines, at present in Italy; but Manners, the musician, having made me known, Mrs. Crawford and myself were escorted through the establishment by some young priests with most marked kindness and attention. Could not do otherwise, of course, by the "Irish Gentleman." One of these young men, a highly intelligent and accomplished person,—his name Hogan,—had passed a great deal of time in France and Italy, and his manners those of a high-bred gentleman. In looking over their library, remarked "Bayle's Dictionary" among the books. "This," I said, "is quite right; this is the true *fearless* spirit." "We have also," he rejoined, smiling at my remark, "a very fine copy of Voltaire." His own study, which he took us to, full of the best and most recent works on physiology and mathematics, which are his principal line of reading. Took the opportunity of looking over some of their theological books in order to ascertain a point connected with the life of St. Columbanus, which I am just now employed upon—a point relating to the question of "The Three Chapters." The young priest begged me to make use of any of their books I might want, and I accordingly brought away with me a volume of "Dupin," and of the "France Littéraire" of the Benedictines. Company at Crawfords to dinner, Mr. West, and Mr. Musgrove; the latter author of a translation of Camoens. Some singing in the evening.

June 13th. A letter from Sir Robert Peel, to say that he had the power, he believed, of making an exchange of his appointment for the Charter House, so as to bring in Russell immediately.

20th. An answer from Lord John Russell, to a letter which I wrote him in the course

of the week, relative to his speech on Monday last; in that letter I said pretty much as follows:—"I cannot help hastening to tell you that you have relieved me from a most heavy weight of suspense and anxiety by your noble speech of Monday last. *Je reconnais mon sang*, if I may apply such a quotation, *roturier* as I am, to the blood of the Russells. But *I do* recognise in that speech all that I have ever admired and loved in you; and, let what will happen with others, you at least come safe and un-singed out of the furnace; and a devil of a furnace it is, to be sure. *Macte virtute* is all I have now time to say. The character of one such man as you is worth all the convocations of bishops and parsons, that ever were yet—convocated. I have no other word for it," &c. &c. Lord John, in his answer, says, "You cannot doubt that I am very much gratified by your letter. My friends, in general, I am glad to say, both in the House and out of it, cheered me on with more praise than I deserved, and I believe, by dint of encouragement, they will at last make me, what by nature I am not, namely, a good speaker. But there are occasions on which one must express one's feelings, or sink into contempt. I own I have not been easy during the period for which I thought it absolutely necessary to suspend the assertion of my opinions, in order to secure peace in this country. If there is no hesitation or shrinking among us at the helm, we shall still pass through the straits in safety; but if there is, I see no sea-mark which can afford hope to the country." He is a noble fellow, Lord John, and (putting my private feelings for him out of consideration) is one of the very few public men,—perhaps with the exception of Abercromby, the *only* one,—about whose course I *now* feel the slightest anxiety or interest.

July 6th to 8th. Alone and hard at work. Have returned again to the commencement of my Irish History, and am (for the fourth or fifth time, I believe) remodelling and re-constructing: have some reason to alter my views, too, respecting the Milesian colonisation. All this will occasion immense diffi-

culty and, worst of all, delay; and I have, besides within this week or two, pledged myself to the Longmans to have the work out by the first of January. How I can manage this, and yet take my intended trip, in the interim, to Ireland, is to me at present inconceivable.

9th. Walked to Bowood to look over some books, and found Guthrie. Some talk about the new crash in the ill-fated Ministry, which, from the intelligence he has received he thinks is at an end. How rapidly and truly they have confirmed all my worst predictions of them! but I cannot think they are even yet out of the scrape. I have always said that they were like Mazeppa, tied fast to the mad horse they had let loose, and must see its course out.

10th to 12th. "All worky, worky," as the negro says, without any change or incident worth noticing, except that I found myself obliged to give up my intention of visiting Ireland this year, from the want both of time and money for such an indulgence.

13th. Received the following curious letter from Con. Lyne, the Irish barrister. I was fully prepared for the effect which those verses of mine in the last *Melodies*, "The Dream of those Days,"\* would, I know, produce on the minds of O'Connell and his worshippers, and the consequent unpopularity I should be exposed to. Con.'s letter was as follows:—

Private and confidential.  
12th July, 1834.

My dear Moore,—I have this moment been with O'Connell, and found him in a state of indescribable excitement at the perusal of one of your last melodies,—Air, "I love you above all the rest." He construes it to contain, as levelled against him, a charge of "dishonour" and ingratitude, in return for the blessings of emancipation. I have endeavoured to put everything *mitiore sensu*, but in vain. He continues to almost rave at what he considers a most

\* "The dream of those days when first I sung thee is o'er."

MOORE'S *Poetical Works*, vol. iv. p. 103.

foul attack upon him. The *note* is what seems to gall him most. Would that you could send me an alleviating word of explanation.

Believe me, dear Moore,  
Most truly and sincerely yours,  
CORNELIUS LYNE.

My answer (which I kept no copy of) was to the purport that I was not surprised at O'Connell's feeling those verses, as I had felt them deeply myself in writing them; but that they were wrung from me by a desire to put on record (in the only work of mine likely to reach after times) that though going along, heart and soul, with the great cause of Ireland, I by no means went with the spirit or the manner in which that cause had been for a long time conducted. "You will recollect," I continued, "that these verses are addressed to Ireland; but I admit that O'Connell had every right to take them directly to himself, as he is, and has been for a long time, to all public intents and purposes, Ireland; and I look upon this as one of the most fatal consequences of his extraordinary career. In a great degree by the predominance of his talents, but, at least in an equal degree, by other qualities, he has cleared away from around him all independent and really public spirited co-operators, and stands alone, the mighty Unit of a Legion of Ciphers; as, without meaning any offence to him, I must consider the great majority of those who now support him in Parliament. This alone is in itself sufficient to lower the standard of public men in Ireland; but there is also another point on which, giving him full credit for moral and conscientious scruples on the subject, I cannot help thinking that O'Connell has done more to lower the once high tone of feeling in Ireland, both public and private, than a whole life of political service, even such as his, can repair. But neither on this, nor on some other points which occur to me, shall I now dwell any further than merely to say, that in those verses, such as they are, *liberavi animam meam*, and that I shall not the less continue to declare, as I have ever done, my own

warm and deep admiration of O'Connell's talents and energy, and my ardent wishes for his success in every measure by which I think the *real* interests of Ireland will be benefited." I then concluded with some civil expressions to Con. himself. In the passage alluding to O'C.'s vow against duelling, I should have wished to explain that I could not possibly mean to find fault with his resolution on this subject, but with his having set the example of exempting the practice of personal abuse from that responsibility to which the code of *gentlemen* had hitherto subjected it. The power of bullying with impunity is one of the last that a friend to civilisation in Ireland would wish to see popularised among its gentry. It was in my mind to add something of this kind, but I thought it as well not to dwell irritatingly on a point that must be so sore with him. The annual stipend, too, from the begging-box, was another of the features of his patriotism, which I forbore to touch on for the same reasons.

14th. I find, in my sketch of the substance of my letter to Lyne, I omitted a very principal part of the contents. After referring to the manner in which O'Connell had cleared the stage of all other performers but himself, I went on to say, that the immense power which resulted from such a position to the individual who occupied it could not in the nature of things be otherwise than abused; and it was against such abuse of power, let it be placed in what hands it might, I had all my life revolted, and would still to the last revolt. "It was on this principle," I added, "that I have lately turned against some of my own most valuable and still-valued friends, because I saw that power had perverted their better natures, and that they were not the same men *with it as without.*"

15th to 17th. My sortie upon O'Connell will be no small trial of the grounds I stand upon with my countrymen. My own opinion is, that it will throw me into the shade for some time; but there will, perhaps, be the more light upon my *grave* for it afterwards, if that's any comfort.

24th. A visit from Bowles. His account of his writing his verses on the Westminster Abbey Festival, while the music was going on, walking off with them between the acts to Nicholls, the printer, and having them in type before dinner, all amusingly characteristic of the man; the verses, too, being some of his best.

26th. Packing up for town. Forgot to mention that I had another letter from Con. Lyne, saying that he had not shown my letter to O'Connell, having consulted Fitzsimon (O'Connell's brother-in-law) on the subject, whose opinion it was that he had better not. My sister Ellen had a letter from her friend, Mrs. Meara, this morning, full of sorrow at the attack on her dear Dan, which she had heard of from Fitzsimon, who had arrived in Dublin, and who told her he had never seen O'Connell so suddenly or violently agitated as he was on reading my verses. He was actually, as she says, moved to tears. This all tells well for Dan; and I have little doubt that he himself, in his calmer moments, feels ashamed of the mountebankism to which his position sometimes drives him. Lyne having, in his last letter, expressed the regret he felt on finding that "I identified O'Connell with those pseudo-patriots whom I so severely and eloquently denounced," I thought it right to remind him, in my answer, that I had confined myself entirely to O'Connell's *manner* of conducting the cause, and had not said a word about his intentions or want of sincerity. I then went on as follows: "A gallant and intelligent friend of mine, in writing to me lately says, 'O'Connell is working well; it were to be wished that he did his work in a nobler manner; but still he does it.' This (I added) is perhaps, after all, the true state of the case, and it is very possible that no other manner of working the cause would be half so effective. But I don't like it, nor ever have liked it, since that disgraceful day, as I must ever consider it, when O'Connell knelt with his wreath before George IV. Byron felt this as if he was himself an Irishman, and so his poem on the subject shows."

27th. Walked in to Devizes, and dined and slept at the Scotts. Talked of an article in the "Monthly Review," upon Gibbon's Miscellaneous Works, written (as Scott said) by Mackintosh, in which, after quoting the passage where Gibbon characterises the different historians who had preceded him, "the careless, inimitable beauties of Hume," &c. &c., Mackintosh proceeded, according to Scott, in a strain of eloquent comment which was not inferior to the best flights of those whom he criticised. Begged me to find out this number of the "Review," and get transcribed for him the passage in question.

29th. To breakfast at Rogers's, where we had Lord Lansdowne, Whishaw, and afterwards the Duke of Sutherland, whom Rogers had asked and forgot, till Lord Lansdowne informed him that he was coming. "Asking Dukes and forgetting them," as I told Rogers, "is now-a-days the poet's privilege." The great Correggio just purchased by the Government is pronounced, it seems, by some critics *not* to be a Correggio; such is the uncertainty of all *picture* knowledge. Rogers, too, showed me after breakfast a small picture of Ludovico Caracci's, for which he himself gave twenty-five louis at Milan; while Lord Lansdowne, for apparently the same picture, gave, some years since, more than 500*l.* in London. Wishing to compare the two, Rogers one morning, having some artists with him to breakfast, wrapped up his Caracci in a napkin, and all went off together to Lansdowne House (the Lansdownes being out of town) for the purpose of comparing the two pictures, when, as he told me, the only difference the artists could see between them was a somewhat greater degree of finish in some parts of his.

30th. Dined at Lord Essex's. Talk with Lord Essex in the evening about Lord Grey; his lamentations at Lord Grey's being out of the Ministry. Endeavoured to convince him that Lord Grey, on the contrary, is in high luck to get so well and so untarnished out of the scrape. It has long been my own opinion, that one of the curses of the position in which these men have placed themselves

is, that they are *doomed* to stay in,—inevitably doomed to abide the issue of what they so rashly commenced; and their late readiness to tumble out (from sheer weakness and disunion), and yet *no* tumbling out seems to confirm this view of the fatality that awaits them.

August 3rd. Took the boys to breakfast at Rogers's, where he had Hughes the American. Some discussion about the existence of slavery in America, and the sort of incubus it is on the breast of that country. Difficulty of shaking it off; "the highest *gentlemen*," Hughes said, are to be found in the Slave States, and seemed to argue as if they were the more high and free-minded from having slaves to trample upon. Rogers opposed to this the instance of England; but certainly almost all free nations have had some such victims to whet their noble spirits upon and keep them in good humour with themselves. The Athenians had their *oukerai*, the Spartans their Helots, the Romans their *Servi*, and the English, till of late, their Catholic Irish. \* \* \*

5th. Breakfasted at home, and afterwards called upon M. de Bonnechose, Librarian to the King of the French. Talking of the state of France, I spoke of the "strong government" which they had now brought upon themselves; and his remark, in return, was, that the government was certainly strong, but that a day or hour might overturn it, so entirely did it depend upon the balance of public opinion. Said that France was never before in possession of real freedom, and quoted what Casimir Delavigne remarked to him, one day, during the *état de siège*, importing (for I forget the exact words) that people at a distance, observing such an outward mark of despotic rule, could little conceive what was yet the fact, that true liberty, for the first time, prevailed *within*. This is just intelligible; but it must at the same time be acknowledged, that sieges of Paris, press prosecutions, domiciliary visits, &c., are rather a novel mode of carrying on a free government.

6th. Dined at Bailey's in Seymour Place.



Company: Bruce Bailey, Sir R. Vivian, Elwyn, Quintin Dick, and one or two more. Talking of extempore oratory, mentioned what Brougham says in his Inaugural Discourse, that "that man will always be the best extempore speaker, *when* necessary, who has been most in the habit of preparing himself sedulously for premeditated speaking." One would think, on the contrary, that a habit of preparing sedulously would beget a fastidiousness fatal to extemporaneous flow. Cicero's only extempore speech (that for Marcellus) his best; but have we the speech as he spoke it?

7th. Dined at Paternoster Row. Barnes, Stuart (of "The Courier"), Col. Torrens, M'Culloch, Phillips the painter, and a few more. In talking of the attempt that had been made to take my portrait, Phillips said, that what the public naturally expected to see in a portrait of me was the gay fancy and wit which they had been accustomed to associate with my writings, and that it was the effort to give this which made my portraits unlike me; whereas the character of my head was deep thoughtfulness. In the course of the day, Phillips related a circumstance, as having happened to Lord Castlereagh, which was evidently a *rifacimento* of a story which I have often told of an event that occurred to myself. People are so fond, when they meet with a stray story, of getting some *high peg* to hang it upon. I have not time now to relate the particulars, but it was concerning a dead robber whom my uncle and myself found lying on the road, in returning early one morning from Sandymount to Dublin. He had been shot just under the eye, and there was no other mark than the small hole through which the bullet had entered. An old woman, who was looking down at the body at the same time with us, said, "It was the blessing of God it didn't hit his eye." Phillip's story was almost word for word the same, and on my telling mine, the whole company agreed that the other must have been a mere transfer of my adventure to Lord Castlereagh. \* \* \*

11th. Dined at Lady Blessington's. Com-

pany: D'Orsay (as master of the house), John Ponsonby, Willis the American, Count Pahlen (whom I saw a good deal of when he was formerly in London, and liked) Fonblanque, the editor of "The Examiner," and a foreigner, whose name I forget. Sat next to Fonblanque, and was glad of the opportunity of knowing him. A clever fellow certainly, and with great powers occasionally as a writer. Got on very well together. Broached to him my notions (long entertained by me) respecting the ruinous effects to literature likely to arise from the boasted diffusion of education; the lowering of the standard that must necessarily arise from the extending of the circle of judges; from letting the mob in to vote, particularly at a period when the *market* is such an object to authors. Those "who live to please must please to live," and most will write down to the lowered standard. All the great things in literature have been achieved when the readers were few; "fit audience find and few." In the best days of English genius, what a comparatively small circle sat in judgment! In the Italian Republics, in old Greece, the dispensers of fame were a select body, and the consequence was a high standard of taste. Touched upon some of these points to Fonblanque, and he seemed not indisposed to agree with me; observing that certainly the present appearances in the world of literature looked very like a confirmation of my views.

12th. Breakfasted at home; made some calls; at Shee's. Showed me a new work, "Naval Recollections," in which there is mention of me, and such as pleases me not a little. The author, it appears, was midshipman on board the "Phaeton" frigate in which I went to America, and describes the regret of the officers of the gun-room when I quitted the ship, adding some kind things about their feelings towards me, which I had great pleasure in reading. To have left such an impression upon honest, hearty, unaffected fellows like those of the gun-room of the "Phaeton," is not a little flattering to me. I remember the first lieutenant say-

ing to me, after we had become intimate "I thought you, the first day you came aboard, the damndest conceited little fellow I ever saw, with your glass cocked up to your eye;" and then he mimicked the manner in which I made my first appearance.

Went to the Hollands, where I found a scene that would rather have alarmed, I think, a Tory of the full dress school. There was the Chancellor in his black frock coat and black cravat; while upon the sofa lay stretched the Prime Minister, also in frock and boots, and with his legs cocked up on one of Lady Holland's fine chairs. Beside him sat Lord Holland, and at some distance from this group was my Lady herself, seated at a table with Talleyrand, and occupying him in conversation to divert his attention from the Ministerial confab at the sofa. Joined these two, being the first time that I was ever regularly introduced to Talleyrand. Was very civil; said Mr. Moore was *très connu en France*. A book lying upon the table which Lady H. had been recommended, and had sent to Paris for it, but would not now read it. This book was Leroy's *Lettres Philosophiques sur l'Intelligence et la Perfectibilité des Animaux*. Talleyrand strongly advised her to read it, and said (in French, for he never speaks English), "lend it to Mr. Moore, and I am sure, after he has read it, he will be of my opinion about it. I remember, when a young man, going *à la chasse* with that Monsieur Leroy, who was Lieutenant des Chasses du Parc de Versailles; and the Abbé Condillac \* was also of the party."

24th. Dined at Bowood: none but ourselves and Guthrie. Conversation after dinner; the want of commanding talent that is now perceptible in every walk of intellect and in every country. The new and forced style of writing that has become popular both in England and France. What happened in the decline of ancient literature in the time of Seneca, Lucan, and later, when men, with the best models of writing

before their eyes, and fully able to appreciate those models, yet sunk into a false and wretched style themselves, till at last the true light became extinct. The same sort of darkness likely to come again over the world. In Italy, men seated among the wonders of their ancient painters, yet produce nothing but monsters themselves, and seem to have wholly lost the tradition of the art. All this excites awful reflections, as showing that, even without the aid of barbarians, another eclipse may come over the nations.

September 18th. Sydney at breakfast made me actually cry with laughing. I was obliged to start up from the table. In talking of the intelligence and concert which birds have among each other, cranes and crows, &c., showing that they must have some means of communicating their thoughts, he said, "I dare say they make the same remark of us. That old fat crow there (meaning himself) what a prodigious noise he is making! I have no doubt he has some power of communicating," &c. &c. After pursuing this idea comically for some time he added, "But we have the advantage of them; they can't put us into pies as we do them; legs sticking up out of the crust," &c. &c. The acting of all this makes two-thirds of the fun of it; the quickness, the buoyancy, the self-enjoying laugh. Talking of Bayle after breakfast, was surprised at Sydney's low opinion of him. Said that you found everything in Bayle but the thing you wanted to find.

Walked with him about the grounds; his conversation, as is usually the case in a *tête-à-tête*, grave and sensible. Discussed O'Connell's character, and though, for the pleasure of the argument (which Sydney delights in) questioning most of my opinions, yet upon the whole I found he agreed with my views. Mentioned his first interview with Dan, who had called upon him, and he went to return the visit. Found some people there, to whom O'Connell presented him, saying, "Allow me to introduce to you the ancient and amusing defender of our faith;" on which Sydney laughingly interrupted him,

\* Condillac, I see, also wrote "Sur les Animaux."

saying, "Of your *cause*, if you please, *not* of your *faith*." Sydney, at dinner, and after, in full force; sometimes high comedy, sometimes farce; both perfect in their ways. Describing a dinner at Longman's; Rees carving; *plerumque secat res*. Talking of the bad effects of late hours, and saying of some distinguished diner-out, that there would be on his tomb, "He dined late" — "and died early," rejoined Luttrell.

Sydney asked me whether he was likely to find a good account of Servetus in Bayle, and I said, most assuredly; it was just the sort of subject on which Bayle would be quite *at home*. "Very well," he answered, "I shall make that the test of my judgment of him."

17th. Sydney triumphing in the confirmation he had found of his opinion of Bayle; there was no *article* on the subject of Servetus in the Dictionary. This is quite true, and certainly singular. There is not even any mention of Servetus that I can find, except once, briefly, in an article on Ochinus. I had said, I believe, to Sydney, "At all events you will find plenty about him in the *Œuvres de Bayle*," and there I was right. In the *Réponse du Nouveau Converti*, tom. ii., Bayle is, as I had answered for, quite *at home* on the subject. I remember, years ago, Dumont praising Castalion as one of the first, if not the first, advocate for religious liberty; but assuredly his silence on Servetus's case told badly for his sincerity in the cause. (See this article of Bayle.)

Lord Lansdowne having, some time since, expressed a wish to see Prior Park, we agreed that, if to-day was fine, he and I should go there. Sydney charging me with a design upon Lord L.'s orthodoxy, and recommending that there should be some sound Protestant tracts put up with the sandwiches in the carriage. The day delicious, and what with the open carriage, the four fleet horses, and agreeable conversation all the way, nothing could be more delightful. Left the horses at Bath, and put on a pair of posters to take us up to the Park. Had given my friend the young priest notice of our coming, and he was prepared to receive

us. My account of his manners, intelligence, &c., to Lord Lansdowne having been (as he richly deserved) highly favourable, I was delighted to observe that without the least effort, he came up fully to all I had said of him. Lord L. delighted with both the place and the priest. In looking over different books in his own study, the quiet with which he waited till we made our remarks on them; and then the intelligence and perfect knowledge of the subject with which he gave his own, was all very striking. On leaving Prior Park, Lord Lansdowne said to me, and repeated the same to Sydney afterwards, "If I had been a Protestant old lady, that place would have alarmed me not a little."

18th. At breakfast Sydney enumerated and acted the different sorts of hand-shaking there are to be met with in society. The *digitary* or one finger, exemplified in Brougham, who puts forth his fore-finger, and says, with his strong northern accent, "How *arre* you? The *sepulchral* or *mortemain*, which was Mackintosh's manner, laying his open hand flat and coldly against yours. The *high official*, the Archbishop of York's, who carries your hand aloft on a level with his forehead. The *rural* or *vigorous* shake, &c. &c. In talking of the remarkable fact that women in general bear pain much better than men, I said that allowing everything that could be claimed for the superior patience and self-command of women, still the main solution of their enduring pain better than men was their having less physical sensibility. This theory of mine was immediately exclaimed against (as it always is whenever I sport it) as disparaging, ungenerous, unfounded, &c. &c. I offered to put it to the test by bringing in a hot tea-pot, which I would answer for the ladies of the party being able to hold for a much longer time than the men. This set Sydney off most comically, upon my cruelty to the female part of the creation, and the practice I had in such experiments. "He has been all his life (he said) trying the sex with hot tea-pots; the burning ploughshare was nothing to it. I think I hear his terrific tone in a *tête-à-tête*. 'Bring a teapot.'"

During my drive yesterday with Lord Lansdowne, in talking of public speaking, I asked him whether he had ever experienced that sort of bewilderment in delivering himself, which he might have observed come over me at the Devizes dinner, and which I had once before experienced for a few moments during my speech at the Revolution Meeting in Dublin some years since, but recovered myself on that occasion almost immediately. He said, to my surprise, that he hardly ever spoke in the House without feeling the approaches of some such loss of self-possession, and found that the only way to surmount it was to talk on, at all hazards. He added, what appears highly probable, that those *common places* which most men accustomed to public speaking have, ready cut and dry, to bring in on all occasions, were, he thought, in general used by them as a mode of getting over those blank intervals, when they do not know *what* to say next, but, in the meantime, must say *something*.

22nd. \* \* \* Mentioned Lady — (I forget who), saying, "Oh you know there's high water at Westminster Bridge, every day, at twelve o'clock." On which somebody gravely answered "There has not been *hitherto*: but I understand the present Lord Mayor means to regulate it so."

25th. Lord John offered to walk with me and see Bessy. A good deal of interesting conversation on the way; full of his usual manly frankness. Told him how much I was in hopes that they would all have got out at the crisis; and he said it was their own hope also. Described his calling upon Lord Melbourne on the subject, and being joined there by Lord Althorp; their all wishing that the King would send to Peel, but, of course, could not propose it, as such a step would give the Tories the power of saying "It was really not our desire to undertake the government under such circumstances, but as these gentlemen confess themselves unable to carry it on, why," &c. &c. Spoke of the King, and how well he deported himself on some of these difficult occasions. What he said to Lord John himself, when

having asked for an audience, Lord John begged that his Majesty would give him leave to make some explanation in the House, in answer to Stanley \* on a point personal to himself. The King in granting the permission, said he had only two suggestions to make, one as to the *matter* of the explanation, and the other as to the *manner*. That in the first place, there should be no more particulars entered into than were absolutely necessary for Lord John's purpose; and next that the *manner* of the explanation should be in no ways offensive to Mr. Stanley. Described a scene at the levee, after it was known that Stanley meant to resign. Lord Melbourne, Lord John, and Stanley being together, laughing at some ridiculous story Melbourne was telling them, while the Tories, who were looking on, supposed from their good humour together, that all was made up. In a few hours after, however, Stanley's speech showed them how mistaken they had been. Lord John very kindly told me that, as long as he was allowed to remain at the Pay Office, he hoped I would always make that my head-quarters when I came to town. \* \* \*

27th. Received a letter a day or two since from Con. Lyne, dated from Derrynane Abbey; in which, after referring to his former resolution (adopted on the advice of Fitzsimon) *not* to show my letters to O'Connell, he proceeds thus: "Since then I had been on a visit with my excellent friend Dr. Sandes of our University; I read to him your letters; and he was of opinion I should show them to O'Connell; that they would disabuse him of any false notion he might entertain as to their contents; and in conformity to that opinion I, to-day, upon O'Connell again referring to the subject, read them to him, and I am rejoiced to say the effect Dr. Sandes contemplated followed; that it went to mitigate and considerably to reduce all personal resentment on the subject. He does not find one fact stated by you which would lead him to regret the course of management he has adopted in advocating the cause of

\* Now the Earl of Derby.

Ireland. As to the present of the garland to George IV. he used it as a means of enlisting the King's feelings on the subject of Emancipation, and it was followed by the publication of Lord Sidmouth's letter. He feels no compunction on the consequences of his 'vow,' however insulting they may have been to himself personally. He thinks and regrets much that you should have betrayed great apathy in the cause of Ireland ever since the measure of Emancipation was effected. The post-boy is mounted and going to start, so I must hastily conclude this incongruous note, but I write it with more than ordinary pleasure. Believe" &c. &c.

In answer to this I wrote to the following purport. It was a great relief to my mind to learn that O'Connell had read those letters; for however my differing with his views might offend him, he would see at least that it was not without reflection I differed, nor without a deep and due sense of his great talents and services in our common cause. "I will confess to you (I went on to say) that much as I have always been in the habit of speaking freely of public men, this is the first time it has ever cost me a pang to do so. The cause, the man (for I have ever personally liked O'Connell), the risk I ran and still run of losing by this step that popularity among my countrymen which is the only reward that remains to me for some personal self-sacrifice, all this, I own, made it a painful and a bitter effort; but I should not have stood so well with my own conscience or self-respect, had I shrunk from it. The feeling began, as I have already told you, as far back as the visit of George IV. to Ireland, when I was living in Paris, and when Byron sent me those truly Irish verses of his, which I got printed at a French press, and distributed among the faithful. It was curious enough that while he vented his Italian feelings on the Irish, I discharged at the same time my Irish rage on the Neapolitans, in verses which you may perhaps have seen: 'Aye, down to the dust with them, slaves as they are.' With respect to what O'Connell says of my lukewarmness in the cause of Ireland, since the

grant of Emancipation, he seems to have forgotten already the praises which he himself, under his own hand, bestowed upon me for the 'courage' of my 'Life of Lord Edward,' and the 'treasonous truths' which he said that work contained. He little knew the extent of the courage he thus praised. It is easy to brave a *public*; but it was in defiance of the representations and requests of some of my own most valued friends that I published that justification of the men of '08—the *ultimi Romanorum* of our country. He appears also to have forgotten my last work, which, though as regards the rest of the world theological, is in its bearings on the popular cause of Ireland deeply political, and so was viewed by enemies who understood me, as it appears, far better than O'Connell. No, I have little fear that the historian (if he ever meddles with such 'small deer' as myself) will say that, hitherto, at least, I have shown any apathy in the cause of Ireland. How far the chill of years, increasing hopelessness as to the result, and such instances of injustice to my humble efforts as O'Connell has here set the example of; how far these combined causes may palsy me in years to come, I know not. But we must only hope for the best; and in the meantime, wishing you, my dear Lyne, among other blessings, less prosy correspondents than myself, I am," &c. &c.

November 2nd to 9th. While Corry was with me, during his late short visit, he mentioned some reader of my "Irish Gentleman" having expressed either wonderment or curiosity to him (I forget which) as to my being a Catholic, — or a Protestant, for I forget which also. But it is an odd thing that people will identify an author with his hero, let the hero be ever so obviously and (in this case) declaredly a fictitious one. I am not (unluckily for myself) one or two-and-twenty like my "Gentleman," nor do I live up two pair of stairs in Trinity College, nor have I been to Germany to consult Scratchenback. Why the deuce then must I be, or have done, any of the other things that my Irish hero was or did? All I have said in that book of the

superiority of the Roman Catholic religion over the Protestant in point of antiquity, authority, and consistency, I most firmly and conscientiously believe; being convinced that the latter faith is but a departure and schism, widening more and more every day, from the system of Christianity professed by those who ought to know most about the matter, namely, the earliest Christians. Thus far, my views agree with those of my hero, and I was induced to put them so strongly upon record from the disgust I feel, and have ever felt, at the arrogance with which most Protestant parsons assume to themselves and their followers the credit of being the only true Christians, and the insolence with which weekly, from their pulpits, they denounce all Catholics as idolaters and antichrist.

10th to 23rd. Hard at work. Nothing else of much moment to me, at least, but to my noble and right honourable friends, the Whigs, a most important event has happened, namely, their being suddenly turned out of office by his Majesty, after four years of dominion; during which more has been done to unsettle, not merely institutions, but principles, than it will be in the power of many future generations to repair. The curious part of the case is, that in the process of converting the great mass of the nation into Radicals, they have most of them transformed *themselves* into Tories. I was among the few (of my *own* party) who foresaw what would be the result of their mad rush into Reform, as may be seen from what I put down of my thoughts, in this Journal, at the time. The country is now fairly in for revolution, and stop it who can.

24th. Bessy went to Devizes for a little shopping, and to stay the night. My poor sister Kate, who for many years has been an invalid, now lies, I fear, in her last illness. Our accounts from dear Ellen, who is employed watching over her night and day, leave but little hopes of any other result. \* \* \*

December 4th. A visit from Lord Lansdowne. Walked about the garden with me for near an hour, talking chiefly of the late

changes. "Well," I said, "you are now a free man." "Yes," he answered, "and you, at least, will not *condole* with me on my freedom." I have never, indeed, made any secret to any of them of my feelings of distaste at their being in office, nor of the little concern it would give me to see them out.

6th. Had written to Barnes, sending him a scribbled copy of a thing I had intended for the paper, but changed my mind while writing it; this being a crisis rather too serious for badinage. Told him my reasons for wishing it not to be published, and added, that though, as he well knew, I was but little disposed to take part with my friends, the Whigs, while in, yet that now they were out, and in their natural position, they would become, I thought, the true rallying point of the country, and that so he would himself, before long, discover. In his answer, which I received to-day, he but too truly points out the weak and helpless condition to which the Whigs had dwindled of late, adding, "Your attachment to them when out — an attachment which you certainly are not forward to express to them when *in* — does credit to your disinterestedness and manly feeling." He then expresses great anxiety that I should do something for the paper, choosing other subjects of course, than those which I thought might, in any way, offend my Whig friends; at the same time adding, that if I could not even thus far assist them at present, his feelings towards me should still remain unaltered, &c. &c. Nothing, indeed, could be more kind and gentlemanlike than his note.

18th to 31st. From this time my journalising has been far more interrupted and neglected than ever I remember it to have been since I began the task; the pressure of my "History" on one side, and the demands of society on the other, leaving me no disposable leisure whatever. About the middle of this month my poor sister Kate was released from her sufferings.

January 20th, 1835. Had promised Lord Lansdowne to come over and meet Lord John when he arrived. Though run to the last extremity now for time, I must be hard

pressed indeed when I could not find a moment for "Johnny." Found when I arrived at Bowood that he was not to come till to-morrow.

21st. Walked home after breakfast to work, and returned to dinner. Lord John just come. Highly pleased with the result of his election in Devonshire, and with all he had seen there. I had written to him immediately after the turn-out of the Ministry, to say how much I rejoiced at the event; that nothing, I thought, could be more fortunately contrived for the future interests of the party than the moment and the manner of their ejection; as they would have been sure, before long, to have tumbled out, *proprio motu*, upon some not very popular grounds, perhaps; whereas now the responsibility all lay upon other shoulders, and they would be sure to be *relevés* in popular esteem by the event. This, if not in words, was at least the substance of what I wrote to him, and I added, in a postscript, that Mrs. Moore could not at all understand my being so glad at the turn-out. In a letter he wrote to me from Devonshire, he said, "I confess that I too was, like Mrs. Moore, somewhat puzzled by your congratulations, but, from what I have seen since I came among the people here, I am inclined to think you were right." He repeated the same thing to me now, and said that he had found many persons who, it appeared, had not been altogether pleased with him, as a Minister, now full of zeal for him as a popular candidate. \* \* \*

February 11th. The Longmans beginning to be alarmed at the state of my progress in the printing, and though working from morning to night, and despatching my corrections far more rapidly than I ought, am beginning myself also to be apprehensive that it will be impossible for me to be ready in time. Wrote to ask them whether, by any good chance, there was not some other "monthly gentleman" they could put in my place; but they answered, "No; that Dr. Lardner, who was now in Paris, had depended upon my being ready; that my book had been very extensively advertised, and they had no other to substitute instead of it."

Nothing left for me, therefore, but to run up to town, and see what I could do by working on the spot. Very worrying all this, and for the first time in my literary life making me feel myself a thorough *hack*. As I wrote to Rogers, some time since, "Had I anticipated this sort of thing, I would have seen Dionysius the Tyrant with his dead namesake before I would have tied myself to such a task." \* \* \*

18th. Dr. Lardner made his appearance, and the matter beginning to look serious, a consultation was held by us all in the little back parlour. At last, after much deliberation and suggestion, it came out that what I had proposed from the country, — namely, that they should put some other "monthly gentleman" in my place, — *was*, after all, practicable, and would be adopted. They had, it appeared, a volume of the "Germanic Empire" in readiness, and, to my great joy, now agreed to produce it instead of mine. The only thing at all to be blamed in them was, that they did not do this from the first; but Longman, it appeared, had been particularly anxious to have my volume out. Felt myself comparatively now a free man (though aware that it would still require my utmost exertions to be ready even for the first of April), and towards five o'clock sallied out for a walk towards the West End.

I had begged of the Lansdownes (who came up to town the day after I left them) not to mention my being in London to *any one*, as I meant to remain buried in the Row till my task was finished. One of the first persons I now met at Brookes's was Lord Lansdowne, who burst out into exclamations on seeing me, "What, you! the recluse of the Row, that wasn't to be seen or heard of: that gave me such injunctions of secrecy," &c. &c. He would hardly let me tell him the real circumstances of the case, so amused was he at my apparition in this very centre of the London world, after all my repeated and earnest injunctions.

19th. At work all day, but with somewhat less painful urgency. Towards evening set out for the West, intending to dine

at Brookes's, if I met with nothing better. Found there a great number assembled, peers and others not members of the House of Commons waiting the result of the great trial of strength this evening on the question of the Speakership. Immense anxiety, and reports of the progress of the debate coming in from time to time. Post hour at length approaching, and the letters still kept open for the chance of the news arriving in time to be communicated to country friends. But no intelligence arrived, and many sat down to seal their letters, when a young fellow (Dundas, I believe,) came running breathless into the room, and cried out, "Won it by ten! won it by ten!" He was soon encircled, and questioned, and pulled about by one and another, while the whole party hurrahed and shook hands, and were as uproarious as a party of school boys. Instantly all the letters that had been sealed were again opened, and every one sat down to communicate the joyful news to his correspondent; but had not proceeded far, when a sort of panic of doubt seized them all at the same moment as to whether the news just brought might be depended upon, Dundas's only authority for it having been a man whom he saw running into Abercromby's house (not far from Brookes's), and shouting upstairs to Mrs. Abercromby, "Won it by ten." All now sat looking at each other, bewildered with the unfinished letters before them, and even our enthusiastic informant himself was beginning to be infected with the general distrust, when a whole party from the House came trooping in (Denison, the mover of Abercromby, among the rest), and no doubt was any longer left of the victory. Denison himself was hurrahed, and hugged, and twirled about like a top, and the whole group gave one as little notion of a party of grave and mature legislators as can well be conceived. The cry was then, "Let's all dine here." Some scruples were stated by one or two as to not being dressed, but these were soon overruled, and frock coats were the order of the day. I had before agreed with Lord Ducie to join him at the House dinner here,

which had been prepared only for nine or ten persons; but we now sat down a party of more than thirty (the waiters having added what they could to the repast), and Denison was put in the chair, with the Duke of Argyle on one side of him, and Lord Ducie on the other. I got seated between young Moreton and old Sir R. Heron. Toasts were drunk with hip, hip, hurra, &c. and all was very merry. On our adjourning to the other room, found a number of the members assembled; among others, Lord Lansdowne, who said to me, "Why, you are the greatest party man going." He had asked me in the morning to come to dine at Lansdowne House on Sunday or Monday next. Rogers also among the assembled politicians.

20th. After some hours' work, set off westward. Wrote my letters at Brookes's, and from thence to Rogers's; a good speculation, as it turned out. His servant, on opening the door, asked eagerly, "Are you come to dine here, Sir? Mr. Wordsworth is coming." Found that Rogers, though engaged out himself, had asked Wordsworth and his wife, who are just arrived in town, to dinner. Mrs. Wordsworth not well enough to come, but Rogers, W., and myself sat down to dinner at half past five, and our host having done the honours of the table to us till near seven o'clock, went off to his other engagement and left us *tête-à-tête*.

My companion, according to his usual fashion, very soliloquacious, but saying much, of course, that was interesting to hear. In one of my after-dinner conversations with the people of the Row lately, they had told me that they were about to publish a new volume of poems for Wordsworth, and that an interest was evidently excited by their announcement, which showed that the public were still alive to the claims of good poetry. They then expressed a strong wish that I would undertake a new poem; and on my saying, that I doubted much the power of any poet at this moment to make an impression upon the public, dosed as they had been with rhymes



so *usque ad nauseam*, they all agreed, to my surprise, in declaring that a poem from me would be as successful a speculation just now as any they could name, and all concurred in urging me to think of it. This, of course, was agreeable to me to hear; though I confess I am not the less sceptical as to the soundness of their opinion, men of business being (from their speculation, I suppose,) the greatest of all castle-builders: we poets are nothing to them. Told as much of this to Wordsworth as he himself was concerned in, sinking or softening down my own share in the honour, though Rogers (who was by part of the time) *would* try and fasten upon me some little self-ostentation on the subject. This led to Wordsworth's telling me, what certainly is no small disgrace to the taste of the English public, of the very limited sale of his works, and the very scanty sum, on the whole, which he had received for them, not more, I think, than about a thousand pounds in all. I dare say I must have made by my writings at least twenty times that sum; but then I have written twenty times as much, such as it is. In giving me an account of the sort of society he has in his neighbourhood in the country, and saying that he rarely went out to dinner, he gave a very intelligible picture of the sort of thing it must be when he *does* go out. "The conversation," he said, "may be called *catechetical*; for, as they do me the honour to wish to know my opinions on the different subjects, they ask me questions, and I am induced to answer them at great length till I become quite tired." And so he does, I'll warrant him; nor is it possible, indeed, to edge in a word, at least in a *tête-à-tête*, till he *does* get tired. I was, however, very well pleased to be a listener.

Spoke of the immense time it took him to write even the shortest copy of verses, — sometimes whole weeks employed in shaping two or three lines, before he can satisfy himself with their structure. Attributed much of this to the unmanageableness of the English as a poetical language: contrasted it with the Italian in this respect, and repeated a stanza of Tasso, to show how naturally the

words fell into music of themselves. It was one where the double rhymes, "*ella*," "*nella*," "*quella*," occurred, which he compared with the meagre and harsh English words "she," "that," "this," &c. &c. Thought, however, that, on the whole, there were advantages in having a rugged language to deal with; as in struggling with words one was led to give birth to and dwell upon thoughts, while, on the contrary, an easy and mellifluous language was apt to tempt, by its facility, into negligence, and to lead the poet to substitute music for thought. I do not give these as at all *his words*, but rather my deductions from his sayings than what he actually said. Talked of Coleridge, and praised him, not merely as a poet, but as a man, to a degree which I could not listen to without putting in my protest. \* \* \* Hinted something of this in reply to Wordsworth's praises, and adverted to Southey's opinion of him, as expressed in a letter to Bowles, (saying, if I recollect right, that he was "lamented by few, and regretted by none,") but Wordsworth continued his eulogium. Defended Coleridge's desertion of his family on the grounds of incompatibility, &c. between him and Mrs. Coleridge: said that Southey took a "rigid view" of the whole matter; and, in short, made out as poor a case for his brother bird (and proser), as any opponent of the latter could well desire.

In speaking of Byron's attacks upon himself, seemed to think they all originated in something Rogers told Byron of a letter written by him (Wordsworth) to a lady who applied to him for contributions to some miscellany. Being in a little fit of abstraction at the moment, I did not well attend to the particulars of this anecdote; but it seemed to imply such gratuitous mischief-making on the part of Rogers, that, imperfectly as I had collected the facts, I pronounced at once that Wordsworth must have been misinformed on the subject. He said he would ask Rogers about it, and I intended to do the same, but it went out of my mind. In remarking upon the causes of an author's popularity (with reference to his

own failure, as he thought, in that respect), he mentioned, as one of them, the frequent occurrence of quotable passages, — of lines that dwelt in people's memories, and passed into general circulation. This, he paid me the compliment of saying, was the case very much with my writings; but the tribute was a very equivocal one, as he intimated that he did not consider it to be the case with his own, — and one knows well what he considers the standard of perfection. I did not like to appear to bandy compliments, otherwise I could have contradicted his notion, that there were not many lines of his widely and popularly remembered. And here I do not allude to those which are remembered only to be laughed at, such as —

"I've measured it from side to side,  
'Tis three feet long and two feet wide;"

or the doggerel of Peter Bell, &c. &c., but to such touching things as, "Thoughts that lie too deep for tears," and the imaginative line, "Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns," as well as several others of the same character that have spread beyond the circle of his devoted admirers, and become universally known. On the subject of Coleridge, as a writer, Wordsworth gave it as his opinion (strangely, I think,) that his prose would live and deserved to live; while, of his poetry, he thought by no means so highly. I had mentioned the "Genevieve" as a beautiful thing, but to this he objected: there was too much of the sensual in it. \* \* \*

23rd. \* \* \* Went from Lord Essex's to the Hollands. Found there Lord Brougham, Lord Melbourne, Cowper, Granville, Lord J. Russell, Duke of Richmond, &c. &c. It was amusing to see the Duke of Richmond with Lord John, whom he had not met for some time, and whom he patted on the back and played with like a schoolboy, quizzing him good-humouredly upon some of the points on which they now differ in politics. It softens one's view of the public drama to see such goings on behind the scenes. \* \* \*

24th. \* \* \* Dinner at Rogers's. Com-

pany: Sydney Smith, Eastlake the painter, and another artist whose name I cannot now recall. Eastlake told of a dinner given to Thorwaldsen the sculptor, at Rome, Wilkie presiding in the chair, and making a very eloquent speech on the occasion, which it seems he is very capable of, though so tiresomely slow of words in society. In speaking of Thorwaldsen, he described him as "coming from the north to warm the marbles of the south with his genius;" and this poetical slight being very much applauded, Thorwaldsen, who sat next to Eastlake, begged that he would interpret it to him. "He speaks of you," said Eastlake, "as a great artist *chi è venuto dal settentrione per riscaldar i marmi.*" "*Riscaldar i marmi!*" exclaimed Thorwaldsen, puzzled at the metaphor, "*che vuol dire?*" "*Col suo genio.*" continued Eastlake, which at once solved the difficulty, and very much to the great sculptor's satisfaction. "*Ah, sì,*" he replied. Canova said of the numerous portraits painted of himself, that they were all different; and the reason was, that each artist mixed up, unconsciously, something of his own features with the resemblance. On Eastlake's mentioning this to Thorwaldsen, the latter said this was particularly the case with the heads done by Canova, as they were all like his own, — "*fin' ai cavalli.*"

\* \* \* \* \*

27th. At work as usual in the morning. Dined at Holland House, and arrived but just as they had sat down to dinner, their hour being very early, — soon after six. Found there Burdett and Lord Plunket, and, about the middle of the dinner, came Lord John, in his frock coat, from the House, not having had time to dress. Talked of (what has been lately, it seems, mentioned in the House, though I do not remember to have ever before heard of it,) the curious and disgraceful circumstance of our famous M'N —, in Dublin, having been for many years in the pay of the Irish Government, and regularly reporting to them the proceedings of the Liberals and United Irishmen he habitually lived with. Lord Plunket seemed to admit that there was no doubt of the fact.

