

Marx Hardy Machiavelli Joyce Austen  
Defoe Abbot Melville Montaigne Cooper Emerson Hugo  
Stoker Wilde Christie Maupassant Haggard Chesterton Molière Eliot Grimm  
Garnett Engels Byron Schiller  
Goethe Hawthorne Smith Kafka  
Cotton Dostoyevsky Hall  
Baum Henry Kipling Doyle Willis  
Leslie Dumas Flaubert Nietzsche Turgenev Balzac  
Stockton Vatsyayana Crane  
Burroughs Verne  
Curtis Tocqueville Gogol Busch  
Homer Tolstoy Whitman  
Darwin Thoreau Twain  
Potter Zola Lawrence Dickens Plato Scott  
Kant Freud Jowett Stevenson Andersen Burton Harte  
London Descartes Cervantes Wells Hesse  
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**The Greville Memoirs A Journal  
of the Reigns of King George IV  
and King William IV, Vol. II**

Charles Greville

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The Greville Memoirs

A JOURNAL OF THE REIGNS

OF

KING GEORGE IV.

AND

KING WILLIAM IV.

BY THE LATE

Charles C. F. Greville, Esq.

CLERK OF THE COUNCIL TO THOSE SOVEREIGNS

EDITED BY

HENRY REEVE

REGISTRAR OF THE PRIVY COUNCIL

IN THREE VOLUMES

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*SECOND EDITION*

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1830.

**London, July 16th, 1830**

I returned here on the 6th of this month, and have waited these ten days to look about me and see and hear what is passing. The present King and his proceedings occupy all attention, and nobody thinks any more of the late King than if he had been dead fifty years, unless it be to abuse him and to rake up all his vices and misdeeds. Never was elevation like that of King William IV. His life has been hitherto passed in obscurity [2] and neglect, in miserable poverty, surrounded by a numerous progeny of bastards, without consideration or friends, and he was ridiculous from his grotesque ways and little meddling curiosity. Nobody ever invited him into their house, or thought it necessary to honour him with any mark of attention or respect; and so he went on for above forty years, till Canning brought him into notice by making him Lord High Admiral at the time of his grand Ministerial schism. In that post he distinguished himself by making absurd speeches, by a morbid official activity, and by a general wildness which was thought to indicate incipient insanity, till shortly after Canning's death and the Duke's accession, as is well known, the latter dismissed him. He then dropped back into obscurity, but had become by this time somewhat more of a personage than he was before. His brief administration of the navy, the death of the Duke of York, which made him heir to the throne, his increased wealth and regular habits, had procured him more consideration, though not a great deal. Such was his position when George IV. broke all at once, and after three months of expectation William finds himself King.

**July 18th, 1830**

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

The new King began very well. Everybody expected he would keep the Ministers in office, but he threw himself into the arms of the Duke of Wellington with the strongest expressions of confidence and esteem. He proposed to all the Household, as well as to the members of Government, to keep their places, which they all did except Lord Conyngham and the Duke of Montrose. He soon after, however, dismissed most of the equerries, that he might fill their places with the members of his own family. Of course such a King wanted not due praise, and plenty of anecdotes were raked [3] KING WILLIAM'S ACCESSION. up of his former generousities and kindnesses. His first speech to the Council was well enough given, but his burlesque character began even then to show itself. Nobody expected from him much real grief, and he does not seem to know how to act it consistently; he spoke of his brother with all the semblance of feeling, and in a tone of voice properly softened and subdued, but just afterwards, when they gave him the pen to sign the declaration, he said, in his usual tone, 'This is a damned bad pen you have given me.' My worthy colleague Mr. James Buller began to swear Privy Councillors in the name of 'King George IV.—William, I mean,' to the great diversion of the Council.

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

I met George Fitzclarence, afterwards Earl of Munster, [1] the same day, and repeated what the Duke said, and he told me how delighted his father was with the Duke, his entire confidence in him, and that the Duke might as entirely depend upon the King; that he had told his Majesty, when he was at Paris, that Polignac and the Duke of Orleans had both asked him whether the Duke of Clarence, when he became King, would keep the Duke of Wellington as his Minister, and the King said, 'What did you reply?' 'I [4] replied that you certainly would; did not I do right?' 'Certainly, you did quite right.'