Lord Holland amused with my saying how much I used to look up to this L— M'N—, on account of some songs in a successful opera which he wrote,—“Robin Hood.” I remember “Charming Clorinda” was one of the songs I used to envy him being the author of. M'N— was lame (having a dislocated hip), and Lord Plunket told the story of a limping man asking Keller (I think) one day, in the Court, “Did you see M'N—go this way?” “By G—, I never saw him go otherwise,” answered Keller. It is said to have been in a duel that M'N— received the wound in the hip that lamed him; and, on a subsequent occasion, when he was again going out to fight, a friend of his, when he was on the way to the ground, called him back and said gravely to him, “I'd advise you, Mac, to turn the other hip to him; who knows but he may shoot you straight.” Mentioned this as a pendant to Lord Plunket's story. Was much struck by the strongly Irish manner of Lord Plunket; either this manner has increased, or else he was now under less restraint than on former occasions when I have met him; but it sounded in my ears *Dublin* all over. Some budinage of my Lady with Sir Francis, on his late libations in his political orbit. \* \* \*

We then passed to still higher ground, Rogers's good and kind qualities, the services he renders to people in distress, which I believe to be frequent. I mentioned the readiness with which he once advanced 400*l.* to Campbell, to enable him to purchase a share in “The Metropolitan;” which circumstance Campbell himself told me, and which I believe I have mentioned in this Journal. Campbell found afterwards that the speculation would not be to his advantage, and returned the money. I then adverted to my own experience of R.'s kindness in this way, saying (what is the simple fact) that he is the only man to whom, when in want of money, I could bring myself to apply for assistance; that I *have* so applied, and of course not in vain. When I began saying that he was the only man to whom I could, &c. &c., Lady Holland said, “Yes, you little proud thing, every one knows that!”

Hobhouse came in the evening: had some talk with him. Told me that Byron's monument had arrived, but remained still packed up, the authorities of the Abbey still refusing to give it admission. To place it where Byron is buried would, he thinks, be throwing it away; but I don't know whether, after all, it is not (next to the Abbey) the best place.

28th. \* \* \* Forgot to mention that I breakfasted in the morning at Rogers's, to meet the new poet, Mr. Taylor, the author of “Van Artevelde:” our company, besides, being Sydney Smith and Southey. Van Artevelde, a tall, handsome young fellow. Conversation chiefly about the profits booksellers make of us scribblers. I remember Peter Pindar saying, one of the few times I ever met him, that the booksellers drank their wine, in the manner of the heroes in the Hall of Odin, “out of authors' skulls.”

March 1st. Dined at Rogers's, to meet Barnes: an entirely *clandestine* dinner. None of our Whig friends in the secret; and R. had been a good deal puzzled as to who he should ask to meet him. Tried Lord Lyndhurst, with whom Barnes is intimate; and he would have come had he not been engaged. Could then think of none but Turner the painter; and he, Barnes, and myself formed the whole of the guests. \* \* \* Had some talk with Turner in the evening. Mentioned to him my having sometimes thought of calling in the aid of the pencil to help me in commemorating, by some work or other, the neighbourhood in which I have now so long resided. The recollections connected with Bowood (where so many of the great ones of the time have passed in review before us—Byron, Madame de Stäel, Mackintosh, &c.); the ancient and modern associations that give such a charm to Lacock Abbey; the beauty and music of Farley Castle; the residences of Bowles and Crabbe; the Druidical vestiges in so many directions,—all would afford subjects such as might easily be rendered interesting, while the natural beauties of this immediate neighbourhood, though hardly worthy, perhaps, of the pencil of a Turner, would supply scenes of

calm loveliness, to which his fancy could lend an additional charm. All this I now put down here rather as what was *in my mind* to say to him than as what I actually did say; for he interrupted me by exclaiming "But Ireland, Mr. Moore, Ireland! There's the region connected with your name. Why not illustrate the whole life? I have oftener longed to go to that country; but am, I confess, afraid to venture myself there. Under the wing of Thomas Moore, however, I should be safe." \* \* \*

5th. Called at the Charter House to take leave of the boys. Saw Saunders, and had some conversation with him about Tom, whom he said he could now pronounce to be very much improved in every respect. The having his brother with him had, as he (S.) anticipated, steadied him; and, being a boy of good principle, there was now, he thought, everything to hope from him. Asked me what my intentions were respecting him, as it would be now soon necessary to decide, in order that he might regulate the remaining course of Tom accordingly. The sum allowed at college from the foundation was at first about 80*l.* a year, and afterwards about 100*l.*, making an average altogether (as I understood him) of 100*l.* a year. To this he added, to my astonishment, I should have to add 150*l.* a year: and gave it, as his opinion, that a boy ought not to have less! He must surely give me credit for having far more than I have or ever *shall* have to talk thus to me. But such is the ruinous system of English schools and colleges; the chief and often the only thing they teach a youth is extravagance; and, from what I can learn, the tutors are among the foremost in encouraging this wasteful and demoralising system: they seem to take a sort of vulgar pride in the style of living of their pupils. Endeavoured, without making too great a parade of my poverty, to let him understand how inconsistent with my humble means, or prospects, was the allowance of 250*l.* a year for my son's maintenance in college. \* \* \*

Some talk with — about the present state of affairs. \* \* \* On the whole, I must say, that the Whig party is fast losing,

in my eyes, those claims to respect which I was once inclined to allow them. It has been, indeed, one of the natural consequences of the Reform Bill, that, in proportion as it has reduced the power of the Tories, it has improved, of course, the chances of the Whigs in all future struggles between them for power; and this change in the relative position of the two parties is bringing rapidly into play some of the most disagreeable characteristics of both. Long possession of place, and the apparent certainty of its future tenure, gave to the Tories all that repose which a consciousness of power usually generates; they could afford, from their feeling of security, to be civil, and even liberal; and their elevation being not from birth, but position, and therefore accessible to all, was more intelligible, and therefore less offensive than pretensions derived from the Herald's Office. On the other hand, the Whigs were surrounded, from their political position, with extrinsic advantages and associations which threw into the shade or rendered inactive all that was intrinsically unpopular in them. The aristocratic pride which is chiefly found among that party was a good deal softened down, and even lost sight of, in their habitual advocacy of the cause of the people, and the intimate connection with popular leaders to which it introduced them; while the little chance there appeared, for many years past, of their being ever called to the direction of public affairs, made them far more efficient and thorough-going, as democratic leaders, by rendering hopeless all that sort of speculation on the possible turn of events which makes politicians in general far-sighted and cautious, and leads them to *lace* in and shape their opinions while in opposition so as to fit them for future entrance into the narrow portals of power. All this is now changed, and, as far as regards the *individuals*, by no means for the better. In losing their power, the Tories have also lost temper; and (as happens with many other offensive things when disturbed) all the worst odour of their political doctrines is brought out by the alarm and agitation into which they have been thrown.

On the other hand, the short taste of the sweets of power with which the Whigs have been regaled has evidently intoxicated the whole party; and their bearing in authority, from wanting that mellowness which a long course of possession gave to the others, has the misfortune of being neither imposing nor conciliatory; but while it reminds one constantly of their station, too often fails, at the same time, to inspire much respect for it. When I say this I mean it of the party generally, and of almost all the *understrappers*. Some of the leaders—as, for instance, Lord Lansdowne, Lord John, and, I may add perhaps, Lord Melbourne,—furnish exceptions to the remark, though even they are far better men *out of office* than *in*. The aristocratic prejudices of the party have already been shown in their choice of the materials of their ministries; and the same patrician exclusiveness which drove Canning to adopt early the resolution of keeping clear of a party, by whose lordly branches he foresaw he would be over-shadowed, still exists in full pride and force. Neither Canning, indeed, nor Peel, would have ever risen to be Prime Ministers, had they first started into political existence under the “*umbrage broad*” of the Whigs. What! the son of a cotton-spinner take the *pas* of a Lord Morpeth or a Lord Duncannon! Impossible! We shall before long, however, see what it will all come to; even in our own times we shall, I think, see the *dénouement*.

8th to 20th. Set in hard at work at the remainder of my volume, never going beyond my garden, nor, indeed, tempted to go further; this neighbourhood, in the absence of the Lansdownes and the Fieldings, being to me always a *mare mortuum*.

21st. Sent up the last corrections. Had begun a short preface to prefix to the volume, but had not time to finish it, and so was obliged to let it go *without*.

27th. A letter from my friend, the priest at Prior Park, who, it appears, has not received my book, though I ordered one of the first copies to be sent to him. In his letter he says, “In a hasty glance I have taken of

your book, it struck me that you have adopted the common opinion in this country, of the doctrines of Spinoza being atheistical. Dugald Stewart, in his dissertation, prefixed to the ‘*Encyclopædia Britannica*,’ is very indignant that a professor of theology (Dr. Paulus) should have been the editor of his works (in 1802). The truth is, that the doctrines of Spinoza, as well as those of a man of great genius, though more unfortunate, Giordano Bruno, are quite the reverse. As philosophical systems I might regret both, but not on account of their atheistical tendency.” In answering him, I said that “I certainly *was* under the impression very generally received, not only in this country, but among the learned of the continent (as Bayle’s elaborate article on the subject proved) that the system of Spinoza was tantamount to Atheism; but that I should be very glad to find myself in the wrong, as Spinoza, from all the accounts of him, seemed to be a very good sort of a man, and, though evidently vain of his strange opinions, appeared to be conscientious in maintaining them.” I might have added that the circumstance of Dr. Paulus (one of the German rationalist school), editing the works of Spinoza, would not much alter my notion of their orthodoxy.

28th to 30th. The day I met Wordsworth at dinner, at Rogers’s, the last time I was in town, he asked us all in the evening to write something in a little album of his daughter’s, and Wilkie drew a slight sketch in it. One of the things Luttrell wrote was the following Epitaph on a man who was run over by an omnibus:—

“Killed by an omnibus—why not?  
So quick a death a boon is.  
Let not his friends lament his lot,—  
*Mors omnibus communis.*”

As an instance of very close translation, he gave me the following of his own, from the well-known Epigram *Χρυσον αυτη εβρωρ, &c.*

“A thief found gold and left a rope, but he who could not find  
The gold he left, tied on the rope the thief had left behind.”

May 3rd. Bowles, who has not preached for a long time, was induced, by Mrs. Moore's entreaties, to give us a sermon this morning; and we were all much interested by his discourse. The manner in which it was delivered was very touching, and the feeling throughout *Christian* in every sense of the word.

7th. A letter from Lord John Russell, written, as appears from the date, on Sunday last, the day preceding that of the election, on which so much now depends. This letter, so honourable to him in every point of view, is as follows:—

"My dear Moore,—I have been too busy since I last saw you to be able to write on any but public concerns. Having, however, a little time to spare to-day, I wish to consult you on your own private affairs. I am now in a better position than I formerly was for serving my friends. Still there are very few opportunities of finding any situation that will suit a gentleman who does not belong to a profession. It has occurred to me, that a pension for one or both of your sons might be a source of comfort to you in days of sickness or lassitude. But, perhaps, on the contrary, the offer might be displeasing to you, and I do not like to speak to Melbourne upon it without consulting you. If you have anything else to suggest which is more agreeable to your wishes, pray tell me freely as an old friend, and I will answer you as a friend, and not as a minister." \* \* \*

9th. Answered Lord John's letter, as well as I can recollect as follows, not having kept any copy of my answer:—"My first feelings on receiving your letter yesterday were those of surprise, joy, and thankfulness. I had long, indeed, given up those dreams which may in former days have haunted me with respect to my chances of being ever thought of by my great friends in the way of place or office; partly because time and other circumstances have made me a different person to serve, and partly because I began to suspect that what Swift says in one of his letters might possibly be the truth. I never, he says, 'knew a Ministry do any-

thing for those whom they had made the companions of their pleasures.' You have shown, however, that this is not the case and I feel most gratefully, I assure you, your kindness in thinking of my poor wants in the midst of so many cares and distractions of your own. With respect to the manner in which you propose to serve me, by procuring pensions for my two boys, you have perhaps chosen the only mode of affording me pecuniary help which I should not instantly decline. I do not know whether I have told you, that when my father died, Lord Wellesley, then Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, sent very kindly to me to offer a pension for my mother. This, however, coming as it did from a party adverse to my own political opinions, I thought it right to decline, and the Lansdownes, among others, were of opinion that my doing so was foolish. That I want help is but too true. I live from hand to mouth, and not always very sure that there will be anything in the *former* for the *latter*. You may have some notion of my means of my going on when I tell you that for my last published volume I received 750*l.*, and that I was two years and a half employed upon it. You should not have been annoyed at this View of the Interior, but for your own kind consideration of my wants; so you see what you have brought upon yourself. But to come to the point; to *be*, or *not* to be a pensioner, that is the question. If only myself, or even my other self into the bargain, were concerned, I think I should not hesitate as to the answer I would give; but I confess the responsibility of refusing such timely aid for my two poor boys is more than I can take upon myself to encounter. All I can say, therefore, at present is, that I leave the matter entirely in your hands, begging you to think, feel, and act for me in that capacity which you have always shown yourself so worthy to fill, of a sincere, warm friend. You may even, I think, call Lord Melbourne also into council, as I have known him at least long enough to count a little upon his goodwill. Whatever you and he think I *may* do, I *will* do. Ever," &c. &c.

16th. A note from Lord John, enclosing me one to himself from Lord Melbourne. The former is as follows:—

My dear Moore,—I send you Melbourne's reply to my note, enclosing yours. His reasons for preferring the father to the children are perhaps good; at all events, I believe him to be strongly impressed with them, as he urged the same thing to me in conversation.

I remain,  
Yours faithfully,  
J. RUSSELL.

The following is Lord Melbourne's letter to him:—

My dear John,—I return you Moore's letter. I shall be ready to do what you like about it, when we have the means. I think whatever is done should be done for Moore himself. This is more distinct, direct, and intelligible. Making a small provision for young men is hardly justifiable; and is of all things the most prejudicial to themselves. They think what they have much larger than it really is, and make no exertion. The young should never hear any language but this:—You have your own way to make, and it depends upon your own exertions whether you starve or not.

Believe, &c.  
MELBOURNE.

25th. Off early in the donkey chaise for Melksham to take the coach for Bath, Tom riding. Too early by near an hour for the coach. Walked on. Found Corry, as I half expected, in the coach, and who should be on the top but H. B—— (the famous caricaturist). Invited him inside with myself and Corry, to whom I introduced him. Corry and I called at Crawford's. Rejoined H. B——, whom we found gazing very intently at one of his own last productions (The Merry-go-round) at the window of a print shop. Corry, who thought it was the first time he had seen it, very amusingly undertook to explain it to him. "This, you see, is Lord John Russell," &c. Not knowing

what might be the present state of H. B——'s secret, I took him aside, and asked him whether it still continued to be as well kept as when I was last in town. He answered that it *was*, most marvellously so: that the *name* had got about a little, but nothing more. I then said that I would myself of course continue to respect the secret, as I hitherto had done, but that otherwise it would have given me great pleasure to let Corry into so amusing a mystery.

28th. Forgot to mention, among the things Corry told me, his having called upon O'Connell, and in the course of conversation having alluded to the differences that had arisen between him, O'Connell, and two of his (Corry's) friends, meaning Maurice Fitzgerald and myself. As far as I could collect from him, O'Connell got rid of *my* part of the matter with his usual adroitness, complaining that I had linked my attack upon the poor Catholics (as he chose to call it) with "immortal verse."

June 1st to 9th. Was reminded by Corry the other day of a few old jokes and stories, some of them not bad. Among other happy sarcasms of Redmond Barry on John Crampton, he said once in answer to Corry, who was praising Crampton's performance of some particular character a night or two before, "Yes, he played that part pretty well; he *hadn't time to study it!*"

12th to 30th. Had two amusing visits from Bowles. His profound astonishment at a card I showed him from the Duchess of Kent, inviting me to meet their Majesties the 25th of this month. "Good God, what an honour! You mean to go up, don't you?" His surprise on my telling him that I hadn't the slightest notion of doing so. Went to dine one of these days at Hughes's at Devizes. Our chief guest Dr. Thackeray, the Provost of King's. An anecdote of Dr. Barnes, who is now about ninety-five years of age, rather amused me. Being sometimes (as even younger men might be) inclined to sleep a little during the sermon, a friend who was with him in his pew one Sunday lately, having joked with him on his having nodded now and then, Barnes insisted he

had been awake all the time. "Well, then," said his friend, "can you tell me what the sermon was about?" "Yes, I can," he answered, "it was about half an hour too long." It is possible this joke may be even older than Barnes himself, but I don't remember ever hearing it before.

August 2nd. A letter from Lord John, telling me of a place just vacant, by the death of Mr. Lemon, in the State Paper Office, and making me an offer of it. Wrote to decline the kindness, but have not time just now to state the why or the wherefore. \* \* \*

7th. To Liverpool by the railroad; a grand mode of travelling, though, as we were told, ours was but a poor specimen of it, as we took an hour and a half to do the thirty-two miles, which rarely requires more than an hour and a quarter or twenty minutes. The motion so easy that I found I could write without any difficulty *chemin faisant*. Went to the Post Office for a letter I expected from Lord Lansdowne, enclosing an introduction which I had asked him to favour me with to some of his acquaintance in Liverpool. His letter, which I found waiting for me, contained one addressed to Mr. Currie, the son of the late literary Dr. Currie, and was also filled with matter far more important, which I shall here transcribe. I have already mentioned my having received before I left home a letter from Lord John, offering me the place of Head Clerk in the State Paper Office; salary 300*l.* a year, with coals, candles, &c. Lord John himself, in making this offer, expressly stated that he did not advise me to accept it (I cannot now find his letter); and the reason I gave for my refusal of it was, that the duties of the place, while they would occupy the whole of my time, would give me not near so much income as I was now making in a far more agreeable manner. To this correspondence Lord Lansdowne alludes in the letter I received from him at Liverpool, which after a few words relating to the introduction to Mr. Currie, thus proceeds:—

"I now turn to a very different subject. Not having seen J. Russell that morning, I did not know when I wrote some hasty

lines to you from the House of Lords that he had written that day to offer you the head clerkship of the State Paper Office. He has shown me this morning your letter wisely, I think, declining it. But the circumstance induces me no longer to delay writing to you, though I had intended waiting till I could see and talk to you at leisure. Various circumstances, at the same time, indicate that our ministerial life is more uncertain than ever, and I could not therefore forgive myself for not pressing what I am about to state on your consideration.

"Immediately after the Administration was reconstructed, I had some conversation with Melbourne about giving you a pension, which I was sure ought to be official, and *equally convinced* you ought to accept. He showed himself most willing, but told me there were no means left at our disposal. On reverting to the subject again within these few days, I collected there was now or might be very soon an opportunity.

"Now let me implore of you to authorise me to bring this to a point. Let me ascertain whether, as I believe, the means now exist, and bring Melbourne to a point upon it. No human being can blame either the Government for giving or you for accepting. The Administration is one of a more popular character as respects your Irish opinions than any which has existed or is likely to exist; and your literary reputation is so established that there is not a country under the sun where literary rewards as distinctions exist, in which you would not be recognised as the first and most deserving object of them. I say nothing of your own particular feelings, but as far as public decision goes I speak most confidently; indeed, much more so than I should with respect to such an appointment as that lately filled by Mr. Lemon, which was one of laborious detail. Let me therefore hear from you without delay. Indeed, though much hurried, I could not allow the day to pass without writing, and I will answer for Melbourne doing all that is possible; indeed, John told me he could now authorise me to say so distinctly. Yours ever, Lansdowne." \* \* \*



8th. Landed at Kingston about seven and proceeded to Salt Hill, the new tavern, where we breakfasted (in company with Sir Thomas Brisbane and Kane), dressed, and were then transported along the railroad to Dublin. Nothing could look more prosperous and *riant* than the whole of this approach to the metropolis. Left Hume at his brother's in Kildare Street, and proceeded to dear Nell's (11, N. Cumberland Street), where I found not only a warm welcome, which I was already sure of, but also rooms prepared for me as nice and comfortable as any lord could give me. This a most welcome surprise, as I had fancied she could not lodge me, and the being thus with *her* and at *home* makes all the difference in my comfort. She gives me her own bedroom, but has been accommodated with another one, over it, for herself. \* \* \*

13th. Drove about a little in Mrs. Meara's car, accompanied by Hume, and put in practice what I had long been contemplating — a visit to No. 12, Aungier Street, the house in which I was born. On accosting the man who stood at the door, and asking whether he was the owner of the house, he looked rather gruffly and suspiciously at me, and answered "Yes;" but the moment I mentioned who I was, adding that it was the house I was born in, and that I wished to be permitted to look through the rooms, his countenance brightened up with the most cordial feeling, and seizing me by the hand he pulled me along to the small room behind the shop (where we used to breakfast in old times), exclaiming to his wife (who was sitting there), with a voice tremulous with feeling, "Here's Sir Thomas Moore, who was born in this house, come to ask us to let him see the rooms; and it's proud I am to have him under the old roof." He then without delay, and entering at once into my feelings, led me through every part of the house, beginning with the small old yard and its appurtenances, then the little dark kitchen where I used to have my bread and milk in the morning before I went to school; from thence to the front and back drawing rooms, the former looking more large and

respectable than I could have expected, and the latter, with its little closet where I remember such gay supper-parties, both room and closet fuller than they could well hold, and Joe Kelly and Wesley Doyle singing away together so sweetly. The bedrooms and garrets were next visited, and the only material alteration I observed in them was the removal of the wooden partition by which a little corner was separated off from the back bedroom (in which the two apprentices slept) to form a bedroom for me. The many thoughts that came rushing upon me in thus visiting, for the first time since our family left it, the house in which I passed the first nineteen or twenty years of my life may be more easily conceived than told; and I must say, that if a man had been got up specially to conduct me through such a scene, it could not have been done with more tact, sympathy, and intelligent feeling than it was by this plain, honest grocer; for, as I remarked to Hume, as we entered the shop, "only think, a grocer's still." When we returned to the drawing-room, there was the wife with a decanter of port, and glasses on the table, begging us to take some refreshment, and I with great pleasure drank her and her good husband's health. When I say that the shop is still a grocer's, I must add, for the honour of old times, that it has a good deal gone down in the world since then, and is of a much inferior grade of grocery to that of my poor father, who, by the way, was himself one of nature's gentlemen, having all the repose and good breeding of manner by which the true gentleman in all classes is distinguished.

Went, with all my recollections of the old shop about me, to the grand dinner at the Park: company, forty in number, and the whole force of the kitchen put in requisition. Sat at the head of the table, next to the carving side-de-camp, and amused myself with reading over the *menu*, and tasting all the things with the most learned names. Had Hamilton, our great astronomer, at the other side of me, and, ignoramus as I am, got on very tolerably with him.

14th. A note from the Lord-Lieutenant this morning, saying: "Dear Moore,—If you like to dine quietly at half-past six, I shall have more opportunity of talking to you than at those gigantic boards. There will be nobody but Wilkie, as I am going incog. to the play as soon as it is dusk; and then you can revert to the Rotunda if you like it. Ever yours, Mulgrave." \* \* \* Was introduced to a gentleman (I forget now his name), and to his wife and daughter, who told me that they were in possession of a very curious relic of my younger days, namely, the first notation I made in pencilling of the Canadian Boat Song, in going down the river St Lawrence. Told them that I had not been in the least aware of the existence of such a thing, and that it would be as great a curiosity to myself as it would be to any one else. On my expressing a wish to see it, told me that they would bring it to

town for the purpose; and appointed Milliken's, next day, at one o'clock, for our meeting.

15th. Called at one o'clock at Milliken's, according to appointment. The gentleman himself came alone, bringing the autograph, which is *bond fide* my own. One of my travelling companions (for we were three) in going down the St. Lawrence, was Hackness, the son of a rich merchant in Dublin, and is now, I believe, dead. To him I made a present of a book which I had with me to read on the way, "Priestley's Lectures on History;" and on a fly-leaf of this book was written the notations of the air, and the French words as follows, for I took a hasty copy of them:—

"En revenant d'un boulanger  
Dans mon chemin j'ai rencontré  
Deux cavaliers très-bien montés."



Then follows (written at the same time, and in pencilling also,) the air as it now is (in one flat), and with the English words of the first verse written under the music. This all confirms me in an impression which I have always entertained, though not strongly enough to allow me to lay claim to the air, that the music of the Canadian Boat Song is in reality my own, having been merely suggested by the above wild, half-minor melody. As the gentleman wished me to attest the authenticity of the autograph, I put under it the following:—  
"Written by me, in descending the River St. Lawrence, during my tour through America. Thomas Moore."

The Great Lion Feast of to-day being the dinner given in the College Hall by the Provost and Fellows of the University, went

there in time to be present at the *knighting* of Professor Hamilton, which took place in the noble library, where the company assembled before dinner. The whole thing well judged and well done. From thence proceeded to the dining hall, my ticket being for the Lord-Lieutenant's table, where the select were stationed. Got between Babbage and Col. Colby, the latter of whom, by the way, had sent me, on my arrival in Dublin, the first published volume of the Ordnance Survey, got up under his direction; a work which promises to be very useful. Found Babbage very off-handed and agreeable. As soon as the company rose, which was not till near ten o'clock, set off for the theatre, accompanied by Hume. Overtook Colonel D'Aguiar, who joined us, and all went to Calcraft the manager's box, which I had

bespoke for my *first* show-up. Found that the audience had been getting rather impatient at the long delay of my appearance. Shouts of "Moore!" and rounds of applause on my first showing myself; but it was evident they thought the place I had fixed upon too retired; and many comical *hints* of this feeling were given to me from the galleries; such as "Tom, don't be shy!" "Come, show your Irish face, Tom; you needn't be ashamed of it!" This latter appeal gave me an opportunity of making what the actors call "a hit," for I immediately stretched forth from the box, and, in a very sincere fit of laughter, bowed round to the whole house, which produced peals of laughter and plaudits in return. Thinking it was now time to put myself more *en évidence* before them, I went down to the pit-box taken by the Mearas for themselves and my sister, and planted myself by the side of Ellen, in the front row. Then came, indeed, the real thunder of the gods. The people in the pit stood up and urrahd; and many of them threw up their hats, trusting to Providence for their ever returning to them again. I then saw, to my horror, that there was a general expectation I should make them a speech; but, hinking it impossible that I could be heard, resolved to make *that* my excuse—at least o those near me. But, to my still greater onsternation (for I really knew not what to y), I found, on the very first opening of my lips, that the whole house, by one common and instantaneous consent, became as mute as a churchyard. I had nothing for it, however, but to go on and plead, in the very face of all this silence, the impossibility of my voice being heard through such a space, adding only that they could not doubt how much I felt their kindness, and how much I should *ever* feel it. I then sat down amidst as *many* and hearty plaudits as ever crowned the most sublime oration. Numbers in the pit crowded towards the box to shake hands with me; and as I was obliged to stoop down to reach their zealous grasps, Ellen was afraid, as she told me afterwards, that I should be pulled over by them into

the pit. The farce, which had been interrupted all this time, and the actors left standing on the stage, to gape at *our* performance, was now suffered to proceed; and after remaining about ten minutes longer, I thought it as well to take my leave. A number of persons rushed out of the boxes to meet me in the lobby; and being cheered and bowed along by them most cordially, I got to the carriage that was waiting for me, and dashed off at full speed to the Park, where I had been invited to stop by the Lord-Lieutenant. Found them nearly on the point of sitting down to supper. Took my place next Lady Campbell, with whom I had some conversation respecting my "Life of Lord Edward," there having occurred some awkwardness between her and me on that subject. \* \* \* After supper I sat down to the pianoforte, and sung some songs, where-with they were all pleased to be pleased. Returned home as rapidly as I came (about one o'clock), with the hope of catching another supper-party, namely, Nell and her companions, from the play, which I accordingly did; for there were assembled there Mulvany and his pretty sister, and Georgiana O'Kelly; and so, with them and plenty of laughing and soda water, I concluded the gaieties of the night. Forgot to mention that, before dinner, I was present at the Royal Irish Academy, when Swift's skull (as it is supposed to be), lately *déterré*, was placed in the hands of Dr. Combe. The exceeding depression of the front region of this skull (so inconsistent with what phrenology would expect in the head of Swift) was accounted for, according to Combe, by the long period during which Swift's mind was deranged; such a depression of the bone being, he says, a frequent consequence of a disordered brain. This the anti-phrenologists (Dr. Greaves and others) denied, and appealed to the testimony of keepers of lunatic asylums for the fact of no such change ever occurring in their patients. In addition to this phenomenon in the skull of Swift, Dr. Combe found also the animal organs, combativeness, destructiveness, &c., o strongly developed in this supposed skull

of Swift, that it was his opinion, if the owner of that skull had been born in a low sphere of life, he would most probably have been led by his natural propensities to the gallows. On his mentioning that the organ of benevolence in this skull was remarkably small, I asked him where that organ lay; upon which he placed his hand somewhere on the top of my head, saying, "There," adding, "and, by the way, you have it to a very considerable degree." This, I suppose, is what forms the counterbalance to my organs of combativeness and destructiveness, which Deville told me (without at the time knowing who I was) were of as great magnitude as in any head he had ever put out of his hands. \* \*

19th. Went with Dr. O'Beirne to see the House of Industry and Lunatic Asylum. Some of the lunatic cases very frightful, and will long haunt me. In the room where the bad female cases were, was surprised to see, among the desperate specimens of the sex there assembled, a young and rather good-looking girl, with her hair in very neat order, and looking like a milliner's apprentice. She sat quietly by herself, and I at first took her for one of the attendants of the place; but Major Edgeworth, having prefaced his account of her by saying, "She is no more insane than you or I," told me that, in consequence of having been seduced and deserted, the poor girl had taken an immense quantity of laudanum, with the determination of destroying herself. When with difficulty recovered from the effects of this, she again took an opportunity of attempting her life, and still persisted in her resolution not to live. Her friends then adopted the strange step of placing her among these desperate women, where whatever madness there may be in her already will be sure to be made worse. On Major Edgeworth saying to her, "I hope you feel comfortable," she answered mildly, "Not very, sir." I could not bring myself to speak to her.

24th. \* \* \* Before I left home this morning, received the following letter from Lord Lansdowne. It ought to have been

mentioned, when I noticed the receipt of his former letter to me at Liverpool, that I wrote a hasty answer to that communication from Mr. Currie's office, in which, expressing the gratitude I felt both to him and to my other kind friends, Lord John and Lord Melbourne, for their thoughtful attention to my interests, and adding some apology for the hurry in which I was obliged to write, I said that, with respect to the mode of providing for me which he suggested, I should trust myself entirely to his guidance, convinced that what he thought right and honourable for me to do could not be considered otherwise by the public in general. The following is his letter of this morning:—

London, August 22nd.

My dear Moore,—I lost no time in getting the business completed after I got your answer to my letter, and the grant of 300*l.* per annum is actually made, and has been mentioned by Lord Melbourne to the King, who made no objection. I should tell you it is the first pension granted since the Administration has been reconstructed, and, together with one to the same amount to Lady Napier, whose husband died, as you know, in the public service in China, about to be granted, will exhaust the whole means now at the disposal of Government. Indeed, I hope, for the future, pensions will speak for themselves, and only represent the merit of those who have them; and as such you must consider yours, which would be due from any Government, but much more from one some of the members of which are proud to think themselves your friends. I have no time for more. We see no prospect of escape at present, thanks to the House of Lords.

Yours, ever most truly,

LANSDOWNE.

Scribbled a few lines before I left home to my sweet Bessy, to inform her of this good news.

25th. \* \* \* After breakfast the landau and four was again at the door, and with a

most clear morning, promising a delicious day, we set off for the Vale of Avoca, and the Meeting of the Waters, Kennis's two sons being now of the party. I had not been in this beautiful region since the visit (ages since, it seems) which gave birth to the now memorable song, "There's not in this wide world," &c. How wise it was of Scott to connect his poetry with the beautiful scenery of his country! Even indifferent verses derive from such an association a degree of vitality which nothing else could impart to them. Felt this strongly to-day while my companions talked of the different discussions there were afloat as to the particular spot from which I viewed the scene; whether it was the First or Second Meeting of the Waters I meant to describe, &c. &c. Told them that I meant to leave all that in the mystery best suited to such questions. Poor William Parnell, who now no longer looks upon those waters, wrote to me many years since on the subject of those doubts, and, mentioning a seat in the Abbey churchyard belonging to him, where it was said I sat while writing the verses, begged of me to give him an inscription of two lines, to that effect, to be put on the seat. "If you can't tell a lie for me," said he, "in *prose*, you will, perhaps, to oblige an old friend, do it in verse." Nothing could be more favourable than the weather during our drive through this lovely scene; and I confess I could not help looking upon it with a degree of *pride*, and almost *ownership*, feeling that my property in it might be, perhaps, durable as its waters. What would the squires have said if I had thus compared properties with them?

After I had feasted my eyes as much as the time would admit of in this enchanting place, we proceeded on to Gorey, where I was to take the coach for Enniscorthy. Arrived just in time; and having bid adieu to the landau and my companions (leaving even Hume behind), I went on to Enniscorthy, doubtful which was to be my route after. When we arrived at the inn door, a girl ran breathless out, asking if Mr. Moore

was in the coach. I then found that Boyse was there waiting for me, and that his plan was for us to dine and sleep there, and proceed to Bannow in the morning either direct or by way of Wexford. Found myself not in the least degree disappointed in the highly favourable impression which Boyse's letters had given me of him. Before dinner had a most delicious walk by myself along the banks of the river Slaney, which, for two or three miles out of the town, are full of beauty, and this sunny evening was quite worthy of them. It was likewise delightful to me to be *alone* in such a scene, for it is only alone I can enjoy Nature thoroughly; men and women disturb such scenes dreadfully.

26th. After breakfast set off for Wexford in a chaise and four, Boyse thinking we should have full time for my visit to the corn-market (an old recollection of mine) before we proceeded to our Bannow friends. The weather still most prosperous. While horses were getting ready, Boyse and I walked to the corn-market.

While I was looking at this locality, a few persons had begun to collect around me, and some old women (entering into my feelings) ran before me to the wretched house I was in search of (which is now a small pot-house), crying out, "Here, sir, this is the very house where your grandmother lived. Lord be merciful to her!" Of the *grandmother* I have no knowledge, for she died long before my youthful visit here; but I have a pretty clear recollection of little old Tom Codd, my grandfather, as well as of some sort of weaving machinery in the room up-stairs. My mother used to say he was a provision merchant, which sounded well, and I have no doubt he may have been concerned in that trade, but I suspect that he was also a weaver. Nothing, at all events, could be more humble and mean than the little low house which still remains to tell of his whereabouts; and it shows how independent Nature is of mere localities that one of the noblest-minded, as well as most warm-hearted, of all God's creatures (that ever it has been

my lot to know) was born under that lowly roof.

Wrote a hasty letter to my sweet Bess before we started, and then set off in gay style, rosettes at the ears of the horses (four very dashing posters), cockades in the hats of the boys, &c. Several groups whom we saw in the fields on our way, too hard at work at the harvest to join our sport, stood up and cheered us heartily as we passed. As we approached Bannow, Boyse was evidently anxious lest the doubt that had existed as to my time and way of coming might have caused a dispersion of the multitude, and so produce a failure in the effect of the cavalcade. We now saw at a distance a party of horsemen on the look-out for us, bearing green banners, and surrounded by people on foot. This party, which turned out to be a mere detachment from the main body, now proceeded in advance of us, and after a short time we came in sight of the great multitude — chiefly on foot, but as we passed along we found numbers of carriages of different kinds, filled with ladies, drawn up on each side of the road, which, after we had passed them, fell into the line and followed in procession. When we arrived at the first triumphal arch, there was the decorated car and my Nine Muses, some of them remarkably pretty girls, particularly the one who placed the crown on my head; and after we had proceeded a little way, seeing how much they were pressed by the crowd, I made her and two of her companions get up on the car behind me. As the whole affair has been described in print (diffusely and enthusiastically enough, Heaven knows!), I shall not here waste time and words upon it, though certainly it would be difficult to say too much of the warmth and cordiality of feeling evinced by the whole assemblage, as well as the quickness and intelligence with which the very lowest of them entered into the whole spirit of the ceremony. In advance of the car was a band of amateur musicians, smart young fellows, in a uniform of blue jackets, caps, and white trousers, who, whenever we stopped at the arches erected along the road,

played some of the most popular Irish Melodies, and likewise, more than once, an air that has been adapted to Byron's "Here's a health to thee, Tom Moore." As we proceeded slowly along, I said to my pretty Muse behind me, "This is a long journey for you." "Oh, sir!" she exclaimed, with a sweetness and kindness of look not to be found in more artificial life, "I wish it was more than three hundred miles." It is curious, and not easy, perhaps, to be accounted for, that as I passed along in all this triumph, with so many cordial and sweet faces turned towards me, a feeling of deep sadness came more than once over my heart. Whether it might not have been some of the Irish airs they played that called up mournful associations connected with the reverse of all this smiling picture, I know not, but so it was.

When we arrived in front of the Graigue House, the speeches from Boyse and myself (as reported) took place; Boyse very eloquent, and evidently in high favour with the people. I then went with him to his new house, or rather the few fragments of the old one he has left standing; the offices being all that are as yet built of the new. He had told me before I came that I was literally to dine in one cock-loft and sleep in another; but I found he had given me up his own bedroom, which was on the ground-floor, and left standing quite alone, all around it having been thrown down. It was, however, made very comfortable by dint of green baize curtains, &c. &c. Was now introduced to his mother, a very fine handsome old lady, about eighty-one or so; and his maiden sister, a nice, intelligent, and very amiable person; and likewise a little round, joyous girl, their niece, between fourteen and fifteen years old, who, I was told, could not conceive what sort of a thing a *bard* was, never having seen one, and had been, accordingly, most anxious for my arrival. Old Mr. Boyse (about the same age as the mother) was confined to his bed with illness, and I did not see him all the time I remained. Before dinner Miss Boyse drove me in her pony chaise to see the grounds of the Graigue House, a new pro-

perty they have lately purchased, and the same that Boyse wrote last summer to offer to me and my family in case I should wish for a quiet retreat for two or three months. We fancied it, from his description to be a small cottage overhanging the sea; but it is, in fact, a large house with extensive pleasure-grounds, and the walk to the sea (a sort of garden walk all along) is not less, I should think, than three-quarters of a mile in length. Miss Boyse, her niece, and I took this walk after dinner, and the open breathing-space over the sea felt highly refreshing.

27th. Prepared, while dressing, my short answer to the deputations which, I understood, were to wait upon me. Found that there had been bonfires lighted in various directions during the night. Proceeded towards twelve o'clock to Graigue, where we found a great part of the crowd of yesterday reassembled in their gayest trim, this day being devoted to a *fête* for the lads and lasses on the green. Went through my reception of the different addresses very successfully, and (as Boyse told me afterwards) spoke much louder and less *Englishly* than I did the day before. I find that the English accent (which I always had, by the by, never having, at any time of my life, spoken with much brogue,) is not liked by the genuine *Pats*. Among other introductions I was presented in form to the reverend president of Peter's College and a number of Catholic clergymen who accompanied him. Just as I was approaching this reverend body, I saw among the groups that lined the way, my pretty Muse of yesterday, and her young companions, still arrayed in their green wreaths and gowns. Flesh and blood could not resist the impulse of stopping a minute to shake hands with a few of them, which I did most heartily, to the great amusement of all around, not excepting the reverend president himself, who had been approaching me with a grave face when I was thus interrupted; and who, immediately joining in the laugh, said, very good humouredly, "I like to see *character* display itself."

After these ceremonies were over, Boyse took me in his curricule to see some points of

view in his immediate neighbourhood; not the most agreeable part of our operations, as I saw he was not much in the habit of driving, and one of the horses was what is called "an awkward customer." After driving about a little (the roads being like avenues, and everything, in short, wearing a face of comfort and prosperity) we went to the house of an honest Quaker, Mr. Elly, one of those most zealous, Boyse told me, in organising all the preparations for my reception. There we found a large party assembled, and a *déjeûner* prepared; the young amateur band being in attendance, and playing occasionally my songs. The situation of the villa, commanding a view of the Tintern shore, appeared to me, except for the want of trees, very beautiful, and a large flag waving from the top of the house displayed the words, "Erin go bragh, and Tom Moore for ever." The *déjeûner* (*i. e.* the eating part of it) was provided, ungallantly enough, for the males alone; an anomaly, of which I had already witnessed another instance at the Zoological Gardens, in Dublin, where it was not till after the men had feasted that the ladies were admitted into the gardens. Dined, as the day before, with Boyse's family party, and all went afterwards to the *fête* at Graigue, where we found them in high dance and glee. The music being very inspiring, I took out my young Muse (Boyse having, in spite of his lameness, turned out with another), and after dancing down a few couples, surrendered her (very *unwillingly*, I own) to her former partner. Should have liked exceedingly a little more of the fun, but thought it better, on every account, to stop where I did. Among other reasons, I feared that Boyse might think it necessary to go on as long as I did.

Two very nice Quaker young women were among the crowd looking at the dancing, and as I had taken some pains to place them where they could have a good view, one of them, encouraged by this attention, said to me, very modestly, "If it would not be asking too much, I should like to have two lines of thine with thy name to them." Promised, of course, that she should have them. In the

course of the evening a green balloon was seen ascending above the dancers' heads, with "Welcome, Tom Moore," upon it. When it grew dusk, Miss Boyse, her niece, and myself came away, leaving the dancers to keep up the *fête*, as they did, I believe, till near morning. Wishing for a solitary walk to the sea, I asked Miss Boyse to direct me to the path we had taken the evening before; but with my usual confusion as to localities, I missed the right way, and could find nothing but those smooth roads which I had admired so much in the morning, but felt *now* rather inclined to anathematise, having seldom ever thirsted more keenly for actual beverage than I did at that moment for a draught of the fresh sea air.

\* \* \* \* \*

28th. Either this morning or yesterday, I forget which, was taken by Boyse to a spot which he had fixed upon for the erection of a tower in commemoration of my visit to Bannow. Went through the ceremony of laying the first stone, soon after which my excellent host and myself set off together in a chaise and four for Enniscorthy. To avoid the bustle of the inn, went to a private house which Boyse sometimes uses as a lodging. Received visits there from a few people; among others, the Mayor and a Mr. Cooper, an old friend, as it appeared, of our family; also a young musician, Mr. White (with whom I had once some correspondence), and the editors of the two liberal Wexford papers. I then set off to pay my visit to the fair superioress; and a very fair and handsome person I found her, little more, I should think, than thirty years of age, and becoming her abbess's dress most secularly. Whether she expected to be complimented on her good looks, I know not; but I felt that it would be bad taste to do so, and, at all events, did not venture it. After showing me their small pretty chapel, the superioress led me to a new organ, which was soon to be put up there, and asked, as a favour, that I would play *one* short air upon it. If I could ever, at any time, bring myself to *volunteer* my voice, I should have done so on this occasion; and the thought crossed me

that I *ought*. Indeed, if she had said but a word to that effect, I should most certainly have sung; but she asked me only to play, and I played the air, "Oh, all ye angels of the Lord!" which seemed abundantly to satisfy her, as her utmost wish appeared to be that I should have *touched* her organ. I then followed her to a small nice garden (for all was in miniature), where I found the gardener ready prepared with spade, &c., in order that I should plant with my own hands a *myrtle* there. "Oh, Cupid, Prince of Gods and men!" planting a myrtle in a convent garden! As soon as I had (awkwardly enough) deposited the plant in the hole prepared for it, the gardener, while filling in the earth, exclaimed, "This will not be called *myrtle* any longer, but the *Star of Aivin!*" Where is the English gardener that would have been capable of such a flight? Dined with Boyse at his lodgings, and started in the mail for Enniscorthy at five or half-past five, having got rid of a crowd of old beggar women at the door by throwing a few shillings among them for a scramble, notwithstanding the pathetic entreaty of one poor old woman (which dwelt in my ears for some time), "Ah! *don't* make a scramble of it." She felt, I suppose, that she had no chance in such a struggle. Found the coach stuffed with the children of the proprietor of the mail, himself being outside, all come to escort my *bardship* a few miles out of town. Got to Enniscorthy about eight. Walked to take a peep at the memorable Vinegar Hill, and then to bed early.

29th. Started in the coach for Dublin about ten, and was lucky in my company; a very pretty young girl (who turned out to be a daughter of Alderman Lamprey's) and a musical aunt (a great singer of the "Melodies") being my companions. I was, of course, as great a Godsend to them as they were to me; and accordingly we made much of each other. A few other acquaintances dropped in, on the way, all knowing me, but I wholly in the dark about them. Got out for a short time to take a peep at the famous waterfall, Pol a Phuca, and arrived in Dub-



lin between six and seven. Nell at the Mearas, whither I went and dined.

30th. A charming letter from my sweet admirable Bessy about the new accession to our means, which made me by turns laugh and weep, being, as I told her in my answer, almost the counterpart of Dr. Pangloss's

“ I often wished that I had clear,  
For life three hundred pounds a year.”

I cannot refrain from copying a passage or two, here and there, from her letter, which she wrote before mine, conveying the intelligence of the grant, reached her.

“ Sloperton, Tuesday night.

“ My dearest Tom,—Can it *really* be true that you have a pension of 300*l.* a year? Mrs., Mr., two Misses, and young Longman were here to-day, and tell me it is really the case, and that they have seen it in two papers. Should it turn out true, I know not how we can be thankful enough to those who gave it, or to a Higher Power. The Longmans were very kind and nice, and so was I, and I invited them *all five* to come at some future time. At present, I can think of nothing but 300*l.* a year, and dear Russell jumps and claps his hands with joy. Tom is at Devizes. \* \* \* If the story is true of the 300*l.*, pray give dear Ellen twenty pounds, and *insist* on her drinking five pounds worth of wine *yearly*, to be paid out of the 300*l.* a year. I have been obliged, by the by, to get five pounds to send to—\* \* \* Three hundred a year, how delightful! But I have my foars that it is only a castle in the air. I am sure I shall dream of it; and so I will get to bed, that I may have this pleasure *at least*; for I expect the morning will throw down my castle.”

“ Wednesday morning.

“ Is it true? I am in a fever of hope and anxiety, and feel very oddly. No one to talk to but sweet Buss, who says, “Now, Papa will not have to work so hard, and will be able to go out a little.” \* \* \*

“ You say I am so ‘nice and comical’ about the money. Now you are much more so (leaving out the ‘nice’), for you have for-

gotten to send the cheque you promised. But I can wait with patience, for no one teases me. Only I want to have a few little things ready to welcome you home, which I like to pay for. How you will ever enjoy this quiet every-day sort of stillness, after your late reception, I hardly know. I begin to want you very much; for though the boys are darlings, there is still \* \* \* How I wish I had wings, for then I would be at Wexford as soon as you, and surprise your new friends. I am so glad you have seen the Gonnes; I know they are quite delighted at your attention. Mr. Benett called the other day on my sons.

“ N.B. If this good news be true, it will make a great difference in my *eating*. I shall then indulge in butter to potatoes. *Mind* you do not tell this piece of gluttony to *any* one.”

September 2nd. A last sitting to—; he has had, indeed, but two before, and in all three I had a sculptor (—) working at me on the other side, chisel and pencil both labouring away. Having nothing in my round potatoe face but what they cannot catch,—*i.e.* mobility of character,—the consequence is, that a portrait of me can be only one or other of two very disagreeable things,—a *caput mortuum*, or a caricature.

3rd. Busy preparing for my flight, and poor little Nell sadly assisting. A last sitting to—, and various calls. Took leave of Crampton, who made me the bearer of two beautiful cabinets to Bessy. Had an early dinner from Arthur Hume at the Kildare Street Club, and started for Kingston in his carriage about four. A good many of Ellen's acquaintances (who were in the secret of my departure) assembled on the pier to bid me good-bye; among others, Miss—, the daughter of the lady who so gallantly sheltered Lord Edward in her house on the canal. Found there also young Emily Napier, who had come to see her brother Johnny embark. Told her who Miss— was, and introduced them to each other. Emily delighted to make the acquaintance, and happening to have two of Lord Edward's grandchildren with her (Lady Campbell's boys), brought them for-

ward and presented them to her ; on which Miss —— (as I have heard since, for I had gone on board at the time,) burst into tears at the recollections which the likeness of one of the boys to Lord Edward had brought back. Hume having made no proper provision of berths, and the number of passengers being immense, I had every prospect of being doomed to the fore-part of the ship for the night, but a young gentleman (a friend of Meara's), who was on board, having very kindly insisted on my accepting his sofa in the best cabin, I got through the night very comfortably and without any sickness.

4th. Landed at Liverpool, the rain coming down very briskly. \* \* \*

5th. \* \* \* Walked afterwards with Hume and young Cooper, to show the former old Mayfield Cottage, where "Lalla Rookh" was written. Hume much interested as well as surprised to see the small solitary, and now wretched-looking cottage where all that fine "orientalism" and "sentimentalism" were engendered. It has for some time fallen into low farmers' hands, and is now in a state of dirt and degradation ; yet there, once, the luxurious Rogers passed a few days with me ; there poor Stevenson composed one or two of his sweetest things ; and there (still more extraordinary) I remember giving a dinner to Sir Henry Fitzherbert, the then High Sheriff of the County, and some other provincial grandees. Returned to our chaise, and proceeded to Alton Towers. The approach to the house by a winding avenue of, I believe, three miles in length, most striking and picturesque. Found a magnificently dressed porter at the entrance, who, throwing open the gates, discovered a harper *en costume* seated within, and playing, in honour of my arrival, one of the "Irish Melodies." Lord Shrewsbury himself soon made his appearance, and, after a most kind and hearty welcome, conducted us to the ladies, Lady S., her daughter, and sister. After a little time, walked out with them through the gardens and pleasure-grounds, and the weather having again become delicious, saw in perfection some of

the principal features of this odd as well as beautiful place. Was introduced to my correspondent, Dr. Rock (Lord S.'s chaplain), who, I remember, commenced the first letter he wrote to me by saying, "All the world knows that you are acquainted with the *Captain* of my family, but this is the first time, I dare say, that the Doctor of the name has been introduced to your notice." No addition to the party at dinner, except a Mr. Jones, the Protestant vicar or curate of the place.

6th. Service this morning in the handsome chapel, most splendidly and touchingly performed, a fine organ, good and well-taught voices, the decorations of the altar, of the priest, the attendant boys, all grand and tasteful. As usual, could not resist crying at the music, the female voice, which over-topped all the others, being most touching as well as clear and strong. An old Ashbourne acquaintance of mine, Mrs. Dewes (now Mrs. Granville), was seated beside me during prayers. Went out in the carriage with the ladies, a fat coachman on the box driving four-in-hand down those almost perpendicular hills ; rather nervous work, but seeing my companions did not mind it, "kept never minding" too. Dinner as before, with Parson Jones, as before, also. Evening service in the chapel ; the chanting very well done. Sung to them afterwards, and Lady Shrewsbury and her sister sung a song of mine, ("Oft in the stilly night") as a duet.

7th. Much pressed to prolong my stay, but had announced from the first that I had promised to pass this day with the Coopers, and then speed home as fast as possible. Found that I had two very flattering tasks to perform before my departure, one of which was to plant with my own hands in my Lady's garden, a sprig of ivy which had been plucked from Petrarch's tomb at Arqua, and the planting of which had been reserved for my visit hither ; the other to choose from a large number of new kinds of dahlias one that was to bear my name. Showed me after breakfast some pieces of poetry, written by their newly-married daughter, the young

Princess of Sulmona, (married to the heir to the present Borghese, who will have, it is said, near 100,000*l.* a year,) far beyond the usual standard of young ladies' poetry; also some letters from herself and her husband, full of love and happiness, and very prettily expressed. Lady S. having declared her intention to convey us, herself, to the Coopers, we set off after luncheon, and were deposited by her in grand style at my friend the honest cotton spinner's door, who himself received me on my alighting from the carriage. Passed a very cordial and heart-warming evening with them, talking of old times and old recollections, which to me was worth a thousand such pompous days as the two last. \* \* \*

10th. Off in a fly for dear Sloperton, where we arrived to breakfast, and found Bessy and the boys quite well and anxiously expecting me. \* \* \*

17th. Bessy being anxious for a little excursion from home, went to Bath with her and the boys to a grand show of dahlias, and from thence to the Napiers, at Freshford, where we dined and slept. Mrs. Napier showed me the sort of work she performs for Napier, which is to be sure most laborious as well as invaluable towards such a task as his. Besides copying out over and over (which I had known of before) all the successive sheets of his work, as he writes and corrects them (thus furnishing him with what are tantamount to so many proofs from the printer), she also reads over the various letters, in different languages, which he has to consult, making a *précis* of the substance of each, with dates, names, and all that is required to *possess* him with the subject. Such an assistant is beyond price.

\* \* \* \* \*

October 15th. To dinner at Scotts', to meet Luttrell, the Nugents and the Macdonalds. Luttrell and Nugent had remarked, a day or two since, to me how much "The Times" had fallen off in its power of writing, how it twaddled, &c. &c. Macdonald, who is on the other side of politics, now said to me, "How wonderfully the fellows of 'The Times' write!—there never was to be sure

so powerful a paper." "Then you think," said, "that it is far more ably written now than it used to be?" "Oh, much," he replied. Thus it is that people allow the judgment to be discoloured, if not wholly obscured, by their party prejudices. The fact is, that "The Times," being still conducted by the same men, shows equal power on their new side as on the other, their real opinions, whatever they may be, standing but little in the way of their good writing.

25th to 31st. Nothing much worth observing. Found the following fragment of some verses which I began, I believe, more than a year since, when Louis Philippe was but on his way to the Grand Monarque tone which he is assuming now:—

#### PROGRESS OF REFORM.

The current sweeps on, and we're borne in its track,  
Every beacon on shore is but glimps'd at, and gone;

The desponding look down, and the timid look back,  
While Hope points to Liberty's star, and looks on.

Blest dream! oh, for once may it not be a dream;  
For once, in thus grasping at Liberty's wreath,  
May we find not, like France, that, though flowery  
it seem,

It is bristling with tyranny's thorns underneath.

November 7th. To Bowood, where I found, besides Lord John and his pretty little wife, Bobus Smith, and Sneyd. Lord and Lady Kerry, too, arrived from town just as we were going to dinner. Bobus highly agreeable. Sung a good deal in the evening.

8th. Bobus gave a new and better reading of Jekyll's joke respecting the day the ceiling fell down, during dinner at Lansdowne House; Jekyll himself having escaped dining there by an engagement to meet the judges. "I had been asked," he said, "to *Ruat Cælum*, but dined instead with *Fiat Justitia*." Talking of Kean, I mentioned his having told me that he had eked out his means of living before he emerged into celebrity, by teaching dancing, fencing, *elocution*, and *boxing*. "Elocution and boxing! (repeated Bobus) a word and a blow."

After prayers a long walk with Lord John, Lord Lansdowne, and Sneyd: Various subjects talked of, and all agreeably. The French language so much altered as to have completely changed its character; the simplicity and *naïveté* it had in the times of Montaigne, &c. all gone; no longer a language for poetry, but admirable for science and logical discussion from its terse clearness. The style of the French newspapers excellent, and their abstinence, almost universally, from all merely personal attacks and private slander, highly honourable to them; so unlike the character of the English press. In speaking of the simple force of old French writers, I quoted Montaigne's saying, in reference to his own habit of walking about when he composed, "*Mes pensées quand je les assis, dorment.*" Lord L. also mentioned a compound word used by Montaigne, as full of strength, "*Prime-sautier*;" but I question if the word was remembered by him correctly, and it must be, at all events, I think *Prime-sauteur*.\*

9th. All very anxious I should stay to dinner to-day, but could not manage it, having to start with Bessy early in the morning for Bath. Lord John had offered to take me to Bristol, but it was now fixed he should pick me up on his way, at Bath. Walked with me part of the way home. Talking of Peel, on my saying that I liked him, he said, "So do I," and mentioned how kind he had been on the subject of his marriage; not only alluding to it very cordially in one of his speeches, but coming up to him in the House, and shaking hands with him in a very friendly way, saying that he heartily congratulated him, having known Lady John some time, and having always thought her a very charming person; or words to that effect, for I forget the precise terms. Lord John added, as an odd thing, that O'Connell should have come up to him almost immediately after (the two extremes), and in the same hearty manner shaken hands

with and congratulated him. Was half inclined to go on the whole way with me, but recollected that he could not well spare the time.

Found, on my return, that Bessy was engaged at the school-room, at Bromham, helping to distribute some clothing to the poor; so that it was lucky Lord John did not come on to see her.

10th. Started with Bessy for Bath, in a fly. After shopping a little with her, called at the York House, and found Lord John had arrived. Took Bessy to call upon him, and shortly after he and I set off for Bristol, with a turn-out of four greys. As we approached Bristol, met a small crowd of fellows who wanted to take the horses from the carriage, but we bid the post-boys drive on and escaped them. A good number of people collected round the door of the Gloucester when we stopped, and some of them, I found, took me for the great little secretary. "No, that's him with the white hat." Found all bustle within; accompanied Lord John to the private room prepared for him, and had my share of all the presentations that were made of strangers, dinner-officers, &c. &c. While Lord John was gone to dress, the Bishop came to pay his respects, *not* to dine. Had some conversation with him, as also with the rector (who came on the same errand). Could collect from the Bristolians I talked with, that nothing could well be more bitter and *internecine* than the state of feeling between the two parties among them at present. No bells were suffered to be rung during this day, and one hot churchman had got the bell ropes of two steeples in his house to prevent the possibility of a single ring for the Radicals. Lord John's first speech lasted an hour and a half; a good deal of the earlier portion of it languid and ineffective; but he improved considerably as he went on, and his contrast between the policy of the Duke of Wellington and that of the Whigs, in their respective modes of dealing with Ireland, was as happily expressed as it was true and convincing. "The Duke of Wellington stood out against the appeals of

\* See Dict. de l'Académie Française, *Prime-sautier*, adj. (Esprit), qui saisit et rend les idées avec promptitude, sans passer par les idées intermédiaires.

argument, but yielded to threats; we resisted intimidation and violence (*e. g.* the Coercion Bill), but yielded to argument." I give this, not as his exact words, but as the substance of his reasoning.

Had been told that my health was to be given after that of Lord Mulgrave, but from the length of time the speeches occupied, there appeared every chance of my getting off altogether. Lord John having beckoned me to come to him, said that his own wish was to retire immediately after the health of Lord Mulgrave, but that in that case the people would be disappointed of my speech, which they would not like, and asked whether I could not rise and speak to the toast of Lord Mulgrave. I begged of him not to mind me at all; that I should be most ready and willing to start with him the minute after Lord M.'s health was given, and right glad to escape from the operation altogether. This was quite true at the moment, but it was as well that matters took a different turn, as both myself and my speech were most uproariously cheered, and I had an opportunity of performing a feat which requires some little courage; namely, that of lauding the English aristocracy before an assembly of Radicals, and that at a moment when the popular current runs all the other way. They took it, I must say, with most exemplary good humour, and I was prepared with a tolerably strong infusion of radicalism at the end, which washed down the whole dose comfortably.

Got away in the midst of shouts and crackers, our four greys standing the hullabaloo most marvellously, though a gig and horse in a fugitive state but just barely cleared us as we departed. Some talk on the way about reporting speeches, the horror of which now arose before my eyes; that dreadful machine, the *mangle*, being already no doubt at work upon our orations. Lord John mentioned his having once got into a scrape with some French friends of his from having, in a report of one of his speeches, been represented as calling the Bourbons "an imbecile and bigoted race;" no such words having been uttered by him.

11th. Have not, I believe, before mentioned that both Lord John and myself had been invited, some weeks since, to attend a great Radical dinner, to be given this day at Bath, to Hume and Roebuck. My answer, declining the honour, had not been sufficiently decisive, of which I now felt the inconvenience. While I was at breakfast, a gentleman at another table, addressing me, expressed a hope that I meant to go to the dinner, adding, "You will meet a humbler class of persons than you did yesterday, but I expect it will be a very good meeting." This turned out to be Fearon, the writer of "Travels in America." He had been one of the company at the dinner yesterday, and we had some little talk about the proceedings. On my remarking how well they took my praise of the nobility, he said, "They were disposed to take everything well, but I myself was one who did not go along with you in that praise." I assured him that I had spoken most sincerely what I felt, and what I had always experienced; in reply to which, he said, that he had not the slightest doubt of this, nor could he himself pretend to speak from any experience on the subject. In alluding to my American authority in favour of the nobility, he said that he did not attach much importance to that, because (and in this I believe he was right) the Americans in general are the greatest aristocrats in the world. On my expressing the pleasure I felt at the Americans having so much forgiven my *escapades d'écolier* against them, he intimated that they had by no means forgiven me as much as I supposed; and mentioned some general officer he had met with in that country who quoted whole passages of mine with the most bitter resentment. "You are not likely," he said, "to hear all the truth on this subject yourself, because I need not tell you that persons placed in your position are approached with—" "Yes," I said, interrupting him with a laugh, "there is something of an aristocracy in that case also." "Exactly!" he replied, and so we parted. I should not be surprised, however, if my friend of ten minutes remembered and reported this last

sally of mine as a strong instance of literary coxcombry and conceit.

Bremhill, Nov. 20th, 1835.

My dear Moore,—Many and best thanks for the very kind part you have taken in this business. Say I am obliged to Mr. Pickering: I think he has done his best for the credit of his *sign*, the beautiful anchor, and for me also. But I have *no copy*, except one, of my "Ship of Discovery," perhaps, on inquiry, he might be able to pick up a copy in London.

In the meantime I cannot conceive what could move this man Daniel to select me as his chief hero who have ever, ever studiously, and from feeling, steered the most clear of the "white music" and balderdash beauties of cockney-dom. Me! who never wrote a line as to profaneness or obscenity which I would wish to blot; me! who never did and never said anything "spiteful" to man or child in my life. Me! who, ever since I have had ninepence have expended (I think I might almost say) sixpence in subscriptions and charities, of various kinds, as a choice specimen of "sordidness," "spite" "profaneness," "obscenity," and "stupidity."

Of the last character I shall say nothing. But seriously, I can only believe, for such an unprovoked attack is utterly unaccountable otherwise, even when taking the vilest view of human depravity, that, in having exposed the acknowledged "obscenity," "profaneness," and "spite," of Pope, I have touched those distinguished by similar qualities, and that in defending Pope and abusing me, they only defend themselves; whereas, if I have committed one act in my whole life for which I ought to ask pardon of God or man, it is *not* for having calumniated Pope, but for not having branded the "spiteful," "obscene," "profane" hypocrite, as he deserved. Communicate these sentiments with my *thanks* to Mr. Pickering, and believe me, ever, dear Moore,

Most truly, your obliged friend,  
W. L. BOWLES.

If Mrs. Moore wishes two tickets for Miss Prowse, she shall have them. I have had the kindest letter about the Act from Bath

and Wells, Lady Cork, &c. They will *all attend*.

I send this as I fear I shall not be able to call for a day or two, and was unwilling not to thank you as soon as possible.

Christopher North, and the powerful writer in the "Gentleman's Magazine," have pretty well "scotched the viper," but if he comes into court, my nephew Erle, barrister and king's counsel, would "kill him," and hold his "skin up," *in terrorem*, to all such reptiles!

20th. To Lacock, Bessy and I, the pony carriage having been sent for her, and I walked. Nobody but Lady Valletort, whom it was a great delight to me to see again. A good deal of talk with Talbot on the affinity traceable between the Celtic language and the Latin and Greek. Thus, in Irish, a man (*Vir*) Tir; a country (*terra*), and from thence Tiree, the land belonging to Y or Iona. I mentioned Buachail, a cowherd, from Βουκολος (which I found remarked by M'Culloch in his "Western Highlands"); and this affinity, as Talbot said, was found also in *bo* the Gaelic and Irish for cow. *Fan*, a chapel, is another instance, *fanum*.

\* \* \* \* \*  
December 9th. \* \* \* Company at Crawford's; Mr. Ellis and his son, and one or two others whom I did not know. In talking of Carey's translation of Dante, I happened to say that I had once thought it impossible such a *tour de force* as the translation of Dante could ever be performed better than it had been done by Carey; but that, since then, there had appeared a translation in rhyme, by some one whose name I had now forgot, and which, as far as I could judge from the little I had seen of it, far exceeded even Carey's. On my saying this, a gentleman who sat next to me observed, "My son has attempted to translate some parts of Dante, but how far he has succeeded I do not know." "May I ask his name?" said I. "Wright," he answered. "The very man!" I exclaimed, to the no small pleasure of the modest father, and the amusement of the company.

18th. To Bowood to dinner. Company: the Joys, Mrs. Brystock and daughter, the Bowleses, &c. Among his multifarious quotations, Joy brought out one from Shakspeare, which struck both Lord Lansdowne and myself from the force and pregnancy of its meaning:—

"Now whether it be  
Bestial oblivion, or some craven scruple,  
Of thinking too precisely on the event,—  
A thought which, quarter'd, hath but one part  
wisdom,  
And ever three parts coward." \*

On my remarking that if ever mortal man could be said to be *inspired*, it was Shakspeare; and that he alone of all writers, seemed to have the power of transmigrating, as it were, into every other class and condition of men, and thinking and speaking as they would do under every possible change of feeling and circumstances, Lord Lansdowne expressed himself delighted to hear me speak thus, as he had been under the impression that I was inclined to underrate Shakspeare; and recollected well some friend of mine saying to him, "How odd it is that Moore should think so slightly of Shakspeare!" This most flagrant misrepresentation of my opinions must have arisen, I think (as I now told him), from some confusion between me and Byron, who *did* affect, very unworthily of himself, to make light of Shakspeare: and, on one occasion, I recollect, said to me, "Well, after all, Tom, don't you think Shakspeare was somewhat of a *humbug*?"

20th. To Bowood; party Lord and Lady Minto and two daughters.

27th. A good deal of conversation at and after breakfast. Speaking of Disraeli the Younger's view of the political character of Whigs and Tories, in his late pamphlets, Lord Lansdowne remarked, that there was a good deal of truth in what he said, as to the Tories having taken a more democratic line, in general, than the Whigs; their political position, since the Revolution, having led them to court the alliance of the people

\* Hamlet, act iv. sc. 4.

against the aristocracy. Hence (as I suggested) the popular view they took of the subjects of a standing army, the Debt, septennial parliaments, &c. I mentioned the laugh lately raised among a party of Burdett's constituents, when the deputation they appointed to wait on him reported his having said to them, that "he had *always* been a Tory." This, however, is perfectly true. Burdett has said the same thing to me more than once:—"I am a Tory of the school of Sir William Wyndham." Mentioned having heard Hobhouse say, that Burdett was "the best constitutional lawyer in England." Some little discussion as to what is precisely meant by "a constitutional lawyer;" and the definitions given of the term both by Lord Lansdowne and Lord Minto, showed, as I observed, that it is but another name for a good historian; implying a person well acquainted with all the precedents to be found in history illustrative of the forms, usages, and spirit of the constitution.

This led to the question of the Regency in 1789, as one depending on constitutional law; and I suggested that the part taken on that question respectively by Pitt and Fox, was another instance of what we had just been talking of,—namely, the *popular* side being that of the Tories, and the high and royal that of the Whigs. Pitt's own memorable exclamation, while Fox was stating his opinions—"I'll unwhig the gentleman for the rest of his life," showed that such was his view of their relative position. In remarking how quietly the same question was suffered to pass over in the year 1811, Lord Lansdowne said, that at the former period, it was known the Regent would be with the Whigs, while, at the latter crisis, each party had hopes of him. While conversing on the subject of constitutional precedents, Lord Minto said, "There is now an end to that sort of study; we shall have no further references to the past; it will be left (turning to me) to your friends at Iona." I had, in the course of the morning, mentioned my having been lately made an honorary member of the Antiquarian Society of Iona. This was shrewdly and truly said.

Conversation about precedence in society during which I remarked how much more agreeable and (as far as society was concerned) more sensible, was the old French plan of considering all the persons at a dinner-table equal, and letting them take their seats as choice or chance might direct. In another point of view, I confessed this freedom was dearly purchased; as it was their possession of real and distinct privileges, secured to them by law, that rendered the nobility so little *exigeans* as to distinctions of mere courtesy. In England, where the boundary between the noble and the gentleman is little more than conventional and ideal,—where it exists but in observance,—it is of course more strictly observed. Lord L. was still of opinion that such distinctions were, in themselves, a convenience in society, as saving all that trouble of consideration and selection, which a perfect equality of claim in the guests must produce. He added, laughingly, that, for himself, he spoke most disinterestedly, as he was himself daily the victim of his right to precedence; particularly since he became President of the Council; seldom coming in contact with anything but a dowager or an archbishop.

Got some walking for an hour in the grounds. Lord L. had mentioned to me that Bowles was to preach to-day on the cartoon of the "Draught of Fishes" (he has been going through a series of sermons on the cartoons in the chapel), and hoped I would attend. He told Bowles (as he mentioned to me afterwards) that I meant to attend his sermon, and Bowles said, "I am very glad of it; I do not think there is anything in my sermon that can annoy him. Do you think, my lord, he is likely to be offended at what I may say about St. Peter?" Poor dear Bowles! he is the cause of many a good-natured laugh at Bowood. After the sermon (in which he had disposed in the usual way of the supremacy of Peter, the Rock, &c.), he came up to me, to the great amusement of the lookers-on, and was proceeding with, "I hope there was nothing in my sermon that"—when I interrupted him, laughingly, and said, "My dear Bowles, I am by no

means so *touchy* about St. Peter as you seem to suppose."

Same party at dinner. In the course of the evening L.

a topic which we have more than once discussed before, as he himself described it to Ord, who joined us, "as a theory of Moore's with which I cannot agree;"—viz. that Canning and Peel, or such men as Canning and Peel, mere commoners by birth, could never have attained the same high station among the Whig party that these two *roturiers* were allowed to reach among the Tories; the exclusive spirit of aristocracy being so much more strong in the former party than in the latter. Ord, likewise, disagreed with my view, and there are certainly no facts to argue from on either side of the question;—the failure of Sheridan and Burke in attaining high station among the Whigs being sufficiently accounted for by the unfitness of one and the impracticability of the other, for office, without any reference to their birth; while the only instance Lord Lansdowne could cite, in which the Whigs took up a mere man of the people—that of Horner,—was left incomplete, and, indeed, little more than in embryo, by his early death. Though Lord L. made so much of this conjectural and contingent elevation of Horner, as to ask Ord, "Have you any doubt but that Horner would have risen to the highest posts in the State?" But what numbers of "promising young statesmen" have broken down half way!

\* \* \* \* \*

January 24th, 25th. 1836. Barbara Godfrey (the niece of one of the best and dearest friends I have ever had, Lady Donegal,) being about to be married, and I trust happily, Bessy, with her usual generosity, sent her, as a nuptial gift, the beautiful tabinet gown Philip Crampton made her a present of when I was last in Ireland. A note from Mary Godfrey to Bessy, acknowledging this gift, says as follows:—"Lest you should think that your magnificent present for Barbara did not arrive safe, I hasten to acknowledge it, and to scold you, my dear friend, for



having deprived yourself of so beautiful a gown, when you had already sent her so pretty a *souvenir* by Mr. Corry, and had already gratified her by your kind and affectionate remembrance of her upon this eventful moment of her life. Moore's pencil and kind words added to this would have been delightful to her feelings; and why, dear Bessy, would you do so much more than you ought to have done? Why did you not keep your own handsome gown for your own handsome self? The fact is, you and Moore ought to have just ten thousand a year, and how two such noble souls can get on in this world without it, I can't conceive! My sister will take these beautiful things to her," &c. &c. \* \* \*

February 23rd. Set off in a fly for Devizes, having taken my place in the "White Hart" for town nearly an hour before my time. \* \* \*

24th. Called upon Rogers, and stayed some time with him: most agreeable and cordial. Told me some amusing things, one of which was Theodore Hook's saying to some man with whom a biblioplist dined the other day, and got extremely drunk, "Why, you appear to me to have emptied your *wine-cellar* into your *book-seller*."

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27th. Dined with Bryan. Company: Sheil, Wyse, and Mr. Finlay. Talked of an infinity of subjects, Sheil giving some good mimicries of Dan, and having evidently no vast respect for his great Coryphée. Received a letter this morning sent up to me from Sloperton, franked by O'Connell and coming from a Mr. Quin, enclosing me a prospectus of a new Quarterly Review, about to be set up, under the announced auspices of Dr. Wiseman, O'Connell, and Mr. Quin himself. In the course of this letter is the following passage: "On my mentioning in the hearing of O'Connell that I was about to write to you, he said, 'Oh, let me frank the letter to Moore;'" after stating which, Mr. Quin proceeds to add (evidently not without O'Connell's sanction) what pleasure it would give him to see two such men shake hands

and be friends, &c. &c. This opening, thus made by O'Connell himself, being all that I wanted (he being the offended party), I was resolved to lose no time in availing myself of it. In the course of the morning was called out of Brookes's by a visit from Mr. Quin himself, who had just heard I was in town, and had some conversation with him; but his anxiety being all centered upon the one point of inducing me to become a co-operator in the projected Review, I had no opportunity, nor indeed, ever once thought of alluding, during our conversation, to what he had said on the subject of O'Connell. This, though it turned out afterwards to be fortunate, I regretted at the time, as capable of being interpreted into an ungracious backwardness on my part.

28th. \* \* \* Being anxious to settle as soon as I could my affair with O'Connell, and being convinced, on a little consideration, that to employ any intermediate person would do much more harm than good (such persons being in general more likely to make difficulties than to remove them), I resolved now, that the advance had been so far made by O'Connell, to do the rest without further machinery myself. Knowing that he, in general, passed a good part of the day at Brookes's, on a Sunday, I proceeded thither after returning from Shee's, and there found him at a table reading a newspaper! Walking direct up to him with my hand held out, I said, smiling, "That frank proceeding of yours has settled everything." He instantly rose, looking rather embarrassed and nervous; when I said in the same cheerful tone, "You remember the frank?" "Yes," he answered (having now recovered his self-possession and shaking my hand cordially), "I do remember, and you have answered it exactly as I expected you would." This is *verbatim* what passed.

Dined at Lansdowne House: large party: Lords Melbourn, Carlisle, Morpeth, the Hollands, Mintos, Langdales, &c. Got seated between Lord Minto and Lord Langdale, and found my position very agreeable. Some talk with my noble neighbours about Napier, during which a question arose as to the

justifiableness of his using the private diary of Sir John Moore, which James Moore had confided to him for the purposes of his military history; using this same document against James Moore himself in the bitter article which he (Napier) wrote in the "Edinburgh."

After giving my opinion on the subject to Lord Minto, found, on putting the case to Lord Langdale, that his view of it exactly coincided with my own; namely, that, this document having been given to Napier by James Moore for the express purpose of defending his brother, Sir John Moore's character, Napier was not diverting it from this purpose, nor in any degree betraying his trust, by employing it against the very worst attack of all that had been made upon Sir John,—that which came under the imposing authority of his own brother.

29th. Breakfasted with Rogers to meet Taylor and young Villiers. Conversation on various topics. Referred to Shakspeare's Sonnets for one that Taylor had, on some former occasion, praised to Rogers. It begins, "That time of year thou may'st in me behold," (Sonnet 73.) and is full of sweet thought and language throughout. The first four lines are exquisite:—

"That time of year thou may'st in me behold

When yellow leaves, or none, or few, do hang  
Upon those boughs which shake against the cold,  
Bare, ruined choirs where late the sweet birds  
sang."

A good deal of conversation about Southey, who is a great friend of Taylor's. The immense correspondence of Southey, who, like myself, makes a point of answering all who write to him; but, unlike me, devotes the better and fresher part of his day (the morning) to this task; whereas I minute myself, during the last hour before dinner, to despatch as many of my answers to correspondents as I can scribble through in that interval.

March 1st. Went to take my chance of finding Lord John before breakfast: did so, and breakfasted with him. His late conduct and speech on the subject of the Orangemen

has gained him great glory; and "statesmanlike" is the epithet in every one's mouth in speaking of him. I do most thoroughly rejoice in his success. Found him very well, and, as usual, most kind.

Dined at Sir B. Brodie's, Hume having called for me between six and seven. Company: Rogers, Chantrey, and his wife, Wilkie, Sir H. Ellis of the British Museum, and one or two more. Reminded by Chantrey of my having asked him, when we were on our way from Italy together, "which of all the great painters, whose works he had there seen, he would most wish to have been," and his answering "Tintoretto." He himself, as he now mentioned, put the same question to Turner, after *his* return from Italy (without at all communicating what had passed between him and me), and his answer, curiously enough, was exactly the same. Chantrey, in relating the above, seemed to think that if he himself could have given the matter a little more consideration at the time when I put the question to him, his answer would have been "Titian."

4th. \* \* \* I have omitted, by the by, among my scattered records of this visit to town, to give some account of the arrangement I have at last entered into with Easthope for occasional contributions of squibs to "The Chronicle." Nothing could be more prompt and liberal than his whole proceedings on the subject; and, as I had more than once expressed to him my satisfaction at the terms on which I had contributed to "The Times," he requested that the same might be the nature of my connection with "The Chronicle." Accordingly I commenced by receiving an advance from him of 100*l.*, a day or two after my arrival in town. \* \* \* On my return home, found a letter from Lady Macdonald, saying it was the opinion of the General, that an application from *myself* at the Horse Guards would have far more weight than any other; that no time should be lost in making it, and that he himself would be very happy to accompany me to the office at the Horse Guards for the purpose. Her note contained also an invitation to dinner to-morrow, to meet Lord Morpeth

and some others—but that dinner at Hampstead!

5th. Went to breakfast with Lord John. As he sat at the table, there lay his official papers, on one side, and a long bill of fare (for a cabinet dinner he gives to-morrow) on the other. Lady John not well enough to see me; but after breakfast he took me up to look at the new baby asleep, that I might report to Mrs. Moore (whom he knew to be a great baby-fancier) on my return. \* \* \*

6th. Dined at Miss Rogers's, R., and I, and Sydney going there together. Company: the Hollands, the Langdales, Lady Davy, Surgeon Travers, and Rogers's nephew. Sydney highly amusing in the evening. His description of the *dining* process, by which people in London extract all they can from new literary lions, was irresistibly comic. "Here's a new man of genius arrived; put on the stew-pan; fry away; we'll soon get it all out of him." On this and one or two other topics, he set off in a style that kept us all in roars of laughter.

8th. Off in the "Regulator" for home.

29th. Went to dine with the Kerrys: only themselves, Lady Louisa having gone to visit the Ricardos. A very nice quiet evening. Kerry seriously employed with his "Life of Sir W. Petty;" and likely, I think, to perform his task creditably, as he aims at little more than being editor of such materials on the subject as he has been able to collect. Showed me a characteristic passage in one of Sir William's letters, written in answer to somebody who was desirous of obtaining a peerage, and had applied to Petty for advice or aid: "I would rather be a copper farthing of intrinsic value than a brass half-crown."

31st. Sent off some verses to "The Chronicle," "Erasmus on Earth to Cicero in the Shades," which I thought not bad, though, as usual, not having the most distant idea as to what others may think of them. A few lines, which I omitted, as being too serious for the general cast of this trifle, are perhaps worthy of being preserved here. In speaking of the supposed idols in St. Paul's, I went on thus:—

But 'tis really too sad;—in this once pious land,  
Where the form of some saint, touched by Paint-  
ing's slow hand,

Into grace more than human and looks half  
divine,

Was all the heart look'd for on Piety's shrine,  
To exalt its own picturings high o'er this sphere  
To a world where the clouds from around us will  
clear,

And such bright things shall be what they now  
but appear.\*

\* \* \* \* \*

April 11th. A visit from Bowles, who is in a most amusing rage against the bishops, on account of the transfer into their hands by the new Church Reform of the preferment and patronage hitherto vested in the Dean and Chapter. No Radical could be much more furious on the subject than this comical Canon, in his own odd way. On driving off from the door, he exclaimed to Mrs. Moore, "I say, Down with the bishops!" \* \* \*

13th. Breakfasted at Brookes's, and from thence to Rogers's, where I found (as one is sure *always* to find the best things going) Lord Jeffrey, whom I had not seen for a length of time, and was most glad to find so well and prosperous, with the honours of his new judgeship fresh about him. They say there cannot be a better or more satisfactory judge, which I rejoice at exceedingly, not only for his sake, but as an answer to your dull prose-men who conceit that none but themselves are fit for grave occupations, and look down upon men of lively fancy as little better than (what the lawyers used to call actors) "diverting vagabonds." Jeffrey's wife and daughter were also of the party, as well as old Whishaw, who mentioned an amusing instance of Dr. Parr's stilted phraseology. In addressing a well-known lawyer (whose name I now forget), after some great forensic display he had made, Parr said, "Sir, you are incapable of doing justice to your own argument; you weaken it by diffusion and perplex it by reiteration." Jeffrey, in allusion to my healthy looks, said I was the only "vernal thing" he had yet seen.

15th. Off to the Charter House, to

\* Wants correcting and condensing.

learn how Tom's examination had gone on. Saw the dear fellow himself, and found, to my great delight, that he had succeeded in getting the Exhibition (contrary evidently to Saunders's expectation), and with great credit and praise from the examiners. Saw Saunders afterwards, who confirmed all this to me, and said that Tom's papers were very good indeed.

After my return from the Charter House, met Lord Grey in Pall Mall. Had seen him a day or two before, immediately after his arrival in town, and was passing him without perceiving who it was, when he of himself stopped and took my hand very cordially. I now begged of him to tell me at what hour of the day I should be most likely to find Lady Grey at home, and he told me at two o'clock, any day, and added that she would be most happy to see me. After parting with him, it occurred to me that I ought to have mentioned Tom's success to him, and I accordingly ran back after him for the purpose; as his kindness, I said, had been the means of putting Tom in the Charter House, it was right he should know that his patronage had not been thrown away. I then told him briefly the particulars, at which he seemed much gratified and congratulated me with much warmth. On my adding that I was just about to pack off my boy, with all his honours fresh about him, to his happy Mamma, I could see that tears almost came into his eyes, as he cordially shook my hand. Nothing, indeed, could be more amiable than his whole manner.

Called at the Hollands, and found Lord Holland writing letters; from which, however, he turned away with his usual good humour, and conversed for some time as disengaged as if he had nothing whatever to do; though I found afterwards that one of the letters he was employed upon was to Lord Sligo at Jamaica, giving him an account of the state of things at home, and that there was some danger of its being too late for the packet. Another of his letters, from which he read me some sentences, was on the subject of the new bishops; his own wish being strongly that Shuttleworth should be among

the number. Speaking of Arnold, I remarked that it would be certainly a strong step to make him a bishop after his very latitudinarian pamphlet on Church Reform, in which he was for widening the portals of the Church so liberally as to admit, if I recollected right, even Jews.\* "Aye," he said, "you call that *latitudinarianism*; but observe that the *principle* of intolerance is still preserved even in that apparently liberal plan; as after he has widened his pale to the extent which he thinks proper, he then draws his line as rigorously as any of the rest and says, like them, 'Here we take our stand,' or, in other words, 'Here exclusion and intolerance begin.'"

19th. \* \* \* Went from Rogers's to Devonshire House; a large assembly, where I met with a number of old acquaintances. Had a good deal of talk with Lady Caroline Murray, and also with Lady King, who added another to my tantalising list for to-morrow, by asking me to meet her daughter-in-law, *Ada*, at dinner. By the by, Maclean, the American Minister, the other day, in remarking on the cool and easy way in which the English take their own celebrated people, said that even he himself, though so long accustomed to this *poco-curanteism* of theirs, was quite surprised at the little sensation made by Lady King, the other day, on her first appearance. Nobody, he said, ever looked at her; whereas, to an American, the opportunity of seeing Lord Byron's daughter would be a sort of era in his life. I own I should like to see her myself, though I am not so sure that her mamma may not have prepossessed her mind with prejudices against me, which might possibly render our meeting not very agreeable. As I was coming away from Devonshire House, there was that gay "young gentleman about town," Rogers, just arrived, having got rid of his own party, and still so "up to everything" as to think it worth his while to come out at this late hour (between twelve and one o'clock) to attend a ducal assembly! Long may he be able and willing to do so, say I.

\* Not Jews.—Ed.

20th. It was past one when I got to bed last night, and this morning saw me at half-past nine walking with Lord Lansdowne in his garden. Congratulated him heartily (and *from* the heart) on the success of his speech the night before last, which has made really a great sensation. Dined at Stanley's (the Secretary of the Treasury), being called for and taken by Luttrell. Company: Sydney Smith (Jeffrey was also to have been of the party, but had been called off suddenly to Edinburgh by the death of a particular friend), Labouchere, Lord Clements, Lady Emmeline Wortley, Miss Dillon, &c. &c. In saying something about O'Connell (I forget what) Luttrell applied the line, "Through all the compass of the notes he ran," and then added, after a short pause, "The diapason closing full in *Dun*."

21st. Off in the "Regulator" at nine o'clock for Calne. An intelligent gentleman in the coach, with whom, *sicut meus est mos*, I became intimately acquainted on the journey, and had a good deal of interesting conversation. For a great part of the way, I supposed myself to be *incog.*, but found then that he had been told at the coach-office who he was to have for companion. We had been talking at the time about politics (he, a red-hot Conservative), when, struck by the mere fairness, I suppose, with which I had conceded some point to him, he said, "This is the first time, Sir, I have ever had the honour of being in your society, but allow me to ask you, do you continue quite as much of a Liberal in your politics as you formerly were?" I answered, "Quite as much as ever. I, of course, see the dangers that lie in our path as clearly as you do, and could have wished that the necessary changes we are undergoing could have been brought about in a more gradual and skilful manner; but still the time had come for change, and we must now only take the rough with the smooth. The average quantity of public happiness will, I have little doubt, be increased by the process." Found all well at home, thank God.

25th. Visit from Bowles. Brought a new

pamphlet of his, to ask my opinion as to the title: "Popish and Protestant Intolerance the latter the least excusable of the two. Cried, of course, "Bravo!" to this; nothing in the world being truer. The people who appeal to reason are the very last who should find fault with others for making free use of it.

27th. Forgot to mention my having met Woolriche while in town, and walked some time with him. In talking of old times, the severe illness through which he (and Baillie) attended me, now thirty years ago, formed one of our subjects; and he gave me a much stronger notion of my danger at that time, than I had before entertained. Said that he had often mentioned the case since to some of his brother surgeons, and with surprise at his own courage in taking the step he did. From some cause or other, (it did not seem certain what) there came a large abscess in my right side, which increased to suppuration, and my life or death, it seems, depended upon whether it broke outwardly or inwardly. The step taken by Woolriche was to apply caustic to the tumour, which succeeded in determining the discharge outwardly, and, according to him, saved my life. Reminded him that on the evening of that painful day, having been confined of course to my bed, I repeated to him some gay Epicurean verses which I had composed during the eating of the caustic into the inflamed tumour. I should not be up to such a feat now, but seven-and-twenty and seven-and-fifty make all the difference. I rather think, however, that I was no more than six-and-twenty, as it must be now one-and-thirty years since I had that illness; and during the whole interval since, I have never (thanks be to God for such a blessing) been confined for one single day to my bed by any illness whatever! Ὑγιαίνειν μὲν ἀριστον ἀνδρὶ θνητῷ.