[1] [Eldest son of King William IV. by Mrs. Jordan, who was shortly after the accession created an earl by his father. The rank of 'marquis's younger children' was conferred upon the rest of the family. The King had nine natural children by Mrs. Jordan: 1, George, a major-general in the army, afterwards Earl of Munster; 2, Frederick, also in the army; 3, Adolphus, a rear-admiral; 4, Augustus, in holy orders; 5. Sophia, married to Lord de l'Isle; 6, Mary, married to Colonel Fox; 7, Elizabeth, married to the Earl of Errol; 8, Augusta, married first to the Hon. John Kennedy Erskine, and secondly to Lord John Frederick Gordon; 9, Amelia, married to Viscount Falkland.]

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

At the late King's funeral he behaved with great indecency. That ceremony was very well managed, and a fine sight, the military part particularly, and the Guards were magnificent. The attendance was not very numerous, and when they had all got together in St. George's Hall a gayer company I never beheld; with the exception of Mount Charles, who was deeply affected, they were all as merry as grigs. The King was chief mourner, and, to my astonishment, as he entered the chapel directly behind the body, in a situation in which he should have been apparently, if not really, absorbed in the melancholy duty he was performing, he darted up to Strathaven, who was ranged on one side below the Dean's stall, shook him

heartily by the hand, and then went on nodding to the right and left. He had previously gone as chief mourner to sit for an hour at the head of the body as it lay in state, and he walked in procession with his household to the apartment. I saw him pass from behind the screen. Lord Jersey had been in the morning to Bushy [5] DIS-LIKE OF THE DUKE OF CUMBERLAND. to kiss hands on being made Chamberlain, when he had received him very graciously, told him it was the Duke and not himself who had made him, but that he was delighted to have him. At Windsor, when he arrived, he gave Jersey the white wand, or rather took one from him he had provided for himself, and gave it him again with a little speech. When he went to sit in state, Jersey preceded him, and he said when all was ready, 'Go on to the body, Jersey; you will get your dress coat as soon as you can.' The morning after the funeral, having slept at Frogmore, he went all over the Castle, into every room in the house, which he had never seen before except when he came there as a guest; after which he received an address from the ecclesiastical bodies of Windsor and Eton, and returned an answer quite unpremeditated which they told me was excellent.

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

In the meantime the Duke of Cumberland has shown his teeth in another way. His horses have hitherto stood in the stables which are appropriated to the Queen, and the other day Lord Errol, her new Master of the Horse, went to her Majesty and asked her where she chose her horses should be; she said, of course, she knew nothing about it, but in the proper place. Errol then said the Duke of Cumberland's horses were in her stables, and could not be got out without an order from the King. The King was spoken to, and he commanded the Duke of Leeds to order them out. The Duke of Leeds took the order to the Duke of Cumberland, who said 'he would be

damned if they should go,' when the Duke of Leeds said that he trusted he would have them [6] taken out the following day, as unless he did so he should be under the necessity of ordering them to be removed by the King's grooms, when the Duke was obliged sulkily to give way. When the King gave the order to the Duke of Leeds, he sent for Taylor that he might be present, and said at the same time that he had a very bad opinion of the Duke of Cumberland, and he wished he would live out of the country.