June 23rd. Had given up all thoughts of seeing Ellen till the next packet, when, to our joy, she arrived, having had, of course, a very rough passage, not arriving at Bristol till twelve o'clock last night. Quite well, however. Bessy all delight to have her here

once more. Brought me, among other Irish reminiscences, some pretty lines enclosed to her by Miss O'Ferrall, in a note beginning thus:—"My dear Miss Moore,—I send you the promised lines, and beg of you to tell Mr. Moore that if he could have communicated to me a single spark of his own genius, I should have sent him some more brilliant tribute of my *own*; for, as we say in Ireland, 'It is not my heart that would hinder me.'" The verses are by a Miss Scriven, and as follows:—

LINES ADDRESSED TO THE SWAN'S QUILL WITH WHICH MR. MOORE WROTE HIS NAME IN MISS O'FERRALL'S SCRAP BOOK.

"How little didst thou think,  
Oh fair and lovely plume,  
While resting by the water's brink,  
That thou shouldst e'er presume  
To give thy gentle form  
To that high hand of fame,  
And thus, with feeling warm,  
Inscribe so bright a name.  
Were I a plume like thee,  
I'd with my sires have vied,  
And, uttering such sweet melody,  
Have closed my wing and died."

July 1st to 3rd. Notwithstanding Barnes's friendly letter, he has been shabby enough to insert some wretched poetry, in which I am attacked. If the poetry was even middling, I should have forgiven him; but your journalists! your journalists! Poor Perry must still hold his place as the phoenix of all newspaper men, that I, at least, have ever known.

August 24th.† \* \* \* It is gratifying to see how general is the sympathy with the Lansdownes on their late severe loss; and it is a most trying loss. Poor Kerry having been most lucky in his marriage, was giving every promise of a manhood of usefulness and honour when he was thus (not unexpectedly, however, to many) snatched away. It is too sad.

October 4th. Went with Hume and Dr. Travers (a young Irishman who, it seems, is preparing an answer to Mason's attack upon

† Lord Kerry died on the 21st of this month.

the *religious* part of my Irish "History,") to the Zoological Gardens, to see the giraffes. Hume's account of his meeting with Sterling (of "The Times") the other day. Sterling (who had somebody walking with him when they met) said banteringly, at the same time opening Hume's waistcoat, "Let us see if you have got the regular Whig *badge*, the death's head and cross bones, upon your breast." Hume, without appearing to notice what he had said, quietly took up the skirt of Sterling's coat, and after examining it for a little while, looked up into Sterling's face, and said, with a sort of dry surprise, "Why, you've turned it, I see!"

7th. Returned to Holland House to dinner. Company: Lord and Lady Lilford (just arrived from Paris, she looking prettier than ever), Lord Radnor and his son Lord Folkestone, Lord Ebrington, Charles Fox and Lady Mary. In talking of the Russian bands of music, where each performer has his own single note to produce, Lord Holland said, that there was always a man walking about with a cane, who hit each fellow, at the proper moment, to make him bring out his note. This notion of Lord H.'s produced a good deal of diversion; and I mentioned as a case in point, the *pig* instrument invented by some abbé for the amusement of Louis XV. (I believe), wherein pigs of different ages (the young ones performing the treble, and the old—according to their respective years—the bass) constituted the musical scale, there being keys provided, as in a harpsichord, with a spike at the end of each, which, on the key being struck, touched the pig, and made him utter his note, whilst at the same time there were muzzles contrived (in the manner of dampers, for stopping vibration) which seized the pig's mouth the moment he had given out his note, and prevented his further intonation till again wanted. Thus, as Pope says of asses,

"Pig intoned to pig,  
Harmonic twang."

And the whole living instrument being covered over and disguised, in the manner

of an organ, the abbé performed upon it, to the no small delight of the King and his court. This story amused Lord Holland a good deal.

9th. Left a card at a Lady Rawson's, who had written to me some days before, and sent me a copy of a French translation of the "Loves of the Angels," by a Pole named Ostrowski. The translator gives me a title by which I am not a little flattered, calling me "the national poet of all oppressed countries." But he also makes a fallen angel of me, addressing my bardship thus, in what he calls an allocution,—

"D'où te vient la splendeur de ce front étoilé,  
O Moore! n'es tu pas un archange exilé?"

His appealing to myself for confirmation of this suspicion of his is not a little comical. On our way to Lady Rawson's, in passing through George Street, Portman Square, I pointed out to Russell, as I had done once before to Tom, the house, No. 44, where I first lodged when I came to London. Seeing a bill on the house of lodgings to let, I took advantage of it to have a peep at my own old two-pair-of-stair quarters, and found that the two rooms were to be let for sixteen shillings a week, which shows they have not gone down in the world since I occupied them, as I paid for the two but half a guinea a week, having for some time inhabited the front room alone at seven shillings a week, and it was in that room that the first proof sheet I ever received (*i. e.* of my *Anacreon*) was put into my hands by Tom Hume.

12th. Had written to Lord John to say that I would be with him to-day, and, having secured a luncheon at Brookes's, knowing I should be too late for his dinner, started for Tunbridge at a quarter before three. Stopped at the (I forget the name) Inn, Lord John having apprised me that, from the smallness of his house, he could not *bed* me. Found a servant with a note from him, to say that I must come on to dinner at his house immediately on my arrival.

13th. \* \* \* Went out to drive with Lady John, meaning to go to Penshurst,

Lord John joining us on horseback, but the weather was so stormy that we did not go on to the house, but merely stopped to take a view of the place from the hill; Lady John very agreeable; and a nicer little pair than the two, in their several ways, it would not be easy to find. None but themselves at dinner. Sung a little for them in the evening, and off to my inn at night. In talking of Lord Stanley, and the boyishness of his character and conduct, Lord John, looking inquiringly at me, said, "I thought that very good in 'The Chronicle' about the Boy Statesman, didn't you?" This was my own squib, founded on Mathews's "That boy'll be the death of me." I, of course, laughed, and acknowledged what I saw he was already pretty sure of.

14th. Started for town per coach at nine o'clock, and got to my own quarters before three. \* \* \*

28th. Macrone arrived in the evening.

29th. Found our visitor a very agreeable, clever, dashing young fellow, knowing a great deal of the general literature of the day, and having seen and known something of most of the eminent men of the time, particularly his own countrymen, viz. Sir Walter Scott, Jeffrey, Hogg, &c. His knowledge of Scott's life and habits, chiefly derived from his intimacy with Laidlaw (Sir Walter's bailiff or man of business), whom I recollect seeing at Abbotsford, and who, like single-speech Hamilton, might be called single-song Laidlaw, as he was the author of one very pretty Scotch ballad, called Lucy's Flitting (which I remember Scott's giving me to read), and never wrote anything else. Was delighted to learn from Macrone that Laidlaw said he never saw Scott so pleased or happy with any visitor as he was during the few days I passed at Abbotsford, nor ever knew him to *work* so little as he did during that time. "There was no one else in the house," said Laidlaw (according to Macrone's report); "he had Moore all to himself, and seemed to enjoy it thoroughly." This (which I am willing to believe true, as it tallies, indeed, very much with what I myself observed at the

time,) gave me, of course, great pleasure to hear. \* \* \*

December 24th. \* \* \* Anecdotes of Lord Alvanley. Story told by —, who was his second in the duel with Maurice O'Connell: Alvanley's silence as they proceeded in the carriage to the place of meeting. — thinking to himself, "Well, I see Alvanley is for once made serious;" and then, to break the silence, saying, "Let what will come of it, Alvanley, the world is extremely indebted to you for calling out this fellow as you have done." "The world indebted to me, my dear fellow!" answered Alvanley, "I am devilishly glad to hear it, for then the world and I are quits." Mentioned, also, that at some country house where they were getting up a dramatic piece, founded upon Scott's "Rebecca," they wanted Alvanley to take the part of the Jew, but he declined, saying, "Never could do a Jew in my life."

Returned home, glad to get to work, and not meaning to go to Bowood again till the arrival of Rogers, who is expected there. Had two letters from him; one a particularly kind one, chiding me for not having taken up my quarters at his house when I was last in town, and when he himself was in Paris. "But why (he says) did not you the other day come at once to my house and ask for a bed there? Have not I told you to do so again and again, you varlet you?" \* \* \*

April 5th, 1837. Arrived in Paternoster Row between nine and ten. Rees, by the by, is about to quit the firm, and Tom Longman, the eldest son, who succeeds to his place, has been for some time past my chief business correspondent. A great dinner at the Row, for which I had been secured before I came up; and not a bad thing to start with, as the company consisted of Sydney Smith, Canon Tate (a regular *Princeps Editio* old fellow, whom I had never met with before), Merivale, Dionysius the Tyrant, McCulloch, and Mr. Hayward, the translator of "Faust." Sydney most rampantly facetious; his whole manner and talk forming a most amusing contrast to the Parson Adams-

like simplicity and middle-aged lore of his brother canon, Tate, whom I sat next, and who, between the volleys of Sydney's jokes, was talking to me of "that charming letter written by Vossius to Casaubon," and "the trick played by that rogue Muretus upon Scaliger." *Apropos* of this trick (which was the imposing upon Scaliger, as ancient, some Latin verses written by himself, and which of course Scaliger never forgave), I took occasion to mention that I had often thought of writing a "History of celebrated Forgeries," or rather had thought what a good subject it would be for any person who had time and learning enough to undertake it. The great variety of topic it would embrace; first, the *historical* forgers, Philo of Byblos, Annius of Viterbo, Hector Boece, Geoffrey of Monmouth, &c. Then the *ecclesiastical* impostures, such as the numerous false gospels, &c.; then the *literary*, including that of "the rogue Muretus," that of Jortin, "*Quae te sub tenera*," &c. (which took in, not designedly, however, the learned Gruter), and so on to Chatterton, Lauder, and lastly, Ireland. Conversation turned on Boz, the new comic writer. Was sorry to hear Sydney cry him down, and evidently without having given him a fair trial; whereas, to me it appears one of the few proofs of good taste that "the masses," as they are called, have yet given, there being some as nice humour and fun in the "Pickwick Papers" as in any work I have seen in our day. Hayward, the only one of the party that stood by me in this opinion, engaged me for a dinner (at his chambers) on Thursday next.

7th. Went to Brookes's, where Rogers came to look for me. Offered to dine with him to-day, which he most heartily agreed to. Rogers very agreeable. Mentioned the Duke of Wellington saying to some enthusiastic woman who was talking in raptures about the glories of a victory, "I should so like to witness a victory!" &c. &c., "My dear madam, a victory is the greatest tragedy in the world, except one, — and that is a defeat."

8th. Hard at work till dinner time. Company at the Lansdownes: Lord and Lady



Holland, the John Russells, the Morleys, Lord Seaforth, the Duke of Argyll, Baring, and one or two more. Some talk between Lord John, Baring, and myself, on the subject of parliamentary oratory; the difficulty of interweaving those parts which every orator, to be effective, must *prepare*, with those called forth by the impulse and demands of the moment. Baring quoted, as one of those things of Canning's which must have been elaborately prepared, though appearing to arise out of the suggestions of the moment, and which ended with some such sentence as, "We find the bird of Diogenes in the man of Plato."\*

12th. Dined at Lansdowne House. Company: Lord and Lady Mahon, Lord and Lady Fitzharris, Lord Clare, the Lysters, Eastlake the painter, and Barry the architect. Sat next Lord Mahon, and had some interesting conversation with him. Talked of the Duke of Wellington, for whom I professed (without remembering at the time Lord Mahon's *dévouement* to him) all the admiration which he has at length fairly *extorted* from me, in the very teeth of long-cherished prejudice and dislike to him. And after all, too, it is his *pen-and-ink work* that has made a convert of me. Those Despatches of his, recently published—those most interesting Despatches,—full of traits of thoughtfulness, modesty, consideration for others, patience under misrepresentation, and all, in short, (combined with the vast things he was then accomplishing and preparing) that goes to make the character of a great man, as well as of a great and fortunate soldier. Expressed myself much to this purpose to Lord Mahon, who, of course, agreed with me most zealously, and said that there was one part of the Duke's political career—his conduct in 1832 (during

the attempt made by the Tories to construct an administration)—which was little known to the public, but was sure some time or other to come to light, and redound most memorably to his honour.

Some general conversation, after dinner, about India, in the course of which Lord Clare gave no very agreeable idea either of the country itself or of the society there. A great want of beautiful scenery, all being so flat; and even where elevated, being but an ascending series of flats. The society very much of the same description: people take no interest in any person or events that are not immediately under their noses. "If I were to talk," said Lord Clare, "of Lord Lansdowne, or any other of my friends at home, they would think I was coming Captain Grand over them; I, therefore, carefully avoided all such subjects." Speaking of Rogers, and the feeling between him and Byron, Lord Clare mentioned having seen Rogers at Rome (I think), after his visit to Byron, and R.'s telling him of Byron having said that there were but two men in the world he felt any affection for. "You were one (added Rogers), and I am sorry to say I was not the other." Lord Clare, after mentioning this, turned round to me and said "You, I think, were the other."

15th. One of the dinners I have been at at Lansdowne House lately is thus announced in the "Court Circular:"—On such a day "the Marquis of Lansdowne entertained Mr. Thomas Moore and a number of other literary and scientific gentlemen, at dinner at Lansdowne House." These literaries and scientifics having been in reality a party of fine Lords and Ladies. Dined at Lord John's. Company: the Lansdownes, Lord Melbourne, Lord Grey and his daughter, Lord Carlisle and his daughter, and Baron Bulow. Lord and Lady Lansdowne remarked to me, that I had not looked at all well the other day at Lansdowne House; and I can well suppose that fag and worry do *tell* upon me, in despite of all my buoyancy of spirit, which, I thank God, seldom fails. Dinner very agreeable. It was remarked, *apropos* of something, how much more tenaciously the remembrance of

\* This is a mis-quotation. The passage, though I cannot find it, was to this effect:—"Gentlemen opposite are always talking of the people as distinguished from the rest of the nation. But strip the nation of its aristocracy, strip it of its magistrates, strip it of its clergy, of its merchants, of its gentry, and I no more recognise a people than I recognise in the bird of Diogenes the man of Plato."—Ed.

historical personages and events is preserve among the common class of people in Ireland than in England. "You say, I perceive, (said Lord Melbourne, turning to me, in allusion to my 'Captain Rock,') that Lord Strafford is still remembered in Ireland under the name of Black Tom." I remarked, that the Irish were in every respect a people of traditions, dwelling for ever on the past; and Lord Carlisle said, with but too much truth, perhaps, that this is the characteristic of a people backward in civilisation; that as nations advance, they leave their traditions behind them, or (as I think he expressed it) that "according as a people became instructed, their traditions vanished." A good deal of talk about Cromwell and his character. In speaking of Talleyrand, after we went up to coffee, Bulow mentioned Talleyrand's having told him that none of those speeches he delivered in the Convention were his own. Had them all written for him, and read them out from the tribune. Talleyrand attributed the misfortunes of all the rulers who have reigned over France, from Napoleon down to Louis Philippe, to the neglect of the counsels which he (Talleyrand) gave them.

16th. At work till half-past five, when I dressed for dinner (though not having to dine till half-past seven), and went to Brookes's to relax over the Sunday newspapers. Overtook Sir Robert Peel near White's, who greeted me most cordially. "Ah, Moore, how do you do? I am so glad to see you." Told him that I had called upon him last time I was in town, which he seemed not to have known; and said that at any time when he was at home, if I sent in my card, he would be most happy to see me. Dined at Byng's, having fixed the day myself, in order that he might get Fonblanque to meet me. Company: Fonblanque, Sheil, Lord Ebrington, Lord Clanricarde, and a German Count (Walstein, I believe). Some talk with Fonblanque about his paper, "The Examiner," and its deserved success: the more to be rejoiced at as it told well for the readers as well as for the *writer*, the wit being of that high kind which required the recipient also to be of no ordinary description.

Quoted to him a passage from one of his own papers, as an instance of the sort of condensed wit which I thought required minds very different from those of the common run of readers to seize and appreciate properly. It was one which I may have already stated in this journal, where, in speaking of the martial tendencies of the Irish parsons, he says, "It is curious to observe how an Irish parson, in hot water, assumes the military colour." \* \* \*

27th. Went to the Longmans, for the no less awful purpose than the looking over my account with them for some years past. Had time but for the sum totals on both sides, and found the result more satisfactory than I had expected, the interest of the sums deposited by me in their hands some years since having sufficed pretty nearly to cover all the advances they have made me. Sheil, one of these mornings, at Brookes's, told me some good things said by the Irish barrister, Keller, my godfather. To some judge, an old friend of Keller's, a steady solemn fellow, who had succeeded as much in his profession as Keller had failed, he said one day, "In opposition to all the laws of natural philosophy, you have *risen* by your *gravity*, while I have *sunk* by my *levity*." Sheil mentioned to me his intention of quoting some time soon in the House, Lord Bacon's praise of Ireland (the passage where an allusion to the harp occurs), introducing it by first quoting some lines of mine to the same purpose, and then saying, "You may object that this comes from a poet and an Irishman; but I will now produce to you one who is," &c. &c.

Dined at Murray's. Company: Dr. and Mrs. Somerville, Croker, and Sir David Wilkie and his sister; the first time of my meeting with Croker for many years. Mrs. Somerville, whom I had never before seen so much of, gained upon me exceedingly. So much unpretending womanliness of manner joined with such rare talent and knowledge is, indeed, a combination that cannot be too much admired. \* \* \*

May 3rd to 10th. From this throughout the remainder of the month I had neither

time, nor indeed much material, for journalising; every moment being devoted to the careful correction of my "Epicurean," both in its prose form, as published, and in the poetical shape which it was at first intended to wear. Found among my papers a part of the latter, viz. a rough copy of a letter from the high priest of Memphis, which I had entirely forgotten, but which I have now furnished up, and think it one of the best things in the heroic metre that I have ever written. \* \* \*

June 1st, &c. Having long meditated a trip to France with Tom, for the purpose of placing him somewhere (not in Paris) where he may lay in a little French before he embarks in his profession, I wrote to Corry about this time, asking him to join us in our expedition, which he readily consented to do. \* \* \* On the 10th sailed for Boulogne, and arrived at Paris on the 12th.

14th. Took Tom to introduce him to Chabot, and we were a good deal struck by the homeliness of his royal lodgings (up three pair of stairs in the Tuileries), the arms emblazoned here and there on the furniture, being the only things that reminded us of our being in the dwelling of royalty. Dined at Meurice's, at the *table-d'hôte*, and went in the evening to the Tuileries. Had three tickets admitting six persons among us three, but were not aware that they admitted to different places. One of the tickets, which was of a different colour, being for the roof of the Tuileries, from whence the best view of the fire-works could be obtained. Had to encounter a good deal of confusion in going in, from our ignorance of this difference in the tickets, and not liking to separate myself from Corry, I gave Tom that which admitted to the roof, while Corry and I took our places in the garden of the *Château*, just under the balcony at which Louis Philippe and *la Famille* (as they are called by distinction) were seated. Anxious about Tom, I again went out, and had to experience fresh difficulties in coming back again, during which I was twice irritated into speaking angrily to those fierce fellows with swords in their hands, who, to do them

justice, treated my *brutum fulmen* very good-humouredly and concedingly. But there is something so humiliating in being pushed back, that if there was a whole army of them, I could not refrain from speaking my mind to them as I did then. The fire-works beautiful; and what with the flowers, the moonlight, the gay dresses of the women seated around, and the sweet airs played by the military band, I thought it all very delightful, but, like all other very delightful things, sad and affecting. (The Marseillais Hymn was among the airs they played. Nor was it the least touching part of the whole spectacle to see that poor Louis Philippe, whom, when I was last in France, I left living happily and comfortably with his family, like an English gentleman in the country — the ladies all at their work-table in the evening, and the children brought in to play with their hoops about the room; — to see him now placed in so very different a situation, not knowing from minute to minute whether the assassin's aim was not levelled at him, and obliged to rise and make obeisance to a set of gazers whom he must both fear and despise, whenever any one of them chooses to greet him with a half-ironical cheer. It seemed to me, in general, indeed, the voice of a child that began the feeble "Vive le Roi," with which he was greeted. From our position we could not see any of the fire-works but those which rose into the air (whereat Corry grumbled like a great school-boy); but these were well worth seeing, particularly a small balloon, which occasionally detached from itself, as it rose, other bodies, or offsets as it were of light, without losing its own lustre; and the last grand *bouquet*, which exceeded all that I had ever before seen in the pyrotechnic line. Rejoiced by Tom, who had seen the whole perfectly and was in ecstasies.

24th. Went to Madame de Flahaut, whom I found sitting in the garden with her beautiful daughter (a beauty which struck me to be as pleasing as it was brilliant), and Lord Sandwich and another young man along with them. Have seen

no hotel so handsome as theirs in Paris. Sat for some time, and regretted very much not seeing Flahaut, who is among the few men I *like* as well as *admire*.

25th. A visit, during breakfast, from M. B., whom I did not at first recollect, but found out afterwards that I had known him when formerly at Paris, though his reputation as a writer has been, I believe, chiefly acquired since.

July 1st. A visit from Wright, bringing with him, to introduce to me, a very clever and amiable-mannered man, M. Bertrand, a Professor of Greek literature in the University of Paris, and a great admirer, as I soon discovered, of my poetry. Has translated several of the "Irish Melodies," and told me himself that it was my poetry first won him into the study of English. A good deal of conversation, during which he explained to me the nature of the professorships and colleges through France. After he had gone Rothe came, and we walked out together. Had not gone very far when Wright came running breathless after us, to say that M. Bertrand would, he believed, take Tom. Went with him to that gentleman's house, and found both him and his wife (who is much older than himself) very kind and amiable on the subject. From what I had heard Rothe and others say of him, was of course very anxious to secure so good a position for Tom; and, to my great joy, now found that there was no difficulty in the matter; he himself appearing to be quite as much pleased with the office, as I was at his accepting it. Was going, he told me, to his country-seat in a month or so, and would take Tom with him. In the meantime, would have a room prepared for him at his house in Caen. Asked about Tom's Greek studies, but I told him that my chief object for him now was French and French literature. On my coming to speak of terms, he assured me that that was the last consideration with him; and that he was chiefly actuated by the pleasure of being able to do anything that would show his respect and admiration for me. It would be far more agreeable, he added, to leave the

settlement of terms to some third person; and, on my mentioning Rothe, said, that most willingly would he leave the whole matter to him. Drove out afterwards with the General\*, who expressed great delight at my good fortune in this arrangement; only regretting it, he said, for one reason, which was, that his brother and himself had made up their minds to offer Tom a reception in their house. Had begged of Rothe to settle the terms with Bertrand, but Wright had been beforehand with him; and it appeared that from 100 to 120 francs a month was all that he would require.

3rd. In his view of Irish politics the Corbet of 1837 is, as might be expected, very different from him of 1798. Considering division to be a source of weakness to both countries, he is so far now from wishing to see Ireland severed from England that he considers their union in support of good government and free institutions to be essential, not only to their own well doing, but also most important, as an example, to all Europe. Ought to have mentioned, with respect to Corbet's escape from Kilmainham, that he referred to the account given of it in Lady Morgan's O'Brians and O'Flahertys, as remarkably accurate in most of the particulars.

7th. After a smooth passage of fourteen hours, arrived at Southampton. Walked about a little with Wilder, and, after breakfast, set off in the coach for Bath, where I dined most heartily and *Englishly* at the White Hart; and then proceeded in a fly to Sloperton, where I arrived between eight and nine in the evening.

23rd. An official letter from the Horse Guards, acquainting me, that, on my lodging the sum of 450*l.* in the hands of Cox, Greenwood, & Co., Lord Hill will submit my son's name to the Queen for the purchase of an ensigny in the 22nd Foot.

30th. Received the following letter from Lord Fitzroy:—"My dear Sir. I have communicated your letter of the 25th to Lord Hill, who desires me to say that he

\* General Corbet.

will give your son six months' leave of absence from the time of his being gazetted; but if you should think that insufficient, he considers that it would be better to decline the commission in the 22nd, with the understanding that your son is to be provided for as soon as he is ready. Probably, however, leave of six months is all you require. Very faithfully yours," &c. &c.

31st. \* \* \* Looking back over the journal of my French tour, I find, in Buchon's note accompanying the letters of introduction he sent me, he says: "Votre fils trouvera en France une large — d'affection; je vous assure ce n'est qu'une faible marque de la reconnaissance due aux nobles et poétiques inspirations de son père. Le nom de Moore s'est naturalisé Français, par l'admiration que nous avons non seulement pour ce qu'il a écrit, mais pour ce qu'il a voulu. Son caractère et son talent ont été adopté par nous, comme une gloire universelle. La langue est la forme, la pensée est le fond qui appartient aux hommes éminens de tous les pays. Votre admirateur et ami, S. A. C. BUCHON." \* \* \*

August 5th. Breakfasted with Rogers, to meet the Americans. Conversation turned (curiously enough before the son of Hamilton, though none of us seemed to have thought of this at the time,) upon the prevalence of duelling in America; and Hamilton told some strange stories on the subject.

\* \* \* Mr. Hamilton said that there was no longer any doubt of his father's having been the writer of almost all Washington's addresses. Gave me an autograph letter of Washington's to his father, which tends a good deal to confirm this fact. Among the autographs he showed me were some of Jefferson's, and I was not displeased to see in them a frequency of my own trick of erasures and corrections. Jefferson always opposed to Washington; being always an advocate for French predominance in their councils.

7th. Breakfasted at home, and was at the Council Office by ten, where I was joined soon after by Mr. Lemon. Looked over the indexes of the papers with him,

and found him in every respect the man for my purpose; being not only versed in the subject, but also most readily disposed to assist me in any way most useful to me. Explained to him how I was situated with respect to my History, being now more than ever aware that in less than two volumes more I should not be able to do justice to my subject, and yet from the inadequate pay I receive for my labour (compared with what I should make by employing myself otherwise), being unwilling to expend so much of my time unprofitably. He remarked that nothing, unluckily, was more common than to see historical works which had been commenced, and continued to a certain extent with most exemplary carefulness, then begin to show signs of relaxation and haste, and at last hurry on to the end in the most careless and clumsy manner. Gave, as an instance, Turner's "History of Henry the Eighth," in which a small part of Henry's reign occupies the great bulk of the work, while the remainder is dispatched in a few pages. Must see how far this is the case. \* \* \*

8th. Dined with Rogers to go to the Opera. Party at dinner: Wordsworth and Miss Rogers. A good deal from Wordsworth about his continental tour. In talking of travelling in England, said that he used always to travel on the top of the coach, and still prefers it. Has got at different times subjects for poems by travelling thus. A story he has told in verse (which I have never seen) of two brothers parting on the top of a hill (to go to different regions of the globe), and walking silently down the opposite sides of the hill, was, he said, communicated to him by a fellow traveller outside a coach. Also another story about a peat hill which had been preserved with great care, by a fond father, after the death of the youth who had heaped it up.

10th. Dinner at Rogers's. Almost over when I arrived. Company: Wordsworth, Landseer, Taylor, and Miss R. A good deal of talk about Campbell's poetry, which they were all much disposed to carp at and depreciate, more particularly Wordsworth.

I remarked that Campbell's lesser poems, his sea odes, &c., bid far more fair, I thought, for immortality than almost any of the lyrics of the present day; on which they all began to pick holes in some of the most beautiful of these things. "Every sod beneath their feet shall be a soldier's sepulchre."\* A *sod* being a sepulchre! (this, perhaps, is open to objection). The "meteor flag braving the battle and the breeze," another of the things they objected to. Then his "angels' visits, few and far between," was borrowed from Blair, who says:

"Or, if it did, its visits,  
Like those of angels, short and far between."

Taylor remarked that "The coming events cast their shadows before" was also borrowed, but did not so well make out his case. "Iberian were his boots," another of the blots they hit: altogether very perverse industry.

In talking of letter-writing this evening, and referring to what Tucker has told of Jefferson's sacrifice of his time to correspondence, Wordsworth said that for his own part, such was his horror of having his letters *preserved*, that in order to guard against it, he always took pains to make them as bad and dull as possible.

12th. Rogers showed me some verses of his own upon youth, the last, he said, he had ever written or should write. Said he could cry over them all day, and was very near bursting into tears while he spoke. Part of the feeling in them consists in sadly anticipating all that youth has before it in life, of wrong as well as of suffering; of wrong that will be regretted in after days.

September 2nd to 4th. Received a note from Lord Holland, announcing that his present of Bayle was on its way down by the waggon. The note was accompanied by an amusing string of rhymes full of fun and pun, *à la Swift*; and the next day's post brought me what he calls *Editio auctior et emendatior* of the same, which I shall here transcribe.

\* I have heard that the word was originally "cemetery."—J. R.

"DEAR MOORE,—

Neither poet nor scholar can fail  
To be pleased with the critic I send you,—'tis Bayle.  
At leisure, or working, in sickness, or hale,  
One can ever find something to suit one in Bayle.  
Would you argue with fools who your verses assail?  
Why here's logic and learning supplied you by  
Bayle.

Indeed as a merchant would speak of a sale,  
Of the *articles* asked for, I forward a *Bayle*.  
But should you, in your turn, have a fancy to rail,  
Let me tell you there's store of good blackguard in  
Bayle:

And although they for libel might throw you in  
jail,

Pray what would release you so quickly as *Bayle*? †  
Your muse has a knack at an amorous tale,—

Do you want one to versify? turn to your Bayle.  
Nay, more — when at sea, in a boisterous gale  
I'll make you acknowledge there's service in Bayle;  
For, if water be filling the boat where you sail,  
I'll be bound you'll cry lustily, 'bail, my lads,  
*Bayle*.' †

A mere correspondent may trust to the mail,  
But your true *man of letters* relies on his Bayle.  
So much knowledgo in wholesale, and wit in retail,  
(Tho' you've plenty already) greet kindly in Bayle

"Holland House, 3rd Sept."

9th and 10th. Perceive, on looking back, that while I have noted down trivial and ordinary occurrences, I have made no memorandum of a loss which will be long felt at Sloper-ton — the death of poor Fielding, one of our kindest and most amiable friends. His sufferings were so long and so hopeless, that his death, at last, (Sept. 2.) came as a relief both to himself and to all who felt for him. Received a letter from Talbot, informing me that the funeral is to take place next Friday, and that Lord Valletort and George Montgomerie are to attend.

15th. Drove in the pony carriage to Lacock, twelve being the hour appointed for the funeral. Found there the persons I have already mentioned, and also one of the Audreys. The whole ceremony most painful, though the form and manner of it were as simple and as worthy of the man as could be desired. We followed the coffin on foot through the pleasure-grounds and the garden

\* *Aliter*, bale.  
† *Aliter etiam*, bail.

† *Aliter*, bail.

(which were then looking in their highest beauty) without any crowd of gazers to disturb or distract us; and the funeral service was read touchingly and impressively by Paley. It was poor Fielding's wish (expressed some years ago, it seems,) that his coffin should be made of the oak of an old man-of-war; and Talbot, on applying to the Admiralty, got some of the same wood of which Nelson's coffin was made. After luncheon walked home, Talbot and Montgomerie accompanying me a great part of the way. Besides the loss of poor Fielding, I have had some other losses lately, not touching me near so closely, but which, combined with his, comprise all that is meant by events that "come home to the *business* and *bosoms* of men;" for while he came under the latter description, my good old partner of the Row, Rees, who has also died lately, may be classed among those *business* ties, the breaking of which by death cannot but be felt solemnly, if not deeply. Poor young Macrone, too, whose death, however, did not take me by surprise, as I saw, when I last parted from him, that he was not long for this world.

16th. \* \* \* It was mentioned by Joy that Sir William Scott, to save the legacy duty, made over the 20,000*l.* he intended for his son William during his lifetime; but William, who died before his father, made a will, leaving this sum back again, so that Sir William did not escape the duty after all. And now a question has arisen out of this complex transaction whether Lady Sidmouth (to whom the sum was bequeathed by Sir William) can establish her claim to it; adding one more instance to the many already extant, of great lawyers committing blunders in the management of their own legal affairs. *Sir William, who placed this money in the Three per cents., used to congratulate himself "on escaping," as he said, "from the perplexities of land to the pure Three per cents."*

17th. Took a long walk with Lord L. and the Codringtons. In the course of conversation, Milman asked how happened it that the Irish, after having produced such

pure writers of English as Swift and Goldsmith, should have broken out into the peculiar style now known by the designation of "Irish?" Something called my attention away, or I should have asked him why he left out such additional examples as Bishop Berkeley, Burke, and Sheridan?

24th. Bentley and Moran to breakfast. Bentley full of impatience and ardour for something of mine to publish,—a light Eastern tale, in three volumes. Scene, Circassia; events, founded on the struggle of that people against Russia, and price 1500*l.*, with two-thirds of the copyright my own. After we had lunched I walked them over to Spey Park, the day being delicious. Bentley had now started on another scent—the edition of my poetical works, which, after telling him the difficulties that at present beset the plan, I confessed to him was one I had so much at heart, that *whoever* would enable me to accomplish it should have my best wishes and co-operation, even though I myself should not gain a penny by it. I then told him the state of my poetical copyrights; "Lalla Rookh" and "The Melodies" being in the hands respectively of the Longmans and Mrs. Power, and the rest all my own, those of Carpenter having now returned to me. Was amused with the sanguineness with which, on hearing this (not having before known that so much of the property was my own), he seemed to consider the whole thing as settled, or, at least, settle-able without any difficulty. He would see Mrs. Power and the Longmans on the subject, and had little doubt of bringing them round to his terms. Told him (while doubtfully shaking my head at all this confidence of his) how sanguine I had always found men of business in such matters; and that, in fact, I had constantly, in my dealings with them, been obliged to take the business line, and to repress as much as I could their "gay soarings." On more than one occasion have I endeavoured to keep the Longmans within bounds, as to the number of copies in an edition, when the event has proved that I was right not they. The imaginations, indeed, of some of

your *matter-of-fact* men (as they are called) beat those of us poets hollow.

October 12th. A visit from Lord John, who arrived yesterday at Bowood, and walked over to see Bessy this morning. Sat with us for some time, and then he and I sauntered on together to Bowood, where I had promised to dine to meet him and Lord Melbourne. Nobody at dinner but Lord Melbourne, the John Russells, and a young Lady Strangeways, very pretty. In talking of Chateaubriand, and of his having got deaf lately, Lord Lansdowne quoted Talleyrand's saying of him that "*Il se croit sourd parcequ'il n'entend plus parler de lui.*" In talking of Windsor, Lady Lansdowne objected to the number of dirty houses that come up quite close to the Castle. This Lord John said he liked; it was feudal, and he preferred it much to the insulation of the great houses of the present day. Was at first inclined to agree with him, but on recollecting the dependence implied by this juxtaposition of the great and small, retracted my concurrence, and was all for the stand-off system of Lady Lansdowne; each rank in its own station. To be sure, it might have been retorted upon me, that my own social position is little better than a hut placed cheek by jowl with palaces; and not a bad neighbourhood either, do I find it.

16th. A note from Lady Elizabeth to Bessy, saying how much good she had done her, and begging of her to come again to Lacock during my absence at Bowood. Poor Bessy, rather fearing a repetition of the painful scene of Saturday, but still felt that she could not refuse, and promised to come to-morrow. To Bowood to dinner; the party increased by the addition of Lord Suffolk and his daughter, Lord Glenelg, Sydney Smith, and the Rogerses. Much amusement excited by the article in "The Spectator" newspaper about the "conclave" assembled at Bowood. "At the Bowood meeting of Ministers," says the journalist, "it is not credible that any consideration of what is due to the people of England, of what they require and deserve, will clash for an instant with the main object of securing office for as

many Whig lords and gentlemen as possible.' Had this *sour-croût* politician been present at our dinner-party, he would have seen that one main object of Ministers was certainly laughter and good cheer; and that while the Bowood cook took care of this latter branch of policy, Sydney Smith administered amply to the other. Talking of proverbs after dinner, Lord John mentioned his own definition of a proverb: "The wit of one, the wisdom of many," which Mackintosh (I think he said) quoted in one of his works. Sydney, speaking of Mackintosh and his "Memoire," remarked on the proof they afforded of his having been so very honest a politician; the more striking, certainly, as there was always a sort of tarnish on his name, in this respect, which was a good deal perpetuated by Parr's antithetical contrast between him and Quigley, addressed, it is said, to Mackintosh himself, on his saying something in disparagement of Quigley.

17th. Bowles came after breakfast, more odd and ridiculous than ever. His delight at having been visited yesterday by the Prime Minister and Secretary of State, Lord L. having taken them both to Bremhill. He had left his trumpet at home, so that we could hardly make him hear, or, indeed, do anything with him but laugh. Even when he has his trumpet, he always keeps it to his ear while he is talking himself, and then takes it down when any one else begins to talk. To-day he was putting his mouth close to my ear, and bellowing away as if I was the deaf man, not he. We all pressed him to stay to dinner, but in vain; and one of his excuses was, "No, not indeed, I cannot; I must go back to Mrs. Moore." Rogers very amusing afterwards about this mistake. "It was plain," he said, "where Bowles had been all this time; taking advantage of Moore's absence," &c. &c.

18th. Joined Rogers and Sydney in a walk before breakfast. Sydney said to me, "There are two points in the character of our noble host which, I think, must strike every one who knows him, and none more than yourself. One is, the patriotic feeling with which, neither wanting nor liking office



(for whatever he might have done formerly, he certainly does not like it now), he yet takes upon himself its trammels for the public service; and the other is, the gentleman-like spirit and courtesy which unvaryingly pervades his whole manner and conduct, never swerving a single instant from the most perfect good-breeding and good nature." To this tribute I most heartily subscribed after an acquaintance with the subject of it more than thirty years, and a close intimacy of more than twenty.

After breakfast set off to return home, and Rogers accompanied me. Nothing could be more agreeable and amiable than he was. In talking of his age (he is now some months turned seventy-five), he said, "If I was asked what ailment I have, I really could not say that I have any;" and yet, so delicate was his health up to the age of between thirty and forty that it was difficult to keep him alive. We walked up and down between the Sandy Lane Gate and the Calne Road three or four times, I still turning back with him, and he then retreading his steps with me. In the course of our walk he said, "You know Mrs. Moore is my almoner." I anticipated what was coming, and both for Bessy's sake and the poor people's rejoiced in my heart. He then took out of his pocket five sovereigns and gave them to me for the poor of Bromham. One of my embarrassments, indeed, during his visit has been the fear lest Bessy should thank him for the five pounds I brought her in his name, for the same purpose, two or three years since. But I had taken an opportunity of warning her against doing so, saying that it would look like asking for more. I now told him the circumstance of my having imposed (silence) upon her, as just stated, not saying, however, that it was in his name I had done so. I need not say how great was Bessy's pleasure on my producing this new fund for her old women.

November 1st to 30th. At work busily, and with but few interruptions: none, indeed, except a visit now and then from young Henry Fitzmaurice, who is, I rejoice to say, improving in his looks.

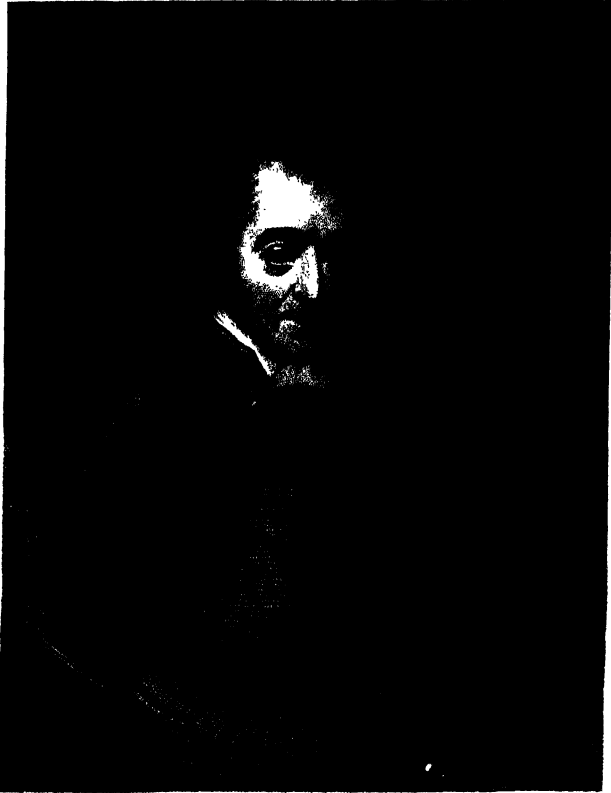
14th to 17th. No change or novelty in my mode of existence; still the same still-life picture. It is some comfort, however, to find that, while so quiet at home, one has still the capability of kicking up a row abroad. Witness the "turn-up." I was the cause of the other night (the 21st) in the House of Commons. The subject of debate was the Pension List; and the best mode of recording what took place is to insert here the scrap from "The Times" report of the debate:—

"An hon. member (name unknown, but with a strong Irish accent) rose to ask the Chancellor of the Exchequer a question. He wished to know whether the name of one Thomas Moore was in the list of pensions charged on the Civil List ('Oh, oh!'); and, if so, whether it was placed there for making luscious ballads for love-sick maidens, or for writing lampoons upon George IV. of blessed memory. (Cries of 'Oh, oh!' and great confusion in the house.)

"*Mr. Spring Rice*—I am confident that the house, and I am equally persuaded that the public, will appreciate the motives which induced the Government to place the name of Thomas Moore on the Pension List. (Loud Cheers from both sides of the house.) By a formal resolution of this house, the Ministers of the day are authorised to grant these pensions as the reward of distinguished talent in literature and the arts. From the tones of his voice, I suspect that the hon. member who has just put to me this extraordinary question belongs to the same country with myself ('Hear,' and a laugh). I believe that there is no other Irishman but himself in this house—differing, as many of them do, from the political opinions of Thomas Moore—who does not feel it to be a credit to our common country that the name of 'one Thomas Moore' is on the Pension List. (Immense cheering.) For my own part, I think that the name of Thomas Moore is in itself a credit to the Pension List. (General cheering.) I may ask,—and, I hope, without offence,—whether it was for writing works of a very democratic character and tendency that the name of Dr.









Robert Southey is placed on the same Pension List with that of Thomas Moore? The names of both those distinguished men are on that List, and are on it for the same reasons (cheers); and I rejoice as heartily in seeing the name of Southey there as I do in seeing the name of Moore (cheers continued). Both are men of great and immortal talent. Both have added to the literary pleasures and instruction of their age and country (vociferous cries of 'Hear'); and I rejoice that both of them have received, though from rival administrations, the rewards to which they are both so fully and so justly entitled." (Cheering from all quarters of the House.)

In reference to the above the London "Standard" has the following:—

"We observed with regret that a gentleman—we doubt not with the best disposition—complained of Mr. Moore's pension. Mr. Moore's pension is a tribute to genius—a testimony to the claims of one who, if not the first living poet, is certainly not second to any with whom the present generation has lived. With Scott and Southey Mr. Moore completes the number of the first-class British poets of the nineteenth century, and it is idle to underrate the merit of his poetry, because of the direction taken by his genius, as was the miserable effort to depreciate Scott on account of the lowness of the pursuits of his borderers. That Mr. Moore has been a political writer, as well as a poet, ought to be the last reason for objecting to the reward of his *political* (?) merits in a free country. Alas! for the freedom of Great Britain, when a divorce shall be effected between literature and politics,—when men of genius or learning shall find it injurious to come forward in all their power, and, according to their conscientious views, in defence of that constitution which is the business of every Briton. The democratical changes that we have lately made are bringing the empire, indeed, rapidly enough under the dominion of brute ignorance. Let us not accelerate the calamity by interdicting the arena of politics to genius and knowledge. Mr. Moore has

taken the wrong side; but this matters nothing: we are contending for a principle,—a principle in which Conservatives are much more deeply interested, as a party, than any other party can be. Of the party that seeks to establish the ascendancy of truth and justice, literature is the natural ally. It is gratifying to us to be able to add that, his political bias apart, there is nothing in Mr. Moore's character—amiable, and honourable, and consistent as it is,—which ought to exclude him from the benefit of the principle for which we contend."

To Thomas Longman, Jun., Esq.

Nov. 23rd, 1837.

Dear Tom,

With respect to what you say about "Lalla Rookh" being the "cream of the copyrights," perhaps it may, in a *property* sense; but I am strongly inclined to think that, in a race into future times (if *anything* of mine could pretend to such a run), those little ponies, the "Melodies," will beat the mare, Lalla, hollow. As to the other things being "unproductive," why it is to *make* them productive that the edition is contemplated. What have "Madoe," "Joan of Arc," &c., been *producing* all this time?

Yours, my dear Tom, very truly,

THOMAS MOORE.

December 1st to 12th. Still confined to my study and garden, and, as long as I have health, not desiring anything better.

19th to 23rd. Some correspondence with the Longmans respecting our projected edition of the works. Mrs. Power has asked 1000*l.* for the right of publishing the poetry of which she holds the copyright. This the Longmans think excessive; and so it probably is; but my dear, generous, and just-minded Bessy thinks otherwise; and (though she knows a large outlay in that quarter must necessarily trench upon *my* share of the emoluments) hopes most earnestly that Mrs. Power will, for the sake of her family, refuse to take any less. A "rare bird" is Bess in more ways than one.

\* \* \* \* \*

January 9th, 1834. To Bowood to dinner. Company: the Phippses, Joys, and Youngs, Miss Fox, and the Duke and Duchess of Sutherland. In the evening, the Duchess having expressed a strong wish that I should sing, I sat down, and began, unluckily, with "There's a song of the olden time," which I had not sung before for a long time; and the state of my spirits not being very good, the melancholy both of the song and of my own voice affected me so much, that before I had sung the two first lines I broke out into one of those hysterical fits of sobbing, which must be as painful to others as they are to myself, and was obliged to hurry away into the next room, whither I was immediately followed both by Lord and Lady Lansdowne, and Henry Fitzmaurice.

[On the 10th of February, Moore met Mr. Luttrell, at breakfast, at Mr. Rogers's.]

\* \* \* Talked of Irishmen's unwillingness to pay ready money, their notions of the *ready* being always a bill at sixty-one days' date. Somebody saying that one would think every Irishman was born sixty-one days too late, from their being always that space of time behind the rest of the world; and Luttrell described the process of purchasing a horse between one Irish gentleman and another: "Price sixty pounds, for which you have no occasion to pay down cash — only *commit your thoughts to paper.*"

[During the month of February, Moore's attention was much taken up by his son Tom's preparations to join his regiment, and begin his career in life. About the 22nd he left Bristol for Cork. The stormy weather which followed his departure gave cause for fresh anxieties to his fond parents. He arrived safely at Cork. A dangerous illness of Mrs. Moore, immediately afterwards, was the cause of new fears. She happily recovered, owing to the attention and skill of her physicians.]

March 9th to 11th. Between my continual and anxious watching of my dear Bessy's progress (for such I flatter myself it is), and my efforts to work, for which I have now more than usual need, from my late expenditure both of time and money, I

have not had a moment to give to these pages. In default of other matter, I shall here transcribe from a late publication (or rather re-re-publication of Bowles's) a note respecting myself, which, in his usual good-natured sensitiveness, he has thought it necessary to insert. What the passage about "The Sorcerer Poet" was to which he refers, I have not the slightest notion.

"Sorcerer Poet. — I trust it will not be thought necessary by one human being for me to disclaim any the most distant allusion to one consummate master of song, who, if in the unthinking gaiety of premature genius, he joined the Syrens, has made ample amends by a life of the strictest virtuous propriety, equally exemplary as the husband, the father, and the man; and, as far as the Muse is concerned, *more* than ample amends by Melodies as sweet as scriptural and sacred, and by weaving a tale indeed of the richest Oriental colours, which faithful affection and pity's tear have consecrated to all ages."

12th to 31st. Nothing much different to add on the subject that now occupies all my cares and thoughts — my dearest Bessy's health. The prospect of losing the advantage of Brabant's attendance, by his approaching departure for the Continent, gives me a great deal of uneasiness, though *he* looks upon her as past all danger now, and means to leave written instructions for her how to act in case any change should occur. Nothing could be more gratifying than the anxiety manifested in all quarters, both high and low, about poor Bessy's health. Every two or three days a messenger comes from Bowood, with a supply of ice, vegetables, and such other things as it is known Bessy has been ordered to take.

April 1st to 3rd. Still the same course of life, watching over my dear Bessy's progress — slow, but I trust sure — and working in the intervals at my "History." Found one of these mornings some memorandums of my own in pencilling, so very nearly effaced, that I think I had better copy out whatever is worth preserving of them here. They relate, I see, chiefly to Petrarch, and must have been collected, I

think, for a comparison between him and Catullus, which I took as one of my subjects while writing for "The Metropolitan," but made little use of, I believe, in the hasty sketch I gave to that periodical. \* \* \*

The Cynthia of Propertius was accomplished, and a poetess. Petrarch's triflings about the *laurel*. For Laura's coquetry, see sonetti 31. 39, 40, 41., canzon. 15.; and particularly sonetto 43., where he describes himself baffled when just within reach of his object — *Trà la spiza e la man quel muro è messo*. See sonetto 50., where he complains that he was tired of loving her, at the end of ten years. The pretty scene in sonetto 207., the old man giving the two roses. The beautiful picture in sonetto 189., *Dodici donne*, &c. Her pretty action in sonetto 219., in putting her hand before his eyes when she sees him in a reverie gazing at her. The three celebrated canzoni which he himself called "The Three Sisters," 18, 19, and 20. The canzoni *after* her death, allowed to have more truth and nature in them than those before. *Levommi il mio pensiero*—sonetto 261. See this for her veil, which she says she had left on earth. See for his trifling decomposition of the name of Laura or Laureta into three parts—sonetto 5. In his dialogues, *De Contemptu Mundi*, he says, "*Scio autem quid hic mihi solatii est quod illa mecum senescit.*" The "Evêque de Lombaz" wrote to Petrarch rallyingingly, that all his love for Laura was a mere fiction—"De hac autem spirante Laurea cujus forma captus videor, manufacta est, et omnia ficta carmina, ficta suspiria." See "Académie des Inscriptions," tom. 15.

4th to 6th. Agreeable accounts from Tom from Ireland. His regiment ordered to Dublin, which will be very delightful to Ellen, and make a great difference in point of society to himself. Received one of these days the following note from Spring Rice, relative to the Pension List Committee:—

My dear Moore,—Though you could not have anticipated any other result, still, as committees are strange and unaccountable bodies, I think it may be agreeable to you to know that your case came on yesterday, and

was by acclamation confirmed. I think the Committee would have increased the grant, had it been in their power to do so. Always, my dear Moore,

Very sincerely and faithfully yours,  
T. S. RICE.

May 1st to 4th. Have fixed my projected visit to town for the 17th.

5th to 13th. On my explaining to Bessy, at breakfast one of these mornings, the nature of the retrospective clause in the intended Copyright Bill (which I had but just come to understand myself, not having troubled my head much with the question), she exclaimed, with that directness of aim at the true and the just which, in her, is innate, "Why, that's not honest." Having to write to the Longmans the same day, I mentioned this circumstance just as I have here stated it, adding, "As for me, I, of course, shook my head and said nothing, being an author."

19th. In London. Breakfasted with Rogers to meet Ratcliffe and Young the actor. Story of the lady who wrote to Talleyrand informing him, in high-flown terms of grief, of the death of her husband, and expecting an eloquent letter of condolence in return; his answer only, "Hélas, Madame. Votre affectioné, &c., Talleyrand." In less than a year, another letter from the same lady, informed him of her having married again; to which he returned an answer in the same laconic style:—"Oh, oh, Madame! Votre affectioné, &c., Talleyrand." In talking of office and its routine business, a great deal of which does itself, Rogers mentioned, Lord North's illustration of this fact by a sign at Charing Cross of a black man turning a wheel. "People stare at this," said Lord North, "thinking that the black man turns the wheel, whereas it is the wheel that turns the black man."

20th. Went to breakfast with Lord John. Found him alone. Longman had called upon him, he told me, on the subject of the Copyright Bill, and had shown him my letter, the whole of which Lord John had read. So much for private correspondence with one's publisher. In the course of our con-



versation he referred to my praise of the aristocracy at the Bristol dinner, and said he had often since thought of my courage in venturing it. Spoke of the tendency of the world now to Americanise in everything; in the forms of government, in literature, in the tone of society, &c. The remark, I fear, but too just. Talked of Bulwer's "Athens," and said he found it interesting. *Apropos* of Americanising, I remarked what an instance "Athens" was of the fact, that it is *the few* who have hitherto taught and given the tone to the world. What a light surrounds that small spot still! It is the *ὁι πολλοι* that will again reduce the world to barbarism \* \*

\* \* \* \* \*

\* Talking of Sydney's last letter, which is making such a noise, I said that I had as yet read only the memorable note, but had heard that, after having, in that note glorified him (Lord John) at the expense of all his colleagues, Sydney had, at the end, thrown him overboard as well as the rest. "He *has*," answered Lord John, in his quiet way, rubbing the back of his head. He was, however, animated and earnest in condemning the manner in which Sydney had treated Lord Melbourne; "affecting," as he said, "to underrate Melbourne."

22nd. Breakfasted at Milnes', and met rather a remarkable party, consisting of Savage Landor and Carlyle (neither of whom I had ever seen before), Robinson, Rogers, and Rice. Savage Landor a very different sort of person from what I had expected to find him; I found in him all the air and laugh of a hearty country gentleman, a *gros rejoui*; and whereas his writings had given me rather a disrelish to the man, I shall take more readily now to his writings from having seen the man.

23rd. Dined at Lansdowne House: a grand dinner to the Duke of Sussex, and a very splendid thing it was in every respect. Company, besides the Duke of Sussex and Lady Cecilia, the Duke and Duchess of Cleveland, Duke and Duchess of Somerset, Lord and Lady Minto, Lord and Lady Breadalbane, Lord Camperdown, Lord John Russell, and plain *Mister* Moore. Sat next

Lord John. The Duke of Sussex, on coming in, exclaimed, as usual, "Ah, Tommy!" and called me to account for not having been to see him, but I told him *I had*. In the course of dinner, taking wine with different people, and lumping three or four together at a time, in order to *diffuse* the compliment, he cried out, on proposing wine to some at *our* part of the table, "Lord Minto, Lord John, and, last not least, Tommy!" On which Lord John said gravely, in an under voice, "Last and least;" thus putting in his claim, as I told him, for the small modicum of superiority he has over me in that respect; whereat he gave one of his very agreeable and playful laughs.

26th. Lady — having just received a letter from Paris giving an account of Talleyrand's death, gave me the note paper sheets of the letter to read, according as she read them herself. The account curious, and well given. The management of the archbishop, in leaving the whole conduct of the death-bed scene to an abbé, who intermediated, and the evident anxiety of — to give as orthodox an air to the whole transaction as was possible, all very amusing. Talleyrand more than once said during his dying moments, "*La machine s'en va*;" and these words were his last. Had received notice in the course of the day, that I must be early in attendance at the Freemasons' Tavern, as one of the stewards, to receive the President \* but found it far more agreeable, of course, to go *with* him, Henry Fitz being also of the party. Immense bustle on our arrival. Was invested with my wand as steward, and all made our way to the head table, the room being already crowded. Got seated between Bulwer and Wyse, within two or three of Lord L., and opposite me sat Sir Harris Nicolas with his flaming star (being Guelph), whose book of the Privy Council I had lately been studying. The whole proceedings of the day interesting, and to me, in an almost overwhelming degree, flattering and gratifying. Lord Lansdowne, by general admission, a most admirable chairman; more particularly for such a purpose, his feel-

\* Of the Literary Fund.

ings and taste being, I think (whatever his ambition might once have been), far more towards literature than politics.

28th. A note from Mrs. Smith to say, that Sydney would take me to the Longmans to-day, if I liked. On our way to Hampstead, Sydney talked of his "Letter," rather nervously, as I thought. Forget whether I have mentioned Luttrell's saying to me the other day, "Well, my dear Moore, could you have conceived any man taking such pains to upset a brilliant position in society as Sydney has been taking lately?" In the course of our talk, Smith mentioned his having received a letter lately from Lord Carlisle, in acknowledgment of a copy of the pamphlet he had sent him. Repeated the substance, and, I suppose, nearly the words of the letter, which appeared to me a very polished but pointed condemnation of the pamphlet. Lord Carlisle, it is clear, in writing it, felt himself bound to express, as politely as possible, what he knew to be the opinion of the persons he lived with on the subject; and being himself unscathed by the pamphlet, he could of course do it with a better grace. This, however, Sydney did not seem to me to feel. While we were on the subject, I thought it *my* duty, also, to tell him what I thought of his attack on Lord John; his representing him to be so totally devoid of feeling as to hear with unconcern the loss of the Channel fleet, the dying of a man under an operation for the stone, &c., &c., through his means. This he denied to be the purport or effect of the passage in question, which meant merely, he contended, that you could not perceive by Lord John's manner that he felt it. In the course of our conversation afterwards, he happened, in speaking with great bitterness of Lord Castlereagh, to say something of his indifference to the mischief and ruin he might cause by his measures, which amounted in purport exactly to the same which he has said of Lord John. I therefore instantly interrupted him, saying, "There, that's precisely the impression you produce in your character of Lord John." "You don't say so?" he exclaimed. "I assure you," I answered, "that such is the way in which it is

viewed by all whom I have heard speak on the subject." "Then I must certainly," he said, "set myself right on that point; and as there is a new edition just coming out, I shall not lose a moment in doing it." On our arrival at Hampstead, he absented himself from the drawing-room for a short time, and I found afterwards it was for the purpose of making this correction. It is merely a short note denying that he meant to impute any want of feeling to Lord John. But the arrow had already sped, and no one now minds the note.

[On some occasion at this time, not worth recording, Mr. Moore quotes some verses from an Epilogue he wrote for the Killarney private theatricals, which describe well the various uses to which the manager (*Mr. Corry*) put his friends.

"'Tis said our worthy manager intends  
To help my *night*,—and he you know has *friends*.  
Friends, did I say? for fixing *friends* or *parts*,  
Engaging *actors*, or engaging *hearts*,  
There's nothing like him! wits, at his request,  
Are changed to fools, and dull dogs learn to jest;  
Soldiers, for him good 'trembling cowards' make,  
And beaux, turn'd clowns, look ugly for his sake;  
For him e'en lawyers *talk*, without a *fee*,  
And I,—oh friendship!—I act *tragedy!*" ]

July 7th to 10th. Received a letter from my countryman Dillon, of the "Bibliothèque du Roi," introducing some friends of his, and sending me two or three *brochures* published lately by Guizot; of which he says, "You will find them not unworthy of your attention, independently of the value you will naturally attach to a *souvenir* from such a writer.\* M. Guizot has mentioned your name to me more than once. He, in common with the distinguished portion of his countrymen, appreciates fully those talents and that sterling patriotism which have earned for you the esteem and admiration of every dispassionate mind in England."

September 1st. Started, in company with Hume, for Birmingham and Liverpool by the railroad. From this point my journalising was not very accurately attended to; the whirl of society in which I was kept not

\* Sent to me from Guizot himself.

allowing me to "take note of time,"—I will not add "save by its loss,"—for it was anything but lost time to gather such a harvest of kindness and welcome as awaited me in Ireland at every step. The interruptions of our journey by the change from railroad to coach, and from coach back again to railroad, by no means agreeable. On our arrival at Vauxhall, too (near Birmingham), where the train stopped, the whole scene but too strikingly bore out the notion of those who see a tendency to *Americanise* in the whole course of the world at present. The way in which we were trundled out of the carriages, like goods, and all huddled together in the same room,—the rush upstairs to secure beds,—the common supper-room for the whole party,—and the small double-bedded room in which Hume and I were (to my no small uncomfört) forced to pig together,—all struck me as approaching very fast the sublime of Yankeeism.

2nd. Took the railroad to Liverpool, and was quite enchanted with the swiftness and ease of our course. There I sat, all the way, lolling in a most comfortable arm-chair, and writing memorandums in my pocket-book, as easily and legibly as I should at my own study table, while flying through the air at the rate of thirty miles an hour. Did the journey in about four hours and twenty minutes, and had but little time to look about us when we found ourselves on board the Liverpool packet. \* \* \*

13th. Roused up about seven from my short sleep, by the arrival of Tom, who tramped up at once to my bed-room, looking very pale and ill. I had not told him of the night appointed for Nell's party, lest he should have made an effort to be there by starting sooner than the doctor might think prudent. Took him after breakfast to Crampton, who gave me every hope of his being soon brought round again. Went all of us, — Nell, Tom, and myself, — to dine with the Finlays to-day. In speaking of Irish history, it was not ill said by Finlay, "The lies are bad, and the truth still worse."

15th. Agreed to dine with Crampton *en famille*. Nobody but his own family; and

a little after eight he and I and Tom proceeded to the theatre. Found I was rather late. Took my place in front of Nell's box, between two very pretty sultanas she had provided for me, Georgiana O'Kelly and Miss Burne. The explosion on my appearance was tremendous, and when——but it will save trouble to insert the "Morning Register's" account of the whole affair:—

"THEATRE ROYAL.—MR. MOORE, Sept. 15th, 1838. On Saturday night our illustrious poet—the true-hearted Irishman—had a reception at the theatre such as Irishmen are known to give when a heart is in every voice. The first piece had concluded before the shout of friendly recognition announced that the star of the night had appeared. The audience rose as one man, and again and again the long loud cheer swelled upon the ear, until the many-mouthed monster ceased through very weariness. It seemed the madness of joy. The second piece was then allowed to proceed, the shifting of each scene giving opportunity for some word of welcome. When the drop-scene fell, the cry for 'Three cheers for the Bard of Erin!' again called up every soul present; hats and handkerchiefs waving in one wide sea over the densely-crowded pit and galleries. Mr. Moore, evidently under the influence of feelings deeply touched, repeatedly rose in acknowledgment of the compliment; and as the applause had been frequently renewed, his lips were seen to move in involuntary expression of what he felt. A call for silence was then made, upon which the poet again rose and bowed, and, pointing to the stage, where the curtain had been raised, he resumed his seat. But what did those present value 'Robert Macaire'?—it was their illustrious countryman they went to see; and the cordial shout again rose as though it never were to die. There was nothing for it but to speak, even if the fixed heart had set itself against it: but it was not so, and Mr. Moore endeavoured to give utterance to what he felt in the following terms:—

"Unusual as it is to speak from the boxes of a theatre, I really cannot sit any longer silent under these repeated demonstrations

of cordiality and affection, and therefore have nothing for it but to say, with Mr. Muddleworth, in the farce which we have just witnessed, "and now for my oration" (laughter). It would require a voice, I fear, of far more compass than I command to make myself heard by the numerous kind friends who have here assembled to greet me, though, had I the voice of Stentor himself, combined with the eloquence of Demosthenes, or of your own O'Connell (loud cheers), I should fail to convey to you a hundredth part of what I feel at this great, this overpowering kindness: not that I pretend to consider myself as wholly unworthy of such a reception—for that would be to do injustice to *you*, my kind friends, as well as to myself. No: you have had in other times, and you have still, far more able and eloquent champions of your cause ("no, no," and loud cheers). But, as the humble interpreter of those deep and passionate feelings—those proud, though melancholy, aspirations which breathe throughout our own undying songs—as the humble medium through which that voice of song and sorrow has been heard on other shores, awakening the sympathy of every people by whom the same wrongs, the same yearnings for freedom are felt—in this respect I cannot but flatter myself that I am not wholly unworthy of your favour (enthusiastic cheering). It may be in the recollection of most of my hearers, that, in one of the earliest of those songs, I myself foresaw and foretold the sort of echo they would awaken in other lands:—

"The stranger shall hear our lament on his plains,  
The song of our harp shall be sent o'er the deep."

(Loud cheers.) This prediction I have lived to see accomplished—the stranger *has* heard our lament on his plains—the song of our harp *has* been sent o'er the deep—and wherever oppression is struggled against, or liberty cherished, there the strains of Ireland are welcomed as the language native to such feelings. It is a striking fact that on the banks of the Vistula the "Irish Melodies" have been translated in a Polish sense, and

are adopted by that wronged and gallant people as expressive of their own disastrous fate (loud cheers). Not to trespass any longer on your attention (hear and cheers), I shall only add, that there exists no title of honour or distinction to which I could attach half so much value, or feel half so anxious to retain unforfeited through life, as that of being called *your* poet—the poet of the people of Ireland.' (Enthusiastic cheering.)

"This brief address, which was repeatedly broken in upon by hearty cheers, was followed by tremendous applause. We do not speak of the performance of the dramatic corps; for, as we have already said, their doings had little to do with the attraction of the night."

17th. Went with a party, consisting of Mrs. Fitzsimon (O'Connell's daughter), and some others, to see the National School in Marlborough Street, and was much pleased particularly with the *infant* part of it, which we found in the playground, and certainly never before saw so many happy, pretty, and picturesque urchins assembled together. Went to dine, Tom and myself, with Lord Morpeth, and had rather a whimsical adventure. In going out to the Park I have generally used one of those cabs (or *shander-adans*, as they call them) which my sister recommended me, driven by an odd fellow named Ennis, and thinking it was he who had driven me the last time I went to Lord Morpeth's, I merely said now at starting, "Go to the same place you took me to the other evening." The length of the avenue to the house rather struck me, and when we arrived and were told they had gone to dinner, some mention of "the groom of the chamber," &c., made a sort of passing impression upon me, which, instead of startling, produced insensibly, I suppose, that change in all my associations which prepared me (so otherwise unaccountably) for what followed. After a little delay we were ushered into—the Lord-Lieutenant's dining-room, where only himself, Lady Normanby, and the *aides-de-camp* were seated at their family dinner, and it was only by taking close order they were able to make room among them

for Tom and myself. To Lord Normanby there was just sufficient, in the general invitation he had given me for *any day*, to prevent his being greatly surprised at my present intrusion; but my bringing my son also must have appeared to him a somewhat strong measure. Nothing, however, could be more kind than our reception by the whole party, and I was helped to soup and had finished it before the actual fact of what I had done and where I was flashed upon my mind. "Good God!" I exclaimed, "what a mistake I have committed!" "What!" said Lord Normanby, laughing, and at once seeing the whole fact of the case, "were you to have dined with Morpeth? That's excellent. Now we have you we'll keep you." Upon which he instantly ordered the *aide-de-camp* to send a messenger to Morpeth's to say, "We have stopped Mr. Moore on the way." The dinner very agreeable, but soon after we had retired to the drawing-room, I said, "Well, all this is very delightful so far; but I really must now go to the right place" upon which Lord N. very kindly ordered one of his carriages to take me to Morpeth's, but it turned out that my own shanderadan had waited for me, so off Tom and I set in it for the Secretary's, where we found a very large party, and I sung away for them at the rate of a dozen songs per hour, to make up for my default.

22nd. The day not very favourable for our passage home; but I cannot expect to be lucky in everything. Encountered an odd scene on going on board. The packet was full of people coming to see friends off, and among others was a party of ladies who, I should think, had dined on board, and who, on my being made known to them, almost devoured me with kindness, and at length proceeded so far as to insist on each of them *kissing* me. At this time I was beginning to feel the first rudiments of coming *sickness* and the effort to respond to all this enthusiasm, in such a state of stomach, was not a little awkward and trying. However I kissed the whole party (about five, I think,) in succession, two or three of them being, for my comfort, young and good-look-

ing, and was most glad to get away from them to my berth, which, through the kindness of the captain (Emerson), was in his own cabin. But I had hardly shut the door, feeling very qualmish, and most glad to have got over this osculatory operation, when there came a gentle tap at the door, and an elderly lady made her appearance, who said that having heard of all that had been going on, she could not rest easy without being also kissed as well as the rest. So, in the most respectful manner possible, I complied with the lady's request, and then betook myself with a heaving stomach to my berth.

\* \* \*

24th. Omitted to mention my going to see the "Black Book" of Christ Church [Dublin], under the auspices of the Bishop of Kildare (a fine old man), who was remarkably kind to me, and wanted me to dine with him to meet Lady Stuart and her handsome daughter, but I was unluckily engaged. Went with him to Kirk's, to see his bust, my shanderadan being our conveyance. Only think! Tom Moore and a bishop check by jowl in a cab!

It was Billy Murphy, I believe, who, fresh from reading my "Captain Rock," said to Corry, with the tears running down his cheeks "Oh, it's a beautiful book; I never before knew how ill-used we are." \* \* \*

I forget whether I have mentioned the recollections that gradually came over me, at Lord Morpeth's table, the day Lord Lansdowne and myself dined quietly with him to go to the theatre. I had remarked, in the course of conversation, that it was a significant proof of the politics that had prevailed in the Castle during my lifetime, that I was but once before a guest in that house. When I came to recollect, however, it turned out, that in the *one* instance which I had then called to mind, Sir Henry Hardinge had been my host, and that I had dined (whether at the Castle or Park, I now forget,) both with Elliot and (never-to-be-forgotten day) with Sir Arthur Wellesley. I say never to be forgotten, because on that day the conversation happening to turn upon my poor friend Emmett, I was afforded an opportunity

within those memorable walls of speaking of him as he deserved, and with Sir Arthur Wellesley for my most attentive, and apparently most interested, listener. Such a flight of daring at an Irish Secretary's table was, at that time, little less than a portent. But the merit was far less in the speaker than in the great listener; for even the most ordinary of Irish Secretaries could, from his very position, have consigned me to silence with a look. But I was encouraged by the attention of my auditor; and that very night, when undressing for bed, I remember saying to myself, "Well, thank God, I have lived to pronounce an eulogium upon Robert Emmett at the Irish Chief Secretary's table."

October 20th. Went to dine at Bowood. Company staying there, my old friends the Miss Berrys, Mr. Twopenny, and Henry's *quondam* tutor, Mr. Pashley. Sung in the evening. Miss Berry, as I now found from her, was present on that very evening (to me long memorable) when I made my first appearance as a singer in London. When I call it "*first appearance*," I mean before any very large or miscellaneous company. Miss Berry's description of the effect I produced tallied very much with my own recollections; and she also described (what I did not of course myself observe) the sort of contemptuous titter with which the fine gentlemen and amateurs round the pianoforte saw a little Irish lad led forth to exhibit after all the fine singing that had been going on, — the changes in their countenances when they saw the effect I produced, &c. &c. I don't know whether I may not already have mentioned somewhere, that, on that night, as I was leaving the pianoforte, I heard a lady say, as I passed her, "And he's going to the Bar — what a pity!" Old Hammersley himself, who, it appeared, had also heard her, begged me, when I was taking my departure, to call upon him in the morning; and I found, on going to him at the time appointed, that his object was to express the regret he had felt at the foolish speech uttered in my hearing by this lady, and to advise me not to allow the admiration thus bestowed on my musical and poetical talent to divert my

mind from the steady pursuit of the profession chosen for me. This I always thought most kind and fatherly in old Hammersley. A good deal of talk also with Miss Berry about the agreeable times we passed together at Tunbridge in 1805-6. Would I had begun journalising then! our ever-memorable party consisting of the Dunmores, Lady Donegal and sisters, the Duchess of St. Albans, Lady Heathcote, Lady Ann Hamilton, with the beautiful Susan Beckford (now Duchess of Hamilton) under her care, Thomas Hope (making assiduous love to Miss Beckford), William Spencer, Rogers, Sir Henry Englefield, &c. &c. Miss Berry reminded me of several odd incidents of that period.

November 20th. Dined at Brookes's alone: and having received a message from Drury Lane Theatre, to say that if I would come to the stage-door there would be a person waiting to receive me, set off there accordingly [to see the lions], and had my choice of private boxes given me. In the course of the piece was joined by Bunn, and went behind the scenes with him, where the mixture of materials, both human and bestial, was, to be sure, most astounding. In one place was a troop of horse from Astley's, with the riders all mounted, and about and *among* them were little children with wings, practising their steps, while some maturer nymphs were pirouetting, and all looking as grave, — both riders, urchins, and nymphs, — as if the destiny of the world depended upon their several operations. A few steps further you came upon the lions, which I did rather too closely, and was warned off by Bunn. While I stood looking at them, there was also another gentleman, a grave and respectable looking young man, standing with his arms folded, and contemplating them in silence, while the animals were pacing about their cage without minding any of us. This, to my surprise, (I found from Bunn) was Mr. Van Amburgh, their tamer; and having heard since that he is under the impression he will one day or other be the victim of one of these animals (the lesser lion, I think), I must say that the grave earnestness with which he stood silently looking at them that night was such as one

might expect from a person prepossessed with such a notion.

22nd. Breakfasted at Brookes's, and from thence to the Longmans, calling at Beaufort Buildings in my way, to say I should come later in the day. The signing and sealing of our agreements as to the Edition had been fixed to take place to-day. Had an advance of 100*l.* from them. The sum they are to give me for "The Edition" 1000*l.* The reading over and signing all the different papers took a good deal of time. Dined at Murray's. Company: Lockhart, James Smith, Murchison, Penn, and some others. Murray mentioned to me his having two MS. volumes of Captain Morris's songs sent to him by the widow, with a view to publication; all *proper*, for a wonder. I had not the least notion that he had written so many producible lyrics. Said that the widow indulged in most extravagant notions of what she was to make by them; talked of 10,000*l.*! Asked me should I like to look over them, and I said, Yes, very much.

24th. Started at seven alone, and continued so, with but a short interruption all the way, having Swift's "Tale of a Tub," which I bought at a stall, for my companion. At Calne took a fly and got home to Bess rather early.

*Mem.* Received, some time this month, from my Paris friend, Dillon of the "Bibliothèque," a copy of M. Thierry's "Études Historiques," sent me, through his hands, by that gentleman (the author of the "History of the Norman Conquest"). I had seen this work at Millikin's some years since and read the article in it on my "Melodies," which is very flattering and gratifying. The following is a part of Dillon's note, "M. Thierry handed me a few evenings ago the accompanying book, in order that I might forward it to you as a faint expression of admiration for your talents and character. You will find these feelings expressed in one or two eloquent fragments of the work itself; a proof that they are not of recent growth in M. Thierry's bosom. Should you think proper to acknowledge this little *souvenir* by a letter or line to M. Thierry, he will feel very

proud of it I am sure, and doubly so were you to send him a copy of your 'Melodies,' which he often speaks of as the source from which he derived the purest and best of his literary inspirations. I was delighted to see, the other day, the reception given you in Dublin. The Irish people deserve all that zeal and eloquence which you have displayed in their behalf. They are a grateful people, and a grateful people ought never to be despaired of," &c. &c. I of course sent a copy of the "Irish Melodies" to M. Thierry.

December 16th. \* \* \* In talking of Hume's charming style, Allen said it was curious to trace the gradual formation of it (for it was the work of time and elaboration) from his earliest essays till it reached the point at which we see it in his History. Somebody ought to publish an edition of the History, correcting the mistakes.

17th. Bowles sent me, this morning, a Latin epitaph (ancient, I believe) and his own translation of it, with both of which he seems mightily pleased. The original (as well as I can remember) is as follows: "*Hic jacet Lollius juxta viam, ut dicant præterientes, Lollivale!*"

## TRANSLATION.

"Here Lollius lies, beside the road,  
That they who journey by  
May look upon his last abode,  
And 'Farewell, Lollius,' sigh."

This last line is as bad as need be, and so Lord Holland seemed to think, as well as myself. I suggested, as at least a more natural translation of it,

"And say, 'Friend Loll, good bye!'"

Which Lord H. improved infinitely by making it,

"And say, 'Toll Loll, good bye!'"

Some talk with Lord Holland about Morris's songs, the MS. volumes of which Murray sent after me from town. Repeated to him the pretty lines:—

"My muse, too, when her wings are dry,  
No frolic flights will take,

But round the bowl she'll dip and fly,  
Like swallows round a lake;—

which he was, of course, pleased with, but did not seem to think much of Morris's talent, in general. The following scraps I have thought worth transcribing for old recollection's sake:—

“Old Horace, when he dipp'd his pen,  
'Twas wine he had resort to;  
He chose for use Falernian juice,  
As I choose old Oporto.

“At every bout an ode came out,  
Yet Bacchus kept him twinkling,  
As well aware more fire was there,  
Which wanted but the sprinkling.

“Then what those think, who water drink,  
Of those old rules of Horace,  
I won't now show, but this I know,  
His rules do well for Morris.”

And the following, from his excellent mock praises of a country life:—

“Where nothing is seen  
But an ass on a common or goose on a green.  
And it's odds if you're hurt, or in fits tumble down,  
You reach *death* ere the doctor can reach *you* from town.

In the country how sprightly our visits we make  
Through ten miles of mud for formality's sake,  
With the coachman in drink, and the moon in a fog,  
And no thought in your head but a ditch or a bog.

To look at fine prospects with tears in one's eyes.  
But a house is much more to my taste than a tree,  
And for groves—oh, a fine grove of chimneys for me!

But in London, thank heaven! our peace is secure,  
Where for one eye to kill there's a thousand to cure.

In town let me live, then, in town let me die,  
For in truth I can't relish the country, not I!  
If one *must* have a villa in summer to dwell,  
Oh give me the sweet shady side of Pall Mall.”

January 1st, 1839. Tuesday. At Bowood: Bessy, Russell, and myself having come here on Saturday last. Fine fun for Russell, as two of the nights we had Acted Charades, in which Charles Fox, Shelburne, and Russell were the performers, and yesterday a large party went out riding, of which Russell made one. Charles gave us his imitations of the

national singing of different countries, the conversations of Hottentots, &c., and the whole time has been very cheerful and amusing. Yesterday took place the usual dinner to the children of Lady L.'s school in the conservatory, which was very pretty and interesting, all the ladies attending upon them, and Bessy, of course, quite in her element. Our whole visit very agreeable.

In this month I received from M. Thierry the following letter:—

“MONSIEUR,—Rien ne pouvait m'être plus agréable que votre lettre, et le present que vous avez eu la bonté d'y joindre. Je suis heureux de tenir de vous ce livre que j'admire et dont je me suis inspiré. Votre poésie patriotique me parut, il y a bien des années, non seulement le cri de douleur d'Irlande, mais encore le chant de tristesse de tous les peuples opprimés. C'est de la vive impression qu'elle fit sur moi après nos désastres de 1815, qu'est venu, en grande partie, le sentiment que domine dans l'Histoire de la Conquête d'Angleterre. Le livre, auquel vous avez la bonté d'accorder un suffrage qui m'est bien précieux vous doit beaucoup; et je suis heureux de vous le dire. On en fait en ce moment une édition plus ornée et plus correcte que les précédentes; permettez-moi de vous l'offrir; dès qu'elle sera imprimée, vous en recevrez un exemplaire. Agréez-le, Monsieur, comme un témoignage de gratitude, et croyez aux sentimens de haute estime et d'admiration avec lesquels j'ai l'honneur d'être,” &c. &c.

18th, 19th. Received a letter one of these days from Mrs. Shelley, who is about to publish an edition of Shelley's works, asking me whether I had a copy of his “Queen,”—that originally printed for private circulation; as she could not procure one, and took for granted that I must have been one of those persons to whom he presented copies. In answering that I was unluckily *not* one of them, I added, in a laughing way, that I had never been much in repute with certain great guns of Parnassus, such as Wordsworth, Southey, her own Shelley, &c. Received from her, in consequence, a very kind and flattering reply, in which she says, “I cannot



help writing one word to say how mistaken you are. Shelley was too true a poet not to feel your unrivalled merits, especially in the department of poetry peculiarly your own,—songs and short poems instinct with the intense principle of life and love. Such, your unspeakably beautiful poems to Nea; such, how many others! One of the first things I remember with Shelley was his repeating to me one of your *gems* with enthusiasm. In short, he assured that as genius is the best judge of genius, those poems of yours which you yourself would value most, were admired by *none* so much as Shelley. You know me far too well not to know I speak the exact truth."

20th. I am not sure whether I have mentioned that when last in town, I spoke to Hobhouse about our little Russell, and his wish to become an Indian soldier. Hobhouse then said that his cadetships for that year had been all given away, but that *if* (emphatic, as it well might be) his official life lasted long enough, my son should not be forgotten. I have lately reminded him on the subject, and he has most promptly and kindly appointed Russell to a cadetship. We have accordingly taken him from the Charter House, and in order to prepare him for Addiscombe, have sent him to a preparatory school at Edmonton, Dr. Firminger's.

February 1st to 3rd. The same monotonous course of life, which leaves but little for journalising. Have again played the same trick upon Bessy, with respect to her supplies for the poor, as I have done more than once before,—have confidentially got Boyse to send her a five-pound note, as if from himself, for the poor of Bromham. It makes her happy without the drawback of knowing it comes from my small means, and, in the way she manages it, does a world of good.

20th. Bessy and I started for Napier's, on our long-promised visit. Found Roebuck with him, whom I was very glad to meet, and even more surprised than glad, as nothing could be less like a firebrand than he is, his manner and look being particularly gentle. But this is frequently the case; my poor friend Robert Emmett was as mild and

gentle in his manner as any girl. Roebuck stayed but a short time, having to return to Bath by the boat, which I was sorry for.

28th. Went shopping, and made a purchase I have long dreamed of, but could never muster up courage enough for the outlay, namely, a fireproof box for valuable papers. It cost me, after all, but 5*l.*, and the ease of mind it will give me on that score is well worth the money.

March 4th to 7th. Bessy better, thank God. From an account of a duel between Roebuck and Lord Powerscourt which has appeared in the papers, I find it must have taken place the very morning after the day when we last saw him at Freshford.

8th, 9th. A letter from Mrs. Napier to Bessy, from which it appears that Roebuck was on his way to town that Wednesday for the purpose of the duel with Lord P., having left Mrs. Roebuck under the impression that he was to pass the night at Napier's. I must say, with such an affair on his mind, the composure and cheerfulness of his conversation and manner was not a little remarkable.

28th. An amusing letter from Byng, telling me one or two ludicrous things which have happened lately, evidently, I think (though he does not say as much), for the purpose of tempting me into squibs thereon. The following are extracts from his note:—"Are you aware that Grosvenor Square is at length completely lighted with gas? Are these new lights preparatory to taking office? If you have not already been told, you may be glad to hear that the High Church at Oxford having, as you know, acquired an enormous subscription to build a temple or monument to Cranmer, sought out, and at length, as they thought found, the very spot where he was buried, and, still more fortunately, discovered his bones. The bones were sent to Professor Buckland, who, having examined them, pronounced them to be the bones of a *cow*."

April 4th to 7th. Received a letter one of these days, at which, on the first glance, we were rather alarmed, thinking it was our own J. Russell that had met with some

accident while at play. It was as follows, dated from Ipswich :—“ Sir,—Mr. J. Russell, while amusing us with his entertainment here, a short time since, stated, when speaking of phrenology, that Mr. Deville was visited by yourself and Dr. Lardner; that you were pronounced a mathematician, and the learned Doctor a poet. Mr. Deville assures me the assertion is incorrect. May I beg the favour of a reply? Apologising for troubling you on so trifling an occasion, I have the honour, &c., A. B. Cook.” Wrote in answer to him, that the story, though a very good one, had not the slightest foundation in truth. Something analogous to it, however, *did* happen, which I had half a mind to tell him. When Deville first examined my head, without the least idea who I was, he found in it a great love of *fact*, which Rogers, I recollect, laughed at, saying, “ He had discovered Moore to be a matter-of-fact man!” Deville, however, was quite right in his guess. I never was a reader of works of fiction; and my own chief work of fiction (“ Lalla Rookh”) is founded on a long and laborious collection of facts. All the customs, the scenery, every flower from which I have drawn an illustration, were inquired into by me with the utmost accuracy; and I left no book that I could find on the subject unransacked. Hence arises that matter-of-fact adherence to Orientalism for which Sir Gore Ouseley, Colonel Wilks, Carne, and others, have given me credit.

May 3rd. \* \* \* On my saying something, by the by, to Landor of my consciousness of the little value that anything I had done in the way of poetry must bear in his eyes (meaning the eyes of his school altogether), he answered, “ On the contrary, I think you have written a greater number of beautiful lyric poems than any one man that ever existed.” Cory reminded me of a good criticism on our Kilkenny theatricals, by some one who said, that of all the stage company he infinitely preferred the prompter; and why? “ Because he is least seen and best heard:” also a very Irish description given by Harry Bushe of the place which he held under Government, namely, “ Resident

surveyor, with perpetual leave of absence.” I took the Devizes coach home, having bought a book at Bath to amuse myself with on the way, “ Select Funeral Orations of Thucydides, Plato, Lysias,” &c. &c. in the *original!* I had the help of notes, however.

9th to 12th. A visit from Bowles one of these days. Showed me some new progeny of his muse, which really breeds rabbit-fashion. This was prose, however, and theological; tracing the Catholic adoration of the host to the circular image of the sun worshipped at Heliopolis. But why not take the cross itself, which formed a part of the religious worship of the Egyptians? This, however, would involve somewhat more than the mere Catholic case, and is therefore let alone. The Catholics, however, instead of shrinking from this sort of parallelism between their religion and that of the heathen, are, on the contrary, proud of it; and Bishop Baines the other day, in showing me some magnificent engravings executed at Rome, representing the grand ceremonies of the Church, remarked how closely the fans borne by the attendants resembled the *flabella* carried in the holy rites of the Egyptians. This shows good sense, I must say, as well as fearlessness, and affords in itself a pregnant distinction between the ancient and the mere upstart.

13th to 14th. The following are a few of the things that struck me in my Greek studies the other day in the Bath coach. Γνώμη μὴ ἀξύνετος, a mode of expression resembling the English one “ He is no fool,” meaning that he is a man of very good sense. Plato, too, in one of these orations uses the same form of speech,—οὐ πάνυ φαύλη, i. e. ἀγαθή. Thucydides thus tersely and sensibly describes the difficulty there is in hitting the true medium in oratory,—χαλεπὸν γὰρ τὸ μετρίως εἰπεῖν. The following sentence, quoted from Sallust, *de Bell. Jug.*, might aptly be applied to our great Duke;—“ *Ac sane, quod difficillimum imprimis, et prælio strenuus erat et bonus consilio.*”

\* The Egyptians were acquainted also with the Trinity, as would seem by the inscription on the obelisk in the Circus Maximus at Rome,—Μίγας θεός, θρυλιότης, παμμεγέλης.

20th. Went to breakfast with Lord John, having written yesterday to say I would. No one but his sister, Lady Georgiana (who now lives with him), at breakfast. Had the children in for me to see them. Talked of poor Lord Essex, whom he had seen but two or three days before his death. His spirit and his interest in politics unflagging to the last. Urged Lord John to do something bold and decisive; and when Lord John said, in reply, "Yes, we must take some steps," "Some steps!" said the gallant old fellow, interrupting him, "Why, the carriage is at the door, and you've nothing to do but to *step* into it, and drive on." Speaking at the same time of the change of feeling that had taken place in all ranks, Lord Essex said, "I remember when we used to wear our stars of a morning; now, even in the evening, we are inclined to hide them under our waist-coats." He then told Lord John an anecdote of his walking in the street one morning with the late Duke of Queensberry, when both were young men (returning, I believe, from some night party), and the Duke had on a large star. As they passed some labouring men, one of them looked at the star, and then turning to his companions gave a significant laugh or smile. "What!" said the Duke, after they had gone by, slapping his star as he spoke "have they found out this humbug at last?" All this lively talk took place but two days, I believe, before Lord Essex died; and he in his 82nd year! His death leaves a great gap in the social circle.

Praised Macaulay's late articles on the "Edinburgh," and agreed with me in lamenting that his great powers should not be concentrated upon *one* great work, instead of being scattered thus in Sibyl's leaves; inspired, indeed, but still only leaves. I did not express the thought quite in this way, but such was my meaning.