The King's good-nature, simplicity, and affability to all about him are certainly very striking, and in his elevation he does not forget any of his old friends and companions. He was in no hurry to take upon himself the dignity of King, nor to throw off the habits and manners of a country gentleman. When Lord Chesterfield went to Bushy to kiss his hand, and be presented to the Queen, he found Sir John and Lady Gore there lunching, and when they went away the King called for their carriage, handed Lady Gore into it, and stood at the door to see them off. When Lord Howe came over from Twickenham to see him, he said the Queen was going out driving, and should 'drop him' at his own house. The Queen, they say, is by no means delighted at her elevation. She likes quiet and retirement and Bushy (of which the King has made her Ranger), and does not want to be a Queen. However, 'L'appétit viendra en mangeant.' He says he does not want luxury and magnificence, has slept in a cot, and he has dismissed the King's cooks, 'renversé la marmite.' He keeps the stud (which is to be diminished) because he thinks he ought to support the turf. He has made Mount Charles a Lord of the Bedchamber, and given the Robes to Sir C. Pole, an admiral. Altogether he seems a kind-hearted, well-meaning, not stupid, burlesque, bustling old fellow, and if he doesn't go mad may make a very decent King, but he exhibits oddities. He would not have his servants in mourning—that is, not those of his own family and household—but he sent the Duke of Sussex to Mrs. Fitzherbert to desire she would put hers in mourning, and consequently so they are. The King and she have always been friends, as she has, in fact, been with all the Royal Family, but it was very [7] THE KING'S ODDITIES. strange. Yesterday morning he sent for the officer on guard, and ordered him to take all the muffles off the drums, the scarfs off the regimentals, and so to appear on parade, where he

went himself. The colonel would have put the officer under arrest for doing this without his orders, but the King said he was commanding officer of his own guard, and forbade him. All odd, and people are frightened, but his wits will at least last till the new Parliament meets. I sent him a very respectful request through Taylor that he would pay 300*l.*, all that remained due of the Duke of York's debts at Newmarket, which he assented to directly, as soon as the Privy Purse should be settled—very good-natured. In the meantime it is said that the bastards are dissatisfied that more is not done for them, but he cannot do much for them at once, and he must have time. He has done all he can; he has made Errol Master of the Horse, Sidney a Guelph and Equerry, George Fitzclarence the same and Adjutant-General, and doubtless they will all have their turn. Of course the stories told about the rapacity of the Conynghams have been innumerable. The King's will excited much astonishment, but as yet nothing is for certain known about the money, or what became of it, or what he gave away, and to whom, in his lifetime.

### **July 20th, 1830**

Yesterday was a very busy day with his Majesty, who is going much too fast, and begins to alarm his Ministers and astonish the world. In the morning he inspected the Coldstream Guards, dressed (for the first time in his life) in a military uniform and with a great pair of gold spurs half-way up his legs like a game cock, although he was not to ride, for having chalk-stones in his hands he can't hold the reins. The Queen came to Lady Bathurst's to see the review and hold a sort of drawing-room, when the Ministers' wives were presented to her, and official men, to which were added Lady Bathurst's relations; everybody was in undress except the officers. She is very ugly, with a horrid complexion, but has good manners, and did all this (which she hated) very well. She said the part as if she was acting, and wished the green curtain to drop. After [8] the review the King, with the Dukes of Cumberland, Sussex, and Gloucester, and Prince George and the Prince of Prussia, and the Duchess of Cumberland's son, came in through the garden gate; the Duchess of Gloucester and Princess Augusta were already there; they breakfasted and then went away, the Duke of Gloucester bowing to the company while nobody was taking any notice of him or

thinking about him. Nature must have been merry when she made this Prince, and in the sort of mood that certain great artists used to exhibit in their comical caricatures; I never saw a countenance which that line in Dryden's *M'Flecknoe* would so well describe—

And lambent dulness plays around his face.

At one there was to be a Council, to swear in Privy Councillors and Lords-Lieutenant, and receive Oxford and Cambridge addresses. The review made it an hour later, and the Lieutenants, who had been summoned at one, and who are great, selfish, pampered aristocrats, were furious at being kept waiting, particularly Lord Grosvenor and the Duke of Newcastle, the former very peevish, the latter bitter-humoured. I was glad to see them put to inconvenience. I never saw so full a Court, so much nobility with academical tagrag and bobtail. After considerable delay the King received the Oxford and Cambridge addresses on the throne, which (having only one throne between them) he then abdicated for the Queen to seat herself on and receive them too. She sat it very well, surrounded by the Princesses and her ladies and household. When this mob could be got rid of the table was brought in and the Council held. The Duke was twice sworn as Constable of the Tower and Lieutenant of Hants; then Jersey and the new Privy Councillors; and then the host of Lieutenants six or seven at a time, or as many as could hold a bit of the Testament. I begged the King would, to expedite the business, dispense with their kneeling, which he did, and so we got on rapidly enough; and I whispered to Jersey, who stood by me behind the King with his white wand, 'The farce is good, isn't it?' as they each kissed his hand. I told him their name or county, or [9] THE KING IN ST. JAMES'S STREET. both, and he had a civil word to say to everybody, inviting some to dinner, promising to visit others, reminding them of former visits, or something good-humoured; he asked Lord Egremont's *permission* to go and live in his county, at Brighton.