June 1st. Saw by the bills that my counterpart "Tim Moore" was to be acted once more, "by desire," this evening, and resolved not to miss it. Went to the Haymarket, and left word that I would come. Dinner at Spottiswoodes', Mrs. Robert Ark-

wright, Longmans, &c. &c.; a very large party. Told Mrs. S. that I must leave her for a short time (not saying where I was going) at half-past nine, but would positively return; she, though a little distrusting me, very good-humoured about it; her guests, however, on seeing me rise to depart, warned her not to let me slip out of her hands, as I was sure not to return. Got a swift cab, and rattled off to the Haymarket. (from Bedford Square no trifling distance); but found they had told me too early an hour, as the piece preceding "Tim Moore" was still not nearly finished. This rather *contrariant*; but I was well rewarded for the effort, having been seldom more amused. The instructions of the Blue lady to her sister Blues (the scene laid too at Devizes), as to the manner in which they were to receive the supposed poet; their getting him to write in their albums, &c.; the old dandy who is to cry "Dem'd foine" at everything the poet utters; all very comical. The medley, too, which the Blue lady sings, made out of the first lines of the different "Irish Melodies," as well as of the first few bars of each air, is exceedingly well contrived, and was most tumultuously encored. When she came again, it was with an entirely new selection from the "Melodies," equally well strung together. Altogether, between the fun of the thing, and the flattering proofs it gave of the intimate acquaintance of the public with me and my country's songs, I was kept in a state between laughing and crying the whole time. The best of it all, too, was, that I enjoyed it completely *incog.*, being in a little nook of a box where nobody could get a glimpse of me. Dashed off again, before it was quite over, to Bedford Square, and found that already more than suspicions had begun to be entertained of my fidelity. Lost no time in making up for the delay by sitting down immediately after Mrs. Arkwright, and singing, as well as the breathless bustle I had been in would let me.

4th. Breakfasted this morning with Rogers. The party, Sir Robert Inglis (my first time of ever meeting with him), Bab-bage, and Milnes, the M. P. and poet; Sir

Robert Inglis very agreeable, and, like most men who are *strong* in their *opinions*, mild and gentle in *manner*. Received me with marked kindness, notwithstanding our anti-podism.

9th. Dined at Miss Rogers's. Some talk with Webster, the American, who said, in a very marked manner, that it gave him great pleasure to make my acquaintance. It is always agreeable to me to be kindly received by Americans. Told him of my having received a letter within these four days from a countryman of his, dated from the Coho Falls.

13th. What I wrote to my dear Bess yesterday was but too true,—that the manner in which I am pulled about here in all directions, by callers, diners, authors, printers' devils, is quite too much for one little gentleman to stand.

15th. \* \* \* Went to the British Museum, and, having been told that it was a holiday, asked for Panizzi, who was full of kindness, and told me the library should be at all times accessible to me, and that I should also have a room entirely to myself, if I preferred it at any time to the public room. He then told me of a poor Irish labourer now at work about the Museum, who, on hearing the other day that I was also sometimes at work there, said he would give a pot of ale to any one who would show me to him the next time I came. Accordingly, when I was last there, he was brought where he could have a sight of me as I sat reading; and the poor fellow was so pleased, that he doubled the pot of ale to the man who performed the part of showman. Panizzi himself seemed to enjoy the story quite as much as I did. Received a note from Montalembert, full of kind and well-turned praise, which I fear I have lost. Should have been glad to transcribe it here, along with those many other tributes which I feel the more gratified by from an inward consciousness that I but little deserve them. Yet this is what, to the world, appears vanity. A most egregious though natural mistake. It is the really self-satisfied man that least minds or cares what others think of him.

19th. Some pleasant talk with Strangford about old times; the times when he and I were gay young gentlemen (and both almost equally penniless) about town, and that rogue C. was tricking us both out of the profits of our first poetical vagaries. The price of a horse (30*l.*) which C. advanced, the horse falling lame at the same time, was all that Strangford, I believe, got from him for his "Camoens," and my "Little" account was despatched in pretty much the same manner. I remember, as vividly almost as if it took place but yesterday, C. coming into my bed-room about noon one day (some ball having kept me up late the night before), and telling me that, on looking over my account with him, he found the balance against me to be about 60*l.* Such a sum was to me, at that time, almost beyond counting. I instantly started up from my pillow, exclaiming, "What is to be done?" when he said very kindly, that if I would make over to him the copyright of "Little's Poems" (then in their first flush of success), he would cancel the whole account. "My dear fellow," I exclaimed, "most willingly, and thanks for the relief you have given me." I cannot take upon myself now to say how much this made the whole amount I received for the work, but it was something very trifling; and C. himself told a friend of mine, some years after, that he was in the receipt of nearly 200*l.* a year from the sale of that volume.

The following is the note which I mentioned having received some days since from M. de Montalembert:—

"Sir,—As I dare not hope to have the good luck of finding you at home when I call on you, I cannot refrain from writing these few lines in order to express the deep gratification I have felt in meeting you and hearing you at Mr. Milnes's. Your poems have been the earliest and one of the highest objects of my admiration. They were particularly my guide and delight during my journey in Ireland, when I used to hear the 'Melodies' sung, and really felt, in every priest's house and every peasant's cabin where I halted. To hear them from the lips of

their own inspired author, and to enjoy his company even for so short a time, has been a pleasure greater than I could have anticipated, and will for ever remain stamped in my remembrance. Allow me to offer you the enclosed pages (which were the first productions of my humble pen), not as anything in the least worthy of you, but as a slight token of my ardent sympathy for your country and yourself. I remain, &c. &c."

August 19th. \* \* \* A letter, in which our old friend Kenny announced his intention of coming to us, written last June, is, for its cleverness and *tourneur*, well worth copying here. The application of Erasmus's words tickled my fancy (and *vanity*, of course,) exceedingly.

"MY DEAR MOORE,—I am very glad of a pretence for writing to you; for, ever since the time we were roosting like a nest of owls in the ruins of Bellevue, when you were wont to clamber up the crazy staircase to cheer me with your sunshiny visits, I have ever and anon regretted the very brief as well as the 'few and far between' renewals of our intercourse. For, how true what Erasmus has said of you, '*Thomæ Mori, quid unquam finxit natura vel mollius, vel dulcius, vel felicius?*'—and, recollecting those days, who more sensible of its truth than I am? And, again, '*Thomæ Mori, domus nihil aliud quam Musarum est domicilium.*' But this all the world knows; yet even Erasmus says nothing of the peerless lady (in addition to the Muses) of which this *domus* is also the *domicilium*; and this brings me to the 'pretence' of recalling myself to your mutual recollection." He then tells us of his daughter being in our neighbourhood, and asks of Bessy to "give her once in a way a half-holiday" at Sloperton. "I know," (he adds) "I am making this request to one who has resisted ever the lures of the great world to follow the quiet ways of her own heart; and she may reckon this among the charities that are wont to occupy her." A subsequent letter announced his coming, and we had his daughter to meet him.

December 15th. \* \* \* A thing Lord

John said to me struck me as peculiarly melancholy (coming from *him*, so highly placed as he is, in every respect), though it is a sort of feeling that often comes over my own mind. On his speaking of the speed with which time seems to fly, I said to him, "If you find it so now, what will you say of it when you are as old as I am?" "I don't know," he replied, in his quiet manner; "for my part, I feel rather glad it's gone."

19th to 20th. In a letter from Miss Pigot of Southwell, was a poem written by some young lady, a relative of the writer, and addressed to me.

LINES ADDRESSED TO THE AUTHOR OF LALLA  
ROOKE.

"And what is writ is writ,  
Would it were worthier!"

"Enchanter, wake! thy harp that sleeps,  
The muse that now neglected weeps,  
Silent have lain too long;  
Oh, let one lingering heaven-born note,  
Like an expiring echo float,—  
Arouse thee, child of song!

"Shall envious spirits smiling tell  
How pass'd the mighty wizard's spell?  
No, wake each slumb'ring strain:  
Prove thy bright genius ever young,  
And let thy hand in fervour flung  
Strike thy own harp again!

"Then by thy loved, thy Emerald Isle,  
By beauty's once so worshipp'd smile,  
By rock, and tree, and flower;  
By the green sea and the blue skies,  
By woman's love and woman's eyes,  
Recall thy former power!

"By thy young spirit's golden dream,  
By all that once did joyous seem,  
Be what thou wert of yore;  
By earth beneath, by heav'n above,  
By all that you have loved or love,  
Awake thee, Thomas Moore!"

21st. Lord John came over to Sloperton to see Bessy, and brought his little children with him; but, unfortunately, Bessy had gone upon some business to Devizes, and so missed him. Nothing can be more touching than to see him with these children, and he has them almost always with him. Took

them up to my study, which he wished the children to see; and I there sung the "Crystal Hunters" for them, the eldest girl (who is clever, and has shown a taste for drawing,) having made a sketch from that song. In going away, he promised to bring the children again when he is sure of finding Mrs. Moore at home. The youngest little girl (his own child), who is a very odd, original little thing, sings a song about "Long live *Keen Vittoria*" in a very amusing style.

28th. Miss Fox showed me, after breakfast, a letter she had just received from Lord Holland, respecting the case of Frost, she having written to him, it appeared, in favour of leniency. Was struck with the clearness and precision of style with which he stated his own opinion on the subject, though the letter was evidently a hasty one, written just as he was about to hurry away to the Cabinet.

February 1st and 2nd, 1840. The following note from Miss Coutts:—"MY DEAR MR. MOORE,—I have this moment received, with the greatest pleasure, the inclosed note from Mr. Loch, through Mr. Marjoribanks. I lose no time in forwarding it to you, as I feel how anxious you must be on the subject; and I must again beg you to accept the assurance of the very great satisfaction it has given me to be of any service to you." She adds, in a postscript, "Should your son be in town any time, I should hope he will do me the favour of calling." This news\* gave us all great pleasure, though my poor Bessy saw in it the sad certainty of her soon losing, or at least being separated, and perhaps for ever, from the one whom (*next to myself*) she most clings to and loves.

12th, 13th. Received a letter lately from Crampton, in answer to a note I wrote him under the apprehension that he was seriously ill. Happy to find that the attack (*gout*) had passed off, and that he is himself (he *could not* be anything better) once more. The following, which he tells me about Tom, is at once frightful and ridiculous:—"I

forget if I told you that I strongly suspect that I have discovered the exciting cause of Tom's convulsive attack. The infernal folly of our military service (I mean, of course, that part of it which regulates the dress of soldiers) has determined that to *look* like a fighting man, an unfortunate soldier must be a choking man; and poor Tom, who is the pink of soldiers, wore his stock and his collar so strictly according to order, that the jugular veins were so compressed that the blood could not return from his head. I observed that his face had a violet tint, and that the veins on the temple were full to bursting. On examination, I found the collar so tight, that I could not pass the tip of my finger between it and his throat. He confessed to me that he was 'half choked,' and that he could not stoop or turn his head to the right or left. I need not tell you that I soon made him violate the Queen's order, and that he has lost all the uneasy sensations which he used to experience in his head from that hour."

18th, 17th. It had now become absolutely necessary for me to go to town on Russell's business, and accordingly I prepared, or rather my sweet active Bess, with her usual diligence, prepared everything for my departure.

19th. My first visit was to Rogers, whom I found remarkably well and full of kindness. Agreed with me that the three men now most looked to by the people of England were the Duke, Lord John, and Peel. Mentioned *à propos* of this, what he had told me of the Duke saying to him last year, in speaking of the Ministry, "Lord John is a host in himself." Walked out with him, and went to Lansdowne House, where he left me. Found Lady L., Lady Louisa, and Lady Kerry. Taken by Lady K. in her carriage to Sackville Street, and thence to Brookes's, where she dropped me. A most charming person, and gains more upon me every time I see her. Something quite touching in her present position—in the world, but not of it. The very cheerfulness which she has now, I am glad to see, regained, has a calm and deep sentiment

\* The news was the appointment of his son Russell to a cadetship—ED.

mixed with it, which (even without the weeds) sufficiently tells her story. \* \* \*

By the by, was taken to task to-day by R., who is just come from Ireland, for not making a large allowance to Tom, such as would enable him "to live like a gentleman." B., too, who was by, joined in the same cry. I told them (in the very few words I could trust myself with saying on the subject) that they little knew how hard I was pressed to make out the allowance I at present gave him, and that there were some men, as good as he or any of us, who lived on their pay, without any additional allowance at all. "Aye, these (they said) are rare instances." "Then why (I asked) should not my son be one of them?" But there was no use in any such appeal. He ought to be enabled to "live like a gentleman!" as if the living like a man was not something far higher and better. But such is the standard of station at present in England, where (as has been lately remarked) poverty is infamous. Nor can we wonder at young, giddy schoolboys and ensigns having such notions, when their superiors and guides, the colonels, tutors, fellows of colleges, &c., all set them the example, and make money, money alone, the test of the man and the gentleman. If I had thought but of "living like a gentleman" (as those colonels and tutors style it), what would have become of my dear father and mother, of my sweet sister Nell, of my admirable Bessy's mother?

24th. Dined at Holland House. A good deal of talk about Erskine, and the particulars of his first brief, much of which, as now told by Rogers, was quite different from the account given me of it by Jekyll; but Rogers it seems, took it all down from Erskine's own lips. Came away with Rogers, and went to Lady Minto's: a large assembly. Saw there many a familiar face, to which I could annex no name; and while some persons, I dare say, were passed by formally whom I once knew well and intimately, there was one lady whose hand I seized cordially (on her making some movement which I took for recognition), and it turned

out that she was an utter stranger to me. Luckily, however, I was not such to her, for on my apologising, she said, with much sweetness and good breeding, "Mr. Moore must be well aware that to be addressed by him, whether known or unknown, cannot be otherwise than a compliment."

26th. Went to call upon Marjoribanks, and on my mentioning the desire I had to get Russell's appointment changed if possible, from Madras to Bengal, he advised me to go at once to Loch, the director, myself, and ask him to do it for me. Wrote a letter for me to take to Loch, very strongly and kindly expressed, and I instantly set off with it to the India House. Saw Mr. Loch, who received me most cordially (though we never, that I know, set eyes on each other before), and in a very few minutes my object was accomplished. On my mentioning what my wish was, he said, "I rather think I have got *one* Bengal appointment left;" then ringing the bell, he ordered the person who answered it to bring him some paper which he described, and having run his eye down this paper, said, to my very great pleasure, "I find I have one Bengal appointment left, Mr. Moore, and it is very much at your service." After a few words more of conversation, I took my leave; and thus was despatched in a few minutes a favour which (from knowing no channel through which to apply) I had given up all thoughts of seeking for. Called on Marjoribanks on my way back to say how much obliged I was to him as well as to his friend.

February 14th. In thanking Talfourd for a copy of his collected speeches on the Copyright Question, mentioned that I had once intended to request of him to take some opportunity of stating to the House the resolution I had from the first formed not to avail myself of the clause once contemplated, giving a reverting interest to the author. In replying to my letter, he says, "I think Lord John Russell, in the few remarks he made the session before last on the Copyright Bill, alluded to your generous determination not to avail yourself of the reverting interest which it then contem-

plated, but I shall be too proud of gracing my cause by the mention of your name not to avail myself of any opportunity that may arise more distinctly to express your feeling; which cannot be irrelevant, as it will show the disinterested spirit in which the general cause of literature is advocated by a poet who has no personal interest to bias him."

April 9th. In Town. Sallied forth after breakfast, Bessy, Russell, and myself, to visit the ship in which our poor boy is to be taken away from us. Called at Lubbock's in whose hands I had placed the 330*l.* remaining of the sum destined for the outfit, &c. Went from thence to the East India Docks, where the ship was lying. Forget whether I have mentioned that Sir Lionel Smith, the new governor of the Mauritius, goes out in this same ship, together with his family, a wife and daughters. The cabins prepared for them quite a suite of rooms, and very handsomely furnished. But our dear Russell's berth was, of course, the chief object of our attention, and I was most agreeably surprised by its roominess. We had determined from the first, that though increasing so much the expense, he should have a cabin to himself, and we now had all his things brought and stowed away under the mother's eye comfortably. The lieutenant, a hearty, good-natured Irishman, and, even before he knew who I was, full of most cheering kindness. But when he re-appeared, his increased cordiality showed most *comfortably* what he had heard in the interval, and with the captain it was exactly the same case. Indeed, every step I take in this to me most painfully interesting task (though painful chiefly on the dear mother's account), makes me feel with gratitude the value of a friendly fame like mine. I call it friendly, because, from the manner in which it manifests itself, I cannot help feeling that the tribute is as much, nay, I should hope much *more*, to the man than to the author.

14th. \* \* \* It being now time for our dear boy to leave us, a few parting words were said, and he then set off in a boat to the ship, which was to be towed by

steamers to the Downs. As long as the vessel continued in sight my poor Bessy remained at the window with a telescope, watching for a glimpse of her dear boy, and telling me all she saw, or *thought* she saw him doing. Corry having set off in the coach, we hired a little open fly in the town, and got comfortably to Town in the evening.

15th. Forgot what I did this day, except walking about a little with Bessy, and (after I had left her at home) calling upon Rogers. In speaking of Bessy, he said, "We are told marriages are made in heaven, and certainly none but God Almighty could have brought you two together. She has beauty, sense," — and so he went on most kindly about her.

July 15th to 17th. Received from the Cramers a copy of Bunting's newly published collection of Irish airs, which they have often written to me about, as likely (they hoped) to furnish materials for a continuation of the *Melodies*. Tried them over with some anxiety; as had they contained a sufficient number of beautiful airs to make another volume, I should have felt myself bound to do the best I could with them, though still tremblingly apprehensive lest a failure should be the result. Was rather relieved, I confess, on finding that, with the exception of a few airs, which I have already made use of, the whole volume is a mere mess of trash. Considering the thorn I have been in poor Bunting's side, by supplanting him in the one great object of his life (the connection of his name with the fame of Irish music), the temper in which he *now* speaks of my success (for some years since he was rather tergiversant on the subject), is not a little creditable to his good nature and good sense. Speaking of the use which I made of the first volume of airs published by him, he says, "They were soon adopted as vehicles for the most beautiful popular songs that have perhaps ever been composed by any lyric poet!" He complains strongly, however, of the alterations made in the original airs, and laments that "the work of the poet was accounted of so paramount an interest that the proper order of song-writing was in many instances, inverted, and instead



of the words being adapted to the tune, the tune was too often adapted to the words,— a solecism which could never have happened had the reputation of the writer not been so great as at once to carry the tunes he designed to make use of altogether out of their old sphere, among the simple and tradition-loving people of the country with whom, in truth, many of the new melodies, to this day, are hardly suspected to be themselves." He lays the blame of all these alterations upon Stevenson; but poor Sir John was entirely innocent of them, as the whole task of selecting the airs, and in some instances shaping them thus, in particular passages, to the general sentiment which the melody appeared to me to express, was undertaken solely by myself. Had I not ventured on these very allowable liberties, many of the songs now most known and popular would have been still sleeping, with all their authentic dress about them, in Mr. Bunting's first volume. The same charge is brought by him respecting those airs which I took from the second volume of his collection. "The beauty of Mr. Moore's words," he says, "in a great degree atones for the violence done by the musical arranger to many of the airs which he has adopted."

18th to 22nd. A thought having crossed my mind that Lord Lansdowne, in accepting the dedication of my collected works, might have forgotten the numerous squibs and satires with which some of the volumes must swarm, I thought it as well to bring this circumstance to his recollection, and therefore wrote to him to say that, though I myself saw no reason why a dedicatee should be considered responsible for all the freaks of his dedicator, yet as it might be a matter of question, I thought it right to submit the point for his consideration. Received in answer from him the following letter, which I shall give entire, as containing the first account we received (though a note soon followed from Lady Lansdowne giving Bessy the same intelligence) of the acceptance of Shelburne's proposal by Lady Georgiana Herbert.

"MY DEAR MOORE. \* \* \* You will

allow I had some excuse for hurry and delay, when I tell you (what I am sure you will be glad to hear) that in addition to my expected avocations during the day, arose others unexpectedly, from the circumstance of Shelburne's having proposed to and been accepted by Lady Georgiana Herbert in the course of the morning; an event which, as she is, I believe, a very amiable person, gives Lady Lansdowne and myself great pleasure. But I have wandered from the dedication, which I should be very sorry to decline on the ground you mention. By receiving it I am not responsible for all that the volumes contain; and if I was, as I could only be made a party to anything that might be thought exceptionable, by being also a party to that far greater portion which all will join in admiring, I should be a gainer by it, independently of the value I attach to the expression of your friendship and kindness."

August 2nd. [In London.] \* \* \* In passing through Brompton, pointed out the house which Bessy and I occupied on our marriage, and where, at a breakfast we gave a few months after, I introduced her to Lady Donegal, Miss Godfrey, Rogers, Corry, and one or two other very old friends. "How handsome she must have been then!" said Lady Elizabeth Fielding; and she *was* certainly in *my* eyes, *very* handsome.

Dined at Lansdowne House. A dinner of men only, Lady L. being at Bowood. Company: Macaulay, Lord Clarendon, Lord Clanricarde, Rogers, young Fortescue, and Fonblanque. Sat between Macaulay and Rogers. Of Macaulay's range of knowledge anything may be believed, so wonderful is his memory. His view of Göthe as being totally devoid of the moral sense as well as of real feeling; his characters, therefore, mere abstractions, having nothing of the man in them, and, in this respect, so unlike Schiller's. Such at least, as far as I could collect it, was his view of Göthe. Some, conversation with Fonblanque, who, in speaking to me of my own writings, remarked how full of idiom they are. "There was in no writer (he said) so much idiom."

This odd enough, as I told him, considering that I am an Irishman. Take for granted, however, that he had chiefly my lighter, playful style of writing in his mind.

28th. Received soon after I returned from town a letter from Lord Holland, sending me a translation by himself of some Italian verses (Metastasio's, I believe), which I recollect his mentioning to me when we last met. The following is his letter:—

DEAR MOORE,—

‘ Chi ciecamente crede  
Impegna a serbar fede;  
Chi sempre aspetta inganni  
Alletta ad ingannar.’

I said I could not translate them, nor have I to my fancy. But, *tant bien que mal*, I have thus compassed the job:—

“Who trusts in those with whom he deals,  
Inspires the same good faith he feels;  
But he who still suspects deceit,  
Tempts others in their turn to cheat.”

I have another version which perhaps renders the thought more correctly, but which seems to me, I know not why, more prosaic and more like a flat epigram than a pathetic stanza, and yet less natural and easy. Here it is, *shorter* (?) than the other by *two words* (?) :—

“Who trusts in all with whom he deals  
Invites the very faith he feels;  
Who constantly expects deceit,  
Lures those he so suspects to cheat.”

’Tis thus I turn th’ Italian’s song,  
And deem the meaning is not wrong;  
But, with rough English to combine  
The sweetness that’s in every line,  
Asks for your muse and not for mine.  
*Sense only* will not quit the score,  
We must have that and a *Little More*.

Yours, VASSAL HOLLAND.

29th. Another letter from Lord Holland (about the 18th, I think, of this month) as follows:—

“DEAR MOORE,— A little helped by Rogers, and a little by my own reflection, I now read my translation thus:—

“Who trusts in all with whom he deals,  
Inspires the confidence he feels;  
But he who still suspects deceit,  
Tempts others in their turn to cheat.”

Yours, VASSAL HOLLAND.

“I send you too a melancholy epigram, of which I have, alas! seen many witness the truth:—

“A minister’s answer is always so kind!  
I starve, and he tells me, he’ll keep me in mind.  
Half his promise, God knows, would my spirits restore,—  
Let him keep me, and, faith, I will ask for no more.”

This epigram very good.

September 23rd, 24th. Another poem has just turned up (in the general rummage I am now making among my old papers), of the source of which I am entirely ignorant.

IMPROMPTU, ON THEIR REPEALING THE ACT AGAINST WITCHCRAFT IN IRELAND.

“So you think, then, the days of witchcraft are past,  
That in Ireland you’re safe from the magical art?

Those who hold this belief may rue it at last,  
When the force of a spell is found in the heart.

“That the maidens of Erin in *witchery* deal,  
By those who have seen them can ne’er be denied,  
While the *spell* of their bards o’er the senses will steal,  
As by some hath been felt, and by *Moore* hath been tried.

“Then think not to ’scape, on such dangerous ground,  
Nor fancy that magic and witchcraft are o’er,  
For in Ireland those powers will ever abound,  
While her *Witches* are *fair*, and her *Wizard* is *Moore!*”

21st. Went to Bowood to dinner. Found, besides those Lady L. had mentioned (Lady Cunliffe, Lady Morley, and Rogers), Lord John and his children, Lady Macdonald and Macaulay. The dinner and evening very agreeable. Macaulay wonderful; never, perhaps, was there combined so much talent with so marvellous a memory. To attempt to record his conversation one must be as wonderfully gifted with memory as himself.

23rd. While I was dressing this morning, the *maitre d'hôtel* came to my room with the distressing and startling intelligence that Lord Holland was dead! He had been sent by Lady Lansdowne to tell me, with a request also that I would inform Mr. Rogers of the sad news. Went immediately to Rogers's room, who was equally shocked with myself at the sad intelligence. Met all at breakfast. Lord Lansdowne showed me a letter from Dr. Holland, giving an account of all the particulars of the death, which took place after a short illness. My own opinion was that our party ought to separate, but I found, to my surprise, that both Lord and Lady Lansdowne's wish was that we should stay. Having expressed my opinion to Rogers, he thought right to mention it to Lady Lansdowne, but her earnest wish was that we should stay, and Rogers returned to me from her crying like a child. It is right to say, however, that both he and all felt (as who would not feel?) that a great light had gone out, and that not only the friends of such a man, but the whole community in general, had suffered an irreparable loss.

December 1st to 30th. The whole of this month has been passed in such a state of agitation, from the pressure of business, the calls of society, and, last and worst, the news we received of our dear Russell's illness, that I have not had the time or the heart to record anything in these pages, and must now only give a hurried retrospect of the whole interval. We had received most kind letters from Lord Auckland and Miss Eden, announcing to us our boy's arrival at Calcutta, and their having taken him to lodge with themselves at Government House. In addition to a most friendly letter from Lord Auckland, there came also one from Miss Eden to Bessy, containing equally comfortable and gratifying details. By the next mail there came another letter from Lord Auckland, dated October 19th, which was as follows:—  
 "MY DEAR MOORE,—Your boy has given us a fright, but he is now doing exceedingly well. He was recommended change of air

soon after I last wrote to you, and we sent him up the river Naper, to Moorshedabad, where he was hospitably and kindly received, and was for a short time without fever. But he again became ill, and rather seriously so; and, at his own request, he returned to us, and ever since his return he has been daily improving, and we may be confident that, in another week, he will be as well as he was when he landed here. We will keep him with us till he is quite strong, and I will do my best to get him appointed to a regiment stationed in the dry climate of the upper provinces. His attack here may have been accidental; but I think it desirable that he should not pass a bad season in the damp atmosphere of Bengal. For the next few months, however, the weather here is not likely to be oppressive or unhealthy. I write these few lines at the last moment before our overland mail goes out. Most truly," &c. &c. This I look upon to be *thorough friendship*, and such as, if I lived to the age of Methuselah, I could never forget. In this state, between hope and fear, have the poor mother and myself been left ever since the receipt of the foregoing letter, which, I must add, was accompanied by one from Russell himself, of an equally encouraging character. Still, the fears predominate with us both, and I know not that I ever have passed so painful an interval. (Written January 10th, 1841.)

I forget what more I did in December, with the exception of the occupation which my monthly volumes and their prefaces pretty abundantly give me.

31st. Received a letter from Mr. Dudley Costello, in consequence of my mention of him in my second preface, in which he says, "By this act you have done for me what no exertion of mine could ever have accomplished; you have given me the assurance that my name *must* descend to posterity, and that in the most enviable manner, by linking it with the associations which you have rendered immortal. \* \* \*

The following scrap was sent me lately by Moran, extracted from Miss Lloyd's *Sketches of Bermuda*," published by

Cochrane, London. "I had the pleasure of being introduced to the family of Nea, celebrated in 'Moore's Odes.' Nea is no more (dated August 16th, 1819), but she still lives in song and in the fond recollection of her friends. From a likeness which I saw, I should judge her to have been a fine woman; but it is said that she was indebted for her fame less to her beauty than to the fascinating and easy gracefulness of her manner." I should like to know whether they have hit upon the *right* Nea; though it would be rather hard for them to do so, as the *ideal* Nea of my "Odes," was made out of *two real* ones.

[The year 1841 was to Moore a year of much affliction; his son, Russell, who had always been a comfort to his parents, was not strong enough to bear the trial of an Indian climate and the military profession. Lord Auckland and his sisters, upon hearing of the boy's illness, took him into Government House at Calcutta, and bestowed upon him every care which kindness and friendship could provide. Miss Eden, who alone survives of the family who were at Calcutta, remembers with pleasure and regret the amiable character of the poor boy, when he was in her brother's house as an invalid. Miss Eden herself was sure to do all that good sense and kindness of heart could do in such a case. But his constitution was too delicate to carry him on to manhood. Perhaps, as Anastasia, with an English home, fell an early victim to disease, Russell would not have survived long, even in his native climate. But at all events, the service and the climate of India hastened his death.—J. R.]

January 4th, 1841. The Lansdownes anxious that Bessy and I should have gone there to-day; but she is in such a state of suspense about intelligence from Russell, that I could not prevail on her to leave home.

7th. From the last date till the day on which I am now writing (July 6th), a long interruption has occurred in this Journal; the first of any such length that has yet broken the chain of these records. The

chief cause of this has been the monthly pressure upon me of the successive volumes of the new edition of my Works, which, slight as may appear what I have done for it, has kept me the whole time in a state of busy worry, and quite convinced me (if I wanted any such additional proof) of my utter unfitness for *periodical* labours. In addition to the responsible task of revising and correcting all my past writings, the series of prefaces which I rather rashly volunteered to write, imposed upon me a duty which, both from its difficulty and its periodical recurrence, has left me no peace nor pause; and I rejoice most heartily that I am now so near the end of it.

Among the worrying mishaps I have had lately, was the miscarriage of the MS. of one of my prefaces, after my having destroyed all the rough copy of it. Most marvellously, however, I was able to recall the whole to my memory; and, on the MS. being afterwards found, I found I had departed hardly by a syllable from my original copy.

April. On the 12th of this month set off for London, taking up with me a part of the preface for our next volume, meaning to finish it in town. Arrived in London between three and four. As I made no memorandums during all the time I remained in town, I shall here give extracts from my letters to Bessy to supply their place:—

\* \* \* \* \*

"29th. Went with the Milmans to Miss Berry's last *soirée* for the season. On my saying something to Miss Berry of the liberty I had taken, as an old friend, of coming there unasked, she reverted, in her odd way, to the early days of our acquaintance, and said, 'I didn't so much like you in those days. You were too—too—what shall I say?' 'Too brisk and airy, perhaps,' said I. 'Yes,' she replied, taking hold of one of my grizzly locks. 'I like you better since you have got these.' I could then overhear her, after I left her, say to the person with whom I had found her speaking, 'That's as good a creature as ever lived.'"

\* \* \* \* \*

June 21st. Set off on my long-promised visit to the Godfreys in Staffordshire, taking Cheltenham and Corry in my way. Started in a coach, thinking I was soon to have railway, but found I had got into the "wrong box;" and after an accident with our horses, which delayed us at Chippenham more than an hour, had nothing but coaching all day, and did not arrive at Gloucester till between six and seven in the evening. Was most lucky, however, in the weather, and would not have lost the succession of beautiful scenes I passed through, for twice the speed of the railway. Took the mail at Gloucester and got to Cheltenham between eight and nine, not having had anything for twelve hours, except a biscuit and glass of sherry during our stay at Chippenham.

23rd. Started by railroad for Hughes's. A good story, by the by, of Williams's (the circulating library man), of a stranger passing through Cheltenham, who wishing to devote the few hours he had to stay there in visiting the scene of the great battle of Worcester, walked out there alone, and having inquired of some man he met as to the spot on which the battle had been fought, was accompanied thither by this person, who at once entered with much communicativeness into the subject of his inquiry; showed him exactly where the battle had taken place, mentioned how soon the first blood was drawn, and quite delighted the antiquary with the minuteness of his historical knowledge. "It was certainly a great battle," exclaimed the latter. "Oh, wonderful, sir," answered his informant; "nothing but Spring's wind could have carried him through it." Poor Mary Godfrey much affected at our first meeting. She has lost the use of her limbs; but in all other respects is as much herself as could be possibly expected, after such a lapse of time.

July 1st to 6th. Have just found the note my poor Bess wrote to me, in sending up to town Tom's bill upon me for 112*l*. "I can hardly bring myself to send you the enclosed. It has caused me tears and sad thoughts, but

to you it will bring these and hard *hard* work. Why do people sigh for children? They know not what sorrow will come with them. How *can* you arrange for the payment? and what could have caused him to require such a sum? Take care of yourself; and if you write to him, for God's sake let him know that it is the very last sum you will or *can* pay for him. My heart is sick when I think of you, and the fatigue of mind and body you are always kept in. Let me know how you think you can arrange this." The difficulties to which this bill of Tom's reduced me were considerable: and I had not been more than a week or two at home, when another bill of his, drawn upon me at three months, for 100*l*., was sent to me for acceptance. This blow coming so quick after the other, was, indeed, most overwhelming. It seems on his arrival at Bombay, he found that his regiment had been ordered on active service, and he was accordingly obliged to provide such an outfit as would enable him to join it. I could not do otherwise, of course, than accept the bill; but how I am to pay it, when due, Heaven only knows.

August 10th. A visit from our friend Philip Crampton, who kindly made an effort to give us one of the few days he had to spare, during his short English trip. His first intention was to come down by railroad, eat an early dinner with us, and then return by another train so as to accomplish his other dinner engagement in town. This feat, as being one worthy of his dash and activity, I was rather anxious he should perform. But as it was, we had longer enjoyment of his society; and in addition to the pleasure of having him for a night under our roof, he gave me most cheering assurances as to the state of Bessy's health. Sat talking together till a late hour.

18th. Having arranged with Hume to take a short trip with him to Ireland, started for Lacoek Abbey this morning on my way to town. The day beautiful, and I found grouped in full sunshine upon the grass before the house, Kit Talbot, Lady E. Fielding, Lady Charlotte and Mrs. Talbot, for

the purpose of being photogenized by Henry Talbot, who was busily preparing his apparatus. Walked alone for a while, about the gardens, and then rejoined the party to see the result of the operation. But the portraits had not turned out satisfactorily, nor (oddly enough) were they at all like; whereas, a dead likeness is, in general, the sure, though frightful result, of the Daguerre process.

19th. Breakfasted comfortably (thanks to the railroad) at ten o'clock, with Mrs. Talbot only, the rest of the party being still in their bedrooms, and then set off in their covered cart to Chippenham, from whence I started in the twelve o'clock train. Was lucky enough to have Poulett Scrope for companion, who was very agreeable. Took up my quarters in Sackville Street.

20th. Dined at Lansdowne House. Company, Lord Minto, Lord Ebrington, Lord Seymour, and one or two more. From thence to Vauxhall with Lord L.; as I told Bessy in my letter, "We went to Vauxhall like a couple of young rakes, as we are, and found it very bright and pretty; though I so far forgot my character of rake as to wish for *you* there."

25th. Had a good passage with my favourite Commander Townley, and got in early in the evening. A great crowd of spectators, as usual, on the jetty, and my name having got about, a good many starers attended my progress. Found my dear little Nell in readiness for me, and was installed in the same comfortable *gite* as before.

September 7th. This my wind-up day, having settled to be off to-morrow. Dined with the Cramptons; only themselves; and all went to the Opera together. Strong symptoms of the rising spirit of Toryism in the house. Conservative names given out with cheers, and volleys of the Kent-fire, which I now heard for the first time. Was glad to find, however, that *my* name formed a sort of neutral ground, and that a "Cheer for Tom Moore," which they gave two or three times, was well received.

October 12th. To Bowood. The party, Sir Stratford and Lady Canning, the Milmans, Twopenny, and a pretty girl, the

daughter of Dr. Birkbeck. Stratford Canning and myself got on very sociably together, and he tried a good deal to persuade me to take a trip with him to Constantinople. If I were a little younger, and had less cares on my head, there are few things I should like better.

November 1st to 4th. Began to work at the fourth volume of my Irish History; and read and noted all there is about the reign of Elizabeth in the books I possess; having brought away with me from Bowood, the Sidney Papers, Holinshed, &c., with the same view. Found, however, that I could not get on with any satisfaction without seeing as much at least as has been calendared of the Papers of Elizabeth at the State Paper Office, and resolved, therefore, to run up to town.

12th. A note from Sydney Smith asking me to breakfast with him to-morrow:—"DEAR MOORE,—I have a breakfast of philosophers to-morrow at ten *punctually*. Muffins and metaphysics; crumpets and contradiction. Will you come?" Wrote him an excuse, telling him of my engagement at the State Paper Office, and saying that, though his breakfast would be very agreeable, it would "take a large slice of a reign out of me."

16th. To the Paper Office. Found, this day or the last, a most curious letter of the Earl of Essex to Elizabeth, telling her, with the utmost coolness, of a proposal he had made to a fellow to murder P'helim O'Neill for a reward of 100 marks of land a year. Showed this to my fellow-workman, Tytler, who, indeed, helped me to make out part of the writing, Essex's hand being one of the most difficult to read. Tytler, who has been well broken into royal murders by his Scottish History (Cardinal Beaton's, for instance, and he is now ferretting out another), was not quite so much shocked by this discovery as I was.

21st. Desperate day of wet. Got off in the half-past ten train. When we were about half way on our road, a gentleman joined us, with somewhat of the foreigner in his mode of speaking; and on my asking

him whether he was going any further than Chippenham, he answered, "I am going to the Duke of Beaufort's," upon which I said (hardly knowing why I said it, or what put it in my head), "Pray what's become of the Duke's friend, Matucevitz?" "I am Matucevitz," he answered courteously, and then all flashed at once upon my mind; my meeting him once, and *but* once, many years ago, at dinner at the Duke of Beaufort's in London, and never having known any more of him since, than seeing his name now and then in the newspapers. He seemed much pleased at our *rencontre*, and we had a good deal of agreeable conversation together during the remainder of our journey. Such is life, at least *my* life; for I hardly move a step without something odd or agreeable turning up in my path. Got home, notwithstanding, with a very bad cold, which was neither agreeable nor odd.

December 15th and 16th. About the middle of the month the plot again began to thicken at Bowood, and I was again accordingly brought into play; but not having time to particularise, I can give only a summary retrospect of some of the persons and events. Rogers stayed more than a week, still fresh in all his best faculties, and improved wonderfully in the only point where he was ever at all deficient—temper. He now gives the natural sweetness of his disposition fair play. He walked over to see Bessy, one or two days, through all the wretched mud of the Bowood Lane and our own, making (to us and back again) at least six miles. Among the other successive guests were Dr. and Mrs. Fowler. A good story, by the by, told by Fowler, of a man selling a horse. The would-be purchaser, inquiring as to his leaping powers, asks, "Would he take timber?" "He'd jump over your head," answers the other, "I don't know what you call *that*." Macaulay, another of the guests, and I, stayed for some time. He is a most wonderful man, and I rejoice to learn that the world may expect from him a History of England, taken up, I believe, where Hume leaves off. Rogers directed my attention to the passage in his

last Edinburgh article where he describes Warren Hastings's trial, and the remarkable assemblage of persons and circumstances which it brought together. Agreed perfectly with R. as to the over-gorgeousness of this part of the article. But the whole produces great effect, and is everywhere the subject of conversation. Mrs. Butler (Fanny Kemble) was another of the visitors, bringing with her her American husband and two little children, and their stay was I think for near a fortnight. On one of the evenings she read out to us "Much Ado about Nothing," with much skill and effect. We had also Lord John. He accompanied Rogers one day to Sloperton, to see Bessy, and is in high spirits for the approaching conflict. Among the latest visitors of this month, was Charles Greville, who had never before been at Bowood, and was enchanted with the beauty of the house.

January, 1842. About the first days of January went over to meet the Palmerstons, Lord and Lady Cottenham, Lord Duncannon and some of his nice family, never forgetting that charming person, Lady Kerry, who has now become a constant inhabitant of Bowood, and it could not have one more ornamental to it. I sung a good deal, as usual, and even the matter-of-fact-looking Ex-Lord Chancellor placed himself close to the pianoforte, and though it didn't quite amount to the "iron tears down Pluto's cheeks," seemed very much pleased. I think it was he who mentioned that the nickname they've now got in Dublin for Peel, is "the Veiled Prophet," alluding to those promised revelations respecting his future policy, for which the world is waiting.

[From this time the Diary of Moore contains a less faithful transcript of the conversations in which he bore a part; exhibits more frequent signs of a decay of memory, and is painfully marked with the difficulties and the distress which were brought upon him by the thoughtlessness of one son and the premature decay of the other.

The eldest son, Thomas Lansdowne Parr, whose birth had been the cause of so much

exultation, was destined to be a cause of sorrow to his parents. Malignity has said that Moore neglected the education of his children. No charge could be more false. The education of the Charter House, which, by the kindness of Lord Grey and Sir Robert Peel, he was enabled to afford to his two sons, is one of the best to be obtained anywhere, and the then head master, the present Dean of Peterborough, was well qualified to maintain the high reputation of the school. In the choice of a school, therefore, Moore performed the part of a kind and judicious father.

His conduct in the choice of a profession for his sons, though equally kind, was not equally judicious. Much endurance, a strong physical constitution, and the power as well as the disposition to bear adverse fortune, are requisite for the military service, either of this country or India. Moore's eldest son had little restraint over himself; he was not physically strong; and, like many a son of a man of genius, he was better prepared to enjoy the advantages which his father's reputation brought with it, than to imitate the study and the early parsimony by which his father's genius had been fostered and strengthened in its way to maturity.

In the indulgence of careless habits young Thomas Moore got into debt; in a thoughtless moment he resolved to sell his commission. In the Diary are to be found traits of kindness on the part of Lord Fitzroy Somerset, afterwards Lord Raglan, and Sir John Macdonald, which were, however, unavailing. It is much to be lamented that Moore's feelings of independence did not allow him to apply to such friends as Lord Lansdowne or Mr. Rogers, for the aid of a sum of 400*l.*, which would have preserved his son's commission in the English army. He asked for a commission in the Foreign Legion of Algiers, where his poor boy, beloved in spite of his faults by his foreign companions in arms, fell a victim to the climate and to constant exposure which his impaired constitution was not fitted to endure.—J. R.]

8th. Most sad news for me after all my

gaity. Our darling Russell has been dangerously ill; and though better when Lord Auckland (from whom the account comes) wrote his letter, cannot; the physicians say, remain in India with safety; and was, therefore, in two or three weeks to sail for England. Lord Auckland had met the poor boy, as he tells us, out driving, but looking much more fit for the sick bed; and with a kindness, never to be forgotten by me if I were to live years on years, had him brought to Government House and there watched over and attended to. God bless him for it.

10th. A visit from Lady Lansdowne, to whom Lord Auckland had also written an account of our poor Russy's illness. Nothing could be more feeling and affectionate than her manner. Kissed Bessy like a sister, on leaving us, and said to me, when I was putting her into her carriage, "She is a most marvellous person," alluding of course to the deep but calm feeling with which my poor Bessy is making up her mind to the worst.

11th and 12th. We now find, in addition to our apprehensions about Russell, that Tom, too, if not actually embarked, is coming home upon sick leave. His accounts of himself from Lower Scinde were such as a good deal to prepare us for this; but to say nothing of the anxiety and grief caused by it, how on earth am I to meet the additional expenses which the return of both boys will now entail, while still I am in debt too for most of the money which their first outfit, passage, &c. required? I am still willing, and thank God, able to work: but the power comes slower, and the effort is therefore more wearing. If I could write with the facility and variety which some people give me credit for, I should indeed be like Mrs. Malaprop's Cerberus, "three gentlemen at once."

13th and 14th. A most joyful relief to us, one of these days, the 14th I believe, in a letter from Miss Eden, telling of the rapid and (as it would appear) almost complete recovery of our dear Russell from his threatening attack of illness. He had become so well, she tells us, as to be able to join a large dinner-party they had the day before. It is still thought expedient, however, that



he should avail himself of his sick leave, as encountering another hot summer might be dangerous. A second most welcome item of her intelligence is that Russell's passage is to be paid by the Company, so *that* burden is also off my mind.

The following squib of mine having been left out of my general edition (though published soon enough to have appeared in it) may as well be preserved here:—

To the Editor of the "Morning Chronicle."

SIR,—You have already, I doubt not, been made acquainted with the very old and curious prophecy, called the Schism of the Isms, which has been for some time past circulating through various parts of the kingdom. As I have been lucky enough, however, to have lighted upon a more correct copy of this singular production than is generally to be met with, I venture to submit it to your editorial consideration, and have the honour to be,

Your obedient servant,

E. G.

#### THE SCHISM OF THE ISMS.

"There shall come, in the latter days, a schism  
Unnam'd in Bible or Catechism,  
'Mong all such things as end in *ism*,  
Whether Puseyism, or Newmanism,  
Or, simply and solely, mountebankism.

"Then, woe is me! not Gentilism,  
Nor Judaism, nor scepticism,  
E'er work'd such ill as that day of schism.  
For all shall then be egotism,  
And separatism and cabalism;  
And priests shall mix mock Romanism;  
With very indifferent Protestantism;  
And drug the mess with th' unholy chrism  
Of Pusey's once-dear rationalism.

"Then bishops shall ape the nepotism  
That drew on popes such stigmatism;  
And bring up their sons to sinecurism,  
While rolling themselves in epicurism,  
Then Ph—lp—ts, ready for any 'ism,'  
But liberalism and Christianity,  
Shall show that of all sectarianism,  
His natural sect is contrary-ism.  
And S—I, too, upon Romanism  
Will sport his raree-showmanism;  
And prove, by dint of sheer humbuggism,  
That Tipperary swarms with Thuggism!

"When these things happen in synchronism,  
Then woe and alas for the Oxford schism!  
It hath reach'd its hour of fatalism,  
It hath felt its last faint paroxysm.  
And Puseyism and Newmanism,  
And even long-winded Sewellism,  
Shall all, for want of some better 'ism,'  
Be swamp'd in one great cataclysm!"\*

Among my letters lately was one from a zealous teetotaler, who is about to publish a book on the subject; and, after saying that he does not recollect having ever seen any published opinions of mine on the subject, begs that I will favour him with a few sentences in favour of the cause. Wrote back to him to say that I thought no man had a right to preach what he does not practise, and that my own habits at table, though certainly *not* intemperate, extended to a freer use of wine than would authorise me with a grave face to recommend abstinence to others. \* \* \*

February 25th. The difficulty as to how I can raise the 100l. to meet Russell's draft still haunts me most worryingly; there being, in addition to this, the yet unpaid bills for the outfits both of him and Tom. It redounds much to the honour of my kind old friend Hume, that when I wrote to him the other day telling of Russell's draft, he instantly answered, and inquired of me when the bill would become due, evidently meaning to help me through it. This, after all (in a world where money is the universal touchstone), deserves eminently to be noted down as true friendship. Lord Bacon cites some ancient philosopher, who said that "gold was tried with the touchstone, and men with gold;" and the great Chancellor, who was himself, perhaps (while at Gray's Inn), sometimes run hard for this "trier of spirits," seems to have felt deeply its truth.

March 13th. Breakfasted with Rogers. Company: Everett (the American Minister), Lord Mahon, Milnes, Luttrell, &c., &c. Talking of Lady Holland's crowded dinners, and her bidding people constantly "to make room," Luttrell said, "It must certainly be

\* A learned name for the Deluge.

*made*, for it does not exist." Dined at Lady Holland's. Company: Lord Melbourne, Lords Erroll and Kinnaird (if I recollect right), Lord Dalmeny, and a good many more. So great was the "pressure from without," that Allen, after he had performed his carving part, retired to a small side table to dine. All was very agreeable, however, and I have seldom seen Lord Melbourne in such good spirits. Rogers's theory is that the close packing of Lady Holland's dinners is one of the secrets of their conversableness and agreeableness, and perhaps he is right.

16th. Dined with Mr. Grenville. Company, only Lady Francis Egerton, the Archbishop of York and his niece, and Lord Harrowby. Choice Church and State companions for me! but all very kind and agreeable, and the male portion veterans of the first order, Mr. Grenville himself being eighty-six, the Archbishop, I suppose, little short of that age, and Lord Harrowby, as he told us, eighty. No great deficiency visible in any of them; and Lord Harrowby let off some of his sarcastic jokes as lively as ever. Sat a good while talking after dinner, and then home. Had a note from Sydney Smith this morning. I had met him soon after my arrival in town, at Lady Holland's, and he then told me that his list of dinners was full, both at home and abroad, for ten days to come. Alluding to this in the excuse I sent him, I added, that most willingly would I have *fasted* for the chance of dining with him. The following was his reply:—

"My dear Moore,—I must explain why my invitation to you came so late. Before I knew you were in town my party was completed; but Lord Carlisle is ill, and I hastened to supply his place from the aristocracy of nature. Ever," &c.

18th. In one of Bessy's last letters she mentioned that a letter had arrived at Sloperton from Tom, dated Lower Scinde, and stated a few of the particulars contained in it. Something struck me that there was much held back by her through the fear of annoying me.

19th. Went to the Horse Guards. Macdonald put into my hand a letter or paper

which revealed all that my poor Bessy had withheld from me. Tom has sold his commission, and is on his way home! thus casting away all that I had managed to do for him with so much anxiety and self-denial. Forgot to mention that I breakfasted this morning with Milnes, to meet the American Minister, Hallam, Macaulay, &c. &c. Macaulay opened for us quite a new character of his marvellous memory, which astonished as much as it amused me; and that was his acquaintance with the old Irish slang ballads, such as "The night before Larry was stretched," &c. &c. many of which he repeated as glibly off as I could in my boyhood. He certainly obeys most wonderfully Eloisa's injunction, "Do all things but *forget*."

22nd. Off for home by the half-past ten train, and in the next carriage to me was Jeffrey, Mrs. Jeffrey, Empson, Mrs. Empson and child. Jeffrey, I was sorry to find, not in good health, and going to Clifton for change of air. Asked him to pay us a visit at Sloperton, and said that if possible I would set him an example by coming to see him at Clifton. How comfortable even these glimpses are of old and dear friends. As I say myself, in one of my songs,

"Ah, well may we hope, when this short life is gone,  
To meet in some world of more permanent bliss;  
For, a smile or a grasp of the hand, hastening on,  
Is all we enjoy of each other in this."

This "hastening on" would seem to have been written with a prospective view to my meeting Jeffrey thus in full speed, on a railroad. Found my sweet Bessy pretty well, but, like myself, full of alarm and anxiety about our two boys; the one good and prosperous, but in ill health; the other,—but, alas! there's no use in dwelling upon what is so painful.

April 6th. We had been for some time daily expecting our dear Russell, and this morning a letter arrived from him, dated Hastings, and telling us we might expect him in the course of the day. Our ears and eyes were of course on the watch for every carriage that approached, and at last we heard his own voice telling the flyman *not* to

drive into the gate. Our feeling at this remembrance of his mother's neat garden, and his thoughtful wish not to spoil the gravel, was hardly expressed to us when we saw the poor fellow himself, getting slowly out of the carriage, and looking as if the next moment would be his very last. It seemed, indeed, all but death. Both his mother and myself threw our arms round him, and all three remained motionless for some time; the poor boy the only calm one of the three, and my feelings and fears being far more, I confess, about the mother than about himself. It was very frightful, nor shall I ever forget those few minutes at that gate.

7th to 9th. Have had Brabant two or three times to see Russell, and he evidently thinks him in great danger. No ulceration yet in the lungs, but tubercles, he thinks, have formed.

10th and 11th. My poor Bessy day and night watching over her patient, to whom she has given up her own room, and at every cough she hears from him at night is by his bedside. It is for *her* I most fear.

12th to 14th. Great appearances of amendment, and Brabant evidently begins to think him better.

15th to 18th. I shall now, as some amusement to my mind, notice a few of the various communications I have been receiving lately, and, first and foremost, the following scrap of one of my dear Bessy's letters while I was in town (the very letter which contained, or rather suppressed, the bad news about Tom) deserves well to be preserved. "The violets are getting ready to welcome you back, and I have had a number of little nothings done to keep us tidy; so that without expense we shall go on again looking tolerably decent. The wall is up and the honeysuckle arranged. Polly\* and I worked hard at your face † to wash it clean, and we succeeded in a degree. Remember to bring down Mr. Rogers." ‡

Received last month the following letter

\* Mary Hughes, of Buckhill.

† A cast from Kirk's bust of me which stands in our drawing-room.

‡ A print of himself from Lawrence's picture, which he had promised to give to Bessy.

from Mrs. Hall, the writer of the inimitable Stories, &c., about Ireland.

"DEAR SIR,—I venture to present you with a copy of my 'Sketches of Irish Character;' for though, being my first work, it is crude and full of faults, yet, relating as it does to my native Bannow, and being inscribed to your old friend Thomas Boyse, I hope it may find favour in your eyes. I have long desired to present you with 'my works.' I owe you, in common with all those who can feel, so much gratitude, that even to be able to say 'I am grateful,' is a privilege; but had it not been for your kind note to my husband, I should not have presumed to address you even now. I cannot avoid mentioning a little circumstance which afforded us both much pleasure. We were reading your 'History of Ireland,' and found that you had immortalised a poem on Jerpoint Abbey, by mentioning it with a few precious words of praise. That poem was written by my husband, when quite a youth, and long before he thought of exchanging his pen for a barrister's gown. I am sure you would not regret your generous words, if you had witnessed *my pride* for him. I have the honour to be,

"Your most obliged and grateful,

"A. MARIA HALL."

May 1st to 9th. Again disturbed from home and work, and obliged to run up to town on a fool's errand, namely, the acting as one of the stewards at the approaching dinner of the Literary Fund; his Royal Highness Prince Albert having consented to take the chair on the occasion. This is, *indeed*, meeting the spirit of the times more than half way; the "King Consort" taking the chair at a Freemason Tavern dinner!

10th. Started for town, leaving our dear boy somewhat better. Found, with my usual good luck, a note from Murray, asking me to meet at dinner *to-day* the man of all others I wanted to shake hands with once more—Washington Irving. Called at Murray's to say "yes, yes," with all my heart.

11th. Went to the Literary Fund Cham-

bers to see what were the arrangements and where I was to be seated; having in a note to Blewett, the secretary, begged of him to place me near some of my own personal friends. Found that I was to be seated between Hallam and Washington Irving. All right. By the bye, Irving had yesterday come to Murray's with the determination, as I found, not to go to the dinner, and all begged of me to use my influence with him to change this resolution. But he told me his mind was made up on the point; that the drinking his health, and the speech he would have to make in return, were more than he durst encounter; that he had broken down at the Dickens' Dinner (of which he was chairman) in America, and obliged to stop short in the middle of his oration, which made him resolve not to encounter another such accident. In vain did I represent to him that a few words would be quite sufficient in returning thanks. "That Dickens' Dinner," which he always pronounced with strong emphasis, hammering away all the time with his right arm, *more suo*, "that Dickens' Dinner," still haunted his imagination, and I almost gave up all hope of persuading him. At last I said to him, "Well, now, listen to me a moment. If you really wish to distinguish yourself, it is by saying the fewest possible words that you will effect it. The great fault with all the speakers, *myself* among the number, will be our saying too much. But if you content yourself with merely saying that you feel most deeply the cordial reception you have met with, and have great pleasure in drinking their healths in return, the very simplicity of the address will be more effective from such a man, than all the stammered out rigmoroles that the rest of the speechifiers will vent." This suggestion seemed to touch him; and so there I left him, feeling pretty sure that I had carried my point. It is very odd that while some of the shallowest fellows go on so glib and ready with the tongue, men whose minds are abounding with matter should find such difficulty in bringing it out. I found that Lockhart also had declined attending this dinner under

a similar apprehension, and only consented on condition that his health should not be given. \* \* \*

The best thing of the evening, (as far as I was concerned), occurred after the whole grand show was over. Irving and I came away together, and we had hardly got into the street, when a most pelting shower came on, and cabs and umbrellas were in requisition in all directions. As we were provided with neither, our plight was becoming serious, when a common cad ran up to me, and said, "Shall I get you a cab, Mr. Moore? Sure, ain't I the man that patronises your Melodies?" He then ran off in search of a vehicle, while Irving and I stood close up, like a pair of male caryatides, under the very narrow projection of a hall-door ledge, and thought at last that we were quite forgotten by my patron. But he came faithfully back, and, while putting me into the cab (without minding at all the trifle I gave him for his trouble) he said confidentially in my ear, "Now, mind, whenever you want a cab Misthur Moore, just call for Tim Flaherty, and I'm your man." Now, this I call *fame*, and of somewhat a more agreeable kind than that of Dante, when the women in the street found him out by the marks of hell-fire on his beard. (See Ginguenè.)

16th. Forgot to mention that I went to the rehearsal at the Ancient Music this morning, the Archbishop of York having good-naturedly called me to account the other day for never using my privilege of *entrée* to the Preserve. Nothing, certainly, could be more gratifying than my reception now among them. Lord Cawdor, who had been sitting beside the Archbishop when I entered, said laughingly, "Let us place him next the Archbishop," and laying his hands on my shoulders, made me take his seat. Two old stock articles of mine, "Fallen is thy throne," and "Sound the loud timbrel," happened to be among the selections for the day, and everybody was very flattering about them. The manner, however, in which "Fallen is thy throne" was given worried me not a little, from its dull sameness, and I felt very much

relieved when I found they stopped after the second verse.

26th. Started for home. On arriving found our dear Russell somewhat better than I had expected.

June 4th to 6th. This whole month has been passed quietly at home, if "quietly" I can call it, with such pressing cares and anxieties on my mind. The dying state (for I fear it is no better) of our poor boy at home, and the still worse state (for death is after all not the worst evil) of that unlucky Tom, now thrown upon the world without profession or means of subsistence, make up altogether a prospect which, but for the courage, warm-heartedness, and never-failing spirits of my admirable Bessy, I never should be able to sustain.

7th to 10th. The remainder of this month passed at home and hard at work: somewhat enlivened, however, by the following announcement of an agreeable honour lately conferred upon me by the King of Prussia.

"Berlin, June 1st, 1842.—His Majesty has been pleased to found a Special Class of the Order 'pour le mérite,' to be conferred on persons who have distinguished themselves in the sciences and arts. The number of the members of the German nation is fixed at thirty. To enhance the splendour of the order it will also be conferred on eminent foreigners, the number of whom is not fixed, but is never to exceed that of the German members. Among the foreign members in the Class of Science (including, it seems, *Belles Lettres*) are Michael Faraday, Sir John Herschel, Fellows of the Royal Society of London, and Mr. Thomas Moore.—'Prussian State Gazette.'"

July 17th. Dined at Lord Lansdowne's, having been my own inviter. I had heard, on arriving in town, that he was to have a "Dickens' dinner" (as Washington Irving would call it) on this day, and wrote to propose myself as a guest. Among the other diners besides Dickens, were Rogers, Luttrell, Sir Edmund Head, and one or two more. Had a long *séance* to-day with Macdonald, at his own house, on the subject of Tom. Something that fell from Bryan

yesterday gave me a faint glimpse of hope that he was a little inclined to interpose his aid on my present emergency. "Wasn't it possible," he asked, "that Tom might enter the army again as an ensign, that rank being so much more easily purchasable?" I therefore questioned Macdonald on the subject. "Why, my dear fellow," he answered, "an ensigncy would cost 450*l.*, and the payment of 400*l.* would preserve to your son his lieutenancy." He also mentioned, what was most tantalising under the circumstances, that it was *not*, as I supposed, their intention to continue Tom in his present regiment (where there are near twenty lieutenants before him), but that they had a snug berth ready for him in a regiment which was now in England, and would remain so for some time, and in which there would be but two or three between him and promotion. I forget now the number of this regiment, but he showed it to me in the Army List. This is real and *essential* kindness, if I *could* but have availed myself of it.

19th. It was this day, I believe, not yesterday, that I dined at Burdett's to meet McNab, &c. The loss of my memorandum book has allowed all that was agreeable to escape out of my mind; the disagreeable is sure to remain. Called upon Macdonald, and told him the hopelessness of my case; so there *ends* the whole matter, and with it, I fear, all my unfortunate boy's prospects. Sate a good while with Macdonald, while he was dressing for some levee, and had an account from him of the small beginnings from which he rose to be what he is; all naturally, shrewdly, and interestingly told.

August 16th. Received a letter from Tom containing somewhat more comfortable glimpses of a future for him than have for a long time opened upon me. A French gentleman whom he has got acquainted with through our friend Villamil, and who is a Member of the Chamber of Deputies, has invited him to pass some weeks with him at his country house at Eu, and has also suggested, as a possible resource for him, his entering into the *Légion Etrangère* of the French army employed in Algiers, the king

being likely, he thinks, to give him a commission in that service. This is at least worthy of consideration. A very happy use was made by Peel the other day, in his clever answer to Lord Palmerston, of some lines of mine from the *Melodies*. Alluding to the flight of Lord John and most of the other opposition leaders from town, leaving Palmerston to stand the brunt of the House alone, he compared him to

“The last rose of summer left blooming alone,  
All his lovely companions were faded and gone.”\*

19th and 20th. An amusing instance of the spread of literature just now; one of Bessy's old women in the village sent her lately a letter from her son, in which was the following learned piece of criticism. “The following lines are written by Thomas Moore, Esq. I consider them beautiful; very sarcastic upon the gentry.” Then follow these lines from Lalla Rookh:—

“A heav'n, too, ye must have, ye lords of dust,  
A splendid paradise,— pure souls ye must.  
That prophet ill sustains his holy call,  
Who finds not heavens to suit the tastes of all.”

This metamorphose of my friend Mokanna into a lampooner of “the gentry” is excellent; a sort of Oriental Tom Brown the Younger.

21st and 22nd. Work and worry, my daily portion. Wrote to Lord Auckland, to welcome him home; to tell him of poor Russell's continued illness, and thank him as warmly as language *could* thank for his kindness to him. In his answer he says, “You are very grateful for a very little. Having a palace and four hundred servants, it was no great effort for me to give a bed to the son of so old a friend.”

September 1st to 11th. Received about the 10th or 11th a letter from Tom, which agreeably relieved me from the misgivings I have had about my letter to Madame Adelaide. I shall here transcribe all he says on the subject. “The following particulars, which I trust will give you pleasure, I must

\* These lines had been before used, in a similar way, by Mr. O'Connell.— Ed.

state briefly, as time presses. On last Sunday morning I was presented at court. His Majesty received me most graciously, conversing with me in English, which he speaks perfectly, during five or six minutes. The same day I received an invitation to dine at the palace, where I was equally well received. On Tuesday I had an audience with Madame Adelaide, and the Princess was most kind. She received me alone, and conversed for a considerable time; but did not open your letter while I was present. But yesterday evening I received the following note from the lady in waiting:—*‘Madame Adelaide désirerait parler demain à 11 heures à Monsieur T. Moore. La Comtesse de Montjoie s'empresse de l'en prévenir. Château d'Eu.’* Accordingly I waited upon Madame this morning, who was really quite friendly both in her manner and in what she said. She told me, that on reading your letter she spoke upon the subject to the King, who immediately expressed himself most anxious to meet your wishes. His Majesty also recommended me strongly to Maréchal Soult, to whom she, too, had spoken upon the subject. Madame then spoke to me very kindly concerning the badness of the climate, and the severity of the duty in Africa; observing that after my health having already suffered in India, I should not think of venturing in Africa, &c. &c. Madame concluded by telling me that she had settled everything with Maréchal Soult, who would receive me immediately; and she added, *‘Si vous voulez me suivre, je vais vous présenter moi-même à son aide-de-camp,’* &c. Maréchal Soult, who can be a tiger, is gentle enough where kings are concerned; and it was no doubt to the intervention of his Majesty and Madame that I owed the politeness of my reception. But here the first obstacle has arisen, in consequence of my not being in possession of the papers which I forwarded to England by your desire. The Maréchal requires also a certificate, &c. &c. From all that the Maréchal said to me, I could see plainly that my request was a very difficult one for him to fulfil; but he expressed himself most ready to do everything in his power as soon

as he should receive my papers and find everything satisfactory. \* \* \* Therefore it is that I venture to ask you to obtain from Lord Fitzroy the favour of a letter of recommendation to Maréchal Soult, as a letter from him as our Secretary-at-War to Maréchal Soult, upon whom everything depends, would undoubtedly facilitate the affair, &c. &c. Madame Adelaide bid me write to you to-day and assure you of the continued friendship for you which exists no less on her own part than on that of Louis Philippe; and she added that she intended writing to you herself, and assuring you of his kindly dispositions, for, she added, *'votre père et moi, nous avons toujours été de très bons amis.'*

There's a good deal more of the letter, but I have given only the most interesting parts. What will come of it all, Heaven knows. But I see not much to hope; and, in the meantime, it is but a continuation of that *spoiling* process to which poor Tom (as my son) has been from his childhood subjected. Let the result, however, be what it may, the kindness of these royal people is even more creditable to themselves than to me, and shows what injustice I did to them in supposing the *"tantæ animis cælestibus iræ"* to apply also to these earthly godheads. Their anger with me (if indeed they ever felt it) has all evidently passed away. It being the opinion both of Bessy and Ellen that I ought to run up to town and confer with my friends at the Horse Guards on this matter, I started from home on the

12th. My companion a poor sick young clergyman who had been to try the air of Clifton for relief; and (as happens constantly with me) it chanced that in the course of our conversation, I touched a spring which brought us in *rappart* with each other. In speaking of the Charter House, where it appeared he had been educated, I said that a son of mine had been also brought up there, whom he might have known, named Moore; upon which his poor pale face lighted up with smiles, and without saying a word he took off his hat to me.

14th. Wrote a long letter to Madame Adelaide on the subject of Tom, Marshal

Soult, Algiers, &c., which was in every respect a most painful operation to me. Took it myself to the French ambassador's, with the hope that he had returned from Paris, and having a sort of notion that I am personally acquainted with him, in which case I would have tried to enlist him in the cause of Tom; but he had not yet returned. Met Lady Holland in her carriage in St. James's Street, a god-send or (to speak more gallantly) a goddess-send at this time of the year in London. Asked me of course to dinner to-day, which I most gladly accepted. Had already formed a sort of slip-knot with Easthope\* to dine at his country house, but he had luckily put me off till to-morrow. I had now dined two successive days at my own expense, which in London is a sort of monstrosity. "Base is the slave that pays," says ancient Pistol, and I feel deeply the truth of this aphorism when paying for a dinner for myself in London.

Company at Lady Holland's (besides herself and Allen), Sir S. Hammick and Henry Bulwer: the conversation very agreeable and my Lady read to us after dinner a letter from Sydney, quite as piquant as any of her dishes. Thought to have remembered some of it, but my knack at reporting, never very good, is now nearly gone. I remember, however, that before dinner, Allen provoked me a little. That people shouldn't *read* my History is no blame to them, God knows; but that *without* that previous process, they should (before the author's face, too,) profess to give an account of it, and criticise it, is rather too bad, and shows that at least some of our Irish *brass* must have adhered to them. Allen, gravely assured the company that the First Volume of my History was chiefly employed in supporting those fabulous claims to antiquity which my countrymen had set up; whereas I am the first real Irishman who has ever ventured to protest against our Milesian pedigree, and relieve the real antiquities of the land from the incubus of that dull fable. So much was this the case, and so essentially had

\* The proprietor of the Morning Chronicle.

this stale nonsense come to be connected in the minds of Irishmen with their great national cause, that I remember Lynch, the author of "Feudal Dignities" (a man well versed in our real ancient lore), writing to express to me his deep regret that I had adopted this view of the question, and adding that "he foresaw in it future concessions to English prejudice" on my part.

17th. Company at Lady Holland's (besides Rogers who took me), Sir James Kemp, Sir Stephen Hammick, some foreign minister whose name I could not catch, and one or two more. Some talk with Allen, during which I asked him whether he did not sometimes feel wearied by the sort of effort it must be to keep up conversation during these evenings, and he owned that it was frequently a most heavy task, and that if he had followed his own taste and wishes he would long since have given up that mode of life. For myself (as I believe I told him), that Holland House sort of existence, though by far the best specimen of its kind going, would appear to me, for any continuance, the most wearisome of all forms of slavery; and the best result I find of my occasional visits to town is the real relish with which I return to my quiet garden and study, where, in the mute society of my own thoughts and books, I am never either of-fended or wearied.

23rd. Received Lord Fitzroy's answer to my letter, refusing, as I had anticipated, to give Tom the introduction to Soult; but full of most kind and considerate feeling. The following are extracts from his letter:— "I have been considering your poor son's case most seriously, and I really do not feel at liberty to write to Marshal Soult in his behalf. I will confess to you moreover that, however unfortunate his position may be, I do not see the advantage of his entering *La Légion Etrangère*; and I find this to be the opinion of a Gentleman of Authority\* in

\* I have little doubt from the wording of this passage, from the capital letters, and the pains taken to state that it was "by the merest accident" the opportunity of consulting was afforded, that the

such matters, whom I had an opportunity of consulting yesterday by the merest accident. I do not know what the precise object may be in having with the *Corps d'Armée* in Algiers a *Légion Etrangère*. It can be from no want of men, of whom France possesses an abundance, and whom she can place in the ranks at any moment by means of the conscription. But I conceive it to be from a natural desire to save the national troops from fatiguing and unhealthy services, and to have what must be done performed by those whose lives are less valuable to them. Nor do I know how officers in this corps are paid. It is presumed, however, that the duties to be discharged are such as to render imperative on an English gentleman the possession of comforts which his mere pay alone cannot command; and that, after all the exposure to disease and extraordinary fatigue, your son would not be better off in this respect with the *Légion Etrangère* than he would be in the Austrian army. It is difficult to advise when one has nothing to offer if our advice should be followed, but I cannot help urging you to reconsider this matter in which your poor son's fate is involved, and to see if his admission to the Austrian army is really out of the question."

Nothing can be more kind and considerate than this truly high-bred and soldierly letter, and his words, "your poor son," went to my heart. It is indeed a bleak prospect for the unfortunate boy.

25th to 27th. Some correspondence has passed between me and *Dan* lately, in consequence of a letter I wrote to him respecting a statement made in more than one of his speeches of the hospitable reception given in Dublin to the English Protestants, who fled thither for safety in the reign of Queen Mary. He has frequently alluded to the circumstance in his speeches, and more than once quoted a long account from some book, giving in detail an account of the demonstrations made of this liberal feeling by the Catholic corporation of Dublin.

Gentleman of Authority was no other than the Duke of Wellington.



Though pretty sure that the short notice we have in Ware, Harris, &c., is our only authority for so remarkable an event, I wrote to O'Connell to beg he would assist me on the subject. His letter (which, being characteristic, I shall give an extract from) tells me of course no more about the matter than I had already known from the authors above mentioned:—

“My dear Moore,—Do not be angry with me for not having sooner answered your letter. The fact is, I wanted to answer it satisfactorily, but have consumed the time in vain. \* \* \* I remember distinctly having read the facts somewhere, though I cannot lay my hand upon the authority: I mean the facts relative to the corporation of Dublin.

Of this much there is no doubt, that the Irish Catholics did not persecute any Protestants in the reign of Queen Mary; nay, more: it is quite certain that many Protestants fled from England to escape persecution, and received protection in Ireland from the Irish Catholics,” &c. &c.

I have since found, and unluckily lost again, the extract from O'Connell's speech relating to this matter, wherein he enters into details of the public proceedings of the Dublin Catholics on that occasion. I should be right glad that he had any such historical fact to advance; but the real state of the case is, I believe, neither more nor less than what Ware thus states:—“This year several of the Protestants of England fled over into Ireland, by reason Queen Mary began to persecute, &c., viz. John Harvey, Abel Ellis, John Edmonds, and Henry Hough, all Cheshire men, who, bringing over their goods and chattels, lived in Dublin, and became citizens of this city; it not being known wherefore they came thither until after Queen Mary's death.”

28th and 29th. On looking again at O'Connell's letter, I see that he does mention it in one of those poetical facts which he had stated in the speech referred to. “I cannot bring,” he says, “to my recollection where I found the fact of the hiring of seventy-two houses in Dublin for the Bristol Protestant refugees, in Mary's reign; but find it cer-

tainly I did, and will not cease until I find it again.”

October 1st to 3rd. The same melancholy course of life which has been our fate (or rather the fate of my poor Bessy and her suffering invalid) for the last six or seven months; gleams of hope, now and then, but one after another vanishing, and at last Kenrick has told us we must prepare for the worst. One great consolation is, that the poor fellow suffers but little pain; God send it may be so to the last. A night or two since he was singing over some of his favourite songs, and, indeed, sang himself to sleep.

24th. Wrote a day or two since to Tom, asking him to come here as soon as he could to see poor Russell. It is strange, but some lines of my own, long forgotten, have lately turned up in my memory, which are sadly applicable to my poor Bessy's present afflictions. All that I remember of them is that they were written, at somebody's request, for some unhappy mother, who was suffering under the anguish they so poorly describe—

“There is no grief beneath the sun  
Like that with which the mother sighs,  
Who sees her first — her only one,  
Withering away before her eyes.

“And if that one be lov'd as well  
As thou art, darling child, by me,  
Ah, parents' hearts alone can tell  
How deep thy parent's agony.”

December. I have not had the heart to return to this Journal for some weeks past. All is over. Our dear boy expired on the 23rd of last month, and the calmness, sweetness, and manliness of his last moments were such as to leave, even in the mother's heart, not only comfort, but almost pleasure. He suffered but little indeed of actual pain throughout the whole illness, nor was it till two or three days before his death that he became aware of his danger. His mother then, I think, suggested his taking the Sacrament, but he declined doing so. On the morning of the 23rd, he asked his mother to bring pen and ink, and make memorandums

of some little gifts he wished to leave. After inquiring about a bequest of 100*l.* left by Betty Starkie, which was to fall at some distant period, he said, "Very well," and thus proceeded: "Mrs. Hughes may have my chain; she will like that." "And your seal ring," asked his mother; "there's your papa." "Papa won't wear it." "But he will use it." "Yes, my ring then, to papa." "Your dressing case; shall Tom have your dressing case!" "He wouldn't like it. Let Herbert Brabant have my dressing case." He then proceeded, "I should like to give something to Annie" (the daughter of our neighbour, Mrs. Schomberg, with whom the poor fellow, before he went to India, was rather in love); "let Annie have the little seal." "What for Ellen? Would you like her to have the little lip-salve box, and Rogers's Italy?" "Yes; send my hunting-whip to Mr. Schomberg. Polly Hughes my blue purse. Mr. Hughes, of Buckhill, would like my pencil." "And what for Tom?" asked his mother, again. "I have nothing to leave that he would like. Give him my dying love, and Campbell's poems." He then stopped as if to rest. "You haven't said anything for Mr. Starkie?" To this he made no reply. Turning to Ruth, our good-natured housemaid, he thanked her for her kind attention to him during his illness, adding, "I suppose you'll soon be married, Ruth?" (the girl being, he knew, engaged). "Yes, sir, please God, some time." He then spoke of his clothes, and desired that such as his brother Tom did not like should be sold or given to the poor. After he had rested a little while, his mother asked whether she could do anything to make him comfortable. "Read to me," he replied. "What shall it be?" "Read to me about the Communion." After she had read some time he said, "I think I shall take it." His mother read a little more, and then said, "Should you like Mr. Drury sent for?" "Yes, but not now." The poor mother then read on until her feelings became too much for her, and she was obliged to stop. After an interval, she asked, "Would you like to see Mr. Drury to-day?" "Yes."

He became then composed, and his mother, as usual, washed him, brushed his hair and teeth, and scented his pocket handkerchief. Drury came, and, after having talked with him for a short time, said that he did not hesitate to give him the Sacrament as soon as he liked." "Now, or to-morrow?" "Now," answered the dear boy, and, turning to the mother, asked, "Will you take it, too?" "Yes." "Very good." He then attentively watched Drury's preparations for the Communion; and having before said that he feared Drury would find the room rather offensive, held out his handkerchief for him to smell to. He swallowed the consecrated bread with much difficulty; but when the ceremony was over, Bessy asked him how he felt, and he said, "Better, and more comfortable." "Should you like Mr. Drury to come again to-morrow?" said his mother. "Yes, if I'm alive." All this, which I have taken down from the poor mother's lips (not being able, myself, to stand the scene), took place on the morning of the 23rd, about eleven o'clock; and within three hours after our beloved child was a corpse.

It is with some reluctance that I enter on this Eleventh Volume of my Journal. I ought to have finished the year 1842 in the preceding volume, but I could not bear to return to its pages after my last melancholy record. If anything could heal such a sorrow as my dear Bessy's it would be the warm, the affectionate interest taken by all those —; but I forbear to say anything more on the sad subject, and I shall now pass to ordinary matters.

On the 5th of December, Bessy and I went to Bowood to luncheon. Lady Lansdowne had most kindly pressed us to come there immediately after the funeral and stay some time, telling Bessy that she would have apartments entirely to herself, where nobody else should come till she chose it. Nothing, indeed, could be more affectionate and sisterly than her whole manner and conduct towards my poor wife.

January 4th, 1843. To Bowood. Party, chiefly foreign, consisting of the St. Aulaires,

the Harcourts, Van de Weyer, Rothschilds, Bobus Smith, Austin, Byng. Had forgot that the St. Aulaires were old Paris friends of mine, but I had not been many minutes in the room before his Excellency himself rose briskly from his seat, and taking both my hands in his led me in a sort of dancing step across the room, saying in French, "I am going to present to you an old friend of yours." This was Madame St. Aulaire, a very nice person whom I used to meet at the De Broglies. By the by, a song was sent me some days since by an Irish lady (her own composition), in which there are four lines that took my fancy exceedingly, notwithstanding an unlucky defect in one of the rhymes.

"Oh, breathe not a word of our love,  
Nor remember it ever hath been;  
'Twas a beautiful dream from above  
And has flown back to heav'n again."

10th. I was mentioning some days since the circumstance of being one evening at Rogers's when Wilkie was looking over a set of H. B.'s early things (the first time Wilkie had ever seen them); his admiring some of them as works of art, and saying as he pointed to a bit in one of them, "That really reminds one of Titian." "*Politician*," muttered Bobus, who was sitting next me.

The following is Chabot's letter to me (dated December 8th) announcing Tom's appointment:—

MY DEAR MR. MOORE,—I am requested by Madame Adelaide, to inform you that your son has been named, according to your wishes, a '*Sous-Lieutenant dans la Légion Etrangère en Afrique*.' Her Royal Highness has no doubt that your son will do credit in every way to her recommendation. It seems he is the first Englishman who has got a commission in that Legion, and, as many foreigners are on the minister's lists, it was rather a difficult matter to obtain it. I was very glad to hear from your son that you were in good health and spirits, and busy on your interesting work upon Ireland. Believe me, my dear Mr. Moore, yours very truly,

CHABOT.

24th, 25th. A letter from Tom (dated from Mostaganem, I think), in which he tells me that he is "twenty times worse off than he was in India," and I have little doubt, poor fellow, that it is a hard and pinching fate for him; the pay being as low as the service is inglorious and perilous. He has been "*sua fortune faber*;" and bungling work the poor weak boy has made of it. However (hard driven as I am), some further effort must be made to save him.

March 23rd. Breakfasted at Rogers's, to meet Jeffrey and Lord John,—two of the men I like best among all my numerous friends. Jeffrey's volubility (which was always superabundant) becomes even more copious, I think, as he grows older. But I am ashamed of myself for finding *any* fault with him. Long may he flourish "*in omne volubilis ævum*."

April. Received a letter from Whewell (*the Whewell*) relative to the statue of Lord Byron by Thorwaldsen, which it was intended to place in Westminster Abbey. "I do not know," says Whewell, "what is the present prospect of such an intention being realised, but have been told that some thoughts are entertained of finding another place for the statue. If this is so, allow me to ask whether the application would be favourably received, if either Lord Byron's college or his university were to request to have the honour of finding a worthy situation for this work of art. His college [Trinity] would be willing to place it in the library, a noble one built by Wren, 200 feet long, and containing at present, I believe, the best collection of sculpture portraits in England by Roubiliac; the greater part, like Lord Byron, members of the College. You are aware that Lord B. formed at his college friendships which he valued through life; and he is still recollected with regard by resident members of the college. He would be among a crowd of admirers of his genius, and, I may add, the building is daily open to strangers, and is visited by all who visit any of the University sights. The other situation which I should wish to propose, if the College be refused, is the new Fitzwilliam

Museum, a noble building intended as a museum of arts, and just erected from the designs of Basevi. This edifice will be ready for the reception of works of art in a few years, and if you and the Committee who have to direct the disposal of the statue were inclined to accede to such a request, I shall move our Fitzwilliam Syndicate to request that the work should be placed in the part of the Museum which is appropriated to statues."

June 5th. Breakfasted with Lord John. Shocked to find that I had promised myself yesterday to Sir Charles Lemon as well as to Bunbury; but if people will not send reminders, what is a many-dinnered gentleman to do? Found myself in another scrape to-day, having promised my company to some Amphytrion or other, but couldn't in the least remember *who*. In this exigence recollected that Rogers told me he was to dine at home and alone; and so sauntered down to St. James's Place, about a quarter past seven, on the principle that "social sorrow loses half its pain," and that as we neither of us had dinners, we had better dine together. Just as I was passing Burdett's, Mrs. Otway Cave's carriage stopped at the door, and as I handed her out, she asked, "Where are you going?" "To dine with Rogers," I said, "if he is at home." "You had better far stop here," she replied, "for I see dinner is on the table." So in I turned with her, and found myself welcomed most heartily, there being but one other guest, and he an old acquaintance of past days, whose name and self I had long since forgotten. Some one mentioned to-day that Charles Napier\*, in writing to a friend the night before his late victory at Meeanee, said, "If I survive, I shall soon be with those I love; if I fall, I shall be with those I have loved."

24th and 25th. While in town, I quoted one day to Rogers, as Shakspeare's, and as beautiful, the following lines:—

"And if I laugh at any mortal thing,  
'Tis that I may not weep." †

\* The late General Sir Charles Napier.

† [*Don Juan*, canto iv. st. 4. ]

The next time we met, I found he had been in quest of the lines, thinking as I did of them, and it turns out that they are Byron's.

MY DEAR MOORE, — Pray tell Mrs. Moore that if she comes I will plant a cedar and call it the *Sloperton Cedar*, and if she does not come, I will plant a cypress and call it the *Sloperton Cypress*; and there shall be a horse to draw her as safe as a rocking-horse, and a driver as skilful as Automedon. I will lay aside my theology for a season and talk like a being of this world. All conspicuous persons shall meet her without their conspicuous failings; Macaulay shall hear her in solemn silence, Hallam shall assent to what she says, and Rogers praise it; and I will sing to her every evening the celebrated ballad of *Little More*. I am learning to sing all your songs. I have mastered "Ship, Ahoy!" "Love and Valour," "Dear Harp," and one or two others. Lady Morley is here, and I hear at this moment that voice, "quæ cælum tempestatesque serenat."

Ever yours, my dear Moore, very truly,

(Signed) SYDNEY SMITH.

#### LITTLE MORE !

A dabbler in the three per cents  
However great his store,  
No sum of money ere contents,  
He asks a *little More*.

Oh the More!  
The dear little Tommy More,  
The chosen bard  
Whom all regard,  
Old Erin's shortest poet.

The pedant full of learned stuff,  
And proud of ancient lore,  
Thinks that he is not fool enough  
And reads a *little More*.

Oh the More, &c.

The man of wine and wit divine,  
Who makes the table roar,  
Can never pass the social glass,  
But asks a *little More*.

Oh the More, &c,

The nymph who bids her love adieu  
Bound for some foreign shore,  
Charm'd with the bliss of parting kiss  
Demands a *little More*.

Oh the More, &c,

The diner out, or man at rout  
 Forgets that he's a bore,  
 Can never see his friend's ennui  
 But talks a *little More*.  
 Oh the More, &c.

August 3rd. Dined at Tom Longman's. Came away with Lord Monteagle, and as I was getting out of his carriage at Brookes's, slipped and strained my shoulder so much in the effort to recover myself that I felt near fainting.

4th. Found my shoulder, though very stiff, quite well enough to admit of my travelling: so set off by the ten o'clock train for Coombe Florey. The day fine and cheering. Found no one but the host, hostess, and son.

5th. Sydney drove me out in his gig to show me Sir Thos. Lethbridge's place (Sandhill). The day delicious, and the country fine, but neither Sydney's horse nor his driving was such as to allow me sufficient ease for any enjoyment of the scene. The horse, which had evidently been better fed than taught, took at last to rearing, and I (as the safer break-neck expedient of the two) jumped out and walked the remainder of the way home. Sydney's wit and eke his good sense (*i. e.* upon paper) nobody doubts, but to trust himself with such a horse is stark staring foolish. An accession to the party at dinner by the arrival from town of Mrs. Holland with her niece, step-daughter, and one or two other females of the family. Sung a good deal for them in the evening.

6th. Started after breakfast for Taunton, where I had to wait some time for the train. The day delicious, and, being quite alone, I had full enjoyment of the beautiful country through which (or rather over which) I flew. I remember a pretty scene in some ballet where the centre of the stage represented a river on which the hero of the tale sat in a boat, rowing away with all his might, and appearing to pass through a succession of beautiful rural scenery, which was effected, of course, by the constant change of the back scene, and the appearance of progress it gave to the boat. I wanted nothing but the sweet music that accompanied this delusion

on the stage to make the enjoyment of my real journey complete. During the stay for nearly an hour at Bristol, I saw our guard tell one of the official persons of the station who I was, and soon after this person addressed himself to me very civilly, and asked if I felt the carriage I was in quite comfortable, as he should be happy to put on one of the easiest they possessed for me. I thanked him, of course, for this courtesy, and said I was perfectly comfortable. Stopped at the Bowood Gate, and left my luggage, not knowing whether I was to dine with the Lansdownes or at home. Found from my sweet Bess it was to be the former. Walked then to Bowood. Party at dinner only the John Russells and myself.

7th. Same party. Lord and Lady John both very anxious that Bessy and I should visit them at Endsleigh, and there is nothing I should like better. But Bessy *wouldn't*, and even if she *would*, my purse *couldn't*. It is, however, not the less good-natured of them to ask.

12th and 13th. An accumulation of letters and odds and ends of every possible description. Must first despatch some waggeries connected with Coombe Florey. Sydney had often laughed at me while there for my occasional absences, and the following letter alludes to them:—

“ August 7th, 1843.

DEAR MOORE,—The following articles have been found in your room and forwarded by the Great Western. A right-hand glove, an odd stocking, a sheet of music paper, a missal, several letters, apparently from ladies, an Elegy on Phelim O'Neil. There is also a bottle of eau de Cologne. What a careless mortal you are.

God bless you.

Scribbled him off in return some doggerel, of which I have not kept a copy, but they are pretty nearly as follows:—

“ Rev. Sir,—Having duly received by the post  
 Your list of the articles missing and lost  
 By a certain small poet, well known on the road,  
 Who has lately set up at your flowery abode.

We have balanced what Hume calls 'the tott'l  
o' the whole,'  
(Making all due allowance for what the bar-  
stôle)  
And, hoping th' enclosed will be found quite  
correct,  
Have the honour, Rev. Sir, to be  
yours with respect.

Left behind, a kid glove that once made a pair,  
An odd stocking, whose fellow is — heaven knows  
where;

Such was all that, on diligent search we can find  
Which the bard, so mis-called, in his flight left  
behind ;

While, thief as he is, he took slyly away  
Rich treasures to last him for many a day.  
Recollections unnumbered of sunny Coombe-  
Flory ;

Its cradle of hills, where it slumbers in glory ;  
Its Sydney himself, and the countless bright  
things

Which his tongue or his pen from the deep-shin-  
ing springs

Of wisdom and wit ever-flowingly brings.  
Such being on both sides, the 'tottle' amount,  
We shall leave to your Rev'ence to settle th'  
account."