All this was very well; no great harm in it; more affable, less dignified than the late King; but when this was over, and he might very well have sat himself quietly down and rested, he must needs put on his plainer clothes and start on a ramble about the streets, alone

too. In Pall Mall he met Watson Taylor, and took his arm and went up St. James's Street. There he was soon followed by a mob making an uproar, and when he got near White's a woman came up and kissed him. Belfast (who had been sworn in Privy Councillor in the morning), who saw this from White's, and Clinton thought it time to interfere, and came out to attend upon him. The mob increased, and, always holding W. Taylor's arm, and flanked by Clinton and Belfast, who got shoved and kicked about to their inexpressible wrath, he got back to the Palace amid shouting and bawling and applause. When he got home he asked them to go in and take a quiet walk in the garden, and said, 'Oh, never mind all this; when I have walked about a few times they will get used to it, and will take no notice.' There are other stories, but I will put down nothing I do not see or hear, or hear from the witnesses. Belfast told me this in the Park, fresh from the scene and smarting from the buffeting he had got. All the Park was ringing with it, and I told Lady Bathurst, who thought it so serious she said she would get Lord Bathurst to write to the Duke directly about it. Lord Combermere wanted to be made a Privy Councillor yesterday, but the Duke would not let it be done; he is in a sort of half-disgrace, and is not to be made yet, but will be by-and-by.

### **Grove Road, July 21st, 1830**

I came and established myself here last night after the Duchess of Bedford's ball. Lady Bathurst told me that the Queen spoke to her yesterday morning about the King's walk and being followed, and [10] said that for the future he must walk early in the morning, or in some less public place, so there are hopes that his activity may be tamed. He sent George Fitzclarence off from dinner in his silk stockings and cocked hat to Boulogne to invite the King of Würtemberg to come here; he was back in fifty-six hours, and might have been in less. He employs him in everything, and I heard Fitzclarence yesterday ask the Duke of Leeds for two of his father's horses to ride about on his jobs and relieve his own, which the Duke agreed to, but made a wry face. Mount Charles has refused to be Lord of the Bedchamber; his wife can't bear it, and he doesn't like to go to Windsor under such altered circumstances. I hardly ever record the scandalous stories of the day, unless they relate to characters or

events, but what relates to public men is different from the loves and friendships of the idiots of society.

### July 24th, 1830

Went to St. James's the day before yesterday for a Council for the dissolution, but there was none. Yesterday morning there was an idea of having one, but it is to-day instead, and early in the morning, that the Ministers may be able to go to their fish dinner at Greenwich. I called on the Duke yesterday evening to know about a Council, but he could not tell me. Then came a Mr. Moss (or his card) while I was there. 'Who is he?' I said. 'Oh, a man who wants to see me about a canal. I can't see him. Everybody will see me, and how the Devil they think I am to see everybody, and be the whole morning with the King, and to do the whole business of the country, I don't know. I am quite worn out with it.' I longed to tell him that it is this latter part they would willingly relieve him from.

I met Vesey Fitzgerald, just come from Paris, and had a long conversation with him about the state of the Government; he seems aware of the difficulties and the necessity of acquiring more strength, of the universal persuasion that the Duke will be all in all, and says that in the Cabinet nobody can be more reasonable and yielding and deferential to the opinions of his colleagues. But Murray's appointment, [11] THE KING GOES DOWN TO PARLIAMENT. he says, was a mistake, [2] and no personal consideration should induce the Duke to sacrifice the interests of the country by keeping him; it may be disagreeable to dismiss him, but he must do it. Hay told me that for the many years he had been in office he had never met with any public officer so totally inefficient as he, not even Warrender at the Admiralty Board.

[2] [Sir George Murray was Secretary of State for the Colonial Department.]