November 2nd. I have seen a letter which  
Sydney Smith much admired, from his *anti-  
repudiation lady*, but Susan Hughes, the  
other day, showed me a letter from a young  
female friend of hers (only twenty years of  
age) which, on a different subject, is full as  
well and pithily expressed; and I shall here  
give a copy of it. "You say you do not  
think women have any rights. I'll give you  
credit for jesting when you said that. For  
myself, I don't care about women having  
any actual share in the Government, &c., but  
I do care that women should be recognised as  
the other half of mankind, and not as a third  
or quarter, as is too common. It seems to  
me that there are comparatively very few of  
our sex who feel what high capacious  
powers lie folded up in them as well as in  
*man*. They think so much more of *seeming*  
than of *being*. I wish earnestly that women  
would think on these things; and then,  
when their nature is purified and exalted,  
whatever rights may become theirs will fol-  
low naturally. With respect to politics, it  
seems to me that those who think the female

mind too low, or too high, or too something  
or other to take an interest in such things,  
make a great mistake. Whatever really  
interests the heart of humanity must surely  
interest one half as well as the other.  
Different spheres of usefulness may suit  
different characters and sexes. But what-  
ever comes from the heart, — the cry for  
justice, the struggle for freedom, the en-  
deavour to promote the diffusion of intelli-  
gence and virtue, — surely all these will go  
to the heart also. Though we may not  
perhaps be fitted or suited to go and fight in  
the battle against wrong, surely we may give  
the Godspeed to those who do; and that will  
be better than nothing; far better than join-  
ing

there is no peace. Can we, ought we, to see  
our fellow-creatures starving for the bread of  
earth and the bread of Heaven, and not even  
'pray for our country?' As to party squabbles  
and paltry tissues of words without thoughts,  
they are not worthy of *men*, and, therefore,  
not of women. It is for principles that they  
should stand up."

25th. At the end of last week Bessy went  
to dine at Bowood, an entirely female and  
family party; Lady Elizabeth, Lady Mount  
Edgcumbe, Mrs. Talbot, and *Lady Bess*.

December 19th. So much of late has been  
left unjournalised by me, that I hardly know  
where to take up the thread. Much of it, too,  
has been painful, and most especially a letter  
from Tom, asking me for 50*l.* as quite neces-  
sary to keep *him out of prison*. Much of the  
debt which the sum is wanted for was in-  
curred, he tells me, on his first arrival, when,  
not having yet got into the ways of the place,  
he was led into some expenses that were  
not quite necessary. Much as all this dis-  
tressed me, yet, having pretty nearly the  
amount he asked for at the banker's, I felt  
that I could not do otherwise than send it,  
though God knows how I shall manage, in  
my present reduced state, to get on. Sent  
30*l.* immediately, and promised that the rest  
should soon follow.

30th and 31st. A strange life mine; but  
the best as well as pleasantest part of it lies  
*at home*. I told my dear Bessy, this morning,

that while I stood at my study window, looking out at her, as she crossed the field, I sent a blessing after her. "Thank you, bird," she replied, "that's better than money;" and so it is. "Bird" is a pet name she gave me in our younger days, and was suggested by Hamlet's words, "Hillo, ho, ho, boy! come bird, come;" being the call, it seems, which falconers use to their hawk in the air when they would have him come down to them.

February 2nd to 4th, 1844. A note from Phillips, the music lecturer, &c., offering me a box, whenever I may come to town, to hear his lecture on the Hebrew Melodies and proposing the following strange query to me:—"I have been told that you presented the original copy of 'The meeting of the waters' to the landlady of the inn at the foot of the Vale of Avoca. Is this true? Because I do not like asserting that to the public which I cannot substantiate." He is very right; and I myself should find it very hard to substantiate when, where, or how I wrote that ballad at all. As to my presenting it fresh from the mint of inspiration to the fat landlady at the foot of the vale, that's too good a story to spoil, so I shall leave it for Mr. Phillips' next lecture.

8th to 10th. Have been laid up all this time more with the consequences of influenza than that disease itself, the violent coughing having strained me so much that I found it necessary to send for Norman to Bath; at least, my dear Bessy, in her anxiety, thought it necessary, though at an expense of 10*l.*, which was the amount of his fee. Such is her noble nature; sparing of all unnecessary expenditure, but on great occasions, whether of use, honest pride, or generosity, ready to the last farthing.

14th and 15th. I often think of a passage in one of Lady Lansdowne's notes lately to Bessy, the feeling of which is as just, I believe, as it is melancholy. "I never," she says, "can wish any one I love to live long."

16th. I see that O'Connell's closing speech on leaving Dublin winds up with the following anticipation of his fate, from the "Melodies"—

"Far dearer the grave or the prison  
Illumed by one patriot name.  
Than the trophies of all who have risen  
On Liberty's ruins to fame."

The poor "Melodies" have had their share of suffering in the cause. I remember a little barrister in Dublin, who, during a pause that took place in my work, brought out a collection of Melodies of his own and the facetious Dublin people used to call them the "Counsellor's *Maladies*."

March 1st to 3rd. Still in a state of recumbency. Have had two or three very kind notes from Brodie, asking me to come up and put myself under his care, which I have made up my mind to do, as soon as I think myself in a travelling state. Most kind letters from Lady Lansdowne to Bessy, making inquiries about me. Meanwhile I work a little at my "History;" or rather, I ought to say, work a great deal to produce but a little.

12th. I need hardly say why the following extract from Miss Strickland's Elizabeth took my fancy: "'For that matter,' replied (Sir Thomas) Smith, 'I, for my part, make small account of height, provided the Queen's Majesty can fancy him. Since Pepinus Brevis, who married Bertha, the King of Germany's daughter, was so little to her that he is standing in Aquisgrana, or Moguerre, a church in Germany, she taking him by the hand, that his head reaches not her girdle, and yet he had by her Charlemagne, the great Emperor-King of France, reported to be almost a giant in stature.' \* \* \* Thus did Ambassador Smith fluently vindicate the worth and valour of little men."

Perishable nature of modern poetry. "We have seen too much of the perishable nature of modern literary fame, to venture to predict to Mrs. Hemans that hers will be immortal, or even of very long duration. Since the beginning of our critical career we have seen a vast deal of beautiful poetry pass into oblivion, in spite of our feeble efforts to recall or retain it in remembrance. The tuneful quartos of Southey are already little better than lumber; and the rich melodies of Keats and Shelley, and the fantastical emphasis of

Wordsworth, and the plebeian pathos of Crabbe, are melting fast from the field of our vision. The novels of Scott have put out his poetry. Even the splendid strains of Moore are fading into distance and dimness, except where they have been married to immortal music; and the blazing star of Byron himself is receding from its place of pride. We need say nothing of Milman, and Croly, and Atherstone, and Hood, and a legion of others, who, with no ordinary gifts of taste and fancy, have not so properly survived their fame, as been excluded by some hard fatality from what seemed their just inheritance. The two who have the longest withstood this rapid withering of the laurel, and with the least mark of decay on their branches, are Rogers and Campbell, neither of them, it may be remarked, voluminous writers, and both distinguished rather for the fine taste and consummate elegance of their writings, than for that fiery passion, and disdainful vehemence, which seemed for a time to be so much more in favour with the public."—*Criticism of Lord Jeffrey.*

"What thanks do we owe, what respects and regards

To Jeffrey the old nursery-maid of us bards.

Who, resolved, to the last, his vocation to keep.

First whipped us all round and now puts us to sleep."

15th. Having got a little more confidence in my bodily state, set off to town, and being allowed by Lady Elizabeth to take up my quarters in Sackville Street, found everything there most comfortably ready for me.

June 3rd. Went to the British Museum. The only object I hoped to be able to manage being some references to the MS. of Rinuccini's Memoirs, which Panizzi showed me when I was last in town, and which I understood he intended at some time or other to publish. To my great joy, it appeared that he had been anticipated in this object, and that it was possible I might find a copy of the work at Rolandi's, the foreign bookseller. So off I set thither, and found that of the few copies they had imported only one remained to them. This I was most glad to purchase of them for 10s. 6d.; and thus, in-

stead of poking over the old Nunzio at the Museum, was able to carry him off with me, body and bones, to Sloperton. I forgot to mention that on Sunday last (the 2nd) I went to Hanwell to pay the first visit I have paid there for many years. Most kindly and hospitably received by my old friend the host, and his handsome wife. On my way to the station, I had called on Sydney Smith, and found him at home, confined\* by gout. Was not a little amused as well as surprised to find him industriously employed in teaching himself French. There was his copy-book lying open upon the table, at the place where I took my seat, with all the verbs and their moods and tenses, &c., written out as neatly by his own hand as any young boarding-school Miss could have done it. What an odd pastime for such a man, and how he would have laughed at any other septuagenarian so employed! I have since recollected that one day at Bowood, he began *à propos* to nothing, to speak French in the middle of dinner, and went on with some common-place sentences in that language, looking much pleased while so doing. This was now explained to me: he was then practising his school lessons upon us. Forgotten to mention I found another subject of Sydney's late studies was the large octavo edition of my poetical works; and he was pleased to say that what surprised him most in them was their "variety and fecundity."

July 5th to 7th. I have not mentioned my having been summoned to town for the melancholy purpose of attending as one of the mourners at poor Campbell's funeral. Besides the painfulness of the task, it would have been very embarrassing to me in many ways, and I felt compelled to decline it. Poor Campbell! if I was to outlive both our spans of years I could never forget the manifoldness of the atonement he made to me for the rash letter published by him on the Byron affair. "I ask you to forgive me," were the closing words of his frank *amende*.

10th to 18th. I am getting into great repute, I see, with the Anti-Corn-Law Leaguers. At one of their great evening festivals, some time since, there was a series



of illuminated scrolls exhibited with the names thereon of the great champions of their cause, and there I was, in full blaze, by the side of Ebenezer Elliot, who, it seems, is the other great Laureate of the League. Some short time since, too, Dr. Bowring, who is also one of their *Dii Majores*, read in his speech, at one of their meetings, the whole of my long squib about the Owhyhean Lords.

“Who of all afflictions, ills and vices,  
Thought none so dreadful as low prices.  
Wherefore they held it just and meet  
That the world should not too cheaply eat:  
Nay deemed it radical insolence  
To wish to dine at a small expence,  
And swore for sake of themselves and heirs  
That, happen what might, with other wares,  
No bread should be less dear than theirs,” &c. &c.

September 10th, 11th. In Lord Denman's late memorable speech on the Irish State Trials, the following sentence amused me not a little. “There was a great deal,” he said, “of law taken for granted, which when it came to be examined, was found to be no law at all.” Alas, the same is, I fear, the case with philosophy, and many other grave and grand things of this world.

“There was a Spanish doctor, who had a fancy that Spanish, Italian, and French were spoken in Paradise: that God Almighty commanded in Spanish, the Tempter persuaded in Italian, and Adam begged pardon in French.”

The scrap here extracted, I found in an old book, at Hobhouse's, the other day. Lord Marcus [Hill] pointed it out to me, and I thought it worth preserving.

21st, 22nd. Here is an anecdote of William Spencer's which has just occurred to me. The dramatis personæ were Lady Elizabeth Foster, Gibbon, the historian, and an eminent French physician, whose name I forget; the historian and doctor being rivals in courting the lady's favour. Impatient at Gibbon's occupying so much of her attention by his conversation, the doctor said crossly to him, “*Quand mi lady Elizabeth Foster sera malade de vos fadaïses, je la guérirai.*” On which Gibbon, drawing himself up grandly, and

looking disdainfully at the physician, replied “*Quand mi lady Elizabeth Foster sera morte de vos rêçettes, je l'im-mor-taliserai.*” The pompous lengthening of the last word, while at the same time a long, sustained pinch of snuff was taken by the historian, brought, as mimicked by Spencer, the whole scene most lively before one's eyes.

October 5th to 8th. The Bowood family arrived, and almost at the same time a kind note from Lady Lansdowne, asking Bessy and me to come and dine there on Monday. So the winter campaign there has opened, and how I am to fight off these kind and agreeable attacks I know not. In my answer declining Monday's dinner, I depicted somewhat more strongly than I intended, or perhaps ought, the situation in which I am placed between printers' devils assailing me from without, and the cares and wants of home staring upon me from within. Am sorry I let that word “wants” escape me.

November 8th to 10th. My poor Journal fares but badly in the total absorption of all my time which this weary History demands. I often think of an old Scotch song which I used to sing as a boy, and to which, indeed, I wrote words, which are, I believe, printed, beginning, “The wreath you wove.” The subject of the original words is an old woman employed on a long weary task of spinning (or weaving) a pound of tow, and the burden of every verse is, “The pund o' tow, the pund o' tow, the weary pund o' tow.” Much the same feeling as the old woman's is that which I experience in returning day after day to the same endless theme.

11th to 13th. Three or four weeks of respite from company, which I have turned to account as well as I could; but what with time's *speed* and my own *slowness*, little is done.

December 5th to 8th. A most friendly letter from Lord John, saying how long it had been since he heard anything about me and Mrs. Moore, and asking me to write to him. In my answer, said I agreed with him that friends ought not to go on thus, trusting to each other's remembrance, without now and then a word or two to refresh the

recollection. It was all very well to say of *lovers*, "*Us ne se verront plus, ils s'aimeront toujours,*" but *friends* require a little poking of the fire now and then, to keep it alive.

9th to 11th. Having let a long time elapse since Rogers's misfortune (the robbery of his bank) without writing to him even a line, I feared he might think it unkind, though delicacy was in a great degree my motive, and I accordingly wrote to him one of these days, or rather nearly a month since. I do not remember exactly what I said, but I know I alluded to the ill-luck that seemed almost invariably to attend poets in all connected with money; even in his case, where by a rare alliteration, wealth and wit, money and the muse, were found together, this fatality of poets seemed resolved to assert its rights, and to show that the two gifts were incompatible; that

"Where such fairies once have danced  
No grass will ever grow."

"But this," I continued, "will not be the case with you, my dear friend; your grass will, I trust, still grow, and your fairies dance for many and many a year."

12th to 14th. Some really *friendly* friend of mine, and one knowing a good deal of the matter, has published the following statement in reference to the stupid paragraph about me. I cannot conceive who it can be; but he has made himself accurately acquainted with the transaction.

"Anecdote of the poet Moore. We find the subjoined statement in several of the papers, but without the original authority being quoted:—

"The following anecdote is related of the poet Moore; there is an excellent moral in it:—Moore had just returned from his Government office in the West Indies, a defaulter for 8000*l.* Great sympathy was felt for him among his friends, and three propositions were made to cancel the debt. Lord Lansdowne offered simply to pay it. Longman and Murray offered to advance it on his future works, and the noblemen at White's offered the sum to him in subscription. This was at a time when subscriptions were on foot for getting Sheridan out of his troubles;

and while Moore was considering the three propositions just named, he chanced to be walking down St. James's street, with two noblemen, when they met Sheridan. Sheridan bowed to them with a familiar "How are you?" "Damn the fellow," said one of the noblemen, "he might have touched his hat. I subscribed a hundred pounds for him last night." "Thank God, you dare make no such criticism on a bow from me," said Moore to himself. The lesson sunk deep. He rejected all the offers made to relieve him; went to Passy, and lived in complete obscurity in that little suburb of Paris, till he had written himself out of debt. Under the spur of that chosen remark were written some of the works by which Moore will be best known to posterity.'

"The 'excellent moral' in this case is never to believe such silly improbable gossip. We have counted five positive untruths in this paragraph. No English nobleman who had subscribed to relieve Sheridan from his necessities would behave in the vulgar *parvenu* manner here described. This one circumstance taints the whole statement, but it is manifestly and historically untrue. Mr. Moore never had a Government office in the West Indies. He was, however, in 1803, appointed Registrar to the Admiralty in Bermuda. He visited the islands the same year, but returned in 1804, leaving a deputy to discharge the duties of his office. The deputy, according to the general practice, was guilty of embezzlement, and the absentee poet was made liable in claims that were ultimately fixed at a thousand guineas, towards which an uncle of the deputy, a London merchant, contributed 300*l.* The first trace we have of the poet's misfortune is in 1818—fourteen years after he had returned from Bermuda, and two years after Sheridan had cancelled all his earthly debts by death! The memory of 'poor Sherry' may, therefore, be relieved from the ignominy of a too familiar bow! Mr. Murray was not Mr. Moore's publisher, and was not consulted at the time in question; nor did the poet produce his best works in France; his 'Irish Melodies' and 'Lalla

Rookh' (on which his fame must ultimately rest) were written in England. It is true that at the period of his difficulties, Mr. Moore retired to France, and declined all offers of assistance from his friends, among whom were the Marquis of Lansdowne and Lord John Russell. He redeemed himself from his embarrassments in less than three years; adding one more example to those which should serve as beacons to young authors, in which we find, crowned with brilliant success, the union of high talents and genius with honest industry, and manly independence of character."

January 1st to 3rd, 1845. A most unexpected and welcome God-send for our poor Tom, one of these days; no less than 95*l.* announced in a letter from Lord Fitzroy Somerset; being the sum deducted from the price of Tom's commission to pay the passage of his successor to India. But the East India Company having given his successor a free passage, this sum has been put to Tom's credit at Cox and Greenwood's. Wrote instantly, of course, to tell him this good news, and suppose before long we shall see him here.

The following verses appeared a few days since in the "Chronicle," and are from the pen (if I recollect her initials rightly) of my clever friend, Miss Costello.

#### TO THE POET.

"They are gone to the skies, they abandon the earth,  
To the seraphs, their kindred, our minstrels are  
flown;  
And have left to the land, that is proud of their  
birth  
One ray of their brightness — one Poet alone.

"There are many whose numbers are graceful and  
fair,  
Whose thoughts are harmonious, whose me-  
lodies please;  
And some, as they listen, can idly compare  
With the jewels of old simplesparkles like these.

"But let the great Master once waken the lay,  
Once rouse from the sleep that has held him  
too long,  
And as from the sun burst the clouds troop away  
They shall all be o'erwhelm'd in his torrent of  
song.

'One lay of his country, all passion and tears,  
One wail of her grief, or despair, or disdain,  
Is worth all the efforts — the study — of years —  
Oh ! when shall we hear them and hail him  
again ?

"Bid the minstrel awaken, and charm us, as when  
We knew from his verse what the spells were  
of yore ;  
The harp is his book, and its chords are his pen —  
What darkness enshrouds thee ? — return to  
us, Moore.

'L. S. C.'

Lady Elizabeth Fielding, in sending me these verses, which she had cut out of the newspaper, says, "See how the public call upon you, and you go on treating them with silent contempt. Shame, shame !"

Copy of a note from Mrs. Sydney Smith to Longman, July 7th, 1845\*, in reference to a letter I had written to him, expressing my fears that we should not be able to raise such a monument to Sydney as would be worthy of the man and his fame. This Longman sent to Mrs. Smith, and the following was her answer:—

"My dear Sir,—I honour Mr. Moore more than I can express for the contents of this note. That he should think more of the fame of his lamented friend, and make his own advantage a secondary and subordinate consideration, shows him to be indeed worthy of the distinction conferred on him by the genuine regard and affection of one of the best of men. He alone must decide whether our materials be of such a kind as will justify his perseverance," &c. &c.

The following epigram, which has just fallen into my hands, must have been written as far back as the project set on foot for making me member for Limerick:—

"When Limerick, in idle whim  
Moore as her member lately courted,  
'The boys,' for form's sake, asked of him  
To state what party he supported.

"When thus his answer promptly ran,  
(Now give the wit his meed of glory)  
'I'm of no party, as a man,—  
But, as a poet, am-a-tory.'

Not to forget Pakenham (the admiral)  
calling out after me one day in the Castle

\* Sydney Smith died in 1845. Mrs. Sydney Smith died in 1852.

Yard, Dublin, when I was walking along with my old friend and bad brother poet, Joe Atkinson, "Moore, take care you don't let that fellow write any of your verses for you."

When I was in Kerry with Lord Lansdowne he received a letter from one of his tenants there, in which was the following puzzling passage:—"As the Lord has given you power over everything, I wish you'd tell the Mayor of Cork not to mix butter with his timber." The poor fellow *meant* to say that the mayor was not to mix timber with his butter, it being a trick with the butter vendors there, to increase thus fraudulently the weight of the casks or firkins in which the butter was packed.

One night when John Kemble was performing, at some country theatre, one of his most favourite parts, he was much interrupted, from time to time, by the squalling of a young child in one of the galleries. At length, angered by this rival performance, Kemble walked with solemn step to the front of the stage, and, addressing the audience in his most tragic tones, said, "Ladies and gentlemen, unless the play is stopped the child cannot possibly go on." The effect on the audience of this earnest interference, in favour of the child, may be easily conceived.

It was Judge Payne, I believe, who had a habit of saying, in his decisions, "As I humbly conceive it, look, do you see?" and, in allusion to this custom of his, somebody wrote the following:—

"The man who holds his lands by fee,  
Need neither quake nor quaver;  
For, as I humbly conceive it, look, do you see,  
He holds his lands for ever."

I don't know where I found the following, but there is a homely sort of philosophy in it that rather takes my fancy:—

"This world's a good world to live in,  
To lend, and to spend, and to give in;  
But to beg, or to borrow, or ask for one's own,  
'Tis the very worst world that ever was known."

The death of his only remaining child, and his last and most beloved sister, deeply

affected the health, crushed the spirits, and impaired the mind of Moore. An illness of an alarming nature shook his frame, and for a long time made him incapable of any exertion. When he recovered he was a different man. His memory was perpetually at fault, and nothing seemed to rest upon his mind. He made engagements to dinners and parties but usually forgot half of them. When he did appear, his gay flow of spirits, happy application of humorous stories, and constant and congenial ease were all wanting. The brilliant hues of his varied conversation had faded, and the strong powers of his intellect had manifestly sunk. There was something peculiarly sad in the change. It is not unusual to observe the faculties grow weaker with age; and in the retirement of a man's own home, there may be "no unpleasing melancholy" in the task of watching such a decline. But when in the midst of the gay and the convivial the wit appeared without his gaiety, and the guest without his conviviality—when the fine fancy appeared not so much sobered as saddened, it was a cheerless sight.

Happily for Moore and his partner, they had a certain income derived from the bounty of the Sovereign, which flowed on in a stream not exuberant indeed, but perpetual. On this income Mrs. Moore regulated her expenses, and regulated them so as to incur no debts.

The remainder of the Journal contains little that is of interest. Some extracts shall now be given, however, from the last MS. volume of Moore's "Diary."

From the commencement of the year 1845 down to the *present* date, August, 1846, I have "taken no note of time" as a journalist; misfortunes having befallen me during that interval which were quite painful enough to suffer without dwelling upon them constantly, and thus aggravating both our loss and our sorrows. But having now, thank God, a good deal surmounted these feelings, I shall here, with the aid of my dear wife's memory, detail the most promi-

nent events, as well sunny as sorrowful, that have chequered this eventful period of our lives.

*March.* Received a letter from our son Tom, saying that he was sick and tired of Africa, and expressing a strong wish to have interest made for him with the Russian general Woronzow \*, who had just then been appointed to a high command in the Russian army, and who, as Tom fondly hoped, might be induced to make him one of his secretaries. As Lady Pembroke, then in England, was sister to Prince Woronzow, it was thought by Tom that, if I would write to the Russian prince, and likewise apply personally to Lady Pembroke, there could be no doubt of the success of our suit. Tom, himself, had already written to Prince Woronzow, relying, as he said, poor fellow, on my reputation as a poet in Russia; and, added, that if I would apply personally to Lady Pembroke, there could be no doubt, he thought, of the success of our suit. Though regarding the whole scheme as mere Quixotism, yet, to satisfy him, I despatched a letter on the same foolscap errand.

In the month of May this year (still 1845) I was called up to town. Found London in a state of bustle and excitement, which every one allowed to be unprecedented. The night before I arrived there had been a dreadful fire at an hotel not far from Boyse's, in which a poor woman was burned to death; and Lord H., who was staying there with his family, had narrowly escaped by a ladder from the window, holding his child, a young infant, in one hand. H. joined us after dinner, and gave us an account of the particulars of his escape. One frightful thing he mentioned was, that, when half-way down the ladder, he felt the strength of his arm failing him, and, for a moment, had the horrible thought that he must drop the child.

That night, or the next, there was a large

ball at the Queen's, to which I was *not* invited, nor shall ever be, I dare say, again, having lately declined two or three of her invitations; nor have ever, indeed, gone but to *one* of her assemblies, when I went with Lord Lansdowne. This time, however, I was sufficiently amused by going about to different houses, where I saw some very pretty specimens both of dress and beauty; but none that gave me such pleasure as our bright and smiling Lady Mount-Edgcombe. Next day I called upon Miss Coutts, whom I had seen in all her splendours the night before, and found her preparing to send it all back to the Bank. "Would you like," she asked, "to see it by daylight?" and, on my assenting, took me to a room upstairs, where the treasure was deposited. Amongst it was the famous tiara of Marie Antoinette; and on my asking her what, altogether, might be the value of her dress last night, she answered in her quiet way, "I think about a hundred thousand pounds."

Though I had delivered, as I hoped and thought, the last pages of my weary work (the History of Ireland) to the Printer, there still remained enough of my task to worry and delay me; and, worst of all, was the supposed necessity of my prefixing some sort of Preface to the Volume. In vain did I try for two or three days to satisfy myself with a few prefatory sentences, but they would not come as I wished; and at last, in utter despair, I left to the Longmans to finish the abortive Preface.

As my *business* was now all finished, Mrs. Moore, who wished to obtain some advice respecting her eyes, from which she had a good deal suffered, joined me in town, where I had got apartments for a few days at Cox's, in Jermyn Street. On seeing her, Brodie pronounced that it was a physician she wanted, not an oculist; the eyes being sound, though now in an unhealthy state. We consulted, therefore, Dr. Holland, who asked us to breakfast with him for the purpose, and his opinion agreed very much with Brodie's. While thus the most eminent men of the profession were not only gratuitously, but promptly, at our service, nothing

\* Prince Woronzow, born at St. Petersburg in 1782. His father was for many years Russian Ambassador in this country, and died here.

could exceed the kindness towards us of *all* our friends. Their carriages were daily at Bessy's disposal, and she drove out by turns with Lady Lansdowne, Rogers, Miss Boyse, Lady Elizabeth, and Mrs. Story,—all old and cordial friends.

On the 22nd of July (still 1845), my dear sister Ellen paid us her accustomed visit, and remained with us, to our great pleasure, till the 22nd of September. We then set out with her to see her part of the way; but, on arriving at Birmingham, found that we had left part of our luggage behind, and had a most wretched night to pass in that noisy town. We were so lucky, however, next day, as not only to recover our luggage, but to find in the train Mr. Gould, a new American friend of mine, who was on his way to Liverpool, and who, taking charge of my dear Ellen, got her comfortably aboard the packet.

From thence we went to pay a visit to the Hughes's, near Wolverhampton—Mrs. Hughes being the niece of one of the best and dearest of our friends, the late Lady Donegal. The few days we passed with them were very interesting to us. Philippa Godfrey, who lives with them, reminded Bessy in many of her ways, and looks, both of Mary and Lady Donegal. Their vicarage is prettily situated; their children nice and playful; and altogether the few days we passed with them were very agreeable.

On our return home, we found a long melancholy letter from Africa, telling us that Tom was dangerously ill, and saying, that if he recovered from the fever, he must leave that country and return to his native air. It being late on Saturday night when we reached home, I could not, of course, get money till Monday; on which day I sent 30*l.* to Mostaganem, and in a few days after 100*l.* We were left in this state of anxiety for some time, and then heard from Tom himself. He was better, and full of joy at the idea of returning home after so many years of absence. Soon after, we heard again from him—still improving, but could not leave Africa before the spring, on account of a cough he complained of.

We heard no more for some time, and were kept in constant anxiety by the accounts in the newspapers. I myself, indeed, began to feel certain that we should never see him again. His poor mother tried not to agree with me, though her own feelings grew every day more sad and hopeless. In November, Mr. and Mrs. Hall came to us for a few days, and we found them very agreeable as well as *clever* people—qualities not always found together. We asked to meet them our little friend Mary Hughes, of Buckhill, and they were greatly pleased with her.

December. Our old and kind friend, Hughes of Buckhill, getting worse—Lady Kerry (who has a house near him) coming over very often in her carriage to take Bessy to see him. Bessy, indeed, has been unremitting in her attentions to this old friend of ours, and on the 25th of this month closed his eyes.

I still continue to take my diary down from Bessy's dictation, and a mournful task it now begins to be, though (such is life!) the very first item I have now to enter is a gay ball at our neighbours the Schombergs, January 1st [1846], where I was one of the guests.

At the beginning of February, my sister, Ellen, mentioned in a note to Bessy that she was not well, and was going to Black Rock (near Dublin) for change of air, but would write again on Sunday, and tell us "how she was coming on, or going off,"—her own words. She mentioned also several concerts and other amusements she had in prospect. On Tuesday, no letter coming, Bessy expressed her fears that she must be worse; but I had no such apprehension. On Wednesday, we were to have had some friends to dine with us—a rare occurrence with us now. Before I came down to breakfast, Bessy had received a few lines from my cousin Margaret, to say that Ellen was worse. This Bessy thought it best not to tell me, as I was feeling then very nervous, and she decided to let the dinner take place. So agitated was she herself during breakfast that she was obliged to leave the table; and on her saying, "I fear Ellen

must be worse," I answered, "I assure you I think she will outlive us all." However, about eleven o'clock Susan Hughes, a kind friend of ours, called upon us; and on Bessy remarking that she looked pale and troubled, and asking anxiously what was the matter, Susan said, "Have you not heard, then, from Dublin?—is not Ellen ill?" Bessy looked up in her face, and seeing there the sad truth, said, "Then Ellen is dead?" "She is," was the sad answer.

The difficulty of telling me was so great and the shock to Bessy herself so sudden, that when she came into my study some time elapsed before she could tell me the dreadful fact. At length she gradually brought it round, by saying that Ellen was very ill, and that Mrs. Meara had written to Susan to beg her to break to us the sad tidings in the best manner she could. Then came the awful truth, that my beloved sister was gone—gone, in a moment, while getting into bed,—or a few minutes after; for when the maid, who had just been with her, returned, all was over, and apparently without any suffering.

It was on the 17th of February we heard of this dreadful loss, and at a moment, too, when we were full of fear and anxiety about Tom, not having heard from him since the letter he wrote in November. We had feared, indeed, to tell him of our loss, for he dearly loved his aunt; and at the time he was quartered in Dublin, she had done all in her power to make his stay there happy and comfortable—often, indeed, to her own inconvenience and expense. She was herself of so youthful and cheerful a disposition, that it made her happy to see all around her so; and she and Tom loved each other most cordially.

About the middle of March, we received a strange and ominous-looking letter, which we opened with trembling hands, and it told us that my son Tom was dead! The shock was at first almost too much to bear; but, on reading the letter again, we saw reason to doubt the account it contained, and sent immediately to London and Paris to know if there was any truth in the rumour. It was,

alas! but too true. The last of our five children is now gone, and we are left desolate and alone. Not a single relative have I now left in the world!

About the middle of May, this year (still 1846) I went up to town, partly to hasten the last lingering sheets of my weary history, and principally to seek in the distractions of London some relief from the sad thoughts with which I have lately been too conversant. As my notes to Mrs. Moore, while away from her, have for a long while formed my only diary, I shall here content myself with such memoranda from her letters as may keep together the links of my daily doings.

Before I came up to town I had seen "Lalla Rookh" announced in the newspapers as about to come out at the Opera House, in the form of a divertissement, and the appearance thus together before the public of two such different works of mine as my light "Lalla" and my heavy "History," amused me not a little.

I had exchanged also some letters with the opera people, and when I came up to town was introduced to Mr. Lumley (the new lessee of the Opera House), who very courteously asked me to dine with him, and offered me a seat in his box to see the first night of the ballet; adding that the Duke of Leinster was one of the persons I should meet at dinner. All this I should have liked very much, but as my friend Boyse's house had got into other hands, and I was there only on sufferance, I thought such an effort to prolong my stay would hardly be worth while, and therefore resolved to remain satisfied with the engagements I had already formed. One of these, however, having been suddenly postponed, I was thrown dinnerless on the wide world, and in this forlorn condition was walking past Lansdowne House about seven o'clock in the evening, when my good genius prompted me to ask of the porter "if my lord or lady were at home." Both were at home and visible; and I had hardly time to make my salutation to them, when Lord L. exclaimed, "Oh, Moore, are you by any good chance disengaged, and will you dine with us to-

AUG. 1846.]

DIARY OF THOMAS MOORE.

day?" "That I will," said I, "most gladly," and then told him the dreary fate from which he thus rescued me. I found, too, that my good fortune was even more signal than I at first thought, as the company I met at dinner was composed of such an assemblage of authors, actors, connoisseurs, and artists as only an Amphytrion like our noble host could have managed to bring together.

On looking back to this visit of mine to town, I find I have omitted to mention an incident, half painful, half gratifying, which occurred while I was there. One day, as I sat at my task in Albemarle Street, a visitor was announced to me who turned out to be my old friend Kenny (the dramatist), and the purport of his visit, poor fellow, was to ask my aid and interest in procuring for him a grant of money from the Literary Fund. Though long aware of his difficulties, I was in hopes he had surmounted them. The sum he now asked for was a hundred pounds; but the Fund pleaded the low state of their means at that moment, and gave him but eighty pounds. This was, however, most welcome to the poor dramatist.

I now, for almost the first time in my life, found myself an idle gentleman, and how far the change is likely to agree with me, mentally and corporeally, is a query that time alone can answer. As Christmas came near, the rumours of expected guests began to reach us from Bowood; but, as Lord Lansdowne was then very frequently called to town by business, the visitors there were as yet few and fleeting. One of these birds of passage was Lord de Mauley, who walked over to Sloperton to see me, and remained some time. But the most agreeable altogether of all the *relâches* I had at this time was during one of Lord Lansdowne's visits to town, when Lady L. being quite alone, asked Bessy and me over to Lacock to meet Mrs. Talbot and her charming children. It was then about the middle of November, and we stayed there five or six days; the Lansdownes' carriage taking us there and bringing us back.

As this was my first visit to the Bowood Library since I had got rid of my dull Irish

*corvée*, I felt for some days a *relief* of anxiety, — a sort of zest in reading other men's books, which could only, I think, have been given to them by the long and dulling dose I had had of my own: no cultivating, indeed, was this new course of study to me, — and the newer and lighter it was the better, — that, for some data like Shakespeare's "chartered libertine," I never, except from shelf to shelf.

As we got deeper into Christmas, the weather began to thicken, and we had a *grand* party at Bowood the Stratford Canning, Hall, Luttrell, Panizzi, the Howards, Lady Kerry and spouse, Lord Carew, Senior, and Lord and Lady Holland. Lord Grey, who had taken his departure before I came, I was very sorry to lose; for, though knowing but little of himself, with his truly noble father I was well and long acquainted.

Among those of the guests whom I was most glad to meet, were Lord and Lady Holland\*; this being the first time of my ever seeing her; and, as far as kindness went, I found them both worthy of the old House; the lady being a nice person, and, in her proffers of hospitality to me, even more earnest and cordial than her lord. "Mind," she said, "whenever you come to town, you must fix your home at Holland House."

I have omitted, I find, to mention a short excursion which I took in the autumn of 1846, for the purpose principally of getting some advice respecting the state of my eyes; and, as I had found, when in town with Mrs. Moore, that Brodie was the man first consulted, in eye cases (as well as in most other cases), I resolved to run up to town to consult him; and a near neighbour of mine, a clergyman, Mr. Brown, who wished also to consult the great surgeon, respecting a child of his which had some ailment in the leg — we went up for our several purposes together. It was then the dead time of the year when Brodie, like other professional men, retires to his country seat, and only comes up on cer-

\* Henry, third Lord Holland, married Lady Augusta Coventry.



tain days to meet the multitude of patients that then assemble.

Through my interest with Sir Benjamin, the little squaller from Wiltshire took precedence of all the adult patients; so that my friend the parson was thus enabled to reach his home the following day.

As Brodie had kindly stipulated (as a condition of his prescribing for me) that I should pass a few days with him at his seat in Surrey, I accepted readily his terms, and accompanied him thither. Our company, the first day, was only his own family; but on the second we had a large party of neighbours to dinner, not one of whom I was at all acquainted with.

In the morning I had walked with my host for some time about his grounds, and was much struck by his saying, in the course of our conversation, that among the many dying patients he had attended, he had but rarely met with one that was afraid to die. Let us hope that this picture of death-beds, drawn as it is by one who had often studied them, is as true as it is consolatory and even cheering.

Among those neighbours and occasional visitors that form our small society here, I have not yet, I think, mentioned an American gentleman, Mr. Robert Howe Gould. With this gentleman I have the pleasure of being well acquainted, and to his pen am indebted for one of the most eloquent, as well as most gratifying, tributes that, either in the Old or the New World, has ever rewarded my humble labours.

Prefixed to the verses which Mr. Gould sent me was the following letter from him:—

“SIR,—Retaining a vivid recollection of the courtesy which you accorded to me last winter, and of the pleasure which I received from my brief association with you, I have sought the opportunity of which I now avail myself to solicit your acceptance of a curious (and now somewhat rare) record of the peculiar greatness of Washington. Of his principles and his actions you, Sir, must, I feel assured, entertain a high and thorough appreciation; and I, therefore, venture to

hope that, if this little volume has not before met your eye, it may prove acceptable to you.

“This is my excuse for laying it before you; but I fear that I can neither find nor invent an apology one half so valid for my presumption in prefixing to it an inscription *IN VERSE*. I can only say, in my own defence, that I am far from imagining myself to possess any real *poetic* talent, and that I have prefixed a few lines to this volume merely as an unassuming expression of the grounds upon which I have based my belief that the offering might interest you.

“Still, it is presumptuous to address in verse a Master of the Art; but I am sure that no one more readily than yourself will admit that certain classes of ideas find more appropriate and fluent utterance in that form than in any other.

“The position which the public voice and the public feeling have so long accorded to you will redeem from the suspicion of insincerity the expression of profound admiration and respect with which I esteem it an honour to subscribe myself, dear Sir, your very faithful servant,

“ROBT. HOWE GOULD.

“London June 28, 1845.”

#### MR. GOULD'S VERSES.

- “The foremost Patriot of all time  
Must hold high place in His regards,  
The power and fervour of whose lays  
Have stamped him first of Patriot Bards.
- “The Bard and Soldier share the praise  
Of equal patriotic fire;  
To freedom one devotes his sword,—  
The other consecrates his lyre.
- “The poet prompts the noble deeds  
The warrior's sword achieves;  
The soldier from the poet's lyre  
His meed of fame receives.
- “The bold assertion of the truth,  
‘The love of right, the scorn of wrong,’  
Shine in the Western Chieftain's deeds,  
As in the Island Poet's song.
- “Kindred their souls,—each boldly stood  
The champion of his native shore;  
Fate handed Washington the sword,  
And gave the impassioned lyre to Moore.





J. Robinson

1743-1814

*Handwritten signature or text, possibly "J. Robinson"*





"On the high altar of the Muse,—  
Where long his myrtle-branch hath hung;  
I place these records of such deeds  
As oft the patriot bard hath sung.  
"Sacred to him is now the shrine,  
On which I lay my offering down;  
His genius will avail, to twine  
The laurel with the myrtle crown."  
ROBERT HOWE GOULD, of Connecticut.\*

I had now for more than six months been almost entirely a recluse. I therefore resolved to indulge myself with a short flight from home, and an incident which just then happened came aptly to my purpose. A very near neighbour of mine, the Rev. Mr. Brown, a great admirer, or rather idolater, of the poet Wordsworth, having heard that he had just arrived in Bath, and knowing that I was acquainted with him, intreated that I would allow him to accompany me thither, and make him proud and happy by presenting him to the poet.

I very readily agreed to his proposal, and the more so as, by having the use of his carriage, I should be saved the expense of a fly to Chippenham.

I had never, I think, seen Wordsworth but once, and that was at Rogers's, many years before; nor had I forgot that on that occasion he took great pains to impress upon us how mistaken were those who set much value upon continental fame;—the fact being, I believe, that of all us poets of the day, Wordsworth is the one least known to foreign nations.

1847. My old quotation, "We take no note of time but by its loss," grows daily, alas! more applicable to me. Here have I arrived far into the year 1847, and during that time not a single line have I chronicled in this Journal. I must now, therefore, by as many *mems.* as I can conjure up, atone for these omissions. When I last had time "to prate about my whereabouts," I was doing the honours to Wordsworth at Bath.

The flights from home which I have since

\* Of the comparison kindly but rashly ventured in this Poem, all I shall say is, that to compare me with General Washington is like placing a mere pigmy beside a giant.

indulged in must be briefly despatched. My first, which was somewhat more far-fetched, I was tempted to by the same wish, namely, for a change of air and scene; I had also the allurements of being invited to the house of an old friend, James Corry\*, by far the best of all our comic force in the famed Theatricals of Kilkenny. He has long located himself at Cheltenham, and now invited me to pass a week at his house. Both host and hostess were most kind and hospitable; and I had also the great pleasure of seeing and dining with very old friends of mine, the family of old Joe Atkinson, of Dublin, whose voices and faces, but little altered, took me freshly back into old times.

About the beginning of July, 1847, I was seized with another rambling fit, and knowing that my friend Rogers was still at his post in town, I wrote to proffer him my company for a few days. In order to preserve the precious treasure of his autograph, I shall here transcribe the answer he sent me:—

† James Corry, born in Dublin in 1772, educated at Trinity College, and called to the bar in 1796, but did not follow the profession, having, on the death of his father, succeeded to the offices he held of Clerk of the Irish Journals in the House of Commons, and Secretary to the Linen Board. After the abolition of the Linen Board in 1810, Mr. Corry left Ireland, and resided in England up to the period of his death, which took place at Cheltenham, in January, 1848. Being without family, in easy circumstances, of a genial temperament, and gifted with wit and humour, he shared largely in the accomplishments and amusements which distinguished the best era of Irish society: a taste for the stage was among the most prominent of those amusements, and he was accordingly an active and successful member of the celebrated theatrical amateur company of Kilkenny, which included Moore. But Mr. Corry had other and higher qualifications; for he was a man of singular generosity, of enlarged views, of liberal opinions, and of a catholic philanthropy. He was the intimate friend of the most eminent men of his day—of Grattan, Langrishe, Bushe, and Plunkett; and to Moore whom he had known from his childhood, he was especially endeared by the unremitting kindness which he displayed towards his family.

Mrs. Corry was the daughter of Thomas Sheridan, Esq.

MY DEAR MOORE, — There is a small house in a dark and narrow corner of London (Memory Hall, as it was once called by a reckless wight, who has played many a freak there, and who now sleeps in Harrow churchyard), where you will be most welcome. So pray come and make it your home, and stay there as long as you can.

To-morrow I leave it for three or four days, but I shall be there again on Tuesday, the 29th of June, and pray come as soon as you can. Whether I am returned or not, you will be cordially and hospitably entertained. If somebody else comes with you I shall be delighted. Pray persuade her. Yours ever,

S. ROGERS.

June 24. 1847.

During the week I passed with Rogers he did most kindly all in his power (and his power is an extensive one) to make the time agreeable to me; his carriage always at hand for my daily visits, and himself generally accompanying me, to suggest those I should call upon. One of the most interesting of these were the young people of Holland House, whom I grieved not to see

more of during my stay. The all-charming Jenny Lind I neither heard nor even saw, though the lord of the Opera, Mr. Lumley, placed a box one night at my service. But the heat of the weather was most trying and sultry, and my round of gaieties had been too much for me. I was compensated, however, by two other Syrens, having heard Grisi in most charming force, and dined and lunched with my nice and long-known friend Lady Essex. Among those whom I visited and sat some time with, was the Dowager Lady Grey, all agog, as she said, for Italy!

[I here conclude the extracts from the "Diary." The reader may have perceived in it traces both of confusion and loss of memory. For an instance of the first, I may mention the enjoyment he derived from ranging at large over Bowood Library placed in connection with his visit to Lacock. And of the second, his forgetfulness of his meeting with Wordsworth at Paris, previously recorded.]

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