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

Yesterday he went to the House of Lords, and was admirably received. I can fancy nothing like his delight at finding himself in the state coach surrounded by all his pomp. He delivered the Speech

very well, they say, for I did not go to hear him. He did not wear the crown, which was carried by Lord Hastings. Etiquette is a thing he cannot comprehend. He wanted to take the King of Würtemberg with him in his coach, till he was told it was out of the question. In his private carriage he continues to sit backwards, and when he goes with men makes one sit by him and not opposite to him. Yesterday, after the House of Lords, he drove all over the town in an open calèche with the Queen, Princess Augusta, and the King of Würtemberg, and coming home he set down the King (*dropped him*, as he calls it) at Grillon's Hotel. The King of England dropping another king at a tavern! It is impossible not to be struck with his extreme good-nature and simplicity, which he cannot or will not exchange for the dignity of his new situation and the trammels of etiquette; but he ought to be made to understand that his simplicity degenerates into vulgarity, and that without departing from his natural urbanity he may conduct himself so as not to lower the character with which he is invested, and which belongs not to him, but to the country.

[12] At his dinner at St. James's the other day more people were invited than there was room for, and some half-dozen were forced to sit at a side table. He said to Lord Brownlow, 'Well, when you are flooded (he thinks Lincolnshire is all fen) you will come to us at Windsor.' To the Freemasons he was rather good. The Duke of Sussex wanted him to receive their address in a solemn audience, which he refused, and when they did come he said, 'Gentlemen, if my love for you equalled my ignorance of everything concerning you, it would be unbounded,' and then he added something good-humoured. The consequence of his trotting about, and saying the odd things he does, is that there are all sorts of stories about him which are not true, and he is always expected everywhere. In the meantime I believe that politically he relies implicitly on the Duke, who can make him do anything. Agar Ellis (who is bustling and active, always wishing to play a part, and gets mixed up with the politics of this and that party through his various connections) told me the other day that he knew the Duke was knocking at every door, hitherto without success, and that he must be contented to take a *party*, and not expect to strengthen himself by picking out individuals. I think this too, but why not open his doors to all com-

ers? There are no questions now to stand in his way; his Government must be remodelled, and he may last for ever personally.

### July 25th, 1830

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

In the afternoon another embarrassment. We sent the proclamations to the Chancellor (one for England and one for Ireland), to have the Great Seal affixed to them; he [13] THE KING DINES AT APSLEY HOUSE. would only affix the Seal to the English, and sent back the Irish unsealed. The Secretary of State would not send it to Ireland without the Great Seal, and all the Ministers were gone to the fish dinner at Greenwich, so that there was no getting at anybody. At last we got it done at Lincoln's Inn and sent it off. The fact is, nobody knows his business, and the Chancellor least of all. The King continues very active; he went after the Council to Buckingham House, then to the Thames Tunnel, has immense dinners every day, and the same people two or three days running. He has dismissed the late King's band, and employs the bands of the Guards every night, who are ready to die of it, for they get no pay and are prevented earning money elsewhere. The other night the King had a party, and at eleven o'clock he dismissed them thus: 'Now, ladies and gentlemen, I wish you a good night. I will not detain you any longer from your amusements, and shall go to my own, which is to go to bed; so come along, my Queen.' The other day he was very angry because the guard did not know him in his plain clothes and turn out for him—the first appearance of jealousy of his greatness he has shown—and he ordered them to be more on the alert for the future.

**July 26th, 1830**

Still the King; his adventures (for they are nothing else) furnish matter of continual amusement and astonishment to his liege subjects. Yesterday morning, or the evening before, he announced to the Duke of Wellington that he should dine with him yesterday; accordingly the Duke was obliged, in the midst of preparations for his breakfast, to get a dinner ready for him. In the morning he took the King of Würtemberg to Windsor, and just at the hour when the Duke expected him to dinner he was driving through Hyde Park back from Windsor—three barouches-and-four, the horses dead knocked up, in the front the two Kings, Jersey, and somebody else, all covered with dust. The whole mob of carriages and horsemen assembled near Apsley House to see him pass and to wait till he returned. The Duke, on hearing he was there, rushed down without his hat and stood in his gate in the middle of servants, mob, &c., to [14] see him pass. He drove to Grillon's 'to drop' the King of Würtemberg, and at a quarter past eight he arrived at Apsley House. There were about forty-five men, no women, half the Ministers, most of the foreign Ministers, and a mixture rather indiscriminate. In the evening I was at Lady Salisbury's, when arrived the Duke of Sussex, who gave a short account to Sefton of what had passed, and of the King's speech to the company. 'You and I,' he said, 'are old Whigs, my Lord, and I confess I was somewhat astonished to hear his Majesty's speech.' I went afterwards to Crockford's, where I found Matuscewitz, who gave me a whole account of the dinner. The two Kings went out to dinner arm in arm, the Duke followed; the King sat between the King of Würtemberg and the Duke. After dinner his health was drunk, to which he returned thanks, sitting, but briefly, and promised to say more by-and-by when he should give a toast. In process of time he desired Douro to go and tell the band to play the merriest waltz they could for the toast he was about to give. He then gave 'The Queen of Würtemberg,' with many eulogiums on her and on the connubial felicity of her and the King; not a very agreeable theme for his host, for conjugal fidelity is not his forte. At length he desired Douro to go again to the band and order them to play 'See the conquering hero comes,' and then he rose. All the company rose with him, when he ordered everybody to sit down. Still standing, he said that

he had been so short a time on the throne that he did not know whether etiquette required that he should speak sitting or standing, but, however this might be, he had been long used to speak on his legs, and should do so now; he then proposed the Duke's health, but prefaced it with a long speech—instituted a comparison between him and the Duke of Marlborough; went back to the reign of Queen Anne, and talked of the great support the Duke of Marlborough had received from the Crown, and the little support the Duke of Wellington had had in the outset of his career, though after the battle of Vimeiro he had been backed by all the energies of the country; that, notwithstanding his difficulties, his [15] THE KING'S SPEECH AT APSLEY HOUSE. career had been one continued course of victory over the armies of France; and then recollecting the presence of Laval, the French Ambassador, he said, 'Remember, Duc de Laval, when I talk of victories over the French armies, they were not the armies of my ally and friend the King of France, but of him who had usurped his throne, and against whom you yourself were combating;' then going back to the Duke's career, and again referring to the comparison between him and Marlborough, and finishing by adverting to his political position, that he had on mounting the throne found the Duke Minister, and that he had retained him because he thought his Administration had been and would be highly beneficial to the country; that he gave to him his fullest and most cordial confidence, and that he announced to all whom he saw around him, to all the Ambassadors and Ministers of foreign Powers, and to all the noblemen and gentlemen present, that as long as he should sit upon the throne he should continue to give him the same confidence. The Duke returned thanks in a short speech, thanking the King for his confidence and support, and declaring that all his endeavours would be used to keep this country in relations of harmony with other nations. The whole company stood aghast at the King's extraordinary speech and declaration. Matuscewitz told me he never was so astonished, that for the world he would not have missed it, and that he would never have believed in it if he had not heard it.

Falck [3] gave me a delightful account of the speech and of Laval. He thought, not understanding one word, that all the King was saying was complimentary to the King of France and the French

nation, and he kept darting from his seat to make his acknowledgments, while Esterhazy held him down by the tail of his coat, and the King stopped him [16] with his hand outstretched, all with great difficulty. He said it was very comical.

[3] [Baron Falck, Dutch Minister at the Court of St. James's. M. de Laval was the French Ambassador. This dinner took place on the day after the publication of the ordinances of July. Three days later Charles X. had ceased to reign. M. de Laval instantly left London on the receipt of the intelligence, leaving M. de Vaudreuil as *Chargé d'Affaires*.]

### **July 27th, 1830**

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

I have been employed in settling half a dozen disputes of different sorts, but generally without success, trifling matters, foolish or violent people, not worth remembering any of them. The Chancellor, who does not know his own business, has made an attack on my office about the proclamations, but I have vindicated it in a letter to Lord Bathurst.

### **July 28th, 1830**

Yesterday Charles Wynn and I settled the dispute between Clive and Charlton about the Ludlow matters. Charlton agrees to retire